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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 15. FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 16, 1865. FIVE CENTS.

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"THE FAMILY HONOUR."

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

THE POETS OF SCOTLAND.

AT the anniversary dinner of the St. Andrew's Society of Montreal, the Hon. T. D. McGee delivered a speech which claims the attention of every person of literary taste, as well from the subject on which he spoke, as from the mode of its treatment by him, than which nothing could be finer. The toast which called forth his remarks was "The Poets of Scotland," a great theme, to which the eloquent gentleman did great justice. Like all men who take a prominent part in public affairs, Mr. McGee has encountered enemies, or at least bitter opponents, in his native land, in the United States and the British Provinces; but when he discourses of literary matters, that man must be a bigot indeed who can listen to him without pleasure, he certainly ought not without profit. Persons who pride in calling themselves practical men are apt to undervalue the benefits that literature has conferred on the world, even in a material point of view. Yet literature is the creator of commerce; it has discovered a new world through the agency of Columbus, it has invented the steam engine, and we owe to it the spinning jenny and the electric telegraph. Every invention which has made the last hundred years so remarkable in the history of the world, we chiefly derive from the great thinkers of the past; for all these inventions are the product of human thought. Every poet, historian, orator, painter and sculptor who has bequeathed a new idea as his legacy to mankind has aided in the construction of modern railroads, of the Great Eastern, the Warrior and La Gloire. Watts is the product of Homer. But to return to Mr. McGee and his speech on the Poets of Scotland. He grouped together as the representatives of Scottish song, Burns, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Campbell, and Joanna Baillie, while not forgetful of Barbour and the elder worthies who are as myths to the most of us of the present day. He spoke of the writers he selected in terms of high praise, but with discriminating judgment. We certainly expected that Mr. McGee would have said something about the ballad poetry of Scotland, which, in our opinion, is more characteristic of the poetical temperament of her people than all the utterances of all the eminent men he has enumerated, with the exception, perhaps, of Burns. That ballad poetry has welled up from the heart of the nation, it comes from the depths of the popular mind, and, for graphic description and simple pathos, is unsurpassed by that of any country whatever. The question then arises, if the people who produced such poetry can be the hard unimaginative race they are so generally supposed to be by those who judge them from outward appearances? The popular poetry of Scotland is not like water issuing from a rock in the wilderness at the touch of some prophet's rod, but it gushes forth freely and abundantly on every plain, in every glen, and from every hill-side throughout the land; and, we again say, at the risk of indulging in a broken metaphor, that its source is in the hearts of the people. But we are wandering anew from our main subject. In what rank ought the four poets named by Mr. McGee to be placed, not regarding them as Scotchmen simply, but as men of genius? As everything is great or small by comparison, we must judge them by some standard. Let us then measure them by men speaking their own language, the great men of England. In the first class of these are Shakespeare, Milton, Bacon, Newton; in the second class, let us say, Dryden, Pope, Swift, Addison, Locke; there are lower grades of poets and others, but we need go no further. We can no more place Burns by the side of Shakespeare than we can magnify Horace to the colossal dimensions of Homer. Descending to the second class, is he equal in genius to Dryden? We do not assert that Burns has written anything comparable in their way to several of the best passages in Absalom and Achitophel; but, on the other hand, we do not believe that Dryden's works contain anything equal to Tam O'Shanter, which is a marvel of genius and talent, striking every chord in the poetic scale, from the highest tragedy to the broadest farce. Then the lyrical genius of both was eminently beautiful. On the whole, we think Burns entitled to stand in the front rank of the second class of English poets. What of Walter Scott? For our part, we regard him as next to Shakespeare in English literature, widely as the two differed in the character of their intellect. The one was chiefly an observer of outward nature, and he described men by their acts; the other looked into the human heart, and saw its most secret and complex movements. The minds of both were of the grandest proportions. But Scott is too near our day to allow us to form a true estimate of him; he will be better appreciated by men of the coming century. As for Campbell and Joanna Baillie, we suspect that posterity will not accord them a place in either the first or second rank of British authors, though Campbell has written much that the world will not willingly let die.

It is seldom that an after-dinner speech is so worthy of comment as that which has led to these cursory remarks.

REVIEWS.

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

SEASIDE STUDIES ON NATURAL HISTORY. By Elizabeth C. Agassiz and Alexander Agassiz. Marine Animals of Massachusetts Bay. Radiates. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1865. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We are told in the preface that, "this volume is produced with the hope of supplying some seaside book of a popular character describing the marine animals common to our shore." In the attainment of this object the authors have certainly been successful, for they have written a book which will be read with pleasure even by persons very moderately acquainted with Natural History. Another recommendation to the work is that it receives the sanction of Professor Agassiz, by being dedicated to him. The illustrations are unusually good, and the publishers have done their part, by turning out a volume, well bound and beautifully printed.

HISTORY OF FRIEDRICH THE SECOND, &c. By Thomas Carlyle. In six Volumes. Vol. 5. New York. Harper Brothers, Publishers, 1865. Montreal: R. Worthington.

This famous work has been criticised, reviewed, praised and blamed to such an extent, that were we inclined to exercise our critical faculties on it, we could only repeat what has been repeated, said and sung in every publication in England and America, from the oracular review enunciating its infallible judgment, to the village Weekly equally oracular, but somewhat less profuse and profound. We have not yet received the sixth and last volume; but this, the fifth must contain the cream of the work, as it relates the most stirring incidents of the seven years' war, to which the Prussian king owes his chief claims to fame. Whatever people may think of Mr. Carlyle's manner and style, that his life of Frederick is a remarkable and interesting production cannot admit of denial.

SKYE.*

SEPARATED by a narrow channel from Scotland, the island of Skye is perhaps as little known to the majority of Englishmen, and even Scotchmen, as the interior of Russia. And yet, grim, weird and terrible in its beauty there are few spots within the compass of an ordinary three or four weeks' tour which offer greater attractions to one who loves to commune with nature in its quiet sublimity, than this little island. Nor is it solely the grandeur of its natural scenery which should attract. The memories of great men cling to it and the very air seems brimful of antiquity. Perhaps nobody but a poet could describe Skye as it should be done, and this is probably the secret of Mr. Alexander Smith's success in the work he has lately published entitled a "Summer in Skye." "Walking into the interior of Skye" he writes, "is like walking into antiquity——In the quiet silent wilderness you think of London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, or whatever great city it may be given you to live and work in, as of something of which you were cognizant in a former existence ——Everything about you is a veritable antique. The hut by the roadside, thatched with turfs, smoke issuing from the roof, is a specimen of one of the oldest syles of architecture in the world. The crooked spade, with which the crofter turns over the sour grounds, carries you away into fable. You remove a pile of stones on the moor, and you come to a flagged chamber, in which there is a handful of human bones—*whose*, none can tell. Duntulm and Dansciach moulder on their crags, but the song the passing milkmaid sings is older than they. You come upon old swords which were once bright and athirst for blood; old brooches that once clasped plaids, old churchyards with cravings of unknown knights on the tombs, and old men who seem to have inherited the years of the eagle and the crow——You stumble, too, on forms of life, relations of master and servant, which are as old as the castle on the crag or the cairn of the chief on the moor—— In these remote regions, your servants' affection for you is as hereditary as their family name, your foster-brother would willingly die for you, and if your nurse had the writing of your epitaph, you would be the bravest, strongest, handsomest man that ever walked."

It was in Skye that "Ossian lived and Fingal sung" Here too the young Pretender retired when the bloody field of Culloden forced him to seek safety in flight. Here too came Johnson,

* A SUMMER IN SKYE. By Alexander Smith. Boston Ticknor & Fields. Montreal; Dawson Bros

with his "toady" Boswell and "snivelled his compliments" to the noble Flora Macdonald who aided the Pretender thus far in his flight. "It is pleasant" writes Mr. Smith, "to know that Johnson and Flora McDonald met. It was like the meeting of two widely separated eras and orders of things. Fleet street and the Cuchullins with Ossianic mists on their crests came face to face. It is pleasant also to know that the sage liked the lady and the lady the sage."

Mr. Smith's pages revel in quaint stories, grim legends and vivid pictures of the living, breathing characters he encountered during his tour. We would willingly place many lengthy extracts from the book, before our readers, but we content ourselves with the following from a description of Dunvegan castle, not that it is by any means the best we could select, but simply because our space will not permit us to make a more lengthy one.

"By a narrow spiral stair we reached the most interesting apartment in Dunvegan,—the Fairy Room, in which Sir Walter Scott slept once. This apartment is situated in the ancient portion of the building, it overlooks the sea, and its walls are of enormous thickness. From its condition I should almost fancy that no one has slept there since Sir Walter's time. In it, at the period of my visit, there was neither bedstead nor chair, and it seemed a general lumber-room. The walls were hung with rusty broadswords, dirks, targets, pistols, Indian helmets; and tunics of knitted steel were suspended on frames, but so rotten with age and neglect that a touch frayed them as if they had been woven of worsted. There were also curved scymitars, and curiously-hafted daggers, and two tattered regimental flags,—that no doubt plunged through battle smoke in the front of charging lines,—and these last I fancied had been brought home by the soldier whose portrait I had seen in one of the modern rooms. Moth-eaten volumes were scattered about amid a chaos of dusty weapons, cruses, and lamps. In one corner lay a huge oaken chest with a chain wound round it, but the lid was barely closed, and through the narrow aperture a roll of paper protruded docketed in clerkly hand and with faded ink,—accounts of ——from 1715 till some time at the close of the century,—in which doubtless some curious items were imbedded. On everything lay the dust and neglect of years. The room itself was steeped in a half twilight. The merriest sunbeam became grave as it slanted across the corroded weapons in which there was no answering gleam. Cobwebs floated from the corners of the walls, —the spiders which wove them having died long ago of sheer age. To my feeling it would be almost impossible to laugh in the haunted chamber, and if you did so you would be startled by a strange echo as if something mocked you. There was a grave-like odour in the apartment You breathed dust and decay.

"Seated on the wooden trunk round which the chain was wound, while Malcolm, with his hand thrust in the hilt of a broadsword, was examining the notches on its blade, I inquired,—

"'Is there not a magic flag kept at Dunvegan? The flag was the gift of a fairy, if I remember the story rightly.'

"'Yes,' said Malcolm, making a cut at an imaginary foeman, and then hanging the weapon up on the wall; 'but it is kept in a glass case, and never shown to strangers, at least when the family is from home.'

"'How did Macleod come into possession of the flag, Malcolm?'

"'Well, the old people say that one of the Macleods fell in love with a fairy, and used to meet her on the green hill out there. Macleod promised to marry her; and one night the fairy gave him a green flag, telling him that, when either he or one of his race was in distress, the flag was to be waved; but after the third time it might be thrown into the fire, for the power would have gone all out of it. I don't know, indeed, how it was, but Macleod deserted the fairy and married a woman.'

"'Is there anything astonishing in that? Would you not rather marry a woman than a fairy yourself?'

"'May be, if she was a rich one like the woman Macleod married,' said Malcolm, with a grin. 'But when the fairy heard of the marriage she was in a great rage whatever. She cast a spell over Macleod's country, and all the women brought forth dead sons, and all the cows brought forth dead calves. Macleod was in great tribulation. He would soon have no young men to fight his battles, and his tenants would soon have no milk or cheese wherewith to pay their rents. The cry of his people came to him as he sat in his castle, and he waved the flag, and next day over the country there were living sons and living calves. Another time, in the front of a battle, he was sorely pressed, and nigh being beaten, but he waved the flag again, and got the victory, and a great slaying of his enemies.'

"'Then the flag has not been waved for the third and last time?'

"'No. At the time of the potato failure, when the people were starving in their cabins, it was thought that he should have waved it and stopped the rot But the flag stayed in its case. Macleod can only wave it once now; and I'm sure he's like a man with his last guinea in his pocket,—he does not like to spend it. But may be, sir, you would like to climb up to the flag-staff and see the view.'"

"A Summer in Skye" will be found a very pleasant companion for a leisure hour.

A VERY OLD STORY.

I.

A DEMON crept into a young man's breast,
And said, "Oh, here is a pleasant nest
For a weary demon like me to rest,—
But woe to him that shall wake me!"

II.

So the demon slept, and the young man grew
Older and stronger, and never knew
That a demon within him was growing too,
Though he slept 'n his nest so soundly.

III.

This man had a brother that tended sheep:
He, too, knew nought of this demon's sleep,—
Or his mother might not have had cause to weep,
When his flocks were bleating lonely.

IV.

But words were loud, that should have been low,
And the demon awoke,—and a brutal blow
Made that brother feel, if he did not know
What a demon he had awakened.

V.

Since *then*, that demon has never slept,
But, raging and foaming, has madly swept
Over the earth, but God has kept
A record of all his doings.

VI.

O man or woman! guard well thy heart!
For this demon's a demon of matchless art,
And strong is the voice that can say, "depart,"
When he enters and chooses to linger.

VII.

O gentle maiden of sweet, fair face!
O boy in the heyday of boyish grace!
You think not this demon can find a place
To lurk in your tender bosoms!

VIII.

But beware! for this demon has many forms;
Like a snake amid flowers amid your charms,
He may carry a sting when he least alarms,
To fester, and rankle, and poison!

IX.

He enters softly, and for a while
He cheats his victim with hellish guile,—
But God sees murder in every smile
Of him who hates his brother!

J. R. CLERK.

MISCELLANEA.

THE election of a new Lord Provost of Edinburgh has just taken place, when Mr. William Chambers, head of the well-known publishing firm, was elected.

Mr. F. C. Burnand is about to publish his new opera burlesque, "L'Africaine, or the Queen of the Cannibal Islands."

Continental journals announce the decease of the fattest man in the world. Herr Helm was a German, and followed the profession of translator for booksellers and merchants. He was forty-two years of age, and weighed 500 lbs. He had but little faith in the Banting treatment, and his obesity increased to such an extent that latterly he was unable to enter doorways of ordinary size.

Botanists may be glad to know that the second part of Bentham and Hooker's "Genera Plantarum" has just been published. Lindley and Moore's "Treasury of Botany," which has also been announced for some time, is at length nearly ready for publication.

The new work, by the Emperor of the French, "On the Policy of France in Algiers," after having been privately circulated for some time was published about a fortnight since in Paris. The book is a small quarto, printed at the Imperial press, and, in the form of a letter, is addressed to Marshal Mac Mahon, Duke of Magenta.

Dr Lankester is about to commence a *Journal of Social Science*. It will be published once a month, and will be devoted to the publication of papers, reviews of books, and information on the various subjects embraced in the departments of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. Dr. Lankester has had a good deal of experience in writing and teaching, and is promised the help of many students of social science.

The Roman Catholic Bishop Dorrian, a member of the Literary Society and Reading Room, in Belfast, has been foiled, by a vote of the shareholders, in an attempt to regulate the Society according to a law of his own. The Bishop modestly insists that no rule shall exist, or book be introduced, or member be admitted, that has not his approval; and he adds, that he will "debar from sacraments all and every one" who do not agree to his conditions!

A commencement has been made of the works for the Pneumatic Railway, which is to connect Waterloo Terminus with Whitehall by means of a tunnel under the Thames.

The tomb of Horace Vernet is just completed. The place is marked by a single block of granite, on which rests a white marble slab, the upper part of which, although placed in an horizontal position, is in the form of a Latin cross. A palette and brushes sculptured on the front of the monument symbolize the profession of the deceased.

Very characteristic of the man is one of the latest official acts performed by Lord Palmerston, the placing the name of Mr. Capern, the Bideford poet, on the Civil List for an additional 20*l*. per annum, making a total of 60*l*. which the postman poet now enjoys.

Mr. Samuel Baker, the discoverer of the new lake near the sources of the Nile, has arrived in London. We may expect, therefore, soon to have further details of his exploit.

There has recently been discovered under the ruins of the ancient Amathusia, in the Island of Cyprus, a magnificent vase. It is of a hemispheric form, and measures six feet in height; its diameter at the top is about fourteen feet, and its weight not far short of 30,000 lbs. The vase is enriched by sculptured bulls, and ornamented by handles of peculiar and elegant form. It was buried at the summit of a hill eight hundred yards from the shore, and the crews of two French vessels commissioned by the Government have recently been engaged disinterring and removing the vase down to the beach. A moveable tramway, however, had to be constructed before this object of antiquity could be got on board the vessel.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Disraeli's Works. New Edition. In 7 vols. $1.00 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Curiosities of Literature. In 3 vols. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Amenities of Literature. In 2 vols. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Calamities of Authors. In 1 vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Literary Characters and Men of Genius In 1 vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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 1 vol. $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.
Home Heroes, Saints, and Martyrs. By T. S. Arthur. Cl. $1 40 R Worthington, Montreal.
What Came Afterwards. A Novel. By T. S. Arthur $1 00. R. Worthington, Montreal
Barnum The Humbugs of the World. Cl. $1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Bourne. 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 Bourne, C. E. $1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal
Sir Jasper's Tenant. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. R. Worthington, Montreal.
History of the Fredrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5 $1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Charles (Mrs.) Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Fami. Diary of Kitty Trevylyan. The Early Dawn. 3 vols 16 mo. 75cts. R Worthington, Montreal.
Fairy Book. By Sophie May. Illus. 50 cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. $3 25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Gems from Tennyson. Sm 4to. 100 Illustrations. $3 25. R Worthington, Montreal.
A Concise Dictionary of the Bible; comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Thick octavo, with 270 plans and wood-cuts. Half calf. $6 50.
New Christmas Books; The Children's Picture Book Series. Written expressly for Young People, Cloth, Gilt Edges. Bible Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. $1.25.
Scripture Parables and Bible Miracles Thirty-two Illustrations. $1 25.
English History. Sixty Illustrations. $1.25.
Good and Great Men. Fifty Illustrations. $1 25.
Useful Knowledge. One Hundred and Thirty Figures. $1.25.
Scripture Parables. By Rev. J. E. Clarke. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts
Bible Miracles. By Rev. J E Clarke, M A. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
The Life of Joseph. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
Elaborately Illustrated Copy of Arabian Nights. London Edition. $2.
Dalziel's Illustrated Goldsmith. Large Quarto. $2.
McGee's History of Ireland. New Edition in 2 vols. Illustrated. 87½ per vol.
Sunday Magazine, large vol. Illustrated. Full Gilt. $2.12½.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. With 250 Illustrations. Tinted Paper. $1.25
Farringford Editions of Tennyson's Works. $3.50.
Farringford Edition Complete in 1 vol Full Gilt $2.75.
Journal of Eugénie de Guerin. London. $1.50.
The Gold Thread. By Norman McLeod, D.D. 62 cts.
Æsop. The Fables of Æsop, with a Life of the Author. Illustrated with 111 Engravings from Original Designs by Herrick. Cr. 8vo. $2.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Atlantic Tales. A Collection of Stories from the "Atlantic Monthly." 12mo. $2.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Browning. Lyrics of Life. By Robert Browning. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. 40cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Bulwer. The Apple of Life. By Owen Meredith (E. R. Bulwer), author of "Lucile." 32mo. 20cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Saadi. The Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Musle Huddeen Sheik Saadi, of Shiraz. Translated from the Original, by Francis Galdwin. With an Essay on Saadi's Life and Genius, by James Ross, and a Preface by R. W. Emerson. 16mo. $1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

FORTHCOMING NEW BOOKS.

