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THE SATURDAY READER.

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FIVE CENTS.

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LONG LIFE.

"LONG life to your Honour!" "Oh, King, live for ever!" It is the same all the world over. The Irish beggar, or the Eastern courtier, each thinks this the best prayer he can offer up for the party addressed. Not so thought the old woman in New Hampshire, U. S., who, as Southey, with sententious meaning, says, had reached the "miserable age" of 102, and who, on hearing a bell toll for a funeral, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, when will it toll for me? I am afraid I shall never die, and that God has forgotten me."

Yet Cornaro and others wrote books to persuade men to try to be old; and when Rochefoucauld said, "few men know how to be old," perhaps we should not apply a moral meaning only to his words. It is demonstrable that men may live to be very old, and yet not be very miserable. We have many proofs of a green and agreeable old age, "frosty but kindly." Suicide and casualty are, according to not a few philosophers, the only preventive to man's allotted life being a century. "The man who does not die from accidental causes," says Buffon, "reaches everywhere the age of ninety or a hundred years."

According to the same authority, "the duration of life in every animal is in proportion to the time of its growth: thus, man being twenty years growing, lives five times twenty, that is to say, 100 years; the camel is eight years growing, and lives forty years; the horse is five years growing, and lives twenty-five years." The learned tell you the growth does not cease in reality, though it may apparently, until the union of the bones and epiphyses is effected. According to one French writer on the subject of longevity, the first old age in man does not begin until seventy, and continues to eighty-five, and at eighty-five begins the second and last old age—a classification which enables us to understand Sam Rogers' aspiration at ninety, "Oh, for sweet seventy!" Cornaro, though possessing a delicate constitution, contrived to live to a hundred; but then he was in circumstances which enabled him to take the utmost care of himself, and he took it. Nor was he like an old miser, unwilling to part with a valuable secret for nothing; he tells us how he lived to be old, and that was by moderation and taking care of himself. He apostrophises temperance in a manner to delight a teetotaler—temperance, however, not only in eating, but in drinking. "Divine sobriety, friend of nature, daughter of reason, sister of virtue!" he exclaims; "it is the root of life, of health, of joy, of skill, and of every action worthy of a noble mind."

Adam, in Shakspeare's "As you like it," who was fourscore, accounts for his old age to sobriety—

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood:
Nor did not, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

Cornaro's diet:—Twelve ounces of solid food, and fourteen ounces of wine each day, were, for more than half a century, all his nourishment; and he took this quantity in two, three and four portions. This agreed with him so well that, during the whole of this half century, he was ill only once or twice, and then because he allowed himself to be persuaded into increasing his supply. "This is what I live upon," he says; "I eat bread, mutton, partridge, &c. All such articles of food are suited to old men, who, if they are wise, will be contented with them, and not seek for others." "Few would believe," said M. Reveillé-Parise, "how far a little health well managed may be made to go!"

But people might say that Cornaro was an Italian gentleman of fortune, who could afford a residence for summer and another for winter, and have what food he liked, and that agreed best with him, whatever it cost. We, however, have more instances of poor people living to a great age than rich people. Old Parr was a poor man, a husbandman by occupation, in Shropshire, and he lived to be one hundred and fifty-two, and then only died from accident. Become famous for his extreme old age, King Charles I. desired to see him. He went to Court, where they feasted him, and eating too much, he took a fit of indigestion and died. When Harvey dissected him, all the viscera were found to be perfectly healthy, and the cartilages in no way ossified. He was twice married, taking his first wife at eighty, and his second at a hundred and twenty-two. By the first he had two, and by the latter one child. Nor was this all his offspring, for at a hundred and five, Parr had an illegitimate child by one Catherine Milton, for which he did penance in Alderbury Church. We learn that his diet, up to the last year of his existence, was principally skimmed milk cheese, coarse bread, small beer, and milk and whey, which he had often, and used to rise and eat by night as well as by day; and yet upon this food, and up to a hundred and thirty years of age, he performed various kinds of agricultural labour, even to the thrashing of corn. By the way, the Parrs were a long-lived family, for there was a Robert Parr who died in the middle of the last century, aged 124, and his father 109, and his grandfather 113. Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, aged 169, was, during the last century of his life a fisherman, and often swam in the river after he was a hundred years old.

Indeed, so far from poor circumstances being supposed to shorten life, the oldest man of modern days was a Hungarian peasant, named Petratsch Zartan, who died in 1724, aged 185 years. In a brief memoir of him, we read:

"Petratsch Zartan, died 1724, aged 185 years. He was born in 1537, at Kofroeck, a village four miles from Temeswaer, in Hungary, where he lived 180 years. A few days before he died he walked, with the assistance of a stick, to the port house of Kofroeck, to solicit the charity of travellers. His sight was much impaired, but in other respects his faculties were tolerably good. A son, at the time of the old man's decease, aged 97, was born of his third wife. Being a member of the Greek Church, the old man was a strict observer of the numerous fasts established by its ritual, and was at all times very abstemious in his diet, save that once every day, with the milk and the leaven cakes, which constituted his sole food, he took a good-sized glass of brandy. He had descendants to the fifth generation, with whom, after he had passed the age of old Parr, he frequently sported, carrying them on his back or in his arms. Count Wallis had a portrait taken of the old man, a short time previous to his death, as seated in

his cottage. The following inscription is placed under the picture:—"Petratsch Zartan, a peasant in the village Keveretch in the Banat of Temeswaer, in the 185th year of his age. He died the 6th day of January, 1724. His youngest son is still alive, in the 97th year of his age." The age of this poor peasant exceeds that of the patriarch Abraham ten years; of Isaac five years; that of Nahor, Abraham's grandfather, thirty-seven; of Henry Jenkins, sixteen; and of old Parr thirty-three.

I suppose I have quoted quite enough to confirm most people's desire for old age, especially in a country where there is no danger of a man's relatives doing as the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands (according to Sydney Smith) used to do, namely, knock the old folks on the head, and eat them when they grew tiresome, and told the same story over and over again.

Haller, the physiologist, says a man might live not less than two hundred years. Complacency and quiet, according to Buffon, are great aids to longevity; "if we observe men," he adds, "we shall see that almost all men lead a nervous and contented life, and that most of them die of disappointment." In these days of collapsing credit-companies and breaking banks, we may expect only too many illustrations of the great naturalist's theory.

The old-fashioned notion used to be that elderly people should eat a great deal of honey as an article of diet. Sir John Pringle called it "the juice of life." Pythagoras, who enjoyed with a great age good health, also lived much upon it. Let no one use it upon these vague recommendations, for it is known that to people of delicate stomachs it is often injurious. Two persons, named by the author of "Records of Longevity," always sweetened their food with it, viz: J. Hussey, aged 116, and Prince Fluellyn, of Glamorgan, 108. It would be safe to go by Dr. Abernethy's rule of living, and he says: "Never overload the stomach, and eat slowly." Here is Abernethy's diet for those who have not the digestion of an ostrich:—"Breakfast: bread and butter, four ounces; tea or coffee, eight ounces. Dinner: bread and vegetables, two ounces; animal food, seven ounces; light wine or malt liquor, six ounces; water, two ounces. Tea: bread and butter, three ounces; liquids, eight ounces. No STRENGTH. Total, during the day, sixteen ounces of solid food, and twenty-four ounces of liquids." The reader will remember that Cornaro's diet was twelve ounces of solid food, and fourteen ounces of wine.

Possibly after all, however, there are not many who think extreme old age worth striving for—worth taking a deal of trouble to obtain—who are of the same opinion as Northcote, the painter, that life, after the power of labouring with zest has gone, is like keeping the candles lighted in a church after the congregation have left—waste of time, waste of existence. It is not every one that can take the same pleasure in fourscore and ten that Cornaro and Fontenelle did. The latter, who lived to be ninety-five, said the age at which he had been most happy was from forty-five to seventy-five, because at forty-five the condition of life was established, and dreams vanished or fulfilled, so that then really began the season of quiet enjoyment. Southey said: "Live as long as you may, the first twenty years is the longest half of your life." Dr. Cadogan held that the life of man was properly ninety years, instead of three score and ten—"thirty to go up, thirty to stand still, and thirty to go down." "Fortunately there is a tranquillity," to quote Southey once more, "which nature brings with it as duty towards the close of life as induces sleep at the close of day." Be life short or long, remember,

with Carlyle, that, "to the pitifullest of all the sons of earth, life is no idle dream, but a solid reality. It is (he adds) thy own, it is all thou hast to face eternity with." Or better, perhaps, and still more brief, are the words of the old Scottish divine: "Time is short; and if your cross is heavy, you have not far to bear it." Our divine poet Shakspeare pertinently says:—

"The time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."

I. Henry IV. Act V. Sc. 2.

If we spend our days in labour, selfishly for our own sakes only, we shall spend them in

"Letting down buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

THE DRAMA.

THE "Lady of Lyons" is a play that, presented at intervals, will always be popular, for it treats of that subject which always rouses the sympathy of an audience, and forms the groundwork of nearly all the plays, poems, and novels published, namely, the progress of love under difficulties, and, moreover, it abounds with clap-trap sentiments, that require no effort of the mind to assent to, clothed in the most elegant language. Miss Rushton, as the lovely Pauline, acted a little more naturally than we should have expected from her performance in "Ogarita." In the third act, where, having been led to the Widow Melnotte's cottage, the proud beauty of Lyons discovers that she has been duped, and most cruelly "sold" by her sentimental lover, her outburst of rage ending in a passionate rush of tears, caused by mortified pride, seemed really very genuine, and was the best feature in a performance, which, if the lady did not put forth pretensions to being a "star," and, thereby, invite comparison with really great actresses, who have appeared in this character, would have been very respectable, though it did not quite come up to our idea of

"—that pale Pauline,
So touchingly portrayed by Mrs. Kean."

Mr. James Carden, who made his first bow to a Montreal audience as Claude Melnotte, has a good figure, and a very deep, rich voice; both qualifications of great value to a tragedian. Claude, as represented by him, was, in the first act, a little too exaggerated in his joy and rage, and, in the succeeding acts, he laboured more to bring out the pathos of the character, than the deep melancholy the author has endowed it with; the consequence of which was, that Melnotte's pocket handkerchief was hardly ever away from his eyes, and he gradually became quite a bore with his mawkish sorrow. We must confess we have no great sympathy with this hero of Bulwer's creation: Claude Melnotte, on the stage, is, at the best, a very egotistic, morbidly sensitive young man, and, in real life, we can conceive of no such person existing, except in the imagination of some aspiring hobbledehoy. Mrs. Hill was very amusing as Madame Deschappelles; this lady always pleases in anything she undertakes, but in characters like this, and when she represents high born, amusingly prejudiced old ladies of about the same period, she seems quite at home. Mr. T. A. Beckett, as Colonel Damas, acted, looked, and spoke, as we should expect a bluff, old veteran, would look, act, and speak, and deserves great credit for the thoughtful manner in which he delivered the lines commencing, "The man that puts his trust in a woman, is a chameleon, and doth feed on air."

As Rosalind in "As you Like It," Miss Rushton dressed magnificently, and acted in a pleasing, vivacious manner: the poetry of the character she did not make much of, but that was hardly to be expected. So many great actresses have made themselves famous in this part, that it is difficult to play it without provoking disparaging comparisons; and whatever Miss Rushton may become, she is certainly, not yet, a great artiste. Miss Lizzie Maddern's Celia was a very creditable performance; in the passages where the two cousins merrily rail at each other, as well as in those of a graver kind, she was very

pleasing. Mr. Vining Bowers made up splendidly as Touchstone; he looked the part to the life, and might have stepped out of one of Kenny Meadow's illustrations of Shakespeare's works; but it struck us, that he made Touchstone, perhaps, a little too much of the buffoon instead of the "wise fool" Shakspeare meant to be courtly and dignified, and to deliver his satirical remarks, so pregnant with meaning, in that quiet, reflective style, which we know, in real life, makes wit tell much more effectively, than it otherwise would. Mr. Carden was suitably melancholy as "the melancholy Jacques"; he delivered the celebrated lines "All the world's a stage," &c., with, perhaps, a little too much of the pulpit style of elocution—which, in the right place, is the right thing, but not the style in which ordinary mortals converse, or grave philosophers think aloud. Mr. Nicol McIntyre said what Duke Frederick had to say, in his usual judicious, unexaggerated manner. Mr. F. A. Gossin as Orlando, acted—as he generally acts. The wrestling scene was capitally managed, and as regards stage management, the play was very nicely presented. We are happy to welcome to Montreal so genuine an artiste as Mrs. Lander, to whose merit, we trust to bear witness next week.

JOHN QUELL.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR, Volume II. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE second volume of the "modern Cæsar's" life of "the Bonaparte of the Romans" is not amenable to much of the adverse criticism which the first encountered. There are in the volume before us fewer openly drawn comparisons between the noble Roman and *le Petit Corporal*, and half-veiled references to the writer himself. Still, however, the third Emperor's individuality is plainly stamped upon its pages, and there are occasional illustrations of doubtful taste and questionable propriety.

The present volume commences with Cæsar's first visit to his provinces—includes the Gallic wars—and ends with the memorable passage of the Rubicon. It also contains—and this will be specially interesting to us—the history of the first and second descent upon Britain. In Chapters VI. and VII., Book III., which are chiefly devoted to this subject, we have a description of Britain in the time of Cæsar—the character of its population, and their modes of warfare. There is also an elaborate discussion of a much controverted question—the point of departure and landing of Cæsar's legions; and it will not surprise the reader, to find that "the nephew of mine uncle" has selected Boulouge for the former. We are bound to add, however, that the reasons he adduces for the selection appear to us nearly conclusive, although they do tend indirectly to land the sagacity of the elder Bonaparte.

It is not too much to say that the second volume of the life of Julius Cæsar throws valuable light upon the struggles in Gaul and Britain which marked the century preceding the Christian era, and for this its author will receive the thanks of students. It is not often that an Emperor condescends to enter the field of authorship, where prince and peasant meet upon common ground, and must equally run the gauntlet of hostile criticism. Napoleon III. has elected to do this, and it will be well for the world if the study necessary for the preparation of the concluding volumes of this work should divert him from the prosecution of ambitious schemes for the aggrandisement of France.

One word as to the mechanical execution of Messrs. Harper & Bros. reprint. The binding and paper are good, but we think it a pity that the leaves were not trimmed, as the book when cut has a rough appearance, pardonable in a fifty cent novel, but not in a work published at the price this is. In looking over the index, too, we find a list of thirty-two plates supposed to be scattered through the book, but we have searched in vain for a single plate.

FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE. By Colonel Harry Gilmor. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We cannot compliment this celebrated "Partisan Ranger"—whose name was so familiar during the closing years of the great war—on the elegance of his style. He has, however, in the work before us, given us in a plain, straightforward manner, the history of many a bold attack and dashing exploit in which he was engaged. Colonel Gilmor was trained under the noble Ashby, and the peculiar work to which he was assigned called for the exercise, not only of the coolest courage, but of an utter recklessness of danger. A perusal of the book will show how eminently fitted the man was to the work.

The author has attempted no connected history of the war, nor even of the campaigns in which he was engaged, but we obtain from his book a clear insight into the manner in which detached bodies of cavalry operated so successfully upon the rear and communications of Federal armies. We have also occasional glimpses of some of the more prominent Confederate Generals; and, notably so, of Stonewall Jackson, during the earlier campaigns in the valley. Colonel Gilmor was twice taken prisoner by Federal troops, and whilst confined in Forts McHenry and Warren, he wrote out, from recollection, and for the gratification of a friend, an account of the incidents of his service in the Confederate Cavalry. Since the close of the war he has been induced to lay his reminiscences before the public.

THE MAGAZINES.

FRAZER'S opens with an article on Ireland, in which the writer claims that the Established Protestant Church and the land laws are the chief remaining grievances of the people. He recommends the disendowment of the former. "Ecce Homo" receives a second notice; but the reviewer, whilst appearing to have but little sympathy with this work himself, gives expression to opinions the reverse of orthodox. "Legends of Charlemagne" is an interesting antiquarian paper, contributed by Earl Stanhope. There is also a pleasant memoir of George Petrie, the Irish Archæologist. A review of General Gilmore's Operations against Charleston, follows. "The Beauclercs, Father and Son" is continued, and the concluding article is on "Domestic Servants."

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY, as usual, contains several antiquarian articles. "The Celts and their Cyclopean Movements," is an interesting paper. "Paracelsus and the Revival of Science in the Sixteenth Century," contains a good deal of curious matter. "Ecce Homo" is also noticed in this magazine, and we are glad to see that the reviewer is faithful to the old landmarks. In "The Military Trials in Ireland," the writer asserts that the Irish regiments in the main are perfectly loyal, and that the peasantry are as willing as ever to supply recruits to the army. A new tale, "Cometh up as a Flower," is commenced and promises well.

TEMPLE BAR contains two interesting tales, connected with Banking and the recent Panic; articles on "Mud Volcanoes," "Intellectual Flunkeyism," and "Modern Eccentrics." "Lady Adelaide's Oath," and "Archie Lovell," are continued. The critics are severely criticized in "Letters to Joseph," of which the first is published in this number.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC—Is, as usual, rich in fashion plates, and patterns for the ladies. Many of the tales and articles in this magazine are of a high order of literary merit.

