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THE SATURDAY READER.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."
TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY READER FROM
THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

IN beholding the frescoes of Michael Angelo and Raphael, at Rome, one cannot help reflecting that they were indebted for their preservation solely to the durable material upon which they were painted. There they are, the permanent monuments of genius and skill, while many others of their mighty works have become the spoils of insatiate avarice, or the victims of wanton barbarism. How grateful ought mankind to be, that not only the Bible, but so many of the great literary productions of antiquity have come down to us—that the Word of God and the works of Homer, Virgil, and Plato, have been preserved—while we possess those of the early fathers of the church, as well as those of Shakspeare, Milton, and Bacon. These, fortunately, may be considered indestructible: they shall remain to us till the end of time itself—till time, in the words of Ben Jonson, has thrown his last dart at death, and shall himself submit to the final and inevitable destruction of all created matter. A second irruption of the Goths and Vandals could not now endanger their existence, secured as they are by the wonders of modern invention, and by the affectionate admiration of myriads of human beings. It is now more than two hundred and fifty years since Shakspeare ceased to write, but when shall he cease to be read? when shall he cease to give light and delight? It might seem arrogance and presumption to write anything about him after the world of commentaries already written upon his plays and sonnets. Among the numerous readers of this journal, not a few are desirous of instruction and literary amusement, and some require it. Let them not think that this is an attempt to add anything to the superstructure of that great temple already built by Coleridge, Hazlitt, Chas. Knight, Goethe, Schlegel, and Ulrici. Presuming that most of them have a knowledge of Shakspeare, I shall consider myself merely as a servant bringing a bouquet into a well-furnished apartment. My regret is that neither the reader nor myself have the flowers before us; but it may amuse some to collect them during the coming summer, and arrange them in posies; and others to refer to the texts, and thereby discover, hitherto to them, latent beauties in the great dramatist. I do not intend saying anything about botany, or anything about the characters introducing the flowers, but shall content myself by giving you the acts and scenes of the different plays in which the passages occur. My only labour, and that one of love—"The labour we delight in physics pain"—is the compiling and arranging what may be termed—

THE FLOWERS OF SHAKSPEARE

If music be the food of love, play on—
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.

That strain again:—it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.
Twelfth Night, Act 1, Scene 1.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidenhood, honour, truth and everything,
I love thee so,—that manage all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Ibid, Act 3, Scene 1.

Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle.
Measure for Measure, Act 2, Scene 2.

Bid her steal into the peached bower,
Where *honeysuckles*, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter,—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against the power that bred it.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act 3, Scene 1.

No night is now with hymn or carol bless'd:—
Therefore, the moon the governess of floods
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And through this distemperature, we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyems' thin and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.

Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west;
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it *love-in-idleness*.

I know a bank where the *wild thyme* blows,
Where *ox-lips* and the nodding *violet* grows;
Quite over-canopied with luscious *woodbine*,
With sweet *musk-roses*, and with *eglantine*:
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight.
Midsummer Night's Dream, Act 2, Scene 2.

Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick *musk-roses* in thy sleek smooth head,
And keep thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Where's the *peas-blossom*?
Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms,
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the *woodbine*, the *sweet honeysuckle*
Gently entwine; the female ivy so
Earings the bony fingers of the elm.
Ibid, Act 4, Scene 1.

SONG.
When *daisies* pied, and *violets* blue,
And *lady-smocks* all silver white,
And *cuckoo's-buds* of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo!
Love's Labour Lost, Act 5

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, *vetches*, oats and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And fat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;

With sweetest music; so I charm'd their ears,
That calf-like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briars, *sharp furzes*, *pricking goss* and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins.
Tempest, Act 4, Scene 1.

There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our
young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks;
hangs odes upon *hawthorns*, and elegies on brambles;
all, forsooth, defying the name of Rosalind; if I
could meet that fancy-monger I would give him some
good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of
love upon him.
As You Like It, Act 4, Scene 3.

Enter AUTOLYOUS, singing.
When *daffodils* begin to peer
With height the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.
She hath made me four-and-twenty *nosegays* for the
shearers; three-man song-men all,* and very good

ones; but they are, most of them, means and bases:†
but one Puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms
to hornpipes.‡

The fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations, and streaked gillyvors.

Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory marjoram;
The *marigold*, that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.

Daffodils,
That come before the swallow darses, and take
The winds of March with beauty; *violets*, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; *pale primroses*, *bold oxlips*,
And the crown *imperialis*; lilies of all kinds,
The *flower-de-luce* being one.
Winter's Tale, Act 4, Scene 3.

There's *rosemary*,—that's for remembrance; pray,
love remember; and there is *pansey*, that's for
thoughts.—There's *fennel* for you, and *columbines*:—
there's *rue* for you; and here's some for me:—we may
call it the herb-grace o' Sundays:—There's a *daisy*:—
I would give you some *violets*, but they withered all,
when my father died.
Hamlet, Act 4, Scene 6.

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of *crow-flowers*, *nettles*, *daisies*, and *long purples*,
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious silver broke;
When down the weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook.
Act 4, Scene 7.

With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidelo*,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave; thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, *pale primrose*; nor
The *azur'd harebell*, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of *eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out sweeten'd not thy breath.

Belarius, with the body of Cloten—
Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The hearts that have on them cold dew o' the
night
Are strewing fitt'st for graves.
Cymbeline, Act 4, Scene 3.

Alack, 'tis he; why he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;
Crown'd with rank *furmint*, and *furrow weeds*
With *harlocks*, *hemlock*, *nettles*, *cuckoo flowers*,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.
Lea, Act 4, Scene 4.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
King John, Act 4, Scene 2.

But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with *Ulysses* boast
And with the half-blown rose.
King John, Act 3, Scene 1.

Scene.—The Temple Garden.
Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

This brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction, in the Temple Garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.
King Henry VI, Part I, Act 3, Scene 4.

Girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
Richard III, Act IV, Scene 3.

A barren detested vale, you see it is;
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe.
But straight they told me they would bind me here
Unto the body of a dismal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death.
Titus Andronicus, Act II, Scene 3.

*Singers of three part songs, i. e., songs for three voices.

†Means are tenor—intermediate voices between the treble and the base.

‡In the early days of psalmody, it was not unusual to adapt the popular secular tunes to versions of the Psalms.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves shall draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
I have so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?
Venus and Adonis.

Love keeps his revels where there are but twain,
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-veined violets whereon we lean
Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.
Ibid.

The Song of Ariel.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie:
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Tempest, Act 5, Scene 1

They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood encharged, as the rudd' wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale.—*Cymbeline.*

OPHELIA.

CANADIAN WINTER SCENERY.

OUR literary friends will doubtless learn with pleasure that a fourth instalment of those detached papers on Canadian subjects, published latterly each spring in Quebec, under the appropriate name of *Maple Leaves*, may be looked for with the return of the vernal season. *Sketches* of the history, literature, legends, ornithology and wild sports of our native country, are sure to find a hearty welcome in every Canadian home. Let us have another budget by all means. We are permitted to insert in advance the following description of the appearance of trees after the late storm; it closes a *tableau* of a Canadian winter.

"Has it ever been your fortune, kind reader, to enjoy in the depths of winter a ramble in a Canadian forest, at the mystic hour when the queen of night holds gentle sway? Have you ever revelled in this feast of soul, fresh from the busy hum of city life, perchance strolling up a mountain path with undulating plains of spotless whiteness behind you, or else canopied by the leafy dome of odorous pines or green hemlock, with no other companion but your trusty rifle—nor other sound but the hoot of the great horned owl, disturbed by the glare of your camp fire—or the rustle of the passing hare, skulking fox, or browsing cariboo. If so, you can indeed boast of having held communion with the grim god of winter, in one of his most pleasing moods; nor are these the only charms the stern monarch occasionally reveals.

Ever shall I remember, one sunny March morning sauntering along the green uplands of Sillery, towards the city while the "sun-god" was pouring over head floods of purple, fecundating light; the day previous one of our annual equinoctial storms had careered over the country; first wind and snow; then wind and sleet, the latter dissolving in translucent icy tears, enclosing all nature in thousands of weird, glowing crystals; every tree of the forest according to its instinct, its nature, wreathing in the conqueror's cold embrace—rigid—groaning—ready to snap in twain rather than bend; witness the red oak or hard maple; or else, meekly, submissively curving to the earth its tapering, frosted, fettered limbs like the white birch—elegant though fragile ornament of the Canadian park; or else rearing amid air a trembling, ever moving, graceful net work; transparent, sapphire-tinted arabesques woven on amber pillars, like the golden willow. Each gleam of sunshine investing this resplendent tapestry with all the glories of iris: here, rising above his compeers a stately lord of the grove, hoary with frost and years, whose outspreading boughs are burnished as if every twig had been touched by the wand of an enchanter; whilst there under his shade, bends a sturdy mountain ash still smeared with its crimsoned berries, now ice coated *bonbons* eagerly pecked at by a bevy of rose-coloured Grosbeaks merrily disporting amongst the whitened branches. O how lovely the contrasts!

Such the scene in the gladsome light of day; but of the same objects viewed by moonlight who can becomingly depict the wild beauty? the same incomparable woodland scenery, with the pale rays of Diana softly sleeping on the virgin snow; on each side of me, an avenue of oak, spruce and fir trees, the latter with their deep green, feathering boughs solidly wreathed in snow, and gracefully descending to the grounds in festoons, now and then rustling to the night wind, and disclosing their brown trunks, by a wavy motion of their frozen foliage, like the foam of the ocean billows breaking on dark rocks; the burnished gold of the morn converted into diadems of silver filagree, twinkling with a mild radiance under the eye of night, like myriads of diamonds—a lovely vision, such as dreamed of by oriental beauty in the halls of Alhambra; a realm of fairy land; the brightest of Armida's enchanted forests. Who can describe thy witchery, who can tell thy nameless graces, serene majesty of winter!" J. M. LE MOINE.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES. By L. Agassiz. Boston: Ticknor & Field; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

These sketches, originally prepared from notes of extemporaneous lectures, first appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are written in a popular style, and form a connected history of the geological epochs, from the Azoic period, when the first solid surface of the earth was formed—and life, upon our planet at least, was not—down to the periods which immediately preceded the age of man.

The opening article claims,—and we believe the claim is now generally admitted,—that America although popularly termed the "New World," is geologically the "Old." Here the first dry land was lifted out of the waters; here the first shore was washed by the waves of the great ocean, which covered all the earth beside. According to our author, the Laurentian Hills, stretching from Eastern Canada to the Upper Mississippi, were "the first mountains that broke the uniform level of the earth's surface and lifted themselves above the waters." The insignificant height of the Laurentian chain, as compared with more lofty mountain ranges, is in accordance with the invariable rule by which the ages of mountains may be estimated; for when the earth's crust was thin and the heated masses within easily broke through it, they were not thrown to a great height. In after ages, the increased thickness of the crust of the earth presented greater resistance, and it must have been amidst fearful convulsions that the giant Alps and Himalayas forced themselves from their fiery prison-houses and shot up their towering crests.

The materials for the second article, which is devoted to the Silurian period, are chiefly drawn from those parallel ridges which run from east to west, across the State of New York, and are believed by the author, in common with many other geologists, to be the successive shores of a receding ocean. One of these beaches may be found near Whitehall, in the neighbourhood of Lake George. The fern forests of the Carboniferous period are the subject of the third article; which is followed by two very interesting chapters on "Mountains and their Origin," and "The Growth of Continents." Two other chapters are devoted to "The Geological Middle Ages," and "The Tertiary Period and its Characteristic Animals." The three concluding chapters are on "Glaciers"—the author's views in connection with which have lately attracted considerable attention in the scientific world.

The study of geology is surrounded with peculiar fascinations. The student stands face to face with those wondrous periods, running so far back into the dim past that he can scarcely estimate the hoary centuries which separate him from them. We gaze with peculiar reverence upon vestiges of ancient civilizations. The monuments of Assyrian art exhumed from Nineveh—the marvellous creations of genius rescued from the crumbling temples of Ancient Greece—that wondrous picture of the every-day life of a past age, stereotyped beneath the ashes which cover Pompeii and Herculaneum; and coming down

even to a later age, the writer remembers with what intense interest he gazed upon some of the documents preserved in the Library of the British Museum. Torn, faded, and partially illegible, yet precious—almost beyond price—from their connection with important events in the past, and the light they throw upon incipient struggles for that liberty which is man's universal birth-right. And has not the geologist his vestiges of a more wondrous past to scan—records graven upon the rocks—marvels of creative skill strewn along old sea-beaches upon which waves no longer ripple—links here and there, enabling him, in imagination, to re-people and revivify the old Pre-Adamite earth? We think many will agree with Professor Agassiz when he says:

"To me it seems, that to look on the first land that was ever lifted above the waste of waters, to follow the shore where the earliest animals and plants were created when the thought of God first expressed itself in organic forms, to hold in one's hand a bit of stone from an old sea-beach hardened into rock thousands of centuries ago, and studded with the beings that once crept upon its surface or were stranded there by some retreating wave, is even of deeper interest to men than the relics of their own race; for these things tell more directly of the thoughts and creative acts of God."

We have said that these sketches are intended for popular reading, and we know of few works which will so pleasantly lead the reader far back into the mysterious past; reveal to him there the agencies which have been at work to produce the wonderfully diversified world we see around us; familiarize him with the characteristics of the several geological epochs, and the gradations by which animal and vegetable life have through long ages steadily mounted from their first low and imperfect developments.

Although the author states that he has not written for the scientific reader, the pen of Professor Agassiz can never be employed on these subjects without writing much that must be of interest to those who have made the science of geology their study.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER. By Anne H. M. Brewster. Boston: Ticknor and Fields; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This work purports to be written during a tour in Southern Italy, and is from the pen of an ardent admirer of the beautiful in art and nature. Turin, Genoa, Naples, Vesuvius, Amalfi, Pompeii, and Herculaneum; are visited, and one of the chief charms of the book is the unaffected delight with which the writer dwells upon the historical associations connected with these places, and the memories of the great men who have gilded this sunny land with the lustre of their own glory. Discussions on poetry, music, painting and sculpture are plentifully interspersed through the volume, but even in Italy other themes are forced upon the enthusiastic author. We have a chapter on Spiritists and Dreams; two or three love episodes—one ending in a marriage—are also introduced. There is a pleasing freshness and earnestness about this book, and we believe it will well repay the perusal of those who love to commune with the "Bible of the beautiful."

