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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 19.

FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 13, 1866.

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"THE FAMILY HONOUR."  
BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

## MAMMON.

**MAMMON!** how numerous are his worshippers. Other gods have passed away; but he flourishes in immortal youth, more beautiful than the Pythean Apollo, more powerful than Olympian Jove. The gods of Egypt, of Assyria, of Greece, of Rome, Woden and the Scandinavian deities, all have disappeared, all but he; and his shrine will never be deserted while human nature remains what it is; and the millennium, wofear, is an era of the far distant future. Mahomedan, Jew and Christian, from the pauper grubbing in the kennel and dust-heap, to Dives scheming to add millions to his millions, each alike bow before his altar. By day and by night, in their thoughts and in their dreams, his shadow comes between them and their conscience and heaven. Mighty power! even we would propitiate you, but you listen not to editorial prayers.

Yes, Mammon has always governed the world, and he is more omnipotent than ever in this nineteenth century. The devotion paid to him has become a fanaticism. Gold, gold, more gold, is the cry that proceeds from myriads of hearts and voices, in every clime and country; and to obtain the coveted prize no toil is spared, few sins left uncommitted. This passion is especially apparent in the great Anglo-Saxon civilization, imparting to it that spirit of materialism which is one of its chief blots. In England what is love of money, on this continent has degenerated into the worship of the almighty dollar. Here as well as there, however, the evil is traceable to the same source, and the results also are much the same, giving a vulgar aspect to the two great branches of our nationalities. It was this that led Napoleon the First to reproach Englishmen as a nation of shopkeepers, and he would, no doubt, regard the Americans as a nation of pedlars. That the love of money, kept within proper limits, is praiseworthy, cannot be denied; it is when carried to extremes that from being a virtue it turns into a vice. As an incentive to industry it is highly meritorious and valuable; and that the possession of some share of it is not only desirable but a necessity, is equally true. Without such no man can be respectable or respected, few can be just, virtuous and honest. Money is desirable:—

Not to hide it in a ditch,  
Or for a train attendant,  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being independent.

This is both rhyme and reason. He who neglects, while it is yet day—and he has the power to make himself independent—is a fool; he who toils, and perhaps sins, to do more than this, is probably a greater fool still. In North America this is particularly so. There are no idle classes here, and to inherit wealth is often to inherit misery; a melancholy truth, though few will admit it. Let any one who has lived in this country, even for one generation, trace back the fate of families who have been left money by their parents, and what a sad record presents itself to his memory. We knew one person, a ship-builder, who died, leaving behind him some thirty thousand pounds. His surviving family consisted of three boys and two girls. The eldest son succeeded to his father's business, but he neglected it, and became a bankrupt in a few years. The two other sons wasted their time and money in saloons, billiard rooms, or worse places, and ended in being paupers and dissipated loafers. One of the girls married respectably; the other became the prey of an adventurer who ill-used her, and spent her fortune. Take another case: a gentleman possessed of considerable property bequeathed it to a brother's sons who were still young. On coming of age, they sought high society; consorted with the military, bought race-horses, betted and gambled. They have long come to the end of their money, and are too old to learn any business by which they might maintain themselves, even if their habits and a contempt for honest labour did not disqualify them for the task. These are two of many similar instances we might mention. To refer to another phase of the question: we remember having occasion to call on a person in a Western city who was reported to be immensely rich. We found him in a "palatial residence," of which he and his family occupied a few rooms, in which his yearly expenditure might amount to \$1,000 or \$1,200, while he was worth thirty times the amount. What earthly use is this poor wretch's money either to himself or any body else? It is like the stones which Swift's Yahoos gathered so greedily, hid so suspiciously in their holes, and guarded so zealously. We have already given instances showing the probable benefit it will be to his heirs. Yet if this man were to lose, say one half of this useless hoard, he would not survive the loss many months. He would die of a broken heart; for we have known several such instances. From the facts we have stated, and from others of the same kind on which we have not touched, we would draw these conclusions. First, that the rage for accumulating large fortunes in this country is a folly, partaking largely of insanity, or idiocy at least. Secondly, that leaving a fortune to one's children is, nine times out of ten, leaving them "a heritage of woe." But it will be asked if a man ought not to make provision for sickness, old age, and the support of his family in case of his death. Certainly, we have already said that a man's first duty is to secure an independence, to meet such contingencies. To boys, the best boon a father can confer on them will be a good education, industrious habits, and sound principles; with these they have to fight the battle of life, as he fought it before them. Girls are more "kittle cattle to deal with." But a life insurance is always within the reach of parents in the class of society of which we have been speaking:

These, we contend, are words of truth and soberness; and if the views we have expressed were more generally entertained, people often would gather comfort from the reflection that pecuniary losses which cause them so much grief may be "blessings in disguise."

## REVIEWS.

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

**RICHARD COBDEN**, the Apostle of Free Trade. His political career and public services. A biography. By John McGillchrist. New York. Harper & Brothers. For sale by Dawson Brothers: Montreal.

This volume might be classed among the small books on great subjects. With all due respect to author and publishers, we must say, that the Life of Richard Cobden must be projected and portrayed on a much larger scale than is here presented, before the legitimate expectations of the public are fairly met. Still we accept Mr. McGillchrist's little book gratefully, and we gravely bear testimony to the good judgment evinced in the compilation. For the volume is autobiographical. So far as was possible, the author says, Cobden has been made to tell the story of his own life.

Richard Cobden was a leading instrument in effecting one of the greatest revolutions in modern times. The history of the Free Trade agitation, the fierce and bigotted opposition, the new doctrines encountered, the gradual education of public opinion by the persistent efforts of the league, the final conversion of the prominent statesmen who carried its parliamentary triumph, and the subsequent verdict of the country at large on the success of the new policy—all this forms not only one of the most striking chapters in the annals of British politics, but one of the grandest and most instructive chapters in the history of modern civilization.

Cobden was the son of a Sussex farmer, but through his natural gifts and stainless character he acquired an influence in England beyond that of the most lordly landowner of his day. In Cobden's career we see the value of those free institutions with which our mother country is blest. He was a representative Englishman of the best type, able, honourable, persistent in effort, undaunted before opposition. He began life as a "warehouse boy" in London, and gradually won the confidence of his employers and of those with whom he came into contact, so that on the retirement of his employers he was enabled to engage in business on his own account. His energy and capacity brought abundant success. His first essays in public affairs were connected with municipal reform in Manchester. After this he turned his attention to the subject of public education, and then to the Corn-Laws, in connection with which he accomplished the great achievement of his life. To the question of international peace, also, he gave much thought, and his negotiation of the French treaty of commerce is to be regarded as a grand practical essay in this direction. After the negotiation of this treaty Lord Palmerston offered Mr. Cobden a baronetcy, and a seat in the Privy Council, both of which were respectfully declined. On the subject of Canadian defences, it is well known, that he entertained and expressed very decided opinions. And it was in an endeavour to attend Parliament to oppose what he regarded an unwise expenditure of public money on the "defences of Canada," that he overtasked his failing physical strength, and hastened his dissolution. His death, which took place on Sunday, 2nd April, 1865, was a sad surprise to England and the world. From all quarters came testimonies to his worth. His loss, as a public man, was felt to be irreparable, "His eminence in the State," said the Times, "was, and must always remain indisputable." "Richard Cobden's name,"

said the *Standard*, "will ever be remembered with gratitude by his countrymen." "Mr. Cobden is now gone," wrote the *Scotsman*, "and what history will say of him is, that he worked a good work by right means, under high motives and at great sacrifices." Said Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, "I am sure there is not a man in this House who does not feel the deepest regret that we have lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the country one of its most useful servants." And from Eliza Cook come such verses as these:

"Cobden! proud, English, yeoman name!  
I offer unto thee  
The earnest meed that all should claim  
Who toil 'mid slander, doubt, and blame,  
To make the free more free.

.....  
"A home-bred Caesar thou hast been,  
Whose bold and bright career  
Leaves on thy brow the wreath of green,  
On which no crimson drop is seen,  
No widow's bitter tear."

**MEMOROUS POEMS.** By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations by Sol Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This little work will help to pass a few hours, not unpleasantly, if the reader should happen to be a lover of facetious poetry, although, for our own part, 100 pages of funny verse is rather too much for us. The following ode is, so far as we know, original in its conception, and is, too, a favourable specimen of Mr. Holmes's Peter-Pindaric genius:

#### ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A TEETOTALER.

Come! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should we go  
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow;  
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,  
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.

The purple-globed clusters their life-dews have bled;  
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!  
For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines  
That were garnered by maidens who laughed thro' the vines.

Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,  
For all the good wine, and we've come of it here!  
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,  
Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!  
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

**ROUGH AND SMOOTH: OR, HO! FOR AN AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELD.** By Mrs. A. Campbell. Quebec: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1865. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

This is a very readable book, though a little care or supervision might have made it more so. It is written with much feminine grace, but the marks of haste, at least, are here and there observable. Mrs. Campbell is the wife of an advocate of Quebec, who accompanied her husband to Australia in 1852, and the volume now before us is a narrative of their voyage to that colony, and their adventures there, as well as of their return to Canada. Mrs. Campbell is a shrewd observer, and her account of the condition of such portions of the land of gold she visited—of the city of Melbourne, the open diggings, and the diggers—are very graphic and interesting. The work is addressed to her children, but those of an older growth may derive information and amusement from it. Australia, from our author's testimony, is anything but the paradise it has been described by certain travellers, who have described it in print and in speech, and who seem to have viewed the infernal Goshen through golden spectacles.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs. Dawson, Great St. James street, the British Magazines for December; and, as usual, the Christmas numbers of these periodicals are teeming with the most varied reading matter, calculated to please and

instruct folk of every size, age, and taste. The sexagenarian, dozing in his easy-chair, may awake from his pleasant dreams of his yearly "pr. & loss," and find in their pages mental food to his satisfaction, in the shape of dissertations on history, science, travels, biography, and kindred themes. Mamma, if she happen to have a tinge of the "Blue," may gratify herself to her heart's content; if she belong to the utilitarian sect, she will also discover, in some, at least, of these works, lessons on household craft and thrift which may convince even her that she has yet a few things to learn ament the mysteries of her calling. The young ladies, of course, delight in the magazines; for are there not tales of love, and war, distress to break one's heart, and sentiment to elevate them to the seventh heaven of admiration? Master Tom, too, may roam in them from Indus to the Pole, shooting tigers in Bengal or walrus at Spitzbergen. In short, the magazines offer a truly Catholic banquet to their readers, universal as light and the stars. Among them, we first welcome our old friend "Fraser's," in its russet dress, but on which the radiance of Father Prout's wit and genius still shines. This is an exceedingly good number. It contains, for instance, an article on the politics of Spain, well worth perusal; one on "The Military Situation in India," evidently written by a person conversant with his subject; an extremely ingenious article on "Fiction and its Uses," from which we should have made quotations in our last number, as confirming our own views on the question, had the magazine then reached us; Carlyle and his works receive a large share of praise and blame, both of which, we have no doubt, they richly merit. "The Gains of the Church of England" is an article of which we would say a few words, were we not pledged to eschew theology. Its spirit, however, may be discerned from those lines with which it closes:

Grave mother of majestic works,  
From her isle-altar gazing down...  
Her open eyes discern the truth.  
The wisdom of a thousand years  
Is in them. May perpetual youth  
Keep dry their light from tears,  
That her fair form may stand and shine,  
Make bright our days and light our dreams,  
Turning to scorn with lips divine  
The falsehood of extremes.

Fraser's has, besides, tales and other lighter reading. Next comes "Temple Bar," a very able number, G. A. Sala, and several other well-known writers, figuring among its contributors. "London Society" comes to us this time in the form of twins, the December number, and the Christmas number, *par excellence*. They are absolutely dazzling with wood-cuts and engravings, several of which are fine specimens of art, and worth many times the price of the entire work. The Christmas number alone has twenty-seven illustrations. How the publisher can afford to supply them in such profusion and excellence, we cannot conceive, and, it not being our business, we shall not enquire. We have also to acknowledge receipt of the "Dublin University Magazine," which continues to sustain its long-established character for great literary talent in its contributions. We publish to-day one of the tales in the December number, under the title of "Early Celtic Stories."

**CURIOUS PHENOMENON.**—While pursuing a voyage to the East Indies, and being in Lat. 34° 10 S. Long. 84° E, my attention, was arrested by observing a very curious formation of clouds, and one that I had never seen before, or ever remember to have read about. The sky was completely overcast with dark lead colour clouds, but towards the southward some still darker ones were formed into a perfect ring, which appeared to move in different directions and at the same time the whole body travelled away to the south-west, increasing in size as it receded from us, until it was lost in the distance. The weather at the time, and afterwards was very unsettled, so that I was led to think it not this the commencement of one of those revolving storms, which sometimes commit such fearful ravages and are so destructive to shipping?  
Montreal, Dec. J. P. J.

#### MISCELLANEA.

An interesting relic, a large vessel, supposed to be of the second century, found during the late war, buried in the sand at Sandewitz, near Westertrap, has been lodged in the Town Hall of Flensburg, in Schleswig. Though decayed, with the aid of a few iron clamps, its original form and aspect have been well preserved. It is 80ft. in length, 12ft. broad amidships, with 4ft. 2in. depth of hold at same part. Its height from the keel at the prow is 9ft. 9in., and at the poop 10ft. 10in. When discovered it contained a quantity of arms, such as spears, arrows, axes, &c., some household utensils, objects of art, and a number of well-preserved Roman coins of the second century. The latter have been sent to Copenhagen.

A piece of gossip is afloat in Paris to the effect that Madame de Boissy, formerly the Countess Guiccioli, has placed in the hands of M. de Lamartine the letters that passed between her and Byron, with notes of her reminiscences of the author of "Childe Harold." M. D. Lamartine is writing a Life of Byron, which is published in the Paris Constitutionnel. It is said that he receives 40,000 francs for the life of Byron, and that the proprietors of the same journal agreed to give the writer 30,000 francs for another work entitled "Ma Mère," which has been in their hands for two years, but with the understanding that it should not appear till that period, at least, had elapsed.

As a proof of the suspicion with which the French Government regards every publication relating to the Emperor and his family, it may be mentioned that the writer of a series of articles in the *Revue Nationale*, with the title of the "History of Napoleon I., from his Correspondence and the new Documents," has just received, through his publisher, Charpentier, a gentle hint that care must be had in the opinions expressed, and in the grouping of facts, and that, instead of the title, "History of Napoleon," which the articles, in a collected form, were to bear, the designation must be the "History of Napoleon I."

At a late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, previous to the reading of the papers, the president announced, with great regret, that since the last meeting news had been received of the disastrous termination of two African expeditions in which the Society had taken great interest. The first was the East African expedition, fitted out at great cost by the Baron C. Von der Decken, a Hanoverian nobleman (the verifier of the existence of snowy mountains in Equatorial Africa), whose party had been in collision with the natives, and whose two steamers had come to grief on the bar of the river Jub. This unwelcome news had been received by Colonel Playfair, English consul at Zanzibar, now in England. The other was M. du Chaillu's expedition into the interior from Fernand Vaz, in Western Equatorial Africa. It appears after having reached a point about 400 miles from the coast, an unhappy brawl arose between the black servants of M. du Chaillu's party and the surrounding natives, during which one of the native black women was accidentally shot by one of du Chaillu's servants. In spite of the offer on du Chaillu's part of compensation, an encounter took place, during which the traveller was severely wounded by poisoned arrows, and his servants threw away all the scientific instruments, with which a series of most valuable astronomical observations had been taken. These observations, as well as the journals of the expedition, were fortunately preserved, and we hear that it is in contemplation to publish them as early as possible. We believe that an account of his travels will be laid before the Royal Geographical Society at an early meeting; whilst a description of the physical and cranial characters of the natives will be read before the Anthropological Society of London. The return of M. du Chaillu to the coast was accompanied by great privation, and the loss of most of the collections which he had made will be very disastrous to science. M. du Chaillu has arrived in England.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Just published by R. Worthington:  
 History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$8.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic Illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c.
- This Edition of Artemus is complete and unaltered, and has the comic illustrations of the \$1.50 copyright edition. The cheap English edition is not complete, and has no illustrations.
- This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 200 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50.
- Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper Covers, uniform with Artemus Ward. Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25c.
- Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Advocate: a Novel by Chas. Heavysege, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.00, fine edition \$2.00.
- List of New Books suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts!
- Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the year—Twenty-five Illustrations.
- Christian Ballads, by the Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. Illustrated.
- Christian Armour, or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated, one vol. 4to.
- The Illustrated Songs of Seven. By Jean Biglow. Schiller's Lay of the Bell, translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.
- The Tour of Dr. Syntax. In search of the Picturesque, 8vo. Illustrated.
- A Round of Days. Described in Poems by some of our most celebrated Poets. Illustrated 4to.
- Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, large 4to. R. Worthington, Great St. James St.
- Home Thoughts and Home Scenes. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James St., Montreal.
- Houghton's Every Boy's Annual for 1866. 1 vol 8vo. Illustrated, \$1.00.
- Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare. 8 vols. Royal 8vo. Tenyson. The Illustrated Faringford Edition of Tennyson's Complete Works, \$5.50.
- Longfellow's Poetical Works, London Edition, beautifully illustrated with over 200 Illustrations on wood and steel.
- Book of Rubrics—a collection of the most noted Love-poems in the English Language, bound in full morocco. \$7.00.
- Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets. Elaborately Illustrated. 4to. \$3.00.
- The British Female Poets, by Geo. W. Bethune. \$2.50.
- Gems of Literature, Elegant, Rare and Suggestive, upwards of 100 Engravings. 4to. \$3.00.
- Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. 4to. \$1.50.
- Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert, Illustrated.
- Bartlett's Footsteps of our Lord, Illustrated.
- Bartlett's Nile Boat, Illustrated.
- Maxwell's Irish Hebronnell, Illustrated.
- Byron's Works, New Riverside Edition. In half calf. Extra. \$1.50 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bible Hand Book. By the Rev. Jos. Angus, D.D. In 2 vols. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Worthington's New Priced Catalogue of his Stock of Standard, Medical, Law, Scientific, &c. Books which will be sent free on application, is now ready.
- Baum. The Humbugs of the World. Cl. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Doorne. Handbook of the Steam-Engine, containing all the Rules required for the right Construction and Management of Engines of every Class, with the easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules. Constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam-Engine." By John Doorne, C. E. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the Frederick the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Charles (Mrs.) Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family Diary of Kitty Trevelyan. The Early Dawn. 3 vols. 16 mo. 76cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L. Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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- New Christmas Books; The Children's Picture Book Series. Written expressly for Young People, Cloth, Gilt Edges. Bible Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. \$1.00.
- Scripture Parables and Bible Miracles. Thirty-two Illustrations. \$1.00.
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## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. G. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 277.

