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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 37.

FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 19, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,

"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

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

## THE JAUNDICE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.

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

"Suspicious, and fantastical surmise,  
And jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,  
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny drest,  
Down look, and with a cuckoo on her flat."

DRYDEN.

LETTER I.

From Miss Jennie Barker, on a visit to her friend, Mrs. Captain Tremorne, in Ottawa, to her sister in Brantford.

MY DEAR KATE,

Many thanks for the letters from home. They always are welcome wherever I roam; Though I sometimes am slow in replying I own. And three weeks have so swiftly and pleasantly flown, That it seems scarce three days since the time I came down

You ask me to say, what the city is like? What points are most certain a stranger to strike? How many gay people their cards have been dropping? And how many hours a day I spend shopping? To what parties I have been, and what beaux I have been looking?

If the balls here are nice? If the girls are good-looking? Are the officers, civil or martial, sharp blades? Is there any one clever at acting charades? If Fanny continues as lovely as ever? If Captain Tremorne in his *devoir* fails never? How long I intend at the barracks to stay? And if sometimes I don't think myself in the way.

My child! 't would require a volume in folio, On one half of these topics to send you an *olio*; But, since I'm good-natured, my best I will do; And, out of the many, select you a few

Tremorne and dear Fanny are happy and gay, And the welcome they give me is quite *distinguee*. (On this point, dear, your question is very *outré*.) Then, there's one Ensign Sparker, I'd met him before, Is vastly polite; nay, pretends to *adore*; Calls me charming, delightful, transcendent and witty;

What stuff the men talk; for I'm not *very* pretty! But as Sparker is handsome, and tall, and well drest, For want of a better, I oft think it best To accept of his escort, when bent on a walk. And I smile, laugh, coquet, gaily frolic and talk, For the girls burst with envy, as I march with pride By the stately and gallant young officer's side. With great zest of my neat little figure he speaks— Of the fire of my eyes, of the bloom of my cheeks My dear taper fingers, my honey-sweet lip, I believe he would venture his life for a sip! But don't be afraid, sis, for no *bachelors* Shall commit on my lips such a breach of decorum, Unless he first earn his due qualification, By making to me, in fit form, declaration, And asking papa for his "kind approbation;" Then, perhaps, I might think it quite capital fun; Though of course, I should say, "Get away! Do have done!"

It's great sport to hear him the *others* disparage— Lucilla's queer shape, and Clorinda's stiff carriage; For the rogue looks so droll as he utters his hints That Miss Spicer is crooked, that Miss Fitchet squints. So, by way of reward, I abuse all the fellows— Say that Foodle's a fop, and that Noodle is jealous, And Doodle a dunce, full of wind as the bellows!

Sometimes when it's pleasant to lengthen our ramble, On Fanny's chestnut mare I am tempted to amble; Don't let Mammas raise an objection, I beg, For a creature more gentle ne'er lifted a leg; And we seldom ride fast, for more pleasure is found In surveying the beautiful scenery round, Than in a mere gallop; so, when the town's dull, We cross o'er the bridge to the village of Hull, And above us, a sight which the nervous appals, The Ottawa leaps down the Chaudiere Falls. As the big with the little, I've learned to compare, To contrast it with Brantford's "Grand River" I'll dare;

Though I readily own that I can't understand Why they *both* should assume the fine title of "Graude." Your stream, my sweet girl, very lazily wanders, Twists and twirls round about in the oddest meanders, And isles and peninsulas forms in its course, Which poetical Mohawks, in graphic discourse, Have named "Nests of the Eagle," or "Shoes of the Horse"; By your bridge, it just takes a small bit of a run And jumps o'er the dam, with "hop and go one"— Across it the cows and the horses can get, And scarcely a pasture be touched by the wet— To a Wouvernans, tired of soldiers and battle, It would make a fine model for "Landscape with Cattle"—

But a course right magnificent, Ottawa takes As it dashes down rapids, or widens to lakes, Quite miniature seas, spreading miles all around, Where canoes, bateaux, rafts, and swift steamers abound—

Past well-wooded islets the broad river sweeps Six long miles of cascades, o'er the Chaudiere it leaps— There two *kettles* are formed by this wonderful fall; Though the little one, Kate, is no kettle at all, But a long, perpendicular, wavery, wall; Where one half of the river leaps into a cave, A wide gaping fissure, a chasm, a grave! But "the *Big Kettle*," might be *Gargantua's* pride, For it's sixty feet deep, and two hundred feet wide; In form it is nearly as round as a cup, The water is boiling, the steam-clouds float up; You might fancy *ghum-dalitch* were coming to sup, That of oxen and sheep, a full thousand at least Stewed there for a large *Brobdiagnian* feast.

At the foot of the fall, heavy timbers are strown, In the strangest disorder, confusedly thrown, Where the whimsical fancy they serve to inspire, That they're brands on the hearth, just about to expire

That the pot has boiled over and put out the fire. While the river ashamed of such mischievous freaks, Through its underground channel, its dark *back-door*, sneaks.

I wish I could give Gustavo Doré a hint; I am sure he'd design a most wonderful print; But you'd think by Salvator or Poussin alone Of these Falls could the grandeur and beauty be shown. You romantic young poet, you will scold me enough For writing to you such ridiculous stuff— To tear it would cost but a letter at most; But I can't write another in time for the post; And I fear I've already committed a wrong By neglecting to answer your letter so long— I find it's the case when with Sparker I ride, That I talk and think nonsense, while he's by my side; But I promise you, dearest, this is the last time That I'll ever dare to burlesque the sublime!

Of the City you wish me a picture to trace The *Capital* now, though once but a *By-place*; At its birth, learned Thebans strove hard for its name.

They thought "By-town" shabby, a pestilent shame, But "Biopolis" classical, worthy of fame! Now the high-sounding name of the old Indian tribe, And the broad-flowing river, all join to inscribe— High raised upon bluffs, its appearance is grand, Whether viewed from the river or viewed from the land.

For towards the interior, the grade soon descends Until not far off, in a low swamp it ends, The houses are good and the streets straight and wide; The canal does in two the long city divide; The Upper Town, built for the proud "upper ten" And the lower for shops, and for dull "bus'ness men," The Parliament Buildings are raised on a site Most charmingly placed, a magnificent height; Looking westward, the Falls in their glory you see, And eastward, the wide river flows like a sea— While I stand and admire the beautiful pile. I ask Ensign Sparker to tell me the *style* In which it is built, for I own I'm to seek If its Roman or Kuesian, or Gothic or Greek. I longed to know whose architectural powers Lifted truncated pyramids on tall towers— So he tugged at his whiskers, a trick he has got Whenever he feels either nervous or hot, And he said, it was little of *orders* he knew, Etruscan or Doric, Egyptian, Hindoo, But he thought they'd a *Pensan* *Invasion* in view;

And whenever "Tom Sweeny" should come with "his powers" That a good Armstrong gun set on each of those towers, Commanding the river, commanding the land, Would, *as quick as a flash*, make the foe understand How ab-turd in these days was a warfare of *pikes*. Although in the hands of a large mob of "Aikes."

Through the Lower Town next, to the fine Rideau Hall, We ride and admire both it and the Fall— But I've *painted* one cascade, and fancy you'll pray That I will not *draw* any more *curtains* to-day.

Returning, our course to the eight locks we bend And watch slowly the steamboat and barges descend, For there, "Jean Baptistes" often linger and gabble, Laugh loudly or sing, drive their bargains or squabble, In their funny *patois*; "'tis as good as a play," While their tongues, heads, hands, arms all keep wagging away—

Then, in robes sacerdotal, grave priests may be seen, Or a bishop in purple, with hat-band of green, Or nuns, so demure, silent, solemn and neat, While some Frenchman "*sacré*" his caleche down the street—

Each sight that occurs is so new to my glance, That I seem to have taken a voyage to France! For anything like them I never have known In our thoroughly English and Protestant town.

Shall I tell you a tale of a goose and a fox, That belongs to the annals of these Rideau locks? Imprimis: the ground would require excavation; Next, walls of good stone of the right elevation; So, when a contractor was sought for and found, To dig out and build he was legally bound. There was good stone for building some ten miles away,

Which implied a high charge for its teaming to pay, And government, therefore, could make no objection By its price to increase the sum paid for erection. Then to work the contractor went, blasted the site, And found that his bargain would turn out "all right."

For no better quarry could ever be found, And there was his building stone *pat* on the ground. In those days, officials could quiet naps take, While contractors were always alert, "wide awake;" But such things, *now-a-days*, can't occur, we all know, As the parliament buildings triumphantly show!

But 'twas growing quite late, so we rode home to tea; And you need not expect more *statistics* from me.

You ask if the government folks are nice men; When there's more of them here, I will answer you then—

Of their families daily arrive two or three, But few have as yet been presented to me; For they spend all their hours in hunting and dodging For houses to rent, or for board and for lodging. I have been to one lecture, three plays, many teas— But I haven't left room to converse about these; For a girl, who, like me, has got *plenty* to say, To spend time at lectures is but a poor way, But I'm always delighted to witness a play. I had made up my mind to describe Fanny's dresses, Pretty Rosa's bright eyes, and Maria's rich tresses, So killingly curled—once a young fellow told her He saw an armed Cupid sit perched on each shoulder. She smiled, shook her ringlets; the flatterer said That dislodg'd flocks of loves flutter'd round her sweet head!

Now I hate all this humbug—it's downright absurd! A love is a feeling—*ah!*!—'tisn't a bird! If a man praise my eyes; well! I know they are bright,

If my teeth:—I'm aware they are even and white; If he praise my trim figure, my hands or my feet, I don't blame the man; for I know they are neat.

But when he ascends into regions divine, For terms to extol these poor beauties of mine; When he calls me an angel, a goddess, a grace; I feel greatly tempted to laugh in his face. Come, come, my fine gentleman, none of your gammon. You cannot hook me as you'd hook a poor salmon.

Oh! dear! on such topics, when once I get started, My pen and my paper can scarcely be parted; But I'll bravely desist, and defer the great pleasure Of their thorough discussion, at home and at leisure. Love to Pa and to Ma, and do soon write again, Believe me, as ever, your fond sister.

Postscript. JANE.

There's one thing, dear Kate, on which nothing you say, What's become of my medical bean, Tourniquet? He had left dear old Brantford, when I came away; And gone to Toronto his studies to end, And to hospitals, lectures, and such things atted.

You know when he went he was angry with me,  
 And such very great friends, as we used to be!  
 I regret that we quarrelled, and quite long to see,  
 If he passed through the Board, and is now an M.D.  
 Frenome or dear Fanny have probably read,  
 But if so, to me not a word have they said,  
 And their hateful, detestable quizzing I dread;  
 So I shall not ask them—Will you, dearest, inquire?  
 But that I want to know, love, must never transpire;  
 For I would not, for worlds, show that I care "a hum,"  
 Because Doctor Tourniquet chose to look glum.  
 Oct. 23th, 1865.

### THE FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock,  
 In all the fairy dolls,  
 And if I find the charmed leaves,  
 Oh! how I'll weave my spells."

SO said that pleasant Irishman, Samuel Lover, at the opening of a charming little poem in which he celebrated the magical qualities of the tiny plant so beneficently endowed. And, although the green deils of our young and unromantic country are not so notoriously inhabited by the fairy people as are the famed and verdant seclusions of Erin, it is quite possible for us to find a four-leaved clover in a silent ramble over the wild pasture-lands, or upon the sunny meadows rich with all the "pomp of cultivated nature." The grace and pathos of the poet's verses are never absent from my thoughts when I search the trefoils for their rarer relative, and when I succeed in finding the little curiosity, I try to believe in its potency. Who would not like to fancy that in obtaining the "charmed leaves" he became possessed of an effectual talisman to banish care? I like to set reason aside, and cherish the gentle folly which teaches that a bitter feud may be healed, a lost friend won back, or a long headache soothed by the simple gift. When I can gather a few "four-leaved clovers" I profess to keep them jealously, and part with them only in such emergencies as warrant the exercise of their subtle charm. But, alas! our faith in this as in higher matters is not always practical; and when, in the partings and separations which leave such cruel gulfs of pain between, we look at the delicate stem and shapely leaves, and remember that their power is guaranteed in such cases by the kindly poet when he says:

"Hearts that had been long estranged,  
 And friends that had grown cold  
 Should meet again like parted streams;  
 And mingle as of old."

We still hesitate to employ our treasure, and stubborn pride, mingled with a doubt of its reception, forbids us to despatch the peace-maker.

Ah! if we would earnestly try to conquer the sin which so surely precedes our sorrow, and as diligently search our hearts for the growth of selfishness and passion, as we examine in our sport the clover-beds for their famous occupants, we should less often need the tender influence of our mute messenger; or if an occasional back-sliding required the concession, the mission of our offering would never fail. For

"To be wroth with one we love  
 Doth work like madness in the brain."

Ah! pride and anger, those obstinate demons, who, when we believe them banished, and have swept and garnished our house anew with repentance and good resolutions, return in sudden triumph to make the last mischief worse than the first. Then comes that phase of spent feeling, as natural to us after the turmoil of strife and pain, as it was to Ulysses and his sea-beaten company when they sat upon the lotus-shore, and renouncing the long struggle, sang

"Let what is broken so remain  
 The gods are hard to reconcile."

But life is not long enough to permit us to indulge with impunity in hasty passion or unforgiving pride. What costly sacrifices do these cruel gods demand? What is our gain in serving them? Small, indeed; but how freely we can count our losses. Our thought is burdened, our self-respect lessened, our general goodwill impaired. For the inconsiderate bitterness of wounded feeling, we have parted, perhaps, with one whose influence ennobled, whose tenderness

blessed us. One, in the presence of whose serene strength we felt it not so hard to be good. One, it may be, who loved our weakness as much as we needed their repose. That one is gone, and with him or her has departed the charm and essence of a great portion of our life. The countless hopes built up with and inseparable from that regard, the dear possibilities of future intercourse, possible now no longer, all replaced by estrangement and gloom, by the severance of a bond, whose broken chain still fetters us. We carry our heads haughtily, and hide our wounds; we shun the eyes we once met so gladly—we shrink from the hand we loved to touch. We misunderstand, and avoid each other. The recollection of past suffering rises in our hearts like the "waters of March," and makes us resentful even when we desire to forgive. And so we stand aloof, until some irrevocable step is taken—some calamity upon which we had not counted overwhelming us, or the dread conqueror himself comes between—to teach us, when too late, what we would not learn in time; the folly of our short-sighted wrath and pride—the wickedness of the spirit, that daily needing forgiveness, yet hesitates to forgive, until the hour is at hand when remorse may be fruitless, and even our "four-leaved clover" supplicate for peace in vain.

Io.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

Poe's "Raven" has recently been translated into German, and is said to be the most successful yet made.

THE fourth volume of D'Aubigné's "Histoire de la Réformation en Europe au Temps de Calvin," has just appeared.

MR. DAWAIN is preparing "Domesticated Animals and Cultivated Plants; on the Principles of Variation, Inheritance, Reversion, Crossing, Interbreeding, and Selection under Domestication," a valuable contribution to science.

SIMPSON & MARSHALL, the London publishers, have issued the "Comprehensive Pudding Book," containing recipes for making one thousand puddings.

REPORT says that Omar Pacha is busy collecting materials for a "Life of Alexander the Great," whom he considers a far greater character than Julius Cæsar. When ready, the work will be published in Paris, and in a style very similar to the "History of Julius Cæsar."

At a meeting of the friends of the late Dr. George Petrie, the eminent Irish antiquary, it was decided that his literary remains should be edited and published. The gentlemen who have undertaken this task are—the Earl of Dunraven, the Rev. Drs. Todd, Graves, and Reeves, Mr. Ferguson, and others. Professor Stokes, of the University of Dublin, has undertaken to write a life of Dr. Petrie, and calls upon the correspondents of the deceased gentleman to lend any letters which may assist the memoir.

An English publisher has recently reprinted one of the most curious books of London topography: "A Vade Mecum for Malt-worms; or, a Guide to Good Fellows, being a Description of the Manners and Customs of the Most Eminent Publick Houses, in and about the Cities of London and Westminster, with a Hint on the Props (or Principal Customers) of each House. In a Method so plain that any thirsty Person (of the meanest capacity) may easily find the nearest Way from one House to another. Illustrated with proper cuts. Dedicated to the Brewers. London: Printed and sold by T. Bickerton, at the Crown, in Paternoster Row." The book consists of two parts, pp. i.—56, and pp. i.—48, and the title of the second part adds: "Done by several Hands." Facsimiles are given of 102 of the tavern signs of the beginning of the last century, and mention is made altogether of nearly 800. The text, in coarse doggerel verse, is attributed to Ned Ward, Wycherley, and D'Urfey. Only one perfect copy of the original edition is known to exist, and that produced 42l. at the sale of the late Mr. Tyrrell's library.

In a sale of books held in London recently, were some few unpublished autograph letters of Lord Byron, which possessed more than usual interest. They were all addressed to his friend Hodgson, the translator of Juvenal. By way of Byroniana we quote the following: Writing from Falmouth, 25th June, 1809, he says: "The town contains many Quakers and salt fish—the women (blessed be the Corporation therefore) are flogged at the cart's-tail when they pick and steal." The letter closes with the passage: "I leave England without regret; I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict, sentenced to transportation; but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab." Writing from Newstead Abbey, 9th September, 1811, he says; "I have been a good deal in your company lately, for I have been reading Juvenal. The 10th Sat. has always been my favourite; it is the finest recipe for making one miserable with this life, and content to walk out of it, in any language." October 11th of that year he writes: "I am like the Evangelical definition of the wind, which goeth where it listeth, but no man knows whence it cometh or when it returneth." On the 14th Dec., 1814, he says: "Will you tell Drury I have a treasure for him, a whole set of original Burns's letters, never published or to be published, for they are full of oaths and most nauseous songs, all humorous but coarse and indelicate? However they are curiosities, and show him quite in a new point of view. The mixture, or rather contrast, of tenderness, delicacy, obscenity, and coarseness in the same mind is wonderful." Anticipating a sojourn at Hastings in 1814, when it was still the small decayed Cinque Port instead of the chief rival of Brighton, he says: "I am so glad to hear of quiet, for I would not be at a regular fash—ash—ashionable watering-place for all the gems of ocean, and its codfisheries into the bargain." In a letter dated 8th July of the same year, he adds: "Will you take a house for me at Hastings? I shall also want a housemaid, and extempore pro tempore cook of the place. Let my bedroom be some way from the nursery or children's apartment, and let the women be near together and as far from me as possible." Speaking of his approaching marriage, Oct. 19, 1814, he writes, "She is to be Lady B. the moment the lawyers and settlers will let us. . . . It is a long story, and I must defer it—but I have misunderstood her—she has been attached to me for a considerable time, and the 'previous attachment' turns out to have had no existence. In the belief that I should never renew, she tried to make herself partial to another (this is her own account), but the delusion vanished on their meeting."