CANADA EMIGRATION GAZETTE.

This paper—the receipt of the first number of which we beg to acknowledge—is to be published monthly, for the purpose of disseminating amongst intending emigrants correct information of the extent, resources, institutions, means of employment, rates of living, and facilities for acquiring land, in Canada. The *Gazette* is issued with the sanction of the Government, who have appointed an agent in Liverpool to further its circulation. The importance of placing the fullest information as to the resources of our country before the emigrating classes of the mother-land cannot be over-rated, and we are glad to see that the *Gazette* is intended for free distribution. The Editor invites communications of a practical character bearing on the subject of emigration.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Principles of Education, drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes.** By the author of "Amy Herbert, and other Stories," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Household Receipts, or Domestic Cookery,** by a Montreal Lady. Price 26c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mill.** The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, by John Stuart Mill, in one 12mo. vol uniform with his Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir Wm. Hamilton. R. Worthington, 80 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- Author of "Schonberg Cotta Family," "Winifred Bertram and the World she lived in."** By the author of "The Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family," "Diary of Ketty Trevelyan," &c., &c. London: Nelsons. Montreal: R. Worthington, St. James Street.
- Hatch.** The Constitution of Man, Physically, Morally, and Spiritually Considered: or the Christian Philosopher. By B. F. Hatch, M.D. This work has been very favorably reviewed by some of the leading reviews in the United States. The subject is an entirely new one, and one worthy of perusal.
- War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis,** consisting of observations upon the causes, course and consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States. By Henry S. Foote, with portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Across the Continent. A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with speaker Colfax.** By Samuel Bowles. Coloured maps. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mozart.** The letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, (1756-1791.) Translated by Lady Wallace, with portrait and fac-simile, 2 vols. 16 mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chastelard, a Tragedy.** By Algernon Charles Swinburne, author of *Atalanta in Calydon*, &c. &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Pilgrim's Wallet, or Scraps of Travel gathered in England, France, and Germany.** By Gilbert Haven, 16 mo. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- The Field and Garden Vegetables of America,** containing full descriptions of nearly eleven hundred species and varieties; with directions for propagation, culture, and use. Illustrated. By Fearing Burr, Jr. A new edition on toned paper. Boston: Tilton & Co. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Art of Confectionary,** with various methods of preserving fruits and juices, &c. &c. A new edition beautifully printed on toned paper. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mr. Dunn Browne's Experiences in the Army,** a series of Letters, with portrait of author. 1 vol., 19 mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Guthrie. Man and the Gospel.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c., &c. London; Strahan; Montreal: R. Worthington, 80 Gt. St. James Street.
- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen.** A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.
- Just published, this day, "The Biglow Papers.** By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millais. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Theology and Life.** Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumtre, M.A., London. 18mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- The Angels' Song.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 82mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 53.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. RETRACING STEPS.

"So the bells of memory's wonder city
Peal for me their old melodious chime;
So my heart pours forth a changeful ditty,
Sad and yearning for the bygone time."
FROM THE GERMAN.

Nothing is more certain than that we cannot, if we would, prevent the consequences arising from a single action. Our careless deeds are like a child blowing thistle-down, every winged seed of which takes root, and bears in the most distant places a crop of weeds,

There arose in Norman's mind during the hours of silent reflection, a yearning towards the home he had left. He was conscious now that he had been treated with parental and sisterly tenderness by those who had no natural duty to do more than attend to his wants. The monotony of his present life, the absence of all words of commendation, work how he might, fell drearily on his spirit. He involuntarily contrasted it with the approving smile of Mr. Hope, and the out-spoken applause of Marian and Mysie, at any evidence of diligence and progress. Even the very anger that in the frank intercourse of home-life had been now and then manifested was a proof of interest in him, that no one now cared enough about him to exhibit. He was free to write, or to go out at certain fixed hours; but writing, though he began many letters to Mr. Hope, seemed cold work. There was so much to excuse and to explain, and the time allowed him for his daily walk was insufficient to go to Kensington, even if he had made up his mind to do so—which, indeed, seemed an ending his temper could not brook.

This indecision of his was one summer's day—a Friday—brought to a conclusion by the Professor saying abruptly—

"I give you to-morrow for a holiday."

"What, all day, sir?" answered Norman.

"Till ten o'clock, Monday morning, if you will."

Now, the next day being Saturday, it was evident it had been given to him that he might spend the following Sabbath, as Fritz said afterwards in explanation—"Mid friends."

"But, Fritz, if I have no friends?"

"None but ze wicked are quite widout," said Fritz, dogmatically.

However, no youth, kept as closely to work as Norman had been, ever refused a holiday. So at breakfast next morning, he said—

"I am going to-day, sir, as you gave me leave. I will be back by nine to-night."

"To-night!" said Professor Griesbach, knitting his bushy white brows, and looking sternly at him.

"Yes," answered Norman, feeling as he spoke that his colour mounted under the scrutiny of his master's look.

When Luther's Bible was brought, the Professor did what was very rare with him—although sometimes he had done so previously—he translated a verse into English, and read it twice over: the words were: "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not." Again the conscious flush kindled in Norman's face. He was glad to get away from that hoary frown, and those searching eyes.

In half an hour afterwards he was walking briskly on the road to London. He was a good pedestrian, and he resolved to go over to Stratford, and take the train thence to Fenchurch Street. That network of railways now connecting east and west was only then vaguely on engineers' plans. His resolution was taken. He would go to Kensington, and have a look, at all events, at the old cottage, and assure himself that its occupants were well, even if he did not venture to call on them. He scanned himself rather inquiringly. His clothes, rough in quality, and roughly made by a country tailor, were comfortable, if nothing more. He had money in his pocket, for he had saved two months' pay, and that amounted to a pound, so he was not going back naked and penniless. His spirits rose as

these thoughts passed through his mind. He pleased himself with pictures of dodging about the house, seeing Mysie's bright smile, and Marian's quivering lip if he should make himself known. But Mr. Hope? He shut out from his mental vision that face, for he felt it hard to meet its mild reproof. "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend" was like a spirit-voice lingering in his ears. Yes, most surely Mr. Hope was his own friend, and he had forsaken him. In this mood no conveyance was quick enough; so that when what he called "the tardy" train arrived in the City, he plunged off, better able to bear the excitement which increased each minute, if he walked fast, than in any other way. Through multitudinous London, westward, down the old familiar road he passed. The great terrace just begun a few months back, had now pushed up past the market garden near to the quiet lane, where in a well-known back way to Binfield Cottage, there yet lingered a clump of trees. He saw them afar, and looked at them lovingly for they shaded the play-place of his childhood. He was under them before he looked round towards the cottage.

What made him start? It was gone!

Instead of the old door, with its bright little brass plate, and the jutting, old-fashioned bow-window nodding forward cheerfully, there was a deep pit, out of which men were digging gravel; and all along for the eighth of a mile there was an excavation in which to lay the foundation of new buildings. Gone! He rubbed his eyes in amazement, and the next instant ran to the edge of the excavation, his heart beating fast, and struggling to restrain his tears. Then arose to his pained remembrance the last look he had taken of the old dwelling in the wild winter night, and the gap before him looked like a grave—a grave where home lay buried! "Where are they all gone?" He had hitherto unconsciously rested secure that he could find them when he chose; that he might hide himself away from them, but that they were within his reach. Now that this confidence was shaken, he felt half afraid to inquire further.

It was the workmen's dinner-hour; as he stood there they were hurrying away. He looked wistfully at them, but they were all in too great a hurry to notice him. One man sat down on a heap of gravel, his little girl having brought him his dinner.

"Binfield cottage is pulled down!" sighed Norman. "Ay, and a many more; it'll be a grand neighbourhood, I reckon presently."

As Norman looked at the man, he thought he remembered him, and said, "Did you know Mr. Hope?"

"Ay, to be sure I knowed him. He give me a job to dig his garden a bit when I was out of work in the winter time. Ay, he was a good man, was Mister Hope."

"He was indeed," said Norman fervently. But the man went on without noticing the interruption—

"And I'm as glad as luck's come to him; as glad nigh hand as if it had come to me, which it aint likely to."

"Luck?"

"Yes; they be gone, he and the young lady I means—Wasn't there two on'em, though, Jess?" speaking to his little girl—"right away to a grand place a great ways off."

"In Scotland, father," said the child, rather proud of her knowledge.

"Scotland, wur it, Jess? Yes, it wur somewhere thereabout."

"Oh, I know; didn't I go with you when you carried that box for Miss Hope, father? It was put on it, 'Perth, Scotland.'"

"She's a pretty scholar, is Jess," said the man, in an under-tone, and looking with great gratification at Norman.

"Perth." Yes; Norman knew that Mr. Hope had relations there with whom he corresponded, and that two years back there had been some question of removing there. But, of course, he did not know that the box the child now alluded to had been sent with contributions in needle-work for a bazaar that these distant relatives were interested in, and bore an old label upon it.

The man interrupted his reverie with the question, "Did you know Mr. Hope?"

"A little," he replied, with a pang.
"Ay, he taught a good few gentlemen here-away."

It was not remarkable that the man did not recognize Norman, for he had grown so much lately and looked so very manly for his age. He stood awhile in silence, looking into the pit before him, and then, as the man got up and strolled a few steps with his little daughter, Norman slowly walked away. He returned in an instant after and overtook the man. "Both the young ladies, did you say, went with him?"

"Yes, to the best of my knowledge."

"No, father, one went before; I know she did, for she came to the class one Sunday with Miss Hope, and bid us good-bye."

"All gone!" said Norman, involuntarily.

The man drew near, and, with a knowing wink, said, "What, was you sweet on one on 'em?"

With an offended air at the man's familiarity, Norman strode off, putting a shilling in the little girl's hand. He went on towards a grocer's shop that they had dealt at, where the district post-office had been; but that and the adjacent houses were shut up and deserted, prior to being pulled down. A pillar-post at the end of the turning, however convenient to the neighbourhood, could not answer questions. Slowly Norman took his way towards Kensington Gardens, and, seated there, revolved the bitter disappointment, for such it was, of the morning. He could hardly realize how soon old landmarks are obliterated by the ever-rising tide of life in suburban London in this progressive age. It was part of the inconsistency that always clings to people who have themselves to blame, that something of anger mingled with Norman's grief.

"They gave me up very readily; never, I suppose, made a simple inquiry after me. I was a burden, though they were too kind to say so. They felt relieved when I was gone. Well, that's over. I can live, that's something; and learn, that's more. I'll find them yet, if I go to Scotland; Perth's not such a large place. I may write."

Then he racked his brain to remember the name of Mr. Hope's relatives. "Cousin Janet" he did recollect, but nothing more. After he had rested awhile, he went towards town, taking his simple refreshment at a coffeehouse; and thence he rambled on towards St. James's Park, little heeding where his footsteps carried him. He sat down again upon the grass of the ornamental inclosure, within sight of the lake and the aquatic birds, and the numerous children released from the adjacent streets, who came there to breathe and laugh in all the enjoyment of their age. Suddenly, to his surprise, he was accosted by a girl who was carrying a baby nearly as big as herself, two others dragging at her skirts, and three bigger ones following.

"Why, lor', if it aint him! Why, don't you know me? don't you know Susan? I aint so proud as you."

His thoughts had been so far away that it was not easy to recall them all at once to recognize the little wiry creature, whose face was certainly rather more rounded than he had known it; but, in an instant, he said—

"Why, Susan, is it you?" adding, as he looked at the group of children, "have you to mind all these?"

"Lor', yes! and I thinks nothin' of it. I'd rayther nuss a dozen, than be worritted and starved by that old Major and his wife. Ah, they just was bad uns!"

"You did get clear away from them, then?"

"Yes, to be sure, I did. They'd a found me in no time, but they give out to the milkman as we two run off together, arter robbing on 'em."

"Robbing them?"

"Aye; they was no better nor thieves thier-selves, an' that's why they was so mistrustful. But ware-hawk!" She put up her forefinger, and the old, cunning look, Norman so well remembered, came into her sharp eyes. "They daren't, for their lives, go afore the beak with their lies on us, 'cause vy? They was wanted, that's vy. The 'Dicity Society's men was arter 'em in a jiffy, and they cut and run afore two days was over their head. Aye, they had a

good haul out o' you a-writin' their lies for 'em, when their own scratch was knowed."

Norman was glad to see the little creature looking happy in her work, for she stopped, as she spoke, to kiss the baby, and nodded her grotesque head merrily at the others to keep them patient. He felt in his pocket to give her a trifle, but something in the shrewd, old-fashioned face forbade him, and he turned to the children, and was opening his hand, when she saw it and prevented him.

"Master and missus, as I'm with now, is good people; they'd be fine an' angry if anybody thought as these dears, bless 'em, was beggars. Vy, master's the foreman at hees shop, earns his two pound reglar, I can tell you." She had approached very near, and whispered this brilliant intelligence, so that the elder children might not hear, and then she added, "And he wouldn't like me to be a speaking here to you. But I was so glad, I couldn't help it. Come on, Teddy, dear! we'll go and feed the ducks, that we will. I was only a speaking to this young gent as once lived feller servant wi' me." And so, nodding her head and lugging her charge, she departed.

Norman laughed to himself as she spoke, but he was glad to know she was doing well, for she had been his friend in that den of thieves. And so through the teeming London streets, with a sense that all fear of discovery was over, that there was no one enough interested in him to be looking after him, that he was quite alone, he made his way slowly towards his destination. He reached the place that he now for the first time called home a full hour before he had named. Old Martha, the general servant, whom he seldom saw, let him in at the gate, for Fritz, too, was absent.