## CHAPTER X. THE BASKET OF GAME.

"This world is full of beauty,  
 As are other worlds above;  
 And if we did our duty,  
 It might be full of love."

GERALD MASSEY.

It is certain that the nervous organization of us poor mortals so far resembles a harp, that it is very easily put out of tune, and requires its strings to be constantly kept at the right tension in order to give out the proper sound. It must be owned that the serenity which had been reached on the night before by Mr. Hope and Marian, yielded to depression when they rose the next morning to encounter the troubles of the day—which, sooth to say, were lying in wait for them in the shape of sundry bills in the letter-box, Norry having duly emptied it, and brought the contents to the breakfast-table. The feminine tact of Mysie, to say nothing of Marian, would have kept either of them from shewing these until Mr. Hope had taken his frugal morning meal; but Norry, boy-like, was more direct, and he laid the bills down by the side of his master's bread and milk, as if there were no latent unpleasantness in their appearance.

"Bills!" sighed Mr. Hope, opening them one by one.

"They are only the Michaelmas bills, dear father. They are not, I think, very heavy this quarter; that is, I've tried to—"

"No doubt, child, you have been careful."

"Put them away now, dear papa Hope—put them away," said the fresh voice of Mysie, coaxingly. They'll keep you from enjoying your breakfast."

"Bitters are good for the appetite, Mysie. There, child, get your own meal."

"Bitter! why bitter?" said Norry, in a tone of inquiry—for it had never been the habit of the family to talk, or, it may be, even to think, of themselves as poor people. They were in the habit of giving their mite to others, and this, at all events to young inconsiderate minds, established a sense of competence. It is related in the biography of Eberger Elliot, the "Corn-law Rhymer," that his parents had seven children, and an income less than a hundred a year, and yet that they never considered themselves poor people. However, in these last days at that old Kensington cottage, conviction had been gradually deepening on the minds of the brother and sister—suggested, it may be, from Marian's pensive looks—that there was trouble coming to the house of another kind than that which they had both witnessed—sickness and death—so that the inquiry as to the word "bitter" was silenced by a touch of Mysie's foot under the table, and remained unanswered, which threw a gloom over them all.

A loud ring at the bell came as a relief to the monotony of the breakfast table. Mysie, on whom devolved the answering of the door, ran off, and quickly returned, bringing the book of the delivery van to be signed for a hamper.

In all the eight years that Mr. Hope had lived in Bingley Cottage no such arrival had been announced before, and it was no wonder that, when the book was signed and the door closed, the whole family grouped around and peered curiously into the basket. A hare and four birds! who could have sent them?

"Pretty birds!" said Mysie, looking at the fine plumage of one of the pheasants. "Are they so very nice to eat, that people take such a delight in killing them?"

"Oh, it's famous sport, shooting—capital!" said Norry, rather contemptuous of her pity.

Her father did not notice the words of the young people; a curious smile curved his lips as he muttered the lines—

"It's like sending me ruffles,  
 When wanting a shirt."

And so he turned away, adding, "I'm afraid, Marian, our unknown friends over-rate our cooking talents. What will you do with them?"

"I should like to— But no, that wouldn't do."

"What, Marian? Nay, no hesitating."  
 "To invite some one?" interposed Mysie, quickly.

"No, no, dear Invite indeed!—whom have we to invite? I should like to sell them."

"Sell them—sell a present!" said Norry, drawing up his head, and his great eyes flashing. "Why, Marian, that's not like you—that huckstering way of talking."

"A present! well, that makes them ours, and if they're ours, I suppose it's meant that we should do as we like with them. What does it matter whether we eat or sell them?"

"And pray, Norry, what do you mean by huckstering?" cried Mysie, indignantly.

"Don't be flying at me with that way you've got, Miss Mysie," replied Norry, turning, as he spoke, away from the hamper. "I thought it was rather a low kind of a notion, that's all."

"Not low, my boy," said Mr. Hope, gravely, laying his hand, while he spoke, on the lad's shoulder; "it was an honest thought of Marian's, and that can never be low or mean. If the sale of these luxuries will pay a bill that otherwise would have to wait, it will be better than our fasting Marian with unaccustomed cookery, or feasting on uncoveted dainties."

"Yes, father, that's what I meant. Our but-terman and grocer is also a poulterer; I know he will take these of me."

Norry hung his head in confusion a moment, and then said, "Let me run, Marian, for you, and ask him. Do let me! I'm always bolting out something I don't exactly mean! I know I'm a stupid fellow, though I don't like Mysie being so ready to tell me so."

The boy's cap was on and he was away in a few minutes, carrying in his young mind some troubled thoughts, that, as he went along, began to shape themselves into distinctness. His errand, and Marian's anxiety, which, if it had existed before, he had never been so struck with, now revealed to him, with something of the force of a sudden discovery, that if Mr. Hope did not complain, and Marian smiled amid her ceaseless industry, it was not for lack of hidden causes of distress. It was a bitter moment, yet a turning-point in his whole history. He had been, hitherto, a fitful, careless boy, fond of, and clever in, many pursuits, but without method or much diligence. Now, in less time than we have taken to write it, a conviction darted like an arrow through him that he must begin to work. Poverty often annihilates childhood. What the little toiling mortals who passed Norry in the road—the ragged and feeble recruits in the great army of labour—did from necessity or from fear he must do from gratitude. And to do it effectually he must work his mind harder, it might be, than any toiling urchin who was dragging at a truck, or groaning under a basket.

And so the hamper of game did far more than gratify the palate in Mr. Hope's house. Small as the sum was that its sale paid, it lightened Marian's cares awhile, and, if she had known it, transformed careless, erratic Norry into a thinker.

Nor were they without a shrewd guess as to whom the basket of game was sent by, for during the same week there came a letter from Miss Gertrude Austwick to Miss Hope, inquiring whether some very beautiful fire-screens that had been worked for Miss Webb were not executed by her, and if so, asking as a favour if she would oblige the writer by working a similar pair. Some most kind as well as courteous inquiries for her father concluded the note, and gave great pleasure to Marian—the more so, that she was both able and willing to comply with the request. But if the basket and the letter from Mr. Hope's favourite pupil gave the little household pleasant matter for conjecture and conversation, another and far less welcome topic was forced on them by a letter from Canada, in Johnston's handwriting. It announced some changes, and indicated more. Like all that Mr. Hope had received, it was short and formal:—

"Sir,—This is to inform you that I have married again, and with my wife intend leaving this location for the U. S. I shall not for the future

take any responsibility as to the children, whose interests I and my late wife attended to far better than could be demanded of us. You will, no doubt, receive a communication from Scotland from parties who, as I understand, mean to claim the children; but I know no particulars, and you must not any further look to me. Mrs. Johnston considers that I have been very ill paid for the trouble I have taken, and which my former wife's family led me to incur. The address that you had better write to in Scotland is, Mr. A. Burke, Deacon Macclacklan's Land, near Coat Bridge, Glasgow.—Yours,

J. JOHNSTON."

The remittance which generally came about a fortnight or three weeks after the usual quarter day was not sent; and, small and inadequate as it was, its being withheld, even for a time, increased the pressure on the fast falling resources of Mr. Hope. It was incumbent on him to tell Norry, at all events, the purport of the letter. Hitherto a delicacy as to dwelling on details that might be felt as humiliating to the children, or laudatory of the kindness of those who had of late years protected them, had kept both Mr. Hope and Marian from referring to the past. Both had also repressed any romantic thoughts, such as isolated children sometimes encourage. This latter had not been difficult. The orphans were so kindly cared for, that they craved for no other home relations. A haunting memory of a dwelling where strife and blows, dirt and drink had been their portion, still troubled their dreams, and made the name of Canada hateful to them—ay, even to see it on the map gave them a cold chill, and revived recollections of neglect and suffering. Little Mysie bore on her feet the scars and seams of frost as indelibly as if they had been bars; and she knew that before she was brought over to England by Mrs. Hope, she was for months a helpless cripple. So all that past was allowed to be shut away in the distance. An ocean rolled between it and the present—an ocean that in no sense did the children wish to cross.

When, therefore, Mr. Hope called Norry into the little room or book closet that opened out of his bedroom, and was dignified with the name of study, and put the letter he had received into the boy's hand, there was rather a sense of indignant alarm than curiosity as he read it.

"Trouble!" cried the boy, laying down the letter—"responsibility! We have not him to thank that we are alive. If the man in Scotland is like Johnston, I shall not care to know him."

"But if he has a claim—the right of a blood relation?"

"He surely gave up any such claim when he let us go to Canada with these Johnstons."

"I don't think you did go with them. I rather believe, though I am not clear about it, you were brought out by people called Burke, and left with the Johnstons."

"Yes sir; but if so, we were left uncared for. I can recollect how it was with me and poor Mysie, who was crippled, when Mama Hope rescued us. Why, father, I remember hearing you say once that you could have got us protected by the law, and that Johnston's fear of the indignation of his neighbours enabled you to get and keep possession of us."

"True, my boy; but you are aware that the sum allowed must have come from some one interested in you; and small as it is, its payments at regular intervals show that it is sent from people not unaccustomed to arrange money transactions. I am rather glad of the address of these Scottish people. It removes a fear that has harassed me of late, as to whether Johnston has told his correspondents where you are."

"What did it matter to them?" said the youth gloomily.

"It mattered to me. I could be in no sense an accomplice in keeping any one, who had a right to know, in ignorance of your whereabouts. Besides, those who have given the little help hitherto, might afford you more aid."

"I would rather work, sir, for myself."

"Yes; but there's Mysie."

"I may be able to take care of my sister."

"Yes, if you are put in away to do so."

"Does no one work out a way?"

"Doubtless some do. By God's help, all things are possible. But it's not the way to succeed in life to begin by wilfully casting off aid that one may have a right to. Your parents would not be entirely without kindred."

"If they were honest folk, that's enough. Haven't I heard you quote Robert Nichols' lines?"

"I ask not of his lineage;  
I ask not of his name;  
If manlike be in his heart  
No noble birth may claim."

"Ah, Norry! that's more poetic than heraldic."

"But it's true, sir."

"Nevertheless, my boy, I shall write to Scotland."

#### CHAPTER XI. THE PACKMAN.

"Something weird, not good to see,  
Has to my threshold come;  
A raven on a blighted tree,  
Is croaking near my home." ANON.

While these matters were occupying the attention of the Kensington household, the Austwick woods were putting on their full autumnal splendour, and the little fairy, whose coming had drawn into a tangle the frail thread of her Aunt Honor's intentions, was enjoying their sylvan beauty like a wood nymph. Thus day by day passed, and found the lady of the Chace undecided as to her course, and therefore at times uncomfortable.

A state of doubt, with a restless conscience, is trying, yet the days sped fast enough; for what lonely life could resist the charm of having a companion who combined all that was winning in the grace of childhood with all that was fascinating in the intelligence of riper years? Whether the stately Miss Honoria was won to the woods by the little creature whom she loved, and gratified by allowing her to send presents of superabundant game, and who in her turn tripped daily at her aunt's side, uttering in the sweetest voice the prettiest fancies about the country sights and sounds, which she enjoyed with the keenest zest—so that it was her errand to see the tints one day, or to watch the sunset another, or to gather ferns on a third—always the staid lady of forty-five found herself allured forth by the little dryad. And at evening, when the logs were put on the old-fashioned hearths that no modern fire-grate in any room in the old Hall had been permitted to displace, and "True," as her aunt called her, was making the lengthening nights pleasant with her bird-like warblings, or even more musical poetic readings, time sped on; and the northern journey, for which the portmanteau had been packed, was more distant than ever from becoming a reality.

Perhaps, when people are undecided exactly as to what course to take, they are glad of an interruption that postpones the necessity for action.

To resort to writing, as a substitute for more active effort, had more than once occurred to Miss Austwick; for when she retired to her chamber, then her unfulfilled promise troubled her, and every night saw a resolution formed that every morning dissipated.

Several times had Gertrude said her aunt about the uncle whom she had never seen, and whose death seemed to her young imagination, so sad.

"To land only to die! To come home only to find a grave!" was her comment, that would no doubt have been enlarged on, but her fine tact told her it was distasteful to her aunt. However, as Gertrude was a great letter-writer, she sent pages of feelings and fancies on the subject to her parents, who, if they read her epistles—which is doubtful—were more likely to be amused than affected; certainly Mrs. Basil made no pretence to great kindred sympathies. She regulated the degree of her emotion as a well-bred person should, and resented, as a culpable eccentricity, Captain Austwick coming unexpectedly from India. Still, neither parent checked "the child," as they called her, for writing as she did. "True was a clever creature, and, with pen or tongue, would have her say." Moreover, they quite approved her having gone to the Chace. Some idea that Miss Austwick might be induced to ask for Gertrude in permanence had occurred to the young lady's mamma, who

was far more interested about her three great comely boys than her tiny daughter, pretty and clever as she was. All the love that Mrs. Basil had ever felt for her feminine offspring had been concentrated on a sister, three years the junior of Gertrude, who inherited so completely the features of the maternal ancestry—was a Dumoon in complexion, growth, high cheek-bones included—that, while she lived, little Truo had been quite cast into the shade. But the mother's idol was broken, while as yet unblemished by the influence of favouritism. A baby boy, the third son, came soon after to soothe the mother; and as this, the youngest, was now seven years old, Gertrude had a certain consideration, as the only daughter of the family, none but her mother retaining any unpleasant recollections in connection with the child. It was not likely Mrs. Basil Austwick could entirely forget that the autumn which first gave little Gertrude to her arms had been a time of such danger to her own health that she had been obliged, by her physician's advice, to resort to a milder climate, and had wintered in Madeira, taking her eldest boy with her, and leaving her baby, Gertrude, in the charge of an old and valued Scottish nurse—a circumstance to which some observers, and it may be the child herself, attributed a certain kind of indefinite coldness felt, rather than outwardly shown, between daughter and mother. Nothing would have shocked Gertrude more than any comment on this coldness—she shut out the thought from her mind; but the very effort that she made, when at home for the holidays, to win her mother's approval, and the long, enthusiastic letters she wrote when away from them, diffused from the sweet, unconscious trust of undoubting filial love.

On the same October evening that Mr. Hope was pondering the future with apprehension for others more than himself, the echoes of Austwick Chace were resounding to the measured tread of a man carrying a pack. He was a thin, bronzed, elderly man, with what is commonly called a "wizened face." His scanty, ash-coloured hair, flecked with grey, that blew about freely, was the only thing that looked free about that countenance, for his features were all pinched together, as if to economise space; and the puckered skin round his mouth and eyes, which drew them up to the smallest compass, seemed meant to impose caution in the one case, and to increase keenness in the other; though, as the small, peering eyes were as restless as they were furtive, and the man had a habit of passing the back of his hand across his lips when he was speaking, it was not easy to get a view of these features. The voice, like the man's skin, was dry and hard; and from his brown leggings and rusty fustian garb to the summit of his wrinkled forehead, the words that best indicated his look were those by which he was often called, "Old Leathery."

As this personage came down the wooded glade that led to the open Chace, he saw before him two ladies—the elder sauntering leisurely, the younger sitting about among the heathery knolls, and, making little runs and circuits, tripping back again, with head aside like a bird. The man stepped behind a large tree, put down his pack, and laying the back of one hand across his scrowed-up mouth, arched the other over his sharp eyes, and scanned them unobserved. He lingered a while as the ladies, whom our readers recognise for Miss Austwick and little Truo, quickened their pace homeward. They walked so completely along the setting sunbeams' track, that he could trace their figures darkly flecking the brightness until they entered the grounds of the Hall; and then, shouldering his pack, he started off at a quick pace by a short cut, and went to the back entrance round by the stables, and thence across a yard to the door of the servants' hall.

A believer in the Eastern superstition of the Evil Eye, might have been pardoned for a feeling of fear, if he had seen this man's stealthy approach, his wily glance all around, and then the gathering up of his puckered visage into an obsequious leer, as he softly lifted the latch. What but evil could such a visitor bring?

To be continued.



## CHINAMEN IN AUSTRALIA.

ABOUT the year 1854, Chinamen came over in shoals to the Australian colonies, dressed in coarse dark-blue cotton, cut in the most primitive form. They were not flowery Orientals out of picture-books, which represent only mandarins and other high personages in full dress. I have a belief that the first tailor who made a Chinaman's slops worked for Noah. The upper portion is a smock, not so elaborate as the English peasant's smock-frock, but a short straight jacket buttoned down the front, and having long straight and tight sleeves. The jacket reaches to about the hips, and the sleeves come over the finger-tips, serving as cuffs and gloves, and being turned back during any active work. The trousers are a blue bag, through which a pair of brown bare miserable apologies for legs are thrust. When not barefoot, the poorer sort of Chinese wear cork-soled slippers with short toe-caps, but no heel-pieces or "lifts." Their heads are adorned with plenty of coarse coal-black hair, always neatly plaited into a long queue. Those who are short of hair, eke out the quantity and length by the insertion of black silk. Often this tail reaches below the bend of the knee, but ends usually where the monkey's tail begins. The hat of the working Chinaman is a machine most like the seat of a large cane-bottomed chair, puffed up into a conical shape, and lined with rushes and leaves. The figure of the Chinaman is not complete without his pair of panniers, round, and three feet deep. He places them, equally weighted, on the ends of a six-foot bamboo rod, secures them to it with some mysterious knot, and poises the rod on his shoulder, so carrying his luggage; then proceeds on his journey at a slinging slipshod even trot—much like the trot of a tired butcher's hack, which gets over the ground at about four miles an hour, or rather less.

The early Chinese colonist, when he landed, looked for lodgings; and, to get them, all he did was to cut two upright sticks, with a fork at the top, from the nearest gum-tree or bush, place them in the ground about six feet apart, put another slender pole between them, and throw over all a sheet of dusky brown calico, which was pegged down to the ground at suitable intervals. The whole tent was four or five feet high, and afforded barely enough room for his narrow bed, which by day is rolled up, and always carried in one of the baskets before mentioned. All his cooking, washing, and laundry-work, which was of the smallest amount, he performed-out in the open air. A large number of tents were pitched as close together as they inconveniently could be pitched, and all the inhabitants, frequently two or three to one tent, were huddled together less comfortably than sheep in their pens. In a short time, the refuse from this camp was strewed in and around it, and odours arose therefrom. The food consisted, in those early days, of rice, of which they invariably preferred the kinds not in repute among Europeans; they chose for their meat, legs and shins of beef, reduced to a sort of bouilli, together with an occasional morsel of pork as a treat.