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—The simple interest of one cent, at six per cent per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the year 1864, would be the trifling sum of one dollar, eleven cents, and eight mills; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time, had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of 84,840 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, now estimated to be one thousand millions, every man, woman and child would receive 84,840 golden worlds for an inheritance. Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning itself, that can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 73,000 years to travel from end to end. And if a parrot-gun were discharged at one extremity, while a man stationed at the other,—light travelling one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second—the initial velocity of a cannon-ball being about 1500 feet per second, and in this case supposed to continue at the same rate, and sound moving through the atmosphere 1120 feet in a second,—he would see the flash after waiting one hundred and ten thousand years; the ball would reach him in seventy-four billions of years; but he would not hear the report till the end of one thousand millions of centuries.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Gazetteer of the World.** Revised edition, 1866. Just published. Lippincott's Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of the World. Edited by J. Thomas, M.D., and T. Baldwin, assisted by several others. One thick 8vo. 2317 pages. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Murray.** The History of Usury from the earliest period to the present time, together with a brief statement of several principles concerning the conflict of the laws in different States and Countries, &c., &c. By J. B. C. Murray, 8vo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- On Cholera.** A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hubback.** May and December: A Tale of Wedded Life. By Mrs. Hubback. Author of "The Wife's Sister: or the Forbidden Marriage," &c. &c. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- Diarrhea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure.** By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Annandale.** The Malformations, Diseases and Injuries of the Fingers and Toes, and their Surgical Treatment. By Thomas Annandale, F.R.C.S., Edin., &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thurston.** Mosaics of Human Life. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Plumer.** Jehovah Jireh; A Treatise on Providence. By William S. Plumer, D.D., L.L.D. \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "I would assert eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to men.
- The Story of Gisi, the Outlaw, from the Icelandic.** By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., with Illustrations. By Chs. St. John Midway. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal.** As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes. Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward.** "His Book," with 19 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Reprinted from the American copyright edition. Published by R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal. Price 25 cents. A liberal discount to the Trade.
- Artemus Ward.** "His Travels," with 13 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Uniform with "His Book." Price 50 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "Harp of Canaan."** By the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Principles of Education, drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes.** By the author of "Amy Herbert and other Stories," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Household Recipes, or Domestic Cookery, by a Montreal Lady.** Price 25c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 149.

CHAPTER LI. LIGHT AND SHADOW.

"When the heart says, sighing to be approved,  
'Oh, could I love!' and stops; God writeth loved,"  
GEORGE HERBERT.

On this to her eventful morning Marian's pensive face was wholly changed. There had been but a few sentences spoken by Mr. Nugent as they had met and parted—she coming to and he going from the house; yet they were enough for happiness. Sorrows, like clouds, come in varied forms; joy, like light, shines clear, revealing all.

Gertrude was glad in her friend's gladness. It had sometimes occurred to her that Mrs. Austwicke would not much longer continue Miss Hope in her present situation. Mr. Hope and his daughter would have a delicacy in remaining at the cottage after the latter had ceased to be employed with Gertrude. And though the expectation of establishing a school, with Mysie to assist her, had, during some time, been Marian's cherished prospect for the future; yet that plan had, as even Gertrude conjectured, many difficulties. Now this beloved companion and friend, rather than mere preceptress, would have a home of her own—be in the very station she was fitted to fill, and at the parsonage would be still almost as near to Gertrude in the future, as if she came daily to the Hall. Such a marriage would bind—not break—the ties of friendship.

"Dear Marian, it is so seldom that all happens exactly as it should do," Gertrude said. "Are you not perfectly happy?"

"There is always in this world, dear, some little drawback," said Marian, with a fluttering sigh, "that prevents joy being too oppressive."

"Drawback! For shame, now! You are really ungrateful, when all falls out so delightfully, and when every one, as soon as it is known, will congratulate you."

"Not every one; that's just what I cannot help lamenting, True. I am not, I trust, ungrateful, for I am very, very happy. Mr. Nugent will have my dear father to live with us. I always said I could not leave him; but in this great joy, I feel that there's one I should like to know it all"

It was certainly true, and perhaps very natural that amid the new-born hopes of both Marian and Mysie, the long-lost Norman was remembered with increased regret.

Just as Gertrude was about to ask a question, and there would probably have been a full explanation, they saw Dr. Griesbach coming up to the house; and Gertrude ran off to Ruth's room to prepare both the attendant and the patient. The latter lay in much the same helpless state, and on the very verge of insensibility and yet capable of being at times shaken by strong emotion, as had been the case that morning when the curate's name was mentioned to her. Gertrude was scarcely aware whether the poor creature saw her or not; for she remained motionless as the young girl stooped over her.

Dr. Griesbach was first shown to Mrs. Austwicke's dressing-room, and remained there talking about friends mutually known to both. Then followed Mrs. Austwicke's history of her maladies, to which the Doctor did not quite give that patient, attentive hearing, which sometimes is so wonderful an attainment of a physician. He fidgeted about rather, and exclaimed, brusquely—

"You were well at Scarborough, and why? You were out all day, and slept all night, eh? You are ill here, because you shut yourself up, lay on the sofa all day, and wake all night, eh? Walk, work, talk—I don't say scold; though that in older women does instead of other exercise; but you are too young and lovely for that. The three first will make you sleep, and that will make you well. *Voilà tout, madame.*"

"Oh, Doctor, you're laughing!"  
"To be sure I am! and I advise you to join me in a good laugh, eh? Depend on it, you've just now, as to your health, nothing to cry at."  
"Dr. Griesbach, I'm worried."

"How so? Then don't let things worry you, eh?"

"That's an impossible prescription."  
"Pooh! Impossible is an obsolete word."  
"Well, but let me tell you about—"

"Yes, yes; you shall tell me your worry. It may dissipate in telling; but first I'll see this woman."

Mrs. Austwicke knew the Doctor too well to attempt to detain him just then, and so he was shown to Ruth's room. He remained there a quarter of an hour, met the village surgeon, who had hastened to the Hall on hearing Dr. Griesbach would see the case; and the two adjourned to the library for a consultation, which was soon over; and Mr. Austwicke, who had just been found by Mr. Nugent and Rupert Griesbach as they had sought him in the grounds, returned to welcome and thank his friend the Doctor. The verdict on Ruth's attack was soon given.

"It's a case that will be tedious. As soon as she can travel I'll get her into St. Jude's Hospital, and attend to her myself. That's the best course; then she may recover."

He then went, accompanied by the squire only, to the drawing-room, to which Mrs. Austwicke had in the meantime descended, looking already better, but still with a troubled expression. Gertrude, also, was there, and the Doctor took both her hands in his, and, looking at her, said, laughing—

"Ella told me you were spoilt as a fairy, you little truant; running away by inches from fairyland. Well, well; let's hope you are not spoiled altogether, eh?"

"Stay, Doctor, with us and see," said Gertrude, blushing and smiles kindling on her face. They faded as Mrs. Austwicke said, aside to her—

"Gertrude, I want to speak particularly to Dr. Griesbach."

She withdrew at once, and the Doctor seemed inclined to follow, but the lady, addressing her husband said—

"Basil, the Doctor thinks I have worried myself unnecessarily; do tell him what brought us here."

"Till we hear more, my love, there's no need to trouble Dr. Griesbach about what may be a passing annoyance, with which we have no concern," said Mr. Austwicke, in a vexed tone, and darting a rather severe glance at his wife.

"No doubt he has read in the papers about—"

"My dear madam, I read only the leading articles, and any political or scientific news," he replied; adding, however, as if remembering something suddenly, "But let's see—ah! I recollect, there were some trinkets dug out by excavators—antiquities, eh?"

"Nothing more or less ancient than my baby's ornaments. Aye! and, Doctor, a most shocking thing: human bones, skeletons—an infant's—and—"

Mrs. Austwicke paused, and her husband reluctantly took up the narrative, detailing what the reader has been already told.

Dr. Griesbach—though secretly annoyed with Mrs. Austwicke in introducing the theme, as he saw it was distasteful to Mr. Austwicke—was interested, and listened attentively; and when the lady, at the conclusion, said again, "An infant's remains! Only think! And with the ornaments given to my child!" he saw at once that some thought, destructive of quiet, dwelt on Mrs. Austwicke's mind, and that her husband in vain repudiated it.

"Well, it's nothing extraordinary that an infant should fall or be thrown down a shaft, left so unprotected as that was. The woman—the thief—falling down may not have been at one and the same time; most unlikely that it should. I think a woman and child disappearing together would be certain to be missed. And what annoyance can the matter possibly be to you? Indeed, the contrary, if you value the trinkets. I thought they were antiquities."

"I'm sorry, deeply sorry, Nurse Ross is dead."

"If she were alive, poor old soul, what could she say, my dear," said Mr. Austwicke, "more than she did to you on her death-bed—that she had done her duty by the ain?"  
This was a sort of sheet anchor by which Mr.

Austwicke held his wife, struggling, as she was, in her sea of doubts. And it did have some effect; so also had the Doctor's cheery words—

"Fancies and follies go together," said the latter; "take a ride on horseback, and get rid of both, and be thankful for your beautiful Gertrude. You used to say, and not so long back, if she grew out of conspicuous littleness, you would have nothing to complain of; and she, pretty sprite, has obeyed you, eh? And, by the way, I had almost forgot; I've a petition to present from my Ella: she wishes you would spare Gertrude for a month or so this autumn. Do oblige us. Professional matters keep me in London this season: it is hard on Ella; for she and I never part company."

Mrs. Austwicke seemed actually to catch at an idea, and muttered something about not being able to take Gertrude to Scarborough.

"Then you consent? thank you. But I must go. Rupert will have a right to complain, and that's more than I think you have, my dear madam."

With pleasant greetings they separated, and, as both husband and wife lingered in the drawing-room and watched the Doctor's departure from the windows, Mr. Austwicke said, very gravely—

"I must, once for all, Mrs. Austwicke, request that this topic, in the mysterious way you think proper to comment on it, shall be named no more. It will be all cleared up soon."

"But Dr. Griesbach is a friend of the family."

"Yes; and I value him highly. But to no one will I have anything hinted in a way to injure Gertrude. I'm amazed at you! Permit me to say there's a want of sense and feeling in it. Let's have no more of it. I'm glad he invited the poor child; your manner depresses her."

When Mr. Austwicke, ordinarily so easy and good-natured, was roused, he could assume a tone that his wife, as well as all the family, must obey; and that had all the force of contrast with his usual manner to make it impressive. His lady, therefore, made no reply; but, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, swept out of the room.

#### CHAPTER LII. TOO LATE.

"None are all evil. Quick'ning round his heart.  
Were yet some feelings that would not depart,"  
BYRON.

We must take our readers back a little way in our story. On the Saturday that Ruth had asked for a holiday, she had, as she said, gone to Winchester. She knew enough of Miss Austwicke by attending on, and watching that lady, to be sure she would be reluctant to let her go out for more than an hour or two. Ever since she had been employed to post certain letters of Miss Austwicke's, with the name and address of "Burke," she was kept as closely as possible in attendance on her mistress. The great recommendation being not any talents or aptitude she possessed, but her want of one acquirement: Miss Austwicke believed she could neither read nor write; and it was a passport, if not to favour, certainly to confidential employment. However, on that Saturday, as we have seen, Ruth went her way, and it conducted her, first to Winchester, and then to the men's ward of an infirmary there, where, nearly at his last gasp, lay a miserable man, who for two whole days previously had been sinking; and yet amid all his weakness scarcely moved his glazing eyes from the entrance door of the ward which was opposite his bed. His life seemed faintly to linger—stayed by the strong yearning after some one he wished to see once more.

A patient discharged two days previously had been paid by the dying man to carry a message to Ruth, and had faithfully executed his commission, which had been the cause of her asking for the holiday. Not that the sick man had been wholly neglected by acquaintance, or had used no other means previously of letting her know. He had been visited twice during the last fortnight by our old acquaintance, Burke, who had taken charge of certain messages, and one urgent letter, written with great difficulty, imploring her to come; neither of which had been delivered. And if the more faithful con-

valescent had not gone, those hungry eyes, so soon to close on this world, would have failed to see what they languished for.

When Ruth entered the room, she saw right before her the fixed gaze of the weary eyes. Something prompted her not to lose a moment, but to rush forward at once. The power of vision had not left the dying gaze; with a convulsive effort the man raised himself in the bed, threw open his arms wildly, then, with a gurgling moan, fell forward on his face. A nurse in the ward ran to help Ruth, who was lifting him eagerly. They laid him back on his pillow. A leaden hue spread over all the features; the eyes were now closed.

"Speak to me!" faltered Ruth.

She leaned her head against him to listen for an answer, and dimly heard some fluttering, broken words not wholly unintelligible to her—

"Make—a—clean—breast—mercy—in—"

Then came silence; a struggle heaved the chest a moment. She tried to place his head differently, but it fell heavily aside from her hands in the last rigour that followed. She needed to one to tell her as, looking on the dead, she wailed those saddest of all sad words—

"I'm too late!—too late!"

"Was he your husband?" inquired the nurse, compassionately, as she noticed the large-framed woman trembling from head to foot, pale, and gasping, yet unable to shed a tear, or, indeed, for a moment to speak.

"Well, it's a satisfaction you've seen him even as you have. I never thought he'd last out so; but come away—come away."

And Ruth was led to a little room of the nurse's that abutted on the ward, where she remained until she could regain composure.

Later in the day she looked again on the dead; and having been told the arrangements that were needful to make for the removal of the body, and the expenses of the funeral, she left the infirmary.

Her usual stolid look had returned to her face, and the nurse, who in her avocations was not unaccustomed to see people who seemed to be well-to-do servants, and who, when they came to pay their last attentions to their kinsfolks, would show great reserve about themselves or their employment, respected Ruth's silence, and manifested no surprise when she heard that she could not attend the funeral, merely saying—

"But I suppose you know he's had another friend besides you to visit him—an old man?"

"Yes, I know. I'm going to him; he will see to what has to be done."

#### CHAPTER LIII. STRUGGLING IN THE TOILS.

"Oh, conscience! who can stand before they power,  
Endure thy stings and agonies one hour!"

JOHN FLAVEL.

With a look of desolation settling on her heavy features, Ruth had left the walls that held her dead, and sought among a nest of small streets in the lower part of Winchester for the man Burke, who was so mixed up in the wretched jumble of her life. She was about to ring the bell at the side porch of a quaint, old, gabled house, partly used as a broker's shop, that looked seamed and rickety with age, when her hand was arrested by the opening of the door, and the man she sought stood, or rather stooped, before her. He was more grey, bent, and shrivelled than when we saw him last; and the infirmity, toil, or habit which had bowed his back into a sort of arch, necessitated his looking up so obliquely through his shaggy, grey hair, that it increased the furtive keenness of his vulpine eyes. Neither spoke as they met. The door-step being between them, each regarded the other a moment in silence. But there was to the man's eyes that indefinable something in the white, heavy face of the woman before him, that he read what had happened at the infirmary, and he whined out, in an insinuating whisper—

"Oh, it's sad I am; were ye in time? I was just going over to the Chace to get sight of ye, and let ye know how bad he was."

"Just going!" "deed, are ye?" she answered, choking with emotion. "And you knew he had his dead ail on him, and ye did not bring me a word—not one." "Just going!" oh, you may stay now." Her voice failed her.

"Whist! Ruth, whist!" he cried, still holding the door in his hand, as if unwilling or afraid to let her enter. "Be patient, ye've done your part by him, if ever woman did; but I canna just speak here. There's lodgers and children wandering all about the house. I'll meet ye at the ould place in a wee."

He came out of the doorway into the street, and, passing her before she could check her sobs and reply, he turned into a covered passage more quickly than, from his bent form and shuffling steps, might have been expected. One or two children, stopping their manufacture of dirt pies by the gutter, looked at Ruth as she stood, half stifled by the dull, heavy beating of her heart. Their gaze recalled her caution; she turned in an opposite direction from that taken by the man, passed through some better streets to where the old cathedral loomed grandly before her, then, through a paved side passage, emerged into the spacious graveyard that lies about the venerable edifice. She had evidently been used to make this a place of meeting; and though there is a thoroughfare through it in several directions, yet its space permits unnoticed wanderings in quiet nooks, shadowed by the stately buttresses of the grand old building, all brooded over by solemn silence. Here the threadbare garb of the old man, Burke, faded to a faint brown with age, was so in harmony with the walls that, as he crouched and shambled along the walls, he was scarcely seen, unless, as in Ruth's case, he was being looked for. She approached him, and, as he shrank into an angle, and rested his bent back there, not the wildest Gothic fancy could have traced a more grotesquely vicious gargoyle than he formed. As Ruth stood before him, her massive form quite shut him out from observation. Their first conversation was a series of reproaches on Ruth's side, and of justification and awkward condolences on his, to which were added promises of his attending to the last offices of duty to the dead. His manner was singularly conciliatory. It was evident one means of holding Ruth in his power was loosened, if not lost, and that something like fear had crept over his hitherto hard, deliberate cunning. Still his power, if weakened, was by no means lost. The woman was slightly tranquillised by his words. There is something in the inevitable that compels submission; and as yet the blow was too recent for her to feel more than its benumbing influence. By adroit questions, which a careful observer could have seen were put so as to satisfy himself, he discovered, evidently to his satisfaction, that she had not had one distinct sentence from the dying man's lips. She did not name the broken words—"Make a clean breast;" though they were well understood by her, and were even now sounding, and evermore to sound, in the depths of her being.

So Burke said, "Get back, my friend, get ye back! Ye've done all; I'll see to the rest; and now ye'll have a chance of saving a bit for yourself."

"Dinna talk that way, man," said she, suddenly. "I care no for myself—I'm weary of it all—wary and sick to death; and, what's more, I'll leave—I must—I've long wanted to, and I must."

"Leave!" said Burke, aghast. "What! leave a good home, where ye're making yer way finely—leave the young leddy that loves ye!"

"That's it. I can't keep it up. He's gone, and I canna—"

"Woman," said Burke, in a hissing whisper; "do ye know what I saw last Thursday?"

He pointed, as he spoke, his lean and horny forefinger across the city toward a hill in the distance, with a strong building on the summit.

She did not answer, but she looked in the direction to which he pointed.

"I saw a man hanged there for a murder, woman—a murder they said he did some while ago."

"Murder!"

"Hush! it's an ugly word to speak, even against a nine-foot thick wall. Yes; it was not clear to me, nor to a many more, that the man was guilty. He might ha' been an accomplice; but I saw him hanged—hand like a dog!"

"Well, and what's that to me?" she gasped, her white lips quivering.

"Only this: if the squire—he's a lawyer, you remember—if the squire knew about that little matter yonder, he'd make a hanging matter of it."

"No, no; I'd tell him all."

"You'd tell him all? And do you think he'd be such a fool—such a weak, kind-hearted fool—as I ha' been, and believe you? Tell him all! Why, what you've done would put you in a solitary cell all your life if it didn't hang ye. Ye know it would. But he'd hang you for mur—"

He did not finish the word; her hand was over his mouth, as she muttered, you know better."

"I don't know only what ye telled me. A pretty thing. Ye've a wean in your care, and ye get a holiday to see your friends, and instead of ganging hame ye meet yer lover, and leave the bit bairn crawling on the grass for a mad woman, ye tell me, to mak' off wi' and kill. Whose word but yours is there for that? And ye come hame to us wi' your tale, and we hid your fault, and ye yoursel' planned to take the wee bit lassie from your sister, and you and she planned it all. Am I right, eh?"