The above Magazines are for sale at Messrs. Dawson Bros.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part 1st. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

LAND AT LAST. A novel in three books. By Edmund Yates, author of "Broken to Har-ness," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- In Press, and nearly ready! The Two Wives of the King, Translated from the French of Paul Féval. Paper, 50c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- A New Novel by Miss Braddon! will be published shortly! What is My Wife's Secret? By Miss M. E. Braddon. R. Worthington, publisher, Montreal.
- Vol. II. of Napoleon's Life of Julius Caesar. Fine Library edition, in cloth \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits, Cloth. Price \$4.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mistress and Maid. A Household Story. By Miss Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sans Merci, or Kestrels and Falcons. A novel. By the author of "Guy Livingstone," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Agnes. A novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. Price 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Maxwell Drewitt. A novel. By F. G. Trafford, author of "George Geith," "Phemie Keller," &c. Price 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Miss Carew. A novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Phemie Keller. A novel. By F. G. Trafford, author of "Maxwell Drewitt," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Lost Tales of Miletus. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Cloth. Price 90c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Armada. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. A new supply, just received. Price \$1.12. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos: A Novel. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Held in Bondage," &c., Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages: By W. Russell, LL.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Gilbert Ruggie. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majoribanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Toilers of the Sea. A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- Beyminstre: A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America, &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family: containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York: Virtue & Yorstan. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.
- Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goaks, just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Letters of Life. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hidden Depths: a new novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jargal: a novel. By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c.
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurried and Delayed Interments. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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OUT OF TOWN.

I DARE say you have stood on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, and while looking at the panorama of Montreal, viewed from either Longueuil or St. Lambert's, have seen the misty canopy of smoke, dust, and goodness-knows what else—perhaps cholera—overhanging the city, as over all cities, in a heavy veil, which you can see was not spread by the "cloud-compeller Jupiter;" and have felt, as you have looked at the purer firmament above you, that you had been living under an illusion in town, when you thought, by simply looking upwards, you saw the sky. You feel now you've been imposed upon, hoodwinked—for I will no more allow that the sky is apparent from the town than that you see the face of a pretty child when it is bedaubed from its epicurean indulgence in bread and treacle.

Well, I had been over at Longueuil, and had seen "the cloud" unusually heavy, and it occurred to me that, though our sanitary association were doing wonders in expurgation, they couldn't possibly remove that cloud, as all the witches are dead who might ride up on brooms, and sweep it away; and ballooning hasn't been quite brought to perfection—though, in my opinion, in a few years we'll be dabbling in balloon stock, and paying a high price for shares. As I said before, I had seen "the cloud," and it made me think of getting from under it for awhile: so one fine morning, some weeks ago, I found myself *en route* for this country village, where I now enjoy the felicity of awakening with the lark, and finding I have nothing to do but just what I please—which is a bliss to a fellow who has been coffin'd and cabin'd within the four walls of a city office ever since his last unwilling creep to school. Away from the din and dust of the streets to the quiet coolness of green fields and country lanes. There is more truth than fiction in the saying that "one must swallow a peck of dust before he dies," though only applied to residents of cities and towns; and if we could only hear of some city whose streets and paving do not produce dust, we should dub it the veritable "Utopia," and consign Mr. McAdam's fame to a quiet oblivion. How that man's dust does rise, spoiling and choking everything, from sunsets to birds' throats, and making housemaids cross, and people generally dry.

So here I am, getting as sunbrowned as a gipsy, and fatter than my tailor anticipated, when between buttons and buckles he limited my circumference for corpulence. The village is very pleasant—not too small to be lonesome, or too large to smack of the town; its outskirts are fine for pedestrianism, and the people are sociable enough—the mosquitoes rather much so, thank you. There is neither mountain to climb, or very grand sights to see, but I've been over one of the battle fields of the last war with the States, when they tried to take Canada, and didn't. History arose from the sod and surroundings, and my Canadian blood leaped proudly, when—just home myself from frontier-service with the "Vics"—I was shown where Canadian volunteers drove the Yankee brigands from our beloved soil *pro aris et focis!* I snuff up the delicious and exhilarating country breeze—surpassing any of Lubin's essences—I feel my blood more highly animalized, and am in good condition to take lessons on scalping.

I never enjoyed being alive as much as I do out here, and every day I am literally and metaphorically "in clover;" and in the change of air and the freedom, there's something of the ethereal sensation of going up in a balloon, or getting an unexpected rise of salary. Get up pic-nics here, and you can live like the people of Shakspeare's comedies, as they did in Arden Forest; you can enjoy your various moods, from grave to gay, to perfection, whether you be melancholy as Jacques, jolly as Falstaff, or philosophical as Hamlet; and it is no labor to find "tongues in trees, books in brooks, sermons in stones." You may go down to the shore, and count the waves like Cicero, or talk to them like Demosthenes, or make ducks and drakes

with pebbles, like Scipio. If ye're too terribly wise and matter-of-fact to do the *dolce far niente*, or be sociable, you may play the anchorite here much better than in town, and you can tell your woes to the pigs and birds, if your own humanity isn't agreeable. If you're peevish—perhaps from hard labor—don't take blue pills, but "throw physic to the dogs," though not to mine, if you love me—and come out here, and live on country fare: bring gun and fishing rod, and you may fill game bag and basket with the choicest captures.

I am quartered in the village inn. The cool breeze blows over those hills down into the valley, capturing the perfume of the sweetest trees as it passes through them, and wafting its delightfulness into my windows; the birds twitter and whistle, and pipe and sing, on those trees in front of me, much prettier than they do it in town; and by this time I can imitate some of them so accurately, that, if you'd close your eyes, I could deceive you. I have cut a sun-dial on my window-sill, where the shadows slant, and part of the day I can tell the time without looking at my watch. I have cut my name on a pane of glass, which, I suppose, will remain as long as they say written-upon panes do. I have had botanical, geological, meteorological, and other logical turns of mind, and can boast of a bit of a herbarium, some geological specimens, and a correct weather table. I have done many other wise and unwise things, and have managed to make myself perfectly content. But for three days continuously it's been raining, and the sidewalk are worse than those in Hemmingford, on which several of our corps nearly broke their necks; and I've read all my own books, and there's such a literary destitution here, that a Walker's spelling book, and another on cookery, are the only others in the house. So I've been amusing myself, while in the inn, by listening to the conversation, and noting the manners of its visitors; and I don't think I can do better than give you a sketch of them.

The inn is quaint, and its guests queer. It is half wood and brick, and of an architecture very far from being classical, and is called the "Mermaid," no less. The bar-room seems the principal point of attraction, though as much for gossiping as imbibing. A lot of *un-easy* chairs are around the room; a large spittoon in the centre, which looks bad for the expectorating propensities of the villagers; the usual complement of barbarous pictures, and the array of bottles, tumblers, &c. in review order. One of the pictures is called "The Tyranny of Temperance," and represents a drunken woman on the floor, entreating her husband, who wears a temperance badge, to give her a glass of rum. He is seen tyrannically offering her a tumbler label'd "cold water." How very cruel of him? The other pictures are a most extraordinary group; but I rather think you'll see something better at our next art conversazione.

The prospect from the bar window is decidedly romantic. To my left is the highway, while immediately in front is the yard, where a shockingly ugly French boy is cutting wood. He splits two sticks honestly enough, then rests five minutes, and repeats this labor-saving process, until mine host appears upon the scene, when there is a splinter-flying wonderful to look at, and Baptiste is called a good boy. A rheumatic-looking hay and working pump, a very bilious-looking hay-cart, evidently on its last wheels, and an indiscriminate concourse of hens, chickens and baby-pigs, who squeak as high as *C. alto*. Over there is a pig-stye, and the frequent bursts of melody from that orchestra must be charmingly sympathetic to that young lady who lives not a marble-shot from here, and who talks and reads Tennyson from morning to night. I wonder if that would appease a hungry man's appetite, supposing he couldn't afford to hire a cook.

Dr. Southey cleverly made the pig give lessons on natural theology and transcendental philosophy, and Charles Lamb extols it roasted; but as for me, I hate them alive or dead, and I think the country of the Gergesenes was blessed, when the devils got into the herd of swine, and they perished in the sea. There are people with

digestions like ostriches, and nothing is an impediment, and who would eat *skunk*, if some one would set the example.

The guests and frequenters of the "Mermaid" are worthy a study. I often thought how Dickens would enjoy them! At present I have the honor of breakfasting with a peddler of sham jewellery, who is of the Jewish persuasion—he persuaded me to buy a brass brooch from him; a silent member of parliament, whose eloquence confines itself to the sensible remark of "hear! hear!" and "yea" and "nay," and who stammered and blushed to the ears when he was called upon for a speech at his last election; a pair of twin brothers, who seem to have been taught to eat and drink by word of command—they do it so exactly together; and a young man from the States, who says he is merely travelling for the good of his health, being the son of a New York merchant, but who nevertheless will sell you a receipt for harness-blackening, with a number of others, for the small sum of ten cents.

There is one old gentleman, a great storyteller, who comes here often: he was formerly a militia major, and was "permitted to retire, retaining his rank." Having once assisted in capturing a lot of Yankee soldiers, he feels very proud of it, and laments that no such honor as the Victoria cross had been given for valor, when he was young; and I dare say he was plucky enough, and might have been lucky enough, to win it. He has a clever knack of sliding in, by hook or by crook, his story of this adventure, and I've heard it as often as I've seen him here.

There is a mysterious man who comes here, day after day, and never says anything, but listens eternally. He sits in an arm-chair regularly, supporting his chin on his hands, and his elbows on the chair, and is all ears and eyes, but no tongue. He is not a strong man, for his chin is the only part of his body his hands support. He never drinks, and no one ever speaks to him, and people say he has been a frequenter of the "Mermaid" for seven years, and conducts himself always the same. He is a perfect puzzle to me.

You should see a grinning, gesticulating Frenchman, who is ardently in love with the beer-pump and bar-maid. He strokes the former like a pet dog, and puts on his sweetest smiles to the latter, until she draws him mild or bitter ale for love. His sympathies of the tender passion, however, are only evinced in the vicinity of the bar.

There's an immaculate snob here now, Mr. Frederick Hawhaw, who is a sort of natural curiosity to me, as those nondescripts always are. He is tall and straight; has a very dissipated-looking phiz; nose cocked, beefy and ruby; face ornamented with carbuncles gangrenous and pimples; hair once black, but now—tell it not, O Bogle!—while a long poetical curl is plastered affectionately down his cheek on each side of his face. They say some wag once cut them off, when Frederick was asleep, and that he was invisible until they had grown again. He wears a beavaw, and talks aw! when he doesn't forget: is eloquent on almost every subject, but when he has done, for the life of me, I can't tell what he's been talking about. He is overwhelmed to inconvenience with opinion of himself, and has come to the conclusion that the world is going to pot. It turns out that he is a travelling tailor, taking orders. He says he was offered \$25 a week from Gibb & Co., but he wouldn't take less than \$35, as he couldn't live in Montreal for less. He is all the way from Yorkshire, England, never worked for any one but the nobility, and once made a riding suit for Her Majesty! He is reported to have been married, but denies the soft impeachment.

The village physician is Dr. Kiloreure. He is a stout, burly man; has a very gruff voice, and is something of a ventriloquist, talking down deep in epigastric regions. He has a great deal to say on hæmophysics, puncturing the pericardium, tracheotomy, and aneurism, by anastomosis—not a word of which, from beginning to end, his hearers understand. I don't believe he'd be so talkative, if they did. He is too fond of the cup which inebriates. He says very often,

"nature abhors a vacuum," and I think he is determined to give her no chance of finding one in him. But leaving him as I last saw him, drunk, in an easy chair, let us look at

Mine host. He is a regular John Bull, and once fought as a pugilist in the London ring, and can still hit from the shoulder to knock many a younger pugilist "into the middle of next week." He is so very fond of his wife, that she isn't at all fond of him. She bullies her better half, but he has no objections to her wearing the breeches, metaphorically speaking. When any of his boys make a fuss in the street, he is out into the middle of it, and roars after the juvenile at the top of his voice; and even when speaking in his mildest tone of voice, he shouts loud enough to be heard at the other end of the village, on account of which peculiarity he has been called "The Whisperer," and whenever his gentle voice is heard, the village boys say, "ther's old E—whispering."

My landlady. She is the most civil woman in the world, and greets rich and poor with the same "Good morning, Sir." She attends the bar, has a most insinuating manner, and is such an unceasing talker, that she is known to the world by the cognomen of "The Mute." They're fond of contradictory comparisons in this village. She can't listen to another person talking without talking herself all the time, or at least moving her lips; she "never tires," but, like the steed that ran in the Camptown races, she's "bound to run all day, and bound to run all night." Her husband says she talks in her sleep; and once, when she had such a sore throat that she couldn't do more than move her lips, he found it impossible to sleep for want of his usual somnific.

There are other bipeds worth studying; but let me tell you of two of my quadruped friends.

There is a dog belonging to the inn called "Bob," and I never look at him without seeing his strong resemblance to his master, old E—. I have always thought dogs grow like their masters, as husband and wife come to look alike, and though it is odd, I could show many an old dog with the family likeness (!) of his master in his face. "Bob" is a great favorite, and is a thorough-bred English bull. His face bears honorable marks of hard fights, and his left ear—what's left of it—is slit into three. He is as gentle as a pup to his friends, and the very d— to his enemies. The cat of the establishment lies curled up in "Bob's" legs when he is asleep; she is jet black, and is the terror of other cats. Once she climbed up on Dr. Kiloreure's lap, and he flung her off, when up sprang "Bob," and growled in dog language, "you'd better beware!"

You should see my bed-room. The old four-poster occupies about three-quarters of the room, and would make a grand blockhouse, if it was walled and roofed. I have to elimb or jump into it, and it creaks most musically. There are six monstrous pillows, and I couldn't count the sheets and quilts. Over there on a shelf is a stuffed owl, and, as the straw is coming out, it makes Mad. Owl look a most remarkable bird. I turn first rate summersaults on my bed, make a comfortable sofa of the pillows, and otherwise manage to appropriate the contents of my room.

But I don't want you to imagine I'm in the house all the time. Remember I told you it has been raining for three days. Just fancy the luxurious time of it I have when the weather's fine; and, if you possibly can, take a run out here—though it would never do to tell you where I am. Wouldn't old E— *whisper* if he saw this!

Montreal.

W. G. B.

HUMOUR OF LONDON CABMEN.

THERE are some people so exceedingly genteel that everything that is common or cheap—such as a bunch of violets—is in their eyes vulgar, and not to be written about. They clap their gloved hands in approbation of mincing drawing-room wit, but shrink from humour in its everyday garb. I venture to warn such gentry not to read this paper, which

is intended for stronger stom— I beg pardon— more robust intelligence. *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*. I for my part enjoy the quick retort of a Hansom cabman equally well with the repartee of a Chesterfield.

It is a noticeable fact, that drivers of Hansom cabs are vastly sharper than those who preside over the four-wheeled conveyances. These last, indeed, are called "Grumblers," I believe, simply because their Jehus do grumble in a sulky and muttering sort of way (no matter what money you offer them,) but rarely think of giving intellectual battle, like their brethren upon two wheels. They stand in one's doorway, and ask, with their proper dues in their open hand: What is *this* for? They terrify one's wife with their bad language, and will bully a poor servant girl going to her place about the unmistakable box, for which they want sixpence extra for its ride on their roof; but their "sauce" is not piquant. None of them was ever known to give back his sixpence to a fashionable but rather economical fare, with the remark, that "he is sure he wants it more than him" (the driver); he prefers sixpence to all the wit in the world, and would never indulge in a sarcasm, even if he could, at the cost of a pint of beer.

Only once did I hear of a Growler who made himself completely master of the situation, and obtained ransom from the poor creature in his vehicle by sheer intellectual superiority. Young Augustus Foljambe of our club—who spells his name with a number of little *fs*—was the victim, and confided the story to me, with tears in his eyes, upon the very night of the occurrence. The poor lad is very fond of finding his legs under the mahogany of persons of title, and he had been asked to dine that evening with a live marquis, for the first time. Though bent on this exquisite pleasure, however, ffoljambe had a frugal mind; since St. James's square was only a few streets from his own lodgings, he would not hire a brougham, even for so momentous an occasion, but took a "grumbler" from the rank. "The Marquis of Rattatat, No. 999, St. James's square," said he, in a magnificent voice, and leaned back in the crazy vehicle, as though it had been a coroneted chariot with patent springs. The mention of his titled host was quite unnecessary, and as it turned out, cost the poor fellow as much as a brougham would have done, besides much mental agony; for, from his exalted manner, the astute driver gathered that Mr. ffoljambe was about to partake of his lordship's hospitality for the first time, and would wish, above all things, to enter his mansion in a graceful and unembarrassed manner; and the wretch took his measures accordingly.

On arriving (in about a minute and a half) at No. 999, Cabby put in his head at the window, and demanded *five shillings*. My poor friend, looking in an apprehensive manner up at the stately mansion, exclaimed: "Nonsense!" but hastily proffered half-a-crown. Hereupon, Cabby swiftly ran up the steps, and administered a thundering double-knock, which summoned three flamingo-like footmen, besides a perfect gentleman in plain clothes. "You scoundrel," cried ffoljambe in a stage-whisper, "here is your five shillings; but I have got your number."