The Chinese method of working was at first as peculiar as the other habits of these people, and loud and deep were the complaints of the European miners. They affected the "tub and cradle," and the washing pan. Instead, however, of sinking a shaft, John Chinaman delighted in raking up old "tailings," or refuse from a preceding digger's work, and putting them through his cradle, without using the tub at all. At other times, a system of "surfacing" was carried on to a large extent; which means that the men scratched up the surface soil to a depth of two or three inches or feet, and put it all through the cradle. The returns from such methods of mining, while thoroughly unsatisfactory to Europeans, were gladly accepted as sufficient by the less ambitious Asiatics.

A few of the most enterprising of these Orientals took up various portions of land in good sites, which were unalienated from the crown, and, fencing it round with closely-planted bushes, dug gardens, wherein they

sowed lettuce, radishes, spring onions, cabbages, and gathered a rich harvest of profits. On the banks of the River Loddon, such a garden extends over at least twelve acres of ground. It is surrounded by a rough but secure fence. This is necessary, as there are many goats and cattle wandering about. A gate, wide enough to drive an American waggon through, leads to the house, which, in this instance, is built of weather boards. Outside the house, which is not larger than about twenty feet by twelve, is a sort of summer-house, built of leaves and branches of gum-trees, under which the lord of the mansion delights to take his frugal meals. The house is used only to sleep in, and very uncomfortable it must be, as it is parted off into a considerable number of tiny rooms, each fitted with bunks, after the style of our government emigration vessels. The entrance is guarded by two dogs, who bark and strain at their chains most furiously whenever an European shows himself. A stable for the horses (the Chinaman has a particular delight in horseflesh) forms one side of the quadrangle, the house another, and on the two sides is the garden fence. The garden is a model of its kind. The ground is laid out with neatness and regularity, and the vegetables are planted with mathematical accuracy. Being formed on the banks of the Loddon, and so close that the steep bank to the river-side enables the proprietor to dispense with a fence near the water, there is the required facility for irrigation—the secret of the Chinaman's success—two or three pumps being set up to raise the water to the level of the garden. From the pumps, the water is conveyed in troughs all over the ground, and into various small tanks which are sunk at the corner of each bed. From these the Chinese labourers draw water in the ordinary watering-pots, and early and late may be seen going about as wet as possible, and watering each little lettuce and cabbage with as much care as the European gardener gives to his rarest exotic. To protect the young and tender plants from the too fierce rays of the sun, these gardeners spread small squares of damp cloth over them. The cabbages are subject to the ravages of an aphid, which soon destroys the plant. The European, when his plants are thus attacked, quietly folds his hands and watches their destruction; but the Chinaman takes a strong mixture of soap, soda, tobacco, and other things, and with a small brush carefully washes over every leaf of every plant affected. By these means he rears his stock and brings into the market plenty of fresh young tender plants, when one is not to be obtained for love or money from an European. The Victorian gardeners refuse to be taught by the experience of previous failures, and the consequence is, that for a regular fresh and cheap supply of vegetables we are wholly dependent on the patient industry of the Chinese. In the Loddon garden, thirty-six men are employed. The headman vindicates his title by using his head only, preferring to keep his finger-nails long, and to employ the hands of others. When the vegetables of this garden are cut, they are placed in cane baskets, and taken to a large tub, where they are stripped of all waste or decaying leaves, carefully washed, and packed for sale in the baskets with as much cleanliness, care and delicacy, as a Devonshire woman bestows on the packing of her butter for market. John Chinaman lifts a fresh crisp young lettuce as "gingerly" as if it were an egg, and looks as regretfully at a broken leaf as if it were an infant's broken arm. From the Loddon garden, the labourers have to walk five miles to the nearest market, which distance they perform at their usual slinging trot. The salesmen bring their baskets home full of manure. In addition to their usual manure, they buy guano and bone-dust.

In the earlier days, Chinamen were wholly dependent on the European storekeepers for their supplies. Now every camp has one or two stores, the property of a Gee-Long, or Ah-Luck, or Mong-Feng. But they remain good customers to the Europeans, as they greatly affect European manners, customs, and dress, after they have been a short time in the colony. Not un-

frequently they patronise theatres, concerts, or other amusements, and put in a splendid appearance at any procession or public demonstration. When the governors, for instance, have at different times visited the up-country towns, their Chinese subjects have always been most anxious to do full honour to the representative of royalty. They mustered in swarms, and brought with them splendid specimens of banners, flags, and decorations, which quite cast into shade the paltry attempts in the same line of European holiday-makers. The flags are not only far prettier in shape, but are of beautiful material, being of the richest silk, of various colours, so exquisitely contrasted, or so delicately blended, as to please the artistic eye, and covered with embroidery of the most elaborate character and workmanship. They let off a most liberal supply of crackers—an amusement they delight in—and deny themselves no opportunity of enjoying. They also, at intervals, favour the lieges with celestial music, which, certainly, does not incline any colonial enthusiast to ask for that "strain again." The instruments of music consist of reeds, arranged something like a primitive Pan's pipe, cymbals, and a tiny kettle-drum. On all these occasions the Chinese have with good taste given up their European dress, and appeared as glorious as they could make themselves in their national costume: thus adding materially to the picturesque effect of the procession, and distinctively showing their numbers.

In one or two of the up-country towns, several of the more adventurous Chinamen rented some old wooden houses in the worst part of the towns. Gradually the number of these increased until a "Chinese Quarter" was formed. Reasons over and above their peculiar smell, rendered these Chinamen anything but desirable neighbours; and in Castlemaine a local capitalist erected a brick cantonment, away from the other houses. This little place is a perfect town in miniature. It occupies about two acres of ground, has three or four streets, an arcade, and apparently any number of millions of inhabitants. There are a large number of stores, several restaurants, and one or two opium saloons. The owners of all these establishments are quite willing to let any person go over them, and indeed seem to take a pleasure in showing their wares, and explaining Chinese ways of management. Few of their dwellings have chimneys; but they are warmed with buckets of live charcoal. The excessive neatness of the arrangement of the stores, houses, and of their own dress, would lead one to suppose these Chinamen the cleanest people in the world, but they are terribly dirty in some respects. Were it not for the enforcement of some sanitary by-laws by the Europeans amongst whom they reside, their quarters would speedily become the hotbed of the "pestilence that walketh in darkness."

In this cantonment there is a tin-smith's shop, where buckets, dippers, dishes, and pumps, are made by the imitative Chinamen, after the English and American models. There is a tailor's shop, where articles of clothing are made for those who are constant to the ancient style of dress, where the workman sits cross-legged precisely as an English tailor does, and draws out his thread with that peculiar jerk which tailors appear to think necessary to the effectual completion of their stitches. There is a doctor's shop or apothecary's, where the parcels have cabalistic characters on them, only intelligible to the vendor, and there is a shop which has no counterpart in the European community. There sits an old Asiatic—one of the very few ever seen with grey hairs, and these are only the few which adorn his face, the rest being as black as a coal—grinding away with all his might from morning till night. The mill is of the most ancient kind, being a smooth stone hollowed out, into which the material he grinds is put, and then another stone is placed on it, and the contents are pounded and ground up to a powder or paste. The grist put into this mysterious mill is generally some kind of imported nut, the Chinese name of which is "fowlie." It is startling to think that a means of grinding, possibly invent-

ed or adopted by the banished Cain and his descendants, should be in use here in this remote island continent in the nineteenth century of the Christian era.

Next door to this ancient specimen of humanity, I once heard sounds of music. On looking in, a young Chinaman was seen fingering the great-grandfather of all the violins. The instrument was a straight stick about three-quarters of an inch across, with a flat piece at the end, on which it rested. To the top of the stick were fastened two strings of catgut, which were again attached to the outer edge of the wood on which it rested, and a bridge served to keep the strings in proper tension. A bow of the simplest construction served to produce the most uniform monotonous melancholy sounds the ear ever heard. The fingering was precisely that necessary in our violin playing; but it only seemed to produce a greater or less volume of sound of the same note. The instrument rested on the knee of the player, and was about a foot high, the bow being of the same length. The performer appeared to be thoroughly absorbed in his employment, and his solitary listener's face had, for a Chinaman, as delighted and animated an expression as might be produced on the face of an European by a first-rate performance of a sonata of Beethoven's.

The Chinese features are not usually mobile and expressive. There is an intolerable sameness in face, colouring, dress, and general appearance among the Victorian Chinese, as compared with Europeans. The race is so pure, that one sees nothing but black eyes, black hair, and brown skins. Though at first it is next to impossible to distinguish one individual from another, yet after a time it becomes easy to separate the gentleman (there are a few) from the peasant or boor, and the good from the bad, with nearly as much accuracy as in the case of Europeans.

## EARLY CELTIC STORIES.

[These tales are given, not so much for their intrinsic merit as for their value as literary curiosities—relics of the social usages of a people whose circumstances, aspirations, and tastes were as different as they well could be from those of their living descendants.]

### I.

#### THE STORY OF THE SCULLOGE'S SON FROM MUSKERRY.\*

A LONG time ago, before the Danes came into Ireland or made beer of the heath flowers, a rich man, though he was but a sculloge, lived in Muskerry in the south, and he died there too rolling in riches, for he was a saving man. It is not often that a very thrifty and hard-working man has a son of the same character to step into his shoes, and the Muskerry sculloge was no worse off than many of his neighbours. When the young sculloge came to own the chests and the stockings full of gold, said he to himself, "How shall I ever be able to spend all this money?" Little he thought of adding anything to it. So he began to go to fairs and markets, not to make anything by buying and selling, but to meet young bucks like himself, and drink with them, and gamble, and talk about hunters and hounds.

So he drank, and he gambled, and he rode races, and he followed the hounds, till there were very few of the guineas left in the chests or the stockings, and then he began to grope among the thatch, and in corners and old cupboards, and he found some more, and with this he went on a little farther. Then he borrowed some money on his farm, and when that was gone, he bethought him of a mill that used to earn a great deal of money, and that stood by the river at the very bounds of his land. He was never minded to keep it at work while the money lasted. When he came near it he found the dam broken, and scarcely a thimbleful of water in the mill-race, and the wheel rotten, and the thatch of the house, and the wood-work all gone, and the upper millstone lying flat on the lower one, and a coat of dust and mould over everything.

\* Sculloge means either a small farmer or a generous, hospitable person.

Well, he went about in a very disconsolate way, and at last sat down for grief and weariness on a seat fastened to the wall, where he often saw his father sitting when he was alive. While he was ready to cry in his desolation, he recollected seeing his father once working at a stone that was in the wall just over the seat, and wondering what he wanted with it. He put his fingers at each side, and by stirring it backwards and forwards, he got it out, and there behind in a nook he found a bag holding fifty guineas. "Oh, oh!" said he, "may be these will win back all I lost." So instead of repairing his mill, and beginning the world in a right way, he gambled, and lost, and then drank to get rid of his sorrow. "Well," said he, "I'll reform. I'll borrow a horse, and follow the hunt to-morrow, and the day after will be a new day."

Well, he rode after the hounds, and the stag led him a fine piece away; and late in the evening, as he was returning home through a lonely glen, what should he see there but a foolish-looking old man, sitting at a table, with a backgammon board, and dice, and box, and the *laplaigh* (tag for holding all) lying by him on the grass. There he was, shouting, and crying, and cursing, just as if it was a drinking-house, and a dozen of men gambling. Sculloge stopped his horse when he was near the table, and found out by the talk of the man that his right hand was playing against his left, and he was favouring one of them. One game was over, and then he began to lay out the terms of the next. "Now, my darling little left," said he, "if you lose you must build a large mill there below for the right, and you, you bosthoun!" said he to the right, "if you lose, but I know you won't, you thief, you must make a castle, and a beautiful garden, and pleasure-grounds spring up on that hill for the entertainment of your brother. I know I'll lose, but still I'll bet for the left: what will you venture?" said he to the young Sculloge. "Faith," said the other, "I have only a tethor (6d.) in the world, so, if you choose, I'll lay that on the right." "Done!" said he, "and if you win I'll give you a hundred pounds. I have no luck, to be sure, but I'll stick to my dear little left hand for all that. Here goes!"

Then he went throwing right and left, cheering whenever the left hand gave a good throw, and roaring and cursing at the other when two sixes or two fives turned up. All his fury was useless; the right won; and after the old fool had uttered a groan that was strong enough to move a rock, he put his left hand in on his naked breast under his coat, muttered some words that the Sculloge did not understand, and at the moment a great crash was heard down the river, as if some rocks were bursting. They looked down, and there was plain in sight a mill, with the water tumbling over the wheels, and the usual sounds coming from within. "There is your wager," said he to the right hand; "much good to you with it. Here, honest man, is your hundred guineas. D—— run to Lusk with you and them."

Strange to say, Sculloge did not find himself so eager for the bottle, nor the cards and dice next day. The hundred pounds did not turn out to be withered leaves, and he began to pay the poor people about him the debts he owed, and to make his house and place look snug as it used to do. However he did not lose his love of hunting; and on that very day week he was coming home through the same valley in the evening, and there, sure enough, was the foolish old man again, sitting at his table, but saying nothing.

"If I knew your name," said Sculloge, "I would wish you the compliments of the evening, for I think it is lucky to meet you." "I don't care for your compliments," said the other, "but I am not ashamed of my name. I am the *Sighe-Draoi* (Fairy Druid), *Lassa Buaiacht*, and my stars decreed at my birth that I should be cursed from my boyhood with a rage for gambling, though I should never win a single game. I am killed all out, betting on my poor left hand all day, and losing. So if you wish to show your gratitude get down and join me. If I win, which I won't, you are to do whatever I tell you.

You may say now what is to be yours if you win, and that you are sure to do."

So Sculloge said that all he required was to have his old mill restored, and they began the game. The Sheoge Druid lost as usual, and after rapping out some outlandish oaths, he bade the other take a look at his mill at an early hour next morning.

It was the first thing that Sculloge did when he went early in the morning, and surprised and delighted he was to find as complete a meal and flour mill in ready order for work as could be found in all Muskerry. It was not long till the wheel was turning, and the stones grinding, and Sculloge was as happy as the day was long, attending to his mill and his farm, only he felt lonely in the long evenings. The cards, and the dice, and the whiskey-bottle were gone, and their place was not yet filled up by the comely face and the loving heart of the *Bhan a teagh*.

So one evening about sunset he strolled up into the lonely valley, and was not disappointed in meeting the Sheoge Druid. They did not lose much time till they were hard and fast at the dice, the Druid to supply a beautiful and good wife if he lost the game, if not, Sculloge to obey whatever command he gave him. As it happened the other evenings it happened now. Sculloge won, and went to bed, wishing for the morning,

He slept little till near break of day, and then he dozed. He was awakened by his old house-keeper, who came running into the room in a fright, crying "Master, master, get up! There's a stranger in the parlour, and the peer of her I never saw. She is dressed like a king's daughter, and as beautiful as, as I don't know what, and no one saw her coming in." Sculloge was not long dressing himself, and it wasn't his work-day clothes he put on.

He almost went on his knees to the lovely lady, whom he found in the parlour. Well he was not a bad-looking young fellow; and since he was cured of gambling and drinking his appearance was improved, as well as his character. He was a gentleman in feeling, and he only wanted gentle society to be a gentleman in manner. The lady was a little frightened at first, but when she saw how much in awe he was of her she took courage. "I was obliged to come here," said she, "whether I would or no; but I would die rather than marry a man of bad character. You will not, I am sure force me to anything against my will." "Dear lady," said he, "I would cut off my right hand sooner than affront you in any way."

So they spent the day together, liking one another better every moment; and to make a long story short, the priest soon made them man and wife. Poor Sculloge thought the hours he spent at his farm and his mill uncommonly long, and in the evenings he would watch the sun, fearing it would never think of setting. She learned how to be a farmer's wife just as if she had forgot she was a king's daughter; but her husband did not forget. He could not bear to see her wet the tip of her fingers; and the only disputes they had arose from his wishing to keep her in state doing nothing, and from her wishing to be useful.

He soon began to fret for fear that he could not buy fine clothes for her, when those she brought on her were worn. She told him over and over, she preferred plain ones; but that did not satisfy him. "I'll tell you what, my darling *Saav*," said he one evening. "I will go to the lonely glen, and have another game of backgammon with the *Sighe Draoi*, *Lassa Buaiacht*. I can mention a thousand guineas if I like, and I am sure to win them. Won't I build a nice house for you then, and have you dressed like a King's daughter, as you are!" "No, dear husband," said she; "if you do not wish to lose me or perhaps your own life, never play a game with that treacherous, evil old man. I am under 'geasa' to reveal nothing of his former doings, but trust in me, and follow my advice."

Of course he could only yield, but still the plan did not quit his mind. Every day he felt more and more the change in his wife's mode of living, and at last he stole off one evening to the lonely glen.

There, as sure as the sun, was the foolish-looking old Druid, sitting silent and grim with his hands on the table. He looked pleased when he saw his visitor draw near, and cried out, "How much shall it be? What is it for this evening? two more mills on your river, a thousand guineas, or another wife? It's all the same, I'm sure to lose. You may make it ten thousand if you like. I don't value a thousand more or less, the worth of a thrancen. Sit down and name the stake. If I win, which confound the Sighe *Aithne* (knowledge) I won't, you will have to execute any order I give you."

Down they sat to the strife. Sculloge named 10,000 guineas to have done with gambling, and went on rather careless about his throwing. Ah! didn't his heart beat, and blood rush to his face, and a flash dart across his eyes when he found himself defeated! He nearly fell from his seat, but made a strong effort to keep his courage together, and looked up in the old man's face to see what he might expect. Instead of the puzzled, foolish features, a dark threatening face frowned on him, and these words came from the thin harsh lips:—"I lay geasa on you, O Sculloge of folly, never to eat two meals off one table, and never to sleep two nights in one rath, or bruihgeen, or caisio, or shealing, and never to lie in the same bed with your wife till you bring me the *Fios Fath an aon sceil* (perfect narrative of the unique story) and the *Cloidheamh Solais* (Sword of Light) kept by the *Fiach O Duda* Raven, Grandson of Steel) in the *Down Teagh* (Brown House).

He returned home more dead than alive, and Saav, the moment she caught sight of him, knew what had happened. So without speaking a word she ran and threw her arms round his neck, and comforted him. "Have courage, dear husband! Lassa Buaicht is strong and crafty, but we will match him." So she explained what he was to do, made him lie down, sung him asleep with a Druidic charm, and at dawn she had him ready for his journey.