Bigelow Papers in 1 vol. Illustrated Price 30 cts.
Artemus Ward. "His Book," with 17 Illustrations.
Harp of Canaan. By the Rev J. Douglas Borthwick. In 1 vol. 300 pages.
New Work by Private Miles O'Reilly. New Cheap Edition, which is expected to have uncommon success.
The Advocate. A Novel By Mr. Heavysege. In 1 vol. In November.
Christie's History of Canada. In 6 vols. 12mo. Uniform in November. $6.00.
The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.
In next week's issue will be found a list of new Illustrated Books for 'Xmas Gifts, &c.

R. WORTHINGTON,
30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER I. THE MESSAGE.

"For duty is but deeds of loveliness,
And truth a power to make the spirit free;
And they whose self-forged bonds their souls repress,
No effort shall arouse from slavery."
FROM THE GERMAN.

THE last Sunday in September, some dozen years ago, was one of the very loveliest of autumn days, when the parting smile of summer lingered tenderly on the peaceful fields, and flushed the woodlands with a golden gleam, that promised to kindle rapidly into yet richer splendour; while there was a pure, fresh breath of coolness in the quiet air, most grateful after the heat of the harvest days. For Austwicke Chase was in the south of England, about sixty miles from London, towards the Hampshire coast, and the harvest for that year was over, well over, in that district. The afternoon sunbeams fell softly on the stubble fields, and along the slope of some rich meadows that skirted a narrow winding river, on whose opposite bank there was an extensive flat common, or chase as it was called, that was bounded in the distance by a stretch of noble woodland. The whole scene, in its quiet rural and sylvan beauty, being improved by a little village green and groups of nestling cottages at one end of the chace, and in the foreground of the other extremity were some scattered farmhouses and homesteads.

The church—Wicke Church, as, by the abbreviation of time, it was called—was close to the village green, and also close to the old house of the time-honoured lords of the manor—the Austwickes, an untitled, but very ancient English family, whose boast, indeed, it was, that, once in olden times, and once again in more modern days, the honour of knighthood and of baronetage had been offered to, and declined by, their family.

It is just possible that pride, rather than humility, in both cases dictated that refusal of title and distinction; for, without going into records of the past history of the owners of Austwicke Chase, it is certain that Honoria Austwicke, a maiden lady of mature age, who now, for the time being, was the only occupant of the old mansion, had no lack of what she called "true dignity," and what others might consider overweening family pride, for personal and relative estimate is often very opposite in such matters. Certain it was that, among the congregation of the village church now streaming forth from its shadowy aisles and ivy-mantled porch into the sweet calm sunshine that bathed the fields in Sabbath quiet, none were more troubled by the sermon that had been preached to them that afternoon than the before-named lady.

The preacher was a young man, a curate only recently appointed; the incumbent of the living being an invalid, whose infirmities, of late years, had necessitated his residing at Harrogate. Mr. Nugent, the curate, was a mild, reserved young man, rather liked by the farmers and people of Austwicke Chase, and by no means disliked by Miss Honor, as the lady of the Austwicke family was generally called, for she had ascertained from inquiries that Mr. Nugent, though poor, was "well connected," and she had concluded his principles were all that could be desired in a gentleman of good family and refined feelings. But the sermon of this afternoon was on humility, and instead of being soothing and suitable to her notions of the claims of station and the authority of rank, was against pride—especially family pride.

She marched through the private wicket gate out of the churchyard into the grounds of Chase Hall with a step so firm, and a mien so erect, that it might be called defiant. Turning for a moment to look back towards the church, she saw Mr. Nugent coming towards her, and answered his bow by a curtsey at once so stately and so distant that it forbade any further approach; indeed, she at the same time locked the wicket gate with her own pass-key, and went on by a path through the shrubbery, feeling, it must be owned, no pleasure in the tranquillity of Nature, no soothing in its beauty.

Just then the soft blue sky, the slanting beams of the westering sun, that sent broad shafts of gold through the interlacing boughs of the shrubbery, was all unnoticed by her. A sense of offended dignity shut out all other sensations but that of haughty anger. As she came to the wide lawn that spread before the old hall, she stood still an instant and looked at it intently. It was a heterogeneous mass of building, with no pretensions to architectural merit: a long, irregular-gabled front, with incongruous but convenient modern windows to the lower rooms; an ivy-covered turret at the far or west end, under which was the principal entrance, long unused, and now completely overgrown by a luxuriant Virginia creeper that, in its autumnal garb of brilliant crimson, hung flaunting over the dark green ivy like trailing blood-red banners. At the end of the building next to Miss Honor was the east porch, an old oaken doorway that led into the east wing, the only part of the house at present occupied. A belt of thick plantation shrubs completely encircled the wide lawn—or, as Miss Honor called it, "the croft;" but through some spaces skilfully left in the woodland there were peeps of the Chase beyond, the shining little river that girdled it, and the upland fields and farms stretching away in the distance.

"It is a place to love, ay, and to be proud of," said the lady, as she scanned the house rather than the surroundings; adding, after a moment's pause, as she heaved a troubled sigh, "and yet they do not value it—not as they should, not as I, in their place, would. Why did not my brother Edmund stay here, and improve the property and keep up the family influence? He might have been alive now, and have prevented—ay, prevented—as became his name, the growth of such opinions as I have heard this afternoon. 'Blessed are the meek!' Of course, that is Holy Scripture, and true; but it surely means teach the poor to be humble; but as to talking about pride so pointedly, as if to me, it's sheer nonsense, or worse."

She untied the strings of her bonnet as she talked to herself, and in an absent way took it off and hung it on her arm, pacing to and fro on the thick mossy turf before the house. In her way she was quite as remarkable looking as the old hall itself. Her features were well cut and fine, but must have been always rather too strongly marked for female beauty. Now that she was something past her fortieth year, her high nose, lofty but narrow forehead, arched brows that nearly met, tremulous, irresolute mouth, and perfectly pale complexion, gave her a distinguished and anxious, yet somewhat forbidding, or perhaps unapproachable look. And yet there was kindness enough in her clear, dark-grey, restless eyes to compensate for the frigid hauteur of the face. But she had a languid way of drooping her eyelids that prevented most observers from noticing their usual benevolent expression. If, indeed, such an observer had chanced to see her angry, then the flash and gleam that made her eyes glow like two wells of quivering light, would not soon be forgotten. For the rest, her person was spare and of middle height, though the erect way in which she carried her head made her appear much taller than she really was. Her dress of steel-grey silk, trimmed with black lace, suited her face and form, and in particular harmonised with her partially faded hair, which, yet thick and abundant, was pinned up on each side of her head in the stiff curls that had been in fashion in her early womanhood

She was still musing, when the Sabbath silence of the day was broken by the sound of a horse's hoofs galloping along the hard chalk road at the rear of the hall. There was such unmistakable speed in the sound, that Miss Honor Austwicke, with a startled pause, turned her head to listen if the horseman were merely passing or coming to the hall. The loud clangour of the bell at the stable entrance announced some messenger, whose tidings were of sufficient import to warrant his making the whole household hear. With her steps a little quickened, the lady walked at once towards the house, and without waiting to go into the east porch, turned the fastening of a side window that led into a little drawingroom overlooking a small flower garden. It was her own

special part of the house, where, if she were wanted, the servants would immediately seek her. Whether it was part of Miss Honor's creed not to allow herself to manifest curiosity or surprise, the fact is certain that she sat herself quietly down in her usual chair, and, taking up a book from the table, began reading just as an old man servant, with a head as white as the silver salver he held in his hand, approached her with a letter; and, presenting it to her, lingered a moment after she took it, with an anxious look on his face.

The letter, though addressed to Miss Austwicke, was evidently in a handwriting unknown to that lady, for she turned it about in her hands a moment or two inquiringly before opening it, then, leisurely unfastening the envelope, the printed words, "Royal Sturgeon Hotel, Southampton," met her gaze, and the light began to leap out of her eyes as she read the words—

MADAM,—A gentleman, whose card is enclosed, lies dangerously ill at this house. In answer to enquiries made of him about his friends, he requested that you might be written to, to come to him without delay.—I am, madam, your obedient servant,

RALPH HOBBINS,
Landlord.

P. S.—Dr. Bissle considers the case very serious.

In opening the letter the card enclosed had dropped to the ground. The old servant, more alertly than might have been expected, stooped to pick it up, eyeing it all the more eagerly that his eyes, unaided by glasses, could not read it. His mistress took it from him, and laying her disengaged hand on her side, as if to still a throb that shook her, read aloud, with forced calmness, the name, "Captain Wilfred Austwicke;" adding, as if unconsciously, "My brother—my brother Wilfred in England! ill, at Southampton!"

"Master Wilfred come home from India, and no word sent!" burst involuntarily from the old serving man, who immediately apologised—"I ask your pardon, Miss Honor—madam—I humbly ask your pardon. I'm getting a bit old, and I did'nt expect to see Master Wilfred no more."

Miss Honor bent her head condescendingly to the aged butler. Her pale face was a shade paler for the tidings that had come thus suddenly, and there was a tremor in her voice as she said—

"Yes, Gubbins, you are old enough to know that 'Master Wilfred' is now a foolish expression as applied to my brother, Captain Austwicke, and also you must remember that he is very sudden in his decisions. However, his illness is the chief thing. Who brought this letter?"

"A man o' horseback, Miss Honor. He hev rid post haste from the 'Royal Sturgeon,' Southampton—a full twenty mile. I make bold, I know, a speaking on 'em, but it seems but yesterday all three on 'em was boys here. And now one on 'em has gone, and the two that's left is getting to be middle-aged men—gentlemen, I mean."

"Send Martin to me, and order the carriage; I shall go at once to Southampton, Gubbins," interposed Miss Honor, waving her hand in dismissal of the old man, who, bowing as he left, yet kept muttering to himself along the passage to the offices, "All boys, like as 'twere yesterday, the three, and now on'y two left, and one ill—like to die, maybe—at Southampton. Come home all of a heat, jest like his old ways. Oh, he jest was a bright 'un; and for quickness, such a highflyer he was! Here, Martin, go to your mistress; she wants you to pack up quick. Do you hear, all of you? Jem and Bob, where are you?" Calling and coughing at intervals, the old man bustled away towards the stables, giving orders, and recalling, meanwhile, recollections which evidently showed that "Master Wilfred" as he called him, was the favourite of the three sons of the household in the old servant's estimation.

The bustle of the domestics that soon filled the usually orderly dwelling, contrasted with the enforced calmness that was maintained by the lady up-stairs in making her preparations.

Her waiting-woman, Martin, brought up a cup of strong tea, and implored her mistress to take it, alleging, with truth, that as Miss Honor had not dined, she would be faint for want before reaching her destination. The lady yielded to her servant's entreaties, feeling in reality, notwithstanding her apparent calmness, too anxious and surprised by this sudden summons to the bed-side of a brother who, half an hour ago, she had thought was in India, to take any precautions for her own comfort. As, however, she concluded that the removal of the invalid from his present quarters would be possible, perhaps, without further delay, she did not fail to remind Martin, who was to accompany her mistress, to take plenty of such cloaks and wraps for the use of the sick man as Indian luggage would not be likely to contain; and in less than an hour from the time of the arrival of the message, Miss Honoria Austwicke and her maid were seated in the large, old-fashioned travelling carriage, and journeying on, behind two heavy grey coach-horses, at a pace that, however respectable on that cross country route, was certainly far more dignified than swift. It is true that, by a seven miles' drive to a railway station, the lady could have gone the remaining fifteen or sixteen miles in half an hour; but she preferred going as her family had done, before the fiery horse was harnessed to the iron car; and therefore it was quite ten o'clock at night when the Austwicke carriage and its smoking steeds rattled under the bar of the High Street, and reached the portico of the "Royal Sturgeon Hotel," Southampton.

A knot of people were waiting about the hall, and at a little corner eyelet window on the staircase, used, no doubt, for observation, there was a white square face, fixed in a stony stare at Miss Austwicke, as, assisted by her servants, she alighted.

CHAPTER II. A PROMISE.

"The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark:
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark."
LONGFELLOW.

As Miss Austwicke was shown up-stairs to a drawing-room on the first-floor of the hotel, and her maid was assisting her to take off her shawl and bonnet, there was a tap at the door, and a little bald-headed, glossy gentleman came into the room with a brisk but very quiet step, and making a low bow, in a formal, serious manner, somewhat at variance with his bright quick eyes and shining face, said, "I have the honour, I believe, of speaking to Miss Austwicke, of the Chase?"

The lady bowed in assent.

"Ah, yes—just so; and I regret to say our invalid—Captain Austwicke, I think, is it not?—is in a very unsatisfactory state—very unsatisfactory."

"Can I see him, sir—Dr. Bissle, I believe?"

"Yes, madam; Bissle—yes, assuredly, my dear madam—assuredly, you can see him. The fact is, Captain Austwicke is not, I regret to say, as amenable to medical authority as I could wish. Cerebral excitement—nervous irritation. But better, far better, than when I was called in on his arrival here yesterday."

"Indeed! then he came yesterday?"

"Landed—or, I should say, brought on shore, from Sir Gwithen Pentreal's yacht—a wonderful fast sailer—in which, it seems, he made the voyage from Falmouth, where an accident of some kind to her gear has detained for a few days, the—dear me! I forget her name—the East Indiaman that he came home in. Sir Gwithen it was who sent for me to attend Captain Austwicke, but could not himself stay, for he was bound to Cherbourg or the Channel Islands, to fetch Lady Pentreal."

"And my brother, then, is ill?" said Miss Austwicke, in order to bring the rather pompous and prosy doctor to the subject that was more important to her than the mere narrative of how her brother had come home.

"Unhappily—yes. A fit, it seems, had prostrated him before he was landed. He was making an attempt, a most injudicious attempt, to travel farther—to Austwicke Chase—or, I rather think, some much more distant place than that, by what he said—and notwithstanding my dissuasions, when another and worse attack prostrated him. He was unconscious during the night and part of this morning. I was not absolutely certain that he was of our Hampshire Austwickes, or I might, on my own responsibility, have sent to you, madam. But this afternoon he attempted to write—a very undesirable thing in his state—and, as it proved, beyond his strength; but I understand he ordered you to be sent for, and, I must add, declined—but that is, no doubt, part of the malady he suffers from—declined to consult me further, or to take his medicines: a very common symptom in such cases."

"I make no doubt, sir, your attention to my brother lays his family under great obligation," said Miss Austwicke, in her loftiest manner; "but I feel every moment an age until I see him."

The landlady, Mrs. Hobbins, at this juncture entered the room, saying, "If you please, ma'am, the gentleman is calling for you.

Miss Austwicke, who had been standing while the doctor spoke, immediately followed Mrs. Hobbins, Martin preparing to accompany her: but the lady said decidedly, "I will see my brother alone." And after crossing a lobby, pausing for a moment in the doorway of a large chamber, dimly lighted by a single candle, she looked within searchingly, and then entered, shutting the door with all woman's tact, so as to make no noise, and, with quiet footsteps, walked across the chamber to the bed-side. The gloom was so great she could only see the dim outline of the dark face that rested on the pillow. A laboured, ominous breathing fell distinctly on her ear, and told her more than her eye could of the invalid's desperate state. She stood motionless for some minutes at his bed-side, unable to speak a word, and as her eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, could discern that restless hands, wasted to the bone, were twitching at the coverlet on which they lay, and that the sunk, yet regular features, whose form she recognised with amazement that so much could change, and yet identity remain, were working nervously in what seemed mental as well as bodily agony. The invalid was the first to speak:—

"Will she never come? They said she was here."

"I am here, Wilfred, I am here, brother—dear brother."

She bent over the bed, and took one of his hands as she faltered out, hesitatingly, the last part of the sentence.

"*Dear* brother!" said the sick man, repeating her words in a moaning tone, and turning on his pillow in the direction of her voice—"dear brother! I don't know, Honor, that I have been dear to you; or that any one of us but Edmond ever was dear to you; and he was the heir of Austwicke. There never was much love among us—never enough, I now think, Honor."

He paused, and reaching out his wasted and burning hands, and gripping hers, which had tightly clasped his fingers, he added, "Yet I am glad you have come, if a miserable and dying man can be glad at anything."

"No, no, Wilfred, neither miserable nor dying," she interposed. As she spoke, his hold on her hand tightened until it was so painful that the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Dying, I say—and miserable. No need of many words. There"—releasing her hand suddenly, as if just conscious that he might be hurting her—"there, sit down; give me that drink," pointing to a glass on a little marble table near the bed.

Miss Austwicke looked a moment at the goblet containing a liquid, whose pungent odour revealed the presence of some strong stimulant; and said as she gave it—"Did Dr. Bissle prescribe this?"

"I want none of Dr. Bissle's prescriptions. Doctors, indeed! I'm past their tinkering."

"Brother, do be ——"

"There, Honor—don't worry me or yourself"—drinking, and drawing a gasping breath after it. "There that'll give me a fillip. I—I—want to tell you—something—something of importance, that must be told Honor."

"Not now, Wilfred; you will fatigue yourself. To-morrow will do, or when you get home—not now."

"To-morrow—home! You don't know the meaning of those words to me. Raise me up, sister—raise me up, and hear me, I say, if I can manage to speak. It must and shall be told."

She did as he requested, and piled up the pillows so as to raise his head nearly on a level with her own face. As she drew a chair and sat down, a feeble ray of the candle fell across her shoulder on to the face of her brother. The curtains along the other side and the foot of the bed were drawn, and thus closed in to the smallest space the scene that the gleam of light revealed. It was vain for Miss Austwicke to delude herself with hope, as she now scrutinised her brother's features. There was the unmistakable moulding of the hand of death in the face, brow, and pinched nose and mouth. She was so suddenly impressed with this that she had some difficulty to control her impulse to call for help. But someting in the eager gaze of the glassy eyes held her mute and spell-bound.

"Get my pocket-book, it's under my pillow. Open it, There's a letter—not that. no, a sealed letter—yes, that's it. Lay it down a moment."

Following his directions, she had taken from among some loose papers and memoranda in his pocket-book a worn and soiled black envelope, sealed with the Austwicke crest, and the initials "W. A." underneath it. She laid this within his reach on the bed clothes, silently resumed her seat, and awaited his communication.

(*To be continued.*)

TOMB OF SETHI, DESCENDANT OF THE SUN.

THE sepulchre of this Pharaoh—in fact, a sumptuous palace—was hewn into the bowels of the mountain, just in the hollow of that wild rocky gorge which runs devious and deep into the heart of the hills fringing the fertile plain of Thebes—hills that stand sentinel-wise on the verge of the great Libyan waste.

Here, at the foot of a limestone spur, deep down in the lustrous shadows of that narrow defile, the traveller may still light upon the half-hidden entrance to those subterranean halls. Hither Sethi, Descendant of the Sun, Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, was brought and buried in solemn state, after a long and prosperous reign, about the year 1300 B. C.

Sethi, when called to the throne, bearing in mind that one day the angel of death with a cold kiss would blanch his kingly forehead, and beckon him away, began immediately—it was the fashion in Egypt—to cut out for himself a sepulchre in the mountain. There, he flattered himself, his sacred body, fitly mummied, bejewelled, and enshrined, would rest in lonely state undisturbed until, in the far-off time—the long-looked-for morning—Osiris should summon him.