The Professor was exercising himself, as indeed was not unusual on summer evenings, with playing at ball against a very high part of the wall that might have done for racket. He came forward, with a rather curious look peering out of his eyes, scanned Norman's face: it was easy to see disappointment there. "Back so soon?" then he added, after a moment's pause, "Good."

Norman's supper was not taken in solitude; his master sat down with him, and looked less wrapped up in his own reflections than usual. Indeed, Norman somehow felt as if the old chemist wanted to comfort him; for in his usual terse way, he said—

"Patience will win back our losses."

"Good opinion, sir, and peace of mind are hard to win," answered Norman, his heart heaving as he spoke.

His master gave a confirmatory nod to the remark. Had he asked a single question that night, Norman would have told him all; but the occasion passed. And though the youth's conjecture was right—that his holiday had been given him to enable him, if he had offended or was estranged from his friends, to see and be reconciled to them—that was enough to satisfy the conscientiousness of the Professor. For the rest, he was too intent exploring Nature's secrets to care for those that concerned the youth who worked for him. Nevertheless, the fact that never before had any youth of decent education shown such docility, or been so useful, both to Fritz and the master, was sufficient to influence both insensibly in their future treatment of Norman. From that day they seemed to conclude he was more likely to stay with them than he had ever been; and the work of the laboratory, though not lightened, was more varied. And as greater intelligence was needed in the tasks set, the master condescended sometimes to give explanations as well as commands. Now and then—when a scientific visitor came to the lonely dwelling, though rarely were any admitted into the laboratory—Norman was allowed to remain in the library with the Professor; and was recognized as a pupil rather than a servant. Altogether, he grew satisfied with his position—brown bread and water notwithstanding. And when, having written to Perth, with "Mr. Hope, late of Kensington, London," plainly on the address, and receiving his letter back in a week, with the words "Not known" on the outside, his conscience was somewhat quieted. He took heart.

"Yes," as the Professor said, he might "win back his losses."

Meanwhile he would work, and gain knowledge for its own sake; he had progressed so far as that. He was deep in the study of the lives of many of the poor students of Germany. And though by no means enamoured of poverty, nay, feeling daily that money is, of all talents, one of the most useful, if well employed, yet there was a something to win that was higher and better—God's blessing on honest endeavour.

CHAPTER XXXIX. THE PICTURE.

"Oh, yes; these lips are very fair.

Half lifted to the sky,

As if they breathed an angel's prayer,

Mixed with a mortal's sigh."

W. MAACKWORTH PRÆD.

There were a few pictures in Professor Griesbach's library—too few, if he could have afforded more of such excellence. But it must be owned that Norman, though he gazed in admiration on a winter and a summer scene that had a rambling old foreign house for its back-ground, and skaters in grotesque costumes for a fore-ground on the one canvas, and soft sunshine on vine-clad slopes by a river-side for the other, yet his attention dwelt most on a work of art far less meriting praise—a mere crayon drawing, delicately executed, of the head of a young girl scarcely emerged from childhood. Norman had gazed at it with the interest with which we look at something that appeals to and yet baffles memory. Surely he had seen that face—so childlike in its open-eyed innocence—so touched with a tender, pleading grace, as if not wholly unacquainted with sorrow—so fawn-like in the graceful curve of the neck and the wind-blown tresses of the shining, half-uncurled, fair hair. He soon was enabled to assign both name and place to the portrait. It was Ella, Dr. Griesbach's daughter, who, with a radiance on her mobile face that no artist could give, had come running into her father's consulting-room that memorable morning, when he, now known at Woodford as Norman Driftwood, had been caught, stray waif as he was, by an eddy in the tide of life, and borne safely into harbour for a time.

It was curious how, from looking at the picture, he took to recalling and contrasting his own mental vision of the face; and how, too, there vibrated through the magic cells of memory the fresh, sweet tones of the young expressive voice—voices, reader, have expression, in far more ways than one. Norman thought he should know that voice again, more quickly, even, than the face and form that it belonged to.

So it must be owned that there mingled with his studies, and intruded on his reading, often, perhaps, unconsciously, a companion: a young girl's blue eyes looked up from the silent page, and laughed sometimes; or when some charming verse of poetry was before him, he heard it, dream-like, echoing through him in the melody of a girlish voice.

Poor, visionary lad! he was too much alone. One day, not very long after his visit to the grave of his old home, he was seated in his room, poring over a German grammar, in which he never heard the echoes of that sweet voice, only the gutturals of the Professor, or Fritz, when he was struck altogether by a mightier shock than any galvanic battery ever gave him—a laugh—a clear, ringing, musical, girlish laugh. His heart stood still a moment, then he was instantaneously wrapped, as in a sheet of flame. He knew the laugh—he was sure he did. It could only belong to the voice that yet lingered in his ear, never to depart thence.

Without thinking what he was doing, he started up, threw away his book, and rushed down-stairs and out into the yard, coming bounce against the broad back of old Martha, which, like an ample shield, concealed at the moment from view a something that was folded close in her withered arms. She turned about angrily; and it was Norman's turn to look foolish when he saw a lithe, graceful girl step back from the old servant's embrace, draw herself up a moment with a heightened colour on her cheek, end then, courteously bowing to him with a half-amused look at his embarrassment, say—

"Go in, Martha, I'll follow you. I knew I should surprise you."

As the two retreated within the house, Norman could not help hearing the added words, "Papa said we would have a ramble in the forest, and come and see you, dear nursery, before we went back to town. Where is the Professor?"

"In the library, my sweet missy, bless you!" said Martha, in the language of a fond, familiar old servant to her sometime nursing.

(To be Continued.)

THE GOODSHIP SHOOTING STAR.

CHAPTER I.

CAPTAIN RITSON, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Pennant, your new purser. Mr. Pennant, pray take a chair, while I have a little talk on business with Captain Ritson."

Mr. Blizzard, of the firm of David and Blizzard, 72, Limehouse-street, Liverpool, continued:

"Captain Ritson, we want to make this first trip of the Shooting Star an auspicious trip; we want to have our vessel the first into Quebec this year. We save the dues; for they always return the dues to the first vessel that arrives from England; but it is not so much for the sake of the value of the dues, as the éclat of the thing we want. Our trade with Canada is large, and we want to get our name up. We do not, of course, want you to run any danger. No, that is by no means the wish of the firm; but we wish you to skirt the ice and run in on the very first opening. You will get off Labrador just in time for the frost to have thawed, and, with care, there need be no risk whatever."

Mr. Blizzard said all this leaning against his railed desk, and nestled in among the files of invoices and bills of lading. He was a hearty, fresh-coloured, portly man, very neat in his dress, and remarkable for a white waistcoat, that seemed as hard and stainless as enamel. He played with his watch-chain as he spoke, and eyed the captain, the purser, and the first mate, who sat in an uncomfortable half circle. With his well-polished boots planted on the immovable rock of a large capital, Mr. Blizzard seemed to look boldly seaward metaphorically, and consider wrecks and such casualties as mere well-devised fictions.

Captain Ritson was a big North-countryman, with a broad acreage of chest, clear grey eyes, and large red hands; a sturdy, honest, self-reliant man, without a fear in the world. The mate, Mr. Cardew, by no means so pleasant to look on, being a little spare, thin-legged, cadaverous person, with yellowish eyes, sat in sullen subservency on the very edge of his chair just behind the captain. The purser, a brisk, cheery, stout young fellow, sat deprecatingly (as if he thought he ought to stand) a trifle further back still.

"Right it is, Mister Blizzard," said the captain, buttoning his pilot coat across his chest, as if preparing for an immediate gale, and about to order everything to be battened down. "Right it is, and a better vessel than the Shooting Star I don't hope to see. She's sound, Mr. Blizzard, I do believe, from main truck to keel; sound, if I may use the expression, as a pious man's conscience. The only thing that vexes me, however, is that, having been sent for to my native place, down Allonby way, on very sad business" (here the captain held up sorrowfully an enormous hat covered with black crape), "I couldn't see to the lading of this 'ere vessel as I generally likes to do with wessels I am called upon to command."

"That is of no consequence at all, Captain Ritson," said Mr. Blizzard, pouring out three glasses of sherry all in a row from a decanter on an inky mantel-piece near him. "I have been away at Manchester, and my partner, Mr. David, has been very ill with a touch of pleurisy, but our first mate here, Mr. Cardew, has seen to it all."

The mate nodded assent.

"And the cargo is—?"

"Agricultural implements, machinery, and cloth goods."

Mr. Blizzard referred to a ledger for this information, as he spoke, as if he scarcely knew, in his multiplicity of business, whether the Shooting Star might not be laden with frankincense, pearls, gold-dust, and poll-parrots—but he would see.

Having ascertained the fact, Mr. Blizzard carefully replaced the ledger, and, turning his back on his company, poked the fire, and consulted a large sheet almanack over the mantel-piece, as a sign the interview was over.

"We sail to-morrow morning, Sunday," said Captain Ritson, who was a Wesleyan, to the purser, as they left the office of Messrs. David and Blizzard; "I likes to hear the blessed Sabbath bells calling to one another as I go out of the Mersey, and the men like it; and what's more, it's lucky. It's like the land taking leave of us, as I always say, giving a sort of blessing on the ship; at least, I'm a plain man, and that's how I take it. It's the day I always start, Sunday is."

The purser expressed his hope that he should succeed in doing his duty, and pleasing the captain and all his employers.

"Oh, you'll do, young man, I can see; don't you be afraid. Won't he, Mr. Cardew? Clear, straightforward eyes, and all aboveboard?"

Mr. Cardew thought he would do, but he did not look on the purser at all. His mind was running on very different things.

CHAPTER II.

"Joe," said the purser's wife, when Pennant returned to his little cottage at Birkenhead, and announced his new appointment, "I don't know how it is, but I've got a strong presentiment, and I wish you wouldn't go in this ship. I never did like ships with those sort of names. The best run you ever had was in the Jane Parker, and the worst one in the Morning Star. Stick to the plain names. Besides, it's too early in the season. Now, do oblige me, Joe, and give it up. Stay for a fortnight later; get an Australian ship. It's too early for Canada. It is, indeed. Mrs. Thompson says so."

"Jenny, my love, you're a silly little woman. A pretty sailor's wife you make! Come, pack up my kit, for I'm going, that is the long and the short of it. Nonsense about sentiments. And who is Mrs. Thompson, I should like to know? Who wants her poking her nose here? Why did she drive her husband away with her nagging, and temper, and botheration? Tell her to mind her own business. Pretty thing, indeed! Come, dear, no nonsense; pack up my kit."

"But, Joe dear, there was your photograph fell off the nail on Tuesday—that night I saw a shooting star fall close to the docks, and it wasn't sent for nothing. Don't go, Joe; don't go."

"Go I must, Jenny dear, and go I shall, so don't make it painful, there's a good little woman. Come, I'll go up with you now, and kiss George and Lizzy. I won't wake them; then we'll go and look out the shirts and things for the chest. Keep a good heart; you know I shall soon be back. I've got a nice captain, and a smart first mate."

CHAPTER III.

"Why, Captain Thompson, who ever thought to have found you here, and only quartermaster?" said the purser, as he stood at the gangway of the Shooting Star, watching the fresh provisions brought in. "Well, I am sorry to see you so reduced, sir, I am indeed. How was it?"

The quartermaster drew him on one side with a rueful look. He was a purple, jolly, sottish-looking man, with swollen features.

"It was the grog, Joe, as did it—all the infernal grog," he said. "I lost my last ship, the Red Star, and then everything went wrong; but I've struck off drinking now, Joe; I wasn't fit to have a ship, that's about it—lost myself, too, Joe; and here I am with my hands in the tar-bucket again, trying to do my dooty in that station of life, as the Catechism used to say."

"And how do you like our captain and crew, sir?" Pennant said, under his breath.

"Captain's as good man as ever trod in shoe-leather—upright man, though he will have the work done, but the crew ain't much, between ourselves. Four of them first class, the rest

loafers and skulkers, wanting to emigrate, picked up on the quays, half thieves, half deserters, not worth their salt. They'll all run when they get to Quebec. Then there's the first mate, he's a nice nigger-driver, he is bound for a bad port, I think. I wouldn't trust him with a ship, that's all I can say, unless it was a pirate ship, that he might get on with, but he is smooth enough before the captain—he takes care of that—curses him."

Just at that moment there came a shrill voice screaming curses from the shore.

"Look alive, you skulkers there," it cried—it was the mate's voice—"or I'll let you know. We shan't be ready by Tuesday, if you don't hurry. Not a drop of grog before the work's done, mind that. I'll have no infernal grumbling while I'm mate; and what are you doing there, quartermaster, idling? Mr. Purser, see at once if the stores are all in, and hand in the bills to me to give to Captain Ritson."

The men, ragged, sullen fellows, worked harder but cursed in an under breath.

The moment the captain came on board the mate's manner entirely altered. He crouched and whispered, and asked for orders, and spoke to the men with punctilious quietude.

Cardew had some strange hold over the captain, as the purser soon discovered; some money matters; some threat, which he held over Ritson's head, about his father's farm in Cumberland; some power that the captain dreaded, though he tried to appear cheerful, trusting, and indifferent. At first tyrannical to the men, Cardew had begun to conciliate them in every possible way, especially when Captain Ritson was not on deck.

The purser was in his cabin, the twentieth day after the Shooting Star had started. He was head down at his accounts, and the luminous green shade over the lamp threw a golden light upon rows of figures and the red lines that divided them. He was working silently, honest zealous fellow that he was, when a low tap came at the cabin door. He leaped off his seat and opened the door; it was old Thompson, the quartermaster, who shut it after him with a suspicious care.

"Well, Thompson," said the purser, looking up with an overworked and troubled expression, "what is it?"

The quartermaster sat down with a hand on either knee. "I tell you what it is, Mr. Pennant, between you and me, there's mischief brewing."

"Thompson, you've been at the rum again," said the amazed purser, in a reproachful voice.