The first happy morning of her arrival, the Sculloge found a bright bay horse in his stable, and whenever his wife went abroad, she rode on this steed. Indeed he would let no one else get on his back. Now he stood quiet enough while husband and wife were enfolded in each others' arms and weeping. She was the first to take courage. She made him put foot in stirrup, smiled, cheered him and promised him success, so that he remembered her charges, and carefully followed them.

At last he started, and away at a gentle pace went the noble steed. Looking back after three or four seconds he saw his house a full mile away, and though he scarcely felt the motion, he knew they were going like the wind by the flight of hedges and trees behind them.

And so they came to the strand, and still there was no stoppage. The horse took the waves as he would the undulations of a meadow. The waters went backwards in their course like arrows shot from strong bows. In shorter time than you could count ten, the land behind was below the waters, and the waves farthest seen in front, came to them, and swept behind them like thought or a shooting star.

At last when the sun was low, land rose up under the strong blaze, and was soon under the feet of the steed, and in a few seconds more they were before the drawbridge of a strong stone ford. Loud neighed the horse, and swift the drawbridge was let down upon the moat, and they were within the great fortress.

There the Sculloge alighted, and the horse was patted and caressed by attendants, who seemed to know him right well, and he repaid their welcome by gentle whinnings. Other attendants surrounded the Sculloge, and brought him into the hall. The noble-looking man and woman that sat at the upper end, he knew to be the father and mother of his Saav. They bade him welcome, and ordered a goblet of sweet mead to be handed to him. He drank, and then dropped into the empty vessel a ring which his wife had put on his finger before he left home. The attendant carried the goblet to the king and queen, and as soon as their eyes fell on the ring they came down from their high seats and wel-

comed and embraced the visitor. They eagerly inquired about the health of their child, and when they were satisfied on that point, the queen said, "We need not ask if she lived happily with you. If she had any reason to complain, you would not have got the ring to show us. Now after you take rest and refreshment, we will tell you how to obtain the *Fios Fath an aon Sceil* and the *Cloidheamh Solais*."

The poor Sculloge did not feel what it was to pass over some thousand miles of water while he was on the steed's back, but now he felt as tired as if he had travelled twenty days without stop or stay. But a sleeping posset and a long night's rest made him a new man, and next morning after a good lunch on venison steaks, a hearth-cake, and a goblet of choice mead, he was ready to listen to his father-in-laws' directions.

"My dear son," said the king, "the *Fiach O Duda*, *Lassa Buaicht* and I are brothers. *Lassa*, though the youngest, and very powerful in many ways, has always envied his eldest brother *Fiach the Sword of Light*. I only have the means of coming at it, but he knew I would not willingly interfere to annoy the poor man, who, after all, is my eldest brother, and has been sadly tormented during his past life, and has never done me the slightest harm. So he laid out this plan of stealing my daughter from me. I can't explain to you who know nothing of *Droideachta*, how he enjoys this and other powers. He got you into his meshes, blessed you with *Shaw's* society, and then put this *Geasa* on you, judging that I would help him to do this injury to my brother, rather than make my daughter's life miserable. *Fiach* lives in a castle surrounded by three high walls. It is on a wide heath to the south. Everything inside and outside is as brown as a berry. The black steed which I am going to lend you will easily clear the gate of the outer wall, and then you make your demand. As soon as the *Fiach* comes into this outer enclosure you have no time to lose; and if you get outside again without leaving a part of yourself or of your horse behind, you may consider yourself fortunate."

He mounted his black steed, rode southwards, came in sight of the Brown Castle, cleared the gate of the outer wall, and shouted, "I summon you great *Fiach O Duda* on the part of your brother, the *Sighe Draoi*, *Lassa Buaicht*, to reveal to me the *Fios Fath an aon Sceil*, and also surrender into my keeping the matchless *Cloidheamh Solais*." He had hardly done speaking when the two inner gates flew open, and out stalked a tall man with a dark skin, and beard, hair, birredh, mantle, and hose as black as the blackest raven's wing. When he got inside the enclosure he shouted, "Here is my answer," at the same time making a sweep of his long sword at the Sculloge. But he had given the spur to his steed at the earliest moment, and now safely cleared the wall, leaving the rear half of the noble steed behind.

He returned to the castle dismally enough, but the king and queen gave him praise for his activity and presence of mind. "That my dear son" said the king "is all we can do to-day; to-morrow will bring its own labours." So the sun went to rest, and the Sculloge and his relations made three parts of the night. In the first they ate and drank. Their food was the cooked flesh of the deer and the wild-boar, and hearth-cakes, and water-cress, and their drink—Spanish wine, Greek honey, and Danish beer. The second part of the dark time was given to conversation, and the bard, and the story-teller. The third part was spent in sleep.

Next day, Sculloge rode forth on a white steed, and when he approached the fort, he saw the outer wall lying in rubbish. He cleared the second gate, summoned the *Fiach*, saw him enter the enclosure, and if his face was terrible yesterday it was five times more terrible to-day. This time he escaped with the loss of the hind legs of his steed only, and he was joyfully welcomed back by the king and the queen.

\* A circumstance frequently repeated in Celtic tales. Such repetitions were never omitted by the story-tellers. They were used as resting places, and aids to arrangement or recollection of what was to follow.

They divided the next night into three parts\* as they did the last, and the next day he approached the *Down Teagh* on the brown horse that brought him the *Eich Down*.

The second wall was now in *brishe* as well as the first, and at one bound of the brown steed he was within the court yard. He had no need to call on *Fiach*, for he was standing before his door, sword in hand, and the moment the horse's hoofs touched the ground he sprang forward to destroy steed and rider. But the druidic beast was in the twinkling of an eye again on the other side, and a roar escaped the throat of *Fiach* that made the very marrow in Sculloge's bones shiver. However the horse paced on at his ease without a hair on his body being turned, and Sculloge recovered his natural courage before you could count three.

Great joy again at the castle, and the day was spent, and the night divided into three parts as the day before, and the day before that again. Next morning the king sent out no horse, but put a *Clarsech* (small harp) into his son-in-law's hand, and a satchel by his side filled with withered leaves and heath flowers, tufts of hair, pebbles, and thin slates, passed his hands down Sculloge's arms from shoulder to wrist, and gave him directions what to do.

When he came within sight of the castle, he began to touch the harp-strings, and such sounds came from them that he thought he was walking on a cloud, and enjoying the delights of *Tir na-n-Oge*. The trees waved their branches, the grass bent to him, and the wild game followed him with heads raised and feet scarce touching the ground. All the walls were in confused heaps, and as he approached them, servants and followers were collected from wherever they were employed, and standing in a circular sweep facing him. No noise arose from the crowd, their delight was too great. As he came close he ceased for a moment, and flung the contents of his satchel among them. All eagerly seized on scraps of leaves, or hair, or heath-flowers, or slates, or pebbles, for in their eyes they were gold, and diamond ornaments, and pearls, and rich silks. He struck the strings again, and entered the castle, accompanied by the enchanted sounds from the harp strings. He passed from the hall through a passage, then up some steps, and he was in the small bed-chamber of *Fiach O Duda*. He had heard the sounds, but the effect they had was to throw him into a deep sleep in which the music was still present to his brain, and kept him in a sleepy rapture.

This room was as light as the day though window it had none. By the wall hung a sword in a dark sheath. Bright light flashed round the room from the diamond-crested hilt and about three inches of the blade not let down into the scabbard. Taking it down, he approached the sleeping druid chief and struck him on the side with the flat of the blade. "Arise," said he, "great *Fiach O Duda*, reveal to the *Sighe Draoi*, *Lassa Buaicht* through me, the *Fios Fath an aon Sceil*. I will not ask for the *Cloidheamh Solais*, I have it in my keeping." The druid's looks were full of surprise at first, and then of fright, but in a short time he became calm, and proceeded to relate the

#### FIOS FATH AN AON SCEIL.

I am, said he, the eldest of three brothers, the *Sighe Draoi*, *Lassa Buaicht* being the youngest. By birth-right I inherited the great family treasure of the *Cloidheamh Solais*, and my younger brother envied me from the beginning, and made many an attempt to take it from me. But I was a *Draoi* as well as he, and always was able to disappoint him. At last wishing to get out of the reach of his villainous tricks, and see the world, I went on a voyage to Greece, and when I returned I was a married man. The King of Greece had grown to like me so much, that he gave me his daughter. The king and his daughter were deep in *Draoideachta*, and he had in his possession a *slat* (enchanted rod) which could change any living being into whatever form he wished. I never dreamed, as my wife and I talked so lovingly, and were so happy, sitting on the deck of our vessel as we returned over the calm central sea, that she had stolen



that rod from her father's chamber before we set out on our return.

About a week after I came home, as I was hunting, the hounds gave chase to a wild-looking, but very handsome man, all covered with long hair, and when I got up to them they had seized him, and were on the point of tearing him asunder. He stretched out his hands to me, while the tears run down his cheeks, and I drove off the dogs and brought him home to my castle. I got his hair cut off, and had him clothed, and I amused myself in teaching him to speak. Little did I think he was a disguised follower of my brother, who had sent him into my family by this stratagem, to corrupt my wife, and to get possession of the sword of light for him.

One day as I was returning from hunting through a grove near this castle, I heard voices in a thicket. They were familiar to me, and when I had arrived at a convenient place, what did I espy but my wife seated under a tree, and the villainous wild man, with not a trace of wildness about him or in his speech, stretched on the grass, his head upon her knees, and looking up lovingly into her face, and entreating her to secure the Cloidheamh Solais for him. I had no further patience, but rushed on ready to strike him through with my hunting spear, but the moment my wife caught sight of me, she slung the magic rod at me, and I found myself, in the twinkling of an eye, changed to a horse. I did not lose my memory, but rushed on the villain to trample out his life. However he had got up into the tree before I could reach him. I had neither the power nor the will to trample or strike my wife. So the guilty pair escaped for the time.

She managed to have me caught very soon, and hard worked, but that was going too far with the joke. I kicked and bit every one she sent to yoke or bridle me, and no one would venture to come near me. This did not meet her views. So she came where I was one day, struck me with the *slat* once more, and I was a wolf on the moment. Great as her power was, she could not kill me, but she contrived to let her father, who was just then with her on a visit, to hunt me with a great pack of wolf-dogs. I led them a good chase, but was taken at last.

Just as they were on the point of devouring me, the King of Greece himself came up, and so I howled out dismally to him, imitating the human voice as well as I could. I held up my fore-paws, and he saw the big tears rolling down from my eyes. He knew there was something mysterious about me, and rescued me from the dogs at once. I walked home by his side, and he kept me about him, and grew quite attached to me. All this terribly annoyed my wife, but she was prevented by a higher power from killing me with her own hands, and I kept too close to her father, to be in danger from any one else. All this time she and the false wild man searched for the sword of light, but could not find it. It was kept in a thin recess in a wall, under a spell, and no one but I could discover the method of coming at it. She did all she could to persuade the king to send me away, but he would not gratify her. At last one day she brought a druidic sleep on our child in the cradle, so that he seemed without life, and she sprinkled him with blood, and threw some also on me. For I used to stay in the room with the infant whenever I could. She then began to shriek and cry till her father and the servants ran in to see what the matter was. "Oh, father, father!" said she, pointing to the cradle, and then to me, "See what your favourite has done!" All were rushing to kill me at once, but he ordered them to stop. He took the *slat* in his hand, and drew it down the child's body from its breast to its finger ends, muttering some words, and it sat up, and began to stretch out its arms to him. He examined the places where the blood spots were, and found no wound. Then he called me to him, and said to those around him, "Here is some treachery and mystery which I must clear up. *Mac Tire*," he continued, addressing me, and striking me with the rod, "I command you by my druidic power to take on your natural form, if you be not a true *madra-lamb*." In a moment I was restored to my own

face and figure before them, and saw my wife and her favourite hastening from the room as fast as their legs could carry them. The king saw this as well as I, and ordered both to remain, and the doors to be closed. I directed one of the servants to fetch cords, and have the two bound hand and foot, "No need," said the king, "as far as my daughter is concerned." He waved his hand towards her, and muttered a charm, and she sunk on a chair without power to move. I then explained all that had happened from the day when I detected them in the wood, and declared my belief that the pretended wild man was not present in his natural appearance. "We shall soon know the truth," said the king. He struck the villain across the face, and instead of the handsome *Gaisceach* we knew, he stood before all an ugly featured hump back, who was known to every one as the confidential follower of my brother Lassa Buacht. The wretched woman on the chair, though not able to move, uttered a piercing cry, and her face was covered with a stream of tears. The servants did not wait for further orders. They tied the hump-back hand and foot, made a roaring fire in the bawn, and pitched him into the middle of it. The King of Greece asked me what punishment I wished to inflict on my false wife, but I said he might do as he pleased, but that I wished her life to be spared. When he left me to return to his own country, he took her with him, and since I have heard no news of either. And now you know why I have kept myself so well guarded from the designs of my wicked brother, and you have heard the Fios Fatha an non Seall, and got the Cloive Solais. In return, tell me why a stout, noble-looking young *Gaisceagh* (brave fellow) like you, should come and throw down my walls, and take my bright treasure, and why my good brother should aid you. You could not have done it without his help."

So Sculloge related his history, and assured him that he should not be long deprived of the cloive solais, and would have no occasion for any more walls to fence himself from his evil-minded brother. He was soon back to the king and queen, and soon over the wide ocean on his bay steed, and on the evening of the same day was sitting in the *Glean Raineach* (lonely glen) at the table with the Sighe Draoi, Lassa Buacht, and the sword of light in its dark sheath, and its hilt covered by his sleeve, grasped tightly in his strong right hand. The druid gave him a hearty welcome, and mentioned how rejoiced he was to see him safe back, never removing his eyes from the weapon.

"My brave *Gaisceagh*," said he, "I need not trouble you about the Fios faith. I know it already. Hand me the cloive solais, and my hand will not be slack in showering guineas on you." "Oh, just as you like. You don't care how I give you the sword?" "Ah, what matter how you give it!" "Thus then it shall be, treacherous wretch," said Sculloge. The valley was lighted up in a moment as if in noon-day, and the head of the druid was in the next moment lying at this feet.

Very soon his beautiful, gentle, and loving wife was laughing and crying in his arms, for she was not far off awaiting the issue, and the sudden blaze brought the happy news to her, and the bright bay steed was soon bearing them over the waves again to her native land. Fiac O'Duda was once more happy in the possession of his cloive solais, and there was no more happy palace than that in which the Sculloge and his princess, and her father and mother, spent their days. The Lords of Muskerry trace their genealogy from the son of the *Gaisceagh* of our story.

## ENGRAVING WITH A SUNBEAM.

THE title of this article is by no means figurative. We can now dispense with the engraver, and employ the sunbeam in his stead. The new process by which this revolution is to be effected is that of Mr. Walter Woodbury, and has been recently described in the English scientific journals. As it is not a complex one, we shall try and convey an idea of its

general features. In taking an ordinary photograph, a solution of silver is placed upon glass, and has projected on it, through the medium of a camera obscura, an image of some object which it is desired to represent. This image consists of several combinations of light and shade, and, as the effect of light is to darken the silver solution by decomposing it, the lightest shades (those most illuminated) are represented on the glass plate by dark portions, and the dark shades being less decomposed, are fainter. In this case, the object photographed has been represented by lights and shades. There are, however, certain combinations other than those of silver, which are differently affected by light. Now, a compound of gelatine and bichromate of ammonia is one of these. When this is exposed to the action of light it becomes perfectly insoluble; so that when a photograph taken with it is placed in hot water, the parts which were least exposed are dissolved away, and those submitted to the light remain, thus leaving a representation in relief. Upon this quality of bichromatized gelatine depends the principal feature in the new process. In the first instance, a negative (that is, a photograph of a special kind on glass) is taken of the picture or object of which it is wished to obtain an engraving, and this is placed over a plate of talc, bearing a stratum of the prepared gelatine, and in this position exposed to the light. The sun's rays, in passing through the negative, fall upon the gelatine, with various intensity, hardening the parts least covered, and leaving those parts unaltered which are completely protected by the shadows of the negative. After sufficient exposure, the gelatine plate is removed, and placed in hot water, which dissolves away all those parts unacted on by the sun, leaving those completely exposed intact, and partially removes the portions of the plate which were slightly protected. When, therefore, the gelatine plate, with its support of talc, is removed from the water, it presents a series of elevations and depressions which exactly correspond in extent and height to the lights and shades of the picture. It is in fact an intaglio plate in gelatine, but one which, as its depressions correspond to the light portions of the picture, cannot be used for engraving. A cast must be taken; and this is effected either by metallic deposition, as in electrotyping, or by pressing the hardest gelatine plate into one of soft lead. The latter method is the one which Mr. Woodbury employs, and although it seems hard to believe, it is unquestionably the fact that by pressure alone a perfect impression of the gelatine is produced on type-metal.

The next stage in the process is that of printing. An intaglio block, i.e., one in which the depressions are to be filled with ink and the surface to be left clean, has been produced, but it remains to be shown how it is used. If it were simply coated with ordinary printing ink the "proof" would be as devoid of half-tones as the worst photo-lithograph, and therefore a peculiar ink, suggested many years ago by M. Gaudin, is employed. This ink consists of gelatine holding colouring matter, of whatever hue is desired, in solution; it is a translucent preparation and is not densely coloured. This compound is poured into the intaglio mould—for a mould it really is—and the latter is pressed down upon the paper which is to receive the print. The ink, which has become semi-solid, falls from the depressions in the block somewhat in the manner of jelly from a jelly-mould, and soaks into the paper. In this way the deepest depressions, corresponding to the darkest shades, throw down the greatest number of layers of ink, and the shallowest ones the least; so that a picture is produced in which even the most delicate half-tints are exquisitely brought out. Indeed, the result is somewhat similar to that of "washing" in water-colour painting, the greatest quantity of colour producing the greatest shade, and conversely—very tint in the gradation being preserved.

The inventor of the exceedingly ingenious method we have described considers that one man at work with four "presses" could produce as many as one hundred and twenty prints per hour, and at a cost which would be very trifling.

## WOLFE.

THE changeful moon has passed behind a cloud,  
Cape Diamond rears its huge, gigantic bust,  
Dimly as if the Night had thrown a shroud  
Upon it, mindful of a hero's dust.  
Well may she weep; her's is no common trust;  
His Cenotaph may crumble on the plain,  
But this vast pile defies the traitor's lust  
For spoliation; here his hate were vain;  
Nature, enraged, alone could rend the mass in twain.