"My fare is *half-a-sovereign* now, sir," and I don't leave this house until I get it," answered Cabby, in a most determined tone. And he *did* get it. ffoljambe paid about a shilling a yard for that little drive; and his lordship's butler and three lackeys thought him a very mean fellow after all, and quite unfit to be a guest of their master, to be thus disputing with a cabman about a paltry sixpence.

This achievement of Cabby's was undoubtedly a great *coup*; but its conception did not require much agility of mind, and its success was due to dogged determination, rather than to any brilliant parts. A Hansom cabman would probably have recognised little ffoljambe's character at a glance, whereas this four-wheeled individual was doubtless indebted to Luck that he did not make a mistake in his man. The idea itself was not original. A brother Johu once tried the very same trick upon a subtle lawyer of my acquaintance, and made the saddest *fiasco* of that affair. My legal friend, although a disciple of

Adam Smith, had, in consideration of its being a wet night, offered sixpence extra, as he emerged from the grumbler in full dining costume. "That's not my fare," cried the wretch, taking care to let the footman hear him.

"You are right, my friend," returned the bar-rister. "Give me back the half-crown, and—here's a florin for you instead: *that's* your right fare.

"I'll rouse the house—I'll knock the door down!" exclaimed the cabman furiously.

"With all my heart," answered the man of law, "it is neither my house nor my door."

Whereupon, the disappointed one, who, worse than vaulting ambition, had overreached himself, and fallen on the wrong *man*, drove ejaculating away.

That both classes do behave exceedingly ill to women and foreigners—to all, in fact, upon whom they can impose—is certainly true. The ideas that the great Teutonic race in particular have imbibed of these men (and doubtless not merely out of their "moral consciousness," but from sad experience) are, as I happened to discover, of the most alarming kind. A gentleman of Prussia came over to stay with me some weeks ago, and arrived in a Hansom cab.

"He did bring me safe," cried he, with his full face beaming through his spectacles, "and has nothing from me stolen."

"Of course not," said I. "Why did you apprehend any such misfortunes?"

"Ha, ha!" exclaimed he with joyful sagacity, "I do know them, those cab-drivers of yours; they ill-treat, they rob; but see, I have his name and number rightly taken. *Mappin: 71, Cornhill, City, Ivory Balance Handle Cheese Knives, finest steel.*"

The poor deluded man had copied the advertisement upon the splash board; and it was difficult to persuade him to abandon his fool's paradise of security, although I assured him that he might just as well appeal to the Prussian Constitution against Count Bismarck.

What sad stories of London cabmen must this poor gentleman have had confided to him by suffering fellow-countrymen, before he was driven to take so fruitless a precaution, and doubtless as true as sad. My heart gives a throb of pity whenever I see a foreigner in a Hansom, with that conquering Briton sitting up aloft, hat aside, and with half-shut eye, in vulgar ecstasy, over his unconscious prey. Is it likely such men should spare the alien, when they lash with sarcasm even their own country women on the small provocation of sixpence less than they expected? And yet, upon the same principle, I suppose, that the sex adores the husband who is a wife-beater, it is certain that ladies are very fond of riding in Hansoms, notwithstanding that the driver is almost sure to apostrophise them afterwards from his perch with withering scorn. It is in vain for Mr. Stockbroker Jones to tell his wife and sister-in-law that it is not the correct thing for them to be seen in a two-wheeled conveyance: there is a *soupgon* of innocent "fastness" about it which takes their fancy; and in spite of his mandate, while Jones is in the city, they often go a-shopping, "framed and glazed"—like a peripatetic picture—in the cloud-compelling and swift-rolling Hansom.

"They will do it," says Jones, as certain of that act of domestic obedience being committed, as Bluebeard was of whither Fatima's curiosity would lead her when he said, "And be sure, my dear, that you do not enter the Blue Chamber." Yet the penalty, although not so excessive as in that unfortunate young matron's case, is very severe. That ladies never give enough money, is quite a proverb: not altogether an unjust one, perhaps, though it should be remembered that husbands often keep their wives very short of that article, which causes them to "look twice at a sixpence" before they yart with it unnecessarily, whereas their lord and master flings his florins about in a selfishly reckless manner; but from whatever reason the disinclination arises, the British female opens her purse-strings with reluctance, and, in consequence, renders an altercation with her cabman certain. It is at this period of the transaction that she regrets her

disobedient behaviour, and would hail her Jones's appearance as eagerly as she lately hailed the forbidden vehicle.

"Your fare is a shilling, my good man," says she, in a quavering voice, and standing on tiptoe to present him with that despised coin.

"A shilling!" returns he disdainfully. "It's always a shilling, *just* a shilling with such as you. You know how to lay out *your* money, you do. "I'm blest if I don't think you women think as you will go to heaven for a shilling!"

Sometimes, on the other hand, these ingenious rhetoricians pretend to an exaggerated respect for the sex, and actually shelter their own extor-tions under the ægis of a petticoat. I remember upon one occasion I treated the wife of my bosom to a drive of considerably under a mile and a half in a Hansom, and in order to avoid the possibility of a disturbance, tendered our Jehu a florin.

"This ain't a half-crown, sir," said he, turning the coin over and over in his hand, as though he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"No," said I, slightly irritated, "but it is more than your proper fare, and you know it."

It was very wrong of me, doubtless, but upon his reiterating his extortionate demand, I lost my temper, and called him (let us say) "a confounded scoundrel:" whereupon, hiding his face behind his hand, as though excessively shocked, he cried: "O dear, O dear, to hear such language used before a lady." With which parting shot, having from his eyrie perceived a policeman in the distance, he slowly drove away. Who would not be abashed and discomfited at receiving from such a source a lesson in good-manners!

A friend of mine, who happened to have an injured arm in a sling, was once importuned by another of the fraternity for an extra shilling.

"No," answered he, "sixpence extra is quite enough; and, besides, you drove so badly, grinding against the curbstone at every turning, that you have seriously hurt my arm."

"Did I indeed," answered the cabman cyni-cally; "and a good job, too, if I had busted it." (Imagining, I suppose, that the fracture was a boil.)

One of the greatest compliments that has ever been paid to the Church of England, at the expense of the dissenting body, was delivered in my hearing (and indeed in the hearing of half a hundred people about to start by the North Ex-press from Easton Square) by one of these Han-som cabmen; and it deserves to be recorded as an evidence of the high opinion which that class entertains for "the Establishment," as well as for its own intrinsic merit. A high church rector (at the very least), with the stiffest of white cravats, M B waistcoat, and upright coat-collar, had just stepped out of this gentleman's vehicle, and had given him what was doubtless his proper fare. More was demanded, but an unmistakable shake of the head was the reply. The ecclesiastic, apprehensive of the storm, began to walk as hastily as dignity permitted, towards the booking-office; but he could not escape the winged sarcasm of his late driver.

"Well, if I didn't take him for a clergyman; and after all, he's nothing better, you see, than a Ranter!"

Surely an admirable stroke of impudence; the expression "you see" too, as though he were secure of the sympathies of all who heard him, struck me as being particularly happy. I have never known this piece of street-humour beaten except in one case, which, although a well-known one, has not, I believe, been chroni-cled in print. During the period of the Great Exhibition at Kensington, the omnibusses in that district increased their fares from three-pence to fourpence. A Frenchman, averse to imposition, and who had been, I suppose, in-formed what he was to pay by some person unacquainted with the change in the tariff, proffered a threepenny-piece in payment for the journey.

"Fourpence, mosoo," answered the conductor, wagging his head.

"One, two, three, four—*Four*," cried the other, counting the numbers on his fingers, and

roaring at the top of his voice, as though *that* would render him more intelligible. "*Four!* *Four!*"

This went on for about five minutes, in the presence of a 'busful of people, who wanted to settle their own little accounts, and enter the building.

"He don't understand nothing," groaned the conductor, when his store of abuse was utterly exhausted. "*Will any lady or gentleman* be so good as to oblige me with the French for a blessed fool?"

CHARLES KIMBALL'S DIVINITY.

"WELL, if Charley thinks I am perfect, I am sorry, that is all; for he will find himself sadly mistaken," said Carrie Arm-strong.

"That is just what I told him, Carrie," said her cousin Ethel. "Though you have as few faults as most of us, you are not a divinity by any means; and, can you believe it, he was quite offended at my frankness, and said I was wanting in true affection and regard for his promised wife; that I was hypocritical in professing so much where it did not exist, when it was only for his happiness and yours that I spoke as I did."

"I shall try to make Charles happy, and I believe I shall, in a measure, succeed," replied Carrie; "but you know, Ethel, what a hasty temper I have; I am afraid I shall not control it any better with him than I have with my own friends at home. The first exercise of it will, I suppose, make the divinity step down from her pedestal. Charles is foolish in that respect."

"That he is, Carrie," broke in her brother. "By the time he has seen the flash and sparkle of those dark eyes, the curl of that pretty lip, the toss of that dainty head, and the torrent of words that can sometimes come out from between those pearly teeth, the faultless angel will begin to assume a form of clay. I have often hoped you would show out before him a little; but you never have."

A merry peal of laughter rang out upon the afternoon air, and the crimson ran up a little higher in the cheeks of the beautiful bride-elect at the playful jest of her brother, which was, after all, not wholly a jest; for those who knew Carrie best, and loved her most, were not un-ware of the passionate gusts of temper that would sometimes sweep over her sunny mind, leaving it for the moment dark and unlovely.

There was perhaps a fault somewhere in her early training, for Carrie was the eldest, and a whole troop of uncles and aunts, besides her parents and grandparents, had felt themselves authorised to assist in moulding her young mind; and what with plenty of petting and but little correction, she had grown to womanhood without being wholly able to control the whirl-wind of temper that sometimes led astray her better judgment and really good nature.

From her earliest remembrance she had heard her parents repeat the wonders of her childhood, conspicuous among which were her mad freaks of wilfulness, when in childish rage she would throw herself upon the floor, or hide in some cheerless, out-of-the-way place, till her temper had expended itself; and she often wished, as she grew older, that instead of fostering this disposition, there had always been a faithful application of Solomon's remedy.

But Carrie was a lovely girl, for all that, and a general favourite, and the two bridesmaids who sat upon either side of her, their fingers busy in setting the last stitches in an elegant morn-ing-robe, that was to compose a part of the bridal trousseau, loved her with true sisterly affection, and were almost as deeply blinded to her faults as the prospective bridegroom himself. And William, her brother, who walked up and down in the shadows of the creepers that covered the verandah lattice, and gave vent to the half-satirical, half-complimentary words, prided himself in his beautiful sister, whose life out-numbered his but two years, and hers had barely reached its twenty-second year; and there was a

feeling of regret, not unmingled with envy, that another had come between himself in the affections over which he had so long reigned supreme.

All the long summer afternoon the three fair girls had plied their needles in the pleasant drawing-room, and as the breeze which had been blowing freshly from the south died out, they gathered up their work and came out upon the balcony, to wait the arrival of the three gentlemen, who were coming to tea, and to complete the arrangements for the wedding, that was to take place the next Tuesday.

Carrie's father was not a wealthy man, neither was her future husband, and Carrie, with commendable economy, was always busy, and her fingers fashioned the beautiful garments with light, happy smiles, and merry snatches of song breaking over her ruby lips, and with many a bright plan for the new home that was in store for her. And it was an allusion to these pleasant anticipations that called up the remarks with which our story opens.

And so the girls sat in the departing sunlight and chatted gravely or gaily, read the paper, and Charles Kimball lay still upon the garden seat, a little way from the house, so screened by the leafy shrubs that he could not catch a glimpse of it, but so near that the merry voices came drifting down to his half-listening ears. A bright crimson spot burned in each cheek, and a look of regret and wonder mingled with the puzzled expression upon his face. He had come up the walk just before the girls came out upon the balcony, and finding he was rather early, he sat down on the garden chair, to wait the arrival of his friends. Of course he had heard all they said, and the sting they gave made him forget for the moment they were not intended for his ears, and that he had no right to be listening to the conversation.

"I wonder if it is possible that I have been so deceived, or am I blinded, as they say?" he muttered to himself; and then as a quick step sounded down the walk, and a light figure brushed so near that he could hear the rustle of her garments, and a happy voice warbled the lines of his favourite song as she stood leaning over the gate, watching, as he knew, for him, he arose and walked down to the other end of the garden, with the words running through his thoughts, though his lips did not move, "No, no; Carrie is all my fond imagination has pictured her. I will not believe their foolish jests." He thought he did not, but there was a shadow upon his face that evening, a rankling memory in his breast; and he watched Carrie so narrowly, that the look pained her.

It was strange the young man should have fancied the woman of his choice more than human; but it seemed he had, for he supposed her an exception to all else—perfect, where every one beside erred. Perhaps it was well he heard those words, else the awakening might have been too sudden. He had been married two months before it came, for Carrie kept a watchful guard upon her heart, a seal upon her lips. She remembered what her cousin Ethel had said, and she dreaded to undeceive the lover-husband, who still continued every kind attention as before their marriage, and lavished upon her many endearing words that are so sweet to a wife's heart. Everything was new and beautiful about her home. Her father had furnished it just to the taste of his child; and it seemed as if Carrie, without being too ungenerous and unamiable, could not find any excuse for the ebullition of that temper, which she often called the bane of her life, the gloomy nightshade that hung about her, poisoning where all else would be light and joy.

She had erred, also, in expecting too much from her husband, though she had never acknowledged it even to herself; and there were faults in him that startled, almost shocked her; but she bore with them rationally, lest in correcting, the cloven foot, which she had been hiding so effectually, should peep out. She had known Charles but a year, and their intercourse had not been so familiar as to bring out the faults in each; but one morning after Charles had gone to his place of business, she found his wardrobe

in disorder, his dressing-table covered with various etceteras, which he had not thought of returning to their proper place, his desk in confusion, half the papers she had carefully tied together and placed in their several compartments strewn over the floor, where he had left them after searching for a missing bill, his dressing-gown thrown upon a coat, which she intended he should only wear upon extraordinary occasions, now filled with innumerable wrinkles, which required many a shake, that she gave with a great deal of vehemence, to remove. Perhaps it was good employment, though rather destructive to the garment, for her temper subsided by the time it was restored to its wardrobe, and she went singing about her morning work as though nothing had happened to ruffle the serenity of her married life.

Charles was extremely careless at home, but he thought that no great failure. He had a neat, graceful form, and was called a well-dressed man abroad, but he was not conscious of the amount of labour it had caused his mother and his wife to enable him to deserve that appellation.

He was forgetful, too; and this tried Carrie's patience extremely. She was sure, whatever she attempted to do, to find herself deficient in something that called to remembrance her husband's promise to bring it several days before, and she was often obliged to drop her work, dress, and walk out to obtain the necessary article. The first part of her walk was usually rapid, to keep pace with the uncomfortable state of her mind; but in this her temper gradually subsided, and Charles never knew it had been aroused. And, after all, she would think that they were trifling things, and she felt that she had reason for great thankfulness in others; and so has many another young wife whose husband is only thoughtless and careless, when all over our land pure, loving wives are yoked to miserable, inconstant, dissipated, unprincipled men.

Carrie had been Mrs. Kimball two months. It had been a busy day with her, for her husband had brought home a party of friends to dinner, and she was anxious that Charles should not be alone in his good opinion of her housewifery; and as the work depended upon her busy hands, the task had been a little too hard, and left a slight shadow of discomfort upon her mind as well as body. Charles was at home; and as the autumn evening was chilly, a fire had been kindled in the drawing-room, and the husband had drawn the table near the fire, and was employed in writing, while Carrie sat opposite toying with some light netting. She asked her husband some question that chanced to come into her mind, and he rested his pen upon the edge of the inkstand while he replied. In doing this, he bent forward, and overturned the contents of the inkstand upon the table. Two great drops of ink fell upon the carpet before Carrie could place her hand before it and stay its rapid progress towards the edge of the table.

"Oh, you careless creature!" she exclaimed. "I should like to know what is the use of trying to have anything decent about this house!" and she hastily tore the evening paper in two, and applied it to the inky pool. There was a frown upon her face, a passionate flash in her eye; her manner was determined, and she evidently took as much pains as possible to make the task occasioned by his carelessness seem very formidable. "I should like to know the number of times I have taken your pen out of the inkstand, or requested you to do so," she continued, "but I hope you are satisfied now you have spoilt this table."

"Keep on; say all you have to say," returned her husband. "I will do my writing at the office in future."

As there was not the slightest trace of ink now upon anything but Carrie's slender fingers, and she was twisting and turning the inky paper, as if her life depended upon removing the stains, Charles's conscience was not overburdened with guilt or penitence; so he removed the offending pen and ink from the mantel, and returned to his writing without another word; indeed, as Carrie thought, just as if nothing had happened; yet

she could not see that the lines increased very fast upon the blank paper before him. She did not resume her work, but sat before the fire, tapping her foot restlessly upon the hearth-rug, her anger gradually wearing itself into a feeling of shame, regret, and repentance, for having at last opened her husband's eyes to that evil in her nature she had so long overcome, or rather concealed, for its fires had been smouldering all the while. She could see in the partially shaded face of her husband a change—whether of anger, astonishment, or sorrow, she could not tell; perhaps it was the three combined; so, after waiting a little time, gathering courage and inclination too, she crept around to his side, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, she whispered, "Forgive me, Charley; I am sorry I spoke so sharply."