Although he reigned many years, however, Sethi died before his eternal house was finished; nevertheless, they buried him there. The long-drawn funeral procession bore him in the soft sunset to his home in the western hills; squadrons of war chariots, robed pontiffs, flamens of Isis in stately array, with glittering insignia and waving flabella, accompanied the bier, defiling slowly across the plain. Through great columned temple-courts, past solemn sphinx avenues, through the gates of magnificent Thebes, this pageant followed on, and over the lake to the mountain; then winding up this wandering gorge to the little aperture in the rock, they left him there. Princes carried the mummy down into its sumptuous dwelling; and so Sethi was sealed in, while Rameses his son reigned in his stead.

Now, although ample care and forethought was taken to hide all traces of this and other tombs—for the Theban monarchs all slept in the valley, "every one in his own house"—several, in the reigns of the latter Ptolemies, were broken into; but it happened that King Sethi invariably escaped—his masons had managed more deftly than the rest to conceal his lurking-place. Priests, the first to violate these sepulchres for the booty they held, passed by him; learned archæologists, prowling about the valley, and burrowing everywhere, passed by; scientific Greeks on their travels also, though they left manifold tokens of their visit elsewhere, gave our Pharaoh a wide berth. These last gentlemen, in the tombs adjacent, knocked off the noses and arms of the sculptured gods they came near; they scribbled up impertinent remarks on the walls, wrenched open a sarcophagus or two, then probably hurried back to Athens to write a book, or lecture on incidents of travel, and so strut for an hour as lions in the society of that refined capital. Plato must have passed by here; Herodotus, too, in all likelihood, descending into these gloomy retreats, lamp in hand, awestruck at their magnificence—the historian perhaps listening to the wild fancies of that same fibbing guide who crammed him so mercilessly at Memphis.

Still, none of these distinguished explorers lighted on Sethi. Save, indeed, that he may have trembled when they broke into Rameses's tomb hard by, no disquieting contingency befell. Nor Greeks, nor Romans, nor Arabs disturbed him. Century after century, down the ages, he slept on. All bade fair to carry him safely through till dooms-day.

However, the evil time, sooner or later, comes to most of us, and to Sethi it came in this wise. Some fifty years since, a violent thunder-storm—a rare occurrence in those regions—burst over the Valley of Kings; a deluge of rain swept down. A traveller (Belzoni) happened to be on the spot. His quick eye caught at a slight sinking in the level of some débris gathered at the foot of a rock. A thought strikes him: "Surely there must be something hidden." Like a terrier in full scent he set to work: but, alas, what can a man do unassisted? The next day, a troop of Arab fellahs are engaged. They dig and dig, and in their digging uncover, little by little, the broad sculptured portal of a tomb. Belzoni and his Arabs, now half delirious with excitement and joy, hurl down the masonry, and burst in.

What they see there is like to a vision told in the *Arabian Nights*. There are halls, and secret chambers, and corridors and staircases of a splendour and on a scale to stagger belief. There are walls all brilliant with vivid colours fresh as they were thousands of years back, when the workman laid down his brush to die. There are columns and cornices, belaboured with sumptuous carvings and imagery; and all around, thick spread on the rock, gorgeously-pictured allegories, illustrative of deep and awful mysteries.

The explorers, with lighted torches, run hither and thither, like ants disturbed in a nest. But how is this?—they find no mummy, no sarcophagus. A deep pit gapes wide in the uttermost chamber, but the pit is empty! Ah, Belzoni is brought to a stand now! Our friend Sethi has one chance left to him still.

But the Italian's quick thought overrides the difficulty. With a knotted wand, he taps the rock, listening carefully. Ha! there is a hollow sound. It is behind the pit. Twenty Arabs hurry off. They run through the ravine to the plain; they hew down a palm-tree, and return, staggering beneath the weight of its huge trunk. Now planks are laid over the pit's mouth, and this unwieldy battering-ram brought to bear on the hollow wall. The Arabs—ever like children, playing at toil—set up a wild shout, in which the torch-bearers join—a chorus answering to our one, two, three; and lo, a mass of masonry lies prostrate before them! They pass through into another world of subterranean chambers; they scramble up and down broad stairways, often coming to grief in their impetuous career. Lights flash through solemn corridors, all more vast, more gorgeous, more elaborate than those gone before. They have penetrated far into the embraces of the rock, have broken the long silence of that myterious domain, have undone the spell; and now, finally, they meet under the vault of a lofty hall, where their flickering thicket of torches scarce serves to bring into light the starry ceiling overhead—stars sown on a field of azure, to represent the firmament—nor to show the serpents twining in mazy folds beneath. A kind of gallery skirts the chambers, and from the interjacent columns and from the wall, weird forms and faces look out, and great black eyes peer at the intruders with contemptuously apathetic gaze. These, however, heed not: they are grouped round a solitary coffin, set in the midst of that vast chamber; they examine it narrowly—an elaborately-carved alabaster sarcophagus, thickly mantled with hieroglyphics, encircling the cenotaph of "Sethi, beloved of Ptah." Yes, they have come to him at last—they have hunted great Pharaoh to earth.

Fancy that solitary sleeper, my reader, pent for ever in his gloomy abode—fancy him in the dark, lying alone through the ages in that cold stony hall—companionless, forgotten; encompassed by those shadowy shapes, and eyes fixed in contemplation, eternally passionless and still. Stern deities on their thrones, rigid and inexorable; fair women, in gauzy apparel, clustering around with offerings of fruit and flower garlands, and ever among them and between, grim genii and serpents interlaced in endless convolution, winding up even to the blue sky above. Alone—fathoms deep in the mountain—girt about with rock, where no ray of sunlight had ever penetrated, or sound, or flash of a lamp, had fallen for thousands of years—taking no note of returning days and nights, of setting suns and spring blossoms, of summer heats and winter cold. Alone—"in glory in his own house!"—he, once the monarch of men—how fallen! Now thus imprisoned, wherein was he better than the meanest of his slaves?

Such was Sethi when Belzoni lighted upon him. He has since been carried across the sea; and if you, curious reader, care to examine the sculptured alabaster that enshrined him, search for it in the Soane Museum, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Sethi's sarcophagus is the gem of that very interesting collection.

LEGENDS FROM THE ARDENNES.

IF any of our readers should think of making the European tour, of course they will visit Spa. It may prove interesting to them to be made acquainted with some of the quaint legends and fancies which yet linger in the surrounding district.

I. Few who make any prolonged stay at Spa fail to visit the grotto of Remouchamps. On the roadside, about half a mile beyond the grotto, may be seen the Church of Dieupart, the architecture of which is superior to that of most of the country churches in that district. The following legend is connected with its erection, about 500 years ago:—

At that time there stood upon a height, above where the church is now seen, a château, the lord of which, at the date of our story, was a bold and wicked man, the terror of the neighbourhood. He had lived there for about fifteen years with his wife, who had borne him no offspring, and who had come with him from some foreign land, where he had spent his youth, rumour said, in a most disreputable manner. One day there came to the gate of the château a youthful Minnesinger, one of those minstrels who passed from town to town, from castle to castle, delighting the ears of their denizens with romantic ballads, sung to the accompaniment of the harp, and receiving in return bed and board for a short time, and wherewithal to support them on their journey to their next halting place. He was admitted to the presence of the lord and lady of the castle, and forthwith began his lay. At the first stanza a deadly pallor overspread the features of the baroness, and with a trembling voice she demanded whence he came, from whom he had learned that ballad.

"I come from Trêves," was the reply, "and the ballad was taught me by an aged man with whom I dwelt, and who, when I was sufficiently well skilled in the art of music, sent me forth, and bade me sing it in every town and castle which I should enter."

The seigneur of Monjardin, observing that his wife's emotion was becoming more and more visible and intense, ordered the minstrel to quit the chamber, but to await in the castle his further orders. When he was gone, the baroness exclaimed:—

"Those words! that air! methought they were known but to myself and to my father."

"The minstrel is without doubt a spy," said the suspicious baron, "whose object it is to discover our abode, and give information thereof to some enemies; but he shall not return to give intelligence to those who have sent him."

"Oh! slay him not," said the baroness; "add not the murder of this innocent youth to a list of crimes already too long."

"Well, well," answered the baron, "I shall not deprive him of life, but it were dangerous to give him his liberty; I will confine him in one of the chambers of the castle." So saying, he went forth to execute his design, but the Minnesinger had disappeared, and could not be found. A few days elapsed, and the young minstrel again appeared at the castle. He was taken by the baron to a secret chamber known only to himself, in a remote tower, far from the inhabited portion of the château.

"Now," asked the baron, "tell me wherefore thou hast come to this castle? I know well that thou art here on some secret errand, and if it be not revealed, thy days are numbered."

But the minstrel gave no other answer than that which he had given before.

"Thou art obstinate, then? 'tis well that thou shouldst know the punishment that awaits thee: neither food nor drink shall pass thy lips until thou shalt tell me all I desire to know. The place whence thou comest, the ballad thou hast sung, are tokens that some hidden design brings thee here; 'tis my will that thou disclose it. I will return to-morrow, and give thee one more chance for thy life; if thou art still obstinate, I will leave thee here to perish."

The baron then departed, carefully fastening the door as he left the chamber.

The next day found the brave minstrel as determined as before to make no further revelations, and so the cruel baron left him to his dreadful fate, informing his wife that he was merely keeping him in custody, as he was more than ever convinced that the minstrel plotted mischief.

Three days had elapsed since he was imprisoned, when an aged man arrived at the château, wearied and footsore, and having craved and obtained an audience of the baron, demanded if he knew aught of a youthful minstrel, who, he had heard, was last seen at the castle.

"Thou dost not remember me," continued the stranger: "I am thy wife's father. Thou didst carry off, at the head of thy robber band, my daughter from her home at Treves, and ever since I have made fruitless efforts to discover thine abode. At length I bethought me of a means which has proved successful: I knew a sweet ballad which my daughter had composed in her youth; this I taught to a boy, who, neglected from his infancy by his own relatives, lived under my care. Him I bade go forth, and sing this lay in every town and castle until he should find my daughter, and then send me intelligence where she lived, that I might see her ere I die. This youth came here; thou didst not recognize him, doubtless: he is thy brother."

The baron stayed to hear no more; he hastened in an agony of terror to the secret chamber, flung open the door, and beheld extended on the ground the lifeless body of his brother. He caught up the motionless form in his arms, intending to convey it where remedies might be applied; but—horror!—in his confusion he had closed the door from within, and it could not be opened but from without. His cries were unavailing: none knew of the chamber but himself.

For some time the disappearance of the baron caused the greatest excitement; but at length, while some repairs were being executed in the masonry of the castle, the workmen discovered the secret chamber, the halfwormeaten, yet still recognisable, corpses of the two brothers, and a written document containing the confession of the baron.

The lady of Monjardin, struck with horror, caused the château to be pulled down, and the present church of Dieupart to be built with its stones.

The cascade de Coo is well known to visitors at Spa, not so much because of the waterfall, which is not striking, as for the beautiful scenery which all along follows the course of the river Amblève, and which at the above-mentioned locality is perhaps seen at its best. Half-an-hour's walk from this well-known spot brings one to the hamlet of Trois-ponts, on a hill rising above which stands the solitary Church of St. Jacques. A strange belief, which he who is anxious to dispel the misty wreaths of fancy might easily verify or destroy, but which the artist and poet will leave untouched in its awful beauty, is attached to this lonely edifice. Here, it is believed amongst the peasants, every Good Friday at midnight is celebrated what in their dialect is called "la peineuse messe," that is, the sad mass. No earthly congregation assist thereat; no mortal priest performs the doubly mystic function. As midnight strikes,—as that day passes away, on which alone, according to the Roman ritual, the sacrifice of the mass cannot be offered,—the windows of St Jacques suddenly flash with light, the doors are opened by unseen hands, and misty forms—the souls of those who sleep in the adjoining churchyard, and who have not yet passed through the purifying flames—flit into the church. The last parish priest officiates, and he must be served by a mortal acolyte, the only being of flesh and blood amidst that ghostly throng. Due warning is given beforehand to the person chosen to fill this office, and woe betide him, if he shrinks from it!—his affairs will never prosper, no enterprise of his will be blest; if, on the contrary, he have sufficient courage to be present at that awful mass, he will evermore be remembered by those whom he has assisted, when they pass from the gloom of purgatory to the golden halls of Paradise.

III. There is, or was, a curious belief in the Ardennes, respecting a strange being, invested with mysterious powers, named Le Toucheur, which the following narrative well illustrates.

Marie Henrard, the wife of a substantial bourgeois in the village of Basse-Bodeux, not far distant from the hamlet of Trois-ponts, mentioned above, on entering her room one morning in the year 184—, was beyond measure surprised to find it occupied by an individual, anything like whose dress she had never yet seen. When she first saw the figure, its back was turned towards her, and it seemed to be examining minutely the various objects that hung on the wall. It was clothed in a long tunic of sheep-skin, resembling in shape the chasuble worn by Roman Catholic priests; yellow hose, and shoes of rough leather were seen below, and on its head was placed a hat with widely-extended brim; its hair was long and tangled, and its apparel was worn with age, and bespattered with mud. On seeing this strange intruder, Marie Henrard uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise, which immediately caused the figure to turn round, thereby revealing the bearded visage of a man seemingly of five or six and twenty years of age. His surprise at seeing the mistress of the house was apparently no less than hers at seeing him.

"Pray, madam," he said, "what may you want here?"

"Want here! a strange question to ask me in my own house."

"Your house! it is my mother's, madam, and this is my chamber; though, parbleu! it is changed wonderfully since yesterday evening."

Thinking that she had to do with a fool or a knave, Madame Henrard bade him quit the house, otherwise she would be under the necessity of calling for assistance.

"Pardon me, madam," answered the stranger, "you seem to labour under some delusion. This house belongs to my mother, Annette Grisart, widow of Henri Grisart, the late censier of the Baron of Rahier."

Madame Henrard vouchsafed no answer to what seemed to her the words of a real or pretended madman, but going without called lustily for help. Her husband and two or three other men responded to the appeal, and the so-called son of Henri Grisart, shouting for his mother, and denouncing his captors as brigands and assassins, was carried off to the awful presence of M. le Bourgmestre. Here, in presence of a crowd of villagers, he was closely interrogated, and all that could be gathered from his statements, confused and bewildering in the extreme, may be summed up in a few words. The evening before, he said, he had gone a short distance to pay a visit to Clotilde Lemaire, whom he was about to marry. While returning home he was met by a sturdy mendicant who begged for an alms, and who, on being refused, raised his staff, and struck him on the back. He felt himself suddenly overpowered by a feeling of faintness, and was sensible of rolling down a ravine which was bordered by the path along which he had been walking. He had remained, he supposed, all night in a state of insensibility, for when he awoke he found himself lying at the bottom of the ravine, deeply imbedded in the long herbage, and the morning sun shining upon him; if any doubted the truth of what he said, let them go to a spot which he described, and they would see the form of a man distinctly visible on the soft spongy ground where he had lain. A deputation immediately set off for this purpose, and those who remained behind laid their heads together—the *consal communal* officially, the rest officiously—to determine whether the scared prisoner before them were rogue or fool. What puzzled these wise-heads, and would have puzzled the wisest, was that he spoke of persons and of a state of things long since passed away, as if they were present realities. He demanded to be brought before the Baron of Rahier, he threatened to appeal to the Abbot of Stavelot, and even to the Prince-Bishop of Liege,—dignitaries unknown for the last sixty years. He was unacquainted, too, with any one familiar to those around him. While their perplexity was at its utmost height, one of the oldest villagers present asserted that during his youth he had heard of the sudden disapearance of the intended husband of a girl named Lemaire, who, after making another marriage, had lately died a widow at an advanced age. He had scarcely made this statement, when the assembled villagers were startled by hearing the prisoner exclaim, "Le voilà, le voilà! there is the man who struck me!" Having uttered these words, he fell down in violent convulsions, his face suddenly assumed the aspect of an old man's, and he expired. The person to whom he directed their attention was apparently a sturdy beggar, who on being interrogated, denied having ever seen the unfortunate man who now lay a corpse on the floor. He had just entered the village, he said, on his way to Stavelot; he was a licensed mendicant, as his papers testified, and he was therefore allowed to proceed on his way without molestation. To complete the mystery, the party which had set out to discover the place where the dead man had spent the night,—or about seventy years,—returned fully confirming what he had related: at the exact spot described by him they had found the form of a man distinctly traced out on the ground.

The aged villager before mentioned now gave out as his decided opinion that Grisart had been struck by Le Toucheur, who, according to the local tradition, was a deathless wanderer on the earth,—an instrument in the hand of Providence for recompensing the charitable, and for taking vengeance on the cold-hearted, and that, under the influence of a spell, he had lain in a lethargy for more than seventy years.

B.

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

Autre affaire, (*Fr.*), another affair.
Autre chose, (*Fr.*), another thing.
Aut viam inveniam aut faciam, (*Lat*), I will either find a way, or make it.
Autrefois acquit, (*Fr.*), previously acquitted.
Autrefois attaint, (*Fr.*), previously suspected (*law term*).
Autrefois convict, (*Fr.*), previously convicted (*law term*).
Aut vincere, aut mori, (*Lat*), victory or death.
Avancer l'argent, (*Fr.*), to advance money.
Avant courier, (*Fr.*), a forerunner, a harbinger.
Avec le temps, (*Fr.*), in process of time.
A vinculo matrimonii, (*Lat*) (a divorce) from the tie of marriage.
Banquette, (*Fr.*), (in fortification) a raised foot-way, inside a parapet, on which the soldiers stand to fire upon the enemy.
Badinage, (*Fr.*), light or playful discourse, jesting.

Basso relievo, (*It.*), (in sculpture) figures that do not stand out from the ground on which they are formed.
Bacchi plenus, (*Lat.*), full of wine, drunk.
Bagatelle, (*Fr.*), a trifle, a thing of no importance.
Belles lettres, (*Fr.*), polite literature.
Beau monde, (*Fr.*), the gay (fashionable) world.
Beaux esprits, (*Fr.*), men of wit. (Wits.)
Bellum internecidum, (*Lat.*), a war of mutual extermination.
Bene, (*Lat.*), well.
Bene placito (*It.*), (in music) at pleasure.
Beau ideal, (*Fr.*), ideal excellence.
Bien dit, (*Fr.*), well spoken.
Bijou, (*Fr.*), a jewel.
Bijouterie, (*Fr.*), jewellery.
Billet-doux, (*Fr.*), a love letter.
Bis dat, qui cito dat, (*Lat.*), he gives twice, who gives quickly.
Blasé, (*Fr.*), faded (played out).
Bona fides, (*Lat.*), good faith.
Bonâ fide, (*Lat.*), in good faith, in reality.
Bon avocat, mauvais voisin, (*Fr.*), a good lawyer, a bad neighbour.
Bongré malgré, (*Fr.*), whether a person will or not.
Bon jour, (*Fr.*), good day.
Bon jour, bon œuvre, (*Fr.*), the better the day, the better the deed.
Boni pastoris est tyndere pecus non deglubere, (*Lat.*), it is the part of a good shepherd to shear his flock, not to flay them.
Bonne bouche, (*Fr.*), a delicate morsel.
Bonne et belle assez, (*Fr.*), good and handsome enough.
Bon mot, (*Fr.*), a jest, a repartee.
Bon ton, (*Fr.*), high fashion.
Bonus, (*Lat.*), good, happy, also (subst.) a premium.
Bourreau d'argent, (*Fr.*), a spendthrift.
Bonvivant, (*Fr.*), a high liver, a jovial companion.
Boulevard, (*Fr.*), (originally) the rampart of a fortified city; now, a public walk or street.
Bourse, (*Fr.*), the exchange.
Bouts rimes, (*Fr.*), words which rhyme, given out to be formed into verses.
Bric-a-brac, (*Fr.*), second hand goods.
Brochure, (*Fr.*), a pamphlet, a stitched book.
Brunette, (*Fr.*), a woman with a dark complexion.
Brutum fulmen, (*Lat.*), a harmless thunderbolt; a threatening.
Buffo, (*It.*), the comic actor in an opera.
Bulletin, (*Fr.*), a report issued by authority, any public notice or announcement, especially of recent news.
Bureau, (*Fr.*), an office or counting house.
Burlesque, (*Fr.*), jocular, satire, irony, humour.
Burletta, (*It.*), a comic opera, a musical farce.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

PHYSIOLOGISTS have discussed the question whether there are any causes in operation likely to produce a race of dwarfs, such as the pigmies believed in by the Greeks, and such as those little people whom travellers once asserted to be living in Abyssinia. Physiologists have arrived at a few general conclusions as to persons a little above or a little below the middle height; but they disbelieve in any race exceedingly short. All the examples well authenticated are individual only.