QUEBEC! how regally it crowns the height!  
The Titan Strength has here set up his throne;  
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,  
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan  
Of mutilated soldiers years ago,  
That gave the place a glory and a name  
Among the nations. France was heard to groan;  
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim,—  
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

Fall'n in the prime of his ambitious years,  
As falls the young oak when the mountain blast  
Rings like a clarion, and the tempest jeers  
To see its pride to earth untimely cast.  
So fell brave WOLFE, heroic to the last,  
Amid the tempest and grim scorn of war;  
While leering Fate with look triumphant passed,  
Pleased with the slaughter and the horrid jar  
That lured him hence to see how paled a hero's star,

Only to rise amid the heavens of Fame  
With more celestial radiance; as the sun  
That sets at Eve a passionate mass of flame  
Returns with calmer glory. He had run  
The race that fortune bade him, and had won  
The prize which thousands perish for in vain,—  
For he had triumphed; they depart undone,  
Like a dark day that sinks in cloud and rain,  
But never can return, nor see the morn again.

High on the classic record of the brave  
His name will blaze for centuries to come,  
With those stern patriots whose burnished glaive  
Upheld the Right, and struck Oppression dumb:  
Men whose whole lives were passed amid the hum  
The crash, the tumult, and the direful strife  
Of camps and battlefields; to whom the drum  
Sounding the midnight 'larum brought new life,  
Although it led to scenes with death and danger rife.

Heroic Wolfe! the martial path he chose  
Nipped his long-cherished dreams just when the  
bud  
Of his fair promise opening to a rose  
Was drenched in tears and stained with life's dear  
blood.

A hero-martyr, for his country's good  
Yielding up life, and all he held most dear;  
A mind with finest sympathies imbued,  
A wise companion and a friend sincere,  
A soul to burn with love, a nature to reverse.\*  
Kingston, C. W. CHAS. SANGSTER.

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 284.

CHAPTER LXXXI. HOW MR. KECKWITCH PASSED THE  
SUMMER HOURS.

Returning to his chambers weary and anxious, Saxon was not particularly delighted to find his dear friend, Mr. Laurence Greatorex, in possession of a sofa, making himself thoroughly at home with a newspaper, a cup of coffee, and a cigarette. Somewhat over-demonstrative at the best of times, the banker's greetings were more than commonly oppressive on this occasion.

"I happened to drop into the club," he said, "and hearing that you had been seen there to-day, I wouldn't lose an hour in coming to see you, my dear boy—not an hour!"

And then he shook hands with Saxon for the twentieth time, and again protested that he was never so glad to see any one in his life—never, by Jove!

\* Stanzas cxxxiv to cxxxix of the new (unpublished) St. Lawrence and the Saguenay.

"But you don't look much the better for your Norwegian trip," he added.

"I suppose I am tired," replied Saxon, with a glance at the timepiece. "I have been travelling incessantly for some days."

"I hope you are not too tired to hear something that I have to tell you," said the banker.

"What is it about?"  
"Well, it's about your precious cousin in Chancery-lane."

Saxon shook his head impatiently.  
"Oh, Mr. Greatorex," he said, "that will wait till to-morrow."

"I am not so sure that it will. I am not sure, Trefalden, that you have come one day too soon."

"If you mean that the new company is all a bubble," said Saxon, gloomily, "I know it already."

"You do?"

Saxon nodded.

"Lost money by it?"

"Yes; some."

"All that Mr. Trefalden undertook to invest for you?"

"No; less than one hundredth part of it. Only sixteen thousand pounds."

"Less than one hundredth part of it!" repeated the banker. "By all the powers, then, you had entrusted him with something like two millions of money!"

"Just two millions."

"What has become of the remaining nineteen hundred and eighty-four thousand pounds?"

"It is re-invested, I presume, in government stock."

"You presume? What do you mean by saying you 'presume?' Who told you so?"

"My cousin himself, not an hour ago. He said he would send one of his clerks with me to-morrow to the Bank of England, that I might satisfy myself as to the safety of my money."

Mr. Greatorex got up and took three or four turns about the room, thinking profoundly.

"Did he tell you he was going shortly out of town?"

"No."

"And you took him by surprise, did you not?"

"Quite by surprise."

"Humph! Made an appointment with you for to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"At his office."

"What hour?"

"Twelve."

Mr. Greatorex struck the table sharply with his open hand.

"Then he won't keep it!" exclaimed he. "I'd stake my head that he won't keep it!"

Saxon, leaning his head moodily upon his hands, was of the same opinion.

"Now, look here, Trefalden," said the banker, excitedly, "I have had my suspicions of your cousin all along. You know that; but some queer things have come to my ears of late. Do you know where he lives?"

"No."

"I do. Do you know how he lives?"

"Not in the least."

"I do."

"How did you come by your knowledge?"

"By means of his own head clerk—a fat fellow with a wheezy voice, and a face like an over-boiled apple-pudding."

"I know the man—Mr. Keckwitch."

"The same. And now, if you will just listen to me for five minutes, I'll tell you the whole story from beginning to end."

And with this, Mr. Greatorex related all about his interview with the lawyer, telling how William Trefalden had faltered and changed colour at the first mention of the new Company; how speciously he had explained away Saxon's statement regarding the investment; and how, at the close of the interview, the banker found that he had not really advanced one step towards the corroboration of his doubts. About a week or ten days, however, after this interview, Mr. Abel Keckwitch presented himself in Lombard-street, and, with an infinite deal of cautious circumlocution, gave Laurence Greatorex to understand

that he would be willing to co-operate with him to any safe extent, against William Trefalden. Then came a string of strange disclosures. Then, for the first time, the banker learned the mystery of the lawyer's private life. A long course of secret and profuse expenditure, of debt, of pleasure, of reckless self-indulgence, was laid open to his astonished eyes. The history of the fair but frail Madame Duvernay, and every detail of the ménage of Elton House, down to the annual sum-total of Mr. Trefalden's wine-bill and the salary of his French cook, were unfolded with a degree of method and precision eminently characteristic of Mr. Keckwitch's peculiar talents. He had devoted the leisure of the whole summer to this delightful task, and had exhausted his ingenuity in its accomplishment. He had learned everything which it was possible for any man not actually residing within the walls of Elton House to know. He had followed Madame's elegant little brougham to the Parks, listened to her singing in the stillness of the summer evenings, and watched his employer in and out of the house, over and over again. He had ingratiated himself with the Kensington tradespeople; he had made acquaintance with the tax-collector; he had even achieved a ponderous, respectable, church-going flirtation with Madame's house-keeper, who was a serious person, with an account at the savings-bank. In short, when Mr. Keckwitch brought his information to Lombard-street, he knew quite enough to be a valuable coadjutor, and Mr. Laurence Greatorex was only too glad to grasp at the proffered alliance.

"And now, my dear boy," said the banker, "the most important fact of all is just this—William Trefalden is preparing to bolt. For the last two days he has been posting up his accounts, clearing out old papers, and the like. He tells the people in Chancery-lane that he is going out of town for a few weeks; but Keckwitch don't believe it, and no more do I. He has his eye upon the stars and stripes, as sure as your name is Saxon Trefalden!"

## CHAPTER LXXXII. ON GUARD.

Saxon was fixed in his determination not to have recourse to the law. In vain the banker entreated permission to call in the aid of Mr. Nicodemus Kidd; in vain represented the urgency of the case, the magnitude of the stakes, and the difficulty—it might almost be said, the impossibility—of doing anything really effectual in their own unassisted persons. To all this, Saxon only replied that there were but three surviving Trefaldens, and, happen what might, he would not disgrace that old Cornish name by dragging his cousin before a public tribunal. This was his stand-point, and nothing could move him from it.

A little after midnight the banker left him, and, repairing straight to Pentonville, roused the virtuous Keckwitch from his first sleep, and sat with him in strict council for more than an hour and a half. By three o'clock, he was back again in Saxon's chambers; and by five, ere the first grey of the misty September morning was visible overhead, the two young men had alighted from a cab at the top of Slade's-lane, and were briskly patrolling the deserted pavement.

Dawn came, and then day. The shabby suburban sparrows woke up in their nesting places, and, after much preliminary chirruping, came down and hopped familiarly in the path of the watchers. Presently a sweep went by with his brushes over his shoulder, and was followed by three or four labourers, going to their work in the neighbouring cabbage-gardens. Then a cart rumbled along the High-street; then three or four in succession; and after that the tide of wheels set fairly in, and never ceased. By-and-by, when the policeman at the corner had almost grown tired of keeping his eye upon them, and the young men themselves had begun to weary of the fruitless tramping to and fro, they were unexpectedly joined by Mr. Keckwitch.

"Beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, "but I thought I'd best come over. Two heads, you know, are better than one, and maybe three are better than two. Anyhow, here I am."

Whereupon the head clerk, who was quite out of breath from fast walking, took off his hat and

dabbed his forehead with his blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. Respectable as he was, Saxon regarded the man with inexpressible aversion. To him, Mr. Abel Keckwitsch was simply a spy and an informer; and spies and informers, according to Saxon's creed, scarcely came within the pale of humanity.

"Of course, gentlemen, you've seen nothin' as yet," pursued the head clerk, when he had recovered breath. "Not likely. About eight o'clock, or from eight to half-past, will be about the time to look out. Most of the expresses start towards nine, and he's safe to be off by one of 'em. Now, I've got a cab waitin' round the corner, and all we shall have to do will be to watch him out of the house, jump in, and follow."

"Keckwitsch thinks of everything," said Greatorex, approvingly.

"The main question is, where's he a-goin' to? I say America."

"America, of course."

"Well, then, you see he might start from the London Docks, or Southampton, or Glasgow, or Liverpool; but most likely Liverpool. Now, there ain't no boat either to-day or to-morrow from either of those ports—that I've ascertained; but then he's safe to get away somehow, and keep quiet till the chance turns up. He might catch up the Liverpool boat, you know, at Kingstown, or the Southampton boat at Havre. In short, we must be prepared for him everywhere, and keep our eyes open all round."

"Yours seem all right, Keckwitsch, at any rate," said the banker.

"Well, sir, I ain't closed 'em for one half minute since you were at Pentonville," replied Mr. Keckwitsch, complacently. "One needs to be special watchful, having no professionals to help us forward."

At this moment the church clock began striking eight, and the postman made his appearance at the upper end of Stude's-lane. The head clerk at once disengaged himself from the group, and, desiring his fellow-watchers to keep aloof, began sauntering up and down, within a few yards of the gates of Elton House. Presently the postman crossed over, letters in hand, and rang the gate bell. Mr. Keckwitsch was at his elbow in a moment.

"Can you tell me, postman," said he, blandly, "if there's any party of the name of Henley residin' in this street?"

"Henley?" repeated the letter-carrier. "No, not that I know of. There's a Henry in Silverstreet, if that's what you mean."

But that was not at all what Mr. Keckwitsch meant. Mr. Keckwitsch only meant to read the address upon the letter in the postman's hand, and having done so hastened back to Saxon and Greatorex at the bottom of the street.

"By the Lord, gentlemen," he exclaimed, striking his clenched fist against his open palm, "he's off!"

"Off?" repeated Saxon and Greatorex, in one breath.

"Ay. I saw his writin' on the envelope. It's one of our office envelopes, and has been posted in a pillar-box overnight. He's off, and we might dodge about here till doomsday for all the good we could do by it."

"He has secured two hours' start, too, curse him," said Greatorex, fiercely.

"Curse him, with all my heart," echoed the head clerk, fervently.

#### CHAPTER LXXXIII. A TENDER EPISODE.

Mr. Keckwitsch rang boldly at the gate of Elton House, and requested to see Mrs. Filmer. Mrs. Filmer was Madame Duvernay's serious housekeeper. The head clerk, for prudential reasons, had never ventured to call upon her before; but the time for prudence was now gone by, and the time for boldness was come.

There was an air of flurry and confusion about the place, which Mr. Keckwitsch detected as soon as he set foot across madame's threshold. The servant who admitted him had a scared look upon her face, and, having shown him to the door of the housekeeper's room, scampered away again as fast as her legs could carry her. Presently a bell was rung violently up-stairs, and was fol-

lowed by a sound of running feet and rustling skirts along the passage. Then came an interval of dead silence, and by-and-by Mrs. Filmer made her appearance with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Jennings" she said, "you come at a sad moment, sir. We are in terrible trouble here this morning."

The head clerk, who had introduced himself to Mrs. Filmer in one of those church-going conversations by the unassuming name of Jennings, here pressed the housekeeper's hand in both of his own, and replied that he was sorry for anything which made her unhappy.

Mrs. Filmer then went on to say that madam had just received the cruellest letter from master. Master had actually gone away, nobody knew where, without even bidding madam good-bye, and as good as told her, in plain black and white, that he should never come back again. Madam had been in hysterics ever since. Poor madam! Such a kind, dear, sweet-natured lady, to—but there, what could one expect? Men were such brutes.

"Not all men, my dear Mrs. Filmer," wheezed the head clerk, tenderly reproachful.

Whereupon Mrs. Filmer tossed her head, and believed that there wasn't so much difference between the best and the worst, as some folks imagined.

"There's myself, for instance," said Mr. Keckwitsch. "I abhor perfidy; I do, indeed, ma'am."

"Ah, so you say, Mr. Jennings," sighed the housekeeper.

"I'll prove it to you, Mrs. Filmer. If you'll get me a sight of that letter, so that I could examine the writin' and postmark, I'll go down at once to the City, and push inquiry in certain quarters that I know of; and if I don't succeed in findin' out which way your scamp of a master's gone, I give you leave never to speak to me again."

"Oh, Mr. Jennings, do you really mean that?"

"Mean it, ma'am? Bless you! This sort of thing is all in my way. Many and many's the runaway bankrupt we've caught just as he was steppin' aboard of the steamer that was to carry him to Boulogne or New York. Do you think you can put your hand on the letter?"

"I think so. It was lying on the floor just now, down by madam's bedside, and a bank-note for five hundred pounds as well, which I picked up and put in her purse. She didn't regard the money, poor soul."

"Women never do," said the head clerk. "Their little hearts are so tender."

Mrs. Filmer looked down, and sighed again.

"I'm sure yours is. I hope it is, my dear," added he; and, sidling a step nearer, that respectable man actually kissed her.

About ten minutes later, Mr. Keckwitsch came out from the gates of Elton House, radiant with triumph. He had William Trefalden's letter in his pocket-book. It contained only these words:

"Adieu, Thérèse. Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to leave England—perhaps, for ever. I bid you farewell with tender regret. Try to think of me kindly, and believe that, if you knew all, you would not blame me for the step which I now find myself compelled to take. I enclose a Bank of England note for five hundred pounds. The house, and all that it contains, is yours. Once more, farewell. May you be happier in the future than I have made you in the past.

"W. TREFALDEN."

#### CHAPTER LXXXIV. IS IT A TRAP?

They went first of all to the office in Chancery-lane, where they found the clerks just settling to their work, and the housemaid blacking the grate in William Trefalden's private room. To put a summary stop to this damsel's proceedings, dismiss her, lock the door, and institute a strict but rapid investigation of all that the place contained, was their next course. They examined the contents of the waste-paper basket, turned out the table-drawers, broke open the safe; but found nothing of any value or importance.

"Look here," said Saxon, presently. "What is this?"

It was only a crumpled envelope, the inside of which was covered with pencilled memoranda.

Greatorex uttered a cry of triumph.

"A sketch of his route, by Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Where did you find this?"

"On the mantelshelf here, beside the almanack."

"Listen: 'London to Boulogne by steamer—three A.M. Eight hours. Boulogne to Paris—eleven A.M. Paris to Marseilles—8.40, through Marseilles to Algiers, nine P.M. Or Constantinople, five P.M.'"

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Keckwitsch.

"All—and he was off of course, by the early Boulogne boat by three this morning. Eight hours' passage—confound him! he will be landing in half an hour; and by six or seven this evening will be in Paris, whence he will go straight through to Marseilles by that eight-forty express."

"The eight-forty express reaches Marseilles at three forty-five the following afternoon," said Mr. Keckwitsch, who had wisely provided himself with a continental time-table.

"And the next through train from London?" asked Greatorex.

"Half-past eight this evening."

The banker uttered an angry oath; but Mr. Keckwitsch only took up the envelope, and examined it thoughtfully.

"I shall not attempt to overtake him," said Saxon. "He has seventeen hours' start. It would be sheer folly."

"If you would but consent to telegraph to the police at Paris," began the banker—but Saxon silenced him with a gesture.

"No," he said, resolutely. "Nothing shall induce me to do that. Once for all, I will not deal with him as with a felon."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Keckwitsch, still examining the envelope. "I'm not sure that this paper ain't just a trap."

"A trap?"

The head clerk nodded.

"He's such a clever chap," said he. "Too clever by half to commit a blunder of this sort. I no more believe he's gone by the Boulogne boat than I believe he's gone to Paradise."

"Where, then, do you suppose he is gone?" said the banker, impatiently.

"Likely enough that he ain't left London at all. And, somehow or another I have my doubts—"

"Doubts of what?"

Mr. Keckwitsch rubbed his fat hands over and over, and wagged his head knowingly before replying.

"That, maybe, there's a woman in the case."

The banker laughed outright at the absurdity of this notion; but over Saxon's mind there flashed a sudden, strange suspicion—a suspicion so vivid, that it stood to him for a conviction; a conviction so startling, that it came to him like a revelation.

Helen Rivière!

The name almost escaped his lips, with the shock of discovery. He saw the whole plot now—saw it as plainly as if his cousin's secret soul had been laid bare before him. His course was taken on the instant. With conviction came decision; with quick sight, prompt action.

"I have changed my mind," he said. "I will pursue the search. I am willing to employ any means, short of bringing my cousin before a court of justice. Tell me what is best to be done, and I will do it."

His resolute tone took them by surprise.

"Come," said Greatorex, "this is common sense."

But Saxon, who had been all irresolution up to this moment, was now all impatience.

"For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "let us lose no more time in talking! Moments are precious. What is to be done?"

"Well, sir, in the first place," replied Mr. Keckwitsch, "you must give private employment to three or four sharp fellows. My friend, Mr. Kidd, will know where to find 'em for you."

"Good. Go on."

"One must search in and about London; one must go upon this foreign track, just for safety; and one must run down to Liverpool, with in-

structions to cross to Kingston, if he sees cause to do so."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"And you must offer a fair reward."

"How much?"

"Well, sir, would you think a couple of hundred to much?"

"I will make it a couple of thousand."

"Bravo!" cried Greatorex. "For two thousand pounds these detective fellows would find you the bones of Adam and Eve."

"Say you so? Then it shall be five thousand. Mr. Keckwiltch, I authorise you to offer a reward of five thousand pounds in my name."