"Oh, you telled us to do it! I was off my head wi' fright, and heart sore for Tom's enlistin'."

"Hech! But when he listed, maybe he feared the jewels the bairn had—the costly things that were sought after among the servants—maybe they were useful to him—nae doubt, nae doubt."

"Hush man! don't belie the dead; he never had them, no more than I had. I did leave the puir bairn laid on the grass o' the hill-side. I did no worse till I ventured to put the other one in her place—which the marriage lines ye know—"

"I tell ye," he interposed, severely, "that's of itself enough to put you between four walls for life; but there's only your word ye did not murder you bairn—aye, and Isabel, too (I've seen the day ye were jealous of her), and give the trinkets to him. I couldn't take upon me if I were put on my oath, to say different; nay, if I were put on my oath, I'd be obliged—yes, I couldn't help mysel', to go against ye. And I say again I saw a man hanged there last Thursday for less."

Ruth's features worked convulsively. The fear of Burke, which she had well nigh over-mastered in the midst of her recent grief, returned again to crush her spirit. He saw his advantage, and continued, "Keep a calm tongue, woman; there's naething to fear but yersel'—nae thing—and the bonny young lady has her right."

"And why, then, don't you do justice? You've nae right to threaten me," she said in a querulous tone.

"Justice! Ou, I'm no that clear the marriage-lines would stand in law. The lady, doubtless, thinks so. Besides, the lad is lost—clean gone! Justice! How is justice to be done? Harm may. You may tell your tale, and get your recompense up there." He pointed as he spoke, in the direction he had so often indicated, resuming. "And the young leddie might be turned out as an impostor. Who's to prove anything about her? And the family would be just where they are—a daughter the less, that's all. Why should you be for upsetting things; the way taken is so far right? What's the good, woman?"

To be continued.

## IN THE SHALLOWS.

### WATERFALLS.

IT is not one of the regulations formed, as to unalterableness, on the model of the Medes and Persians, that you shall meet at St. Pierre a man of your acquaintance. A particular man of your acquaintance, that is. In fact, a town-friend, who was imbecile on the subject of your fan at the last party you met him.

Not a regulation. Therefore unlooked for, and highly, or supposed to be, highly agreeable, when you unexpectedly see him stretching out hands

to you through the spray. Gloved hands, for that matter, mauve kid-gloved hands, not improved by action of the fogs, and mists, and showers, that damp you when you go to St. Pierre.

For you do go to St. Pierre—there is no denying it; and there is no denying that St. Pierre is a very disagreeable place to go to. Besides getting wet, you are very apt to slip, and rasp angles on an ice-cone that forms there in winter, and which you will climb; not to mention your getting into a very reduced state as regards revenue. But this you might have expected, for it was anticipated for you before you went by heads of friends and shoulders of foes—not to mention your own secret soul pricking it into you after the experience of the person in classics, whom every one will remember in connection with a shirt.

In fact, St. Pierre has a very bad moral reputation indeed; although it pretends to give you adequate aesthetic profit for financial loss. You go there with an empty head and a plethoric purse. You carry them to every desirable (and undesirable—can't help yourself), point of view: down hills, up stairs, across bridges, around islands, over rocks, into towers. Purse attenuates, head inflates. Remunerative? That's as it may be. You growl, but continue to go; for St. Pierre is an attraction, which, in the nature of things, and especially of trips and tours, you are bound to do. Solemnly called by every throe of your rhyme, if you are a poet; by every pencil in your—wherever you keep your pencils—if you are an artist; by all sorts of national qualms, if you are the Travelling Public.

And the ridiculous way we gape and go on, when we get there, trying our best to—what is the expression those betting-people use, hedge?—to hedge our little transactions, and come out with about as much profit as loss, we know all about, dear Blank. We lose ourselves in the Beautiful—get up beyond the ears in the Sublime,—but we remain severely practical, not to say commercial, to the last; which is, very likely, as it should be. We take the world as we find it, and as human nature has made it, and are not responsible.

St. Pierre with the rest. Trying, by the aid of a little geology, a little history, and a little imagination, to determine what a very charming place it must have been in its normal condition, and what sort of feelings it was calculated to awaken in a tough old savage, who came upon the pretty bright thing, with its sudden rainbows, and its changing, and glancing, and glinting lights, for the first time, of a sunshiny summer's morning. What it is, at present, besides being an Attraction, is more difficult to decide. Not a watering-place, although its water-privilege is of untold horse-power. Nor Baths, although shower-baths, with caoutchouc perquisites, are available, and can be bartered for coin. Nor a stuffed-bird cage. Nor a fan and pin-cushion bazaar. Nor a hack-stand. Nor a toll-gate. St. Pierre is none of these separately, but wildly combines them all, in fearfully prodigal, and amazingly profuse and extravagant quantities, that impose themselves upon you until you grow haggard.

In the matter of pin-cushions alone, for instance. If you are a woman—mercy knows what you do if you are a man—I did not look at it in that light, every pin that you ever had, or hadn't when you wanted it, by some occult metallurgy practised only at St. Pierre, becomes a separate Nemesis, and compels you to go in for cushions to an extent sufficient to set up half a dozen women, for life, in that article. I do not pretend to explain it. I mention it, simply, as a curious fact.

Hacks, too. Forever starting up, trotting after you, wheeling you into corners, and recklessly offering to drive you anywhere, in the shortest possible space of time calculated to deprive you of breath, and for the most startlingly low rates of remuneration. Ruinous rates, in fact, and admissible only on the hypothesis of being blinds, and the hack-owners rakes and villains of the deepest dye.

Engaged in plotting this hypothesis am I, and successfully, if not cheerfully, resisting opportunities for exerting what, at first sight, looks

like philanthropy, when through the spray rises, particularly unlike Venus, he of the gloves.

Flourish, of course, and effusion. His honor and word, not—pshaw! it could be, really. Aw! Too charmed—Unexpected—Indefinite—but fortunate something of life. Follow glooming by himself through this delightful scenery—scarcely presentable—savage; pardon,—too happy—assistance, services—

That is the way he puts it. The way he means it is: Here is the Lady of some of my elegant dreams; here likewise are unimportant, but necessary, Dragons; here am I, ready to introduce to the notice and approval of Lady and Dragons, certain points of St. Pierre which have met with my notice and approval, and which, of course, must meet with the notice and approval of the entire known world.

For very much more like Podsnaps is he of the gloves, than like Venus. Quite a little Podsnaps, indeed. In the circle of his own private brain revolves, with admirably adjusted mechanical contrivances, the entire known world. Revolves St. Pierre, kindly taken under patronage. Revolves my very humble self, seen through the lens of Podsnappery, and approved of. Outside the limits of his philosophy is a mighty blank; beyond the movements of his little circle is a huge nothing; what is not contained in the scale of his ideas has no existence. If I tell him I am a Canadienne, he reflects that a Canadienne suggests vile French, vile *habitants*, vile eaters of fat park, leeks, and molasses. Do fat pork, leeks, and molasses revolve in the magic circle? Assuredly not. These objectionable items are therefore chaff on my part; and, if it were possible to question anything connected with any one connected with him—which it isn't,—questionable chaff. Narrow escape for me, and open to congratulations.

He is always a good-natured little gentleman, and as chivalrously polite, bestirring himself with the strictest decorum, and indeed almost utterly strangling his speech, so particular is he with it. He now, with his best manner, leads the way up a flight of several hundred icy steps, slipping horribly, and clutching the balustrade in a manner that is not elegant, although highly conducive to self-preservation. Removes, at the top, some men from the face of existence who are not disposed to revolve.

Through a gate, along a highway, across a bridge, to an island—where islush and sloop predominate, to a marked degree, over any possible beatenness of track, but which, we are assured, is, under different circumstances, a Paradise.

Assurances politely credited. Great toleration is shown the slush and sloop, as being inseparable from an Upper Canadian winter, which does revolve, at the instigation of the authorities At Home, whose high pleasure it seems to be to change a man from post to pillar, with an overpowering suddenness of movement calculated to deeply impress the ignorant unacquainted with the brilliancy of military tactics.

The mist which drizzles upon us is also compatible, and the want of an umbrella the sole reason for not crossing another bridge to another island, and toiling down another flight of a few hundred steps to a work of masonry, that has the desolate and inhuman look of a light-house. Reflection in the abstract revolves, it being dinner-time. Reflection in the concrete remains unexistent—St. Pierre not having done with us. Re-cross bridges, re-splash pavements, and take the massive fellow at another angle. What is not mist, is spray; and what, occasionally, is neither, is a very magnificent glimpse of water, according to little Podsnap, who discourses of it, revolutionally, and says his honor and word, people At Home have no idea of its extent.

At Home, as highly distinct from the colonies, being a sort of suffocative bugbear, after the manner of nightmares.

We take the view from this side and from the other side, we stare from all points, airing our little ideas, and setting our little sentiments ambling. Until finally, are we looking upwards at St. Pierre, or downwards? when he of the gloves receives a sudden shock, that clatters the round of his theoretical mechanism, unloosing, unscrewing, unbolting, and uncogging, and

leaving him upon the bank in a very dazed condition. Feeling, perhaps, vaguely, as he stands there alone, that St. Pierre has been too much for him. Feeling perhaps, vaguely, that a possible life, outside, and beyond, and quite different from his own, is typified in its waters, and which he can no more fashion to his liking than he can turn their turbulence to calm.

ESPIÈGLE.

### MR. THOMPSON'S UMBRELLA.

**A**UGUSTA, I wish you would practise Chopin's march. Mr. Thompson likes music."

Oh! how sick I was of hearing about Mr. Thompson! My poor aunt, she meant it very kindly, of course, but she little knew how she made me hate those single gentlemen whom she so wished me to please. I was an orphan, and had forty pounds a year, and my aunt's annuity died with her, so I suppose her anxiety to see me married was both commendable and natural, but to me it was dreadful. Moreover, perhaps because I was a proud girl, and perhaps, too, because I was a foolish one, the mere fact of a man, young or middle-aged—for only the old and wedded were excluded—coming to the house on my account, made him detestable in my eyes. I should not wonder if that were not the reason why I pleased none. I was said to be pretty—I may say that now, alas! it is so long ago—but plainer girls, with no greater advantages than I had, went off at a premium in the marriage market, and I remained Augusta Raymond, uncare and unsought for. I did not care, not I. I only lamented that aunt would worry both these unfortunate gentlemen and me with vain efforts to make them admire me, and make me like them. She was my best friend, however, and I loved her dearly. So I now sat down to the piano and played Chopin's march, and practised for the benefit of the devoted Mr. Thompson, who was to come this evening, and who little knew, poor fellow, he had been invited to spend a week with us for the express purpose of falling in love with his second cousin's niece. I had not seen him since I was a child. He was a young man then, tall, dark, and grave, and already on the road to prosperity. He was a rich man now—at least, rich for such a poor girl as I was, but he was Mr. Thompson, and I hated him, besides, he must be old, quite old.

I thought of all these things whilst I was playing, and then I forgot them, for the divine music bore me away, and music was a passion to me then.

We lived in the country, and a small but beautiful garden enclosed by aunt's cottage. It was a low one, with broad rooms, a little dark, perhaps, yet strangely pleasant. At least, they seemed so to me. I dearly liked the room in which I now sat playing. It was our best room, but it was also our sitting-room. A central table was strewn with books, some of which were dear old friends, and others were pleasant and new acquaintances. Flower-stands, work-baskets, and delightful chairs, chairs made to read or dream in, added to the attractions of this apartment. I enjoyed it even as I played, but then, to be sure, the windows were all open, and every one gave me a glimpse of the green garden with a patch of blue sky above its nodding trees, and the sweet scent of the mignonette came in with every breath of air. Where are you now, pleasant room and green garden? The ruthless hand of man has laid you waste, and my eyes can see you no more. Is there no home for lost places, no dream-land like the Indian's hunting-ground, where the things that have once been may enjoy a shadowy existence? Are you really for ever gone and lost, save when you come back every time a woman, whose hair is turning grey, hears that grand mournful music to which your pleasant loneliness would seem so little akin?

"My dear! Mr. Thompson!" said my aunt's voice, as I closed the instrument. I turned round and saw him; tall, dark, grave, very little altered, and not at all old. We had expected him for dinner, and he had come for luncheon: I forget how the mistake arose. As he opened the garden gate, he met my aunt. They heard me playing, and

stood by one of the windows to listen. When I ceased, they entered the room, and it was then that, as I said, I saw him.

I did not know it at the time, but I knew it later, I liked him from that very moment. I am not sure that every girl would have liked Mr. Thompson. He was decidedly good looking, and he was both shrewd and pleasant; but he had a quaint and abrupt manner, which was apt to startle strangers. I liked it well, however. I liked that eccentricity which never took him too far, and that slight want of polish which gave flavour to everything he said or did. I liked all, excepting his umbrella. That I detested. It was large, solid, massive, and dreadfully obtrusive. He had it in his hand on that bright warm day, and long as our acquaintance lasted I never saw Mr. Thompson without it. Later, when our intimacy had progressed, I taxed him with this. "Yes," he said, good humouredly, "I confess it is my hobby. My earliest ambition as a boy was to possess an umbrella, and my greatest happiness as a man is to go about with one."

Of course we did not speak about his umbrella on this the first morning we spent together. Mr. Thompson praised my music, and, looking me full in the face, told me I played divinely. He said it without preamble, and I saw he meant it. My aunt was delighted, and I felt pleased, but, somehow or other, I also felt that Mr. Thompson treated me like a little girl; and so he did—not merely then, but ever afterwards. "Tiresome man!" I had thought him old before I saw him, and I could not make him think me old now that he saw me.

Mr. Thompson did not stay a week with us, but a month. Oh, that happy month, with long golden days and delicious evenings, and music and sweet converse! shall I ever forget it? If the wakening was bitter, let me remember that the dream was very sweet.

Mr. Thompson was to leave us next morning, and we were in the garden together. I knew by this time how I felt towards him, and, kind though he was, I doubted if he cared much for me. And when he said, "Augusta, I have something to say to you," my heart began to beat. He used to call me Augusta now and then, having known me as a child, but never had he said it so kindly as this evening.

Ah, well! I suppose many women have to go through the bitterness which came to me then. Mr. Thompson had met my cousin Jessie at Mrs. Gray's, proposed to her, and been accepted. From the moment he mentioned Jessie's name, I knew my fate. Without seeking it, I suppose, she had ever stood between me and every good. She had had taken the friendship of my best friend, the liking of my nearest relative—I was not really my aunt's niece, only her late husband's—and now she had forestalled me in the love of the only man I had ever cared for. Surely she was not to blame in that, but, oh, how hard, how very hard, it seemed to me! The nightingale sang in the trees above us, pure brilliant stars burned in the sky, the garden was full of fragrance, and Mr. Thompson went on pouring Jessie's praises in my ear. She was so handsome, so bright, so genial, and so delightfully innocent! And what do you suppose he told me all this for? Why, because he wanted me to go and live with them. My aunt's health had been failing of late, and he was aware that I knew the worst might soon come, so he wanted me to be sure of a home. I burst into tears.

"My dear good child," he cried, warmly, "if I were not going away, I would not have grieved you so. You have, I know, a true warm heart. Your dear aunt may live for years, only, if she should not, Jessie and I—"

"Pray don't!" I interrupted. I could not bear it. The more he praised me, the kinder he was, the more I wept and felt miserable. At length, at my request, he left me. I grew calmer after a while, and went in.

"Do play Chopin's march for us, my dear," said my aunt. Poor dear aunt! she wanted me to fascinate him to the last. She little knew that Jessie, whom she disliked so, had been beforehand with me there.

I played it again. It was the knell of all my hopes. A grey twilight filled the room, and they

could not see the tears which flowed down my cheeks. I played well, they said, and I believe I did. Something from myself was in the music that evening, and that something was very sorrowful. Mr. Thompson came and sat by me when I had done. The servant brought in the lights and a letter for my aunt. Whilst she was reading it, he said, softly:

"You will think over it."

"Pray don't," I entreated.

"But you do not know how much I like you, he insisted: "and then you will do my little heedless Jessie good—poor childish darling! Besides, I have set my heart on something."

This crowned all. I guessed his meaning, he had a younger brother for whom he meant me. He had all but said so this evening in the garden. "It would do John, who was rather light, all the good in the world." I could not bear it. I rose and went up to aunt.

"What news, aunty?" I asked.

"News, indeed!" she replied, amazed "There's Jessie going to marry my cousin, Mr. Norris, old enough to be her father. I wonder what he will do with the little flirt?"

There was a pause.

Mr. Thompson came forward. I did not dare to look at him.

"What Jessie is that?" he asked. "Surely not Miss Raymond's cousin?"

"Yes; the same. Do you know her?"

"I have seen her at Mrs. Gray's."

He spoke very calmly. I suppose he did not believe it. I pitied him: from my heart I pitied him.

"Perhaps it is not true, aunty?" I said.

"Not true! why she writes it to me herself—there's her letter."

I looked at him now. He was pale as death, but very firm. Neither troubled look nor quivering lip gave token of the cruel storm within. Something now called my aunt out of the room.

"Augusta, may I look at it?" he asked, glancing towards the letter, which my aunt had handed to me.

I could not refuse him. I gave him the letter. He read it through with the same composure, then looking for his umbrella, which he would always keep in a corner of the sitting-room, he said, very calmly:

"I think I shall go and take a walk."

And he went out, and we saw him no more till the next morning, when he left us.

My aunt was disappointed to find that Mr. Thompson had not proposed to me after all, and I was hurt to the heart's core by the coldness of his adieu. My value had gone down with my cousin's faithlessness; mine had been at the best but a reflected light. I was liked because Jessie was loved.

She became Mrs. Norris soon after this. She was married from my aunt's house, out of regard to Mr. Norris, who was related to her, and who disliked Mrs. Gray. "That busybody," he called her, and I am afraid she was a busybody. Jessie was very bright, and seemed very happy. She teased me unmercifully about Mr. Thompson. She was sure, she said, he had made love to me, and she looked at me with cruel significance as she spoke. But I betrayed neither his secret nor mine; and though she vexed me when she quizzed him to Mr. Norris, especially about his umbrella, I did keep silent.

"I am sure he will be married with his umbrella under his arm," she said, the evening before her own wedding. "Don't you think so?"

I did not answer her, I went out into the garden, and wondered how she had charmed him. Alas! I might have wondered how, without seeking it, he had charmed me.

Jessie's marriage was a blow to my aunt. She had always thought I should go off first. She was also cruelly disappointed by Mr. Thompson's difference, and perhaps she guessed the meaning of my altered looks. I believe I got pale and thin just then. And I was always playing Chopin's march.

"My dear," said my aunt to me one evening, "is not that very mournful?"

"I like it, aunty," I replied, but I resolved to play it no more.

"Mr. Thompson liked it," she said, with a sigh. "I wonder he did not propose to you," she added abruptly.

I was mute.

"I wish I had never asked him here," she resumed; "I cannot help thinking——"

"Don't, pray don't!" I interrupted.