We find plentiful notices of people less than four feet high. Even at and below forty inches, the list is formidable. There was a little man exhibited in London, in the time of George the Fourth, whose thirty-six inches of height were clad in military attire, with top-boots; " he strutted his tiny legs, and held his head aloft with not less importance than the proudest general officer could assume upon his promotion to the rank of field-marshal." Long before this, there was exhibited, " opposite the Mews-gate at Charing-cross, a little black man, being but three feet high, and thirty-three years of age, straight and proportionate every way, who is distinguished by the name of the Black Prince; and with him his wife, the little woman, not three feet high, and thirty years of age, straight and proportionate as any woman in the land, which is commonly called the Fairy Queen."

Below three feet in height, a dwarf likes to descend, if he can. This makes him more famous. Eighty years ago, there died Mrs. Kelly, known as the Irish Fairy; she was thirty-four inches high, and died in giving birth to a child. But the best specimen of humanity of this altitude was, perhaps, Madame Teresa, known as the Corsican Fairy, who was exhibited in London some years before the Irish Fairy. She was an elegant little creature, pretty, womanly and yet fairy-like; less than a yard in height, she was still a lady, if her portraits are to be trusted. In the time of Sir Hans Sloane there was exhibited, at a coffee-house in Charing-cross, " a little man, fifty years old, two feet nine inches high, and the father of eight children; when he sleeps he puts his head between his feet, to rest on by way of a pillow, and his great toes in each ear, which posture he shows to the general satisfaction of all the spectators." The Liége people boast of an old woman, who died about a century ago, at the age of a hundred, and with the altitude of thirty-two inches. The Journal de Médecine notices a man twenty-eight inches high. Mr. Simon Paap, a Dutch dwarf, who attracted a good deal of attention in London fifty years ago, was about as many inches in height as he was pounds in weight and years in age—twenty-eight. In Queen Anne's time there was " a little fairy woman, come from Italy, being but two feet two inches high." There is a record of one Hannah Bounce, who, although only twenty-five inches high, gave birth to a child.

Of course, if the attraction of a dwarf varies inversely as his length, he will try to be less than two feet long if he can; and, equally of course, the narratives to that effect are all the more open to suspicion. Demaillet, the French consul at Cairo, says he saw a dwarf only eighteen inches high. Birch, in his collections, speaks of one, only sixteen inches high, and thirty-seven years old. M. Virey, in the Dictionnaire des Sciences, notices a German dwarf girl eighteen inches high, but then she was only nine years old. A girl was exhibited at Bartholomew Fair " not much above eighteen inches long, having never a perfect bone in any part of her, only the head; yet she hath all her senses to admiration, and discourses, reads well, sings, whistles, and all very pleasant to hear." At the Charing-cross Coffee-house, corner of Spring-gardens, early in the last century, was to be seen " a man, six-and-forty years old one foot nine inches high, yet fathoms six foot five inches with his arms." He must have been an oddity, seeing that " he walks naturally upon his hands, raising his body one foot four inches off the ground; jumps upon a table near three foot high with one hand."

Many dwarfs have had some degree of historic celebrity attached to their names, owing to the circumstances of their career.

Jeffery Hudson, a Rutland man, was one of this small band of little people who have gained name and fame. At eight years old he was only eighteen inches high, and was taken into the suite of the Duke of Buckingham. When Charles the First and Queen Henrietta Maria were, on one occasion (which has become tiresome from being perpetually cited), entertained by the duke, Jeffery Hudson was served up in a cold pie, fully armed and accoutred. The queen was so delighted with the tiny creature that she begged him of the duke, and Jeffery forthwith entered the royal suite. As he grew up he displayed much tact, and was employed in many delicate missions abroad and at home. During a masque at court the palace porter, a gigantic fellow, took Jeffery out of his pocket. He could bear jokes of this kind prepared for set occasions, but he was much irritated by the mocking raillery of the courtiers. While on a foreign mission, Hudson was so maddened by an insult of this kind that he challenged the offender; the courtier appeared, armed with a squirt; Hudson insisted that the affair should not end with this additional insult; they met with pistols, and Hudson shot him dead on the spot. The little man (who was eighteen inches high at thirty years old, and then grew till he was forty-five) lived to be involved in suspicion concerning a Popish plot, and died in prison a little while before the death of Charles the Second. Some years ago his slashed and bedizened satin doublet and hose were in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Are they there still?

Another political dwarf, if we may so designate him, died only a few years ago. Galignani noticed the event in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. The dwarf's name was Richebourg. He was only twenty-four inches high. When young he was in the service of the Duchess of Orleans, wife of the duke in the days of the French Revolution, and mother of the duke who was afterwards King Louis Philippe. In the desperate troubles of those days Richebourg was, on one occasion, dressed up as a baby, and carried in a nurse's arms, with important despatches concealed in his baby-cap. One would like to know more of this little fellow. That the Orleans family pensioned him off with three thousand francs per annum, and that he died in the Rue du Four St. Germain, at the venerable age of ninety, are the only additional facts mentioned; but it would be pleasant to know how the manœuvre succeeded, and whether the tiny diplomatist poked his small person into any other of the momentous events of those times.

There was a little couple in the time of Charles the Second, who compensated for shortness of stature by length of days. They were Richard and Anne Gibson. Richard had been miniature-painter to Charles the First, and was also installed into the office and dignity of court dwarf. Anne was, at the same time, court dwarf to Queen Henrietta Maria. The king determined that the little people should be man and wife. It was done, and he gave away the bride. Waller, the court poet, celebrated the nuptials in the following lines:

> Design or chance make others wive,
> But Nature did this match contrive;
> Eve might as well have Adam fled,
> As she denied her little bed
> To him, for Heaven seemed to frame
> And measure out this little dame!
> * * * * * * * *
> To him the fairest nymphs do show,
> Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
> And ev'ry man a Polypheme
> Does to his Galatea seem!

The little people had a remarkably happy life of it—if not absolutely " healthy and wealthy and wise," at least, something like it. They had nine children, five of whom lived to be men and women, the ordinary height. Richard, born during the reign of James the First, saw the glories and the troubles of Charles the First, Cromwell, Charles the Second, and James the Second, and died early in the reign of William and Mary. Rather late in life he became drawing-master to the Princesses Mary and Anne, afterwards queens. He died at the age of seventy-five, while his pocket-edition of a wife survived to eighty-nine. They were each under four feet in height; it is even said that they could only muster seven feet of stature between them.

Poland and Russia have been rather celebrated for dwarfs. Porter noticed the fact in the last century.

One of the most notable of Polish dwarfs, in the last century, was Joseph Borulawski, generally known as Count Borulawski. He was born in seventeen hundred and thirty-nine. He was one of six brothers and sisters. Three of the brothers were all about the middle height. The eldest, born eleven years before Joseph, was a strong and vigorous little fellow, only forty-two inches in height; he became page and then confidential steward to Countess Inalawski. The sister was a much smaller specimen of humanity; perhaps the smallest woman who ever fell in love—for she *did* love, and secretly befriended the young officer to whom she never told her love, lest he should ridicule her. Amiable and pretty, the tiny creature, who is credited with only twenty-six inches of stature, died in her twenty-second year. As to Joseph, he became an European celebrity. He was only eight inches long when born; and so determined did

Nature seem to keep him small, that she only allowed him fourteen inches at one year old, and seventeen inches at six years. Having been neglected by his parents, the Countess de Tarnow educated him. Another Polish lady, the Countess Humieski, begged him of her, and he became quite a pet. He went to Podolia, and lived in a castle, where he attained a stature of twenty-one inches at ten years old, and twenty-five inches at fifteen. His protectress took him for a tour to the European courts. They went to Vienna, where the Empress Maria Theresa wished to present him with a diamond ring from her finger; but this being far too large she gave him a ring from the finger of Marie Antoinette, afterwards the unfortunate Queen of France, then about six years old. The little man was by that time twenty-eight inches in his stockings. Count Kaunitz, the minister, very much petted him, but there was a feeling growing up in the mind of Borulawski that, after all, he was only treated as a toy—an amusing curiosity—and he had his moments of mortification. Then they went to Munich, and then to Paris, where the court chroniclers told of his symmetrical proportions, his fine eyes, his lively aspect, his healthy constitution, his temperate habits (rather a novelty in those days), his sound sleep, his graceful dancing, his polished manners, his smart repartees, his intelligent conversation, his good memory, his sound judgment, his susceptible feelings, his self-respect, his kindly disposition. One evening, Count Oginski served up Borulawski in a tureen, at a banquet, much to the surprise and amusement of the guests. At the age of twenty-five, Borulawski, then thirty-five inches high, settled at Warsaw with his patroness. He fell in love with a French actress, she pretended to favour his suit, but made merry at his expense behind his back—this was deeply wounding to the little man. At thirty years old he was thirty-nine inches high, and then he stopped growing. At the age of forty he again fell into the toils of love—this time with an amiable and beautiful woman, who, after some hesitation, married him. This proceeding so offended the Countess Humieski, that she dismissed him from her suite. He had to begin the world again, with his wife and a baby, and hard work he found it, for the great (as they are called) did not look so smilingly upon him as before. He travelled about Europe, first as a concert-giver, then as a superior kind of showman, exhibiting himself for money. It was a sore wound to his feelings; but there was no help for it. He fought on bravely and honourably. He was introduced to the English royal family at about the time when the elder sons of George the Third were growing up to manhood.

Borulawski was contemporary with another Polish dwarf, far inferior to him in all bodily and mental characteristics. This was Nicholas Feny, who assumed the name of Bébé. When born he was only eight inches long, and weighed twelve ounces; he was carried on a plate to church to be christened, and his first cradle was his father's wooden shoe. At eighteen months he was able to walk, and at two years old he had a pair of shoes made for him, an inch and a half long. At six years old, when fifteen inches high, he was introduced to Stanislaus, King of Poland, who gave him the name of Bébé. The Princess of Talmond was appointed to teach him, but he was as small in intellect as in stature, and could learn very little. Moreover, he was passionate. When Borulawski went to visit the king, the two dwarfs gazed at each other, and the king made a remark as to the mental superiority of Borulawski; this put Bébé into such a passion that he tried to push the other into the fire—a proceeding that brought a flogging upon Bébé. He became prematurely old and withered, and died at the age of twenty-three, all accounts giving him a height of thirty-three inches at the time of his death. The king planned a marriage between Bébé and Anne Therese Souvray, a native of the Vosges; but Bébé died before the union was effected. There were two sisters, Anne Therese and Barbe, one thirty-three inches high, and the other forty-one; they lived to be old women, and danced and sang national songs in public.

Wybrand Lolkes, the Dutch dwarf, acquired in his day some renown. He was one of eight children of a poor fisherman. He learned watchmaking at Amsterdam, and then carried on the trade at Rotterdam. Failing in business, he resolved to get a living out of his smallness. He went to London in the time of Old Astley, and was engaged at the Amphitheatre. His wife (for he had a wife and three children) used to lead him on the stage, and had to stoop, that her hand might touch his. He was clumsy and awkward, but agile and strong. When sixty years of age, he was only twenty-seven inches high. There is a portrait extant of him, with his well-looking, good-sized wife beside him.

THE SCARLET FEVER.

ITS CAUSES, PATHOLOGY AND CURE.

LETTER III.

"Finis coronat opus."

From Mr. Harry Tourniquet, Brantford,—to Mr. Robert Trepan, Montreal.

DEAR BOB,—I've been striving the reason to guess
Why old Mrs Bolus has had such success
Cousin Fan's "Scarlet Fever" so soon to suppress.
The sly fox knew well, that few men can withstand
The bright glance of an eye, the soft touch of a hand;
That a pretty girl's blushes and sighs are *contagious*,
And the way fellows "catch the complaint" quite outrageous;
And that when once Love's passion o'er two folks hold sway,
As the Homœopathics have taught us to say,
"Curantur similibus similia."

As I'm fond of research, I consider it rational
To ask, "is this fear exclusively national?
Are the damsels of other climes equally skittish,
Or is the distemper engross'd by the British?"
I think that, without deep research in pathology,
I'm able to point out a striking analogy.

When at New York, dear Bob, I was knocking about,
Not long ere this horrible war had broke out,
A sickness, like Fannie's by young girls were shown,
Which familiarly as "West-Point Fever" was known;
(At which place on the Hudson's *located* a college,
Where sucking Napoleons imbibe martial knowledge)
No *fantigues* about colour ran in these girls' heads,
For the sober "blue coats" do not flaunt it in reds.
But the fever impell'd those who had it, like gluttons,
To *grab* the Cadets' and young Lieutenants' *buttons*,
Which they loved to exhibit in long heavy strings,
With their amulets, charms, gay *bijoux*, and such things;
By these trophies their numerous conquests to show,
As those of a Choctaw or Pawnee we know
By the number of scalps he has stripp'd from the foe.
'Tis fine fun, for the boys, but their tutors attack it
When surprised at the buttonless state of a jacket.

What various fates have since that time befell
The lads, whose gay buttons were cherish'd so well!
Alas! blood-shot eyes have throughout these four years,
Oft shed o'er such relics their heart-broken tears!

One fever-strick'n maid—Georgiana—I'm told,
Has a cabinet made all such treasures to hold,
And has carefully labelled each bright button there,
As geologists label gneiss, hornblende, or spar
"Captain Pegram," who bravely at Antietam fell;
"Major Stokes," near Atlanta, unwounded and well;
And "poor Harry Jones," who's presumed to rebel.
On a rich velvet cushion, young "Webster's" is laid,
Whom luck, or good service a General has made;
While "Gubbins's" button has, since his retreat
In such dastardly style, been swept into the street!
Fie Georgie! I thought you'd "a soul above buttons,"—
But 'tis high time, dear Bob, to "return to our muttons."

As I know at long stories your patience oft fails,
I shall only just mention, without the details,
How the Captain next morning to "dear papa" went,
And in a brief interview gained his consent,
How mamma liked him vastly, and could but rejoice
That "Fannie had made such an excellent choice,
So precious a treasure 'twas *killing* to spare,
But," she knew "near his heart the bright jewel he'd wear;"
Then what trouble he had about fixing the day,
For coyly reluctant she begged for delay;
How the ladies were busied about the *trousseau*,
(It's little, of course, of such matters I know)
But talk of slave-driver, of Jew, or of Turk,
There's nought like a wedding to make the girls work;
From the stateliest prude to the giddiest flirt,
They go at it, "Stitch! Stitch!" see the "Song of the Shirt."

If I gave the minutiæ my page would be full
Of the silk and the satin, the lace and the tulle,
That came pouring from all sides, by all the expresses,
To furnish veils, slippers, gloves, bonnets and dresses,
Besides "sweet" Brussels lace, most *recherché* and pure,
All highest *beau ton* and most charming *tournure*;
But to give such descriptions I am not *au fait*,
Though the "Book of the Fashions" might teach me the way.

What a fuss is got up, when two young people court;
I'm heartily glad their engagement was short!
For Sages in Parliament felt greatly scared
Lest our laurels should be by disaster impair'd,
If the Yankees should *bag* British soldiers, while scatter'd,
(What became of Canadians, of course never matter'd,)
So of Government asked in Quebec to immure 'em,
Which, during a war, *would in safety secure 'em*—
I feel mad! but rejoice that the Gov'nor was quick,
With a protest addressed to "our dear little Vic";
I always have thought that Lord Monck was a brick."
But before the removal, it *nem con* was carried
That Tremorne and his Fannie should snugly be married,
And as Hymen so shortly their fates would unite,
Each scarce let the other remove out of sight,

How often, dear Bob, you and I've "run our rigs"
On the awkwardly solemn and over-dress'd prigs,
Who attend on the bridesmaids, the bridegroom and bride,
When in church by his Rev'rence the happy knot's tied—
I suspect it will prove a great puzzle to you
Why I should request to make one of this crew—
We have both met, at Brantford, a rattling flirt,
Yclept Jennie Barker, gay, *piquante* and pert;
Now, as Fannie has chosen her one of "the six,"
I thought I'd "stand up," and partake in her tricks—
But of men, as of mice, the best schemes oft miscarry,
And so it has fared with your unlucky Harry.
Though my moustache is fierce, my imperial tufty,
Fan would not consent to a groomsman in mufti,
But, from some fev'rish notions still in her poor head,
Would have no one but officers blazing in red—
As 'tis vain to resist when a bride is dictator,
I had to attend as private spectator,
And, when the day came, look on quietly while
The procession marched solemnly up the church aisle.

The bridegroom and bride were all charms and decorum,
And papa and mamma duly pacing before 'em;
And Captain Vansickle and Ensign Molloy
Led bright Charlotte Paget and gay Ann Fitzroy;
Lieutenant Mulrooney's eyes sparkled with pride
As lovely Kate Ponsonby *marched* by his side;
And pretty Jane Nugent display'd no regret
To be paired with the good-looking Captain Bassett;
Then 'twas great fun to watch Major Willoughby's pranks,
As he strove to disorder the fair bridesmaids' ranks,
And his strategy show, just "by turning their flanks,"
To accomplish by tactics, as daring as fine,
Lord Nelson's manœuvres of "breaking the line—"
Though few than Miss Auldjo are wiser and wittier,
The Major would gladly have *swopped* for a prettier!
Next, "to cover the rear," full of glee came Jane Barker
With that pompous young simpleton, stiff Ensign Sparker;
And, while I stood near, an indiff'rent beholder,
She threw me a glance o'er her pretty white shoulder,
Which said "To be here, Harry, how you must wish!"
My *look* in reply, said indignantly, "Pish!"
I do not approve of these Parthian tactics,
When bright eyes seek to kill us by such looking-back tricks,
And the Ensign appeared such a terrible spooney,
She ought to have blushed to stand up with the loony.

Meanwhile at the altar, the happy pair stand,
Tremorne has now taken his blushing bride's hand,
And in heart-spoken accents sincerely they both
Have solemnly plighted reciprocal troth
"To honour, to cherish, to love, to obey,
In affliction's dark night, as in joy's sun-bright day"
What holier words can fond mortals e'er say?