The head clerk bowed down before Saxon as if he had been a demi-god, and said that it should be done forthwith.

"I'll go myself with the fellow who takes the Paris job," said Mr. Greatorex. "I shall enjoy the excitement of the thing; and you, Trefalden, had better go to Liverpool."

Saxon shook his head.

"No," he said, "my field shall be London."

#### CHAPTER LXXV. SAXON TAKES HIS OWN COURSE.

"Maybe there's a woman in the case."

Those words caused Saxon to fling himself heart and soul into the pursuit. They roused all the will and energy that were in him. It was but a random guess of Mr. Keckwiltch's, after all; but it did what the loss of two millions of money had failed to do.

The more he thought of it, the more probable—the more terribly probable—it seemed. So young, so lovely, so fresh to the world as Helen Rivière was, what more likely than that William Trefalden should desire to have her for his own? What more likely than that she, being so poor and so friendless, should accept him? She would be certain to do so, if only for her mother's sake. For Saxon did not now believe that Mrs. Rivière was dead. As he had once trusted his cousin with an infinite trust, he now regarded his every word and deed with unbounded suspicion. He neither believed that Mrs. Rivière was dead, nor that Helen was gone to Florence, nor that any statement that William Trefalden had ever made to him at any time was other than deliberately and blackly false.

Granting, however, that Mrs. Rivière might be no more—and it was, after all, sufficiently likely to be true—would not the lonely girl cling to whoever was nearest and kindest to her at the time? And then Saxon remembered how gentlemanly, how gracious, how persuasive his cousin could be; how sweet his smile was, how pleasant and low his voice!

Poor Helen! Poor, pretty, trustful, gentle Helen! What a fate for her! It made his heart ache and his blood boil, and brought to the surface all that was tenderest and manliest in his nature only to think of it.

Within five minutes after he had announced his decision, the three men parted at the door of William Trefalden's office. Each went his separate way—Keckwiltch to engage the detectives, Greatorex to make arrangements for his temporary absence, and Saxon to pursue his own quest according to his own plan.

He went straight to Brudenell-terrace, Camberwell, and inquired for Miss Rivière.

The belligerent maid-servant reconnoitred through a couple of inches of open doorway before replying.

"Miss Rivers don't live here now," she said, sharply.

This, however, was only what Saxon had expected to hear.

"Can you oblige me, then," he said, "with her present address?"

"No, I can't."

"But surely Miss Rivière must have left an address when she removed from here?"

"There was an address left," replied the girl; "but it ain't right, so it's of no use to any one."

"How do you know that it is not right?"

"Because it's been tried, of course. But I can't stand here all day."

And the girl made as if she was about to shut the door in Saxon's face; but, seeing his fingers on their way to his waistcoat-pocket, relented. He placed a sovereign in her hand.

"I want to know all that you can tell me on this subject," he said.

She looked at the coin and at him, and shook her head suspiciously.

"What's this for?" she said.

"For your information. I would not mind what I gave to any one who could put me in the way of finding where those ladies are gone."

"But I can't tell you what I don't know."

"That's true, but you may as well tell me all you do."

The girl, still looking at him somewhat doubtfully, invited him to step inside the passage.

"I can show you the card," she said; "but I know it's of no use. There was a gentleman here the other day—he came from a great London shop, and would have put pounds and pounds of painting in Miss Rivers's way—and though he wrote it all down exact, he couldn't find the place."

And with this she plunged into the little empty front parlour, and brought out a card on which were pencilled, in William Trefalden's own hand, the following words:

*Mrs. Rivière,  
Braufort Villa, St. John's Wood.*

Saxon almost started on seeing his cousin's well-known hand.

"Who wrote this?" he asked, quickly.

"It was Mr. Forsyth that wrote it, after the ladies were in the cab."

"Mr. Forsyth?" he repeated.

And then the girl, grown suddenly communicative, went on to say that Mr. Forsyth was a rich gentleman who, having known "Mr. Rivers" a great many years ago, had sought the ladies out, paid enormous prices for Mr. Rivers's pictures, and induced Mrs. and Miss Rivers to remove to a pleasanter part of London. Even in this matter he took all the trouble off their hands, and they never so much as saw their new lodgings before he came to take them there. There never was such a kind, thoughtful, pleasant gentleman, to be sure! As for the address, Mrs. Rivers never thought of it till just at the last moment, and then Mr. Forsyth wrote it out as he stood in the passage—the ladies being already in the fly, and ready to drive off.

"And that is all you know about it?" asked Saxon, still turning the card over and over.

"Every word."

"I suppose I may keep the card?"

"Oh yes, if you like; but you'll find there's no such place."

"Did Mrs. Rivière seem to be much worse before she left here?"

"No. We thought she was better, and so did Miss Rivers."

Saxon turned reluctantly towards the door.

"Thank you," he said. "I wish you could have told me more."

"I suppose you are a friend of the family?" said the girl, inquisitively.

Saxon nodded.

"You—you can't tell me, I suppose, whether Mr. —"

"Forsyth?"

"Ay—whether Mr. Forsyth was engaged to Miss Rivière?" said he, with some hesitation.

She screwed her mouth up, and jerked her head expressively.

"They weren't when they left here," she replied; "but anybody could see how it would be before long."

Then, seeing the trouble in the young man's face, she added quickly:

"On his side, you know. He worshipped the ground Miss Rivers walked upon; but I don't believe she cared a brass farthing for him."

To which Saxon only replied by thanking her again, and then turned despondingly away.

He would go to St. John's Wood; but he felt beforehand that it would be useless. It was to be expected that William Trefalden would give a false address. It was, of course, a part of his plan to do so.

In the midst of these reflections, just as he had reached the further end of the terrace, the girl came running after him.

"Sir, sir," she said, breathlessly, "I've just thought of Doctor Fisher. He was Mrs. Rivers's

doctor, and he'll be sure to know where they went."

"God bless you for that thought, my girl!" said Saxon. "Where does he live?"

"I don't know; but it's somewhere about Camberwell. You'll be sure to find him."

"Yes, yes—easily." And again Saxon dipped his fingers into his waistcoat-pocket. But the girl shook her head.

"Lord love you!" said she, "I don't want any more of your money—you've given me too much already!"

And with this she laughed, and ran away.

Saxon jumped back into his cab, and desired to be driven to the first chemist's shop on the road:

"For the chemists," muttered he to himself as he rattled along, "are sure to know all about the doctors."

#### CHAPTER LXXVI. DOCTOR FISHER.

Doctor Fisher dwelt in a big, stucco-fronted, many-windowed house, with gates and a portico—a strictly professional-looking house that stood back from the road, as if with a sulky sense of its own superiority to the humbler dwellings round about—a house before whose grim portals no organ-boy would presume to linger, and no Punch to set up his temporary stage. A solemn-looking servant in a sad-coloured livery opened the door, and ushered Saxon to the physician's presence.

Dr. Fisher was a massive man, with an important manner, and a deep rolling voice like the pedal pipes of an organ. He received his visitor courteously, begged him to be seated, and replied clearly and readily to all Saxon's inquiries. Mrs. Rivière was indeed dead. She died about a fortnight before, and was buried in Norwood cemetery. The Rivières had removed from Camberwell about two, or it might be nearly three, months previous to this catastrophe. During the first six or eight weeks of her sojourn at Sydenham, Mrs. Rivière had gained strength, and was so far improved as to be on the point of undertaking a voyage to Madem, when she unfortunately took that cold which resulted in her death. Dr. Fisher did not attend Mrs. Rivière's funeral. He believed that Miss Rivière and Mr. Forsyth were the only mourners. He had never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Forsyth, but he had heard both Mrs. and Miss Rivière make frequent reference to him, as a friend to whom they were bound by many ties of gratitude and regard. Miss Rivière, he believed, was well. He had called upon her in the morning of the day following that on which her mother was buried; but not since. Her present address was Beulah Villa, Sydenham. He regretted that he had no further information to offer; protested that he was entirely at his visitor's service; and wished him a gracious "good morning."

Ushered out again by the solemn lacquey, Saxon pushed on at once to Sydenham.

Beulah Villa proved to be one of a series of semi-detached houses in a quiet side-road overlooking some fields, about half a mile from the Crystal Palace. His cab had no sooner pulled up, however, before the gate, than an ominous card in the dining-room window prepared him for a fresh disappointment.

Miss Rivière had left nearly a week ago.

"She went away, sir, the second day after her poor ma's funeral," explained the good woman of the house, a cheery, kindly, good-humoured-looking body, with floury hands and a white apron. "She couldn't abide the place, pretty dear, after what had happened."

"If you will be so kind as to oblige me with Miss Rivière's present address —"

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say that is just what I can not do," interrupted the landlady. "Miss Rivière didn't know it herself—not to be certain about it."

"But surely something must have been said—something by which one could form some idea," said Saxon. "Do you think she was going abroad?"

"Oh dear no, sir. She was going to the seaside."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, sir—positive."



"And yet is it possible that no one place was mentioned as being more likely than another?"

"Two of the places were mentioned, sir, but I took no account of the names of 'em."

"You can at least remember one?"

"No, sir—I can't, indeed."

"Try—pray try. Do you think you could remember them if I were to repeat the names of several sea-side places to you?"

His intense earnestness seemed to strike the woman.

"I am very sorry, sir," she said, "but I have no more idea of them than the babe unborn. I don't believe I should know them if I was to hear them—I don't indeed."

"Did Miss Riviere leave your house—alone?"

"No, sir. Mr. Forsyth went with her."

Saxon almost ground his teeth at that name.

"Mr. Forsyth was very often here, I suppose?" he said.

"Very often, sir."

"Almost every day?"

The woman looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and compassion that showed plainly what she thought of this cross-examination.

"Why, yes, sir," she replied, reluctantly. "I suppose it was about every day, lately."

The young man thanked her, and turned sadly away. At the bottom of the steps he paused.

"You do not even know to which railway terminus they went?" he asked, as a last chance. She shook her head.

(To be continued.)

## TRIUMPHANT.

(On the recent announcement that a sufficient number of States have voted for amending the Constitution, so as to abolish Slavery, and prohibit it forever in the United States.)

FLASH the glad news, ye tongues of fire,  
Along the world-encircling wire,  
That man, to-day, stands one step higher,  
Than e'er he stood before.

The agony of years is done,  
The battle for the right is won,  
The contest by the few begun  
Has triumphed evermore.

Rejoice, ye men of noble mind,  
Friends of the least of humankind,  
Their manacles are cast behind;  
Give thanks, and God adore!

With no sad blush upon her brow,  
Columbia greets the nations now,  
And utters the eternal vow,  
No slave shall tread my soil!

O may she, with a foresight rage,  
So shape the precious heritage,  
That it may pass from age to age,  
Rewarding honest toil;

For as a serpent cut in twain,  
A double life but seems to gain,  
And slowly dies, prolonging pain,  
So slavery brooks its fall.

But justice lives, strong truth awakes,  
The temple of gray error shakes,  
The tyrant in his palace quakes,  
Freemen are forged from slaves.

Two nations sea-divided stand,  
A voice from heaven gives command,  
And each extends a kindred hand  
Across the solemn waves;—

They clasp; and thus till time shall end  
May each still stand the other's friend,  
And calm and wisely comprehend  
Their duty to the world.

So shall the golden age begin,  
So cease grim war's tumultuous din,  
So perish many a hoary sin,  
Idols to earth be hurled.

And on the land and rolling sea,  
The two fraternal flags shall be  
Symbols of all that's great and free,  
Admired where'er unfurled.

Montreal, Dec., 1865.

G. MARTIN.

## AZREEL AND THE THREE BROTHERS.

By X. Y. Z, Montreal.

To be completed in four numbers.

Continued from page 286.—Conclusion.

"Ali! behold again Azreel; in a few moments thou must meet thine end, by the unjust sword of the executioner. Yet it is given to thee to turn aside the decree against thee and this day to mount the throne of the Caliph. I offer thee thy choice: Death or the Caliphate."

At this moment Mesrouc came up, his features distorted with fear and rage.

"Who art thou?" cried he.

"Ali."

"Hold, Mesrouc," said Azreel. "You and I have stood together a long time; I have done many a stroke of work for you. Now, how will the Caliph take this. Just as likely you as Ali or both may die. Isn't it time to stop this? Heads are playthings, it seems. If you will walk straight up to the Caliph and strike him one below, when he condemns Ali, I will finish him. Proclaim Ali; be Grand Vizier yourself—the body guard were devoted to Ali and will stand by you."

Mesrouc reflected a moment.

"There is no time to be lost; we will do it," cried he.

"Stop," said Ali, "You are a fool; I would rather be killed than the Caliph. Finish this woful drama."

"As you will, Hakim," said Mesrouc calmly, and then added in a loud, stern voice, "Slaves, lead this traitor and sorcerer to the Audience-Chamber."

The story was soon told by Mesrouc that no sooner did Selina behold the sorcerer than she cried out and died.

Haroun was overwhelmed with grief and rage.

"Lead him to death," commanded he.

"Hast thou no favour to ask," whispered Azreel.

"Yes, to speak to my brother."

Azreel whispered to Mahmoud, who, as Governor of the City, was present. Instantly Mahmoud said aloud, "I, as Governor, will see him executed." Going to him, he pretended to see to his bonds. "Mahmoud," said the condemned, "I am Ali, take the ring from my finger and keep it. It is thine own. It had been better had I perished with Solyman."

Mahmoud drew the ring from his finger and murmured, "Farewell," and withdrew.

Ali knelt in prayer, and laid his head on the block. Azreel knelt down by him and whispered, "It is not yet too late. Shall I withhold the stroke of fate?"

"Heaven forbid," said Ali, "do your duty."

Azreel raised up and let fall his Scimiter, and the head of Ali rolled in the dust.

Taking his head by the hair, he held it aloft and cried with a loud voice and a doubtful smile, "This is the head of a traitor!"

Up to the time of the execution of Ali, Mahmoud had lived a life of great success. The Caliph seemed to contend with fortune, in aggrandizing Mahmoud, who became known as "the Fortunate." He sent caravans across the desert and they returned with incredible profits; he bought and the articles rose in value; the Caliph seemed delighted to overflow the full cup of his prosperity. But above all, in the society of Zuleima, whose wisdom equalled her beauty, Mahmoud found the fullness of bliss.

The death of Ali, and his rejection of the favour of Azreel, which the quick perception of Mahmoud instantly comprehended, sent a cold thrill to his heart. He felt that death could not be the worst of human ills, though he had in himself realized only the bright side of life. He mourned his brother, more for his unhappiness, than his death. "How wretched must he have been to have rejected life," said Mahmoud.

As he conferred with himself in sorrow, he was aware that Azreel stood before him. "Mahmoud," said the Angel, "thou hast received a lesson—Art thou willing to rejoin thy brothers? I have come to show thee the road."

"Azreel," replied Mahmoud, "I have learned that thou art the minister of mercy, as well as of vengeance, but I pray thee, seek some one who

needs thine aid; I do not wish to leave a world to me so full of happiness."

"Thy wish is granted," said Azreel, "nevertheless, this day, thou wilt repent it. Adieu." So speaking, he vanished.

Mahmoud reflected on the uncertain tenure of life. "Ali!" he exclaimed, "how partial are the gifts of fortune. When the sage Selim left me so many blessings, why did he not leave to me also that elixir of life, which, by perpetuating the days of Zuleima, would have rendered me secure against the assaults of fortune."

With these thoughts he sought Zuleima, and repeating them to her, bemoaned the fatuity of Selim, who, wretched himself, could not believe that the happiness of others could be abiding.

"My father was a wise man," gently said Zuleima, "but could he have witnessed the happiness of Mahmoud and Zuleima, he would have bequeathed to them the elixir of life."

With tender endearments Zuleima soothed his sorrow, but when Mahmoud had gone to his post as Governor of the City, she reflected on his words. She had often assisted her father in the preparation of the elixir, and it struck her, that in his laboratory she might find that phial of rock-crystal, in which if a few drops remained, her object might be gained, and life greatly prolonged, if not perpetuated. With hasty steps and eager hands she applied to the door of the laboratory, the key of which had been guarded by her with jealous care. There among the disused implements of science, on a dusty shelf, stood a crystal phial, filled with a liquor glowing with lambent light. She quickly poured out a draught of the fluid and drank it. "Mahmoud, thy wish is granted," she exclaimed.

Zuleima at first felt flying through her veins throbs of intense delight, which were succeeded by a sensation of delicious languor. Throwing herself upon a cushion, she cast around her eyes, which fell upon a scroll, until then unobserved. Taking it up she read as follows:

"To Mahmoud and Zuleima.

"Beloved children,

"I have destroyed the elixir of life, fatal to happiness; but I have left in the crystal vial the wonderful elixir of gold, which transmutes all things into that precious metal, which will ward off want. Health and peace.

"SELIM."

Zuleima pressed the scroll to her forehead for a moment, to realize the full extent and scope of this wonderful revelation. Already she felt her hands and feet growing icy cold. She rose, and closing the door of the laboratory, sent at once for Mahmoud. When he arrived, she had barely time to explain to him her fatal mistake. "Mahmoud, do not mourn for me. It was thy love that made me desire life beyond the decree of fate. Seeking for more than was ordained, I have lost what might have fallen to my lot. Be patient, Mahmoud. Be resigned, and in brighter realms we may be reunited."

With these words she expired, and left her husband in distraction. In vain he implored a word, a look; in vain, invoked Azreel to restore his wife and take all his other blessings. When the women came to remove the body, it was found converted into solid gold.

Mahmoud still had all the choicest gifts of fortune, but after the loss of Zuleima, he seemed able to enjoy none of them.

Haroun Al Raschid, who had a great regard for Mahmoud, at last sent for him, and thus spoke to him:

"My friend! It is useless to struggle against the Past. It is beyond our reach. Look forward. What will lighten your grief?"

"My Lord," said Mahmoud sadly, "my wound is past medicine, but I do not struggle—I submit."

"Mahmoud!" said Haroun, "there is no cure for sorrow like action. The ungrateful Afghans, not satisfied with the 'best government the world ever saw,' have revolted. Take an army, reduce them, return with hope in thy heart, and happiness will await thee."

"To hear is to obey," sighed Mahmoud, and the next day he was "at the head of the finest army on the planet." Having two hundred thousand men and the Afghans having fifty thousand,

Mahmoud made an arithmetical calculation, that if he could kill one Afghan and lose only three of his own men, he would, after continuing this process long enough, have fifty thousand men when the Afghans had none left, so he began fighting. By some error of calculation, he found he was losing five to one, which would have put the boot on the wrong leg, so he sent to the Caliph for two hundred thousand men more. The Caliph, having an inexhaustible supply of men, whom he hired from all parts of the East, readily furnished them, and after several years of hard fighting the Afghans were annihilated, and Mahmoud had an army left. This filled his need of military glory.