The face to which the husband raised his eyes betrayed the heartfelt sorrow, and he replied, only a little coldly, "Nothing to forgive, Carrie. I am a careless fellow, I know."

As Carrie could not truthfully gainsay the remark, there fell a silence between them, and she thought it was as though the thoughtless words had not escaped her. But could she have pulled aside the veil from her husband's heart, she would have trembled at the height from which she had fallen.

Carrie was watchful and prayerful after this, for she was quite in earnest about overcoming her temper, but the growth of more than twenty years, firmly rooted too by nature, could not be torn up in a day.

Charles saw the flash of those beautiful eyes the pout of those small lips, and the hasty, passionate movements, many times, when there were no words spoken; and then there would be sharp, thoughtless words upon his wife's part, and harsh recriminations sometimes upon his, though not always, for he was not hasty like her, though his disposition was not a whit better. But when it did once get the better of him, he was sullen and disagreeable for a long time, during which Carrie would become vexed and pleased half-a-dozen times.

They were going to a concert one evening, and Carrie had prepared tea earlier than usual, dressed herself with unusual taste, and taking a book, sat waiting her husband's return. She was interested in it at first, but soon her eyes began to wander more and more frequently towards the small bronze clock that stood upon the mantel, as she saw the hour for the opening of the concert was drawing near, and still her husband did not come.

She became alarmed at his long absence, and worked herself into a fever of impatience and uneasiness. It was half an hour beyond the time, when her husband came in a little hurriedly, but as if it was nothing unusual.

"Did you think I was never coming, Carrie?" he said, "The fact is, I fell in with an old chum just after leaving the office, and nothing would do but I must go to his hotel with him, and listen to a great project he is about setting on foot. He is coming to dine to-morrow."

"Well, you are a nice man, that's what you are," returned Carrie; and she drew herself up to her full height, and away from the loving embrace her husband had prepared for her. "You knew I had set my heart upon that concert."

"Oh, forgive me, darling! I never once thought of it," said he, and his voice expressed the regret which he really felt.

"No, I'll warrant you did not," said Carrie, "You never do think of anything I particularly want. I never did see such a forgetful man. I wonder you ever got on in business at all. Last week I nearly caught my death going out in the rain to get some articles which I wanted for a troop of your friends, and which I had told you repeatedly we were out of. I thought, after we had such a quarrel over that, you would have remembered it for a while. But it is just as well. Come on to your tea."

Carrie threw open the folding-door, and seated herself in her accustomed place at the table, with an angry flush all over her face.

"You may take your tea alone," said Charles, "unless you can be a little more amiable."

Mr. Kimball closed the door with a jar that was neither very harsh nor very soft. He sat down before the cheerful fire, folded his arms, and fixed his eyes moodily upon the flame that went dancing up the chimney, sending out at the same time a cheering, refreshing warmth. There was a feeling of oppressive gloom upon his spirits; it seemed to him that thought was wholly suspended by its weight.

His wife sat still in her place at the tea-table. She had not tasted a mouthful, though she had poured out her tea and helped herself to the cake; but by that time her resentment had begun to give place to softened emotions, and her appetite was gone; so she, too, sat still, but she was thinking,—thinking how strange it was she could not control herself any better; thinking how unhappy she had made herself and her husband too, and by and by she rose up softly and stole into the room. Her husband expected her. He knew about how long it took for her anger to subside, so he took a book from the table and appeared absorbed in its contents. In truth, his temper was just getting to its height.

Carrie often ended the scene of her wrath with a burst of tears, but she did not do so to-night. Her face was very calm, and more thoughtful than usual. She drew a chair in front of her husband, and quietly took the book from his hands.

"You expect me to say I am sorry, now, Charley," she said; "but I shall say no such thing, though I am; but you and I have made a sad mistake in marrying each other."

Mr. Kimball started up in surprise. Had Carrie then ceased to love him, and learned so soon to regret that he was her husband? The very thought startled him.

"Carrie, Carrie," said he, "has it come to this so soon?" He put out his arm and drew her to him, as if afraid he was to lose her. "I ought to have made you a better husband," he added.

"I do not mean that," she replied, "but the mistake was in our expecting too much of each other. You once remarked to your Cousin Ethel that you had yet to learn of one fault in your affianced bride, and Ethel remonstrated with you to no purpose. I was nearly, if not quite, as blind to your faults; and though I have tried (Heaven only knows how hard) to curb my wilful temper, I have failed often, and made you unhappy and myself miserable. You, dear husband, must be aware that you have faults, though they are not half so bad as mine; but it is so annoying sometimes to see you so careless, and you do not know how many unnecessary steps you cause me, Charley. This tries my temper. Then you will so often forget the little errands, though you are always kind to bring me a new book, or piece of music, or something you think will please me. Now we must help each other to be more patient, and to take these little trials more easily; and I, in turn, will help you to overcome whatever I see amiss in you. Shall we make a new bargain?" she said, lifting her bright eyes to his face with a bewitching grace.

"Yes, my dear little wife, we will," he replied. "I believe we can help each other; at least, I know you can help me, if you will only bear with my infirmities a little. I can see how wrong we have been in expecting perfection in each other, forgetting all the while we are only human, and that so long as we live in this world we shall have sins and imperfections to overcome."

After this, the reader, if he will, may imagine perfect harmony in the little household, but it is doubtful if it was wholly so. There will be occasional jars and discordant notes in the sweetest melody sometimes; and the best we can do to restore the lost harmony is, not to expect more of others than we are ready and willing to give or do ourselves.

There is as much difference in the natural dispositions of persons as in their faces, and we cannot judge of another's shortcomings by our own; for what we possess in a large degree, in another may be wholly wanting; and while the faults of others may seem of great magnitude in our eyes, we may commit some which, in their sight, are far greater. Thus should we, at all times, be willing to compromise with our friends upon the plea of common humanity. M. W. M.

COUNT BISMARCK.

THE critical position of affairs throughout Germany, the important results to all Europe at issue in the quarrel of the rival powers, render the chief directing statesman in Prussia a centre of interest. The attempted assassination of Bismarck, a few weeks back, invested the minister with a temporary *éclat*, and awakened in his behalf a certain amount of enthusiasm in the breasts of the Prussians—enthusiasm not a little extraordinary considering the constant opposition he had offered to the popular cause. Bismarck is no ordinary man, and plays no common part in the affairs of Europe. Self-contained, strong-willed, determined even to obstinacy, he is not careful to conceal his sentiments, nor slow to support his words by trial of strength. An elaborate comparison was made the other day between Count Bismarck and Count Cavour; Bismarck has, indeed, been called the Cavour of Prussia; but in object and policy there is a complete difference. The resemblance exists chiefly between the personal qualities which the two men brought to their work—the same fixed resolve, the same steady perseverance, the same self-devotion—but it fails altogether when we consider their aims and the forces on which they relied. "Count Cavour," says a contemporary, "called Italy to political life after an entombment of centuries; Count Bismarck would strike all northern Germany with the sterility and death which he has caused to reign at Berlin." This is a strong contrast truly, and allows nothing for the honest patriotism of the Prussian minister. That he places the aggrandisement of his own country before all other considerations is no doubt true, but statesmen of other lands have acted precisely in the same spirit without exciting a similar amount of obloquy.

Count Bismarck was born in the year of the decisive battle—Waterloo—which gave rest to Europe for forty years. His birthplace was the castle of Schönhausen, and his early life was passed amid the localities made memorable by some of the most striking incidents in the Thirty Years' War. He attended the college at Berlin, and subsequently went to Gottingen, the National University of Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Nassau, and Hanover, and, at present, the rendezvous of the Hanoverian and Bavarian troops. Gottingen is a famous place for fighting; duels take place every day—sometimes five or even six in the course of the four-and-twenty hours. The students are more self-willed and daring than any students to be found in Germany or elsewhere. It has been found necessary to erect a prison specially for the confinement of the reckless scholars, who are liable to ten days' incarceration on the sentence of the Pro-rector and Senatus Academicus. There is a story still told at Gottingen of the manner in which young Bismarck conducted himself in his days of pupilage. Being invited to a ball, he ordered a new pair of boots; but on the day before the ball took place he received notice that his boots would not be ready. Instead of submitting to his fate, going to the ball in old boots, or staying away altogether, Bismarck went down to the shoemaker, taking with him two enormous and ferocious dogs, which he assured the unfortunate Crispin should inevitably tear him to pieces if the boots were not ready by the following morning. Not satisfied with this threat, he hired a man, who paraded the two dogs before the shoemaker all through the day, and occasionally reminded the luckless man of his perplexing predicament—"Unfortunate shoemaker! thou art doomed to death by the dogs unless the boots be finished." With a sigh, the poor shoemaker told his wife he must work all night, and so Bismarck obtained his boots in time for the dance.

This anecdote of Bismarck, now that he occupies so distinguished a place in the State, is related with great gusto by the students of Gottingen, among whom the memory of Bismarck's college days is warmly cherished.

At the age of twenty-one, Bismarck—having taken degrees both at Berlin and Gottingen—entered the army, and served in the infantry. That he should serve as a soldier was a matter

of necessity. In Prussia every healthy man, without distinction, must personally perform military duty. From his earliest years, the Prussian is aware that he must enter the army; and in the old Prussian provinces, even the lads are regularly divided into squads, and rendered conversant with their duties long prior to their being called on to serve. The length of service rarely extends over three years, from twenty-one to twenty-four; after which they are enrolled in the reserve, and then pass to the landwehr of the first levy.

After the usual term of service, Bismarck entered on diplomatic life, and a characteristic anecdote is related of his first essay in patronage. He had been promised some assistance by a minister of state, upon whom he waited by appointment, and by whom he was kept waiting for an hour and a half. When the minister appeared, the young man responded to his inquiry as to what he required by saying, "One hour and a half ago I wanted an audience; now I decline it." He did not forget the insult thus offered to his dignity; but when, by other channels, he had risen to power, and the minister who had intentionally or unintentionally wounded his honour was himself in a subordinate position, he readily forgave the old grudge, and took no advantage of their altered circumstances.

On the decease of his father, Bismarck resigned his Government appointment, and retired to his estates, in 1847 became *conseil general* of his department, and in the following year was elected deputy. Three years later he was honoured by receiving the appointment of Prussian representative at the German Diet at Frankfort. There his policy was so satisfactory to the Government that he was raised into a position of considerable influence. The strong native energy of the man, added to a well-cultivated intellect and a warm adherence to the old policy of Prussia, made it plain to all that his power in the state for good or evil would soon be felt. In 1855, when the Russian war was just beginning, Bismarck was called to the Upper Chamber of the Prussian legislature; in 1859 he was dispatched as Minister Plenipotentiary to St. Petersburg; in 1862 he was accredited as ambassador to Paris. A few months after this he was appointed one of the ministers of state, and one month later accepted the portfolio of the Foreign Office, and became President of the Council of Ministers.

This distinguished position Count Bismarck still holds, and to his policy is attributed not only the war with the Danes and consequent dismemberment of Denmark, but the whole beginning of the German difficulty. The Prussian minister is accused of the most ambitious designs—not for himself, but for his country. The lesser German States regard the question as one that shall decide whether Germany is to become Prussian, or whether she is to preserve her federal organisation under the *aegis* of Austria. Threatening demands and grave accusations are always ill calculated to promote peace, and the language employed on all sides, while diplomacy was still active in striving to diminish the chance of a conflict, was such as to provoke hostilities. Bismarck has not scrupled to throw the whole burden of the misunderstanding upon Austria, and to maintain in all its force the absolutist policy of Prussia; and he still stands forth, in spite of the decision of the Diet, as the representative man of this principle, prepared to defend it at the sword's point.

The personal appearance of Count Bismarck is imposing and ingratiating; his expression indicates the possession of rare energy; his eyes are full of intelligence, a light brown moustache partially conceals his well-set lips. He has the air of a true gentleman, and a constitution of iron.

Among the curiosities which will figure at the Paris Exhibition, a perpetual motion pendulum is announced, which has already been oscillating for three years without interruption. The inventor of this apparatus is a well-known watchmaker in Paris.

A COMPETENCY.—A little more than you have.

MINUETTO

FROM MOZART'S OPERA "IL DON GIOVANNI."

SLOW
AND
GRACEFUL.

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The music begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The upper staff contains a series of chords and some melodic fragments, while the lower staff features a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It includes a repeat sign with a first ending bracket. The instruction *Repeat f* is placed below the first ending. The music continues with similar textures to the first system, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and B-flat key signature.

The third system of musical notation shows further development of the minuet's themes. The piano accompaniment in the lower staff remains consistent, while the upper staff introduces more complex chordal structures and melodic lines.

The fourth system of musical notation continues the piece, featuring a variety of rhythmic patterns and harmonic textures. The piano accompaniment provides a steady foundation for the upper staff's melodic and harmonic content.

The fifth system of musical notation shows the continuation of the minuet's themes. The piano accompaniment in the lower staff features a consistent eighth-note pattern, while the upper staff explores different harmonic and melodic ideas.

The sixth and final system of musical notation concludes the minuet. The piano accompaniment in the lower staff ends with a final cadence, and the upper staff concludes with a final chord and melodic phrase.

HEARTSEASE.

THE wild heartsease grows abundantly in our western woods; it is one of our earliest flowers, of a lovely form, and deep tender blue color.

SHE came in early spring,
When the blue violet rears her tender head,
And looking in her eyes as softly blue,
Heartsease, we gently said.

Ours it had been to bear
Much pain and toil and loss, but over all
God's love had ever shed a light serene—
Brightest at even fall.

This little life should lift
Our souls to him, more than aught else, we said,
And through our age renew the bloom of youth,
Long fled, we deemed, long fled.

Oh! sweet of sweets! to touch
The tender blossom of her fragrant mouth—
To feel the soft unscen breath rippling through,
Like breezes from the south!

Her silken dainty hands,
Her little wealth of golden gleaming hair,
Her wee fair feet, ah! early taught to walk
In God's own garden fair!

So it is best, we know!
And we shall meet her in that land of rest;
With patient, bleeding feet we tread the road,
And, suffering, are blest!
July, 1866. C. B. B. E.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 329.

CHAPTER XIII.

From early dawn to the setting of the sun the good prelate Maurice de Sully had been busily running over the whole of the lower part of the cathedral, full of anxiety. The grand fête of the opening of the new church, though far from being finished, was on the morrow to receive its first consecration as the Cathedral Church of Paris—under its roof the august council of bishops were about to assemble, and to deliver their judgment on the same night.

It was the day following the king's adventure with Mahmoud-el-Reis. The artisans had quitted the works at the grand entrance, at an early hour, and were spread about in the choir and through the naves, like a docile army, at the orders of the great prelate.

It was also a fête day for the masons of Notre Dame—for, as we have already said, every soul who had taken a hand in the creation of this colossal church, loved it almost as much as Maurice de Sully himself. They had seen the foundations laid in the earth—watched them rising to the surface of the soil, and their gradual rising above it, till the grand design of the whole building was made manifest. They had seen the grand portals from their framing to the finishing, and blending of their noble stone arches; and every man could pick out, from the harmonious *tout ensemble*, the very stone he had cut and placed.

The whole length of the galleries, which overlooked the purlieus of Notre Dame, were decorated with evergreens and bouquets of flowers. There were garlands of colored ribands twined round every column, nor could even the authority of Maurice de Sully prevent the freemasons from suspending the banner of their order from the awning which formed the temporary roof of the great centre aisle of the building.

The choir, which was in a more advanced state than the rest of the church, was entirely roofed in and had its rich chandeliers ready for lighting up.

Much contrivance was necessary to light up the remainder of the edifice, deprived as it was of the strong reflection which the vaulted roof, if finished, would have given—and wanting also

the proper support for the suspension of the lamps. There was scant time between sunset and midnight to make all the necessary preparations for the great events that were about to be enacted.

The bishop had placed against each of the clustered columns, small trees full of wax lights, and had hung lustres from the scaffolding of the frise, so that garlands of fire ran along the whole length of the walls.

Maurice de Sully hurried to and fro, watching the effect from every new point of view that he could discover—humming all the time hymns of thankfulness, and asking God to pardon him for loving his dear church so much—for he could not help feeling that there was much of human vanity in that passion for his work, which he wished to be wholly Christian. But that God, who loves genius, and by whom these *chefs d'œuvre* are inspired, would surely pardon him.

The heart of Maurice throbbed with joy, as he saw the principal nave lighted up and all the furthest ends of the building coming out of darkness. But when Maurice saw the grand canopy of the communion lighted up, and the dazzling rays piercing through the columns of the altar-piece, the tears came in his eyes; but when the great wax torches spread luminous festoons over the host itself, Maurice fell upon his knees and thanked God.