"No, Mr. Pennant, I haven't; no, I am sober as the day I was born. Never you mind how I learned what I am going to tell you. There was a time when no one dared accuse Jack Thompson of eavesdropping, without getting an answer straight between the eyes, and quick too; but now I'm a poor rascal no one cares for; only fit to mend old ropes and patch sails, and I can stoop now to do things I should have been ashamed of once, even if I had done them, as I did this, for good."

There came at this moment a pert rap at the door, and Harrison, the ship's boy, thrust in his head.

"Well, what do you want?" said the purser, in his sharp honest way.

"If you please, sir, there's an ice-fog coming on, and Mr. Cardew says the men are to have an extra glass of grog round as there will be extra watches."

"Did Captain Ritson himself give the order?"

"No, sir; Mr. Cardew. Captain's been up all night, and is gone to lie down."

"Tell Mr. Cardew, with my compliments, that the captain told me yesterday never to serve out rum without his special orders."

"Yes, sir." The boy left.

"Now, Mr. Quartermaster, let me know the worst. I think—I suspect—it is something about our first mate. This is going to be an unlucky voyage, I can see. Let me hear the worst, quick, that we may do something to stop the leak."

The quartermaster, a stolid man of Dutch temperament, and by no means to be hurried, proceeded as calmly as if he were spinning a yarn

over the galley fire. "What I heard the first mate and the carpenter talk about only two hours ago was this. The ice-fog's come on, and the men (a bad lot in any weather, all but Dav's and two or three more) are beginning to think we're running dangerously near the ice, and that we shall get nipped. The mate, when the captain is away, encourages them in this idea, and the worst of them talk now of forcing the captain to steer more southward, so as to keep clear of the ice-packs off Labrador."

The purser started, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"Belay there, Mr. Pennant," said the quartermaster, forelog his sou'-wester firmer on his head to express hatred for the mate; "that was only the first entry in their log. Then they went on to propose sinking the ship, lashing down the captain and those who wouldn't join them, destroying all evidence, and taking to the boats as soon as there was a sight of land."

"But what for?"

"What for? Why for this. The first mate, as he let out, has had the lading of the vessel. Well, what did he do, with the help of some scoundrel friend of his, a shipping agent, but remove two-thirds of the machinery from the cases, unknown of course, to Mr. Blizzard, and pile them up with old iron, unknown to the captain, who was away because his father was dying, and now they want to sink the vessel, and then to go home and sell the plunder. That's about the size of it."

"Come this moment and tell the captain of this scoundrel," said the purser, leaping up and locking his desk resolutely.

"Now, avast heaving there, not just yet, Mr. Purser, by your leave: let the thing ripen a little; let me pick up what I can in the fo'ksal; they don't mind a poor old beast like me."

"What's all this?" cried a shrill, spiteful voice, as the door was thrust violently open. "Where is this purser fellow? Who is it dares to disobey my orders? What do you mean, purser, by not serving out this rum? No skulking here. Thompson, go on deck, see all made taut for the night, and the fog-bell rigged, or we shall be run down in this cursed fog."

Thompson slunk out of the cabin.

The purser did not flinch; he took his cap quietly from its peg. Mr. Cardew," he said, "I only obeyed the captain's orders, and I shall continue to do so till you take command of the vessel. I'm going on deck for a smoke before I turn in. Good night, sir."

The mate's eyes became all at once bloodshot and phosphorescent with a cruel light.

"I tell you what it is, Pennant," he said; "if I was your captain, I'd maroon you on an iceberg before you were five hours older, and I'd let you know first, with a bit of good pickled rope, what it was to disobey your superior officer."

"Good night, sir; threatened men live long. And perhaps you will allow me to lock up my cabin? Thank you."

With this good-humoured defiance the purser ran, laughing and singing, up the cabin stairs.

It was Sunday morning, and the ice-fog had lifted. The vessel had met with mere pancake ice, loose sheets thin as tinsel, but nothing more; the wind blew intensely cold as if from ice-fields of enormous size, but no bergs had been seen, and the captain judging from the ship's reckoning, hoped still to make a swift and successful voyage, and to be the first to reach Quebec that season.

The men were mustered for prayers in the state cabin. It was a pleasant sight to see them file in, two and two, so trim, with their blue shirts turned back from their big brown necks, their jaunty knotted black silk neckerchiefs and their snowy white trousers; the petty officers in their best blue jackets, and all so decorous and disciplined, as they took their prescribed seats.

Pleasant, too, it was to see the hardy captain in that wild and remote sea so calmly and gravely reading the chapter from the Bible relating to Paul's voyage, with an unconscious commanding-officer air. If the ship-boy dared to cough, that stern grey eye nalled him to his

seat; if the boatswain shuffled his feet, there was a reproving pause between the verses; if even the spray broke over the hatchway, the captain was down upon it.

The purser was the last to leave the cabin when the service was over. As he collected the bibles, the captain touched him on the shoulder.

"I want a word with you, Mr. Pennant," he said, sitting sorrowfully down at the table with his hand on his telescope, and his large prayer-book still open before him. "You are an honest, faithful fellow, and I want to ask you a simple question. Have you seen or heard anything lately that makes you think the first mate is playing double, and exciting the men to mutiny? Yes or no?"

"Yes, Captain."

The captain did not lift his eyes from the table at this answer, but giving a slight half disdainful sigh, poured out a glass of water and drank it, then rose, shook the purser by the hand, and looked steadily in his face.

"Come up with me, purser, on deck," he said, "and we will settle this matter at once. Some one has been altering the vessel's course, I feel sure, since the morning. If it is the mate, I will put him in irons. If it cost me my right arm, I'll keep him in irons. I'm a fool not to have seen it all before. I was warned about that man in Liverpool."

When the captain stood upon the deck, the chill white ice-fog was again bearing down fast on the Shooting Star. It was bearing down with a spectral gloom that was depressing in a sea known to be still half blocked with ice-packs. A Sabbath calm reigned over the vessel. The men were lying down by the trim rope coils, some reading, some conversing; not a plank but was clean as a pink; not a bolt-head or brass but shone as well as anything could shine in that lurid light. The mate and carpenter were sitting near the wheel, looking at the advancing fog; at the entrance to the fo'ksal were some men stretched out half asleep.

The captain said not a word, but walked straight up to the man at the wheel, and looked at the compass.

"Why, you're steering south," he said, quietly, "and I told you nor'-nor'-west an hour ago."

"I am steering as the first mate told me," said the fellow sullenly. "I can't steer as every one wants me. If it was my way, I'd 'steer home.'"

The first mate, as the man said this, came up and took the wheel from him insolently, as if in defiance of the captain.

"Jackson's steering right," he said.

"Right you call it," said the captain, storming. "I'm a plain man and liko plain dealing. Mr. Cardew, I've had enough of your lying tricks; let go the wheel, sir, and go to your cabin. Consider yourself under arrest for mutinous conduct. Purser, you are witness; take this man down."

Cardew still refused to let go the wheel. With the quickness of thought, the captain felled him with a blow; in a moment the deck seemed alive with shouting and leaping men. Five sailors threw themselves on the captain, three on the purser. The mutiny had broken out at last. A cruel yell rang from stern to stern. All who favoured the captain were in a moment, with curses and cruel threats, overpowered and bound to the mast and rigging.

"Now, Captain Ritson," said Cardew, as he rose with a yellow face, down which the blood streamed, and advanced to where the captain stood bound and pale with rage, "you see I am stronger than you thought. If I choose, I could at once let you overboard with a rope and freeze you to death; I could have you pelted with bottles, or put an end to in some other agreeable way; but I will spare you now, to pay you out better for that blow and other indignities. Last night you refused to join me in my sensible scheme for baffling the rascals who expose us to danger and then underpay us. Now, I will not accept your partnership. Oh, you're a rash, violent man, though you are so pious; where's your Providence now? Come, my boys, leave these fools, and get out of the wine; we'll have a spree to-night, for to-morrow we shall be on shore, and, perhaps,

starting again for England. Come, get this man's brandy. We'll have a night of it. It's cold enough for these fellows, ain't it? But it'll make them warm seeing us drinking."

That night, as the liquor went round, and the songs circulated among the mutineers to the doleful accompaniment of the monotonous and funeral fog-bell, the captain and seven friends lying bound against the frozen shrouds, the vapour lifted for a moment eastward and disclosed an aurora borealis, that lit up all the horizon with a majestic fan of crimson and phosphorescent light that darted upwards its keen rays, and throbbled and quivered with almost supernatural splendour. The electric lustre lit the pale faces of the captain and his fellow-prisoners.

"Why, here are the merry dancers," said the first mate, now somewhat excited by drinking, as he walked up to the captain, and waved a smoking hot glass of grog before his face. "Why, I'll be hanged if they ain't the blessed angels dancing for joy because you and your brother saints will so soon join them. What do they think of Providence by this time, Ritson, eh?"

The mutineers put their glasses together, and laughed hideously at this.

"Just as I always did. God watches us at sea as by land," was the captain's calm reply. "I'd rather even now be bound here, than change my conscience with yours, Cardew. I'm a plain man, and I mean it when I say that it's no worse dying here than at home in a feather-bed. It is less bad to part with the world here."

"Oh, if you're satisfied, I am. Here, glasses round to drink to the Pious Captain. All his gang are here but that boy, that little devil Harrison; search for him everywhere, men; he mustn't be left; if he is in the hold smoke him out with brimstone; never mind if he doesn't come out, he'll have his gruel if you keep the hatches well down."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the reply, with a brutal and disgusting laugh; and away the men went on their search, eager as boys for a rat-hunt.

An hour after, all but the watch to toll the fog-bell, the mutineers on board the Shooting Star were sunk into a drunken and wallowing sleep. That night, from time to time, Captain Ritson kept his men's hearts up with cheerful words; the cold was hard to bear, but they survived it. When day broke they all united in prayer that God would allow them to die soon and together. They had sunk into a torpid semi-sleep, when the sound of a gun through the fog, in the distance aroused them. At the same moment, the loud taunting voice of the mate awoke the bound men to a sense of their misery and despair.

"Good morning, Captain Ritson," said the mate. "Lord, lords, how chopfallen that smart fellow the purser is, and look at those A.B. sailors, who used to sneer at you and call you skulkers, and loafers, and Liverpool dregs. How our fat friend the quartermaster must miss his grog; hard, isn't it? Captain Ritson, it is my painful duty to inform you (lower the two boats there, quick, men, and stave the third) that we are about to leave the ship, which will sink, as I am informed by my excellent friend the carpenter here, almost exactly three hours after our departure. A more pliant disposition and a more graceful concession to those business arrangements, in which I solicited your co-operation, would have led to very different results; gentlemen, that gun is from a vessel lying off the ice-field which we are now skirting; that vessel will take us up. How about that blow now? We have money enough to pay for our passage. Farewell. Lower the boats there. Captain Ritson, I have the honour of wishing you a pleasant voyage to heaven."

Captain Ritson made no answer till the boats were lowered. "God will aveng' us, if it seemeth good to Him," was the only malediction he uttered. "Men, I thank God that I still trust in his mercy, and, worst come to the worst, I am ready to die."

"So am I," said the purser, "if I could only first look up and see that yellow rascal dangling at the yard-arm."

"It's all up with us," said the quartermaster.

"I only wish the black villains had given us one noggin round before they left."

An hour passed, the last sound of the receding boats had died away. The sailors began to groan and lament their fate.

"Have you any hope left, Captain Ritson, now?" said the purser, in a melancholy voice.

"Oh, Jenny, Jenny, my dear wife, I shall never see you again."

"As for my wife," said the quartermaster, "it's no great loss. I'm thinking more of myself. Oh, those villains."

"I have no hope," said the captain, bravely, "but I am ready to die. I trust in the mercy of God. He will do the best for us, and he will guard my poor children."

Just then, like a direct answer from Heaven, the fog grew thinner and thinner, and the sun shone through with a cold yellow lustre, showing the line of land for miles; alas! it was not land, but ice-pack, miles of it, rising into mountainous berge, green as emerald, blue as sapphire, golden as crysolite, and stretching away into snow-plains and valleys. The nearest cliffs were semi-transparent, and glistened with prismatic colours, but in the distance they merged again into cold clinging fog. The nearest ice was about two miles off.

The captain looked at his companions, and they at him, but they did not speak, their hearts were so full, for the water could be now heard gurgling and bubbling upward in the hold.

"We have two hours more to live, and let us spend it," said the captain, bravely, "in preparing for death. After all, it is better than dying of cold and hunger, and it is only the death us sailors have been taught to expect at any moment."

"I shouldn't care if it was not for my poor old mother," said one of the sailors, "but now she'll have to go on the parish. Oh, it's hard, bitter hard."

"Fie, man," said the captain, with his unquenchable courage, "have I not my children, and the purser his wife. What must be, must be—bear it like a man."

At that moment a shrewd boyish face showed itself round the corner of the cabin stairs, and the next instant up leaped and danced Harrison, the ship's boy, with a sharp carving-knife in his hand. He tapered for joy round the captain, and was hailed with a tremendous shout of delight and welcome as he released the men one by one, beginning with his master.

"They thought I was in the hold," he said, "didn't they? but I was hiding under the captain's sofa all the time, and there I lay till I was sure they were gone. The vessel's filling fast, Captain Ritson; there is no time to lose. Hurrah!"

"It is quite true," said the purser, as he returned from below with the captain. "We have one hour, no more, to rig a raft in, so to it, my lads, with a will. The leak's too far gone, and we've not hands enough to make the pumps tell on it."

The men were shaking hands all round, intoxicated with joy at their escape.

"Come, men, enough of that. I'm a plain man, and what I say I mean," said the captain, already himself. "We're not out of the wood yet, so, don't holler. Come, set to at the raft, and get all the biscuits and junk those villains have left. I shall be the last man to leave the vessel; I shan't leave her at all till she begins to settle down. Purser, get some sails for tents. Quartermaster, you look to the grub. Harrison, you collect the spars for the men; Davis, you see the work is strong and sure. It isn't the coast I should choose to land on; but any port in a storm, you know; and, purser, you get two or three muskets and some powder and shot. We may have to live on sea-birds for a day or two, till God sends us deliverance, death, or a ship; that is our alternative. Come, to work."