The breakfast, dear Bob, was a *tip-top* affair.
I wish you'd been here to come in for a share—
You were not. And the *carte* of the dishes I spare
I also forbear from reporting the speeches,
None like, but for which ev'ry body beseeches—
To no eloquence Captain Tremorne made pretence,
But his "thanks" were brim-full of deep feeling and sense;
My uncle spoke briefly of hopes bright and sunny;
For the Bridesmaids, young Sparker tried hard to be funny.
He pretended to personate one of the set,
And hoped before long "a good husband to get!"
While Jennie sat smiling at his *grand oration*,
As if it had really deserved approbation—
Except that the rascal in scarlet was dress'd,
There was *nothing* to give Sparker's eloquence zest—
A bit of red rag will drive wild a poor bull—
Is it so with the sex, whether witty or dull?
But 'tis high time to close my account of the marriage—
We saw "the young couple" safe into their carriage,
Which with coachman in favours would quickly convey
Tremorne and his bride to the railroad away.

At the heels of excitement oft follows *ennui*,
And so, my dear boy it has happen'd with me;
I've been so "snuffed out" by these fellows in scarlet,
That I feel deuced cheap—a mere black-coated varlet!
I've all day been shouting "Hurrahs" for each elf,
So, by way of a finish, "one cheer" for myself—
"Vive! vive! Doctor Harry, *à bas* Ensign Sparker!
And *confound!* yes CONFOUND that coquette Jennie Barker!
That eases my mind. But I never will marry;
A bachelor's name to my grave I shall carry,
But till then
I'm your friend and your old crony,
HARRY.

WOMAN'S EYE.

What orb so brightly gleaming
With magic witchery teeming,
Of mischief slyly dreaming,
So bold and yet so shy,—
So proud and yet so pleasing,
So fiery, yet so freezing,
So radiant, yet so teasing,
As woman's laughing eye!

Or what so overjoying,
So care and woe destroying,
Life's bitter cup alloying,
As woman's first love sigh,
How powerfully prevailing,
How rapturously regaling,
The blissful glow exhaling,
From woman's love-lit eye.

Or when by ties endearing,
Our lives and lots they're cheering,
There seems almost appearing,
A Heaven beneath the sky;
The glorious sun declining,
To leave us half repining,
Can ne'er eclipse the shining
Of woman's constant eye.

And when through ceaseless toiling,
Encouraged by her smiling,
And innocent beguiling,
We come at last to die;
How doubt and death deriding,
In future bliss confiding,
Our fears so softly chiding,
Is woman's hopeful eye. J. M.

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 206.

And now, as the yacht drew nearer, a compact forest of spires and pinnacles, glittering domes and white-fronted palaces, rose, as it were, out of the bay at their approach. The sentinel on the Molo flung up his cap and shouted "Viva Garibaldi!" as they passed. The harbour swarmed with large and and small craft of every description; speronaroes, feluccas, steamers, and open boats, every one of which carried the national flag conspicuously on mast or bowsprit. The quays were crowded with red shirts, Sardinian uniforms, and military priests; and close against the landing-place, under the shadow of Fort Galita, stood a large body of Garibaldians, perhaps a thousand in number, leaning on their muskets, and chattering with the most undisciplined vivacity imaginable. As Saxon's tiny yacht glided in under the bows of a great ungainly English steamer, some ten or a dozen of the red shirts stepped coolly out of the ranks and came to the verge of the quay to reconnoitre these new comers.

At that moment, an Italian officer leaning over the side of the steamer cried:

"Ecco il Colonna!"

The name was heard by one of the soldiers on the quay. It flew from lip to lip; it swelled into a shout; the shout was taken up, echoed, repeated, redoubled, till the air rang with it, and the walls of the fortress gave it back again. In an instant the landing-place was surrounded, the deck of every vessel in the harbour became suddenly alive with men; and still the mighty welcome gathered voice:

"Colonna! Colonna!"

He bared his head to their greeting; but scarcely one in each thousand could see him where he stood. Thus several seconds passed, and the shouts were growing momentarily more passionate and impatient, when the accommodation ladder of the great steamer was suddenly lowered, and a young officer came springing down.

"Honoured signore," he said, cap in hand, "his Excellency General Garibaldi is on board, and entreats that you will step on deck."

Pale with emotion, Colonna turned to Saxon and the Earl, and said:

"Follow me."

But they would not.

"No; no," replied Castletowers. "Go up alone—it is better so. We will meet by-and-by."

"At the Trinacria, then!"

"Yes—at the Trinacria."

So Colonna went alone up the side of the City of Aberdeen, and from the midst of a group of red-shirted officers upon her upper deck, there stepped forth one more bronzed and weatherbeaten than the rest, who took him by both hands and welcomed him as a brother.

At this sight, the shout became a roar— windows were thrown up, and balconies thronged in all the houses round about the harbour—the troops on the quay fell back into position, and presented arms—and the first of an impromptu salute of twenty-one guns was fired from Fort Galita.

The two young men looked at each other, and smiled. They had been shouting like the rest till they were hoarse; and now, when Saxon turned to his friend and said, "Shall we get quietly away, Castletowers, before the storm has subsided?"—the Earl caught at the idea, and proceeded at once to act upon it.

They then sheered off from the City of Aberdeen; moored the yacht close under the quay, beckoned to the nearest boatman, and were rowed unnoticed to a landing-place a little further down the harbour.

"And now, Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, when they presently found themselves on shore, "now for a race over Palermo!"

"Scusate," said a pleasant voice; "but will you accept of a guide?"

It was the young officer of the City of Aberdeen, who had followed them unseen, and overtaken them just as they landed.

In a moment they had all three shaken hands, and were chatting as joyously and freely as if they had known each other for weeks already.

"Have you ever been in Palermo before?" asked the Sicilian.

"Once, about four years ago," replied the Earl.

"Ah, Dio! it is sadly changed. You cannot see from this point what the cursed bombardment has done, but up by the Piazza Nuova the place is one heap of desolation—churches, convents, palaces, all destroyed, and hundreds of corpses yet lying unburied in the ruins! But we mean to take our revenge at Melazzo."

"At Melazzo?" repeated Saxon. "Where is that?"

"What! Do you not know?"

"We know nothing," said Castletowers, eagerly; "nothing of what has happened since we left England. What about Melazzo?"

They had been turning their backs upon the harbour, and proceeding in the direction of the Strada Toledo; but at these words, their new friend seized them each by the arm, and hurried them back to the quay.

"You see that great steamer?" he exclaimed, pointing to the City of Aberdeen. "That steamer on board of which his Excellency invited Colonna?"

"Yes."

"And those troops drawn up against the landing-place?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, they are all picked men, the last twelve hundred of the expedition. They are now waiting to go on board, and by ten o'clock to-night will steam out of the harbour. General Cosenz and his Cacciatori are already gone—they went last evening; but Garibaldi himself goes with us in the City of Aberdeen. Melazzo is not far—we shall be there before daybreak, but they say there will be no fighting till the day after tomorrow."

"Why, this is glorious!" cried Saxon.

"Yes, you are in luck to drop in for a siege the day after your arrival," replied the Sicilian. "I have been here for nearly three weeks, and have had nothing to do yet, except to assist in the demolition of the Castello, and that was not amusing. It was all well enough for the first hour or two; but one soon gets tired of pulling down stone walls when there are no Regi behind them."

He then led the way back to the Toledo, pointing out those places where the struggle had been fiercest, asking and answering questions, and pouring forth his pleasant talk with the simple vivacity of a boy.

His name, he said, was Silvio Beni. He was the second son of a Palermitan landowner on the other side of the island, and held the rank of aide-de-camp in the Garibaldian army. He had fought last year as a volunteer at Solferino; but had no intention of becoming a soldier by profession. Fighting for liberty was one thing, but fighting for four pauls a day was another. He meant to cultivate olives and vines, and live the pastoral life of his forefathers, if he did not happen to get shot before the end of the campaign.

Chattering thus he led Saxon and Castletowers through the chief streets of the city; and a terrible sight it was for eyes unused to the horrors of war. Here were the remnants of the famous barricades of the 27th of May; here the shattered walls of the University, the Pretorio pitted with shot-holes, and the monastery of the Seven Angels, of which a mere shell remained. Then came a stately palace, roofless and windowless—the blackened foundations of a church once famous for its archives—a whole street propped, and threatening to fall at every moment—the charred fragments of a convent in which the helpless sisters had been burned alive beyond the possibility of escape. In some places scarcely one stone was left standing on another. In some, the fiery storm had passed by and left no trace of its course.

Presently, from a broad space of indistinguishable ruin pestilent with unburied dead, they emerged upon a quarter where the streets were gay with promenaders and the cafés crowned with idlers, where the national flag floated gaily from the roofs of the public buildings, and all the butterfly business of South Italian life was going on as merrily as if the ten-inch shell were a phenomenon the very name of which was unknown to Sicilian ears.

Saxon could not comprehend how these people should be eating ices and playing at dominoes, as if nothing had happened of late to disturb their equanimity. It seemed to him inexpressibly shocking and heartless, and, not being accustomed to conceal his opinions, he said so very bluntly.

The Sicilian smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"They are so happy to be free," he replied apologetically.

"But what right have they to be happy while their dead lie unburied at their very doors? asked Saxon, indignantly. "What right have they to forget the hundreds of innocent women and children crushed and burned in their homes, or the Neapolitans who massacred them?"

"Ah, gli assassini! we will pay them out at Melazzo," was the quick reply.

And this was the Sicilian temperament. Sights which filled Saxon and the Earl with pity and horror, brought but a passing cloud upon the brow of their new acquaintance. He had seen them daily for three weeks, and grown familiar with them. He talked and laughed on the very precincts of death; scrambled up the barricades; showed where the Regi had been repulsed, and at which point the Garibaldians had come in; chattered about the cession of Nice, the probable duration of the war, the priests, the sbirri, the foreign volunteers, and all the thousand-and-one topics connected with the revolutionary cause, and thought a great deal more of the coming expedition than of the past bombardment.

At length, just as they came out upon the Marina, a gun was fired from Fort Galita, and their Sicilian friend bade them a hasty farewell.

"That is our signal for assembling on board," said he. "If you reach Melazzo before the work is begun, ask for me. I may be able to do something for you. At all events, I will try."

"We won't forget that promise!" replied Saxon, eagerly.

"Addio, fratelli."

And these young men who looked forward to the coming fight as if it were a pleasure-party, who were total strangers to each other one short hour ago, but who were brought into contact by accident, and into sympathy by their love of

liberty, their careless courage, and their faith in a common cause, embraced and parted, literally, as brothers.

The friends then went straight to the Trinacria Hotel, and, learning that Colonna had not yet arrived, turned at once towards the quay. Here they found a dense crowd assembled, and the City of Aberdeen with her steam up, and all the troops on board.

The people were frothing over with excitement, and so densely packed that the young men might as reasonably have tried to elbow their way through a stone wall as through the solid human mass interposed between themselves and the landing-place. They gathered from the exclamations of those around them that the troops were drawn up on deck, and that Garibaldi was known to be in the saloon. Now and then a shout was raised for some officer who appeared for a moment on deck; and sometimes, when nothing else was doing, a voice from the crowd would give the signal for a storm of vivas.

Presently an officer of Cacciatori, with the well-known plume of cock's feathers in his hat, came hurrying down the quay. The crowd parted right and left, as if by magic, and he passed through amid a shower of benedictions and addios.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Saxon of those around.

"No—God bless him!" said one.

"We only know that he is going to fight for us," said another.

"The Holy Virgin and all the saints have him in their keeping!" added a third.

At this moment the crowd surged suddenly back again—a great roar burst from the thousand-throated throng—a gun was fired—and the City of Aberdeen was under weigh!

In another second the mass had wavered, parted, turned like a mighty tide, and begun flowing out through the Porta Felice, and following the course of the steamer along the Marina Promenade. The soldiers on board stood motionless, with their hands to the sides of their hats, saluting the crowd. The crowd raced tumultuously along the shore, weeping, raving, clapping its hands for the soldiers, and shouting "Viva Garibaldi! Viva la liberty!" One woman fell on her knees upon the quay, with her little infant in her arms, and prayed aloud for the liberators.

Saxon and the Earl stood still, side by side, looking after the lessening steamer, and listening to the shouts, which grew momentarily fainter and more distant.

"Good Heavens!" said Castletowers, "what a terrific thing human emotion is, when one beholds it on such a scale as this! I should have liked to see this people demolishing the Castello."

Saxon drew a deep breath before replying, and when he spoke, his words were no answer to the Earl's remark.

"I tell you what it is, Castletowers," he said; "I feel as if we had no business to remain here another hour. For God's sake, let us buy a couple of red shirts, and be after the rest as fast as the little Albula can get us through the water!"

CHAPTER LX. UPON THE SEA.

Olimpia had said truly when she averred that Lord Castletowers was the only volunteer whom her father would refuse to enlist on any terms. When the young man met him presently at the door of the Trinacria, and he learned that they were about to follow the troops to Melazzo, he used every argument to turn them from the project.

"Think of Lady Castletowers," he said. "Remember how she disapproves of the cause."

"It is a cause which for the last seven years I have pledged myself to serve," replied the Earl.

"But you never pledged yourself to serve it in the field."

"Because I never intended (through respect for my mother's prejudices) to place myself in a position that should leave me no alternative. I had not the remotest intention of coming here three weeks ago. If Monteruculi, or Vaughan, or yourself had urged me to take up arms for Sicily, I should have refused. But circumstances have brought me here; and having set my foot upon the soil, I mean to do my duty."

"It is a false view of duty," said Colonna. "You are peculiarly situated, and you have no right to act thus."

"You must blame fate—not me," replied the Earl.

"And you, Mr. Trefalden, have you asked yourself whether your adopted father would approve of this expedition?"

"My adopted father is a man of peace," replied Saxon, "and he loves me as he loves nothing else on earth; but he would sooner send me to my death than urge me to behave like a coward."

"God forbid that I should urge any man to do that," said Colonna, earnestly. "If the enemies' guns were drawn up before these windows, I would not counsel you to turn away from them; but I do counsel you not to go fifty miles hence in search of them."

"It is just as disgraceful to turn one's back upon them at fifty miles' distance as at fifty yards," said Saxon, who happened just then to be thinking of Miss Hatherton's hint about the goose and the golden eggs.

"But you were going to Norway," persisted Signor Colonna. "You only came out of your way to set me down in this place, and, having set me down, why not follow out your former plans?"

"Shall I tell you why, caro amico?" said the Earl, gaily. "Because we are young—because we love adventure and danger—and, above all, because we smell gunpowder! There—it is of no use to try discussion. We are a couple of obstinate fellows, and our minds are made up."

And Colonna seeing that they were made up, wisely said no more.

General Sirtori had been made Pro-Dictator during the absence of Garibaldi; and Colonna, though he declined any recognized ministerial office, remained at Palermo to lead the revolutionary cabinet, and supply, as he had been supplying them for the last five-and-twenty years, the brains of his party. So the young men bade him farewell, and set sail that evening at about eleven o'clock, taking with them a Palermitan pilot who knew the coast.

It was a glorious night, warm and cloudless, and lighted by a moon as golden and gorgeous as that beneath which the Grecian host sat by their watch-fires, "on the pass of war." A light but steady breeze filled the sails of the Albula, and crested every wave with silver foam. To the left lay the open sea—to the right, mountainous coast-line, dark and indefinite, with here and there a sparkling cluster of distant lights marking the site of some town beside the sea. By-and-by, as they left Palermo further and further behind, a vast, mysterious, majestic mass rose gradually above the seaward peaks, absorbing, as it were, all the lesser heights, and lifting the pale profile of a snowy summit against the dark blue of the sky. This was Etna.

The young men passed the night on deck. Unconscious of fatigue, they paced to and fro in the moonlight and talked of things which they had that day seen, and of the stirring times to come. Then, as the profound beauty and stillness of the scene brought closer confidence and graver thoughts, their conversation flowed into deeper channels, and they spoke of life, and love, and death, and that hope that takes away the victory of the grave.

"And yet," said Saxon, in reply to some observation of his friend's, "life is worth having, if only for life's sake. Merely to look upon the sun, and feel its warmth—to breathe the morning air, to see the stars at night—to listen to the falling of the avalanches, or the sighing of the wind in the pine forests, are enjoyments and privileges beyond all price. When I hear a man say that he does not care how soon he walks out of the sunshine into his grave, I look at him to see whether he has eyes that see and ears that hear like my own."

"And supposing that he is neither blind nor deaf, yet still persists—what then?"

"Then I conclude he is deceiving himself, or me—perhaps both."

"Why not put a more charitable construction upon it, and say that he is mad?" laughed the Earl. "Ah, Saxon, my dear fellow, you talk as one who has never known sorrow. The love of nature is a fine taste—especially when one has youth, friends, and hope, to help one in the cultivation of it; but when youth is past and the friends of youth are gone, I am afraid the love of nature is not alone sufficient to make the fag-end of life particularly well worth having. The sunshine is a pleasant thing enough, and the wind makes a grand sort of natural music among the pines! but you may depend that a time will come when the long lost light of a certain pair of eyes, and 'the sound of a voice that is still,' will be more to you than either."

"I have never denied that," replied Saxon. "I only maintain that life is such a glorious gift, and its privileges are so abundant, that it ought never to seem wholly valueless to any reasoning being."

"That depends on what the reasoning being has left to live for," said the Earl.

"He has life to live for—life, thought, science, the glories of the material world, the good of his fellow-men."

"The man who lives for his fellow-men, and the man who lives for science, must both begin early," replied the Earl. "You cannot take up either philanthropy or science as a pis aller. And as for the glories of the material world, my friend, they make a splendid mise en scène; but what is the mise en scène without the drama?"

"By the drama, you mean, I suppose, the human interests of life?"

"Precisely. I mean that without love, and effort, and hope, and, it may be, a spice of hatred, all the avalanches and pine woods upon earth would fail to make the burden of life tolerable to any man with a human heart in his body. Your first sorrow will teach you this lesson—or your first illness. For myself, I frankly confess that I enjoy, and therefore prize, life less than I did when——when I believed that I had more to hope from the future."

"I am sorry for it," said Saxon. "For my own part, I should not like to believe that any Neapolitan bullet had its appointed billet in my heart to-morrow."

"And yet you risk it."

"That's just the excitement of the thing. Fighting is like gambling. No man gambles in the hope of losing, and no man fights in the hope of being killed; but where would be the pleasure of either gambling or fighting, if one placed no kind of value on the stakes?"

The Earl smiled, and made no reply. Presently Saxon spoke again.

"But I say Castletowers, a fellow might get killed, you know: mightn't he?"

"If the castle of Melazzo is half so strong a place as I have heard it is, I think a good many fellows will get killed," was the reply.

"Then—then it's my opinion——"

"That the stakes are too precious to be risked?"

"By Jove, no! but that I ought to have made my will."

"You have never made one?"

"Never; and, you see, I have so much money, that I ought to do something useful with it, in case of anything going wrong. Don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Can you help me to write it?"

"I, my dear boy? Not for the world. We should be only sowing the seeds of a fine Chancery suit between us, if I did. Wait till we reach Melazzo—there are plenty of lawyers in Garibaldi's army."