At this moment the masons of Notre Dame, whose work for the night was completed, found themselves grouped round the bishop, and remained there some time full of silent emotion. They were very numerous—they were as great devotees of art as the architect himself—they were strong men who had come from all points of the earth to join in that great and peaceful crusade—they carried in the depths of their simple and enthusiastic hearts a portion of that flame—an atom of that creative genius, which spread over the world those miracles of Catholic art. But above all they were Christians.

And when they saw the bishop kneel, each bent a knee on the mosaic floor of marble, and, as though inspired by one common feeling, a thousand voices burst forth, intoning that song of pious rejoicing, the magnificent and triumphant *Te Deum*.

Outside the building the crowd were hastening to the ceremony which was to be open to the whole public. At a given hour the doors were about to be opened to all the world, peasants, bourgeois, and seigneurs were about to enter therein, without distinction of rank, till the church should be filled to overflowing.

It is needless to say that the approaching ceremony was the subject of every body's conversation. The sentence of the council was hardly doubtful, and the probable death of poor queen Ingeburge would, it was hoped, smooth over all difficulties.

But in the midst of this gossip strange rumors began to circulate through the crowd—some spoke of murder and some of blood—some said that more than one violent death had taken place in the city during the day. And these doubtful rumours were mixed up with innumerable jokes, such as are borne on the wild breeze of the Parisian atmosphere.

The king was in accord with the council. The king was about to place himself at the head of his men-at-arms, and to leave that night immediately after the ceremony, to go and crush once more that English tyrant, Jean Sans-Terre, who had assassinated Arthur of Bretagne!

They were about to see madame Agnes, the only true queen, led by the legate of his holiness in person.

The body of poor Ingeburge was going to be placed behind the altar, between two rows of wax lights, and after holy mass had been said over it at midnight, the embalmed body was to be placed in a chariot, and to take the great northern road, and to be restored to king Canute of Denmark.

As some expressed doubts about this story, one honest bourgeois affirmed, on oath, that he had seen the royal coffin under the canopy of Notre Dame.

Towards midnight the cortege of bishops left

the city palace and debouched on the purlieus—the hautboys and chanters walking in front, as well as the *porte pupitres*. Then came the banners of Notre Dame, followed by the ensigns and banners of all the surrounding churches. The whole cortege had the appearance of a moving hedge of enormous wax torches, lighting up the rich pontifical costumes.

The folding doors of the grand portal of Notre Dame were thrown open, and the council entered, while a chorus of ten thousand voices joined in the priests' canticles.

As soon as it was seen that the council of prelates had passed in, all the world pushed *pell-mell* into the cathedral, and a great shout of admiration burst from the assembled crowd. A great space had been left before the altar for the accommodation of the lords of the court of Phillip Augustus; on the right side of the nave stood the masons, each in the costume of the fraternity and carrying long white wands ornamented with banderoles.

As soon as the agitation of the people had a little calmed down, all eyes were fixed on the space over the portals of the abbey, for there was some mystery standing there which singularly excited the general curiosity.

In that place where the grand organ of our days is usually placed, stood the atelier of Jean Cador—the front boards had been removed and presented to the public gaze, a remarkable spectacle.

This was a simple group, strongly lighted up, and composed of two men standing before a statue. The two men were black and the statue was covered with a long white veil. The two men were as motionless as the statue itself.

Now every body knew that under that veil was hidden the famous image of Our Lady, cut by Jean Cador, that artisan who had no rival, and who had travelled into the holy land to master the secret of the Saracen sculptors.

"Ah, when will they uncover that statue? and when will those black statues show that they are flesh and blood?"

All the other marvels of the cathedral could be seen—this alone remained hidden. It is needless to say that the good people of Paris made cheap of everything else, and preserved all their impatient and capricious desires for the uncovering of the statue.

CHAPTER XIV.

Through the ranks of the freemasons, the words passed—

"We are all here, except Jean de Valenciennes and maitre Honoré, our brother."

"And Jean Cador," added a voice, "Jean Cador has never returned among us since the day we received him into the brotherhood."

At this moment Eric advanced holding his sister Eve by the hand. She was clothed in mourning and was very pale with weeping.

He approached the spot reserved for the masons, and said to them—"Neither Jean de Valenciennes nor maitre Honoré will be here, my brothers. Jean de Valenciennes has had his head split with the blow of a sword at his lodgings in la place Maubert; and maitre Honoré has had his breast pierced with the thrust of a knife, at the house of Herbert Melfast, lord of Canterbury."

"Bad luck to the lord of Canterbury!" cried several masons.

"The lord of Canterbury has nothing more to fear from man," replied Eric, "for the knife which pierced our brother Honoré passed through the heart of Herbert Melfast."

The freemasons looked at each other, stupefied. A sensation, which now took place in the nave, was caused by some newcomers, who related that in the middle of the great bridge, only twenty paces from the gates of the chatalet, and under the holy lamp, devoted to the Virgin Mary, the corpses of the three German brothers Guiscard, had been found; and even while this story was being told, a loud cry of agony arose.

This proceeded from a German, named Steinbach, a native of the city of Hamburg, who had just arrived at Paris—nobody knew why—and who had now fallen under the very doors of the cathedral, struck by some invisible hand.

He uttered but one cry, and his blood inundated the steps.

"Give way! give way!" cried the heralds, pronouncing at the same time the names of the great vassals of the crown, as they arrived one after the other.

Among that agitated crowd, the dukes of Bourgogne and Berry, the earls d'Aumale, du Perche, d'Alencon, Jean de Nesle, and several others, passed on to the seats reserved for their order.

Then a wider path was made in the middle of the nave, and a herald, dressed in the royal livery, and covered with countless fleurs de lis, proclaimed from the grand entrance—

"Our lord the king!"

Every head was now bent forward and every neck stretched to its utmost to obtain the best view of Phillip Augustus, and doubtless, as they expected, of Agnes de Meranie, in all the *éclat* of their royal apparel.

But the king entered alone, followed by his page Albret—he wore the tarnished and bruised armour which had served him on the battle field.

Behind him, at a little distance, came the halberdiers of the king's guard, commanded by captain Jean Belin, and when these had reached the middle of the nave, according to the great and solemn custom still preserved by our military, the captain, in a loud voice and in the midst of universal silence, gave a series of military commands.

As the page Albret passed by Eve, they exchanged a look, but alas! it was a very sad one.

The people now began to whisper to each other "Where is the queen?"

The king approached the altar, knelt down and said a short prayer.

On rising, he turned towards the bishops who were seated in a circle in the choir.

"My venerable fathers," said he, "whatever may be the tenor of the sentence which you are about in your wisdom to pronounce, henceforth that sentence will be of no avail. Your meeting has been purposeless; and I give you your *conge* by my royal authority."

"Phillip of France," exclaimed the bishop of Orvieto, pale with anger, "it was not thee who called this council together, and it is not thee who can dissolve it."

Phillip Augustus pointed towards heaven with the finger of his gauntleted hand—

"The will of God will be accomplished in spite of us, my venerable fathers," said he, with a calmness which set at naught the anger of the legate; "your respectable council has no longer any object, since the king of France has now but one wife."

A prolonged murmur ran through the row of bishops. For these words rang in their ears as the avowal of some terrible deed of violence, and so the people understood it, for they murmured also.

"The king had two wives," said some voices, who, however, were careful not to pronounce their accusation too loudly. "One that he loved and one that he detested, that is dead."

"Here comes the one that he loves," replied other voices near the entrance.

Madame Agnes had, in short, arrived—the crown upon her head and clothed in the royal mantle—through the great doors she could be seen descending from her litter, and giving her hand to sire Amaury, lord of Anet.

The king saw it as well as the spectators, but he remained immovable and spoke not a word. The prelates were consulting in a low voice. As madame Agnes arrived at the threshold of the cathedral, two halberdiers of the guard crossed their weapons before her.

"Halt there!" called out the rough voice of Antoine Cadocu.

Messire Amaury, on the contrary, was rudely pushed forward into the church. His head had just passed under the atelier of Jean Cador. For the first time for two hours the two black statues that were standing before the veiled image were seen to move. The statue of the virgin tottered on its base, and fell, crushing in its fall the body of Amaury Montreuil.

The blood spurted on the people, who recoiled with fear.

"To the Chateau d'Etamps!" was heard at that moment outside, from captain Antoine Cadocu, who had just placed madame Agnes on a pack horse.

An escort of twelve brigands, who had accompanied the honest clerk Samson, left at the same time, and entered the same ferry-boat which had so lately brought back the empty litter of that other Agnes—Agnes the Pretty.

Agnes de Meranie could not yet believe the full extent of her misfortune.

"Does not the Chateau d'Etamps belong to messire Amaury?" she asked.

"Messire Amaury is dead," they replied to her, "and the Chateau d'Etamps belongs to captain Antoine."

Midnight sounded, and it was the hour when the mass of thanksgiving was about to commence. During the tumult caused by such an accumulation of unlooked-for events, many things escaped the general attention. But without either bishops or people being able to say from whence she had come, they suddenly beheld standing, in the middle of the nave, a veiled woman, wearing, like madame Agnes, the crown and royal mantle. She was accompanied by a man dressed in a magnificent Saracen costume. Page Albret from one side, and Eric and Eve from the other, flew towards her with extended arms.

"King," said the Saracen, bending before Phillip Augustus, "the hour of midnight has struck. Out of the nine assassins of the king, there remains but me. Perform thy promise, as I have performed mine."

The king took the trembling hand of the veiled woman, who was presented to him by the Saracen; and, raising her veil, a great shout arose from the assembled multitude, for everybody recognized the sweet and holy beauty of queen Angel.

Eve and Albret, with hands joined, fell upon their knees.

The king kissed the brow of Ingeburge, who was ready to sink, and leading her up to the steps of the altar, they both knelt down together.

"Before thee, O Lord God! I declare this woman to be my wife," said he. Then, turning towards the people, he added—

"Behold thy queen!"

It was absolutely necessary that the Bishop of Orvieto should discover some object on which to expend his wrath; he therefore sprang towards Mahmoud.

"Infidel," exclaimed he, "whose presence defiles this place—what wouldst thou here?"

"I have come here to be baptized," replied Mahmoud el Reis.

The council of bishops declared that the anathema that had been fulminated against the king, and the interdict which had been proclaimed throughout the whole kingdom, were annulled.

The king departed that same night to enter upon his glorious campaign against the English.

Ingeburge was now queen. History, alas! does not tell us whether she was happy; but history tells—and we know that history never lies—that Agnes de Meranie died of love—I do not know where.

But while every one knows that love never kills, every one does know that passion will destroy.

On the same day that queen Ingeburge had given her blessing to the union of the handsome page Albret with our pretty Eve, she found Mahmoud-el-Reis waiting for her at the entrance of her palace.

His two black slaves were already in the saddle, and a third horse stood all ready to receive the Syrian.

The queen extended her hand to Mahmoud, who kissed it, and pressed it for a moment against his heart.

"Adieu, queen," said he. "I have come to take my leave; for I must now go and see Dilah, and then die. God will listen to thy prayers, as to the prayers of his highest angels. O queen! pray for poor Mahmoud, and for Dilah, the sister of thy soul!"

He leaped upon his Arab steed, and, with his two faithful slaves, disappeared in a cloud of dust.

A rumour reached Europe that terrible chastisement had been inflicted by the prince of the mountain upon one of his *felavi*, who had been converted to the Christian faith, and who had seduced his *fiancée* to abandon the creed of her people; and to the last day of her life, the pious queen Ingeburge prayed for Mahmoud-el-Reis, and for Dilah, the sister of her soul. F. M.

THE END.

MY THREE ROSES.

YEARS since, when we were children, my mother took for the summer one of the many charming chalets by the Lake of Geneva. It peeped from a mass of flowers like a toy-house in the centre of a bouquet. The little hamlet in the vicinity seemed built up at random, within a garden. Even the old church, perched high up on the hills, was surrounded with flowering shrubs. It was a kindly neighbourhood, and all the residents visited my mother on the spot. Out of their families came forth my three especial playfellows, Rose Schille, Rose Grahame, and Rose Fonnercau. As I write their names, they steal, with my departed youth, like spirits to my side. Soon I hear their gay singing, and the little feet that never walked except to elurch pattering and dancing up the garden ways.

I, Frank, was the only representative of my sex among this merry band, was respected as a great authority and infallible referee, and had my own way in everything. Our favourite walk was to the cemetery, than which no palace garden was ever richer in sweet flowers. Long before we approached its sacred precincts, the air was laden with their fragrance. There was nothing melancholy to us in that delightful garden of rest. We had never seen death. We only felt we should be quiet, and not noisy and playful there, as in the presence of something holy. It was a kind of church to us, and while we revered it as much, I am afraid we enjoyed it more.

Sometimes we would come suddenly upon black prostrate figures, still and quiet like everything around; and the graves at which we had noticed these mute mourners had an especial interest, for the time.

Our French nurse, however, introduced us to a tomb that had a melancholy charm beyond all others. Until we came, no flower or garland had ever been placed upon it. Only a solitary willow sapling had been planted there, and that had died at once. There was a name, known to the world, and even to us; a date, and, deeply cut in larger letters, the single word "Proserit."

I remember that we all stood weeping by his grave, as the nurse related to us the patriot's story. All that summer, we laid fresh garlands on his tomb, and, whether he knew it or not, never failed to wave an adieu to him as we left the gates.

That bright summer passed but too quickly away. We were often on the lake, sailing past Chillon, our great delight being to fraternise, by friendly signs, with the prisoners therein confined. There was something pleasantly mysterious in their dark figures, half concealed behind the iron bars. Once we had a great alarm. In apparent answer to our amicable demonstrations, a formidable-looking instrument was protruded from the barred casement. Were they going to fire upon us? No. Our boatman hastened to assure us it was only a fishing-rod, the use of which was permitted by a paternal government, to pass away the time. But at no time did we ever observe a trout ascending to that lofty fishing-bank.

Thus feeling, as I am sure we did, the beauty and grandeur of the scenes surrounding us, though without any artistic appreciation of them, we whiled away that happy summer, until a certain crispness and flippancy in the breeze that

came from the neighbouring hills, reminded us that summer delights were over, and autumn begun.

My mother prolonged her stay as much as possible; but, one morning, behold our rose-trees bending under pure white robes of snow! This was a hint not to be mistaken. In three days we were to go. We did what we could. We suddenly made a snow man, and so successfully that we deemed him worthy of the name of William Tell, and left him there, gazing with his black pebble eyes towards the crags and peaks he loved so well.

For ourselves, we were to go to a spot where snow was never seen, and there was sunshine for my mother the whole winter long. Our last days at Clarens were somewhat sad. I had to separate from my playfellows, for my suggestion to take the three Roses with us was overruled by the respective parents of those flowers, as well as my own. We made a last pilgrimage together to the grave of the "Proscrit," and deposited thereon a wreath of evergreens of prodigious size, while the three Roses and my little sister—Rose Mary (who was, however, too small to be regarded as a regular Rose)—mingled their tears, and those who were to remain pledged themselves to remember the "Proscrit" for our sake, as well as his own. With this unselfish bond we parted, crying (I will confess it) till we could cry no more, and of the many partings since, I can recall but *one* as bitter.

The only male friend I had left at Clarens was the young doctor of the village who had attended my mother, and often took me as his companion in his long professional drives or walks among the hills. He was full of life, as merry as a boy, and glad of any excuse to run races and jump ditches with me.

I corresponded with him after our separation, at first in round text and a succession of abrupt sentences, always ending with "my love to the Roses." As time went on, I had more subjects of interest to dilate upon. His replies had a great charm for me, and, when my mother died, his was the one letter that broke the dull apathy of grief into which I had fallen, and taught me a healthier sorrow.

"You are ill," he said, in his last letter; "I believe I can cure you. Leave London tomorrow, and, accidents apart, be with me on Thursday."

I obeyed; and thus, after an interval of just twenty years, returned to Clarens.

I found my excellent friend fatter than I could have imagined. Friends so often omit to mention the personal changes that are taking place in them, and photographs were at this time unknown. His hair was curiously streaked with white, as if he had dyed it with an unsteady hand, but there was the same kind beaming face, and the grasp of his hand was cordial, almost to pain. He had loved my mother, and our first talk was all of her. Insensibly we glided into other topics—old scenes and adventures—until, at last, I inquired for "the Roses."

"They are here—all here," he answered. "Rose Sebillé, Rose Fonnereau, and—and Rose Grahame; but," he added, gravely, "we will visit *her* last."

As we sat that evening in the familiar balcony, looking on the blue lake, and glancing every instant towards a chalet half buried in trees and flowers, and fraught with so many a sweet and sacred recollection, I learned the story of the first of my three bright roses, Rose Fonnereau.

We could discern, in the twilight, a grand old château frowning down upon us from an adjacent hill, though, to be literally correct, it presently began to shine and glisten in the rising moonlight, as only a Swiss château can. I knew it well of course—knew its feudal history, its secret crypts, its torture-tower, its dungeons. It had been, in my time, the paradise of bats and boys—its dark recesses offering splendid facilities for hide-and-seek. I knew the horrible post, scarred and scorched, to which victims, in old times, were bound, while hot coals were applied to their feet. Happier times succeeding the torture-chamber had become our chief playroom, while the lower prisons discharged the genial office of wine-cellars.