The raft was made in no time. But the stores proved scanty. The second mate had thrown overboard, spooled, or carried off, all but three days' provision of meat, biscuit, and rum. The captain had almost to be forced from the vessel. They had not got half a mile away when the great ice-pack closed upon it, just as she was

sinking. As the Shooting Star slowly settled down, Captain Ritson took off his cap and stood for a moment bareheaded.

"There," said he, "goes as good a vessel as ever passed the Mersey lights; as long as she floated she'd have done Messrs. David and Blizard credit."

"Good-bye, old Shooting Star," said the men, "if ever a man deserved the gallows, it's that first mate of ours."

The raft reached the shore safely.

"I take possession of this ere floating pack," said the captain, good humouredly, to keep up the men's spirits, as he leaped on the ice, "in the name of her blessed Majesty, and I beg to christen it Ritson's Island, if it is an island; but if it is joined on to the mainland, we'll wait and see what the mainland is. I wonder if there are many bears, or puffins, or white foxes, on it. And now let's rig the tents, and then we'll measure out the food."

The next day brought no hope. The pack proved to be of enormous size, and a deep ice-fog prevented its complete exploration. The food was fast decreasing. The few penguins on the pack would not come within shot. Once they saw a white bear, but it dived, and appeared no more. The men's hearts began to sink; half the spars had been used up for the fires; one day more and the fuel would be gone; the rum gone; the meat gone. Frost and starvation awaited them. There were now murmurs. Once the captain came on two of the sailors who were crying like children; another time he observed the men's fierce and hungry looks, as they watched the quartermaster cowering under the tent, and he knew too well what those savage fires in their hollow eyes indicated.

"It must come to the casting of lots for one of us," he heard them whisper. "Every hour we can pull on gets us more chance of a ship."

The next day the purser shot two penguins, and ate greedily of the nauseous flesh. The fourth day the provisions were exhausted at the first meal. Then Captain Ritson stood up, his musket in his hand, for he had all this time kept watch at night like the other men, and shared every labour and privation. The quartermaster was lamenting his fate.

"If this voyage had only turned out well," he said, "I might have got a ship again; for the firm promised me a ship again if I only kept from drink and did my duty; and this time I have done it by them, and I should have saved the vessel if hadn't been for this mutiny."

Captain Ritson began: "Mr. Quartermaster, silence. This is no time for crying over spilt milk. I don't wish to hurt your feelings, for you are an honest man, though you sometimes rather overdid the grog. I'm a plain man, and I mean what I say, and what I say is this—here we are, and we don't know whether it is berg or mainland, and no food left—not a crumb. Now, what is to be done? We hear the bear growl, and the fox yelp; but if we can't shoot them, that won't help us much. We must spend all to-day in trying for the mainland; if we find the sea to the eastward, we must then turn back, commit ourselves to God, who directs all things in the heavens above and the earth beneath (you all heard me read that on Sunday, and I needn't repeat it), and take to the raft whatever happens. But there's one thing I have to say, as a plain man, and that is—if any coward here dares even to whisper the word 'cannibalism,' I'll shoot him dead with this gun I hold in my hand, and mean to hold day and night. We are Christian men, mind; and no misery shall make wild beasts of us, while I am a live captain—so mind that."

The exploration destroyed the men's last hope. The mile's painful march only served to prove that wide tracts of sea, full of shaking ice, lay between the pack and the shore.

"I see something ahead like a man's body," said the purser, who had volunteered to climb an eminence and report if any vessel could be discerned. "It is partly covered with snow, and it lies on the edge of a deep hole in the ice."

The party instantly made for it. Harrison, being light of foot, was the first to reach it, and to shout:

"Oh, captain! captain! come here; it's Phillips, the carpenter, that went away with the mate."

And so it was. They all recognized the hard bad face. An empty bottle lay by the body.

"I see it all," said the captain. "He got drunk, he lagged behind, and they lost him in the fog. Some vessel has taken them off."

"I wish it had been the mate," said the purser.

As he spoke, a huge black head emerged for a moment from the water, and all the men fell back, and cried it was the devil come for the carpenter.

"Nonsense, you flock of geese," said the captain; "it was only a black seal! I only wish he'd show again, and we'd have a shot at him; he'd keep us for two days. Now then, push on, for we must get on the raft and into the open sea before dark, and the Lord guide and help us."

Slowly and silently the melancholy band, with only two sound-hearted men left among them, the captain and the purser, ascended the last snow hill leading to the shore, where the raft and the tents had been left six hours before. The sun, a globe of crimson fire, was setting behind banks of grey and ominous mist. Two of the men were now frost-bitten in the cheeks and lay down to be rubbed with snow by their companions.

The captain strode forward alone to the top of the hill to reconnoitre. He was seen by them all striding forward till he reached the summit, but slowly now, for that giant of a man was faint with hunger and fatigue. The men sat down waiting for him to return, and rubbing themselves with snow. He returned slower than he had ascended, feeble and silent. He did not look his companions straight in the face, but wrung his hands, pulled his sou-wester over his eyes, and sat down by the tired men. Then he rose gravely, with his old impregnable courage, and said:

"Men, I bring you bad news; but bear it like Christians. It's all sent for a good purpose. Our raft has been carried off by a flow of drift ice. We have only a few hours to live. I'm a plain man, and mean what I say. Let us die with a good heart, and without repining. It is not our own fault as to this."

Two of the men uttered yells of despair, and threw themselves on their knees; the rest seemed to actually grow smaller, and shrink together in their hopeless despair. The purser rocked to and fro, holding his head between his hands. The quartermaster shook with the cold, and turned purple with fear. The boy burst into an agony of tears.

"Come, men, let us light a fire," said Captain Ritson. "We are not women. Let us collect any remaining wood, and, having prayed together, and committed ourselves into His hands (the captain took off his hat and looked upwards), let us sleep, and in that sleep, if it is His will, death will take us."

But nothing could rouse them now. The purser, and the purser only, had strength enough left to collect the few pieces of driftwood outside the tents. It was like digging one's own grave, as the night began to fall, and shut out the white cliffs and desolate tracts of ice.

"Light it, Pennant," said the captain, "while we kneel round and commit ourselves to Him who never leaves the helm, though he may seem to sometimes when the stern hides Him."

The fire crackled and spluttered; then it rose in a thin wavering flame.

"Before this is burnt out, messmates, we shall have started on another voyage, and pray God we get safely to port. Now, then, load all the muskets, and fire them at the third signal I give. If there is any vessel within two miles off the pack, they may perhaps hear us. One, two, three."

The discharge of the fire guns broke the ghastly stillness with a crashing explosion, which seemed to rebound and spread from cliff to cliff till it faded far away in the northern solitudes, whose death only reigned in eternal silence, and amid eternal snow.

"There goes our last hope," said the captain;

"but I am thankful I can still say, His will be done; and I trust my children to His mercy."

"My wife don't need much praying for," said the quartermaster. "She'll fight her way, I bet."

Just then the purser, who had been staring at the horizon, trying to pierce the gloom to the right, leaped on his feet, shouted, screamed, cried, embraced the captain, and danced and flung up his hat.

Every one turned round and looked where he was looking. There they saw a light sparkle, and then a red light blaze up, and then a rocket mount in a long tail of fire till it discharged a nosegay of coloured stars. It was a ship answering their light. Then came the booming sound of a ship's gun. It was a vessel lying off the pack, and they were saved.

An hour's walk (they were all strong enough now) brought the captain and his men to the vessel's side. The ship was only three miles off along the shore, but the fog had hidden it from them when they returned to lay down and die.

As honest rough hands pressed theirs and helped them up the vessel's side, and honest brown faces smiled welcome, and food was held out, and thirty sailors at once broke into a cheer that scared the wolves on the opposite shore, Captain Ritson said:

"Thank God, friends, for this kindness. I'm a plain man, and I mean what I say: but my heart's too full now to tell you all I feel. Purser, I did lose hope just now, when I saw the raft carried away."

One autumn afternoon, four months later, three men entered Mr. Blizzard's office and inquired for that gentleman.

"He is engaged just now," said a new clerk (the rest had left), and pointing to an inner glass door that stood ajar. "Engaged with Captain Cardew, of the Morning Star; he sails to-morrow for Belize. Take seats."

The muffled-up sailor-looking men took seats near the half-open door, through which came low words of talk.

"Ritson was too reckless," said a disagreeable voice, "and quite lost his head in danger."

"No doubt," said another voice. "Take another glass of sherry, captain. Do you like a dry wine?"

"The purser, too, was not very honest, I fear, and very careless about the stores. By-the-by, did I ever tell you about that drunken quartermaster, Thompson, losing that ship of yours, the Red Star, off the Malabar coast. He had just returned from Quebec, so Pennant told me, who sailed with him. He had been sitting at Quebec, and, when the vessel was ready to start, he said he wouldn't go. They found him obstinate drunk. Will you believe it, he remained drunk the whole voyage till they came and told him he was near Glasgow. Then he leaped up, shaved himself, put on his best coat and a white tie, and went on shore to see our agents, old Falconer and Johnson, fresh as paint. Ha! ha!"

The other voice laughed too. It was Mr. Blizzard, from his throne of large capital; he was probably about to replace a ledger, and consult the almanack, as he had done that afternoon four months before.

"You must make a better voyage with the Morning Star than Captain Ritson did with his unfortunate vessel," said Mr. Blizzard. "Don't be afraid of the sherry."

But Cardew never drank that glass of sherry, for the door just then bursting open, dashed the glass to pieces in his hand, and Captain Ritson seized him by the throat.

"I'm a plain man, Mr. Blizzard, sir," he said "and I mean what I say; but if ever there was a malicious, thieving, lying, false, shark-hearted scoundrel, it is this man who sunk the Shooting Star, and left me and the purser, and six more of us, to die off Labrador on the ice-pack. Purser! bring in that policeman, and we'll have justice done."

At the next assizes, Cardew was sentenced to nine years' transportation for frauds on the house of David and Blizzard, and for conspiring to sink the Shooting Star, and part of her crew, off the coast of Labrador. A Liverpool paper, a few months ago, mentioned that a bushranger of the same name had been shot in an encounter with

the mounted police. As the name is not a common one, the bushranger and the mate were probably the same persons.

The firm tried the quartermaster with another vessel, and he acquitted himself well; and as for Ritson, he is now the most respected captain in their service.

HORSESHOES.

THE horseshoe, or at least what we call a horseshoe, appears to have been a thing utterly unknown to the wise men of antiquity. Some antiquaries—we beg pardon, archaeologists—we know, contend to the contrary, but the balance of evidence is decidedly against them. Had horseshoes been in use his time, we should hardly have Xenophon recommending stable-yards to be strewn with round stones, that the horses might strengthen their feet and harden their hoofs while taking their exercise; nor would Mithridates have been compelled to dispense with using cavalry at the siege of Cyzicus because the hoofs of the horses were worn out, as those of Alexander's army are said to have been, by incessant travelling. Moreover, as Greek writers make no mention of the horseshoe, so Greek artists have failed to represent it; and since they were in the habit of giving bronze bits and bridles to their marble steeds, the sculptors would surely have used the same material on their hoofs, if the horses of their time had worn shoes.

Roman writers on agricultural and veterinarian matters insist upon the necessity of choosing horses with hard hoofs, and advise owners of horses to see that their stables are floored with hard oak timber, in order to harden the hoofs of the animals; but not a word do they say about shoeing them. Suetonius indeed tells us that Nero's mules were shod with silver; and Pliny says Poppea had golden shoes for her mules, so that we must admit that shoes of some sort were worn by those animals; but they seem to have been only used occasionally, and made so as to slip on and off with ease, being generally of leather, fastened on with bands, and resembling those still to be seen in the streets of Jeddo.

The earliest horseshoe known, resembling our modern ones, was discovered in the tomb of Childeric, who died in 481; but similar shoes have been found in German and Vandal graves of probably greater antiquity. Iron horseshoes are mentioned in documents of the ninth century, but even then they could not have been in general use, as the French historian Daniel says his countrymen only shod their horses in frosty weather and on particular occasions. In truth, there seems no getting to any satisfactory conclusion respecting our subject. Meyrick asserts, as positively as though it were an incontrovertible fact, that the Conqueror introduced the art of shoeing horses into England; but if he be right, how are we to account for the presence of horseshoes among relics of an undoubtedly older date? In Lothbury, and again in Fenchurch Street, London, small horseshoes were found with fragments of Roman pottery; and a couple resembling them in shape and size were dug up in Wiltshire, and these not only had nail-holes like our modern horseshoes, but some of the nails remaining in them bent in such a manner as to shew that they had been clenched after passing through the hoof of the horse. In the same county, the halves of two iron horseshoes were discovered in a British barrow. In Norfolk, an iron horseshoe turned up among a lot of Roman urns and spear-heads; this, too, had nail-holes, but was of a somewhat peculiar form, being round and broad in front, and narrowing very much backward, with its extreme ends brought close together; and at Battleflats, where Harold met and defeated the Norwegian invaders, numbers of horseshoes have been found from time to time; these are chiefly remarkable for their smallness; but as the breed of horses then used in England were nothing like the modern race in size, it is just as likely that the diminutive shoes belonged to Harold's cavalry as to that of his foe.

Whether William was the introducer of horse-shoeing or not, he at any rate honoured the practitioners of the art. The family of De Ferrers owed

its name and fortune to the Conqueror's Master of the Farriers, and the first earls bore six horseshoes on their shield in memory of the fact; the horseshoes' sable have disappeared from their place of honour on the shield of the Ferrers family, but one of their supporters yet bears the ancient symbol on his shoulder. From the same monarch, one Simon de Liry received the town of Northampton and the hundred of Falkley, on condition that he supplied shoes for the royal stud. Henry de Averying held the manor of Morton in Essex by the tenure of finding one man, one horse, four horseshoes, a sack of barley, and an iron buckle for the use of the king whenever he went with his army into Wales; and Gamelore held broad lands in Nottinghamshire on condition that he shod the four feet of the king's palfrey as often as his majesty visited his manor of Mansfield—the king finding all the materials. If the tenure-holder shod the palfrey properly, he could claim as a fee a palfrey with four marks of silver, or, if he preferred it, the royal palfrey itself became his on payment of five marks; but if, in performing the operation, he happened to lame, or even prick the horse, he was fined five marks for his clumsiness.