She did not insist, but she made me go and sit by her. She caressed me, she coaxed me, and little by little she drew my secret from me.

"My poor darling," she said, when I had confessed all, "he may value you yet."

"No, aunt, he never will. But pray do not trouble about me. I mean to get over it, and I will."

I spoke resolutely, and my aunt praised me.

"You have always been the best of girls," she said, tenderly, "and I am glad you have had confidence in me. I did not mean to leave home this year; but now I will take you to the sea-side. You must have a change, my poor darling."

She kissed me, and I remember how calm and happy I felt in that grey room, sitting by my dear aunt's side, and looking at the starry sky. The nightingale was singing again as on that sad evening when I had felt so broken-hearted; tears rose to my eyes when I remembered it, and his last kindness, and my foolish withered hopes; but the bitterness was gone from my sorrow.

"You must have a change," said my aunt again.

Alas! the change came with the morning. My aunt was late for breakfast, I went up to her room and found her calmly sleeping. But oh! too calm, too deep, were those slumbers. The kind eyes which had rested on me in love were closed, the voice which had ever spoken in praise and endearment was silenced, for ever and ever.

I suppose it was not Jessie's fault that her husband was my aunt's heir-at-law; but I found it very hard. Poor dear aunt, she always did mean to make a will in my favour, and she never did. Mr. Norris behaved very handsomely, I was told. He gave me the piano which had been bought for me, a few other articles of no great value, and all my aunt's wardrobe. He kept her jewels, which were fine, and the furniture, for which, as he said truly enough, I had no use. Moreover, he allowed me to remain in the cottage till Lady-day; though perhaps, as he could not live in two houses at a time, and must pay the rent whether I stayed there or not, this was no such great favour after all. God forgive me, I fear I was very sinful during the dark days that followed. I had some friends who did, or rather who said, their best; but there was one who never came near me, who gave me no token of his existence, who had no kind word for me, who let me struggle through my hard trial, and who never offered a helping hand. He might at least have written, have consoled with me in my sorrow, but he did not. And yet he was in the neighbourhood. He was often at Mr. Norris's house. Jessie herself told me so. True, he had business to transact with her husband; but still, how could he do it?

He did it, and he did more. Mr. Norris was thrown off his horse one morning and brought home dead. Jessie became a widow, and a poor one, said the world. Mr. Norris was not a rich man after all, and he left many debts. I only went to see her once. I found her cold, callous, and defiant, under her infirmity; yet I would have gone again if Mr. Thompson had not been Mr. Norris's executor. He had business to settle with the widow, and I could only interfere; besides, I could not bear to see them together. It was very wrong and very useless, but it was so. Mrs. Gray often came to see me. I cannot say she comforted me much. She gave me a world of wearisome advice, and told me much that I would rather not have heard. What was it to me now, that accounts kept him so often and so late with Jessie? They were both free; and if he chose to forgive her and marry her, and if she chose to marry once more for money—I say it again—what was it to me?

And yet I suppose it was something, after all; for when Mrs. Gray left me one afternoon in February, I felt the loneliest being on this wide earth. She had harped again on that hateful string—that Mr. Thompson seemed quite smitten

with Mrs. Norris. "And what do you think, my dear?" she added; "he thought you were gone. He seemed quite surprised when I said I had seen you on Sunday. 'What, is she not gone?' he asked—'gone to London?' 'No, indeed! What should she go to London for?' He did not answer that, but, from something he said, I saw he thought you were engaged to be married. 'I wish she were, poor dear!' I replied: 'it is a hard case to be so young and so lonely.' I have no doubt he thinks so too, and so it is to prevent Mrs. Norris from being lonely that he goes to see her so often." Thus she rattled on, stabbing me with every word, till at length she left me to my misery. I sat looking at the fire; it was bright and warm, but my loneliness was heavy upon me; besides, it had been snowing, and the grey sky and white garden and silent air had something both lone and chill in them. Yet I was not quite alone. Early in the winter I had taken in a poor half-starved stray dog, and, though he was but a shaggy half-bred cur, I had made a pet of him. He had laid by his vagrant habits willingly enough, and he now lay sleeping on the rug at my feet. Poor Carlo! he heeded not the morrow, and thought not of the future. Yet how long could I keep him?—and if I cast him away, who would have him? He had neither youth nor beauty to recommend him—nothing but his old honest heart, and who would care for that? "Poor Carlo—poor old Carlo!" I thought; and, perhaps because my heart was rather full just then, tears rose to my eyes as I thought of the fate that lay before him. I believe I thought of something else too. I remember a vision I saw in the burning coals; how it came there Heaven knows. I saw them both, as no doubt they often were, bending over accounts which they read together, then looking up and exchanging looks and smiles which no one could mistake. I wonder why I came back to images which tortured me—but it was so. I do not know how long Mrs. Gray had been gone, when Carlo gave a short bark; the gate-bell rang; I saw a tall dark form pass across the window, and my little maid opened the door, saying:

"Mr. Thompson, ma'am."

I rose. He came in, with his umbrella as usual, and Carlo went up to him and wagged a friendly welcome. I could not say one word. I was dreadfully agitated. I felt quite sure he had come to tell me that he meant to marry Jessie, and to ask me to go and stay with them, or something of the kind. Nothing else could have brought him. Or perhaps, as Jessie had, no doubt, told him that I was gone, he had, on learning the truth, felt ashamed of his long coldness, and had come to make some sort of excuse. He made none; but he asked how I was, took a chair, looked rather hard at me, and, without waiting for my answer, feared I was not very well.

"Oh! I am not ill, you know," I replied, a little carelessly. "I trust you are well, Mr. Thompson."

He said he was very well, and he looked at the fire. For a while we were both silent. I spoke first. My remark was scarcely a gracious one.

"I heard you were so much engaged that I scarcely expected to see you," I said.

I was vexed with myself as soon as I had said it. He might think I was annoyed at his long absence, and, surely, I was not? But he took my implied reproach very well. He answered that he had, indeed, been much engaged; but that everything was over now. Mrs. Norris, he added, had left this morning. My heart gave a great throb; but I was mute.

"She left in no very contented mood, I believe," he resumed. "The balance in her favour was low—lower than I expected. Mrs. Norris has something like a hundred a year. This and a few jewels constitute the net profit she derives from her marriage. Unluckily, these speculations cannot be repeated often, you see. The capital of youth and beauty has but a time—a brief one; it is apt to wear out, and the first venture ought to be the best. Mrs. Norris, not having found it so, is disappointed. I suppose it is natural; but you know I cannot pity her very much."

I supposed not; but how all that cold, hard talk pained me.

"I have a fancy," he resumed, "that this kind lady expected some other ending to our accounts. This is not very flattering to my vanity, unless, indeed, as showing my marketable value; is it, now?"

I would not answer that question. His tone, his manner, vexed me. Suddenly he raised his eyes to mine.

"Did such a rumour reach you?" he asked.

I could not deny it. My face was in a flame. I believe I stammered something, but I do not know what.

"Even you have heard it," he said, looking scarcely pleased; "the world is very kind. And you believed it, too! I had hoped you knew me better."

He seemed quite hurt; but I offered no justification. Then he rather formally asked to be allowed to mention the business that brought him. So it was business! I scorned myself for my folly, which was not dead yet, and I bade him speak.

Was I asleep or dreaming? Mr. Thompson spoke of my aunt, her love for me, my forlorn position, and expressed the strongest wish to take care of me.

"But," he added, with some hesitation, "I can do so but in one fashion—as your husband. Will you overlook all those peculiarities in my temper, which used to annoy you, I fear, and take what there is of good and true in me? Can you, will you, do this?"

He looked at me in doubt. Ah! this was one of my bitterest moments. He cared so little for me, that he had never seen, never suspected, how much I loved him. And he expected me to take him so. I clasped my hands and twisted them nervously; I could not speak at once.

"And you, Mr. Thompson," I said, at last—"and you——"

"Well, what about me! Do you mean, can I, too, do this?"

"Yes; can you do it?"

"Why, surely—else I had never proposed it."

He half smiled at the doubt my question implied, and he looked at me as he smiled. Both look and smile exasperated me.

"Mr. Thompson," I said, excitedly, "I have not deserved this. Carlo, come here."

My poor shaggy Carlo came forward, wagging his tail. He laid his head on my knee and looked up at me wistfully and fondly, as only dogs can look when they vainly seek to read the meaning of a human face.

"He was an outcast," I said, looking at Mr. Thompson; "he was starving; he came to this door; I fed him, and he would not leave it. I took pity on him—I gave him a mat to lie on and a crust to eat. He loves me for it; but, Mr. Thompson, I am not quite so low as to be brought to this poor beast's level—I can take care of myself."

Mr. Thompson threw himself back in his chair, and uttered a dismayed whistle as I made this free commentary upon his proposal.

"Well, well," he said, recovering slowly, "I can understand that you should not care for me, but I did not expect you would take it so."

"And how could I take it?" I cried. "You give me pity—I scorn pity. Ah, Mr. Thompson, if I were not the poor forlorn girl I am, would you feel or speak so? Do you think I do not know how rich girls are wooed and won? If you cared an atom for me, would you dare to come to me with such language?"

"What language?"

"What did you mean by taking care of me?"

"What I said. Yes, Augusta, I wish to take care of you—true, fond, loving care; nothing shall make me unsay it."

He spoke warmly, and a manly glow rose to his face; but I would not give in, and I said, angrily, that I did not want to be taken care of.

"Do let us drop these unlucky words," he entreated; "and do tell me whether you will marry me, yes or no. Let it be, if you like, that I want you to take care of me. I am much older than you are, you know."

I don't know what possessed me. I said "No." Oh! how I would have liked to recall the word, but it was spoken, and he rose with a clouded and disappointed face. He lingered a little, and asked to know why it was No and not Yes? I said we could not be happy together. He bowed gravely and left me. I suppose he was hurt, for he did not add a word. No assurance of friendship, of good will, no hope that I would relent or change my mind, passed his lips. The door closed upon him. I heard the garden gate fall to, and I felt in a sort of stupor. It was over. What madness had made me banish him? Every step took him away further from me—never—never again—should we meet. Perhaps he would not have left me then, if I could have spoken the truth. Ah! if I could have said to him, "I cannot be happy with you because I love, and you do not; because my love and my pride would suffer all day long if I were your wife; because it is easier to do without you than to have you on these terms." If I could have said all this, would our meeting have ended thus? It was too late to think of that now, but I was not too late to suffer. I buried my face in the pillow of the couch on which I was sitting, and cried and sobbed as if my heart would break.

Poor Carlo's cold nose thrust in the hand which hung down by my side in the folds of my dress, roused me. I looked up and saw Mr. Thompson. He was very red, and seemed flurried.

"I have forgotten my umbrella," he said, a little nervously.

Yes; there it was, in the corner, that horrible umbrella of his! But, instead of going to look for it, he suddenly came and sat down on the couch by me. I do not know how I looked, but I felt ready to die with shame. He took my hand and kissed it.

"My dear Miss Raymond," he said, persuasively, "why should we not be happy together? I cannot bear to give you up, indeed I cannot."

I looked at him in doubt.

"Then do you really like me?" I asked.

"Do I really like you? Why, what else have I been saying all along?"

"You said you wanted to take care of me."

"Oh, if we are to go back to that—" he began, resignedly. But we did not go back to that; we went back to nothing, for a miserable girl suddenly became the happiest of women. Still I was not quite satisfied.

"You would not have come back, if it had not been for that horrible umbrella of yours," I said, with a little jealousy.

"Very true," he replied, with his peculiar smile; "but I did come back, and I glanced in through the window first, and saw you hiding your face on that cushion, and Carlo looking at you as if he thought it strange you should be so forlorn; and so I came in for my umbrella; and to tell you the truth, I had forgotten it on purpose."

Perhaps he only said it to please me; but as I looked in his face I did not think so then; and, though years have passed over us both I do not think so now.

### THE DANGERS OF SANITY.

THE Irish town of Poplin (I dare not give the place its real name) was never very deficient in blackguards; but, a few years ago, it boasted a very black sheep who was called Shaun Magee. The crimes attributed to Shaun were simply innumerable. If he had hitherto escaped the gallows, it was through no particular watchfulness on his own part; for Shaun took no pains to conceal his misdeeds, but rather that he was a true gregarious Irishman, and that all his evil escapades took place when he was associated with a dozen or two of congenial spirits. It is to be feared, however, that much of the evil notoriety acquired by Shaun was due to one special failing he had, a leaning towards heresy; and that the good people of Poplin, horrified at the notion, immediately came to the con-

clusion that if Shaun had not been hanged for a dozen capital offences, it was not his fault, but the fault of the English government.

Suddenly, however, Shaun was attacked by his conscience. He repented him of his crimes; and privately repaired to a worthy priest, called Father Mahoney, at whose confessional Shaun revealed the numerous errors he had committed. The good father rejoiced over the returning sinner, and welcomed to the bosom of the church one who had gone very far astray. Shaun grew in the fervour of piety, until he became one of the Father's pet pupils; though all this time he had spoken to no one of his conversion. Perhaps he was afraid he should draw disfavour upon the character of the good old priest who had received him, and may have resolved to postpone the disclosures of his repentance until the flavour of his past offences should have somewhat disappeared.

Now, it happened that Father Mahoney, amongst his other duties, was accustomed to conduct mass in the chapel attached to the lunatic asylum of Poplin; and, one forenoon, as he was rapidly on his way towards this chapel, he met Shaun Magee.

Shaun humbly took off his cap, as in duty bound, and was about to pass the Father, when the latter stopped him.

"I'm in great perplexity, Shaun," said the Father.

"Indeed, your reverence," said Shaun, with manifest concern, "and axing your pardon, your rivrence, is't anything now I could do for yiz?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Shaun, I've got no one to serve mass at the chapel. There's Mr. O'Halloran has taken suddenly unwell, and I'm clean bothered to get some one in his place. Do you think you could serve mass, Shaun?"

"Sure I could, your rivrence; weren't we all tached to serve mass? And if I went wrong, sure it's your rivrence could give me a bit of a hint."

"Come along, then, Shaun; I'm glad I've met ye, for indeed it's a great favour you're doing me."

"And saving your presence, it's no favour at all!" cried Shaun. "Ah, your rivrence, isn't it glad a poor boy is to do you a good turn for what yiz do to every won?"

So, Father Mahoney and his pupil were speedily in the chapel; and though Shaun did at first feel somewhat embarrassed in the white surplice, he soon forgot his bashfulness in his anxiety to help the Father. The service proceeded in the usual way; and, if Shaun did make one or two little mistakes, he said to himself, "Sure it's not a bit of harm it'll do the poor crayturs; there's norra one o' them knows the difference."

"I'm obliged to ye, Shaun," said the Father, when it was all over, "and I will say you remembered the service well. But what made ye grin like a sucking-pig?"

"Well, your rivrence, I was just thinking that some of the poor crayturs might have seen me face before, and wouldn't it be the divvle's own wonder—I ax pardon, your rivrence—for them to see Shaun Magee serving mass?"

"Why, Shaun?"

"Well, you see, your rivrence, they've told some daycent stories about me in my time, and—"

"Never mind, Shaun. It's a hard thing if a poor boy is always to be brow-bated about what he's done years before."

"Thank ye, your rivrence."

"Good day to ye, Shaun."

"Good day, your rivrence," said Shaun, with an humble obeisance; and they parted.

Now it further happened that in this lunatic asylum there had been confined for many years a gentleman of some consequence in Poplin. He had never been very insane; but his friends had come to the conclusion that the best thing to cure him of his gentle hallucinations was to place him under the care of the doctors in the asylum. Recently reports had been daily growing in his favour; until came the final intelligence that the doctors considered him perfectly sane.

His relatives (whether rejoicing at the intelligence or not, history is not in a position to

chronicle,) resolved to meet in the lunatic asylum, and there judge for themselves as to the certainty of their friend's recovery. The day appointed for this meeting was that succeeding the day on which Shaun Magee had served mass.

The relatives of the hitherto insane man, therefore, were assembled in a room within the asylum; and to this commission of inquiry came the gentleman himself. He was affectionately received by his friends, and sat down to converse with him, they narrowly watching for any symptom of his previous ailment. Everything progressed satisfactorily. His remarks were quite up to the intelligence of the auditors; and in no respect were bizarre or ludicrous.

"By the" said he, "do you know who was at mass yesterday?"

"Father Mahoney, was it not?"

"And who served him, do ye think?"

They protested their ignorance.

"Shaun Magee," said he.

"Who?"

"Shaun Magee."

"Shaun Magee serving mass?"

"Yes."

The friends of the unhappy man looked towards each other, with apparent horror, perhaps with inward satisfaction.

"Sure you're mistaken, Mr. Jewry," said one; "don't yiz know that Shaun Magee, begging your pardon, is one of the biggest blackguards in Poplin, an idle, dhrunken, swearing vagabond?"

"He served mass here yesterday," said Mr. Jewry, firmly.

"The divvle's as mad as a March hare," said one, in a whisper; "be me sowl, it's not a safe thing to be nare him."

"Oh, it's joking ye are, Mr. Jewry," said another; "ye're making fun av us, ye divvle!"

"Dade, I'm not then," said Mr. Jewry, "for I saw him with me own eyes."

The friends withdrew; and Mr. Jewry was ignominiously ordered back to his ordinary duties and restrictions. Protesting, vowing, swearing, was of no avail; nay, they rather the more convinced every one of the poor man's hopeless madness.

"Shaun Magee!" cries one of the relatives as they went their way homeward.

"He'll never be a sanc man in this world, except be the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin."

And so it was that poor Mr. Jewry was thrust back into his confinement. Several weeks passed by, and no one thought any more of the matter. Every one knew that Mr. Jewry was still a lunatic, and pitied him, and envied his relatives. But one day one of these relations, passing down the street, met Shaun Magee.

"Good day to ye, Shaun."

"The top o' the morning to ye, Phelim."

"By the holy piper, Shaun, I've got sumthin to tell yiz. Sure yiz must know Pat Jewry, that made a rare bag o' goold wi' his owld rags and bones?"

"Av coorse I know the gentleman."

"He's a fair straight lunatic, Shaun."

"And what av that, Phelim?"

"We thought the poor boy had been cured and all of us thought of taking him out; and sure it's not for a year ye would be guessing to tell what he said to us. He said that Shaun Magee had been serving holy mass in the chapel."

"Faith, then, Phelim, he made no big blunder."

"What do yiz mane, Shaun?"

"I mane that meself, Shaun Magee, did, by the grace of God and the help of his rivrence, serve mass in that same chapel. That's what I mane, Phelim Jewry."

"Och, Mother of Moses! it's ruined we are, every mother's son of us! Jump up, Shaun on this kyar, and let's fly with the blessed news."

And they did fly. Round to the houses of all poor Tom's relatives they went with this true narrative; and speedily a fresh commission of inquiry was instituted, and the unhappy victim set at liberty. The historian has further but to chronicle that there was a grand dinner to celebrate the liberation, at which the former lunatic generously proposed the health and continued happiness of Mr. Shaun Magee.

WILLIAM BLACK.