Ten years before, Rose Fonnereau had become the wife of the young heir of this place. The rejoicings had lasted three days—garlands, flags, coloured lamps, and fireworks turning the little village into a perfect fair. There was music and dancing for the young and agile, wine and other comforts for the poor, the inimitable cannon, whose voice is never mute in Switzerland upon the slightest disturbance; and thus was Rose Fonnereau, the beautiful and beloved, conducted to her husband's stately home.

Rose became the idol of the house. She was like a sunbeam that had found its way within those sombre walls to warm and cheer, and not one escaped its influence. Her husband had sole charge of the estate, his father, though living, being in feeble health. But once every year he went alone upon a rambling excursion on the Alps.

Five years since, he took his knapsack and alpenstock, and departed on his annual march, his Rose accompanying him some distance along the road, and returning alone in tears, for she always dreaded those lonely wanderings of his. He had promised to write continually, and requested that his letters should be addressed to a distant village across the mountains he intended to explore.

Rose never beheld him more. She knew not if he wandered, lost and starved to death upon the snow, or if his death was quick and unexpected, falling from some terrific peak, or whelmed in an avalanche, or, worse fate, murdered by some unknown hand. All that love and sorrow could devise was put in action, and, for months, the mountain-paths and plateaux were followed and searched; but without success. Once only was he heard of. He had hired a guide to take him to a village, situated beyond a dangerous and difficult pass—the village to which his letters were to be directed.

Four years later some human remains were found, by shepherds or hunters, in the neighbourhood of the pass, but some distance from the ordinary road, and without a shred or relic of any kind to identify the victim, unless a slight peculiarity in the jaw could be relied upon as proof that it was indeed Rose's husband, who had been injured in his youth by the kick of a horse in the face. At all events, it convinced *her*, and the remains were laid reverently to rest in the cemetery.

"I also," said the doctor, "believe it to be him. The guide with whom he ascended that fatal path was suspected, and questioned, and, though nothing was elicited to incriminate him, he was for a long time under surveillance. He was an ill-looking fellow, and bore the worst character in the village. The man's account was that the traveller had dismissed him when actually within sight of the village to which he was proceeding, and was last seen descending, the path leading thither. It was, however, a significant fact, that his watch, chain, rings, and money, as well as all the more perishable part of his equipment, had disappeared, when the remains were found. His father expired on the day following the interment of his son's remains, and the mother is, I fear dying. As for Rose, she is mistress of the castle, and guardian of her boy, and loved by all around her. You shall see her to-day."

After this story, a perfectly true one, we sat for a little time in silence, watching the fatal mountain and the grim old chateau, with its turrets for the moment kissed into silver by the cold bright moon. Then the doctor, who was always depressed by the reminiscence he had just recounted, rose hurriedly, and with an effort to be gay, wished me good night and pleasant dreams.

My dreams were *not* pleasant. They hovered incessantly between a death-struggle on the mountains and a white face looking out into the moonlight, keeping, from habit, a dreary watch, though hope was dead.

Next morning, at breakfast, a note was handed to the doctor, who laughed, and passed it to me.

"Come, Frank, your walk among the Roses begins forthwith. We will be off in ten minutes."

The note, Englished, ran thus:

"Dear Sir. Pray come at once. Marie has cut off the top of her thumb. Receive, dear sir, the assurance of my very high consideration."

"R. STAMFFER."

We were quickly ready, and in the carriage.

"Well," said the doctor, "you certainly take things calmly enough. I expected to find you in a fever of excitement and impatience."

"Me? Why so? What has this rather dirty little note to do with *me*? And who upon earth is 'R. Stamffer'?"

"Is there no instinct in human affection," asked the doctor, with assumed gravity, "that might whisper to you that this note is from no less a person than Rose Sebillé? She married Karl Stamffer, a German Swiss, about eight years since, and is, I assure you, a model housewife—a perfect 'meat-mother,' as the Germans say. She has five children, is grown very fat, and—My dear Frank, you look quite pale. What's the matter?"

"I—Well, I don't know exactly," I replied. "All these changes have come about unobserved by *you*. I had in my mind a little bright-haired fairy in short frocks and trousers, whose flounces were, day after day, distributed among the brambles in our haunts of play. And now—Well, well."

We drove through the old scenes—past our chalet, past the gate, and the path where Rose Sebillé, who had become Stamffer, sobbed out her adieux, with the rest—past the old planetree avenue, and the little pier on which I had passed many an hour catching little palegreen spectres of fish, the like of which I have never met with elsewhere. Then on past Chillon, always at our side the deep blue lake, and, beyond, the royal Alps of Savoy, crowned with cloud and snow, and smiling or frowning as the sunshine or the shadows fell.

"There is Rose Stamffer's mansion," said my companion, pointing to a pretty chalet on the side of a hill.

We left the high road and turned into the approach, under the cool shade of an avenue of limes. It really seemed a delicious spot.

There was a large court or farm-yard at the side of the house, across which people were hastily passing and re-passing. Evidently something of an exciting nature was going forward. We rang a large bell, which gave forth what seemed an unnecessarily vociferous peal, and was responded to by several dogs, that burst forth barking furiously. Then appeared a female form, with bare and reddish arms, a wide good-natured face, fringed all round with little light curls, and a waist of considerable size, girt with a discoloured apron, which the wearer sought to undo, but, failing, triced it up round her portly form.

"I am so glad to see you, doctor," she called out, in a voice which, though sweet, was certainly loud. "Marie has cut off the top of her thumb, and I am sure you can sew it on nicely again! How untidy I am!" (This in a series of melodious shouts.) "I am not fit to see any body! We have just killed a pig, and we are going to cut him up! Madame G—'s young ladies are come to help us with the sausages! I beg your pardon, sir" (to me); "pray walk in. This way."

I saw my friend suppressing his laughter as we went away—stumbling over chairs, benches, &c., that had been brought into the passages from the kitchen, to be out of the way of the porcine solemnities, to which, in middle-class Swiss establishments, everything succumbs at least once-a-year.

Presently the suffering Marie, accompanied by the top of her thumb, was conducted into the room. She had endured much pain, and—after the manner of the poorer Swiss, when attacked by a malady in any part of their frames—had tied a handkerchief over her head!

The thumb was quickly restored to its pristine shape; and then the doctor, turning gravely to the stout lady with the rosy arms, quietly observed:

"Madame Stamffer, here is a gentleman who desires to kiss your hand! Surely you remember Frank C.?"

There was a little scream, or rather shout—a merry laugh, and both my hands were in the grasp of Rose Seville. Soundly shaken they were, and it was with labour and difficulty, by flashes, as it seemed, that I began to recognise in this huge hearty woman my fairy Rose. Then, too, that horrible pig loomed over the scene, and, even while the little volume of our youth began to open before us, the duties owing to the yet undismembered brute fell like a shadow across the page.

Maid Marie, who had discarded her handkerchief and her tears together, now reappeared, and, making two imaginary gashes across her mottled arm, whispered anxiously in her mistress's ear.

Taking this as a signal to depart, we rose; but our hostess had no idea of parting with so old an ally,

"You must stay with us, dear Mr. Frank—dear Frank—and indeed you can be of the greatest service to us, for M. Stamfer is gone to Berne, not to return till to-morrow, and hands are scarce."

I looked at Marie's decapitated thumb, and thought my own might become scarcer. But Rose would take no denial.

"Let the doctor go his rounds, and join us at dinner at six. You can drive home by moonlight."

Thus it was settled. The doctor drove his way, and I was conducted to the scene of recent slaughter.

Dear Rose! She called me Frank, as she had done twenty years ago, and her pleasure at the meeting was honest and unfeigned. She was in the highest spirits. The children had gone on a visit to a neighbour, to be out of the way in pig-week, and she had nothing to divert her attention from the pig and me.

In a large kitchen, seated about a table, were about a dozen girls, while several ladies of riper years hovered about, brandishing large knives, like scimitars, and the disabled Marie haunted, like an unquiet spirit, the scene of her former exploits.

Rose, as she entered, armed herself hastily, as if the pig were still alive and standing desperately at bay. Then she introduced me, as an old and valued friend, to most of the assembled company, including the pastor's daughter, the perfect's widow, and the syndic's wife.

The school girls were merely neophytes, and had come to be initiated by the elder priestesses into the mysteries of this horrible sacrifice. I bowed to the ladies and to circumstances; but there, stark and ghastly, reclined upon the table the miserable pig, and seemed to concentrate all my faculties, by a horrible fascination, upon itself.

I was conscious of a voice remarking complacently that all had been "magnifiquement arrangé," and that now they would begin, in reply to which everybody said "très-bien," and so did I. I remember that, stooping for my hat to prepare for flight, a small finely tempered hatchet was slid into my hand.

Seeing that I was suspected, I took a stern resolution, and, bracing my nerves up to the occasion, determined to be priest, butcher, anything but the object of ridicule of the impatient assembly.

"Let me begin!" I said, striding forward, and, waving my hatchet in the air, with a wild war-whoop I shut my eyes and struck a savage blow. A shrill scream arose. I had missed the brute's body, and only cut off an ear.

Rose applauded my zeal, but, with some-mistrust of my skill, undertook to direct my further operations. The hatchet and the post of honour had (she said) been unanimously assigned to me, and I must do my best.

I decline to state, minutely, to what that amounted. I believe that, had the pig been alive, and sensible of the playful havoc I was making with his carcase, I could scarcely have suffered more. I cut and slashed, and hacked and hewed, conscious only of the one desire to reduce the brute to the smallest possible dimensions. At length, whether excited by the commendations I received, or in obedience to some strange law of our nature which I have never

yet had time to investigate, it certainly came to pass that I began to experience a certain sense of satisfaction in the work. Time, dinner, everything was forgotten, excepting only the beautiful proportions of the pig—"our" pig—for by this time I had fairly adopted him, and I was still the centre of an admiring band, executing a "chef-d'œuvre" of skill and elegance (cutting off chops), when, casting my eyes round, I became aware of the figure of my friend, the doctor, standing at the door, and quivering all over with suppressed laughter. His presence broke the charm. But the work was done. The pig was dismembered from snout to tail. Covered with glory, I resumed my coat, and sunk from the butcher to the man. Dear Rose and I parted the best of friends. But I did not kiss her hand.

Time passed rapidly away, and still the doctor found some new reason to postpone our promised visit to my third Rose—Rose Grahame. At length one Sunday, after service, he led me through the vineyards, saying, *this* was our opportunity. We took a familiar path, under walnut-trees, winding ever up and up till it led us out upon the hill, and to the cemetery, my youth's Eden—the garden that love, stronger than death, kept ever sacred, on the mountain side.

We entered the well-known gates, and presently were standing by the "Proscrit's" grave. But what is this beside it? Another grave? A little one. A little marble cross, a broken lily, and beneath,

"ROSE GRAHAME
Æt. 5."

A DEAD FIX!

AN ENGLISH TALE.

CHRISTMINSTER is an old-fashioned town, pleasantly situated on an inlet of the sea, in Berkshire. It takes its name from a very fine old church, the date of the original erection of which is lost in obscurity; and its inhabitants rejoice in the possession of the ruins of a venerable castle, built by Richard de Redvers, Earl of Devon, in the dark ages. The only manufacture for which the town is noted is that of the tiny "fuzee chains," used for watch barrels, a very delicate and quiet sort of trade, subject to little variation, and whereby a great number of persons are enabled to earn quite as much as it would appear possible, in the estimation of a Londoner, to spend in so quiet and steady an old town.

There are several old stories told in connexion with the building of the present church. It is stated, for instance, that a site having been selected, the masons set to work at the foundations, but they invariably found that whatever their progress had been in the day, on coming to work next morning, they had to commence again at the beginning—as fast as they built during the day, it was destroyed during the night. Tired of this at length, and in doubt how to proceed, they learned from some countryman, that at nearly a mile distant there was the ground plan of a church marked out in the sward in lighter shades, like the fairy rings, and thither proceeding, it was understood Providence had decreed the church should be erected on that spot. The workmen soon began to build on the new site, and the walls rose with surprising speed, for there was an unknown mason among them, more clever than the rest, and who did as much as all the others put together, *but who never came to be paid on Saturday night*. As the church approached completion, the carpenters, by some mistaken measurement, had cut the beam which was to carry the organ loft, one foot too short to reach the piers by which it was to be supported. After spending some time in wondering how the blunder could have occurred, and many conjectures as to the best means of remedying a remediless case, the workmen left the beam lying on the ground when the day's labour was done. Judge their surprise and amazement when, on resuming work next morning, they found the spoilt beam in its place on the piers! And to a very recent period the beam was shown in confirmation (!) of the story:

(demonstrating clearly enough, of course, that the beam is long enough now, though scarcely a conclusive proof to an unbeliever that it had ever been too short.) The site on which the church began has been for ever miraculously marked, since no grass will grow upon it, although in the midst of a patch of verdure, and the cruciform outline of the edifice is strictly discernible to the most sceptical visitor at the present time.

The following story was related to me by a friend in Christminster, as a portion of the creed of its inhabitants, and I give it much as it was told me, suppressing, however, the real names, out of delicacy to the feelings of surviving relatives of the persons referred to:—

Sir Harry Burrard was lord of the manor for many a mile round. And Sir Harry Burrard was dead. He had been feared and hated by his tenantry during his life, and although at his funeral there had been no lack of display of the pomp of woe, there was little enough of the sincerity of grief among the numerous dependents who followed him to the grave. Sir Harry had, in life, been a blustering, hard dealing squire, very tenacious of interference with his individual claims as lord of the manor, and to any one who transgressed his rights of warren, and jambage and soccage and cuiusage and infang theofe and outfang theofe, a bitter and vindictive foe. He was rather pleased than otherwise at the number of enemies he made, and the amount of rancour he excited in their breasts. Even as he lay dying, he perpetrated several hardships in respect of tenant rights, which so exasperated those concerned, that threats were openly made by some of the tenants, that in the event of his demise, they would profane the sanctity of the family vault, and carry off his body to the hills and burn it. These coming to Sir Harry's ears, he roundly declared he would watch his own coffin after death, and grasp with his dead hand the first who should touch it. There were those to whom this menace was very potent, who had felt his iron grip in life, and even feared it in death, and there were very few who were not so far influenced by the superstition of the times as not to be vaguely awed at his declaration; for they knew that on whatever other grounds Sir Harry's character was open to improvement, on this there had never been a question—he always kept his word.

The vault of the Burrard family was a very large one, and when opened, as on the present occasion, you descended to it by stone steps, and entered through a massive iron door, hideous with heavy nails, and portentous in the weird creek of its hinges, as it yawned to receive another grim occupant. Ranged round dark shelves in the interior were the mouldering coffins of nine generations of Burrards. Tattered and decayed fragments of the mildewed velvet on the older coffins fluttered in the draught of the unusual air, and you breathed with difficulty from the dry and noisome particles of pungent dust that rose in the dank atmosphere as you entered. The coffin containing the remains of Sir Harry Burrard was not yet deposited on the shelf apportioned to it, but remained resting on trestles in the centre of the vault, covered with the heavy pall which had been left on it at the funeral—an undefined black object standing out dimly from the shadowy gloom. The three masons, whose business it was the morrow to close the mausoleum, and relay the heavy stones which covered the top, locked the door as the twilight set in, and adjourned to a public house to supper.

It was nigh upon Christmas time, and the men were very glad to sit down by the warm chimney corner after the late afternoon funeral, and its duties in the chill December air, and to drive away the dull thoughts engendered, by the consumption of large draughts of Christminster ale, to moisten the long clays which they smoked before the blazing fire, while supper was in preparation.

While still waiting, a tall, well-built young man, about five and twenty, with black hair, and honest kindly features, evidently a workman in his Sunday's best, walked into the room. He

was well known to the masons, for they individually jumped up and tried to shake hands with him altogether, failing in which, the unsuccessful ones seized him by the arms, and other available portions of his body, and shaking him heartily, began to overwhelm him with questions. "Well, Jabez?" "Hullo, my lad!" "And how's things in Lunnon?" "And when did 'ee come down?" "And what a man they have made of thee, sure-ly!" "And what'll thee take to drink!" "Come along and sit down, and tell us what thee'st a bin doin'."

Jabez Farnell, the new comer, was forthwith carried off to the chimney corner, installed in the warmest place, invested with a long clay, and a tankard of ale set by his side. Jabez was a carpenter, who having been born, bred, and apprenticed in Christminster, had gone to London as a journeyman, having thoroughly learned his trade, he was returned to his native place, to be taken into partnership with his old master, Timothy Doyle. He satisfied his friends with a brief account of his doings in London, and then proceeded to test the quality of the home-brewed.

"Ah, but we was all proud of thee lad, when we heerd' how thou'dst saved the woolstapler from drownin' in the Thames,"—said the biggest of the masons heartily,—"clutched thee, he did, and pulled thee under! Thee'dst a hard struggle for't my boy, but thee bee'st real grit and no mistake, tho' we used to call thee 'Gaby Jaby,' and so here's to thee lad,"—drinking his ale in conjunction with the rest, who honored the toast.

"Well," said a thin mason, "Jabez, 'ee used to be a white-livered chap, sure enow, for old Doyle said thee'st never make a carpenter, 'cause thee'dst never measure a corpse, nor never help put him into the coffin thee'ds made for'un, and don't 'ee remember once when thee see a dead man's face, how thee'dst screech? O, Lord, like a gal, and then faint; but thee'dst seen a good many dead 'uns in Lunnon, and measured 'um too, I'll be bown'—ah, lad?"