He was styled the "Saviour of the Caliphate," and every day received some new ovation to his great mathematical genius and military skill.

The Caliph gave him a chief command in his armies, and told him he should have his daughter Alika for his wife. So Mahmoud received the daughter of the Caliph as his wife and the government of a province. The fair Alika was of a fatness beautiful to behold in the eyes of all true Mussulmen, but withal so fond of confectionery that she suffered much from indigestion, at which times she had a habit of reminding her husband, of the honour she had done him in marrying him. Mahmoud had become so used to power and rank that he ill-brooked these caprices of his wife, and so grew surly and cross in temper, venting his annoyance on any who might chance to come in his way. This continued until he became as odious in Bagdad as he had formerly been popular. Still he managed to impress the populace with a certain respect by the splendour of his dress and the profuseness of his expenditure, and by a judicious use of the knowledge acquired from consulting his magic ring, he had the reputation of great wisdom. All did not avail, he daily grew more miserable. At last, he found out that Alika, whom he had begun systematically to neglect, amply repaid herself for his conduct, by giving her affections to a handsome Greek. It is needless to dwell on the particulars of this affair; suffice it to say, that Mahmoud, using the power he had, quietly had the Greek seized and beheaded. He proved to be that Dionysius, heretofore mentioned. "Gracious Heavens!" mentally exclaimed Mahmoud, "To be postponed to a mate."

Alika, being the daughter of the Caliph, Mahmoud could not wreak on her the vengeance he desired, but she understood her advantages fully as well as he did his. A week had not elapsed, before he was suddenly arrested and taken into the presence of the Caliph.

"Mahmoud," began the Caliph, "I have long heard complaints of your cruelty, pride and ambition, but at last I find they end in treason. I find that a week since, you murdered your accomplice, Dionysius, who would have betrayed you, but fortunately the ties of blood prevail over those of marriage, and your wife has told all. You have conspired against me; your marriage is annulled; your lands and wealth forfeited; your rank and offices taken from you; but as I am merciful, I will spare your life, and only order your right hand to be struck off and your right eye put out."

Mahmoud would have remonstrated, but he was borne away, degraded from office, amid the hoots of a mob, and his right eye blinded and his right hand cut off. He was then dragged through the city at the tail of an ass and thrust out of the gates. Such was the wretched end of the distinguished career of Mahmoud the Fortunate, in Bagdad.

Maimed and blind, Mahmoud stood without the gates of Bagdad and revolved in his mind, what was left for him to do. Thought without action does not supply food, and soon hunger was added to his suffering. He asked for alms, but was spurned. Degraded and desperate, he threw himself into the Tigris, hoping to perish. He had hardly touched the water, however, before he was rescued by a person, who said to him in angry tones, "Are these the thanks I receive for sparing your life and filling your lap with plenty and your cup with fortune?" "Oh! Azreel!" cried Mahmoud, recognizing the stranger, "is it for this, that you spared my life? and

he touched his blind eye with his mutilated hand.

"Ungrateful wretch!" replied Azreel, "do you balance a day of pain against ten years of supreme fortune? I only gave you life. The rest has come by the decrees of a fortune which I do not control. Learn that life is not a path of roses. Live and learn."

Left alone, Mahmoud again considered how he was to support that life, which had become odious to him, but from which there seemed no escape. As he pondered, a small caravan came out of the city, and when it halted near him, night had already fallen. The company of which it was composed seemed very gay and talked loudly, as they made preparation for the evening meal. Mahmoud drew near, with the intention of asking charity, when his purpose was arrested by the voice of him, who seemed the chief of the party.

"By the holy Caaba, Benoni!" said he, "this day's work hath been worth a twelvemonth of plunder in the desert. This day have the free children of the desert put to naught the craft of cities. First, thou, oh rare Benoni! son of Zerubbabel of Jaffa, although thou art but a Jew and not of the true faith, hast wrought wonderfully. Thou hast sprinkled sand in the eyes of the Caliph, shored from the minaret of prosperity a mighty minister, Mahmoud, the favourite of fortune, and by the aid of the strong hand of Bedreddin hast gorged with wealth thy brotherhood."

"Mighty Bedreddin," replied an oily voice, "craft and force are husband and wife. Their heir is Success. It is true that my facile tongue swore to all that the Princess Alika dictated against her husband; and thou, ready for the sequel, with thy followers, allowed no sharers in the pillage of Mahmoud's house."

"Benoni," said Bedreddin, "we are rich for life. How shall we spend and enjoy the vast wealth we have acquired? Damascus, the gem of the desert, seems to me the fittest place. I have many friends there, especially Nourreddin."

"It is agreed," said Benoni. "Nourreddin put us on this work, and will receive the province of Mahmoud."

Presently, their talk ended, and they composed themselves for the meal. Mahmoud knew that Nourreddin was the Governor of Damascus, and his enemy, and felt that he had been the victim of a vile plot. Quick of thought, and full of resource, with his mind bent on vengeance, he lurched into camp, and besought aid.

"Who art thou?" inquired Bedreddin.

"Abou-Said, the servant of Nourreddin of Damascus," answered Mahmoud. "Sped by my master on an important message, I was this day seized on the edge of the desert by some followers of Mahmoud the Fortunate, who robbed me, and when they found the letter I bore, struck off my hand, and put out my eye."

"By Heaven! thou hast been avenged in kind," cried Bedreddin, "for the same calamity has befallen that same Mahmoud."

Abou-Said, asked the Jew Benoni, soothingly, "thy letter must have been important to have won thee such hard usage."

"It was to one Bedreddin, a Sheikh," said Mahmoud.

"Ha!" cried Bedreddin. "Man, I am Bedreddin. What was in that letter? Dost thou know?"

"Worthy Chief," artfully answered Mahmoud,

"I do know; but I do not know that thou art Bedreddin. Hast thou one with thee called Benoni?"

"I am he," said Benoni.

Now Mahmoud had observed on Bedreddin's finger a certain ring, so he continued, "Chief, allow me to look at thy ring," and receiving it from Bedreddin and reading therein his name, he added, "Thou art, indeed, Bedreddin, as thy appearance and this ring declare. I give thee my confidence."

"Continue," cried Bedreddin.

"Know, then, Bedreddin, that Nourreddin has raised the standard of revolt and declared thee Caliph. He bids thee strike quick and hard, with the war-cry of 'Down with Haroun and Mahmoud.'"

"Gracious Heavens!" cried Benoni, "we are dead men. Make haste and let us fly to the ends of the earth. Haroun will be merciless when he learns this."

"He will know it to-morrow," insinuated Mahmoud.

"The arms of the Caliph are long, his feet are swift," said the Jew.

"Why not, then, follow my master's advice at once. You have enough here—some fifty men—to surprise the guard, slay Haroun and Mahmoud, and before sunrise become Caliph."

"When they find out our weakness they will revolt," said Bedreddin.

"Declare that your conspiracy embraces everybody, and each will suspect his neighbour and fear to strike."

"This is a most sagacious fellow," cried Benoni, with delight. "All he says is wisdom. This can be done. Bedreddin will be Caliph; Benoni, Grand Vizier. Thou, Abou-Said, shalt have a hundred pieces of gold."

Mahmoud made a lowly obeisance. "I thank thee, oh! most generous; but time flies. Let us act. Leave Mahmoud to me."

"Mahmoud is past thy vengeance. Abou-Said, he is degraded, mutilated and exiled."

"Where, then, is his wife?" asked Mahmoud.

"His wife has the palace of the Brazen Lions."

"Give me five men, I have a message from Nourreddin for her," said Mahmoud.

Their plans were speedily arranged, and mounting their steeds, they dashed through a small and badly guarded gate of the city and rode towards the palace of Haroun. When they reached that of the Brazen Lions, they halted, and, springing from their horses, in a moment overpowered the guard. Another minute brought them to the banquet hall, where Alika was revelling in security.

Mahmoud and his comrades fell upon the banquetters, putting them all to death and setting fire to the palace. Without delay they proceeded to the palace of the Caliph. The guard at the outer gate was overthrown, and a fierce struggle ensued within. Whilst the tumult still raged, Haroun rushed out at the head of his private guards and threw himself into the midst of the conflict. The fortune of the day brought him face to face with Bedreddin, and scimiter clashed against scimiter.

"Down with the traitors," shouted Haroun.

"Live Bedreddin, and down with false Haroun and Mahmoud his slave," shrieked Bedreddin.

Hardly had he uttered the words when a scimiter, swung in the left hand of Mahmoud fell on the neck of Bedreddin, who sunk dead at the feet of Haroun. A yell of despair rose from the survivors of his party, who sought safety in flight. Haroun, turning to him, recognized Mahmoud in his preserver.

"What brought thee here?" sternly inquired the Caliph.

"Thy safety," replied Mahmoud.

The Caliph heard from Mahmoud that he had accidentally learned the plot and came to reveal it. The Caliph at once restored him to all his honours and wealth, and would have given him his wife, but she had been slain in the outbreak.

Mahmoud now thought himself again restored to permanent power, and was congratulating himself on it, when Azreel entered his apartment. "Come, Mahmoud," said he, "you have received a poisoned wound in this affray, and had better go quickly with me."

But Mahmoud was no longer of a mind to go, and so said. The next day made him repent his refusal. His agony was great and intolerable, and after a week of intense pain, Azreel, whom he had repeatedly called for, again returned.

"Wilt thou go?" said he.

"Yes," said Mahmoud, "I wish I had accepted thy first invitation or thy last. Every refusal has preceded some unexpected misfortune."

"Hast thou learned at last," said Azreel, "that I am not more terrible than benignant. It is best for a man to die, when his time comes."

—But then, added he, sagely, "most of them do." So the Caliph mourned over his preserver, and built a mausoleum to his memory, and the poet Fidele-Deedy made his epitaph, which, after giving him all the virtues, said—

"He rose by his energy, ruled with justice and applause, was rewarded by the love of a princess, and the unwavering confidence of a Caliph, and died on account of his loyalty."

### DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

Eau bénite de cour (*Fr*) holy water of the court; court promises.  
 Ecce Homo! (*Lat*) behold the Man!  
 Ecce signum! (*Lat*) behold the proof!  
 Ecume de mer (*Fr*) froth of the sea, (meerschaum)  
 Eclaircissement (*Fr*) clearing up; explanation.  
 Eclat (*Fr*) splendour, applause.  
 Ego spero pretio non emo (*Lat*) I do not buy hope with money.  
 Ego de alio loquor, tu de ceped respondes (*Lat*) I talk of chalk, and you talk of cheese.  
 Ego Hannibal, peto pacem (*Lat*) I, Hannibal, seek peace. Hannibal having sworn a vow of eternal enmity against the Romans  
 Elan (*Fr*) a jerk, sudden step; the dashing advance of soldiers.  
 Elito (*Fr*) a select body, the best part.  
 Eloge (*Fr*) a funeral oration, a panegyric on the dead.  
 El Dorado (*Sp*) the gold region.  
 Emeritus (*Lat*) one who has been honourably discharged from public service.  
 Emeute (*Fr*) an uproar, a riot.  
 Embonpoint (*Fr*) plumpness of body.  
 Embouchure (*Fr*) the mouth of a river, also the mouth-piece of a musical instrument.  
 En abrégé (*Fr*) briefly, in few words.  
 En avant (*Fr*) forward, onward.  
 En barbette (*Fr*) (in fortification) when the cannon of a battery are higher than the breast wall.  
 En bas (*Fr*) below, down stairs.  
 En belle humeur (*Fr*) in good humour.  
 En conscience (*Fr*) conscientiously.  
 Encore (*Fr*) again, once more.  
 En détail (*Fr*) in detail, retail.  
 En Dieu est ma fiancée (*Fr*) in God is my trust.  
 Enfant perdu (*Fr*) a lost child, (military term, the forlorn hope.)  
 Enfant gâté (*Fr*) a spoiled child.  
 Enfant trouvé (*Fr*) a foundling.  
 En fuite (*Fr*) said of a ship when she carries only her upper tier of guns.  
 En gros (*Fr*) wholesale.  
 Et tu, Brute! (*Lat*) and even thou, Brutus!  
 (The exclamation of Julius Cæsar when stabbed by Brutus).  
 Ex cathedrâ (*Lat*) from the chair, (hence, with authority or dogmatism.)  
 Excerpta (*Lat*) extracts.  
 Ex concessio (*Lat*) from that which is conceded.  
 Ex curiâ (*Lat*) out of court, (law term).  
 Exeat (*Lat*) leave of absence, (lit. let him depart.)  
 Exempli gratiâ (ex. gr.; e. g.) (*Lat*) for the sake of example.  
 Exequatur (*Lat*) a recognition of a person in the capacity of Consul.  
 Exeunt omnes (*Lat*) all go out, (stage phrase).  
 Ex intervallo (*Lat*) at some distance.  
 Exit (*Lat*) the departure of a player from the stage; also any departure.  
 Ex mero motu (*Lat*) of mere good pleasure.  
 Ex necessitate rei (*Lat*) from the necessity of the case.  
 Ex nihilo nihil fit (*Lat*) nothing can come of nothing; (lit. out of nothing, nothing can be made.)  
 Ex officio (officiis) (*Lat*) by virtue of his office (their offices).  
 Ex parte (*Lat*) on one side only.  
 Ex pede Herculeum (*Lat*) from a partial exhibition, learn the full extent of a man's power; (lit. from measuring the foot, learn the size of the entire body.)  
 Experientia docet (*Lat*) experience teaches.  
 Experimentum crucis (*Lat*) a decisive trial.  
 Exposé (*Fr*) a laying open, an exposure.  
 Ex post facto (*Lat*) after the deed; in law, consists in declaring an act penal or criminal, which was innocent when done.  
 Expressivo (*It*) (in music), with expression.  
 Ex professo (*Lat*) professedly, by profession.  
 Extempore (*Lat*) off hand; to speak without notes, without previous study or preparation.

### THE FASHIONS.

FROM THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THERE are but few striking changes to notice between this and last year's winter fashions—only a few modifications.

It is really difficult to say which is the most fashionable way of making up dresses, as there are many ways equally approved by fashion. The only general rule is that skirts are put on in flat double pleats, scant and short in front, and form a long and ample train at the back. The question of greatly shortening the skirt has been agitated, but has not met with success; trains are decidedly more graceful than short round petticoats, and have been voted for a continuance of at least one year longer. Paletots follow suit, and are also more or less train-shaped at the back.

Many dresses are made with round waistbands, and some with short basques or lapels all round the waist. Bodies are short-waisted, but still not as much so as was dreaded by those who prophesied a return to the fashions of the First Empire. Lappets and curiously-shaped pieces of the same material as the dress, and braided or embroidered, are a favourite style of trimming; but the ornament now most in favour of all is the thick lace called Cluny guipure. It is literally placed on every possible article of clothing, including caps, bonnets, dresses, petticoats, collars and cuffs, jackets, and even slippers.

Jackets are very much worn, and of every description, from the loose morning jacket to the elegant white or black lace jacket without sleeves. Some are made of white muslin, arranged in very narrow plaits, and lined with pink, blue, or mauve silk, for evening and dinner parties.

The following descriptions will give our readers clearer notions of the modes of the present day:—

For a walking toilette, an under-petticoat of red cashmere, trimmed with a very narrow pleated flounce, above which are placed three rows of Turkish braid. A dress of grey poplin, looped up over the petticoat with four strips of the same material, edged all round with a narrow ruche of red silk, of the same shade as the petticoat; each strip is fastened on with a large red silk button. The body is high and plain; it has narrow lappets all round, edged, like the strips on the skirt, with a narrow ruche of red silk. A band of red gros-grains is worn round the waist, and fastened at the side with a large rosette. The body is fastened down the front with red silk buttons. The sleeves are narrow, trimmed round the top and bottom with a ruche of red silk, and fastened at the wrists with red buttons. The same trimming would look well in blue or violet. The toilet may be completed by a grey plush paletot and a black velvet bonnet, trimmed with the same colour as the dress. The under-petticoat should in any case be also of the same colour as the trimming.

The antique style is more than ever in vogue for head-dresses. The front hair is arranged in rows of frizzed curls upon the forehead, which it partially conceals, and is divided by bandelettes as we have already described. Large, heavy chignons are not, however, discarded, and the space between the chignon and the front curls is filled up with plaits, loops, and drooping curls, forming altogether a very elaborate superstructure. As no fashion is very long lived, and it would be awkward to cut one's front hair quite short for the sake of wearing short frizzed curls, most ladies consent to buy rows of these, ready prepared and mounted upon velvet or brocaded ribbon, forming bandelettes. The ribbon may be covered with rows of pearls or coral beads. Delicate garlands of artificial flowers are worn, instead of ribbon or velvet, for ball coiffures.

A beautiful ball toilette consisted of a dress of ruby-coloured satin. It was trimmed round the bottom with two rows of rich brocaded ribbon, white, placed close together, with a vankyle edging of guipure lace on either side. The same trimming is repeated about ten inches higher, and between the two, rosettes of guipure lace are placed at regular distances. The skirt forms a

sweeping train at the back. The body is low, cut square at the top, and trimmed round with guipure lace, as well as the waistband. This body is made very low, and a small chemisette of white tulle, disposed in bouillons, divided by narrow red velvet ribbons, is worn inside; it does not come up beyond the shoulders, and is edged round the top with lace.

For young ladies, ball-dresses are made of white tulle or tarlatan; they are entirely covered with narrow bouillons, disposed the long way from the waist downwards; three bouillons round the top of the low body, sleeves of tulle, and a wide scarf of the same tied as a wash round the waist.

Gauze or tulle dresses, spangled with gold, are also very much the fashion. Flowers are less worn in the hair than formerly, and are often replaced by jewels, in the antique-style, for married ladies. The latter chiefly wear bandelettes of coloured velvet studded with pearls.

A pretty evening toilette for a young lady is a dress of plain white muslin, worn with a waistband, necklace, bracelets, and coronet of white ribbon, studded with large pink coral knobs.

Necklaces are quite indispensable now with low dresses; they may be replaced, however, by velvet ribbons studded with pearls or coral beads tied round the neck, and falling in two long lapels at the back. The coiffure is then generally made to match with the necklace.

For evening parties, small silk or velvet bodices of coloured silk are very much the fashion, trimmed with guipure lace and beads, and also small lace jackets of white or black lace over coloured silk dresses with low bodies.