## THE DAYS GONE BY.

IN the hush of the beautiful night,  
When the stars shine soft in the sky,  
I often sit in the glimmering light,  
Dreaming of happier days gone by.

When the golden hour that swiftly flew,  
Brought nothing but pleasure to me—  
When nothing of care my young heart knew,  
Nor dreamed that sorrow could be.

Oh! those days, with their rose-colored sheen,  
Were too happy by far to last;  
But their memory is still ever green  
In my dreams of the beautiful past.

Bowmansville, March, 1866.

## THE

## TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 155.

"Smile on him, madame," whispered Amaury, 'for that is a man of importance. He is called master Honoré, the freemason, and leads his brethren where he pleases, like a flock of geese.'

Agnes smiled on the man and gave him a gracious wave of the hand.

Master Honoré blushed deeply; for that flattering favour had taken him by surprise. He raised his hammer over his head and cried with the voice of a stentor, "Largess! for queen Agnes, Largess for the queen!"

The chronicles tell that the beautiful Agnes de Meranie preferred paying her obligations in that coin to parting with the ringing metal. She hoarded all the riches she could obtain; and being an Arab, in the full strength of the term, was her least defect.

Montruel gave a languishing sigh, exclaiming—"Oh! my queen! that is the way you gain all hearts."

Agnes knew well that she needed not to waste her time in captivating Montruel's heart—that was *un fait accompli*; but she had not yet made the conquest of Herbert Melfast, though Amaury himself had recommended her to seduce him as soon possible, and was as jealous as could be when he found his queen undertaking the task with a willing heart.

The steed of Tristan having stopped short, that brave scholar occupied, for a moment, the front rank of the cavalcade. Amaury perceived him. "Smile again, madame," whispered he in Agnes' ear; "that tall boy is none other than the king of the scholars!"

Agnes at first glanced at his lean form with contempt, but finished by giving him a gracious salute and smile.

Tristan raised himself in his stirrups at the risk of bringing down his staggering charger on his breast—he waved his soiled cap over his head, crying, "Largess for queen Agnes! Largess for queen Agnes!" and this time the cry was well echoed; for the clerks and masons all took it up, giving a little rest to the zealous enthusiasts who had been splitting their throats all the way from the Louvre.

Agnes had still a little stook of smiles and gracious salutes on hand; for this with her was a promenade of business and not of pleasure. Accustomed as she was to the atmosphere of courts, she could not misapprehend certain symptoms that she had observed within the last forty-eight hours, and which revealed that something mysterious and threatening to her was brewing in the mind of Phillip Augustus.

She knew that Phillip was capable of being seduced; for he had the ardent blood of the Capets; but it was not possible wholly to subjugate him—for his head was still stronger than his heart, and his heart still stronger than his passions. And Agnes was full of fear, for she was rising before her the phantom of that rival, whom she had always till then trodden under foot.

That rival—who was younger and more beautiful than herself, and who was, moreover, the

first wife—she felt that she was too weak to defend herself; her policy was, therefore, to attack—and all these smiles and salutes were a sort of cash paid on account to her auxiliaries.

The little money to be expended in carrying out her schemes was to be provided by the devoted Amaury, from the sale of his domains; and Agnes desired nothing better than to supplement these funds by the smiles and gracious words which cost her nothing. And all this great array of forces was to be hurled against poor queen Angel, who was weeping in durance vile, for the absence of Phillip Augustus, at the abbey of St. Martin-hors-de-Murs.

Each smile and each salute added some strength to the clamor that welcomed the cavalcade. A success of this kind not being so difficult to accomplish at that period as it is to-day.

But the crowd which followed the escort of Agnes was suddenly brought to a stand by another crowd, composed of the trafficking busy vendors of comestibles, and the lazzaroni, who had established themselves within the liberties of Notre Dame, for the supply of the workmen; and it was not without an active use of their cudgels that the hired enthusiasts of queen Agnes could clear a passage for her.

We have said before that the true Parisians, as well as all true Frenchmen, regarded Ingeburge as their real queen, and Agnes de Meranie as only the king's concubine. It was, therefore, not to be wondered at, if, under this provocation, the disturbed swarm of purveyors should vent their anger, by hostile criticisms, on the woman for whose accommodation they had been so unceremoniously pushed aside.

"She has buried all the king's money in a pit," said one.

"Besides what she has sent beyond the Danube," said another; others, in succession, called out—

"The Bohemian!"

"The Jewess!"

"The Gypsey!"

"They say she keeps our poor young queen in a cell!"

"A dark cell, watched by monks!"

"And the Pope refuses her the sacraments!"

"What's the use of building churches, which will neither give our children baptism, or extreme unction to those who wish to die like Christians!"

Mingled with those threatening murmurs might be heard from the hired crowd, "Largess for queen Agnes!"

Agnes turned pale—Amaury Montruel turned his anxious eyes from side to side. The vassals of the crown had followed the edge of the Seine, in order to gain the rear of the church. Everybody knows how rapidly the anger of a crowd, once irritated, increases. Before the cortège of Agnes had reached the middle of the square, the crowd had completely surrounded it, and was raging like an angry sea. Agnes found that smiles and salutes were no longer current coin with the crowd.

Among the most clamorous were our old riends, Ezekiel and Trefouilloux. They were both in a terrible humour; for they had been begging and whining since sunrise without attracting a sou. Unfortunate in their daily trade of begging—equally unfortunate in their nightly occupation of waylaying passengers who never came—these brave boys were sadly in want of some object upon which they could pour out the vials of their wrath.

"To the river with madame Agnes!" shouted Trefouilloux.

"Drown her! drown her!" cried Ezekiel.

And the frenzied crowd at once took up that terrible cry "Drown her! drown her!"

"Madame," whispered Montruel, whose livid brow streamed with perspiration, "we are prisoners, and must pay our ransom."

"Empty your purse, messire," said Agnes.

But Montruel had not waited for that order—his rôle being to steal from Phillip, and to ruin himself for Agnes.

For a moment the crowd was diverted by scrambling for the gold pieces, and more than one drop of blood was shed; but the ever-persecuted Trefouilloux and Ezekiel could not lay their hands on the smallest piece. "A diamond,

Agnes!" shouted Ezekiel, whose eager eyes were starting from their orbits, "I must have one of thy diamonds!"

"I must have ten!" said Trefouilloux, "and large ones!"

"The diamonds! the diamonds!" cried the whole crowd, closing round the horse of Agnes.

"In the name of God, madame," whispered Montruel, more dead than alive, "do not refuse them."

But this was said timidly, for he knew the parsimonious habits of Agnes, and the difficulty of making her part with anything of value.

But, contrary to all his expectations the beautiful Agnes, with a perfectly good grace, took off her diadem, her pearl necklace, her ear-rings, her agraffe, and her girdle set with rubies. She kept nothing, and, smiling, cast all her spoils to the people, saying—

"Keep them, my friends—keep them; I brought them all for you!"

The crowd struck up an heroic epic, allowing the cavalcade to pass and busying themselves in fighting for the jewels.

When Agnes had got out of hearing of the crowd, and had reached the steps leading up to the great entrance of the cathedral, she turned to her faithful Amaury.

"Thank God!" said she, "that I had the prudence to leave my real jewels at the Louvre, or they would have had more than thirty thousand crowns worth."

"What!" stammered Montruel, in admiration of her sublime prudence.

Agnes pushed him towards the entrance to the church, saying,—"They were all imitations!" Ezekiel had three teeth knocked out. Trefouilloux had picked up two black eyes; and between them they had only gained a small piece of red glass, that Agnes would not have repurchased for a half sou.

## CHAPTER X.

It must be acknowledged that the king's great vassals had not very valiantly defended Agnes de Meranie. Eudes, duke of Burgogne, had limited himself to forcing his heavy charger through the crowd—breaking an arm here and there—the other lords contented themselves with striking with the flat of their swords, to clear a passage to the church entrance. But none of them had seemed to care much what became of Agnes de Meranie; for to tell the truth, though nearly all of these powerful vassals hated Phillip Augustus, most of them would willingly have joined the people in crying—

"To the river with the Bohemian!" not from any feeling of devotion, but to spite the monarch whose heavy hand had begun to crush out their influence.

Some entered the cathedral, while others rode round the open works. Within the building, and under the magnificent rose window already indicated, stood the clergy of Notre Dame, headed by their chief, Maurice de Sully.

Agnes saluted the venerable prelate rather cavalierly; for Amaury Montruel, her political cicerone, had not marked the worthy bishop as a man worth gaining over: and in fact, Maurice de Sully paid little attention to the quarrels of the council, and to the great matrimonial struggles calling unceasingly for the interference of the Pope.

The interests of his darling church, which he saw day by day rising towards the sky, like the most imposing and the most magnificent of all prayers, was sufficient for the occupation of Maurice de Sully. But nobody was, perhaps, so indifferent to the progress of Notre Dame as Agnes de Meranie.

Among the priests who surrounded Maurice de Sully, Montruel pointed out a man with a long pale face, whose eager eyes were half hidden under bushy black eyebrows.

"See, madame," said he, "there is the bishop of Orvieto, legate of the Holy Father, who will have the upper hand in the approaching council."

Agnes walked straight up to the Italian, and taking his long thin fingers in her hand, she kissed them respectfully.

"My father," said she, assuming a gentle and submissive voice, "I have heard much of your

great virtues, and I have come expressly to seek a blessing from one who is reputed to be a saint upon earth."

The legate made an effort to preserve a look of humility, but his eyes rose from the ground in spite of him, and his whole countenance betrayed an emotion of supreme vanity.

"My daughter," replied he, meekly folding his hands upon his breast, "I am but a poor sinner."  
"Kneel down," whispered Montruel, "and the man is ours."

Agnes obeyed willingly. The bishop could no longer resist—he laid his hands upon her head and blessed her.

Agnes rose, and her joy, which was far from being feigned, was highly flattering to the bishop; and her joy was not diminished that she had joined another partisan without any expense.

Agnes advanced up the centre of the nave, and looked all around her; but she was too much a woman of the world to be an artist, and the marvellous creation of art before her was to her a sealed book. She saw nothing but unfinished columns and broken lines.

"This is a hideous place," she whispered to Montruel, "I expected to see something better;" and then aloud she exclaimed, "How beautiful! I did not look for so much religious splendor!"

Montruel said to himself, "What wit!—what finesse!" without for a moment reflecting that the most abandoned wanton might have sung that song of black and white as well as Agnes de Meranie. The good bishop made a low bow, to express his gratitude; for he loved all those who called his dear church beautiful.

"The day is wearing," said Amaury to his queen, "and our time is getting short."

"Respected sires," said Agnes, immediately to the clergy, "can I be permitted to see the image-cutter, who came from the Saracen country, and who is working on the statue of the holy Mary?"

Maurice de Sully at first made no reply, while the priests looked at each other with embarrassment.

Agnes alluded to Jean Cadour and everybody at Notre Dame was obedient to Jean Cadour, who had strictly forbidden any one, under whatever pretext, to disturb him at his work.

To disobey Jean Cadour was to run the risk of seeing that eccentric artist throw down his tools and leave his block of granite a shapeless stone; and then where in the whole universe could they find the like of Jean Cadour?

"Madame," stammered the good bishop Maurice, who was picking his words, not knowing how to frame his refusal, "assuredly I would do anything in the world to please you."

Agnes divined what the nature of this reply was about to be. "I entreat you," said she, "not to refuse my request; before my lord the king gave me the name of Agnes, I was called Marie—and our Lady is my well-beloved patroness. Suffer me, my father, to go and worship my patroness."

Though this was so adroitly put, Maurice still held out; for he had heard nothing that seemed likely to contribute to the success of his work—but the legate came to the aid of Agnes.

"My venerable brother," said he, "let me add my entreaties to those of the illustrious Agnes of France; I beg you to accede to her pious wish."

Agnes reddened with pride; for it was seldom that she received that coveted title—Agnes of France.

Maurice de Sully dared not now resist, for the legate was too direct a representative of the papal family.

"Be it according to your wish, venerable brother," said he, bending before the legate, "may it please God that none of us have cause to repent the step. That staircase, madame, which is before you, leads to the atelier of master Jean Cadour; but, pray, do not ask me to accompany you."

Little as Agnes was inclined to giving, she would willingly have paid for those last words that the good bishop had uttered; for her only fear has been that the bishop would desire to accompany her to the workshop of maitre Jean Cadour. For this visit which she was about to make to the mysterious artisan was the very ob-

ject of her hazardous passage through the streets of Paris.

Mahmoud el Reis was in his workshop, seated on a bench, with his elbows on his knees, and his head buried in his hands. He was thinking.

The two black slaves, half naked, were streaming with perspiration, and striking heavy blows on the block of granite which was about to become a statue of the holy Virgin.

On the boards of the workshop, there was a sketch traced out in black chalk, which indicated the contour of the image, and which was now lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun.

It was truly beautiful! a Christian artist would perhaps, have put less *abandon* into the pose of the Virgin—more purity in her celestial face; but he certainly could not have endowed her with a larger measure of physical beauty.

It was the beauty of the dream of an Eastern poet or of the divinities of the Persian religion. It was indeed beautiful, but it was not Christian.

The slaves redoubled their blows. Mahmoud was in a profound study—and the name of Dilah, his well-beloved, was dying away upon his lips.

It was, in fact, Dilah, and not the Virgin, that Mahmoud had sketched upon his walls. Dilah, the pearl of Asia. The houri, whose voluptuous form was at once rich and supple—the beloved one that the Prophet would have deemed worthy of ornamenting the eternal dances of his voluptuous Paradise.

Mahmoud was thinking of Dilah, and neither he nor his two slaves heard the door open, and neither he nor his two slaves heard Agnes de Meranie enter, accompanied by the inevitable and useful Amaury Montruel, lord of Anet. Agnes and her chevelier paused at the entrance.

Amaury pointed to Mahmoud, saying, "That's him."

Agnes contemplated the Syrian in silence, for some time, but with an eager look.

"His arms are muscular," muttered she to herself.

"He has the strength and boldness of the lion of the desert," whispered Amaury.

"And he has promised?"

"He has promised."

"What hast thou given him, Amaury?" demanded Agnes, who was not usually in the habit of troubling herself about the expenses of her faithful servant.

"That is my secret," answered Amaury, turning pale.

"And how does he intend to gain an entrance into the Abbey?"

"That is his secret," said Montruel.

The noise of the hammers still drowned the sound of their voices.

"He neither sees nor hears us," said Agnes.

"When we are in love," whispered Montruel, in a tone of bitterness, "we often become blind and deaf, madame."

Agnes would not understand his meaning.

"Messire," said she, "tell me, I pray you, what is the name of the young girl whose memory he treasures up with so much passion?—it may serve me."

"She is called Dilah."

A faint smile was visible on the lips of the Syrian, who repeated the name like a distinct and faint echo—

"Dilah! . . . ."

Agnes raised her gorget and put her hand into her bosom, seeking some hidden object there.

"I have not yet given everything to the beggars," said she. "Call that handsome tiger of the desert here, Messire Amaury."

Montruel called "Mahmoud!" in a loud voice.

The Syrian still remained immovable for a moment—then turned slowly towards the voice that he heard so near and so unexpectedly.

It is only for us Europeans to tremble at the first surprise, and thus to betray our secrets, like children. The Kurds of Asia, the Ethiopians, the Kabyles, and the Indians of North America, whose brows are red as blood, are different men from us. They know how to hide their fears—their hopes and their astonishment—their joy and their pain—in such a way that an enemy can never penetrate the secret of their soul.

The two slaves suspended their labours, on a sign from their master.

"What would'st thou?" said Mahmoud coldly, "and why hast thou brought that woman here?" His eyes turned till they met those of Agnes.

"This is the wife of the king of France," replied Amaury Montruel.

"The queen?" demanded Mahmoud, casting upon Agnes a furtive glance.

Agnes anticipated Montruel and answered in a firm voice.

"The queen."

Mahmoud showed no astonishment, but Montruel, advancing another step into the work-shop, the Syrian rose briskly and whispered those words in his ear—

"This is my house, and we never soil our dwellings. I will not kill this woman neither to-day nor in this place."

Amaury recoiled, appalled—frightened at the consequences that might follow on the execution of such a tragic error.

"This is not her!" exclaimed he; "the woman I named to thee was princess Ingeburge."

"Ah!" said Mahmoud coldly, "I understand. . . this is her rival, who comes to see if I have a resolute air and a strong arm."

"Pshaw!" Montruel was about to say, but Agnes advanced and cut short his speech.

"I love the king," cried she with a pride that made her for the moment truly beautiful. "Thou art right. This woman disputes the king's love with me. Mahmoud el Reis, it is true: I did come to see if thine arm is strong and thine air resolute."

For a moment the Syrian turned from Agnes with an instinctive disgust; and yet that bold avowal pleased him better than deceit.

"Ah!" said he, "thou lovest the king?" in a singular tone.

Agnes knew nothing of the schemes that were working to take the life of the king. We cannot tell if she really loved the king as much as she said she did; but it is very certain that her personal interests were too strictly connected with the existence of Phillip Augustus to render it probable that she would conspire against him. That was where Montruel deceived himself as he deceived the king, and as he deceived every one else.

Agnes believed that Montruel was working with the sole object of making her queen.

She gave no heed to the words of Mahmoud but drew her hand from under her gorget. That hand now held a rich necklace of pearls of the purest water. Her look and smile seemed to say to Amaury, "These are not imitations like those I gave just now to the beggars."

Then making use of the name that Amaury had just reminded her of, she held out the necklace to Mahmoud, with the most gracious air she could assume, saying, in her gentlest tones—

"This is for Dilah, thy well-beloved!" This time the Syrian could not help trembling; he looked in the face of Agnes, for a moment, as in a sort of fright, then slowly extended his hand while his eyes fell upon the ground. The pearls fell into his hand, and he murmured as to himself some expression of acknowledgment.

On descending the narrow staircase which led from Jean Cadour's shed to the nave of the cathedral, Agnes whispered to Amaury—"Another gained!"

"Oh! madame," replied the infatuated Montruel, "You have only to wish it, to have the whole universe under your feet."

Mahmoud el Reis remained motionless, with the necklace of pearls layed across his hands. By a sign he ordered the two negroes to discontinue their work and to bring his horse. Night had set in, and as soon as Mahmoud was alone, he turned his eyes to the sketch drawn upon the wall.

"That woman has seen Dilah!" said he; she uttered her name! Why did the name of Dilah, from that month, strike me as a bitter outrage?"

He held up the pearls between himself and the light and the last rays of the sun piercing through them gave them the appearance of large drops of rosy dew.

"The woman was beautiful, and these gems are rich and rare," he continued, "yet why do I despise them?"

He opened his hands and allowed the pearls to roll upon the floor, adding again—

"Why do I hate that woman?" and he crushed the pearls into the dust under his feet.

"Why?" repeated he, still grinding them mechanically under his feet. "While she was looking at Dilah, it seemed to me that Dilah was angry and knit her brows and I thought her voice whispered in my ear, 'A void that woman—I will not accept her presents.'"

He threw his rich cloak over his shoulders, and buckled on his yatagan.

As he passed towards the door, he again spurned with his foot the pearls which were in his road, and they fell through the open boards among the debris made by the chisels of the negroes.