"I shall leave some of it to you, Castletowers," said Saxon.

"Oh king, live for ever! I want neither thy money nor thy life."

Saxon looked at his friend, and his thoughts again reverted to the words that he had heard in his cousin's office on the day when he first made acquaintance with Signor Nazzari, of Austin Friars.

"Can you give me any idea of what a mortgage is?" he asked, presently.

"No one better," replied the Earl, bitterly. "A mortgage is the poison which a dying man leaves in the cup of his successor. A mortgage is an iron collar which, while he wears it, makes a slave of a free-born man, and, when he earns the right to take it off, leaves him a beggar."

"You speak strongly."

"I speak from hard experience. A mortgage has left me poor for life; and you know what my poverty has cost me."

"But if means could be taken to pay that mortgage off——"

"It *is* paid off," interrupted Lord Castletowers. "Every penny of it."

"Would you mind telling me how much it was?" asked Saxon, hesitatingly.

"Not at all. It was a very large sum for me, though it may not sound like a very large sum to you. Twenty-five thousand pounds."

Saxon uttered a half-suppressed exclamation.

"Will you let me ask one more question?" he said. "Did you owe this money to a man named Behrens?"

"How do you know that?"

"Never mind—only tell me."

"Yes. To Oliver Behrens—a London man—the same who bought that outlying corner of our dear old park, and—confound him!—had the insolence to build a modern villa on it."

"And you have really paid him?"

"Of course I have paid him."

"How long ago?"

"Two years ago, at the least. Perhaps longer."

Saxon put his hand to his forehead in a bewildered way. A doubt—a dark and terrible doubt that had never been wholly banished—started up again in his mind, and assumed for the first time distinct and definite proportions.

"And now having answered all your questions by the book, I shall expect you to answer mine," said Lord Castletowers.

"Pray do not ask me any," said Saxon, hurriedly.

"But I must do so. I must know where you heard of Oliver Behrens, and how you came to know that he was my father's mortgagee. Did Mr. Trefalden tell you?"

Saxon shook his head.

"And this is not the first time that you have asked me whether I am in debt," urged the Earl. "I remember once before—that day, you know, at home, when Montecuculi came—you seemed to think I had some money trouble on my mind. Surely it cannot be Mr. Trefalden who has given you this impression?"

"No—indeed, no."

"Because he knows my affairs as well, or better than I know them myself."

"He has never spoken to me of your affairs, Castletowers—never," said Saxon earnestly.

"Then who else has been doing so? Not Vaughan? Not Colonna?"

But Saxon entreated his friend not to urge any more questions upon him, and with this request, after one or two ineffectual remonstrances, the Earl complied.

And now it was already dawning day. The moon had paled and sunk long since, and a faint mist, above which the great mountain towered, ghost-like, with its crown of snow and smoke, had spread itself along the coast. Presently the light in the east grew brighter and wider, and a strange, glorious colour—a colour compounded, as it were, of rose and gold—flushed suddenly over the snow-fields of Etna. For a moment the grand summit seemed to hang as if suspended in the air, glowing and transfigured, like the face of the lawgiver to whom the Lord had spoken as a man speaketh unto his friend. Then, almost as suddenly as it had come there, the glory faded off, and left only the pure sunshine in its place. At the same moment, the mists along the coast began to rise in long vaporous lines about the sides of the mountain, and, by-and-by, as they drifted slowly away to the leeward, a long rocky promontory that looked like an island, but was, in fact, connected with the mainland by a sandy flat, became dimly visible far away at sea.

"Ecco, signore—ecco la rocca di Melazzo!" said the Palermitan pilot.

But this announcement, which would have raised Saxon's pulse to fever heat half an hour before, now scarcely quickened the beating of his heart by a single throb. He was thinking of William Trefalden, vainly regretting the promise by which he had bound himself to repeat no word of Mr. Behrens' conversation; and enduring in silence the first shock of that vague and terrible mistrust which had now struck root in his mind, hereafter to flourish and bear bitter fruit.

CHAPTER LXI. HEAD-QUARTERS.

The promontory of Melazzo reaches out about four miles into the sea, curving round to the westward at its furthest point, so as to form a little bay, and terminating in a light-house. Consisting as it does of a chain of rocks varying from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, and rising in places to a height of seven hundred feet, it looks almost like some sleeping sea monster heaving its huge bulk half above the waters. Towards the mainland, these rocks end abruptly over against the little isthmus on which the town is built; and upon their lower terraces, frowning over the streets below, and protected by the higher cliffs beyond, the castle stands, commanding land and sea. It is a composite structure enough, consisting of an ancient Norman tower and a whole world of outlying fortifications. French, English, and Neapolitans have strengthened and extended the walls from time to time, till much of the old town, and even the cathedral, has come to be enclosed within their rambling precincts. In the year eighteen hundred and sixty, this castle of Melazzo mounted forty guns of heavy calibre; so that the fanciful spectator, if he had begun by comparing the promontory to a sea monster, might well have pursued his comparison a step further, by likening the castle to its head, and the bristling bastions to its dangerous jaws.

On the flat below, looking westward towards Termini, and eastward towards Messina, with its pier, its promenade, and those indispensable gates, without which no Italian town could possibly be deemed complete, stands modern Melazzo—a substantial, well-built place, washed on both sides by the sea. Immediately beyond the town gates, reaching up to the spurs of the inland mountains which here approach the shore, opens out a broad angle of level country, some six miles in width by three in depth. It is traversed by a few roads, and dotted over with three or four tiny hamlets. Here and there, a detached farm-house, or neglected villa, lifts its flat roof above the vineyards and olive groves which cover every foot of available ground between the mountains and the sea. Divided by broad belts of cane-brake, and intersected by ditches and water-courses, these plantations alone form a wide outlying series of natural defences.

Such is the topography of Melazzo, where Garibaldi fought the hardest and best-contested battle of his famous Neapolitan campaign.

Having anchored the little Albula in a narrow creek well out of sight and reach of the Neapoliton guns, Saxon and Castletowers shouldered their rifles, and made their way to Meri, a village about a couple of miles inland, built up against the slopes of the mountains, and cut off from the plain by a broad water-course with a high stone wall on either side. It was in this village that General Medici had taken up his position while awaiting reinforcements from Palermo; and here the new comers found assembled the main body of the Garibaldian army.

The City of Aberdeen had arrived some hours before the Albula, and flooded the place with red-shirts. There were horses and mules feeding on trusses of hay thrown down in the middle of the narrow street; groups of volunteers cleaning their rifles, eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping; others hastily piling up a barricade at the further end of the village, and some hard at work with mattrasses and sand-bags strengthening the upper rooms of those houses that looked towards Melazzo. A strange medley of languages met the ear in every direction. Here stood a knot of Hungarians, there a group of French, a little further on a company of raw German recruits undergoing a very necessary course of drill. All was life, movement, expectation. The little hamlet rang with the tramp of men and the rattle of arms, and the very air seemed astir with the promise of war.

Arrived in the midst of this busy scene, the friends came to a halt, and consulted as to what they should do next. At the same moment a couple of officers in the English military undress came by, laden with provisions. They carried between them a huge stone bottle in a wicker coat with handles—one of those ill-formed plethoric, modern amphoræ, holding about six gallons, in which the Italian wine-seller delights to store his thin vintages of Trani and Scylla—and besides this divided burden, one was laden with black bread, and the other with a couple of live hens tied up in a pocket-handkerchief.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the owner of the hens, "Castletowers and Trefalden!"

It was Major Vaughan.

They shook hands cordially, and he invited them to accompany him to his quarters.

"I am capitally lodged," he said, "at the top of a house down yonder. We have been foraging, you see, and can give you a splendid supper. You can pluck a fowl, I suppose, upon occasion?"

"I will do my best," laughed the Earl; "but I fear your poultry is no longer in the bloom of youth."

"If for ten days you had eaten nothing but green figs, with an occasional scrap of black bread or sea biscuit, you would be superior to all such prejudices," replied the dragoon. "Now it is my opinion that age cannot wither the oldest hen that ever laid an egg. Do you see that man on the roof of yonder high house behind the vineyard? That is Garibaldi. He has been up there all day, surveying the ground. We shall have some real work to do to-morrow."

"Then you think there will be a battle to-morrow!" said Saxon eagerly.

"No doubt of it—and Bosco is about the only good general the Neapolitans have. He is a thorough soldier, and his troops are all picked men, well up for fighting."

"If you command a corps, I hope you will take us in," said the Earl.

"I do not command a corps—I am on the staff; that is to say, I do anything that is useful, and am not particular. This morning I was a drill-sergeant—yesterday, when Bosco tried to dislodge our outposts at Corriola, I took a turn at the guns. To-morrow, perhaps, if we get in among that confounded cane-brake down yonder, I may take an axe, and do a little pioneering. We are soldiers-of-all-work here, as you will soon find out for yourselves."

"At all events you must give us something to do."

The dragoon shrugged his shoulders. "You will find plenty to do," said he, "when the time comes. It is too late now to enrol you in any special regiment for to-morrow's work. But we will talk of this after supper. In the meanwhile, here are my quarters."

So they followed him, and helped not only to pluck, but to cook the hens, and afterwards to eat them; though the last was, perhaps, the most difficult task of the three; and after supper, having seen General Cosenz inspect a thousand of the troops, they went round with Vaughan and visited the outposts. When at length they got back to Meri, it was past ten o'clock, and the same glorious moon that had lighted them on their way the night before, shone down alike upon castle and sea, vineyard and village, friend and foe, wakeful patrol and sleeping soldier.

CHAPTER LXII. HOW THE BATTLE BEGAN AT MELAZZO.

The bugle sounded before dawn, and in the first grey of the morning, Meri was alive with soldiers. There had been no absolute stillness, as of universal rest, all the night through; but now there was a great wakefulness about the place—a strange kind of subdued tumult, that had in it something very solemn and exciting.

By five, the whole Garibaldian body was under arms. The village street, the space about the fountain, the open slopes between the houses and the torrent of Santa Lucia, and part of the main road beyond, were literally packed with men. Of these the Cacciatori, bronzed with old campaigns and wearing each his glossy plume of cock's feathers, looked the most soldierly. For the rest of the troops, the scarlet shirt was their only bond of uniformity, and but for the

resolute way in which they handled their arms, and the steady composure of their faces, many a well-trained soldier might have been disposed to smile at their incongruous appearance. There was that about the men, however, at which neither friend nor foe could afford to make merry.

"How many do you number altogether?" asked Saxon, as they passed along the lines to the little piazza, Major Vaughan leading his horse, and the two others following.

"Taken en masse, Cacciatori, Tuscan, Piedmontese, and foreign volunteers, about four thousand four hundred fighting men."

"No more?"

"Oh yes, about two thousand more," replied the dragoon, "if you count the Sicilian squadri—but they are only shouting men. Look—here comes Garibaldi!"

A prolonged murmur that swelled into a cheer ran from line to line as the Dictator rode slowly into the piazza with his staff. He was smoking a little paper cigarette, and looking exactly like his portraits, placid, good humoured, and weather-beaten, with his gold chain festooned across the breast of his red shirt, and a black silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his neck.

"That is Medici at his right hand," said Vaughan, springing into the saddle, "and the one now speaking to him is Colonel Dunn. Now the best thing you two fellows can do will be to keep with the main body, and as near the staff as you can. You will then see whatever is best worth seeing, and have the chance of using your rifles as well. By Jove! Malenchini has his orders, and is moving off already."

As he spoke the words, the Tuscan general marched by at the head of his battalion, taking the westward road towards Santa Marina, where the Neapolitans had an outpost by the sea.

"One word more," said the dragoon, hurriedly. "If I fall, I should wish Miss Colonna to have Gulnare. She always liked the little Arab, and would be kind to her. Will either of you remember that for me?"

"Both—both!" replied Saxon and the Earl, in one breath.

"Thanks—and now fare you well. I don't suppose we shall find ourselves within speaking distance again for the next five hours."

With this, he waved his hand, dashed across the piazza, and fell in with the rest of the staff. At the same moment General Cosenz, having orders to conduct the attack upon the Neapolitan left at Archi, rode off to take the command of his veterans, while Fabrizi and his Sicilians—a mere boyish impulsive rabble, of whom no leader could predict half an hour beforehand whether they would fight like demons, or run away like children—bore off to the extreme right, to intercept any Neapolitan reinforcements that might be advancing from Messina. Finally, when right and left were both en route, the main columns under Medici were set in motion, and began defiling in excellent order along the St. Pietro road, leaving Colonel Dunn's regiment to form the reserve.

Following Vaughan's advice, the two young men shouldered their rifles, and marched with the centre. It was now about six o'clock. The sun was already gaining power, but a fresh wind was blowing from the sea, and the vines on either side of the road were bright with dew. As they passed over the little bridge beyond the village, and looked down upon the flats below, they could see Malenchini's division winding along to the left, and Cosenz's men rapidly disappearing to the right. Then their own road sloped suddenly downward, and they saw only a continuous stream of scarlet shirts and gleaming rifles. On it rolled, to the measured, heavy, hundred-fold tramp of resolute feet, never ceasing, never pausing, with only the waving cane-brake on either side, and the blue sky overhead.

In the meanwhile, the enemy's forces were known to be drawn up in a great semicircle about half way between Meri and Melazzo, reaching as far as Archi to the right, and down to the sea shore beyond Marina to the left. But not a man was visible. Completely hidden by the cane-brake and the vines, favoured by the flatness of the ground, prepared to fall back upon the town if necessary, and, if driven from the town, to take refuge in the castle, they occupied a position little short of impregnable.

Presently, as the Garibaldians descended further and further into the plain, a distant volley was heard in the direction of Santa Marina, and they knew that Malenchini's men had come up with the extreme right of the Neapolitan semicircle. An eager murmur ran along the ranks, and a mounted officer came riding down the line.

"Silenzio!" said he "Silenzio!"

It was young Beni. Seeing Saxon and Castletowers marching as outsiders, he smiled and nodded, then rose in his stirrups, and reconnoitred ahead.

In the same instant the sharp report of a rifle rang through the canes, and a ball whizzed by. Beni laughed, and held up his hat, which was pierced in two places.

"Well aimed, first shot!" said he, and rode back again.

And now the plantations on either side of the road seemed all at once to swarm with invisible foes. Ball after ball whistled through the canes, gap after gap opened suddenly in the forward ranks. Those in the rear flung themselves by hundreds into the vineyards, firing almost at random, and guided only by the smoke of their enemies' rifles; but the front poured steadily on.

Every moment the balls flew thicker and the men fell faster. A German to whom Saxon had been speaking but the instant before, went down, stone dead, close against his feet, and Saxon heard the cruel "thud" of the ball as it crashed into his brain. Medici's horse dropped under him; Beni came dashing past again, with a bloody handkerchief bound round his arm, Garibaldi and his officers pressed closer to the front—and still not a single Neapolitan had yet been seen.

Suddenly the whole mass of the centre, quickening its pace in obedience to the word of command, advanced at a run, firing right and left into the cane-brake, and making straight for a point whence the balls had seemed to come thickest. Then came a terrific flash about twenty paces ahead—a rush of smoke—a roar that shook the very earth. The men fell back in confusion. They had been running in the very teeth of a masked battery!

As the smoke cleared, the ground was seen to be literally ploughed up with grape-shot, and strewn with dead and dying.

Castletowers flung down his rifle, rushed in among the wounded, and dragged first one, then another, into the shelter of the cane-brake.

Saxon clambered into an olive-tree beside the road, and, heedless of the balls that came peppering round him, began coolly picking off the Neapolitan gunners.

In the meanwhile Medici's columns had recoiled upon those behind, and the whole mass was thrown into disorder. To add to the confusion, a cry went up that Garibaldi was wounded.

At this critical moment, while the road was yet blocked with men, Major Vaughan came galloping round by the front. Despatched with orders to the rear, and unable to force his way through, he had chosen this perilous alternative. Dashing across the open space between the battery and the Garibaldians, he at once became the target of a dozen invisible rifles, was seen to reel in his saddle, sway over, and fall within a foot or two of Saxon's olive-tree.

In less than a second the young fellow had leaped down, lifted the dragoon in his strong arms, carried him out of the road, and placed him with his back against the tree.

"Are you much hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

Vaughan bent his head feebly.

"Take my horse," he said, speaking in broken gasps, and keeping his hand pressed close against his side. "Ride round to the rear—bid Dunn bring up the reserve—and charge the battery—in flank."

"I will; but can you bear to be carried a few yards farther?"

"Tell him there's a wall—to the left of the guns—under cover of which—he can bring up—his men."

"Yes, yes; but, first of all——"

"Confound you!—go at once—or the day—is lost!"

Saying which, he leaned forward, pointed impatiently to the horse, and fell over on his face.

Saxon just lifted him—looked at the white face—laid the head gently back, sprung into Gulnare's empty saddle, and rode off at full speed. As he did so, he saw that Medici's men had formed again, that Garibaldi was himself cheering them on to the attack, and that Castletowers had fallen in with the advancing columns.

To rush to the rear, deliver his orders, dismount, and tie up the Arab in a place of safety, was the work of only a few moments. He then returned with Dunn's regiment, threading his way through the vines like the rest, and approaching the battery under cover of a wall and ditch away to the left, as Vaughan had directed.

Coming up to the battery, they found a sharp struggle already begun—the Neapolitans defending their guns at the point of the bayonet—Medici's men swarming gallantly over the earthworks, and Garibaldi, sword in hand, in the midst of the fray.

The word was given; the reserve charged at a run; and Saxon found himself the next moment inside the battery, driven up against a gun-carriage, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with two Neapolitan gunners, both of whom he shot dead with his revolver.

"Drag off the guns!" shouted Colonel Dunn.

The men flung themselves upon the pieces, surrounded, seized, and put them instantly in motion—the Neapolitans fell back, opened out to right and left, and made way for their cavalry.

Then Saxon heard a coming thunder of hoofs; saw a sudden vision of men, and horses, and uplifted sabres; was conscious of firing his last cartridge in the face of a dragoon who seemed to be bending over him in the act to strike—and after that remembered nothing more.

CHAPTER LXIII. MR. FORSYTH.

Mr. Trefalden was, undeniably, a very gentlemanly man. His manners were courteous; his exterior was prepossessing; and there was an air of self-possessed quiet about all that he said and did which made his society very agreeable. He talked well about what he had read and seen; and if even his knowledge of things lying beyond the radius of his own profession was somewhat superficial, he knew, at all events, how to turn it to the best account. At the same time there was nothing of the brilliant raconteur about him. He never talked in epigrams, nor indulged in flashes of sarcasm, nor condescended to make puns, like many men whose abilities were inferior to his own; but there was, nevertheless, a vein of subdued pleasantry running through his conversation, which, although it was not wit, resembled wit very closely.

Most people liked him; and it was a noticeable fact that, amid the wide circle of his business acquaintances, the best-bred people were those whose disposition towards him was the most friendly. Lord Castletowers thought very highly of him. Viscount Esher, whose legal affairs he had transacted for the last ten years, was accustomed to speak of him in terms which were particularly flattering upon the lips of that stately gentleman of the old school. The Duke of Doncaster, the Earl of Ipswich, and other noblemen of equal standing, looked upon him as quite a model attorney. Even Lady Castletowers approved of William Trefalden to a degree that was almost cordial, and made a point of receiving him very graciously whenever he went down into Surrey.