The old friendly wish, "May the horseshoe never be pulled from thy threshold!" was the offspring of a superstition as common as it was unaccountable. When Butler's conjurers undertook to

Chase evil spirits away by dint
Of sickle, horseshoe, hollow flint,

he only offered to do for his patrons what thousands did for themselves. Misson was puzzled by the number of horseshoes he saw fixed at the entrance of English houses, and when he asked the motive of such an extraordinary style of decoration, received divers answers to his queries. But the majority of his informants agreed that the shoes were intended to keep the witches from entering their domiciles, and working their evil charms to the confusion of their households. When the banker Coultis and his actress-wife went to live at Holly Lodge, they were silly enough to mar the beauty of their marble steps by having a couple of old horseshoes fastened to the topmost one of the flight.

If Hecate and her sister-hags still ride on the midnight air, there is one spot in England where their foul charms, however firm and good, will prove of no avail. The little capital of the little county of Rutland, thanks to its wealth of horseshoes, may set the entire race of weird-women at defiance. These strange trophies are collected in one of the oldest mansions in the kingdom, for Oakham Hall was built by Walkelin de Ferrers, son of the first earl of that name, who received his patent of nobility from the worthy king who has had the cost of his nether garment immortalised in song. Evelyn writes in 1654: "I took a journey into the northern parts. Riding through Oakham, a pretty town in Rutlandshire, famous for the tenure of the barons, who held it by the taking off a shoe from every nobleman's horse that passed with his lord through the street, unless redeemed with a certain piece of money. In token of this are several gilded shoes nailed on the castle gate." Gough says the bailiff of the town had power to take a shoe off the horse of any man of noble birth who declined to pay the tribute-money; the amount to be paid being left to the equestrian's generosity, while his liberality regulated the size of the horseshoe inscribed with his name and title, which was set up to commemorate the event. How this curious custom originated, is a mystery, for we can find no evidence of any such tenure as that spoken of by Evelyn; we can only guess it sprang out of a still older custom levying toll upon travellers, a practice in which the authorities of Oakham seem to have indulged till they got themselves in trouble thereby.

Thirty-three years ago, Queen Victoria acknowledged the right of Oakham, as her uncles the Prince regent and the Duke of York had done before her, an example followed soon afterwards by the Iron Duke. The law itself has sanctioned this unique species of taxation, Lords Denman, Campbell, and Wensleydale having followed the precedent of the famous Lord Mansfield.

APRIL WOOD-VOICES.

I HAVE been walking in the April woods,
To listen to the voices of the brooks,
And search for violets, and the pale young buds
Of the anemone, whose starry looks
Are glassed, and pictured in each forest stream,
Fair as a star, and lovely as a dream.

And I have heard the whispers of the trees,
And the low laughter of the wandering wind,
Mixed with the hum of golden-belted bees,
And far away, dim echoes, undefined,—
That yet had power to thrill my listening ear,
Like footsteps of the spring that is so near.

Still through the dusky walks—the forest aisles—
The sunshine and the shadow following slid,
Chasing each other with a thousand wiles,
Their linked hands the bars of light undid,
And troops of airy figures, seen and gone,
Twinkled a moment there,—and were withdrawn.

The audible voices of inanimate things,
I heard the secrets of the haunted wood:
The oak shook visibly through his hundred rings,—
The elm bent softly near him where he stood,—
Thrilling through every dainty plume apart,
Till I could almost hear the beating of his heart.

Glimpses of beauty never yet beheld,—
Blossoms that round, and golden into stars,—
Globes of rare wine, in at the lattice held,
Roses that climb, and redden through the bars,
Vague hints of summer, crowned though far away,
Are in the April voices I have heard to-day.

KATH S. MOIL.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 76.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Now, Jean de Neale, my friend," said Phillip Augustus, laughing, "where hast thou hidden the good Bishop of Orvieto, lateral legate of our Holy Father?"

"Morbieu! it really appears as though the king knows everything," said Messire Jean.

It is not to be supposed that the humiliated grand vassals were vexed to see the legate confounded in his turn. But it is easier to confound a Duke of Burgogne than an Apostolic legate, specially when that legate has been listening at the door. As Jean de Neale rose to seek the bishop in his hiding place, that functionary burst suddenly through the door, with a smile upon his lips.

"Since the king knows all," said he, bowing with respect, "it is not necessary that I should now inform his majesty that our Holy Father, wishing to preserve, at any price, the greatest king in Christendom within the communion of the church, has deigned to convoke a new council to re-examine the affair of the two Queens, and that, too, at the special request of his well-beloved son, Phillip, King of France.

"It was doubtless in the event of Phillip, King of France, refusing to submit to the decrees of this new council, that sire Bishop of Orvieto was instructed to secure, in writing, the concurrence of the grand vassals."

"The king knows all!" replied the Bishop, with a gracious reverence, "it is impossible to hide anything from him. It was, in short, for that."

Phillip Augustus frowned; and for a moment, one would have thought that his anger was about to deprive him of all his advantages. Fortunately for him, at that moment, Amaury Montruel, in his turn, came forth from his hiding place. Phillip was this time really surprised.

"Thee here!" exclaimed he.

"I was with sire Bishop," replied Montruel, "and I can affirm to my dreaded lord, that sire Bishop is the passionate admirer of the merits of Madame Agnes."

Gratien Florent trembled—a new interest had arisen and a new mystery.

"Has sire Bishop spoken to you of Agnes?" enquired the king, naively, for the shrewdest politicians become children when the object of their love is in question.

"Sire Bishop has spoken to me of Madame Agnes," replied the imperturbable Montruel, "he told me that the Holy Father was in nowise ignorant of the greatness of her soul and of her many virtues."

"Indeed!"

"But"—would have interposed the legate—"And I promised him, to relate to you his words, in order that you might regard him with a still more favourable eye."

The legate bowed—not daring to deny; but he thought to himself—"In what coin does this Madame Agnes pay this Amaury Montruel?"

It was break of day when the gates of the Hotel de Nesle opened to let out that numerous and brilliant cavalcade,—composed of King Phillip Augustus, his grand vassals, and Gratien Florent, Bishop of Orvieto, legate of the Holy See. Behind marched the sergeants-at-arms, commanded by Jacques Belin, who had by this time enjoyed a good souper-déjeuner. Everybody was satisfied, or at least appeared so—the most touching harmony reigned among that most noble escort, and the reconciliation seemed wide and complete. The king entered the Louvre, and each nobleman turned towards his own house. Cadoc sought some low haunt to get up a dance, in honour of his two hundred thousand crowns.

Amaury Montruel, the friend of the king, betook himself to a little street, situated behind the tower of St. Jacques-la-Boucherie—in which might be seen a simple archway, old and badly built; the door which formed the angle of the street opened under a turret overhanging the wall. On clearing the threshold, the visitor found himself in a broad vestibule, leading to a large hall, furnished with a certain magnificence. The friend of the king had the reputation of a man of exceedingly relaxed morals, and this residence of his in the quartier des Arcis—was said to be used by him for the purpose of hiding his orgies. Others maintained that this house, which had an entrance in an alley, without a name, and which communicated in another part with rue St. Jacques and rue des Ecrivains, was the place where the friend of the king assembled all the spies which he kept in Paris. For the friend of the king also passed as the chief of a sort of police,—sufficiently well organized to enable King Phillip to say with a certain degree of truth—"The king knows all."

These two versions were equally well founded: it was quite true, that in this mysterious place Amaury Montruel kept a vigilant police. A police was an institution little known at that period, and in which enlightened people placed no faith—and which the vulgar feared, as they fear every phantom. To remove every suspicion regarding its functions from the minds of the grand vassals of the king, Amaury Montruel had only to raise his shoulders and smile, though he took care, very adroitly, to wheedle out of them their own projects. But whatever stories may have reached them about the nature of the function of the police, they could not for shamesake show themselves as credulous about it as foolish girls and street vagabonds.

Thus we have seen the "Friend of the King" quietly installed in the Hotel de Nesle in the midst of conspirators. We must, however, add that if any of the grand vassals more clear-sighted than the others had thoroughly sifted the facts and made themselves once acquainted with the man, they might have, perhaps, discovered, under his mask of scepticism and indifference, sufficient good in him to have doubly re-assured them. They would, besides, have discovered that Amaury was under the influence of one single passion, which, by its violence, contrasted singularly with the assumed coldness of his character. Montruel was in love, hopelessly in love, and the woman that he loved belonged to the king.

There was in the hall of Montruel's dwelling, and where, as we have shown, he had just entered, a clerk, wearing the costume of the clerks in parliament, and half reclining upon

woollen cushions. He was still young, but pale and wrinkled like an old woman.

"Master Samson," said Montruel, has anybody called during my absence?"

"Yes," replied Master Samson, raising himself up and yawning, "Seigneur Herbert came in by the rue des Ecrivains; he said that a message had come from Normandy, to the effect that John Sans Terre had landed there last week. Scholar Tristan came in by the rue St. Jacques, and said that for one hundred golden crowns he could set fire to the four quarters of the city. I think, my lord, that Scholar Tristan will make a marvellously pretty rogue."

Montruel's only reply was a slight gesture of contempt.

"Well, well!" growled Samson, "I know, indeed, that in the matter of rogues we ought to be particular. Master Honoré, the freemason, also came in by the little gate. The noisy crew are to meet again to-night at the Cross of Trahoir. They have been chanting and placing garlands on the walls, and have been welcoming a new acolyte who calls himself—stay—who calls himself—I ought to take the names down in writing, for my memory fails me."

"Thou drinkest too much," said Montruel.

"My lord," replied Samson, impudently, "I drink nothing but what you leave in the bottom of your bottles. But the name does not matter. But at that ceremony assisted two other vagabonds of the trowel and hammer—countrymen of Madame Ingeburge certainly—Eric or Cedric, the Dane, and little Adam."

"Is that all?" demanded Montruel.

"No; but there is still another name which fails me," replied the officious clerk—"the name of some pagan miscreant; he arrived last night by the Porte-au-Peintres. He was mounted like a lord; but instead of a lance he bore a stone-cutter's hammer, and a trowel instead of a dagger."

The "Friend of the King" smiled.

"Hammer, trowel," growlingly repeated the clerk. "We see nothing else, now-a-days, in Paris. All the money in the kingdom is being turned into mortar and cut-stone. I am certain that there are at this moment ten thousand masons in the city."

"Come, come," interrupted Montruel, with an air of satisfaction, "I see that my men have not slept this night; but tell me, Samson, about that new adept of freemasonry, whose name thou hast forgotten; did he not call himself Jean Cador?"

"Pardieu!" exclaimed the clerk, clapping his hands, "Jean Cador! that's the name."

"And the Infidel who entered by the Porte-au-Peintres," continued Montruel, "did he not call himself Mahmoud el Reis?"

"'Twas nothing else but that," said Samson, with admiration. "It appears, too, that you have not been asleep, my lord!"

Montruel cast off his cloak and threw himself into a large easy chair.

"I never sleep," said he; then, in a brief and imperious tone, he added, "Go! quick! and bid them bring me some Greek wine, and send some one for Fontanelle."

"Is that thy will?" replied Samson. "Fontanelle must be sleeping; for they have been drinking and dancing at her house all night."

"Let them give her the rod," said Amaury, "and Fontanelle will come."

The clerk went out, leaving Montruel alone, with his head resting on his hands.

He remained for some minutes, plunged into a profound meditation; then rising all at once and shaking back his long hair, he paced up and down the chamber with great strides. His physiognomy underwent a great change—he was pale and haggard.

"What do I want?" he murmured, clenching his fists with anger, "I know not, or where to go. The work upon which I am engaged might lead an ambitious man very far. The gibbet has no terrors for me; nor does the throne cause me any envy, and yet I go on, on—laboring as though my designs were as grand as those of the Emperor Charles, or of the King Hugh Capet. Designs! I swear that I have none. I would have served Phillip, who has the heart of a king, bravely

and faithfully; for that would have been a task within my strength,—but that woman has come between us, and that woman I must possess. I seem incapable of comprehending more than that. Beyond that thought everything appears to me puerile and contemptible."

He stopped and again pressed his head between his trembling hands.

"Fool that I am," he exclaimed, "it is the thought itself which is puerile and contemptible! I know it well and feel it; but what is to be done? There have been fools before me and there will be fools again after me; and after all, what difference is there between the foolish and the wise?"

A noise was now heard at the door through which the clerk had left. Amaury suddenly composed his features, and resumed the cool manner which was habitual to him.

The door opened and a beautiful woman of twenty-five, and whose dress set all sumptuary laws at defiance, appeared upon the threshold.

"Enter Fontanelle," said Amaury.

Fontanelle obeyed, holding in her hands a flagon of Greek wine and two silver gilt cups.

"My lord," said she, in a voice somewhat hoarse, and which corresponded badly with the exquisite regularity of her features, "I wished to serve you myself as is my duty."

"Thou hast done well; approach, and pour out the wine."

Fontanelle filled one of the cups, leaving the other empty.

"Canst thou give me no reason for that?" demanded Montruel.

"No, my lord," replied Fontanelle, smiling humbly, "unless it be that I am past twenty-four years, and am aged. I have therefore brought you Agnes."

Montruel closed his eyes and his lips trembled. "Agnes!" he murmured in a changed voice; "oh! fool that I am, miserable fool!"

Fontanelle looked at him and smiled. "She is there," resumed she, "in the neighbouring chamber, and is waiting thee."

"I do not desire to see her!" exclaimed Montruel.