Mahmoud mounted his handsome Arab—forbid his slaves to follow him—clapped spurs to his steed, and disappeared.

END OF PART II.

(To be Continued.)

## TOUCHING TIGERS.

MY first acquaintance with the tiger in his natural state was made in a country which has only of late years become known to Europeans. Much as has been done by our countrymen towards extirpating this animal in the jungles of the Turraie, and the Morung, and other parts of India, wide regions still exist within and on the confines of the south-west frontier of Bengal where the shot of the sportsman has seldom if ever broken the silence of the dreary woods. Along the southern skirts of the Colehân, in Kéonjur and Mohurbun, where the Keel and the Byturnee wind ripples through the shades of far extending forests, were the poor Ho, or Sontal, in his wretched clearing, rears his solitary hovel, and shares with the Sâmbur and the wild pig the scanty produce of his little field, there the tiger, instead of lurking in the jungle, marches holdly forth in the broad daylight, and seizes the bullock at the plough, or the poor husbandman's half-naked daughter, while filling her pitcher at the lonely pool. It comes with the gathering dusk to the ill-fastened hovel door, breaks down the fence in which the starving kine have been immured, slays in a few minutes, perhaps, the whole of the little herd on which the owner relied for his subsistence, and often thus succeeds in driving away the settler.

But even in these wild solitudes man sometimes maintains his supremacy over the beast of the field. The Ho, or, as he is commonly called by more civilised neighbours, the Kôle, trained from boyhood to the use of the bow and arrow, is generally an adroit archer, and many individuals among his tribe are singularly intrepid men. He has need to be so, who, leaving the safety and comparative comforts of a large village, with no weapons but bow and arrows and a light battle-axe, and no companions but wife and children, sallies forth into the wide forests, where man never trod before, and founds there a new settlement. Sometimes two or three able-bodied persons of his "keely," or clan, will assist him in felling and clearing an acre or two, and once or twice he may revisit his native town to purchase seed and poultry and cattle. But with these exceptions the new settler and his little family live and labour in solitude, and must, by their unaided efforts, strive for mastery with the wild beasts of the forest.

Many years ago—so many, that names of persons and of some places concerned, have passed from my memory—official duties led me to a small village in Rengrapeer, one of the remotest and wildest divisions of that wild country the Kolehân, on the south-west frontier. The hamlet consisted of some five or six cottages in a cleared space of as many acres, surrounded by forest. A brook, whence the women of the village procured water, ran by the bottom of a slope, about two hundred yards from the houses; and (a usual feature in Kôle villages) a few large slabs of slaty rock fixed in the ground marked where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Near one of those I observed a pole erected, on which grinned the skull of a tiger, with the bones of

one of its arms dismembered half way up. I turned to the villagers near me for an explanation, and heard this:

The daughter of the Moonda, or head man of the place, was affianced, in the rude native fashion, to one of the young men of the village, and their nuptials were to come off in a few days. One evening the girl with some of her female companions went, as was their daily wont, to the brook already mentioned, to bathe and fetch water for the household. They had been absent but a quarter of an hour, when the startling voice of a tiger, and the piercing shrieks of the women, suddenly broke the silence of the hour, and before the roused villagers could snatch their arms, the girls came flying back with horror in their faces, and in a few words announced the dreadful fact that a tiger had carried off one of their party. It was the Moonda's daughter. Her stout-hearted kinsmen rushed, but with hopeless hearts, to the rescue. Foremost among these was her intended husband, and close by his side his sworn brother, allied to him by a ceremony, common amongst this people, of tasting each other's blood, and swearing to stand by each other in after life, come weal, come woe. While the rest were following with skill and caution the bloody traces of the monster and his prey, these two, dashing on through the dense jungle, soon came upon the object of their search. In a small open space (which I afterwards visited) the tiger was crouched over the dead body of the girl, which it had already begun to devour. The approach of the hunters roused him, and he stood over the carcass, growling defiance at the two men.

In a moment an arrow from the bereaved lover's bow pierced the tiger's chest. It struck deep and true, but not so as (in sporting phrase) to stop the dreadful beast, who, from a distance of some thirty paces, came down, with his peculiar whirlwind rush, on his assailant. The young man had just time to draw his "kappee," or battle-axe, from his girdle, when the tiger seized him by the left wrist. The man, leaning well back to gain room for the swing of the axe, drove it with all the collected strength of rage and despair into the tiger's forearm, severing the massive bone, and leaving the blade buried in the muscles. Next moment his head was crushed within the monster's jaws, and he fell dead upon the ground, while the tiger, tamed by the loss of blood, turned round and began to limp away. All occurred so rapidly, that the surviving comrade had not shot a shaft, but now, maddened, he ran to the retreating brute, and sent arrow after arrow up to the feather into its side and neck until it rolled over, dying, within a few yards of the ill-fated young couple. The tiger still breathed as the rest of the party came up. They struck off its head, disservered the muscle by which the left forearm still adhered to the shoulder, and with these spoils, and the mangled bodies of the poor victims borne on litters, returned, a melancholy procession, to the village. The above minute details I had from the chief actor himself, a stalwart young fellow. The event had occurred not more than a month or five weeks before, and the sun-dried strips of flesh still adhered to the ghastly trophy on the pole. I wished to have brought the bones away, but they gave some comfort to the poor old Moonda's heart. They reminded him that his daughter had not died unavenged, and I left them there.

Another instance that became known to me of heroism among the Kôles, is of a more homely sort. In another part of Sengrapeer, a clearing was made in the forest by an old man, his wife, her sister, and a grown-up daughter. No other human being lived within miles of their solitary hut, and the head of the family had to go frequently, and always alone, to a distant village for the necessaries of life. His first season's ploughing was stopped by a tiger killing one of the only pair of bullocks he possessed, and he was obliged to sell the other to buy rice for the rest of the year. Before the next rains, he managed to procure another pair of oxen, and patiently recommenced the tillage of his little clearing. But his unwelcome neighbour again robbed him of a bullock, and once more put an end to his operations. This was too much to

bear, and with singular hardihood the old man determined to rid himself of his enemy or die of him. The bullock lay dead within a few paces of a patch of grass which intervened between the clearing and the forest; and the man, thoroughly conversant with the habits of the tiger, knew well that in this grass the beast would lie until the cool of evening summoned him to sup upon the carcass. He proceeded without further ado into the house, armed his household, the three women aforesaid, with a bamboo each, placed them in line along the edge of the grass, posted himself by a circuitous route on the opposite side of the cover where it skirted the jungle, and, having given some preconcerted signal to his auxiliaries, waited, bow in hand and arrow on string, for his dangerous enemy. The three women, nothing daunted, began beating the ground in a business-like manner. They shrieked and yelled, and advanced steadily into the cover; it was not extensive; before long the tiger came sneaking out towards the man, who, well concealed behind a tree, let him pass so as to obtain a clear broadside view, and then let fly an arrow into the centre of his neck. Fortune favoured the bold, and the brute fell dead.

So little did the veteran think of this exploit, that I should probably have heard nothing about it, had he not come to my office attended by his family and the mankee, or head of his circle, with the tiger's skin, to claim the reward (ten rupees a head) given by government for the destruction of this animal; a reward which, shabby as it is, was not to be despised by the poor settler. He was a short wiry man, some fifty or sixty years of age, with a dogged determined look, and spoke of killing the tiger and making his old wife and sister-in-law beat him up, in such a matter-of-fact way that we were all in shouts of laughter, though filled with admiration for the stout old boy and his hard-favoured amazons.

There was great luck in such an easy conquest, but it is not, even within my own knowledge, a solitary instance of so large an animal being killed at once by so apparently inadequate a weapon. A very big tiger was once brought into the head-quarter station of the Kôle country—Chybasa—which had been killed with one shot by a mere stripling, some sixteen or seventeen years old, who seemed much more engaged in admiring the flowers in front of my house, than interested in the recital of his prowess, made to me by his comrades and the head man of the village.

Those who have engaged in tiger-shooting excursions, either on foot or on elephants, know full well how many shots the brute sometimes takes. And such instances of quick work as the two above cited may surprise the most experienced sportsman.

I have already observed that where population is exceedingly scarce, the tiger loses much of his skulking, hiding disposition, and attacks his prey in the open. In 1837, or '38, a lad herding cattle in the village lands of Koorsee, near Chabassa, was pursued over a meadow, and *throught the herd*, and was killed by a tiger, who had begun to eat him when scared away by the villagers. I saw the body; it lay in the midst of an open field, at least two hundred yards from any cover. It was disembowelled, and with the chest torn wide open; but the face was as that of one who lies in a pleasant sleep.

The enormous forearm of the tiger has often attracted attention. We have seen a cat pat a dead mouse, or the face of a dog which was teasing her, and it is easy to understand what a tremendous blow a tiger could give in the same manner; but I believe it to be a mistake to suppose that he strikes down his prey with his paw. He strikes in self-defence and when fighting, but not when seizing his victim. I have seen many carcasses of deer, cattle, buffaloes and horses, which had been killed by tigers, and they all had the same appearance; four deep holes at the back of the neck (two of them on each side the cervical vertebra), made by the animal's incisor teeth; no other mark. Of course, if the tiger had begun to feed on the body, it was extensively lacerated. And if (as sometimes in the case of a buffalo) the

prey had struggled much, and had succeeded in dragging the tiger a few yards, the chest and forelegs would bear the impression of the claws and the tremendous grip, but these, as far as my experience goes, were exceptional cases.

It is evident that the tiger, in seizing his prey, rushes on to its back, grips the neck with his jaws as with a vice, and, with his arms confining the animal's struggles, lies there upon his victim until it is suffocated. With a human being I know not how the case is. A tiger has been seen to seize and carry off a man by the neck, or the arm, or thigh, indifferently. In the well-known cases of Major Colnett and Captain Fenwick, they were both seized by the thigh, and carried off, it is said, on the animal's back. More recently, a Captain Hill, superintendent of police in Burma, was gripped by the neck, and there held until the arrival of his people rescued him from his awful position. In 1846, in Mäubhoom, near Midnapore, I was out after a tiger, on foot, and having wounded him severely, was searching for him in the jungle with a number of beaters. Three times we came upon him, and each time he broke cover by charging through the mob of us. Once, he struck a man on the chest, knocking him over, and scratching him severely. Next time he seized one of the beaters in his jaws, by the thigh, giving him a rapid shake and passing on. But these are all cases in which the animal was acting in self-defence, or in retaliation. What I have said above, refers to its usual mode of capturing its food.

The averment in our "natural history" books, that the tiger disdains to touch carrion, is quite untrue. The same rhetoric is indulged in regarding the eagle, and is equally erroneous. The lion, also, the "king of beasts, is," is, I believe, as little scrupulous as any other cat, in this particular. I have described how the tiger captures and kills his prey. When dead, if the body lie convenient to his covert, he lets it remain; if it be too far out in the open, it is dragged further in towards the jungle, and there left until towards dawn. Sometimes the body is disembowelled after being removed a little way, and is then drawn away to some hidden spot. A leopard has been seen to disembowel a goat, holding it by the throat, lying on its back underneath the body, and ripping it open by repeated kicks with its hind claws. Probably the tiger operates by the same method. He appears to prefer a rump-steak, or a round, to any other portion. These are almost always the first parts eaten, then the ribs, rarely the fore-quarters, and never, within my knowledge, the head.

The following little anecdote, while it illustrates this, affords a pretty good specimen of the tiger's caution, of the silence of his approach, and of his immense strength. In the cold weather of 1838, near the same village of Koorsee where the herd-boy had been killed, I was one day shown the body of a cow, which a tiger had just struck down. It lay close to some rather thin jungle, near a ridge of low rocks; a few larger trees, such as mangoes, were interspersed in the brush-wood, and the ground was covered with dead dried-up leaves: so crisp, that it seemed impossible for an insect even to pass over them without being heard. It was then about noon, and I determined to sit up for the tiger, who, we knew, would come again at nightfall, or before next morning, to devour the carcase. A charpafe, or small native bedstead, was speedily procured from the village, and lashed across the fork of a mango-tree, within a few paces of which lay the cow. Before sunset I and my companion (our doctor) were escorted to the spot by a body of armed Kôles. I disembarrassed myself of a huge sola, or pith hat, which I placed on the ground near the tree, and in it I deposited a pair of unwieldy dragon's pistols (it was before the days of "repeaters"), which I thought would be useless in our elevated position. I also took off, and left at the foot of the tree, a pair of thick shooting-shoes, and then, with the help of my village friends, gained the charpafe, and sat myself down by the worthy doctor. Between us were four double barrels and ammunition. When we were fairly in our post, our escort silently withdrew to a hovel on the skirts of the village, just within hail.

The moon, near its full, was rising, and the

night calm. A deep shadow rested under the trees, save where, through gaps in the foliage, the silver rays stole in. A solemn silence reigned around, scarce broken by the whispering rustle of the leaves as at intervals the night air sighed fitfully. Those who have sat motionless and patient, far into the night, with such an object in view, can understand the oppressive feeling that steals over one in the stony stillness, with ear and eye stretched to catch every sound, or detect the slightest movement. Immovable as statues we sat, without a whisper. Creature-comforts we had none: for cheeroots and brandy-and-water were

Banned and barred, forbidden fare,

it being supposed that a tiger cannot abide tobacco. Loins, and backbones, and necks, and legs, grew stiffer and stiffer, and ached wearily; but still we sat. The night passed slowly on, the moon climbed higher and higher over our heads, and at last shone upon the dead cow below; but not a sound fell on the ear. Tired nature began to murmur against the penance; first a few remarks were whisperingly ventured: "I don't think he's coming." "I think he heard those fellows and is off." "He can't be here, or we should have heard him," &c. &c. Gradually such feeble suggestions gave way to positive assertions, delivered in a tolerably audible tone, and at last I openly declared I would wait no longer, and descended to the ground. My first act was to get my shoes, and while putting them on and chatting without further constraint, I remarked that it would be as well to call our guides. Forthwith, uplifting my voice, I shouted out the name of the Moonda. Hardly had the word passed my lips, when an abrupt startling roar from a thicket within a few paces of me petrified us with amazement. Never had I felt so wretchedly helpless. Standing unarmed at the foot of the tree, I had one shoe on, and was about to put on the other. While expecting every instant to be my last, I felt sure that an attempt to climb back to my perch would be the signal for the tiger to seize me. To remain standing there, was equally disagreeable. My pistols came to my recollection. They were lying in my hat, but the hat lay somewhat in the direction of the thicket. It was a trying moment; but in another moment I found myself striding towards the hat, one shoe on and the other off, and hardly conscious of what I did: I remember grasping the pistols, cocking them, and with the barrels levelled towards the bush, which I steadily faced, shuffling sideways to the tree. The feel of the trusty weapons in my hands was comforting, as was the sight of the doctor, who, with both barrels of his gun cocked, and pointing at the bush, leant eagerly forward on the charpafe, covering my retreat. At length I reached the tree on the side furthest from the thicket, and went up it like a lamplighter, pistol in hand, although, on our first arrival, I had required the assistance of other people's arms and shoulders. "Thank God!" exclaimed the doctor, as soon as I was seated by him. "You are up. I thought you were a dead man." And so saying, he fired into the bush, just as our escort came up with lighted torches; and we returned to our tent in the village.

Scarcely had the sun risen on the morrow, when a Kôle ran in to tell us that the cow had been removed. The doctor was obliged to return to the station, but I repaired at once to the spot of our night's vigil. The cow was gone, and a broad trail showed which way she had been dragged. At about a hundred yards from our mango-tree, and near the foot of the rocks before described, lay the stomach and entrails, and a pool of blood. Further on, was a spot where the tiger had been rolling. The marks were plain, with some of his hair lying where the ground had been pressed down. And on a ledge on the summit of a perpendicular scarped rock about four feet high lay the carcase of the cow, partly eaten away. The tiger must have jumped on the ledge with the cow in his mouth; there were no other means of ascent. The prodigious power of the animal may be conceived from such a feat. After gazing for a while on the spectacle, some of the most experienced Kôles present assured me that the tiger, after gorging on so much beef, could not possibly be far off, and they volunteer-

ed at once to beat him up and drive him towards me. I accordingly selected a commanding spot, and sent the men a détour of some three hundred yards in front of me, whence they commenced beating in my direction. In a few minutes the tiger was roused, and passed my station at a distance of about sixty yards, in a lumping heavy canter, with his tail in the air. I took deliberate aim a little in front of his chest, and fired. The ball cut a twig, and must have deflected from its first direction, for the tiger passed on without taking the slightest notice of my salute, and in another instant was lost in the jungle, leaving me to return to camp intensely mortified.

There has been much controversy about the tiger's power of jumping; some are of opinion that he cannot entirely quit the ground with his hind feet. For my part, I do not see what is to prevent him. The muscles of his legs are fully able to overcome the weight of his body, which is generally spare and transversely narrow. I have seen a tiger take a very decent drop leap. Tigers have been known also to get, somehow, into howdas on elephants' backs. In short, I am inclined to believe that those who deny his jumping powers argue with reference to his great weight, and do not sufficiently consider the great strength which bears that weight along.

Tigers are shot in considerable numbers every year in India by trap bows and arrows set in their haunts by the "Bugmars," or professional tiger killers. The instrument has been often described. Mongolian nations, such as Burmese, Karéns, Shans, Malays, and the Dyaks of Borneo, instead of planting a bow which shoots off a poisoned arrow on pushing against a string, fix a little above the ground a strong elastic horizontal bamboo, at right angles to the free end of which is fixed a jagged and barbed wooden dagger, smeared with poison. The bamboo is then bent back, and is so secured in that position that pressure upon a string placed across the tiger's path loosens the catch, and the bamboo, striking the animal about the shoulder, buries the dagger deep in his body, where, being barbed, it remains. The victim generally dies in a few hours. Travellers are warned of the position of these traps by a bamboo cross or frame struck up by the path, on either side of the trap, so that people approaching in either direction are put on the alert, and avoid danger by making a short detour. It is a curious fact that the Shan Karéns, in the Tenasserim provinces, and the Dyaks of Borneo, make use of precisely the same expedient to kill the tiger and to warn the passenger.

Of tiger shooting in the orthodox way, that is to say, mounted on howdaed elephants, so much has been told and written, that I have nothing left to add. Safe as this amusement usually is, it has its dangers. To be on a runaway elephant in a mango grove, or a forest of middling-sized trees, is something like being taken back in a hurricane. And crossing the "duldul," or quicksands, of the Gunduck river has made stout-hearted men turn as white as this paper. The tiger is now almost eradicated from the borders of Goruckpoor, Pirhoot, and Poornecca, where in my boyish days he abounded. May the same fate await him by-and-by in Ren-grapeer!

### LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

THE belief in ordinary mortals allying themselves with the powers of darkness, is a superstition common to all ages and countries. There were soothsayers and magicians in the court of Pharaoh, and Obes men, or wizards, have figured in the late outbreak in Jamaica. The modern idea of witchcraft fastened the sinful compact supposed to be entered into with the Father of All Evil, upon women. It was against women that the fulminations of King James were chiefly launched, and upon women that the persecutions under Matthew Hopkins, the witch-judge, fell with the heaviest force—

"For hath not he within one year  
Hung threescore of them in one shire?  
Some only for not being drowned,  
And others for being above the ground!"