By mere men of business—such men, for instance, as Laurence Greatorex—he was less favourably regarded. They could not appreciate his manner. So far, indeed, from appreciating it, his manner was precisely the one thing they most of all disliked and mistrusted. They could never read his thoughts nor guess at his cards, nor gain the smallest insight into his opinions and character. They acknowledged that he was clever; but qualified the admission by adding that he was

"too clever by half." In short, William Trefalden's popularity lay, for the most part, to the west of Temple-bar.

Gifted, then, with a manner which was in itself a passport to good society, it was not surprising that the lawyer made a favourable impression upon the ladies in Brudenell-terrace. It suited him to call himself by some name not his own, and he chose that of Forsyth; so they knew him as Mr. Forsyth, and that was all. Resolved, however, to win their confidence, he spared no pains, and hesitated before no means whereby to attain his object. He traded unscrupulously on their love for the husband and father whom they had lost; and, skilfully following up his first lead, he made more way in their regard by professing to have known Edgar Riviere in the days of his youth, than by lavishing Saxon's hundreds on the worthless pictures which had served to open to him the doors of their home.

And this admirable idea had been wholly unpremeditated. It came to him like a flash of inspiration; and as an inspiration he welcomed it, acted upon it, developed it with the tact of a master. Careful not to overact the part, he spoke of the painter as of one whom he would have desired to know more intimately had he continued to reside in England, whose character interested him, and whose early gifts had awakened his admiration. He evinced an eager but respectful desire to glean every detail of his after-career. He bought up the whole dreary stock of Nymphs and Dryads with assiduous liberality, carrying away one or more on the occasion of every visit. Nothing was too large, too small, or too sketchy for him.

An acquaintance conducted in this fashion was not difficult of cultivation. The munificent and courteous patron soon glided into the sympathetic adviser and friend. Frequent calls, prolonged conversations, unobtrusive attentions, produced their inevitable effect; and before many weeks had gone by, the widow and orphan believed in William Trefalden as if he were an oracle. Their gratitude was as unbounded as their faith. Strange to English life, ignorant of the world, poor and in trouble, they stood terribly in need of a friend, and, having found one, accepted his opinions and followed his advice implicitly. Thus it came to pass that the lawyer established himself upon precisely that footing which was most favourable to his designs, and became not only the confidant of all their plans, but the skilful arbiter of all their actions. Thus, also, it came to pass, that at the very time when Saxon Trefalden believed them to be already dwelling upon the shores of the Mediterranean, Mrs. and Miss Rivière were still in England, and temporarily settled in very pleasant apartments in the neighbourhood of Sydenham.

Hither their devoted friend came frequently to call upon them; and it so happened that he paid them a visit on the evening of the very day that Saxon set sail for Sicily.

He went down to Sydenham in an extremely pleasant frame of mind. Ignorant of their sudden change of plans, he still believed that his cousin and the Earl were on their way to Norway; and it was a belief from which he derived considerable satisfaction. It fell in charmingly with his present arrangements, and those arrangements were now so carefully matured, and so thoroughly in train, that it seemed impossible they should fail of success in any particular. Perhaps had he known how the little Albula was even then gliding before the wind in the direction of the Channel Islands, instead of tacking painfully about in the straits of Dover, Mr. Trefalden would scarcely have arrived at Mrs. Rivière's apartments in so complacent a mood.

It was delightful to be welcomed as he was welcomed. It was delightful to see the book and the embroidery laid aside as he came in—to meet such looks of confidence and gladness—to be listened to when he spoke, as if all his words were wisdom—to sit by the open window, breathing the perfume of the flowers, listening to Helen's gentle voice, and dreaming delicious dreams of days to come. For William Trefalden was more than ever in love—more than ever resolved to compass the future that he had set before him.

"We thought we should see you this evening, Mr. Forsyth," said Mrs. Rivière, when the first greetings had been exchanged. "We were saying so but a few moments before you came to the gate."

"A Londoner is glad to escape from the smoke of the town on such a delicious evening," replied Mr. Trefalden, "even though it be at the risk of intruding too often upon his suburban friends."

"Can the only friend we have in England come too often?"

"Much as I may wish it to be so, I fear the case is not quite an impossible one."

"Mamma has been out to-day in a Bathchair, Mr. Forsyth," said Helen. "Do you not think she is looking better?"

"I am quite sure of it," replied the lawyer.

"I feel better," said the invalid. "I feel that I gain strength daily."

"That is well."

"And Doctor Fisher says that I am improving."

"I attach more value, my dear madam, to your own testimony on that point, than to the opinion of any physician, however skilful," observed Mr. Trefalden.

"I have great faith in Doctor Fisher," said Mrs. Rivière.

"And I have great faith in this pure Sydenham air. I cannot tell you how rejoiced I am that you consented to remove from Camberwell."

Mrs. Rivière sighed.

"Do you not think I might soon go back to Italy?" she asked.

"It is the very subject which I have chiefly come down this evening to discuss," replied the lawyer.

The lady's pale face lighted up at this reply.

"I am so anxious to go," she said, eagerly; "I feel as if there were life for me in Italy."

"The question is, my dear madam, whether you are strong enough to encounter the fatigue of so long a journey."

"I am sure that mamma is not nearly strong enough," said Miss Rivière, quickly.

"I might travel slowly."

"To travel slowly is not enough," said Mr. Trefalden. "You should travel without anxiety—I mean, you should be accompanied by some person who could make all the rough places smooth, and all the crooked paths straight for you throughout the journey."

"I should be unwilling to incur expense of employing a courier, if I could possibly avoid it," said Mrs. Rivière.

"No doubt. for a courier is not only a costly, but a very anomalous and disagreeable incumbrance. He is both your servant and your master. Might it not, however, be possible for you to join a party travelling towards the same point?"

"You forget that we know no one in this country."

"Nay, those things are frequently arranged, even with strangers."

"Besides, who would care to be burdened with two helpless women? No stranger would accept the responsibility."

Mr. Trefalden paused a moment before replying.

"Given an equally suitable climate," he said, "I presume you are not absolutely wedded to Italy as a place of residence?"

"I love it better than any other country in the world."

"Yet I think I have heard you say that you are not acquainted with the southern coast?"

"True; we always lived in Florence."

"Then neither Mentone nor Nice would possess any charm of association for you?"

"Only the association of language and climate."

"And of these two conditions, that of climate can alone be pronounced essential, but I should say that you might make a more favourable choice than either. Has it never occurred to you that the air of Egypt and Madeira might be worth a trial, if only for one winter?"

"Mamma has been advised to try both," said Miss Rivière

"But I prefer Italy," said the invalid. "The happiest years of my life were spent under an Italian sky."

"Pardon me; but should you, my dear madam, allow yourself to be influenced by preference in such a case as this?" asked Mr. Trefalden, very deferentially.

"I can offer a better reason, then—poverty. It is possible to live in Italy for very, very little, when one knows the people and the country so well as we know them; but I could not afford to live in Madeira or Egypt."

"The journey to Madeira is easy, and not very expensive," said Mr. Trefalden.

Mrs. Rivière shook her head.

"I should not dare to undertake it," she replied.

"Not with a careful escort?"

"Nay, if even that were my only difficulty, where should I find one?"

"In myself."

The mother and daughter looked up with surprise.

"In you, Mr. Forsyth?" they exclaimed, simultaneously.

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"You need not let that astonish you," he said; "it is my intention to spend all my future winters abroad, and I am greatly tempted by much that I have heard and read lately about Madeira. I am a free man, however, and if Mrs. Rivière preferred to venture upon Egypt, I would quite willingly exchange Funchal for the Nile."

"This is too much goodness."

"And, if you will not think that I take an unwarrantable liberty in saying so, I may add that the question of expense must not be allowed to enter into your calculations."

"But——"

"One moment, my dear madam," interrupted the lawyer. "Pray do not suppose that I am presuming to offer you pecuniary assistance. Nothing of the kind. I am simply offering to advance you whatever sums you may require upon the remainder of Mr. Rivière's paintings and sketches; or, if you prefer it, I will at once purchase them from you."

"In order that I may have the means of going to Madeira?" said Mrs. Rivière, colouring painfully. "No, my kind friend, I begin to understand you now. It cannot be."

"I fear you are beginning only to misunderstand me," replied Mr. Trefalden, with grave earnestness. "If you were even right—if I were only endeavouring to assist the widow of one whose memory and genius I deeply revere, I do not think you ought to feel wounded by the motive, but I give you my word of honour that such is not my prevailing reason."

"Do you mean that your really wish to possess——"

"Every picture from which you are willing to part."

"But you would then have from twenty-five to thirty paintings from the same brush—many of them quite large subjects?"

"So much the better."

"Yet, it seems inconceivable that——"

"That I should desire to make a Rivière collection? Such, nevertheless, is my ambition."

"Then you must have a spacious gallery?"

Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"I have no gallery," he said, "at present. Some day, perhaps, if I ever fulfil a long-cherished dream, I may settle abroad, and build a house and gallery in some beautiful spot; but that is only a project, and the destinies of projects are uncertain."

He glanced at Miss Rivière as he said this, and seemed to suppress a sigh. She was looking away at the moment, but her mother saw the glance, and Mr. Trefalden intended that she should see it.

"In the meanwhile," he added, after a pause, "I am not sure that I shall be so selfish as to hoard these pictures. The world has never yet recognised Edgar Rivière, and it would be only an act of justice on my part if I were to do something which would at once secure to his works the proper position in the history of English art."

"What can you do? What do you mean?" faltered Mrs. Rivière.

"I scarcely know yet. I thought at one time that it would be well to exhibit them in some good room; but that plan might have its disadvantages. The most direct course would be, I suppose, to present them to the nation."

The mother and daughter looked at each other in speechless emotion. Their eyes were full of tears, and their hearts of gratitude and wonder.

"But, in any case," continued Mr. Trefalden, "the pictures need cleaning and framing. Nothing could be done with them before next year, and they must be mine before even that amount of progress can be made."

"They are yours from this moment, most generous friend and benefactor," sobbed the widow. "Oh that he could have lived to see this day!"

But Mr. Trefalden would not suffer the ladies to express their thanks. He was proud to be regarded by them as a friend, and still more proud to be the humble instrument by means of which a great name might be rescued from undeserved obscurity; but he protested against being styled their benefactor. He then adverted, with much delicacy, to the question of price, stated that he should at once pay in a certain sum at a certain bank to Mrs. Rivière's credit; touched again upon the subject of Madeira; and, having of course carried his point, rose, by-and-by, to take his leave.

"Then, my dear madam, I am to have the honor of escorting you to Funchal in the course of some three or four weeks from the present time?" he said at parting.

"If Mr. Forsyth will consent to be so burdened."

"I think myself very happy in being permitted to accompany you," replied Mr. Trefalden; "and if I have named too early a date ——"

"Nay, a day hence would scarcely be too soon for me," said Mrs. Rivière. "My heart aches for the sunny south."

To which the lawyer replied by a courteous assurance that his own arrangements should be hastened as much as possible, and took his departure.

"Mr. Forsyth has quite what our aunt, old Lady Glastonbury, used to call the 'grand air,'" said Mrs. Rivière, as Mr. Trefalden took off his hat to them at the gate. "And he is handsome."

"I do not think him handsome," replied her daughter; "but he is the most liberal of men."

"Munificently liberal. He must be very rich, too; and I am sure he is very good. Let me see, there was a Forsyth, I think, who married a daughter of Lord Ingleborough in the same year that Alethea became Lady Castletowers. I should like to ask whether he belongs to that family."

"Nay, darling, why put the question? Our Mr. Forsyth may come of some humbler stock, and then——."

"You are right, Helen; and he can afford to dispense with more nobility. Do you know, my child, I have sometimes thought of late——"

"What have you thought, my own dear mother?"

"That he—that Mr. Forsyth is inclined to admire my little Helen very much."

The young girl drew back suddenly, and the smile vanished from her lips.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "I hope not."

"Why so, my child? Mr. Forsyth is rich, kind, good, and a gentleman. His wife would be a very happy woman."

"But I do not love him."

"Of course you do not love him. We do not even know whether he loves you; but the time may come——."

"Heaven forbid it!" said Miss Rivière, in a low voice.

"And I say, Heaven grant it," rejoined her mother earnestly. "I would die to-morrow, thankfully, if I but knew that my child would not be left alone in the wide world when I was gone."

The girl flung her arms passionately round her mother's neck, and burst into tears.

"Hush, hush!" she cried, "not a word of death, my darling. You must live for me. Oh, how glad—how glad I am that you are going to Madeira!"

The invalid shook her head, and leaned back wearily.

"Ah," she sighed again, "I had rather have gone to Italy."

To be continued.

IN THE SHALLOWS.

Faust.

THE first night I ever heard Faust, something horrid happened.

I cannot tell about it, but I was to have gone there with Fitz-Frizzle, and I didn't. Not that I supposed, for a moment, he would care. Oh! no. He is altogether too well bred to manifest any emotion about anything whatsoever, that might happen to him, or any body else.

But *I* cared. You see, I had meant to be particularly killing, and had laid out my blue silk, that takes such an age to lace, and had made it a point to rush down to Tilman's, that very afternoon, and got some lovely scarlet flowers. And I would have preferred white ones, too, but Fitz-Frizzle had said to me, many a time, "*Ma brune!* always wear scarlet in your hair." And then to hear, by the merest accident, as I came through the Square, that he had gone off, in the morning, to some grand pic-nic, or other, and, of course, those tiresome Dallas girls had gone too, and it was a notorious fact that he was forever rushing after them, when I was out of town, and how was I to know that he would get back in time for the opera, at eight? One naturally supposed, when he hadn't been near one all day, that he was in his rooms, cossetting for the evening. It was too provoking! And Faust too! that all the world had heard, and gone crazy over, except me, and the nicest woman in the whole town teasing me to go with her party. Well! anyway, no one could say, but that I had waited up to the very last minute, and beyond, even, and what was one to do?

But, what on earth would Fitz Frizzle think? Bring it home to myself. What on earth would I think, if I were a man, and I saw the "little girl," who had promised to let me take her to Faust, go whisking off, with a carriage full of other people, just as I reached her door? I knew I would never find out what he did think about it. He might be ready to burst with rage, but no one would see any symptoms of his precarious state, except, perhaps, in a little extra politeness, if it is possible to gild refined gold.

I am a little afraid of Fitz. As perfect an exponent of society as one can often meet with, I regard him as a sort of oracle. I mean good society, where the veins run blue blood, where everything is smooth, and satiny, and elegant, and worked up to within an inch of its life, by the most polished machinery, where the people are all thoroughbred, and prance in the latest style of harness, and one even smothers one's yawns by rule. Fitz has in him something of the late Admirable Crichton. He is, indeed, almost too perfect. You sigh for a little flaw, as a relief You would gladly let down your own feeling of strain, and high-pressure, by seeing him commit a *lese-étiquette*. Only that would be as startling and impossible as an axiom's getting out of order—for instance, two and two ceasing to make four.

I wonder why he didn't marry Mrs. General. But! no. Marriage is not the correct thing for us young fellows. Marriage is slow, old-fashioned, quite an exploded idea in fact. Not that he ever told me so Of course not. The subject is taboo, and not to be hinted at between polite people. For the present Fitz-Frizzle to make an afternoon call on a young lady, and introduce matrimony as a topic of conversation, would be a crime against good taste as hideous as "talking shop."

I don't know what his theories are about the final disposing of young ladies, but, certainly, it is not his business to marry any of us, for, at least, ten years to come. He will flirt with me, though, he will make love to me, he will tell lies to me. I may get as fond of him as I choose, but I will not break my heart for him, when, to a popular air, he has waltzed away from me, and is off with the old love, and on with the new. The hearts of well-bred people never break.

I don't want to pretend to stick up for this sort of thing, and call it right. I only tell what my oracle shows me. I am quite sure that society is all hollow and artificial. I suppose the Queen of the Cannibal Islands lives much more as nature intended than I do. I am quite as eager to cry down whited sepulchres as any one. But if custom ordains that a fillet be bound round the horns of the sacrifice, what possible good will it do for me to shake off my garland, and go to butting the altar? I would probably be cast aside as unacceptable to the gods; and if I confess that I would rather go comfortably with the tide, I hope I have, at least, equal honesty with her cannibal majesty. Once, indeed, I thought I had great eyes that could see through a millstone better than my neighbour's; and, growing conceited through imagined superiority of vision, I struck out boldly, poking my horns at error. I remember well who called me a little fool for my pains, and taught me that one voice piping wrong is wrong—does not make wrong right. But,

> "*Hélas! et l'on sentait, de moment en moment,*
> *Sous cette voûte sombre,*
> *Quelque chose de grand, de saint et de charmant,*
> *S'evanouir dans l'ombre.*"

Pshaw! that was said in a church, and here we are unshawling in the *foyer* of the theatre, with the last chords of the overture crashing through the baize doors.

Do tell me, dear, is my hair all right? and I wonder who's there; and, oh! how do you do, Mr. de Jones? and, good *gracious*, does the usher intend to keep us shivering here all night?

No, he doesn't; he comes jerking and snarling up to us, in a minute or so, snatches away our numbers, scowls us down, bullies us into our seats, and is very disagreeable indeed.

Do all theatres have bears for ushers?

And, then, just as we were nicely seated and had our cloaks at the right droop, and were ready to look about, and see where everybody was sitting, de Jones must needs come and plant himself right in front of us. And he fussed so, about librettos, and programmes, and tenors, and lorgnettes, and condoled with one's not having heard Faust, (as if it was any of *his* business) and kept twisting his head round at one like one's parrot, and jabbering all the time, Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll! just as one has been jabbered, at, over and over, and over again, until one wished he had a muzzle on.

Though, I suppose parrots don't wear muzzles. You see, it was all very well, at first, to play at being pleased with de Jones, and vow that none regretted any one, and that there was plenty of fish in the sea yet. Plenty of fish, I know, but who gets Fitz-Frizzles into her landing-net every day?

Ah! I wonder if I am getting fond of Fitz? How absurdly every little thing recalls him! Some one behind me addressed some one else as "Mr. Anderson," and instantly my silly brain established a connection between invisible Anderson and absent Fitz., as, Anderson, wizard, juggling, China, pigtails, monkeys, palm-trees, India. Fitz. has been in India. He doesn't say much about it, except to rail occasionally, with a charming little *moue*, against the weakness and unprofitableness of Canadian coffee. But I am convinced that he could, if he only chose, tell hair-on-end stories of tigers, jungles, begums, and lacs of rupees.

Then, again, he frequently mentions one of Our Men, who wants to be introduced to me. He is a big man, with everything on a large scale, even to his ears, and "no end of a splendid fello," Fitz. insinuates. I know him by sight. Yonder he is, now, with a girl whose frizettes are twice the size of mine. How do some girls manage to get their hair so high up in front? I can't do it, and am miserable about it. Is their hair thicker, are their rats larger, their crimpers hotter, or is there a man in town who does hair? And, if so, where does he live?

Oh! *will* some one gag de Jones? *What* a snob! Yes, de Jones is a snob. This is the popular thing to say of him. To be a snob, is a deadly offence, a mortal crime, a sin unpardonable. Fitz-Frizzle once expounded to me, in all its ramifications, this important subject,

"Give me another word for Snob," said he.

I thought of all the names I had ever heard applied in what I conceived might be a *parallel* case, and suggested each one in turn.