"Chut!" said Fontanelle; "if the poor child should hear thee, my lord."

Amaury raised his eyes and looked at Fontanelle with an air of suspicion and fear.

"Dost thou think that she loves me?" said he.

"Do I think it? I know it. She adores you!"

Montruel said again, but in a lower voice, "I do not wish to see her!"

Fontanelle suppressed a smile.

"Woman," said Amaury brusquely, "let us speak of business. I have work for thee; it is necessary that thou shouldst draw into thy house two men that I am about to indicate to thee."

"I will draw a thousand there," to please my lord.

"Silence! The first is a freemason, of the name of Jean Cador."

Fontanelle bowed her head with an air of once modest and triumphant.

"The second," continued Montruel, "is an Italian, who came to Paris to cut stone after the Saracen style; his name is Mahmoud el Reis."

Fontanelle put more pride into her smile.

"Thou understandest me?" said Montruel.

"I can reply to my lord," said Fontanelle, "that his orders have been anticipated. I have already received into my house, Jean Cador, the freemason, and Mahmoud el Reis, the image-cutter of the East."

Amaury drew near, curious and attentive.

"But," continued the old woman of past twenty-four, "My lord speaks of two men—while I have received but one!"

"What sayest thou?" demanded quickly the friend of the king.

"I say, my lord, that Jean Cador and Mahmoud el Reis are one and the same person."

Montruel could not restrain an exclamation of astonishment.

"And how knowest thou that?"

"Master Honoré, the freemason, brought to my house this night,"—replied Fontanelle,— "a companion that he called Jean Cador. The

Englishman, Herbert, came an hour before daylight—to pass away the time, he said—for he had been knocking at the gate of your retreat in vain. When Herbert saw that Jean Cador, he went straight up to him, and though they conversed in a low voice, in a distant corner of the chamber, I heard Herbert call him several times by the name which you have mentioned."

"Mahmoud el Reis?"

"Mahmoud el Reis."

"Strange!" thought Montruel. "There are, then, some things which I do not know! Perhaps Herbert wishes to deceive me! And what has this man been doing in thy house?" resumed he, addressing Fontanelle.

"Master Honoré offered him wine, but he refused it, and drank two fingers deep of pure water; and then extended himself upon the carpet—wrapt in a cloak, softer than linen—and turned his face towards the east."

"Suppose I should bid thee get his secret from him—how wouldst thou do it?"

"My lord," replied Fontanelle, "that man has not yet seen Agnes."

Amaury trembled and turned away his eyes. "I forbid thee to let him see Agnes," murmured he, "and I command thee to obtain his secret from him."

Fontanelle bowed respectfully.

"I will try, my lord," replied she. Then she added, glancing at the door of the neighboring chamber,—

"My lord forgets that she is waiting?"

"Withdraw, and let her enter," said Montruel, with weariness.

Fontanelle rose, but instead of obeying immediately, she remained standing before Montruel.

"I have a humble request to prefer, my respected lord," said she.

"Art thou in want of money," said Amaury.

"No!" replied the daughter of folly—seeming to have recovered a vague souvenir of her lost dignity—"I am richer than many noble ladies. What I desire is, that your valets may be ordered to spare me needless outrage."

"Ah!" said Montruel, yawning, "have they insulted thee, my poor Fontanelle?"

"Your servant, Samson, threatened me with rods."

"Has he insulted Agnes?" asked Montruel, slightly frowning.

"No! my lord; he has only insulted me."

The look of Amaury was distracted, and lost in space.

Fontanelle waited a moment for his reply, and a silent tear rolled down her cheek, but was quickly dried up, for her cheek was burning. Had Amaury noticed the look of Fontanelle at that moment, it would have caused him some fear—he who never feared anything.

"May God keep you! my lord," she murmured, trying to speak in a gentle and resigned voice. She withdrew.

Immediately after a young girl entered the apartment, light as a sylphide, and ran towards Amaury.

She was tall and slender, but of beautiful proportions, with black hair, more brilliant than the jay, and with restless eyes, like these of the daughters of the Zingari. She approached Amaury, who tried to repel her, but the young girl fastened her arms round the resisting chevalier, murmuring in his ear at the same time the fondest words. Amaury completely conquered, drew the forehead of Agnes to his lips. And now the coquette, certain in her turn of influence over him, resisted his caresses as he had resisted hers. She threw herself back, smiling and mutinous.

"What ails thee?" demanded Montruel, reproachfully.

Agnes who had slipped out of his embrace looked at him with a joyous, bantering air, saying, in a voice that her pertness could not entirely deprive of sweetness, "Art thou going to make me rich to-day, my lord?"

Amaury frowned.

"Oh," thou dost well to vex thyself!" resumed Agnes, "I desire to have my fortune made at once. Thou art rich—thou sayest thou lovest me; I shall certainly, then, not have to wait long!"

She saw that the chevalier was bewitched by her smile.

"Bye and bye," said he; "but remember! thou hast confessed also that thou lovest me."

"That may be wealth enough for thee, my lord; but as to me, I desire to be rich!"

"Then it is not for myself that thou lovest me?" said Montruel, with an air of melancholy, which appeared strange at such a moment and before such a woman.

Agnes gave way to a burst of uncontrollable laughter. "I love thee a little for thyself," said she, "that is much for me to say; but is it not the way of the world?"

And as Amaury continued to gaze upon her with sadness, she frowned in her turn, and suddenly changed her tone.

"My lord," said she, raising her eyes boldly upon him, "darest thou pledge thy faith as a chevalier that it is for myself that thou lovest me?"

The eyelids of Amaury drooped, and the smile of the beautiful Agnes became more bitterly mocking.

"No! thou darest not," resumed she, "and thou art right, for it would be a useless perjury! Is it for my sake that thou hast changed my name from Joanne to Agnes? Is for my sake that thou hast given Fontanelle orders to furnish me with golden gauze, ermine mantles, girdle, decked with precious stones—everything, in short, that a queen might be proud to wear. Is all that for my sake?"

Amaury seemed dumb with fear.

"The wife of Phillip Augustus—Agnes de Meranie, resembles me," continued the young girl pitilessly; "Is it on my account that thou followest her everywhere and always with those ardent eyes?"

"Be silent!" murmured Montruel, with fear; but there was scorn in the glance that Agnes the pretty threw at him.

"I am more beautiful than the wife of Phillip Augustus," exclaimed she, "and younger too; and yet it is not for my sake that thou lovest me!" And then Agnes reined up and began to play carelessly with the gold fringe of her girdle.

Amaury passed the back of his hand over his face which was streaming with perspiration. "It's true!" muttered he, with a sort of impotent rage, "all that she says is true. I am mad, and my madness, it appears, is no longer a secret; young girl," said he, rising suddenly, "thou shalt have the gold, not because I love thee, but because I hate thee!"

"What difference does it make," said Agnes, "whether the gold comes from hatred or from love?"

Amaury bid her be silent, with a peremptory gesture. "Thou shalt be rich," continued he, "rich at once—but not an imprudent word, not an indiscreet look—"

"My lord!" resumed Agnes, resolutely, "not only shall thou pay me, but thou shalt respect me. I am stronger than thee, and I will not take thy threats!"

Amaury trembled with rage; he fell for his dagger, and Agnes was, at one bound, at the other end of the chamber.

"Yes! yes!" said she, smiling with disdain, and seizing the latch of the door, "thou hast yet that advantage over me; so long as I am here, thy dagger! but thou hast failed in nimbleness, my lord, and I shall profit by the occasion. *Adieu*, and remember thy promise!"

Before Amaury could leave his seat, she had disappeared; her hard and mocking laughter might be heard in the adjoining chamber—a second door slammed noisily—and the scene was over.

When Amaury Montruel turned, he saw Samson—that clerk, who so much resembled an old woman, standing in the middle of the apartment.

Montruel could not exhibit more paleness than he had already done, but he trembled as though he had been suddenly struck by an unseen hand.

"Thou there?" muttered he, "then thou hast heard all?"

"Why! my lord thou hast drunk but one glass of Greek wine—the beautiful Agnes was then not thirsty this morning?"

Amaury had time to recover himself. "I gave thee leave of absence," said he, "what brings thee here?"

"As to having heard anything," resumed the clerk, avoiding a direct reply, "that was the last of my thoughts; but your days of generosity, my lord, are far before those days in which you examine matters too closely."

Montruel threw him his purse.

"He has heard everything!" thought he.

"Oh," said Samson, "I asked you for nothing, unless perhaps for thanks; for I came to tell you something which, in my opinion, ought to please you. Two people, who arrived here yesterday evening, have come to Paris to assassinate the king!"

Amaury darted upon him a look, which struck him with astonishment. There was in that look the sudden fright of a man who finds his most inmost thought laid bare in spite of himself.

"Oh! oh!" said master Samson to himself, "it must have been by the aid of the Evil One that I have seen so much as that."

"And thou believest, miserable," exclaimed Montruel, who had, though all too late, recovered a little presence of mind, "and thou believest that the arrival of such people as that can give me pleasure?"

"God forbid!" replied master Samson, frankly. "I know too well the loyal devotion of my lord. You did not allow me to finish; I reckoned that my news would rejoice Messire Amaury, because I thought that Queen Ingeburge might possibly be an accomplice in their design."

"Ingeburge is not queen," interrupted Amaury. "There is no other queen than Madame Agnes, the legitimate wife of our very dreaded lord, Phillip King of France."

Samson bowed, as a sign of respectful acquiescence. "How could Ingeburge be an accomplice?" demanded Montruel.

"Because," replied the clerk, "those who have come to assassinate the king are both from Denmark; and Thomas, the lodging-keeper, who has discovered them, says that they are foster-brothers of Madame Ingeburge."

"How dost thou call them?"

"I have already told you their names," replied the clerk, "they are Eric, the freemason, and his little brother, Adam."

END OF PART I.

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET, AND HOW I GOT MARRIED.

Continued from page 78.

Mr. Masterman was inclined to resist. (The idea of his resisting John Stykes!) On this occasion his friend Deams did not stand by him. On the contrary, after some hot words, Deams told him he had been very well paid for his services, and, indeed, more than paid, that he very well knew it, and he need not attempt to humbug him—the virtuous Deams!

Masterman left the premises in a huff, and immediately resigned his office as treasurer. It was filled by Elias Ashley.

Mr. Pope, on his part, was delighted. Neither he nor Coldbrook relished their new position, or the honors attending it. They had got well out of the furniture question, and had made a little ready money. They had no wish to prolong their connection with Masterman, so that eminent and highly respectable "banking house" went into liquidation. It owed nothing (Masterman had tried in vain to run in debt on its reputation) and it consequently had to pay nothing.

Messrs. Pope and Coldbrook returned to their respective employments, content in the future to labour there, only Mr. Pope called daily at the office of the "Hope and Anchor" (he was under a small salary) to sign his name as secretary to whatever was necessary. This was to propitiate Mr. Dempsey, for so long as he was content, his friends in the board naturally would remain so.

At length "Hope and Anchor" became active. It was noticed regularly in the money articles of the daily papers, and occasionally would appear

an additional line in recommendation of the "Mutual plan."

But nothing like a "puff" was anywhere permitted. All was dignified and decorous, and very much above board.

At length the *Independent* took the company up, and its triumph was complete. It was a very cold winter, and through the whole of it the request of any well-known citizen for delivery of small quantities of coal to any poor person at cost was promptly complied with. I do not think, however, there were many subscriptions for shares received at the office. People were referred to Eppis, Ippis, and Oppis (the largest stock brokers in the street, as everybody knows) who now had charge entirely of the company's operations.

It was curious to witness the fluctuations in this famous stock, and how it went up and how it went down and how it went up again. There were rumors of a corner, and everybody stood from under. The gate was opened again and everybody rushed in. Indeed "Hope and Anchor" was in every one's mouth. It was the talk of the clubs and the main topic of conversation in the saloons. Never was there such a favourite stock with the brokers.

Meantime, Mr. Stykes made regular formal reports of his operations to the company. Now the twelve thousand dollars had been paid to him. That was well. Next came the construction account. No money must be spared to put the property in good working condition, and at once. All agreed to that. At least a hundred thousand dollars were expended, and well expended in developing the mines.

Meanwhile, mark you, the mortgage for sixty thousand dollars, stood against the property and improvements, and that mortgage was owned by John Stykes.

Affairs went on very prosperously through the winter and spring. As summer approached and the dull season began, there suddenly came a contraction in the money market. Along with this were painful rumors about the "Hope and Anchor." Some said the company had a large mortgage debt, which was now pressing against it; others, that it had foolishly indulged in speculation in its own stock; others hinted at an over issue, while others still declared they never had had any confidence in it whatever!

Down went the shares. Down went Jones, and Robinson, and Smith, and Thompson, and Brown, and Green, who had each embarked his little shallop on the apparently smooth sea of the "Hope and Anchor."

"Why don't some one call a meeting of the creditors," said Jones, "and show up the rascally swindle?"

Alas, there were no creditors. John Stykes was too shrewd an operator for that.

"But the stockholders? Why not call an indignation meeting of the stockholders?" said Robinson in a despairing tone.

Everybody in the street smiled when Robinson said this, and asked him how many shares he had (He had just fifty at five dollars!) In fact there was not so very much stock afloat after all. Stykes had quietly purchased in the most of it when it fell to fifty cents a share. So that the "street" only laughed and called it cleverly done, and then turned their attention to the next new "fancy."

The mortgage against the company was duly "foreclosed," and John Stykes became the owner of the fine property, now ready, really ready for working. He had paid for the whole out of his manipulations of the shares, and cleared a large sum besides.

The company closed its doors. None of the four influential directors had lost anything, and their characters for honesty were too firmly established for them to suffer in reputation.

In due time a solid company was established to mine these very coal-lands. Stykes holds a majority of the stock. It is actually worth today (shares one hundred dollars), one hundred and twenty—on "freezing out" the original parties, this is the satisfactory result.

After all it was nothing but a Wall Street encounter of wits. The public did not suffer — much. And the succeeding winter many a

poor wretch tried in vain to find the office of that Charitable Company who gave them coal at cost!