Bonnets are made smaller than ever; they have crowns, but very small brims, and extremely narrow straight borders at the back instead of curtains. They are often of two colours, the crown of satin or tulle, arranged in bouillons; the brim and curtain of plain velvet.

For instance, a bonnet with a small crown of blue satin, disposed in bouillons, divided by rouleaux of black velvet; a plain black velvet brim and curtain; a blue gauze veil, fastened on one side with a small bird. Blue satin strings.

A bonnet with a crown formed of bouillons of spotted black tulle, with a string of jet beads arranged over it; the brim of black velvet, with a tuft of green feathers at the side, fastened with a clasp of cut jet. Inside, a bouillon of black tulle, studded with jet and divided by strips of green velvet. A veil of spotted black tulle. Strings of green ribbon, brocaded with a pattern in black.

### ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

The following anecdote of the Scottish bard seems to have escaped the hands of diligent biographers of the poet, and of many of the zealous members of St. Andrew's Societies; but the humour is so thoroughly characteristic of the wayward Burns that it deserves publication.

He and a few kindred spirits having met for a bout, there happened to enter the room a Mr. Andrew Horner, who had begun to imagine himself the rival of Burns in the art of making rhymes. Fortwith Horner challenged Burns to a trial of their powers of versification, which Burns of course accepted, for the sake of a little fun at the expense of his earnest competitor. Horner obtained pen and paper and gravely repeating syllable after syllable began:

"In seventeen hunder an' fifty nine."

That's the year I was born in.

"In seventeen hunder an' fifty nine,"

I was born.

Burns slyly drew the paper from him and continued Horner's first verse:

"In seventeen hunder an' fifty nine  
 The deil gat scuff to mak' a swine,  
 And put it in a corner;  
 But shortly after changed his plan  
 And made it something like a man,  
 And ca'd it Andrew Horner."

Poor Horner was undone, and the meeting grew uproarious with his discomfiture.

R. W. S.

Toronto, Dec. 18th.

IT IS A "SELL."

MOST of our readers have, we doubt not, read and re-read some of the numerous glaring advertisements of New York "establishments, associations, companies," &c., which appear from week to week in the public prints, and which offer most tempting bargains and "chances" to any person who will send twenty-five cents for a "certificate." It may be necessary to explain what is meant by a "certificate." This we will do by copying an extract from one of the advertisements. It reads thus:—"Distributions are made in the following manner: Certificates naming each article and its value are placed in sealed envelopes which are well mixed. One of these envelopes containing the certificate or order for some article, will be sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice and without our (meaning the establishment) opening it or knowing what it contains, for the small sum of twenty-five cents. On receiving the certificate, the purchaser will see what it draws, and its value, and can then send one dollar and receive the article named, or can choose instead any other article on our list of the same value. Purchasers of our sealed envelopes may, in this manner, obtain an article worth from one to five hundred dollars for one dollar." This, with the additional important sentence, "Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases," is the pith of the advertisements, and explains pretty clearly the profuse mode of doing business. Well, are we to believe all these fine promises of five hundred dollars for one dollar, &c.? We say most decidedly no. It is a pretty safe rule for those who are not in a position to make personal enquiry to lay down that they are all "sells," or to speak more plainly, swindles. In most cases the members of the firms, associations, companies, &c., are what is called "sharps"—men who never do anything but live well, and who manage to do that without any apparent means. A few of this class of individuals club together, form an association, secure a "six feet square" office on the fifth or sixth story of a house in Broadway, or some of the other well known and respectable streets, get a wood cut of the whole building, with their present names or the name of their "association" on the front, by which means they magnify their six-by-six office, or rather nook, on the fifth or sixth floor into the size and appearance of the entire building. This imposing picture is placed at the head of a still more imposing circular, offering all sorts of inducements in the shape of "chances," and forwarded to the country "greenhorn," as they call their victims, with the "certificate" of a "handsome gold watch" enclosed. The unsuspecting recipient actually crows over the idea of securing a "handsome gold watch" for five dollars, which amount he places in an envelope and without taking the precaution of registering it, forwards it to the "Honourable Association of Watchmakers, Company's Buildings, Broadway, N. Y. City." It is scarcely necessary to add that this is the last he hears of the "handsome gold watch."

There are only a few respectable firms who do business in the manner we have explained, and they do it as a means of advertising their other business and not to make money. From such firms, it is true, handsome and valuable articles are often procured for a very small sum, and what is more important, no one is ever cheated. Every person gets good value for his dollar, because, as we have stated, it is intended to act as an advertisement to lead to ordinary business. We have seen numbers of prizes sent out in this way by Sherman, Watson & Co., of Nassau st., N. Y., and there is no doubt that some of the articles are worth eight or ten times the money paid for them, while we have not seen or heard of a single article which was not fully worth the dollar which it cost. But this is only one of the exceptions to this rule; for a general thing the parties engaged in the business are nothing but clever swindlers.

When is a sail not a sail? When it is a loft, (aloft).

PASTIMES.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop?
2. When is a lady's arm not a lady's arm?
3. Why is love like a canal boat?
4. Why is a side-saddle like a four-quart measure?

RIDDLES.

What is that which Adam never saw—never possessed, and yet he gave two, to each of his children?

2. What word of five letters is there that by taking away two, leaves but one?

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. My whole is a pronoun; behead me and I am still a pronoun, behead me again and I am a verb.
2. My whole is a small vessel; behead me and I am a kind of grain, behead me again and I am a preposition.
3. My whole is a weight; behead me and I am a sound, behead me again and I am only one, again behead me, and I am a French conjunction.

ACROSTIC.

- 1. A celebrated archbishop and author.
2. A Scriptural outcast.
3. A celebrated detective.
4. An additional title of one of the apostles.
5. One who trembled before another apostle.
6. A great lake.
7. A celebrated sculptor and painter.
8. An English title.
9. One who knew and feared God from his youth.

The initials will give the name of one of the great battles of the American rebellion.

CHARADES.

The following charade attracted a good deal of attention in England some time ago, and no solution could at the time be found. Subsequently, we believe, the correct answer appeared in a Halifax N. S. paper. We republish the charade at the request of a subscriber, who has forgotten the solution, and hopes that some of our friends may be able to furnish it:

- 1. Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt. Sooth! 'twas an awful day; And though in those good times of old The rufflers of the Camp and Court found little time to pray, 'Tis said Sir Hilary uttered there Two syllables by way of prayer: My first to those who find their dewy shroud before the day be done, My next to those who live to see to-morrow's sun, My whole to those whose bright blue eyes Shed tears when the warrior nobly dies.

2. My first is three-fourths of the name of a great pugilist, my second two-fifths of a tool used in ship-building, my third is a song, and my whole a great historian.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

HETOGSNFOERTRSTIH. A celebrated song.

WURDYANKIALRHTANTER. Of great importance to Canada.

EETANCIP. What few possess.

ANSWERS TO DECAPITATIONS, &c., NO. 17.

DECAPITATION.—1 chair-hair-air. 2 Smyth-myth. 3 whole-hole. 4 Hall-all.

A CURIOUS LETTER.—Sir, between friends, I understand your over-bearing disposition. A man even with the world is above contempt, whilst the ambitious are beneath ridicule.

CHARADES, 1.—Honey-moon.—2 Rouble.—3 Antelope.

CONUNDRUM.—Anticam.—(nunt) eat 'em.)

ANAGRAMS.—1 New York city, United States of America; 2 New York; 3 New York city, in the United States of America; 4 New York city, United States of America.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS, 1. No. 629.

294
753
618

The following answers have been received: Decapitation.—All, Gloriana, L. P. O., V. R.; Old Tom; A. A. Oxon; Cloud; H. H. V.; 1st and 3rd, Non N; 3rd, Y. 1st, 2nd and 3rd, Peregrino P.

Curious Letter.—A. A. Oxon, Cloud; S. P. Charades.—All, V. R., L. P. O., A. A. Oxon; 1st and 3rd V., Gloriana, Cloud; H. H. V.; 3rd, Peregrino P.; 1st, Old Tom.

Conundrum.—V. Non N: L. P. O., V. R. Cloud.

Anagrams.—2nd, H. H. V., Presto, Cloud; S. P., Gloriana.

Arithmetical Problems.—Both, Gloriana, Non N; A. A. Oxon; Old Tom, W. R., Nargravine; 2nd, L. P. O., V. R., Peregrino P.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. QUENEO.—Problems in one move do not sufficiently tax the ingenuity to solve. Can you not favour us with a two or a three pounder?

T. P. B., SEAFORTH.—Is not the Problem, lately enclosed, rather too palpable? The Black King is in a very "tight place," which, of itself, gives a cue to the solution.

R. B. TONOXTO.—Stanton's Praxis will decide the question

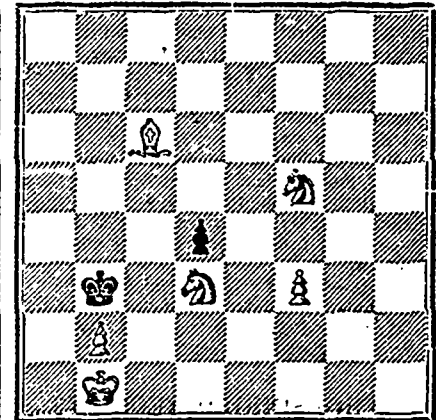
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 5.

WHITE. BLACK.
1 Q. to Q. B. 8th. R. to Q. R. 2nd (best).
2 Q. to K. Kt. 4th. Anything.
3 Kt. Mates.

PROBLEM NO. 7.

By LOQUIN.

BLACK.





## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SPANISH HOUR.**—We are sorry to be again obliged to decline your verses.

**J. R. CLARK.**—Received; many thanks. The article will appear in our next issue.

**H. R. C.**—Many of the lines are incorrect in quantity, or we would willingly insert your contribution. Re-write it and forward us corrected MS.

**INQUIRER.**—Your question has frequently occasioned tough debates, but we think the following sentences, extracted from an article which appeared in No. 10 of the READER, are conclusive—"When one hundred years are to be counted we must pass beyond 99 and come to 100; we have changed into the 10 before we have finished the one hundred. Whatever calculation is to be made we commence with 1 and finish with 100, not commence with 0, and finish with 99. In other words the year 1800 was the last one of the last century, not the first of the present," consequently the 19th century commenced on 1st January, 1801.

**ARTIST.**—The sketch appears to us to be too brief (a very unusual fault). There must have been incidents in the life of such a man which would prove interesting additions to your article.

**XENO.**—Respectfully declined.

**F. B. D.**—"Pleasant Hours" and "Twilight Musings" are much superior to your earlier contributions. Of the two, we prefer "Pleasant Hours."

**T. Mc. F., ACTON VALE.**—We have only been able to give the MS. a very hasty perusal. Will intimate our decision in our next issue.

**V.**—Will insert your valuable paper, and shall be glad to receive an occasional article on the same, or kindred subjects.

**W. C. G., QUEBEC.**—The MS. is to hand, but we have not yet found time to read it carefully. Will communicate with you by letter.

**TORONTONIAN.**—Your letter should have been addressed to the Editor of the Globe, for that gentleman must be better able to reply to your queries than we are.

**G. E. S.**—Should we publish your letter it would probably lead to rejoinders, and we must respectfully decline to reopen the question. The general opinion undoubtedly is that Port wine is so called from Oporto the city whence it is shipped.

**W. B.**—Yes, at your convenience.

**GLONIANA.**—Please accept our thanks.

**H. J. M.**—Letter just received. Will attend to your request in our next issue.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**SILKS** should have every spot of grease extracted before washing. This may be done by repeated application of French chalk or magnesia in powder to the wrong side. They may then be washed in a luke warm water, and hung up without wringing. Make the rinsing water slightly sour with sulphuric acid if you have yellow or red in wash. Always try a scrap of any silk before you venture to wash it. Raw and foulard silks will often wash—few others will bear cleaning by washing. Black silks are cleared by sponging with cold coffee and pressing on the wrong side.

**LACES**—Cotton and lisle thread are done up like fine muslin—namely, washed clean with great tenderness—dried, dipped in nicest starch and clapped and stretched with the hands, until only retaining dampness enough to iron well.

Fine thread lace should be wrapped round a bottle filled with water. Saturate the lace with the best sweet oil, then stand it in a vessel of clean, cold lather, heat it gradually. When it has boiled a half hour, drain off the suds, stretch the lace with your hands and pin it on a clean pillow to dry. Or it may be washed like common lace and dipped in weak coffee, to give it the peculiar color desired.

Blonde lace is fastened round a bottle and laid in a vessel of cold lather for several successive days, the water to be changed every morning. Rub your hand round the lace very tenderly

every morning, before changing the water. The vessel should be kept in the sun.

Black lace is washed in warm water with ox gall, and rinsed in fair water. Laces, crape, gauze and any silk goods should be stiffened with a solution of gum arabic.

**SILK GLOVES** and **STOCKINGS** should be washed in clean water slightly coloured with blue if a pearl colour is wanted, or carmine if the pink tint is preferred; then stretched on frames to dry. If there are none of these frames for drying on, they will have to be ironed on the wrong side, or stretched and rubbed with a roll of linen which is better.

**TO MAKE A SOILED COAT LOOK AS GOOD AS NEW.**—First, clean the coat of grease or dirt, then take one gallon of a strong decoction of logwood, made by boiling logwood chips in water. Strain this liquid, and when cool, add two ounces of gum arabic powder which should be kept in well stopped bottles for use. Then go gently over the coat with a sponge wet in the above liquid, diluted to suit the color, and hang it in the shade to dry. After which brush the nap smooth, and it will look as good as new. The liquid will suit all brown or dark colors if properly diluted, of which it is easy to judge.

**TO WASH COLOURED KID OR HOSKIN GLOVES.**—Have on a table a clean towel, folded three or four times, a saucer of new milk, and a piece of brown soap. Spread a glove smoothly on the folded towel, dip into the milk a piece of clean flannel, rub it with the soap until you get enough, and then commence rubbing the glove, beginning at the wrist and rubbing lengthwise to the ends of the fingers, the glove being held firmly in the left hand. When done spread them out to dry gradually. When nearly dry, pull them out the cross way of the leather, and when quite dry, stretch them on your hand.

**DELICIOUS DRESSING FOR ROAST FOWLS.**—Spread pieces of stale but tender wheaten bread liberally with butter, and season rather high with salt and pepper, working them into the butter; then dip the bread in wine, and use it in as large pieces as is convenient to stuff the bird. The delicious flavor which the wine gives is very penetrating, and it gives the fowl a rich gamey character, which is very pleasant.

**EXCELLENT SOUP.**—Take a pound of salt beef or pork, and cut it in very small pieces into the iron saucepan. Pour six quarts of water over it, and let it boil on a very slow fire three-quarters of an hour. When this is done, then put in some carrots, turnips, potatoes well cleaned, and a cabbage; all cut into slices. Let this boil slowly another hour, and then thicken it with a pint of oatmeal, stirring it after the oatmeal is put in, to keep it smooth and nice. Season it with pepper and salt, and there is a noble dinner for a large family. If any soup remains when all have done dinner, keep it in a clean earthenware dish or pan, till the next day, when it can be warmed up again.

**APPLE JELLY.**—Cut in quarters six dozen fall pippins, take out all the cores, put them into a pan, just cover them with cold water and place them on the fire. Let them boil until the apples become quite soft, when drain them upon a sieve, catching the liquor in a basin, which passes through a clean jelly bag. Then weigh out one pound of sugar to every pint of liquor. Boil the sugar separately until it is almost a candy; then mix the liquor with it, and boil, keeping it skimmed until the jelly falls from the skimmer in thin sheets, then take it from the fire, put it into small jars, and let it stand a day until quite cold, when the paper over and put by till wanted.

**APPLE MARMALADE.**—Peel and cut thirty apples in slices, taking out the cores, then to every pound of fruit put three-quarters of a pound of sugar; put the whole in a large preserving pan with a half a spoonful of powdered cinnamon and the rind of a lemon chopped very fine. Set the pan over a sharp fire, stirring occasionally until it begins to boil, then keep stirring until it becomes rather thick. It is then done, and can be poured into a basin until cold, when it is ready for use. If it is to be kept any length of time, it should be put in wide-mouthed jars and covered over with paper.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A correspondent of a contemporary says:—"Curiously enough I find that the letters of the honoured and lamented name, 'Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston,' when transposed from the words, 'Only the Tiverton M., P. can help in our mess!'"

To a lady who once complained of the insolence of some English coal heavers, their employer replied by a humble apology on his own account, adding: "But, madam, to tell you the truth, we have failed in our efforts to get gentlemen to undertake the business."

It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At the judges' dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the Church. When the cloth was removed, the very reverend guest said, "I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner." "Oh, no, by no means," replied the Chief Baron; "it's the uncertain quantity that does all the mischief!"

**DR. STUCKLEY** once waited upon Sir Isaac Newton a little before dinner time; but he had given orders not to be called down to anybody till his dinner was upon the table. At length a boiled chicken was brought in, and Stuckley waited till it was nearly cold, when, being very hungry, he ate it, and ordered another to be prepared for Sir Isaac, who came down before the second was ready, and seeing the dish and cover of the first which had been left, lifted up the latter, and turning to the doctor, said, "What strange folks we studious people are? I really forgot I had dined."

A gentleman, having one night put out a candle by accident, ordered his man servant (who was a simple fellow) to light it again in the hall. "But take care, John," added he, "that you do not hit yourself against anything in the dark." Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both his arms at full length before him; but unluckily a door, which stood half open, passed between his hands, and struck him a woeful blow upon the nose. "The deuce!" muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little, "I always heard that I had a plaguy long nose, but I declare I never should have thought before that it was longer than my arm!"

A gentleman, riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot was unsound, called out to a clown who was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. "Ay," answered the countryman, "it's hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you." But in a half dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle-girths, which made the gentleman whip, spur, and swear. "Why, you rascal," said he, "did you not tell me it was hard at the bottom?" "Ay, replied the fellow, "but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

**LED BY A BEAR.**—Mrs. Boswell, wife of the biographer of Dr. Johnson, was annoyed that the doctor should possess so much influence over her husband. "I have often known bears led by men," she said, "but this is the first time I ever heard of a man led by a bear."

"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride; of birth, of riches, of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

A person having an ass to go by train from North Shields, sent it to the goods station for Newcastle. The porters were placing it in a van, when a fop asked what they charged for taking the animal. "Ninapence, sir," was the reply. "And pray, my good fellow, what do you charge for a donkey?" inquired the fop. "Sir," rejoined the porter, "you know what you paid for your ticket."

**POPPING THE QUESTION.**—A girl, forced by her parents in to a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity—"Oh dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."