"No," replied Jabez, with a blush, "I never could do it, for I was frightened by a corpse when I was little, and have never been able to bear to look on the dead since, and though I risked my life for a living man only three weeks ago, and would again to night, I could not do it."

"Ah well," said the third mason, whose nose, like Simon the Cellarer's, bore testimony to the frequency of the visits of reviving fluid to a neighbouring organ, "thee must get out of that afore thee goes partner with old Doyle, or he'll laugh at thee; beside, I've heard Miss Patience say as she never would marry man who was only half a tradesman. When's the weddin' to be, Jabez?"

"Why old Doyle 'll never trust 'un wi' a live body till he knows how to measure a dead 'un," remarked the thin man. A chuckle from the rest greeted the dreary pleasantry, and supper was brought in. To this they all gave a hearty welcome, and sitting down began their meal in good earnest.

"Well, Jabez," said the mason, pausing with a loaded fork in his hand, rampant, "We've had a fine burryin' to-day—a very fine burryin'."

"Good many of the tenants thinks so, I der-say," put in the fat one, speaking with his mouth full, "'specially them as talked of huckin' on him up again."

"And not a mother's son on 'em but what 'ud be afeerd to go into his vault and touch his coffin," said he of the nose gules, "lest Sir Harry 'ud get him—Old Harry, for that matter, they think,—and they're as much afeerd of one as 'tother."

"The tenants is'nt the only ones afeerd—ah, Jabez?" said the thin man with a smile.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied Jabez Farnell, "there's nothing much to be afraid of in a coffin that I know of."

"Of course there ain't," the fat man observed decisively—"of course there ain't, my lad, and I'd go down into the vault now, and smoke my pipe a' settin' on Sir Harry's coffin as comfortable as could be, for that matter. Lord! the many coffins and corpses, too, as I've seed and bricked up!" and he smiled reflectively.

"Tell thee what, Jabez," said the red-nosed mason, "I'll lay thee a gallon thee duran't go into the vault now, and touch Sir Harry Burrard's coffin."

"Take him, can't thee," cried the thin man,— "a man like thee as has saved a chap's life at risk of thee own ain't afeerd? Besides, it 'll show the folk what thee's made of."

"Take it, Jabez," said the fat mason, "for Miss Patience and her sake, for she'll not call thee coward after that, if thee doesn't care to go and measure a corpse."

Jabez Farnell thought a minute. His repugnance to the dead and to all connected with them, was too deep ever to be overcome; but sensitive to the opinion of others, he dreaded to be thought a coward by his friends in his own native town; and if it were true that Patience would cease to think him craven in his own business if he went, why he would strive to conquer his feelings and go. So he shook hands on it with his friend and said, "Done!"

"Bray-vo?" cried the fat mason. "I know'd thee was'n't afeerd, and thee'll be back in no time a drinkin' the beer."

"But how shall we know he's touched the coffin?" asked the proposer of the bet.

"Easy enough," replied the thin man,— "Jabez 'll take this fork and stick 'un into the coffin, and we shall find 'un when we go to work in the morning."

Jabez took the fork, but could not suppress an involuntary shudder as he did so.

"Thee'll see old Sir Harry 'll keep his word," continued the thin man, "he said he'd watch his coffin himself, and fix the first man as touched it."

"Did he say that?" asked Jabez, in increasing trepidation,— "then I won't go!"

"My lad," said the fat mason quietly, "he did say so; but thee knows as well as I the dead can't hurt thee. I wouldn't send thee to harm, but in thy trade thee must needs learn these things. Why, Sir Harry is in three coffins, beside the lead one. Go on my boy. God bless thee, poor heart, why thee'll be back in no time, and all Christminster 'll know thee bee'st a man."

Jabez took the key of the vault, and a lantern, and the fork, and set out to go. His face looked deadly white in the gleam of the lantern light, as the door shut on him, while he stepped forth into the darkness, and the church clock struck out the hour of nine.

"He's afeerd," said the red-nosed man.

"He won't go at all," said the thin man.

"He's got more spirit than the pair of ye," said the big mason, "but I doubts me we've put too much on him, for he was always a nervous sort o' chap and kind o' childish about dead folk."

Leaving the masons to continue their discussion over their pipes, we will follow Jabez Farnell on his errand.

He walked on with brisk steps through the dull night, but his heart sunk within him as he thought of his mission. He feared the presence and the power of the dead, and the darkness of the gloomy vault, which seemed to him as a prison-house wherein were shut up the spirits of all the dead squires of Christminster. They were surely there, he argued to himself, and perchance might make themselves manifest to him in some terrible shape as the spirit of Samuel did to Saul. To Jabez a dead body was of itself a presence, the more terrible for having passed the mysterious ordeal of death. To him the dead ceased to be natural and therefore became supernatural; and his felt ignorance of their power led his imagination to endow them with terrible capacities. Would it not be an outrage on the dead to disturb its quiet by an unseemly visit and by marring its coffin, and would not the dead be likely to resent it if possible? And Sir Harry's terrible threat! Jabez closed his eyes tightly, for a moment, to shut out the picture he had raised in his mind, and entering the churchyard, walked quietly to the vault of the Burrard's. It was too late now to retreat, and the only thing left, he determined, was for him to enter as speedily as possible, perform his errand, and get back again. Fearing to think further on the matter, he raised his lantern and hastened

down the stone steps. There was not a star in the sky, and the only light on the grim and rusty door was the ray from the lantern. Putting the heavy key in the lock, which grated harshly as the bolt turned back, his heart beat loudly, and the heavy door creaked open on its ancient hinges. Jabez paused outside a moment, peering into the vault, which he half expected to see peopled with spectres resenting his intrusion, and which he still more dreaded would reveal some terrible sight beyond his comprehension to determine; but as the light of the lantern fell on the interior, he could just discern the coffin of Sir Harry covered with a pall in the centre, and beyond this nothing but shade and darkness. The very absence of any dreadful sight only set his imagination to work the more strongly to picture what *might* appear when he struck the coffin and broke the charm. Another minute, and he was in the vault beside the coffin of Sir Harry Burrard.

A very bold man who had undertaken such a journey, that is to say, a man deficient of imaginative and nervous power, would have gone in quickly, driven in the fork, with but a passing glance around, and hastened away. Jabez, on the other hand, being a man of excitable imagination, particularly on the subject of his errand, raised the lantern and looked around to assure himself that nothing extraordinary was present. He stood transfixed, looking around. He was aware that his lantern was totally inadequate to illumine the whole of the vault, which might have been infinite in extent for ought he could tell from the fantastic lights and shadows that fell into the gloom around—the gloom wherein perchance the spirits of the dead kept eternal watch. He was aware of the coffins grimly ranged round on the shelves, and their number seemed doubled as he turned his light on one after another, and they appeared as if by enchantment to start out of the uncertain shade. The mouldiness of the coffins and the loose fluttering rags of velvet, damp and white with the dews of long decay, and streaked with the rust marks from the nails, took his attention—and the undisturbed dust lying heaped upon the shelves, and the damp and glistening roof, gaudy with rank fungus growth, and by the walls masses of old webs of dead spiders whereon a fat descendant would poise himself for an instant to eye the intruder and then dart into the home of his forefathers. Then he became conscious that the air he was breathing was dank and noisome and loaded with choking dust—the dust of the dead, and that he himself was breathing death! when he heard the church clock solemnly striko the half hour. The sound from the outside world instantly recalled him to his mission. Why had he tarried so long? At that moment a gust of air came through the door and rustled the pall against which he stood. Jabez uttered a cry of horror, and starting round to see the cause, hastily plunged the fork into the coffin with a convulsive thrust, and turned to flee.

He was held as in a vice!

The lantern dropped from his powerless grasp, and as its light flickered up ere it expired, Jabez saw the heavy door had swung to, and in a moment he was left alone in the darkness, shut up in the sepulchre, and in the grasp of the dead. No! it could not be! Held! And by the dead? No! no! He had only dropped his lantern, and had but to pick it up—dart through the door, and be again in the fresh air and in the land of the living! Jabez gave a start to run, and he heard the leavy coffin of the dead shake on its trestles as if some infernal power had been aroused to detain him! He could not move! He was fixed in the grasp of the dead, there could be no doubt! He would struggle for it, though! And he did—with all his powers! How uselessly he felt, as the thought chilled his heart that he was struggling against the dead! It was a very dreadful thing to him, and in accordance with all he feared respecting the quiet but awful power of the dead, that the grasp by which he was held never tightened on him, nor slackened in the least—nor was there sign of any struggle on the part of the dead; this would have been a relief to Jabez. The grasp simply held, that was all—but *how fast!* Look round, he dare not—

not for very life, least some awful Gorgon face should freeze him into stone as he gazed. Terrified beyond measure, Jabez already felt the air full of strange unearthly sounds and wraithly sights preparing to meet his straining senses—and, from out the darkness like a shining stone, glared at him the face of the corpse that had frightened his child's soul. "Oh God! Help!"—he cried, in horror, dampness bursting through his pores and standing in beads on his face—while the iron vault took up his cry and tossed it back in strange echoes from the gloomy walls. Jabez sank to the ground and would have fainted, but as he fell, that never yielding, never tightening grasp of the dead held him fast, and his pulse beat quick and then almost stopped. Then he raised himself, and remembered where he was, and struggled again, and half sank once more—but the dead man still held fast.

Fast? Oh, yes! The wool-stapler *did* hold fast—ha! ha!—by the throat, too! And he saw his face gleam through the water as he sank, but it was the face of the corpse he saw as a child—and he saw it *now*! Oh God! but no, no—he was dreaming in his own bed at home and would wake soon. He could wake when he liked—he would wake *now*! The vault and the darkness again! Oh!—why he had fallen down there and slept! How odd to sleep there! No matter—why should he remain longer? He had done his errand and would go. But the dead man still held fast.

Errand? Ha! ha! What *was* his errand? Why to get a piece of elm to make a hoopstick for little Patty Doyle. But why elm? Oh, he knew—why he had been playing with Patty under the elm tree in the lane, and she wanted her hoopstick of one of the boughs. All the boys in the school loved little Patience, but she would let no one else make the hoopstick, and she told him she loved him better than all, and had made two bead rings for them to be married when they grew big enough. But why were the curtains drawn round the bed? Why because he was in his little cot ill with the measles, and could not bear the light to his eyes! He put out his hand for his drink that his mother had left by the bedside, and—touched the cold clammy door of the vault! Why he had left the masons at the inn to come and touch the coffin of Sir Harry Burrard—and the dead man was keeping him! He, in a sepulchre, alone with the dead, and they awaiting him by the warm fire! They would come for him directly and it would be all right—come to look at the coffins! *Who* wanted to be measured for a coffin? Why, Sir Harry—and he had come to do it, and that was why he was here. No, no! Horrible! Sir Harry was *in* his coffin! *Was he?*—for the dead man still held fast, and Jabez dared not look lest the dead man should give him the lie!

Oh God! Was there no help? No pity? No release from this icy grasp? Why his mother would help him against the dead, for he had buried her long ago! "Mother, mother!"—he shrieked! But his mother *would* not help him, for she was standing beside his own grave, and he was in his coffin, being buried alive!—and he struggled within it, as he had heard people had done before, and cried aloud for help! But how could any one hear through the coffin with the earth above him?—and he was breathing up all the air, and it would soon be gone—and the dead! And he struggled again. How long would he keep his senses, he wondered; shut up in the coffin and buried, and consuming the air so fast? But no—it was the vault again!—he had known it all along, and was only making pretence. And from the walls around the ghastly faces of the shrouded dead grew out of the darkness, and he saw them solemnly stretch forth their dead hands and grasp his limbs, one by one; and he felt a hand of ice on his heart, and a grasp of stone at his throat, and clammy fingers over his mouth, catching away his breath—and anon the faces of the dead grew nearer, and crowded on him till they touched his face with their chill lips, and froze his blood, while they turned his brain to burning fire, and he could not cry aloud, but only struggle faintly to free himself from his awful jailer—while the dead man still held him fast!

The masons at the public house had passed the time in chatting and smoking until the church clock having struck eleven without the arrival of Jabez Farnell, they at length determined to repair to the vault and seek him. "I'll bet thee," said the thin man, "that Jabez left us and bolted home and never went near the churchyard at all!"

"No," said the fat mason, "I'll be bound the lad's there a waitin' thee, a-hid behind the door, ready to frouthen thee and see if thee be as bold as he."

The opinion of their red-nosed companion was somewhat unintelligible, being conveyed in the inappropriate remark, "Pot o' nuther beer, mister, and looks to 'ords your gents."

Taking lights with them, the three repaired to the vault of the Burrards, and descending the stone steps, found the door closed. The thin man thought it had never been opened, the big man was sure Jabez was hiding behind it ready to spring out on them.

Pushing open the door, a terrible sight met their eyes! Jabez Farnell stiffened in death in the act of trying to fly from the vault—his eyes glaring and fixed in a last glassy stare of awful agony, his features fearfully contorted, and his hands wildly outstretched with divided fingers in the eagerness of attempting to escape.

He had accidentally nailed himself to the coffin by striking the fork through the skirt of his coat, and overturning the lantern, his excited imagination had led him to believe he was forcibly detained by the dead.

The inhabitants of Christminster never quite believed that this was the actual cause of the young man's detention and death, but generally held that it was only another instance of how Sir Harry Burrard kept his word.

EUSTACE HINTON JONES.

"MY WORLD."

I do not live as others live,
In this prosaic, hateful sphere
That has not of itself to give
A single thing I reckon dear.

I do not seek as others seek,
The ladder step by step to scale,
To reach ambition's giddy peak,
But deem it all an idle tale!

I revel in a world ideal,
With fancy fraught, but still my own;
With just sufficient of the real
To banish folly from her throne.

I gaze on nature's varied face
With silent unrestrained delight;
For all the beauties I can trace
Are stars unto my spirit's night.

A tiny tress of sunny hair—
The magic of a soft blue eye,
Are sweet to me; for they are fair,
And fraught with some deep mystery.

And with that airy world of mine
In silent unison they beat;
Where reason bows at fancy's shrine,
And all is golden-hued, and sweet.

I pine for no Utopian sphere,
No bright Oasis down below;
My world has no surroundings here,
And will die with me, when I go.

F. B. DOVETON.

Kingstou, C. W.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

The greyhound runs by eye sight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight—namely, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he

would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly, amidst your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiarly high-shouldered, vicious gnat, with long, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy, and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to any emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look round, before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black, or negro ant? No one knows.

The power of judging of actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a most correct notion of a gun's range, and while scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wit and cleverness in antagonism to that of man, for the benefit of their fellows.

We lately read an account, by a naturalist in Brazil, of an expedition he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoonbills, ibises, and other of the magnificent grallatorial birds, which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sand-piper that preceded him, continually uttering his telltale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue his self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

WOOD.

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken pieces of the branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows? The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not. Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow-tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years the earth was carefully watered with rain-water, or pure water.

The willow grew and flourished, and, to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dirt being blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude everything but air from getting access to the earth below it. After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and, on being weighed, was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds as it now weighed one hundred and sixty-nine pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which, in five years, fell from the tree.

Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but, in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven and put in the balance. Astonishing was the result—the earth weighed only two ounces less than it did when the willow was first planted in it! yet the tree had gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds. Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in this space of time was not obtained from the earth; we are therefore compelled to ask, "Where does the wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives; the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are, consequently, unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion, it was derived from the air.

Can it be? Were those great ocean-spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast but solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were these all obtained from the thin air? Were the articles which unite to form our battle-ships. Old England's walls of wood ever borne the world about, not only on wings of air, but actually as air themselves? Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on which I tread, and much of the house in which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this was air.

A NON-RECOIL GUN.—A curious weapon, called the non-recoil gun, has been invented by Mr. G. P. Harding. Its principle is simple and extremely peculiar. It is, in fact, a plain tube, without any breech, open at both ends. The shot is placed in the centre, a wad is placed behind it so as to confine the charge, and a second wad is placed at such a distance as to leave an air-space behind the charge. There being no recoil from the gun, it is termed the non-recoil.

A GALLIC MACBETH.—A stage-struck Frenchman made application to an English theatrical stranger for an engagement. He was asked if he could speak English as well as French, and to convince the manager that he could he struck an attitude, and reited the following, which bears a hideous resemblance to the soliloquy of the Duke of Glo'ster, "Now is the winter of our discontent," &c. The Frenchman rendered it: Now iz ze vintar of our dem oneasiness made into hot veddare by ve son of York (zat is vat you call ze little boy of Mister York); and ve dark clouds at ze top ded and buried at ze bottom. I hev ze pomp on me back; bandy legs; and for zat ze dogs bow-vow-vow-at me ven I valk by him." For an extemporaneous translation this was considered good, but he was not engaged.

Faith.—A strong arm to work for us in health and youth; a firm shoulder to lean upon in sickness and age.

Ship.—A sea-horse, ridden by man with a whip of air and spurs of fire.

Money.—An altar on which self sacrifices to self.

PASTIMES.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Railway Stations in Canada.