The famous bull of Pope Innocent VIII. on

this subject appeared in 1484, narrating the popular superstition on the subject, and appointing a commission to examine and punish witches. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, an incredible number of unfortunate creatures lost their lives on the charge of witchcraft. In England alone, 30,000 women—most of them aged and ill-favoured—suffered at the stake. It was not till the reign of George II. that witch-persecutions were abolished by Act of Parliament.

Among the traditional stories told of the witches in Lancashire, is that of Goody Dickisson, the miller's wife, which may serve as an instance of the strangely ridiculous tales accepted in good faith by the simple peasantry.

Goody Dickisson had a comfortable home and a kind husband. There was only one thing grieved her—she was childless. This made her fretful, and sometimes discontented; and discontented minds, like idle hands, are in danger of being set to work by the great mischief-maker. One day, when she was in this mood, who should look in upon her but Mal Spencer. Now Mal Spencer bore an evil reputation. She was old, she was crooked, she was ugly, she was poor; she had a face as black as a thunder-cloud, and a tongue as sharp as the east wind. Not once in seven years twice told had Mal entered Dickisson's kitchen. She had always passed the door in a hurry; now in she came, and sat down quietly, and knocked up the fire with her iron-plated crutch-stick. The horse-shoe which had been nailed up over the door, by the miller's own hand, fourteen years ago come Yule, had been taken down that morning. Perhaps this had something to do with Mal's visit, for it is well known that an old horse-shoe will keep off witchcraft, and Mal was a witch.

Mal talked to Goody Dickisson, listened to all her complaints, and gradually—oh, so slyly that you could scarcely have suspected her—hinted that the dame had better serve the master she served; then every wish would be gratified: she would be able to do just as she pleased, fly through the air, take any form, be under no one's control but her own, *except the control of the Black Master!*

The dame consented. Then everything went wrong with the miller, and his wife troubled him much. She became subject to convulsive fits, and in these attacks would utter the strangest language. Never to church would she go; never would she read or hear a Bible text. People looked at her askance, as well they might; they suspected, and her husband feared the worst. When Hazlegrave's cow fell ill, and she was charmed to point out who had bewitched her, she went straight to the miller's house. When three ravens that had settled on Gawthorpe's barn—two of his children died in the measles not long after—they were watched, and seen to fly direct to Dickisson's mill. That his wife had formed some dishonest confederacy with the powers of darkness, the miller could not doubt. He was a very sound sleeper, and though he sometimes fancied that his wife rose uncommonly early, or came to bed uncommonly late, he had been too drowsy to make sure about it. However, one morning, ere his servant-man Robin had taken the grey mare from the stable, Giles Dickisson woke up, and found himself alone. He rose hastily, feeling sure that she had been absent the whole of the night, and as he was descending the stairs he met her. She was much confused, declaring that she had risen early to look after the cattle, and rated Robin soundly for a lazy lout. When the miller went into the stable, he found the grey mare covered with white foam, trembling violently, and evidently much exhausted. Robin explained that his mistress had many times of late bidden him saddle the mare at night, and made a long journey he knew not where. The miller was much troubled. He directed Robin to refuse his mistress's order the next time she asked for the grey mare and to call him instantly. Robin promised to obey, and two days later he was put to the test. Late in the evening his mistress came to him, and bidding him make free with the beer and cream, asked for the mare. Robin was in the stable, and Goody had brought her bridle with her. Robin was alarmed, but quite resolved on refusing, so he answered—

"It must not be, mistress. Measter caught the grey mare in a great heat t'other night, and won't let her go."

"Then go shall thou!"

The bridle was over Robin's head, and he felt his whole body changing as his mistress chanted—

"Horse, horse see thou be;  
And where I point thee carry me!"

Robin was no longer Robin. He was a horse, with Goody on his back, urged into a pretty good pace by the unsparring use of the lash. Robin knew *who* he was and *what* he was. He was no horse, but Robin, the ostler. He tried to cry for help, but gave utterance only to something between a neigh and a snort. He tried to stand still, but the attempt was fruitless. On he was forced to go, until, almost dead with toil and terror, he was pulled up in one of the steep gullies of Pendle, near the Malken Tower.

Robin was turned loose to graze on the scanty herbage which the place afforded. His mistress told him she should require him again in two hours. There were several other brutes grazing on the hill; some of them true beasts, others victims of a spell like that which bound Robin. He saw lights in the old tower, and heard strange sounds—sounds which excited his curiosity; and cautiously approaching the ruin, he looked through a chink, and saw—

A black goat sitting in the middle of a circle of elderly ladies—Goody amongst them. They were dancing and capering to some harsh and discordant music, and when they had finished, they all knelt down before the inky Capricorn, and did homage. There was plenty to eat and drink, and the guests seemed to be making very merry. One after another, they related the dreadful things they had done, and, if it were anything more than commonly deceitful, treacherous or cruel, the statement was received with profound attention, and very warmly applauded. All that Robin heard he never dared disclose; but, as he continued to watch, the lights were suddenly extinguished, and Robin found himself in the very midst of the witches, all in haste to be off, each one summoning her own particular nag.

Robin was no fool; he saw what had been the result of putting the bridle over his own neck, and the utterance of a few words. Sauce for the gander might be sauce for the goose. When Goody tried to mount him, he shied, gave his head a sudden fling, threw the bridle off his own neck on to hers, and instantly recovering his human form and speech, cried out—

"Mare, mare see thou be;  
And where I point thee carry me!"

Goody was transformed into a lean, hungry-looking mare, and Robin was on her back in an instant. He did not forget to pick up the whip which had fallen from her hand, nor to use it as he rode her home.

Arrived at home, he had scarce time to tie the jade in the stable, before his master appeared, and, in an angry voice, abused him soundly. Dickisson had missed his wife, took it for granted she had made free with the grey mare, and was bent on gelding Robin for lack of obedience. Robin assured him the mare was all right—as, indeed, she was. But how could Robin account for the other steed? Just by the telling of the whole story. The miller, scarce crediting what he heard, followed the instructions he received, lifted the bridle off the jade's neck, and—Goody, his wife, stood revealed before him!

Of the future history of Goody Dickisson but little is known. Her name appears with those of sixteen other persons accused of witchcraft before Richard Shuttleworth and John Starkie, two of His Majesty's justices of the peace, February 10, 1633. It appears that the judge who presided at the trial respited the convicts, and reported their case to the King in council. Finally, four of the accused, Margaret Johnson, Frances Dickisson (our Goody), Mal Spencer, and the wife of one Hargreaves, were sent to London and examined first by the King's physicians, and afterwards by Charles I. in person. "A stranger scene can scarcely be conceived," says Whalley, "and it is not easy to imagine whether the untaught manners, rude dialect, and uncouth appearance of these poor foresters' wives, more astonish the King; or his dignity of person and manners,

together with the splendid scene by which they were surrounded would overwhelm them." The unhappy prisoners appear to have escaped the "fiery trial," and the whole appears to have been turned into jest, a comedy of the "Lancashire Witches" being produced at one of the London theatres.

But the traditions of Lancashire make Giles Dickisson, the miller, to have been for a long while tormented by the witches. They came to his house and granary in all sorts of forms, though he gave them, whenever he had the opportunity, sufficiently hard usage.

The story of the Lady of Bernshaw is thus associated with Giles Dickisson. This noble lady is said to have formed a compact with the fiend; a yearning to know the unknown, and to excel in diabolic acts, led her into this terrible act. She was wooed by Sir William Townley, a gentleman who failed to win her love, and who, maddened by her rejection of his suit, consulted a witch as to what might be done. This woman assured him that nothing could be done by witchcraft spell, the Lady of Bernshaw being herself a witch, and superior to all spells, excepting that on the eve of All Hallows he who could capture her might command her; there was no other way by which the wooer might win his bride. Sir William bound himself by some terrible oath, and was admitted into a dread secret. On All Hallow Eve he was out with his hounds, in hot pursuit of a milk-white doe. A strange dog joined his pack, outstripped them all, and ran down the prey. Sir William threw a silken fillet over the neck of the doe, and led her to his home. At midnight the doe was transformed into a beautiful woman—it was the Lady of Bernshaw!

Finding herself discovered in her unholy arts, and exposed to the extreme penalty of the law, the Lady of Bernshaw confessed her faults, recanted her errors, was re-baptised, forswearing all association with the evil one. She was then united to Sir William. But as time rolled on, the old desire came back upon her. The fiend appeared to her, she listened, promised, and on the eve of All Hallows appeared, pale and trembling, at the diabolical gathering. Then she faltered, and at the instant when she was to receive the "mark of the beast," and for ever to cast away hope of salvation, her better self prevailed. She refused to submit, and routed the dread gathering with the holy symbol and the sacred name.

That night Giles Dickisson had been sorely tormented by the witches. He was sitting up, waiting for them, with his grandsire's sword made sharp for the occasion. He heard their horrible screechings at last, and felt that they, or a score of wild cats, were about him. He was in total darkness, but slashed about him with right good will, and, in the morning, encountering Sir William, he told him what he had done. He had made sure of one of them, at least, he said, for he had "sliced off a wing." The wing, as he called it, was a lady's hand, with a jewelled ring on the finger. He showed it to Sir William, and Sir William recognised it in his own wife's hand.

Sir William returned home with the ghastly trophy. His lady was very ill, and confined to her room. He rudely forced his way in, and up-braided her with her crime. Death! he would be her executioner, and he raised his sword to strike. His hand was stayed by an invisible power, and he saw that his wife put forth both hands as she entreated him to listen. She told him all: how she relapsed, how near she was to the final and irrevocable step, how when the fiendish company was routed, she fell senseless, and dreamed—dreamed that she was possessed by one of the fiends, who carried her to the miller's house, where the miller struck off her hand. It was a strange story; for her hands were uninjured, only the ring was missing from her own hand, and blazed on the dead hand, which Giles had cut off. This ring it was afterwards affirmed, had been drawn from the finger of the insensible woman by another witch when the rout took place; that other witch was discovered, confessed, and suffered for her crimes. As to the Lady of Bernshaw, she died within a few hours—died on the bosom of her reconciled husband, at peace with him, and at peace with the church.

This story, and scores of others resembling it—stories of witches and the dread deeds of wizardry—are very common in Lancaashire; traditions of the terrible crusade against witchcraft which was there so vigorously carried on in the seventeenth century.

### LOVE WITHOUT SIGHT.

THERE was no more slamming of doors, and the rumbling of the carriage wheels had quite died away. But in a large drawing-room, round whose walls numberless wax candles were fast burning down to their sockets, two people were still sitting on either side of a fireplace, in which, however, the last embers had long since been extinguished. They were a lady who could hardly have been thirty years old, and a young man considerably her junior.

"Well, it is no use grumbling any more, I suppose," said the lady, smiling, "but I can't help thinking they have not treated me well."

"You don't include me in this sweeping condemnation, I hope, sister mine. I am sure I was ready to entertain your visitors till daybreak."

"No, Arthur, I am not disposed to find fault with you; but what am I to say to a set of people who sweep out of one's room before the clock has struck ten? Directly the example is once set, all seem to follow one another, like so many sheep. For pity's sake, tell me what is to be done now! I can't think of going to bed at this hour. Have you got nothing to tell me, Arthur? I have not seen you for years, you know. Or would you prefer to criticise all the people who were here a quarter of an hour ago, and finally give me your candid opinion as to whose conversation you thought the 'most fascinating?'"

"No, thank you; that would not quite suit me. I have changed wonderfully, and am not the impressionable fellow you remember me to have been in the old days."

"Well, that is news, indeed! An Arthur, without his sentiment, seems almost a contradiction in terms. Are you really in love, downright in earnest, this time?"

"Yes, my dear sister, and with a woman I have never seen."

"A woman you have never seen! Well, that is extraordinary!"

"Not quite so strange as you imagine. I have at last begun to appreciate a woman not for her physical but for her mental qualities; at least, not quite that, but rather for the general and astonishing effect she has made upon me. I have fancied myself in love a great many times, but no woman before has ever made me feel what I feel now."

"Not even that pretty girl in light blue that I particularly begged you to take down to dinner this evening?"

"What, your friend that you talked to me about in such rapturous terms this afternoon—the trusting creature who made you her *confidante*?"

"The very one."

"Let me confess, then, that I have not so much as seen your paragon. Your husband spoils all the plans I had made for fulfilling your injunctions, and she was whisked away before my very eyes. After dinner they hedged her into that corner by the piano, and she was lost to me. Your know Mrs. Gray is a great talker, and she kept me a prisoner."

"Never mind, you shall see her yet. Meanwhile, I am anxiously waiting to hear this romantic story about the woman who is loved for the effect she has made on you."

"Very well. I shall make no apologies for that youthful sentiment about which your recollection is lively, but plunge at once *in medias res*—no translation offered or given."

"You know I was several months at a small watering-place on the Bristol Channel called Clevedon. Its situation is perfect. Grass cliffs, cosy nooks, romantic spots, and general effect it certainly possesses, and only requires rather more real sea, which would free it from the stigma of being only a half-and-half watering-place after all. People may say what they like, but I have seen great big waves, white horses, and quite a miniature storm at poor little Clevedon, as you

shall hear presently. I was tutor at the time I am speaking of to two sons of a wealthy Bristol merchant, who had a large house at Clevedon. The daytime I used to devote to my pupils, and to our walks round the neighbourhood, which is excessively pretty. In the evening chess with my patron, and books by myself, pleasantly whiled the time away.

"One evening, I remember it so well, I felt unusually restless. The weather was very sultry, and I knew I should never sleep. So when they had all gone to bed—and I am bound to say that, unlike a certain sister of mine, they were very early folks—I strolled out into the garden. It was such a night—clear, soft moonlight, sobbing waves, and perfect quiet. What poet could conjure up a happier hour? You will say just one thing was wanted to complete the picture—but listen. As I was enjoying to the utmost this heavenly night, I heard, to my astonishment, the clear notes of a woman's voice, singing a soft, solemn melody.

"For a long time I was puzzled to find out where the voice came from. It seemed—and its sweetness certainly added to the illusion—to come, if not from the clouds, at least, from the thick dark trees planted round the wall at the end of the garden. At last, through the trees, I saw a light, and, looking still closer, perceived a window nearly hidden by the leaves. It was evidently one of the windows of the adjoining house, which I had not previously noticed was so close to us. Then I remembered that I had heard that this house was occupied by two ladies who were seldom seen about—a mother and daughter, as they told me. Soon the voice ceased, and out went the light.

"One day, as I was sitting with my pupils reading Horace, just by the old church, I noticed a little fellow passing with a basket on his arm, and recognised him as a youngster who sometimes brought ripe green figs for sale to the house. I called him, and failing figs, got into conversation as to where he had come from.

"I have been all the way to Wrexall," said he, "and my journey was no good after all. Miss Willoughby was particularly anxious to get some roses we grow in a garden there, against her mother's birthday. I've been to-day, and find the wind has blown them all to pieces, and may be we shan't have any more out for a fortnight."

"And who, then, is Miss Willoughby?"

"Why, your neighbour, to be sure, sir; and a nice lady, isn't she? She taught me to read and write, and is going to try to put me to a situation. I wish I could get her the roses, but I don't know where to go."

"The boy's talk had, of course, a strange interest for me; but I had to be very cautious in my questioning. That afternoon I wended my way to a garden I knew in the valley just under Walton Castle, and here were roses in full luxuriance.

"That night I watched long after the light was put out, and, after some time, climbed into one of the trees. Happily, I could reach the window from one of the branches. With great difficulty I tied my bouquet of roses to the bars, and then slid back into the garden again.

The next morning I saw that they were no longer hanging to the bar.

"I soon got great friends with the little fig-seller, and took every opportunity of talking to him about my unknown neighbours. During his spare hours I taught him arithmetic. A few weeks afterwards he said to me—

"Miss Willoughby is very pleased I am getting on so well with my sums, and she says I ought to be very grateful indeed to you for taking so much trouble with me."

"From this I knew that she had been talking of me, and I began to be quite hopeful about the chance of our soon meeting.

"One evening the sun sank in the midst of a band of red, ugly clouds. The wind blew up fresh from the south-west, and the sea looked angry. In a very short time a fierce storm sprang up, and we could see the white sails standing out clear against the ink-black clouds. Tiny vessels were struggling hard to get to land.

"I was obliged to leave the shore, as I knew it was the time when my signal lamp always ap-

peared. The light was there, and the window wide open. I heard a weak voice saying—

"Carry, darling, to-morrow morning, when you wake, come and tell me if any misfortune happened to those poor little vessels. The storm frightens me! Soon I heard two voices: mother and daughter were praying for all poor men at sea.

"I hurried back to the sea-shore. A great many people were collected there, watching the efforts of the sailors to keep their little vessels afloat. The storm was fiercer now, and I was told that one of the boats contained a pleasure-party, and that women and children were in it. We could do nothing but hope and pray, and we watched on anxiously. And then came a loud, piercing cry from the women on the shore, and we saw that one of the vessels had capsized. All was noise and confusion now. Wave after wave brought half-dead and dripping creatures to the beach; and then there was a shout that all were saved but one little child that had been wrested from its mother's arms not fifty yards from shore. I plunged madly towards the spot to which all were pointing, and by the merest accident in the world saved the little one. I restored it to its mother's arms, but she had swooned away.

"The next morning, as I was walking with my pupils in the garden, it was invaded by a clamorous crowd. The poor mother had come to thank me for saving her child, and there was an attempt at an ovation, which I could not allow. I was naturally intensely happy at having been the means of earning the poor woman's thanks, but there was something else which gave me greater joy. Somebody was peeping behind the blind at the little window, and I knew that she has been a witness of this little scene.

"And so day after day passed, and I kept hoping against hope, but still never saw this Miss Willoughby. I could not conceive what kept her so studiously in-doors, and there was no one to help me in unravelling the mystery.

"I have one more scene to describe. One evening the light did not appear as usual at the window, and I heard next morning that Mrs. Willoughby was seriously ill, and that the nearest doctor had been hastily sent for.

"The mother was a long time ill, and her life was almost despaired of. I used to waylay the doctor, and he always gave the same answer, that there was just hope, but that Miss Willoughby's health was giving way with anxiety and watching.

"One day, as I was having my usual talk with the doctor, a gentleman came out of our house, and saw me speaking to him. He waited for me, and after the doctor had gone, said, 'Where did you pick up that fellow? I hope you were not consulting him. He is the veriest quack in the world, and knows nothing about his profession. I would not trust a dog to his care.'

"Are you sure of this?" said I.

"Sure of it, my dear sir? Ask any one in the neighbourhood; he would never be recommended by any sensible person!"

"That night I wrote on a slip of paper the following words:—

"If you want to save your mother's life, try further advice. The doctor you have consulted is ignorant, and is not to be trusted."

"This I tied to the bar.

"For three days I neither saw nor heard anything to relieve my anxiety. On the fourth I thought I saw a scrap of paper still tied to the bar. Was it my note still there? When evening came, I climbed up again, and great was my joy to find, not my note, but another, in which was written—

'God bless you, whoever you are! you have saved my mother's life.'