A donkey? an ass? a spoon? a muffle? an owl? an idiot?

No, a man might be all these, yet if he had escaped being a snob, he (Fitz-Frizzle) might, to an extent, rub noses with him, and society extend to him a finger or two of fraternization, pityingly but humanly. A man, is, we will say, born a baboon. This is unfortunate, deplorable, calamitous, even, perhaps, painful, but it is only, after all, an accident of birth, and no more to be helped than, for instance, Fitz-Frizzle's own moustache growing in scraggy. Fitz-Frizzle (I should think not) is not proscribed because of hirsute scragginess, nor the baboon because of inherent baboonism. But a snob, ah! Here Fitz-Frizzle's exposition became involved and a little obscure. Snobbism, you know, why! why in fact, a snob *is* a wretched snob, and you can't say any more for him.

Poor de Jones! Yet, if he would only bite out his tongue for the present, and let one collect one's little wits in peace, one might think him a goodnatured snob, and, perhaps, be gracious to him when one met him next. Why can't he listen to the music? Here comes Mephistophiles swaggering in! He is the basso, and terribly fat, and absolutely roars! How well Margharita looks in that blue dress! And how beautifully she trilled away up there on that high note! Why does it make me think of wood violets? Or is their sweet, wild, familiar, odor really in the air? Who uses *extrait* of wood-violets? And who is this leaning over me?

Surely Fitz. himself. No one else does his neck-tie so exquisitely. He *is* here, after all, then, and are those volcanoes behind his eyes? I must not apologize; he does that. He is not angry. Of course not. How absurd! Oh! really, not a word, you know, *please*. He is charmed beyond everything. Nothing could exceed his delight. Mancusi is in good voice to night, is he not? Is that Blondette across the way? So *désolé* that he can't remain beside me, stopping up the passage. Shall he have the pleasure of calling to-morrow? Shall he get a programme? Shall he leave his *lorgnette?* Shall he do nothing for nobody? Then, *au plaisir!*

Now, if I had been getting fond of Fitz-Frizzle, I know exactly what my proper demeanour would have been, when that wretch went off to the opposite side of the house, and began making *beaux yeux* at Blondette (a girl, as every one knows with a mere doll-face, and no brains to speak of). Everything would have been very strange and horrid, for a minute. The singers would all have sung false. The gas-jets would have danced. The boxes beside me would have seemed miles and miles away. Little Vann, making his way to me through the crowded house, tripping over some one at every step, and getting frowned at, more times than he can count, would have been irremediably snubbed.

But, under existing circumstances, who cares for anything? What is one man more than another, in a world, that is all prunes and prism? I merely imagined volcanoes. There goes that air that every one waltzed to, last winter. It set's one's feet moving and one's brain whirling. How gay it all is, and how we all smile, and smile, and smile.

Until finally, the painted curtain drops. Everyone gets up and bustles. The men in the pit stamp. The angels drop Margharita out of the clouds, that she may come back and sweep curtsies to the audience, hand in hand with the fat devil and little Faust. The seats are emptied. The gas is turned off. People elbow and shoulder each other in the lobby. Fitz. bows the blonde-headed lady to her carriage.

I, too, go home, like everybody else, and would whistle all the way, if I knew how.

ESPIEGLE.

PASTIMES.

ACROSTIC.

1. An Athenian general.
2. A celebrated philosopher.
3. The surname of an early English king.
4. A renowned conqueror.
5. A Roman general who besieged Jerusalem.
6. A Prince among poets.
7. A mountain famous in history.
8. A celebrated admiral.

The initials of the above will reveal the name of a celebrated battle.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* will name a noble tree,
My *second's* used for "formerly,"
My *third* inverted, negatives,
My *whole* alas! no longer lives:
Yet when he lived he bore my *first*,
And made my *third* life's battle cry;
I cannot call him "best" or worst,"
Yet long will live his memory.

2. My *first* conveys the Irish lass
To Ballyshannon fair;
My *second* oft contains a mass
Of gold or jewels rare.
My *whole* is used by those, I wot,
Who gold or jewels wear;
The Irish lass, she needs it not
At Ballyshannon *fair.*

3. When giving or taking, my *first* we must use;
A part of our dress is my *second;*
My *whole* when applied in connection with man,
A mark of dishonour is reckoned.

ANAGRAMMATIC COURTSHIP.

Tom Jones, in "popping the question" to Lucy Robinson, received the following singular and apparently unmeaning reply, "Oh! we two aint mad." Having pressed in vain for something more definite, Tom was about leaving when the fair Lucy told him that if he transposed the letters of her reply, changing one of the vowels into a consonant, he might obtain a clue to her real feelings. Tom at once set about the task, and when it was completed, felt "better." What sentence did he form?

TRANSPOSITIONS.

TDSSIRIEEATCVE, in very general request.

DCHHHHRRRCCCTEAAITSUL, one of the public buildings in Montreal.

YESPLATEHARTCALC, another public building in Montreal

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1 A hare is seventy of its own leaps before a greyhound. The hare takes three leaps to every two of the greyhound's, but each of the greyhound's leaps is equal to two of the hare's. In how many of its own leaps will the hare be caught?

2 A farmer has two flocks of sheep, each containing the same number. From one of these he sells 39, and from the other 93; and find just twice as many remaining in one flock as in the other. How many sheep did each flock originally contain?

3 Two travellers, A and B, start from the same place to travel around an island, in opposite directions, the circumference of which is 140 miles. A travels one mile the first day, two the second day, &c., increasing in arithmetical progression. B travels regularly sixteen miles a day. From these data I desire to know how many days they will have to travel before meeting?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., &c., No. 13.

PUZZLES.—1st. Oxford. 2nd. FI(V)E FIDDLE. 3rd. 72 inches (Head 9 inch. tail 27 inch. back 36 inch.)

CONUNDRUMS.—1st A Dutch S, (Duchess). 2. Because it makes needles, (needless.) 3. Because it was a rain (reign) of terror. 4. The Bridge of Sighs (size.)

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Our mutual friend (the letter L was omitted). 2. Artemus Ward, his Travels. 3. The Woman in White. 4. Only a Clod. 5. In the Dark.

CHARADES.—1. Babylon. 2. Ladder. 3. Bargain. 4. Candid.

PROBLEM.—The fallacy consists in omitting the double negative. The last clause should be therefore, If it rains, it doesnt *not* rain,—that is—it does rain.

ANAGRAM.

The massive gates of circumstance
Are turned on slenderest hinge,
And what we deem the merest chance
Shall give to life its after tinge.
The daily trifles of our lives,
The common things we ne'er recall,
Whereof the mem'ry scarce survives,—
These are the mainsprings after all.

The following answers have been received:

Puzzles.—All, Nemo, Peter, Rusticus, A. A. Oxon, L. R. V., St. Johns; 1st and 3rd, L. P. C., W. A; 1st. Fr. J., Themistocles; 3rd. W. J.

Conundrums.—All or part, Nemo, Peter, H. H. V., Cloud, Geo. L., Rusticus.

Transpositions.—All, Nemo, Peter, Rusticus, A. A. Oxon, 1st 2nd and 4th. Themistocles; 1st and 2nd. W. Q.

Charades.—All, Nemo, Peter, L. P. C., L. R. V., St. John, W. Q., A. A. Oxon, Rusticus; 1st and 2nd. Themistocles; 1st. A. C. B.; 3rd. Artist.

Problem.—Nemo, Peter, Rusticus, H. H. V., Cloud.

Anagram.—Nemo, Peter, A. C. B., A. A. Oxon, Rusticus, H. H. V., Cloud.

The following did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in our last issue. Peter; Geo. Massey, Corbeen John.

CHESS.

☞ Any Problems and Games by amateurs, which may be found of sufficient merit to warrant publication, will be gladly received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., MONTREAL.—Thanks for the Problems and Games, which we shall make early use of. Further contributions will be very acceptable.

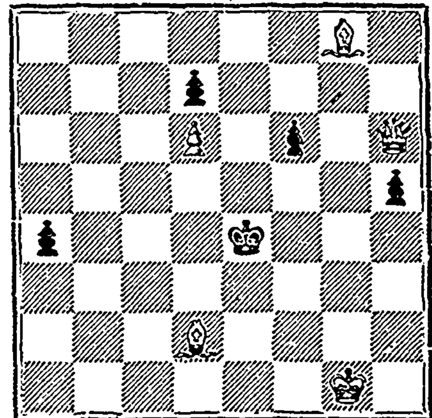
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 1.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q. to K. R. 7th (ch).	K. moves.
2. B. to Q. 8th. Mate.	

PROBLEM No. 8.

BY GEO. GROVES, ESQ., ST. CATHARINES, C. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

The following spirited game was played between two members of the Egmondville, C. W., Chess Club:

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

WHITE. G. JACKSON, ESQ.	BLACK. DR. SMITH.
1 P. to K. 4th.	P. to K. 4th.
2 Kt. to K. B. 3rd.	Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
3 P. to Q. 4th.	P. takes P.
4 B. to Q. B. 4th.	B. to Q. B. 4th.
5 Castles.	P. to Q. 3rd.
6 P. to Q. B. 3rd.	P. takes P.
7 Kt. takes P.	K. Kt. to K. 2nd.
8 B. to K. Kt. 5th.	P. to K. R. 3rd.
9 B. to K. R. 4th.	P. to K. Kt. 4th.
10 B. to K. Kt. 3rd.	B. to K. 3rd.
11 B. takes B.	P. takes B.
12 Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd.	Q. to B. sq.
13 Kt. to Q. Kt. 5th.	R. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
14 B. takes P.	P. to Q. R. 3rd.
15 B. takes Kt.	Kt. takes B.
16 Q. Kt. to Q. 4th.	K. to B. 2nd.
17 Kt. to K. 5th (ch).	K. to B. 3rd.
18 Kt. to Kt. 4th (ch.)	K. to B. 2nd.
19 Q. to K. B. 3rd (ch.)	K. to K. sq.
20 Kt. to B. 6th (ch.)	K. to Q. sq.
21 Q. R. to Q. sq.	Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd.
22 K. to Q. B. 6th. Mate.*	

* The attack is well sustained throughout, and "ye prancing cavaliers" do good service in the terminating moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Musico.—Will appear in an early issue.

Artist—Use the Roman numerals, and the answer will be plainly CIVIL.

W. Q.—We will hand your problem to the chess Editor.

R. E., Missisquoi. — We really cannot say where Mrs. Capt. Tremorne is to be found now, not having a recent "Army List" near us, but the present number will inform your young friends that the "Scarlet Fever," came to a crisis which terminated favourably. We trust Miss, or rather Mrs. Fannie sees no reason to regret the "attack." Probably she thinks the "Scarlet Fever" is n't so terrible a disease after all: although you say—

"Tis a wonder that Fannie could ever be bro't
To fancy an epaulette even in thought.
What!—follow a soldier from pillar to post,—
No woman should try it except as a ghost.
For the best constitutions would soon be a wreck,
To broil in Barbadoes and freeze at Quebec."

J. H., Toronto.—Are we to understand that no solution has been found? We will keep the question till we hear from you again.

W., Quebec —Your communication must have been overlooked, which we regret. We are always happy to receive replies to the questions propounded in our Pastime Column.

W. P. D., Toronto.—C. Roberts, 70 St. François Xavier St., is a good practical Electrotyper. See his advertisement on *Reader* cover.

H.—Thanks for your good wishes. We strive to merit the approbation of our readers, and evidences of their good will are very pleasant to us.

Josiah B.—Your communication is to hand, but we have not yet found time to read the MS.

George Massey.—You mistake the question. The £2000 is to be added to the original common stock, £5000, making the capital £7000; 10 per cent on which will, of course, be £700. The profit divided is £500, leaving £200 as stated.

Peter.—Many thanks!

Erostratus.—The MS. is received. As for the subject upon which you ask our advice, we would say as *Mr. Punch* did when advising upon a more delicate matter—"don't." So little is to be gained except by those who are brilliantly successful, and so very few attain to more than a respectable mediocrity, that we fancy the man is wise who is content to leave to others the task of scaling the slippery heights of Parnassus.

R. W.—Will insert shortly. Thanks.

Samuel Gray.—You will see by referring to one of the early numbers of the Reader that it has already appeared.

C. L. N.—Cobweb.—Received—thanks!

Ellen V.—We have read the MS. but have not yet decided upon its acceptance or rejection. Most of the tales we receive are of much too sentimental a tone to suit our taste. It is only fair that the brighter and cheerier aspects of life should engage a due share of the attention of those who, under the guise of fiction, are supposed to seek to pourtray life as it is.

Ben Nevis.—Yes—forward at your convenience.

Levi L.—We are unable to afford you the information you seek. Consult an army list for that year.

S. M.—Declined with thanks.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Electro-telegraphic Message to the Stars.—The electric fluid travels at the mean rate of 20,000 miles in a second under ordinary circumstances; therefore, if it were possible to establish a telegraphic communication with the star 61 Cygni, it would require ninety years to send a message there.

Incombustible.—Paper that will not burn may be made by mixing with the pulp a fluid obtained by adding to an aqueous solution containing one and three-quarter ounces of pure tallow soap, just enough alum to decompose the soap completely. The paper made with this requires no size.

Bleaching Paper.—It has been found that paper which has been very imperfectly bleached, may be rendered thoroughly white by pouring upon it in succession, as dilute solutions, three and a half parts alum, one part chloride of barium, a little free hydrochloric acid, and one-eighth of a part calcined chalk—stirring well during the operation. The fibres of the paper become firmly coated with the brilliant white sulphate of barytes which is formed.

Neutral Soap.—A perfectly neutral soap—that is, one containing no free alkali—possesses hardly any detergent power: on the other hand, the presence of free alkali in soap causes it to corrode the skin. It has, however, been discovered recently that a neutral soap may be rendered as effective for detergent purposes as a highly alkaline one, by the mere addition of alumina, which is itself a neutral substance. The alumina may be combined with the soap, during its manufacture, by the use of aluminate of potash or soda, or of some other alkaline salt of alumina, or by mixing free alumina, in the form of a dry power, with melted common soap.

Cutting Metal.—An improved implement for cutting pipes and bars of metal has been invented by Mr. Wolstenholme, of Radclyffe, Lancashire. It consists of a revolving circular cutter, upon a suitable slide. The pipe or bar to be cut is securely held in a vice or otherwise, and the circumference of the cutter is brought against the pipe or bar by means of a screw passing through the lower end of the slide; the implement is then turned round by the handle forming the continuation of the screw, and the cutter is set up by the turning of the screw. By this means the cutter gradually penetrates into the metal until the pipe is cut asunder, or the metal bar is sufficiently indented to enable it to be broken.

Safe-Doors.—Mr. J. Chubb has just invented a method of securing safe-doors from the application of the professional burglar's wedge. The frame, in place of being made flush, as hitherto, projects beyond the door, so that the door will be recessed, and further, to protect the door and the keyhole, or holes through the door of a strong room or iron safe, a hardened steel bar is applied externally to the door, and from side to side thereof, the bar being fitted within a groove across the door. This bar is of a curved convex form externally, and flat on the side where it comes next the door. At each side of the framing of the door a projecting socket is formed, into which the bar slides after the door has been shut and fastened, or locked. In order better to insure that no thin steel wedges shall be introduced, the sides of the groove across the door in which the bar is fitted are under cut.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

The Advertiser's Paradise—Puffin Island. —*Punch.*

Exercise for City Clerks.—A run on a bank. —*Punch.*

Profundity.—Some one said to Talleyrand that the Abbé Sieyès was a very profound man. "Profound!" was the reply, "yes, he is a perfect cavity."

An Irresistible Appeal.—A young widow, who married an old man, was for ever speaking of my "first husband." The second husband, at last, gently remonstrated. "I expect," said the young wife, pouting, "you'll want me to remember *you* when you are dead and gone!"

A Cool Customer.—The fellow who wrote the following note to his tailor, not considering it any disappointment to postpone his wedding, must be a philosopher:—"Dear sir, I do not care for the velvet collar, so you may do as you please about putting it on. It was no serious disappointment, only I should have been married if I had received the goods."

A Bull.—The Irish statute-book opens characteristically with "An Act that the king's officers may travel by *sea* from one place to another within *the land* of Ireland."

"The Two Sisters."—Paris gossip gets off a rich joke on the distinguished Frenchman, M. Emile de Girardin, who recently gave a dinner in Paris to Abd-el-Kader, and during conversation said, "I shall be happy to present you with my 'Two Sisters,'" meaning his new play. In translating, the explanation that it was M. Girardin's play was left out, and the Emir politely replied, "he would be very happy to accept the ladies, although his harem was quite full."

Lord Erskine was giving an account of the people at the North Pole, when one of his listeners exclaimed, "What! is it possible they can live upon the seals?"—Yes," replied the chancellor, "and deuced good living, too, if you can keep them."

A lady, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, once said to Rogers, the poet, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a baboon on purpose to please me."—"The dear little man," replied Rogers, "it's just like him."

Personal Experience.—Mrs. Partington says that hydrophobia is a fearful thing, as she knows from personal experience, having once heard her uncle say that he knew a baker whose little boy was acquainted with a man that kept a big dog in a town where a mad terrier had been killed some years previously.

A person who was told that bone-dust was used by some unscrupulous bakers, remarked, "What's bred in the bone can't be helped, but bone in the bread's quite another matter."

A musical author, being asked if he had composed anything lately, replied, "My last work was a composition with my creditors."

Back and Mind.—Mr. Adam Smith, hearing his servant complain of a pain in his back, said to him, "The pain, John, is not in your back; it is in your mind."—"Deed, sir," replied John, "gif ye'll tak' it out o' my back, and pit it in my mind, I'se be singularly obleeged to ye."

"Your Fare, Miss?"—A young lady from the rural districts lately visited London with her beau. Getting into an omnibus for the first time, she took her seat, while her lover planted himself on the box with the driver. Very soon the conductor began to collect the fares, and approaching the rustic maiden, he said: "Your fare, miss?" The rural rose-bud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself upon her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more—"Your fare, miss?" This time the pink deepened to carnation as the rustic beauty replied, "Deed, and if I am good lookin,' you hadn't ought to say it out loud afore folks!"

A manly little fellow of five years fell and cut his upper lip so badly, that a surgeon had to be summoned to sew up the wound. He sat in his mother's lap during the painful operation, pale, but very quiet, resolutely keeping back his tears and moans. In her distress, the young mother could not refrain from saying, "Oh, doctor, I fear it will leave a disfiguring scar!" Charley looked up into her tearful face, and said, in a comforting tone,—"Never mind, mamma, my moustache will cover it!"

Count D'Orsay, who was a remarkably fine man, once put down an impertinent little coxcomb in the following way. The little beau, seeing D'Orsay with a waistcoat on of the newest fashion, said, "D'Orsay, give me that waistcoat when you've done with it;" to which impudent request the Count replied, "What you want my vaistcoat for?—to make you a tressing-gown?"

"There They Are."—Perhaps the shortest sermon on record was one preached by the late Irish Dean Kirwan. He was pressed, while suffering from a severe cold, to preach a charity sermon in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, for the benefit of the orphan children of the parish school. The church was crowded to suffocation, and the good dean, on, mounting the pulpit and announcing his text, pointed with his hand to the children in the aisle, and simply said, "There they are." The collection on the occasion exceeded all belief.