1. *Cot vot is K* = on the Buffalo and Lake Huron.
2. *The vallise M* = " " Great Western.
3. *Love kail* = " " Hamilton and Toronto.
4. *A riot? No!* = " " Great Western.
5. *Good Anna* = " " Buffalo and Lake Huron.
6. *So rest sir* = " " Ottawa and Prescott.
7. *Dat I ever be true* = " " Grand Trunk.
8. *N leadvus in* = " " Northern.
9. *No boor prints* = " " Welland.
10. *Hard buds grew* = " " Grand Trunk.
11. *O. K., more Bill* = " " Port Hope and Lindsay.
12. *K. he is crier* = " " Brockville and Ottawa.
13. *Want meek R.* = " " Northern.

Transpose the initials and reveal the name of an English Capitalist.

R. T. B.

ANAGRAM.

Otu anym viles, tub lony noe veah ew,
Eon, ylan noo;
Who scared loudsh hatt'oon fel be—
Aith warron pans!
Ew shev no mite of torps wraay het sourh,
Lal smut eb teenars ni a lordw kile sour.

RIDDLES.

1. Nothing and six and five hundred when framed
Will till you a poetin ancient times famed.
2. Direct or reverse ye may read me, ye fair,
The one way a number, the other a snare.
3. You who in seeming mysteries delight,
Say what's invisible, yet never out of sight.
4. Though I dance at a ball,
Yet I'm nothing at all.

CURTAILMENT.

Complete, a privilege I am;
Curtailed, I on the alter stand;
Curtailed again I am a head;
Once more and I'm in Ireland;
A last curtailment being made,
A parent there is near at hand,
W. S. L.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Post Offices in Canada.

1. EEEENNNHPGSATIU.
2. UUUUTGLLDNEAOMSIP.
3. AA AHHTIW.
4. YGUUCAA AHET.

R. T. B.

CHARADES.

Safe on my fair one's arm my first may rest,
And raise no tumult in a lover's breast;
My second does the want of legs supply,
To those that neither creep, nor walk, nor fly;
My whole's a rival to the fairest toast,
And when it's most admired it suffers most.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

For 86 ¹⁰⁰ dollars I purchased a cow, a horse and a calf; the price of the cow was to the horse as one to three, and the price of the calf to the cow as two to seven. What did I pay for each?

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA, &c. No. 46

Enigma.—John Clare.—1. Litchfield. 2. Otham. 3. Eduam. 4. Cambridge. 5. Ruston. 6. Nismes. 7. Haddington. 8. Amiens. 9. Java.

Arithmorem.—Agamemnon.—1. Alfred. 2. Galileo. 3. Alexander. 4. Miltiades. 5. Edmund. 6. Marlborough. 7. Numa. 8. Ostracism. 9. Nimrod.

Charades.—1. In-vest-i-gate. 2. Carpet. 3. Forget-me-not.

Transpositions.—1. Caughnawaga. 2. Coteau-du-lac. 3. Beauharnois.

Flowers. 1. Forget-me-not. 2. Sunflower. 3. Daffodil.

Arithmorems.—1. John Stuart Mill. 2. David Hume. 3. Edmund Waller. 4. John Dryden. 5. Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Arithmetical Problem.—The 1st, 1120 bush. 2nd, 1344 bush. 3rd, 1260 bush. 4th, 576 bush.

The following answers have been received:

Enigma.—Carlos, Jas. H. Violet, Nemo, Festus.

Arithmorem.—Nemo, Festus, Geo. B., Violet, H. H. V.

Charades.—H. H. V., Carlos, Geo. B., Eliza, Festus, Nemo, Camp.

Transpositions.—Violet, Festus, Carlos, Geo. B., Eliza.

Arithmorems.—Fanny, G. H., Carlos, H. H. V., Festus, Carlos, Artichoke.

Arithmetical Problem.—H. H. V., Carlos, Festus, Camp.

Pride.—The shell which grows upon many of the inferior kinds of animals.

Free.—One of nature's customers, who has a new suit of clothes every year and returns the old ones.

Poverty.—Sugar for sweetening wealth.

CHESS.

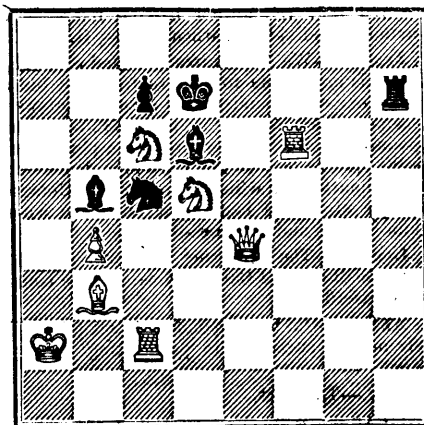
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to Correspondents crowded out this week.

PROBLEM No. 35.

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

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 34.

- | | | | |
|-----------------------|--|-------------------|--|
| WHITE. | | BLACK. | |
| 1. R to K 5 (ch.) | | K takes R (best.) | |
| 2. B to Q 4 (ch.) | | K takes B or (a.) | |
| 3. Q to Q R sq. (ch.) | | P covers (ch.) | |
| 4. Q takes P Mate. | | | |
-
- | | | | |
|---------------------|--|-----------|--|
| (a) 2. | | K to B 4. | |
| 3. Q takes Kt (ch.) | | P covers. | |
| 4. Q takes P Mate. | | | |

Game played at Huddersfield, England, Mr. John Watkinson giving the odds of Q R to Mr. J. H. Finlinson.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

Remove White's Q R.

- | | | | |
|--------------------------|--|------------------------|--|
| WHITE. (Mr. W.) | | BLACK. (Mr. F.) | |
| 1 P to K 4. | | 1 P to K 4. | |
| 2 Kt to K B 3. | | 2 Kt to Q B 3. | |
| 3 B to Q B 4. | | 3 B to Q B 4. | |
| 4 P to Q Kt 4. | | 4 B takes P. | |
| 5 P to Q B 3. | | 5 B to Q B 4. | |
| 6 Castles. | | 6 P to Q 3. | |
| 7 P to Q 4. | | 7 P takes P. | |
| 8 P takes P. | | 8 B to Q Kt 3. | |
| 9 Kt to Q B 3. | | 9 B to K Kt 5. | |
| 10 P to Q R 4. | | 10 B takes Kt (a.) | |
| 11 P to Q 5. | | 11 B to K Kt 5. | |
| 12 P takes Kt. | | 12 P takes P. | |
| 13 P to K 5 (b.) | | 13 B to Q 2. | |
| 14 P takes P. | | 14 P takes P. | |
| 15 Kt to K 4. | | 15 B to Q B 2. | |
| 16 Kt to K Kt 5. | | 16 P to Q 4. | |
| 17 R to K sq. (ch.) | | 17 Kt to K 2. | |
| 18 B to Q B 3. | | 18 P to Q B 4 (c.) | |
| 19 B to Q Kt 5. | | 19 B takes K R P (ch.) | |
| 20 K takes B. | | 20 Q to Q Kt sq. (ch.) | |
| 21 K to Kt sq. | | 21 B takes B. | |
| 22 B takes Kt (ch.) (d.) | | 22 K takes R. | |
| 23 B takes P (ch.) | | 23 K to K sq. | |
| 24 Q to Q 4. | | 24 B to Q B 5. | |
| 25 Q takes K Kt P. | | 25 K to Q 2. | |
| 26 Kt takes K B P (e.) | | 26 K to Q B 3. | |
| 27 B to Q 4. | | 27 R to K Kt sq. | |
| 28 Kt to K 5 (ch.) | | 28 K to Q Kt 4. | |
| 29 Q to Q 7 (ch.) (f.) | | 29 K to Q R 3. | |
| 30 Q to Q R 4 (ch.) | | 30 K to Q Kt 2. | |
| 31 Q to Q B 6 (Mate.) | | | |

- (a) This is inferior to 10. B to Q 2.
- (b) Far stronger than capturing the Q B P with Q.
- (c) The young player, when receiving these large odds, frequently overlooks the opportunity of making a judicious sacrifice. In this case for example, Black ought to have taken the K B with P:—e. g.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 19 R takes Kt (ch.) | 18 P takes B. |
| 20 B takes Q. | 19 Q takes R. |
| | 20 K takes B. |

and Black would have been left with two Rooks and two Bishops against a Queen and a Knight. The giver of odds, however, is at times compelled to make hazardous moves, trusting to his adversary's inexperience not to perceive the best rejoinder.

(d) Brilliantly played. The terminating moves are in Mr. Watkinson's happiest style.

(e) Far better than taking with Queen.

(f) Winning with Queen, or forcing Mate in two moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. G.—The best advice we can give you is to live temperately, eat plain things, and be sure you eat them leisurely. It is impossible to keep the digestive organs in good order, unless proper care is taken in the mastication of food.

VIOLET.—The incidents and characters of the tale are altogether imaginary, and we are assured that the author had no reference to particular individuals, when writing it.

JANE S.—We have already stated our belief that it is impossible to remove freckles; but to oblige our correspondent, we give the following recipe, which is said to be good:—Put two spoonfuls of fresh cream into half a pint of new milk, squeeze into it the juice of a lemon, and add a quarter of a wine-glass of eau-de-Cologne, a little alum and loaf sugar; boil the whole, skim it well, and, when cool, bottle it for use.

LOOUST.—The Governor-General's new title is Baron Monck, of Ballytrammon, in the county of Wexford.

ALF. B.—Our correspondent is mistaken; he has not yet succeeded in penetrating the mystery.

AMY.—The lines,

"All things are new;—the buds, the leaves,
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest,
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—
There are no birds in last year's nest!"

are from Longfellow's "It is not always May."

BACKWOODS.—English publishers generally bring out works on their own responsibility; it is an exception to the rule when the author shares the cost and risk.

CANADA WEST.—There is no firm doing business in Montreal under the title you mention.

JOHN H.—"The Shadow on the Wall" is respectfully declined.

LEO.—Mr. Gordon Cumming, the African lion-hunter, died at Inverness, Scotland, in March last.

MARIANNE G.—A bowl of bran, to plunge the hands in, when at needlework, and rub them with, will dry the perspiration. Washing the hands in warm water with club moss, is also said to be an excellent method of checking excessive perspiration.

A. E. G.—You are correct; an English peer of the realm cannot be a member of the House of Commons. The case is different in Ireland and Scotland, where only a limited number of peers, called representative peers, have seats in the House of Lords. Scotch or Irish peers, not representative, may sit in the House of Commons.

J. E.—Our correspondent appears to be one of those unfortunate people who have

"So great a mind
It takes a long time making up."

We fear we cannot assist him through his difficulties.

R. H.—Declined with thanks.

R. T. B.—Is a prince of good fellows.

L. J.—We strongly advise you to keep your money; it is a mere swindling concern.

QUERRY.—S. Lucas—who, we believe is, or was, connected with the *Times* newspaper—was the editor of the defunct *Shilling Magazine*.

MISCELLANEA.

It is reckoned that in France there are 75,000 persons blind of one eye.

LONDON BANK CLERKS OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.—Upwards of 400 clerks have been thrown out of employment in London, in consequence of the recent bank failures.

GIGANTIC omnibuses, on a new model, have been constructed in Paris, specially for horse-races and other out-door sights. They are so contrived that upwards of fifty persons can be seated on the roof, and become a kind of travelling grand stand.

LOLD PALMERSTON'S PROPHECY.—Lord Palmerston's prophetic words are quoted all over Europe at present, and foresight does seem wonderful to have enabled him to say that, "the question of the Duchies will be a match which will ignite the whole of Europe."

BATHING shoes, for ladies, in England, are made of felt, with double soles, and, when taken off, need only wringing out. For bathing places, where the shore is pebbly, ladies find them a great comfort.

THERE is in custody at Leith a gang of house-breakers, all under fourteen years of age.

JANET Downie died at Alyth, Scotland, recently, at the extreme age of one hundred and four years.

PLUCKY FEMALE COMING.—From the San Francisco Dramatic Chronicle:—"Miss ROSA CELESTE (better known as SUSIE LORRAINE) leaves on the steamer of the nineteenth, for the East. She goes with the avowed purpose of rivalling BLONDIN, by crossing Niagara Falls on a tight rope."

IN the Palace of St. Cloud is the wooden bench which Louis Napoleon made with his own hands at Ham, and which was his favourite seat on the summit of the ramparts. He keeps it as a sort of talisman, to prevent fortune from turning his head.

THREE sisters, daughters of Mr. Martindale, Kentmere Hall, Westmoreland, have increased the number of Her Majesty's subjects to the extent of sixty individuals, as follows:—the oldest, seventeen; the next, nineteen; the youngest, twenty-four. What will the Rev. Mr. Malthus' disciples say to this?

THE PRINCIPAL ITALIAN GENERALS are thus described:—General La Marmora is a tall, thin, lanky man, with a long face and a prodigious nose. He has a great passion for his profession, and is an inflexible disciplinarian. General Cialdini is a good-looking man, below the average height, with a bushy moustache and imperial. He has a keen, sparkling eye. This gallant officer is very popular in Italy, and the soldiers have great confidence in him. General Durando is a fine old man, with a grand military aspect, and greatly esteemed throughout the Continent. General Della Rocca, the king's principal aide-de-camp and intimate friend, is about sixty years old. His hair and moustache are quite white, and his general appearance is that of a dignified aristocratic veteran.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

To ascertain when an article is gilt or made of a gold-coloured alloy, use a solution of bichloride of copper, which makes a brown spot on an alloy, but produces no effect on a surface of gold.

M. MAREY has communicated to the Paris Academy of Sciences the description of a very ingenious instrument, which he calls a myograph, for exhibiting the vibrations of the muscles of the human body, and especially when under the influence of fatigue.

An ingenious mechanic of Lyons has applied the principle of the Jaquard machine—that is, the changing of cards differently perforated to produce different patterns—to a musical instrument, the changing of cards producing different tunes. It is odd that this idea was never thought of before. His first essay has been with an harmonium. It will figure at the Great Exhibition.

SELF-ACTING SIGNALS.—Sir Cusack P. Roney describes a new signal which he has seen in Paris. It is the invention of Signor Vincenzi, an Italian engineer, and works by electric agency. It is difficult to describe, but the mechanism comprises cast-iron cases placed along a railway, and containing electric apparatus, which causes the whistle of the locomotive to sound when the way is not clear, or when a train in advance has just passed. The communication between the apparatus and the engine is made by means of steel arms, which meet and act together.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

If you were to ride upon a donkey, what fruit would you resemble?—A pear (pair).

It has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever get up again? Of course it does, in dew time.

WHAT kind of plant does a "duck of a man" resemble?—Mandrake.

HOW TO MAKE THE HOURS GO FAST.—Use the "spur of the moment."

A SLEEPY EMPRESS.—Eugenie, because she loves her Nap.

HOUSEHOLD AXIOM.—When the washing isn't put out, the husband is.

"What is that dog barking at?" asked a fop, whose boots were more polished than his ideas. "Why," replied a bystander, "because he sees another puppy in your boots."

Among the advertisements last week in a London journal appeared the following:—"Two sisters want washing;" and "A spinster, particularly fond of children, wishes for two or three, having none of her own nor any other employment."

ENAMEURED WRITING-MASTER TO A YOUNG LADY PUPIL.—"I can teach you nothing; your hand is already a very desirable one, and your P's (eyes) are the most beautiful I ever saw."

THEY WILL DIFFER.—Prentice says girls will differ. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to break their necks to get kissed.

A cheesemonger in a country town had the following notice displayed in his window: "Eggs new laid here on the shortest notice."

"I will never marry a woman who can't carve," said Jones. "Why not?" he was asked. "Because she would not be a help-meat for me."

A lady recently called at the shop of a maker of chimney ventilators to see if he had any contrivance which would make her husband stop smoking.

"I never betrayed a friend's confidence," said one lady to another by way of insinuation. "Very true," was the answer, "for you were never intrusted with it."

ART NOTE.—We have been favoured with a private view of a picture of despair. Without minutely criticising the details, we may observe that the banking account is considerably overdrawn, and that the money displays a sad want of keeping.

Thackeray used to tell of an Irishwoman begging alms from him, who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life!" but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added, "and never overtake ye."

AN EXPLICIT ADVERTISEMENT.—Those who are compelled to hire house help will appreciate the following advertisement, clipped from an Omaha paper:—"A lady wants a first-rate, tip top, No. 1 girl, to do housework; must thoroughly understand cooking, washing, and ironing. Wages, five dollars per week. All the piano-playing, fine needlework, visiting, and entertaining company will be done by the lady of the house."

A NEW VIEW OF RAILWAY COMPENSATION.—An American paper tells the following story of a recent accident. An intoxicated Irishman was sitting on the line when the engine tossed him down an embankment. The driver backed his train to pick up the dead body. The victim was found alive, however, only somewhat bruised, and taken to Norwich. Here the driver kindly offered to send the man to his home, a few miles away, in a hack; but he insisted on his ability to walk, and refused to be sent home. The driver pressed the matter, when the Milesian, who had stood the butting of the cow-catcher so well, bristled up with, "Go away with your kerridge—I'll go home by myself; and if I've done any damage to yer old engine, bedad, I'll pay it on the spot."