"The next day it was arranged that I was to go away on a walking expedition in Devonshire, which kept me from Clevedon for about a fortnight. I was glad enough to return; but think of my sorrow when I heard that our neighbours had suddenly left Clevedon, and no one knew where they had gone. My young friend Charlie told me, with tears in his eyes, that the kind ladies were never coming back! So ended my romance and though it may appear foolish, I have never thoroughly got over it."

"My dear Arthur," said his sister, laughing, "you have had a most attentive listener, but I don't think you quite deserved such attention. The recital has, no doubt, done you good."

"What do you mean?"  
 "Merely that I have heard this extraordinary tale before, and from other lips."  
 "Other lips?"  
 "Why were you not attentive to the tall girl in light blue?"  
 "I don't understand you."  
 "It was Carry Willoughby!"

The next day Arthur Major was hurrying down to Clevedon, whither Carry Willoughby had gone to join her mother again in the little house behind the trees.

Charlie had grown into almost a young man, and had obtained a clerkship in Bristol. The day after her arrival, Carry Willoughby was most anxious to see her old friend, and he had taken a holiday, and they had all gone for an expedition along the cliffs, by Walton Castle.

Carry and her old protégé were in high spirits clambering among the rocks, and searching diligently for sand-martins' eggs, as they used to do in old times.

Charlie was suddenly aroused by a little cry behind him, and to his horror saw that Miss Willoughby had missed her footing on a treacherous piece of rock, which had fallen with her for several feet. By great good luck she had caught at some branches while falling, and as long as she could keep her hold she was safe. To approach her from the top of the cliff was impossible; to attract Mrs. Willoughby's attention would have been fatal to everybody.

She must be reached from below, somehow. Charlie bent over the cliff, and whispered—"Hold on for a few minutes more, and you shall be saved."

Away dashed Charlie, and made as hard as he could for the road, along which he could see a horse trotting towards Clevedon.

He shouted now, for he was out of Mrs. Willoughby's hearing.

"Make for the bottom of the cliff!" he cried, "and climb from the foot of Lady Bay."

In an instant the horse's head was turned, and in another moment man and horse were out of sight.

The minutes seemed hours to Carry Willoughby. Her strength was fast giving way, and in another moment she felt she must fall.

"I am here to help," she heard.

And then there was a strong arm round her waist, and she was lifted, half-fainting, to the top of the grass cliff. When safely there she swooned away.

Arthur Major had arrived just in time to save the life of the woman he loved best in the world.

And so they met at last, and they did not dart again. C. W. S.

YOUR LETTER.

THE letter—your letter—has come:

There, where it fell, let it lie,  
 I thought it had made me dumb,  
 I thought I would die.

Surely," I said, "it has come"—  
 The days, they have grown very long—  
 Why does he wait?—I will go for it—  
 So I stopped in my song.

The round red sun was going down;  
 The wind was gone from the leaves;  
 Home from the meadow the cows  
 Came with patience; the sheaves

Made golden heaps on the wanes  
 That creaked, and the songs of the birds  
 Made murmurous peace in the lances,  
 As I went for your words.

And I have them now in my heart—  
 There, where they lie, let them lie,  
 For their meaning is burning my brain—  
 Weak!—Can I only die?

No! let me fold it and keep it  
 Where the others are folded and kept;  
 And my face must look strong and as calm  
 As though memory slept.

Lennoxville.

GEORGE LISTER.

The American war between Great Britain and her colonies commenced at Lexington, in the neighbourhood of Boston, April 19th, 1775, and on Jan. 20th, 1783, Great Britain acknowledged their independence

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREM.

1. and 500 hoes ran 551. one of United States.
2. 50 = Bee. a large river of Europe.
3. 501 = Herb gun. one of the finest cities in Europe.
4. 5 = Seers. a place noted for its Procelain.
5. 500 a 506. a man's name.
6. 1000 yan 500 ron. a province of France.
7. 500 ran we. a man's name.
8. 51 ea 50. a large flowering shrub.

The initials inverted form the name of a celebrated English painter. ALPHA

SQUARE WORDS.

1. What usually occurs in a game at chess.
2. Part of an opera.
3. Secures.
4. What we wish for when troubled.

E. H.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete, I am what our great grandmothers used to do, behead me; and I am a useful little article; behead again, I am a preposition. E. H.
2. When I am complete, a churchman I name, Beheaded, I mean to recite, Beheaded again, I am flushed with success, Once more, and I'm far in the night, Decapitate now, I tell you I dined; Curtail a preposition in sight N. S. L.

CHARADES.

1. An Irish town eleven letters name. And two-and-forty words are in the same. The last five letters very oft are played: Take seven away, a farm-yard store is made. The last five, too, are often 3, 2, 4. And 8, 6, 5, is heard upon the door, 8, 6, 7, is caught by 7, 3, 6, 5, Or 10, 6, 7, much the same alive Which, if it can, will 5, 9, 10, 11, A 10, 8, 2, 3 up; or, feeling 2, 6, 4, 7, Will be content to put its 6, 6, 3 On any 11, 9, 4, 1 of prey that it can see 5, 6, 8, 1, 2, 4, is sometimes sent For grave offences, or traitorous intent Against the 10, 8, 2, 8, 4 or State, To prisoners taken in the 3, 6, 8. A nickname for a man's 1, 9, 10, 11. And so likewise, you'll find is 6, 6, 7. But with the figures I must now have done, Or, weary, else you soon will 4, 2, 1; But other words in this one word you'll find, As town, pan, port, pit, card, tan, tin, and wind; Pin, pond, pad, tip, tar, wick, and tack; Top, ward, nip, Don, now, rot, and pack; And rock and park make up the forty-two— A 7, 2, 3, 4 in Erin will give you.

2. I am a word of 11 letters. My 8, 5, 3, 1 is a colour. My 1, 2, 10, 4, 9 is a number. My 11, 7, 3 is applied to gentlemen. My 5, 8, 4, 6 denotes a lengthy period. My 9, 6, 10 is what the best of us sometimes do. My 11, 1, 3, 5, 9, 1 is to be found in any town. My 4, 11, 1, 2, 5, 10 is a woman's name. And my whole is a Canadian town. G. E.

ENIGMA.

1. Swifter than a flash of light—  
 Swifter than the sunbeam bright—  
 Swifter than the swiftest breeze.  
 Yet I've nought to do with these.  
 I'm sometimes great, and sometimes small,  
 And am not used alike by all;  
 The world I govern: idiots only doubt me;  
 And THE READER couldn't live an hour without me.

TRANSPOSITION.

TAANNROCKJEL. A myth.

HATTIE.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

1. If 6 bushels of wheat cost the same as 10 bushels of barley, and the barley as much as 15 bushels of oats, what is the value of each per bushel, if 3 bushels—i.e., one of each kind—cost \$4.00.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREMS, &c., No. 35.

- Puzzle.—Venice.  
 Arithmorem.—Sir W. Herschell—Georgium Sidus,—Schonberg, Ivanhoe, Romeo, Windsor, Heidelberg, Ereklit, Richelieu, Sydenham, Coldsprings, Hami, Edward, London, Longcomontanus.  
 Charades.—1 Dam-ave 2 Shell-fish 3 Chemistry.  
 Enigma.—Mould.

Acrostic.—Hamilton—Hebrews, Atlantic, Money, I, Laura, Tennyson, Oh! now.  
 Arithmetical Problem.—\$36,000.

The following answers have been received:  
 Puzzle.—H. W. M., Hilda, H. H. V., Festus, Cloud, Flora H.

Arithmorem.—H. H. V., Camp, Argus, H. W. M., Festus, Cloud, Flora H., Geo. W.

Charades.—Hilda, Cloud, H. W. M., Festus, Camp, Argus.

Enigma.—H. H. V., Festus.

Acrostic.—H. W. M., Arous, Flora H., Camp, H. H. V., Geo. W.

Arithmetical Problem.—H. W. M., Festus, Flora H., Argus, Camp, Nemo, Cloran.

Too late to be acknowledged in our last issue: Hilda, Ellen W., Pet, Seabird.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 22.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; J. P.; Victor; H. K. C., Quebec; X. L., Kingston; R. B., Toronto; and J. G. C. Annprior.

PROBLEM No. 23.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; J. McL.; and W. L. Hamilton.

Several correspondents sent solutions commencing Q to K 2nd, apparently overlooking Black's reply. I. K. to Kt 8th, which prevents the mate as stipulated.

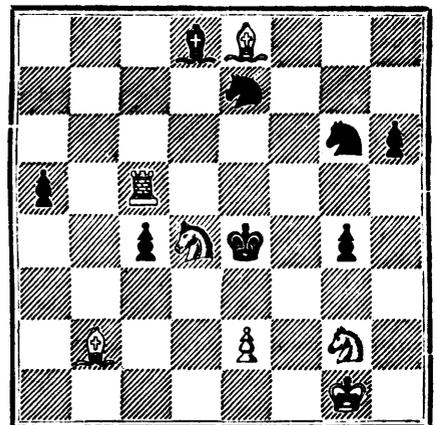
ERRATUM.—In Enigma No. 3, the Kt on Q should read Q 4; the position had been correctly "set up," but, in making up the "form," the missing "4" must have dropped out.

Answers to correspondents crowded out.

PROBLEM No. 25.

By T. MILES HILL, M.D., NEW YORK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

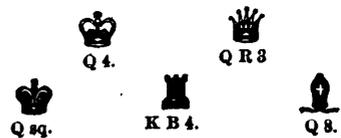
White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 23.

- |                            |                        |
|----------------------------|------------------------|
| WHITE.                     | BLACK.                 |
| 1. Kt to Kt 4th (dis. ch.) | K to R 8th or (a b c.) |
| 2. Q to K R 2nd (ch.)      | P takes Q.             |
| 3. Kt Mates.               |                        |
| (a) 1. _____               | K to B 6th.            |
| 2. Q to Q B 2nd.           | P to Kt 7th.           |
| 3. Q to her 3rd Mate.      |                        |
| (b) 1. _____               | K to Kt 8th, or B 8th. |
| 2. R to Q R 8th            | Anything.              |
| 3. R Mates.                |                        |
| (c) 1. _____               | K to R 6th             |
| 2. Kt to R 2nd.            | Anything.              |
| 3. Q or R Mates.           |                        |

ENIGMA No. 4.

(From Ponziati.)



Black to play and draw.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 2

- |                     |            |
|---------------------|------------|
| WHITE.              | BLACK.     |
| 1. Q to Q Kt 5th.   | } K moves. |
| 2. Q to K B 5th.    |            |
| 3. Q to Q 5th Mate. |            |

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. B. W.—“My Cousin” is respectfully declined.

ETHEL.—The Charade has already appeared in the “Reader;” much obliged for the other contributions, of which we will avail ourselves as opportunity offers.

N. D. B.—We would rather not offer an opinion upon the subject, as we do not consider our correspondents' column the proper place to discuss questions of the kind proposed.

A. R. B.—We will publish them with pleasure.

RUTH S.—The MS. must have miscarried, as we are quite sure that it never reached us.

INQUIRER.—We believe the following is an excellent receipt for restoring the colour of BLACK kid boots—Take a small quantity of good black ink, mix it well with the white of an egg, and apply it to the boots with a soft sponge.

A. A.—Unless you can secure the interest of persons who have influence with the government, we think your chances of obtaining an appointment are but slight. We would strongly advise you to choose a mercantile career in preference.

A CONSTANT READER.—We believe that freckles are produced by exposure to rapid changes of temperature. Sudden cold, checking perspiration, causes matter to accumulate beneath the epidermis, and no external applications will entirely remove it. Cooling lotions, such as Goulard's extract, will render freckles less apparent.

HILDA.—Please accept our thanks; shall be glad to hear from you again.

FREDERICK.—We do not think your last contributions are equal to those formerly received; but we retain both pieces, and if we decide to publish them, will do so shortly.

A. LECLERE.—Many thanks for your kind exertions to swell our subscription list. We shall insert part, if not the whole, of the paragraphs forwarded.

ARNOLD.—Washington Irving was the originator of the expression “Almighty Dollar.”

H. A. Y.—“The Black Assize” is a common designation of the sittings of the courts held in Oxford, in 1557, during which judges, jurymen and counsel were swept away by a violent epidemic. The plague that devastated Europe during the fourteenth century was called the “Black Death.”

ALMA.—“The Haunted House” is respectfully declined.

POLITICS.—Disraeli, the leader of the Conservatives in the House of Commons, is sixty-one years of age.

ROBERT M.—It is within our own knowledge that in a London Hospital, many cholera patients were successfully treated with Castor Oil, during the visitation of that scourge in 185—.

H. B.—The “Westminster Review” was formerly known among booksellers as the “Breeches Review,” from a Mr. Place, who was a great authority with the Westminister. This Mr. Place had at one time been a tailor and a leather breeches maker.

MEMO.—We also noticed that the Paris letter published in the New York Nation of the date you mention, was precisely the same as the letter “From our Paris Correspondent,” published in the Montreal Herald, some days later. The explanation probably is that the same gentleman is employed as correspondent by both papers.

ADA.—We think you have succeeded admirably.

F. W. C.—Much obliged for your suggestion, which shall receive our careful attention.

A WELL-WISHER.—Not at present.

MORNA MAGNOLIA.—We do not think the story quite suitable. As we have unfortunately mislaid your letter we shall be glad if you will forward your address, in order that we may return your MS., as promised.

## MISCELLANEA.

A DANDY's occupation is to show his clothes; and, if they could but walk themselves, they would save him the labour and do his work as well as himself.

A BALL-CASTING machine has been constructed at Berlin, for the Tycoon of Japan. It is capable of manufacturing 12,000 rifle balls a day.

A ROMAN Catholic cathedral, 300 feet long and 150 broad, is about to be erected at Peking.

EVERY pound of cochineal contains 70,000 insects, boiled to death.

A SOCIETY, composed of members of the Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish religion, has been formed in Paris for the purpose of executing a totally new translation of the Holy Scriptures.

INDIANA divorcees are not valid in Ohio.

THE death of a Mormon bishop is thus announced:—“He was thirty-seven years old, and leaves an interesting family of eleven wives and forty-seven small children to mourn his death.

THE EARLIEST HYDROPATHIST.—Antonius Musa is the earliest hydropathic doctor on record. Suetonius, the Roman historian, mentions that he cured Augustus with *frigida fomenta* (cold fomentations) when he was driven to desperation with liver complaint; and Pliny says that he rescued the emperor from great danger, though against the rules of medicine: so that hydropathy was considered irregular practice in those days.

It appears from a statement in some of the Russian papers that a mammoth has been discovered in the bay of Tazovskaia, in the government of Tomsk. The flesh, skin, and hair are said to be in a perfect state of preservation.

THE diving-bell has been abandoned on the Thames in favour of the diving-dress, principally because the men employed were found, while the Westminster Bridge was being built, to spend their time at the bottom playing cards, and there was, of course, no effectual means of keeping a check on them.

THE enormous development lately given by ladies to their back hair was lately applied to smuggling purposes. A well-dressed woman was stopped when entering Belgium for concealing about 130 yards of Valenciennes lace in what is called the chignon. Since then any unusual dimension of that portion of the coiffure is strictly examined by the custom-house officials.

AT Sydney, in Australia, among other advertisements on the first floor of the printing-office, is a tablet, informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken to unless paid for his valuable time. Accordingly, everybody, without exception, is invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting-room—one hour costing ten shillings, half-an-hour six shillings, fifteen minutes three shillings.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE following mode of storing grain is pursued by the Russian farmer: A pit is dug in the ground, in a well-drained place, and the sides are hardened by a long exposure to fire. Before the grain is introduced, straw is ignited in the pit to purify and dry the air. The grain is thrown in and packed close. It is said to have been preserved in this way forty years without deterioration.

SOME French chemists have succeeded in obtaining oxalic acid from the waste of shoemakers' and saddlers' shops, and others where leather is used; also from woollen rags, horn, hair, &c. For this purpose these residues are treated with one part of sulphuric acid and four of water, and the mass thus obtained is subjected to the action of one part of nitric acid and three of water, at a temperature of about 80° Cent. From the digestion of this oxalic acid is easily extracted.

DR. RICHARDSON has discovered a new method of deadening the nerves of the body, or rendering them insensible to pain, so as to enable surgical operations to be painlessly performed.

This is effected by the intense cold produced by the application of pure ether directed in the form of fine spray on the spot desired. In less than a minute, all sense of local feeling is lost, and as the operation proceeds, the ether is continuously ejected into the incision.

PREVENTING IRON FROM RUSTING.—It is supposed that the great power of resisting oxidation possessed by the extremely thin sheets of iron which have recently been rolled, is due to a fused layer of magnetic oxide with which they are always covered; and the fact has been applied to the protection of articles of wrought-iron. The latter are embedded in a pulverised layer of native oxide of iron—hematite, for instance—and kept at a full red heat for several hours, after which they are allowed to cool gradually. Plates treated in this way are perfectly covered with the oxide, and are well suited for shipbuilding. A combination of the oxides of zinc and iron, formed by the use of oxide of zinc, also in the process, gives rise to a black coating, which is, perhaps, even more effective.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

AN Irish paper advertises, “Wanted, an able-bodied man as a washerwoman.”

WHEN may a man be said to breakfast before he gets up?—When he takes a roll in bed.

BAD coffee can be converted into the best Mocha by drinking it in company with the girl you love.

It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a loadstone is not the most diverting thing in the world.

COUNSELLOR (afterwards Chief Justice) Bushe, being on one occasion asked which of a company of actors he most admired, maliciously replied, “The prompter, sir, for I have heard the most and seen the least of him.”

SECOND LOVE.—Do you believe in second love, Mister McQuader?—“Do I believe in second love, Humph! if a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet?—and when it has gone, don't he want another pound? and isn't that sweet, too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in a second love.”

This is evidently an age of refinement. The old adage that “you should not count your chickens before they are hatched,” has been thus rendered by a professor of etiquette: “The producers of poultry should postpone the census of their juvenile fowls till the period of incubation is fully accomplished.”

SAILORS' YARNS.—Two sailors, being in company together, were relating the most remarkable incidents that happened in their voyages. One said they found it so hot, going to Guinea, that they used no fire to boil their kettle, but dressed all their meat above deck, in the sunshine; and could bake, boil, fry, or stew, as well as at a large fire. The other said, “I never was in so hot a climate as that; but I've been many degrees to the northward, where it has been so cold it has frozen our words in our mouths, so that we could not hear one another speak, till we came into a warmer latitude to thaw them; and then all our discourses broke out together, like a clap of thunder; that there was never such a confusion of tongues heard at Babel.”

YANKEE SPEED.—An Englishman boasting of the superiority of the horses in his country, mentioned that the celebrated Eclipse had run a mile in a minute. “My good fellow,” exclaimed an American present, “that is less than the average rate of our common roadsters. I live in my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own shadow can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me from a minute to a minute and half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him as hard as I could several times round a large factory, just to take the old Harry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the whole time I saw my back directly before, and was twice in danger of riding over myself.”