They bless the name of the "HOPE AND ANCHOR" to this day!

CHAPTER XVIII

It is terrible thing for a man who is active, energetic and fresh, to be landed high and dry upon a sand-bank. The proximity to the water, where he sees vessels under full sail, only aggravates his condition.

How to get off? That is the question.

That was my question for a long time after retiring from the enterprise I had so rashly undertaken, but from which I had certainly got well away.

Once more unshackled, with the additional advantage that I was in no immediate pecuniary want, I took a cool, calculating view of the business life with which I was surrounded, and in which the quickest, keenest intellects of the world encounter each other.

"A man who owes nothing, and has three cents over, can pass for a millionaire if he likes."

This apothegm of Deams I now took full advantage of: not for the purpose of obtaining anything from the public under false pretences, unless it might be the public's favourable opinion. I felt myself entitled to that under any circumstances.

So I continued my residence at the Grand Avenue Hotel, and paid my bills with the qu air of a solid man. I went regularly to my office, from whence I regarded with attention the course of affairs. The money market, stock list, fluctuation in gold, Exchange, provisions, dry-goods, were all watched with the closest scrutiny. In short, I put myself to school. I sought acquaintance with the "best" men, and asked for opinions and judgments with the tone of a person who has his own views, and who can therefore afford to inquire into theirs. In short, I kept my own counsel.

It was not long before I heard myself spoken of as a "young man of great sagacity." "Very careful operator," another remarked. "Silent and shrewd," quoth a third. Men of influence in the "street" bowed to me with a certain degree of consideration, and propositions were made from time to time which, if I had had the means to accept, would have been extremely desirable. These, of course, I found a way for declining without betraying the secret of my situation.

Other schemes purely speculative, I dismissed very summarily, giving those who presented them to understand that I "never touched anything of the sort." It was in vain the poor fellows sought to modify my judgment. I was inexorable! At times it made my heart ache to see some one who would put me in mind of myself. On two or three occasions I remember to have advised young men who appeared to be still fresh and unbackneyed, to quit the city, and the invariable response was, "we have not the means to do it."

I should say something here of the very satisfactory conduct of Deams. That extraordinary individual still continued to haunt the purfious of the stock board, maintaining his old character and habits. Although he never approached me with any more "enterprises," he was always not only cordial but I was about to say affectionate in his manner. Wherever he went he spoke of me as an "extraordinary man," "One of the most successful men in the street," and the like. Mr. Worth was new in the habit of stopping me occasionally to ask some financial question which he supposed my own affairs made me familiar with, but which only the most careful study of and attention to business matters made it easy for me to reply to. Even John Stykes did not omit to nod as we encountered each other! At church the leading members of the congregation began to notice me. By degrees I was introduced to the young ladies. Matters were moving on most charmingly.

Only I was all this time high and dry on the sand bank I spoke of at the commencement of the chapter.

I knew it, if no one else did. I knew it, and at times smiled grimly when I thought of my

position—smiled grimly at the attention I received from “sound business-men”—grimly when I perceived young ladies seeking an introduction. But never so smiled when Mary Worth was near. My manner toward her was always the same. It was always, as at the first, entirely natural, though perhaps formal, showing a sincere respect and regard. I did not seek a more intimate acquaintance with her, because things appeared so bright with me. I had no objection to availing myself of the attentions which were generally bestowed on me. The politeness of our church-going people was as fully understood and appreciated as their neglect had been, and I felt quite at liberty to take advantage of it.

To Mary Worth I could present no false token. She must have thought it singular, understanding, as I am sure she did, why I had not pressed my acquaintance and having every right to suppose that reason at an end. I could not help it. I must not betray my secret, so I kept on the even tenor of my way. Occasionally I detected her looking at me with a half-curious, half-troubled expression which I did not quite understand. Her influence over me increased all the while, until I felt a strong mysterious conviction that her destiny was to be blended with mine. A strange state of things truly—yet there it was! “She is mine—she cannot escape me—mine forever,” I would exclaim, as if inspired by some divinity!

At length the summer heats began to drive the inhabitants to the various places of resort frequented at this season by the world of leisure and of fashion.

I resolved to go with the rest. I will visit Sharon and Saratoga and Newport, each for a few days. It will be in character with my new position.

“I suppose you leave town soon,” I said one Sunday to Miss Worth as we were going out of church.

“We go to-morrow,” she replied, “to remain to the end of October.”

“I hope you will have an agreeable time.”

“Thank you. I presume you will desert the city soon yourself.”

“I may be absent three or four weeks, not longer.”

“Business makes slaves of you gentlemen.”

“Yes.”

“You do not inquire where we are going,” continued Miss Worth, pleasantly.

“I should be happy to know, however,” I replied.

“We are not going to Long Branch,” she said hurriedly. “Do you know, ever since that fearful afternoon I have not been able to look at the sea except with a sense of terror. The awful *undertow* that seized me like a wild beast, and—”

She stopped short as if unwilling to trust herself with the subject.

After a pause she continued in her natural tone: “We are going to take a long tour—as far as St. Paul in Minnesota. Papa’s health requires such a trip, and we are all delighted that we are to travel instead of spending our time at a watering-place.”

We had advanced quite to the street. Unconsciously I was listening entirely enraptured, not with what Miss Worth was saying, but with her. For the first time I found myself giving way..... My gaze rested on Mary Worth with a look of undisguised love and admiration.

I extended my hand. “It will be a long time before we meet here again—a pleasant excursion—good-by!”

It was well over—The next moment I was walking rapidly toward my hotel.

“The end of October,” I muttered. “Before that time I shall be settled at what will tell here, or have quitted New York altogether— which?”

CHAPTER XIX.

My reputation for wealth, business capacity and extraordinary financial ability increased in spite of myself—and while I was really doing nothing at all! This very consideration made

me the more fixed in my resolution to leave the city, and go where I might commence in a small way, if I could not engage in something which should prove a decisive if not a brilliant success.

Although gold had now reached one hundred and twenty-five, the various departments of merchandise were still to an extent uninfluenced. In the tremendous stagnation of the previous year prices had sunk to about one-half their usual standard, from which they were slowly recovering. I had conversed a great deal with my friend Holman on the subject. His “line” had been “dry-goods,” and he would frequently remark: “Now is just the time to commence again, if I had the capital.” His wife often urged him to go once more into business, offering her own little fortune to aid him in doing so, but he persistently refused to accept it. Day after day we would talk over matters, and always with the same opinion expressed by him—to wit, a certainty of a great rise in prices and in gold.

At length I departed for Sharon. It was very agreeable, for I found many acquaintances there, but I was nervous and ill at ease all the time. It seemed as if my destiny would soon take its ultimate earthly shape, and that I ought to be back in town.

I staid but four days at Sharon, and left for Saratoga, a good deal to the regret, as I was vain enough to imagine, of the very pretty, and fascinating Miss Edgerton, one of my late New York acquaintances, whose father was rich to repletion, and she the only child. Yes, reader, on my honour, I think I might have proposed to Emily Edgerton, and been accepted. But had no Mary Worth existed I could not have “offered” myself under a “false pretence.” Besides, I never could have married a rich girl while I myself was poor.

At Saratoga I mixed promiscuously with the great Babel, but could find no enjoyment there, none whatever. On the third day after my arrival (it was Saturday) Mr. Stokes came up from New York to spend Sunday. We had always been on very pleasant terms from the time I called at his house to endeavour to enlist him in the coal company.

Mr. Stokes seemed much surprised when I told him I had been more than a week away from New York.

“You must have left your matters snug,” he said. “The fact is, although one of us is always on the spot, I hardly dare be absent over night. We shall have extraordinary changes, don’t you think so?”

“Yes.”

“There will be a new element in speculation, which will take in every description of merchandise. This will make an active money market. You agree with me?”

“I do.”

“By the way,” continued Mr. Stokes, as we were sipping our sherry after dinner, “by the way, I never saw your name figuring in connection with ‘Hope and Anchor.’ You know you called on me about it. I meant to have asked you how it happened.”

“I sold out, warned by the expression of your opinion,” I said, “I had great confidence in your judgment.”

“And I have had great confidence in *you* from the time I discovered your name withdrawn from the list of ‘trustees,’” exclaimed Mr. Stokes, with genial frankness.

I will not detail the long conversation between Mr. Stokes and myself that same evening, and which lasted into the night, and which at length partook quite of the confidential. The result of it was that after we had become, as it would seem, really well acquainted with each other (those few hours were worth more to me than years of ordinary business intercourse), Mr. Stokes said, very delicately, that if I were inclined to undertake any operations requiring more money than I had at command he would make any reasonable advance that I might require.

I felt that he meant this, and I replied with candor that I would be glad to avail myself of his offer.

“Don’t misunderstand me,” he replied, “I shall seek no share of your profits. The safety and repute of our house are in this, that we do not mix

up in other matters. We have plenty of money, and I am willing to go out of the way and take your judgment as to what you undertake, since you once showed so much for mine. As to compensation, our commission and interest-account will cover that.”

Monday morning—it was a close, murky August day,—I returned to New York, giving Newport the go-by for that season at least.

CHAPTER XX.

“Seward is buying up everything he can lay his hands on. I *knew* it. His head man is an old and very intimate friend of mine.”

Such were the words of my friend Holman, uttered as a part of a long conversation on the very night I returned from Saratoga.

“And yet Edward won’t venture,” said his wife, who had been a quiet listener to our confab. “Edward won’t venture a penny, although I have begged him to take five thousand of my 7-30’s and try something.”

“It is true, Brant, I will not do it. I must not, I dare not do it,” said Holman, firmly.

“Wait a little and we will, whether you will or not,” I said. “For the present it is, perhaps, well to say ‘no.’ For the future we will not commit ourselves.”

“Now that is sensible,” said Mr. Holman. “After this I shall consult with you, Mr. Brant.”

“Agreed; and now I must say good-night.”

I went home and slept little. I thought much. The next day; I shall never forget it, for it was one of the most sultry and disagreeable of the whole summer; I took a solitary walk through the east part of the town, or rather through that portion of it where the smaller dry-goods men congregate.

Occasionally I would stop in to a small store and make some trifling purchase.

“Business is very dull,” that was the general observation.

One man whom I encountered appeared so much discouraged by the “signs of the times,” as he called it, that he said he would sell out at twenty-five per cent. below what his goods cost him, and would produce the original invoices as a guarantee. I told him I was about going into business, and after obtaining a further deduction for remnants and pieces that were cut, I drew up a short agreement which we both signed, and left, promising to send some one to take an account of stock that very day.

Returning toward the Bowery I saw at the door of a pretty large store, the red flag of the auctioneer. I went into the place and beheld, placarded around, in large letters, “Assignee’s Sale.” I recognized the young man who was to act as auctioneer, as a fellow boarder in the house I lived at before going to the Grand Avenue Hotel.

He greeted me very cordially.

“The goods will go for nothing,” he said, in reply to some observation of mine. Not a buyer here worth a row of pins. I wonder Lennox is not here. I sent him a hand-bill.”

“Who is Lennox?”

“Between us, he is purchasing for Seward. I have it confidential.”

“When does the sale commence?”

“Time is up now. The fact is I was looking out for Lennox when you entered.”

“Well, on this occasion I will take Lennox’s place. I want to buy this stock of goods myself.”

“All right, glad to hear it. Terms cash, you know.”

“The cash is ready.”

On this occasion, reader, I purchased the entire stock in the store, and, as I have said, it was quite an establishment. The amount of my bid run up to eleven thousand three hundred and twenty-one dollars and eleven cents!

I had in bank about seventeen hundred dollars. But in addition a fine magnetic phrenzy possessed me.

I *knew* I was on the right track. I was confident of aid from Mr. Stokes, and I was determined to compel my friend Holman to strike now, for his own sake.

Before two o'clock I was at the private room of the great broker.

"I want ten thousand dollars to-day and may want ten thousand more to-morrow," I said, with a steady nerve. "I will bring invoices to secure you fully."

"Draw Mr. Brant a check for ten thousand!" How easy it was done. How charming the way, if you can but once enter!

"Do not stop to make explanations. It is all right," said Mr. Stokes, handing me the check. "Just leave a memorandum with our cashier, and bring in what you have, any time before half-past four."

I went next to Holman. I told him what I had done and what I proposed to do. I shall go ahead whether you join me or not. But for the sake of your wife and children, you *must* join me. Sell out everything. Give me twenty thousand dollars, and you shall have a hundred and twenty for it, in less than a twelvemonth. Think! I will call this evening and get your answer.

I paid for both purchases. That at the assignee's sale proved an extraordinary one. I obtained goods at less than one half the original cost.

That night I spent with Holman. I talked, and argued with, and *compelled* him to go with me. His wife was on my side from the first. Before we retired we had settled on terms of copartnership. He was to take the whole charge of the "dry-goods," of which business he was a thorough master. The finances I was to manage, and all things pertaining thereto.

This concluded, I went on with the energy of a man who feels the ground firm under his feet. Stokes was good to me for an advance of twenty thousand dollars! Holman, through his wife, had another twenty thousand. I paid out these entire sums in less than one week! It was quite time, The indefatigable Lennox—servant of the all-powerful [in "dry-goods"] Seward—had *felt* somebody operating against him in the cheap quarters.

Napoleon-like, he sought an interview with me, and asked me to say frankly how far I wished to go in my purchases.

"About forty-five thousand dollars," I said.

"Good, make your bargains. I shall neither compete nor interfere with you. That is really all you want?"

"Yes."

Lennox even gave me some valuable hints which I acted on. After that, the field was left clear to him.

Reader, have you any idea of the price of calicoes? of shirtings, sheetings, muslins, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera? I am inclined to think you have. Therefore you will not be surprised when I tell you that out of our purchases Holman and I cleared over forty-five thousand dollars each, that very winter!

CHAPTER XXI.

About the last of October, Mary Worth *did* return. How I waited for the event. How, Sabbath after Sabbath I looked toward her pew with the hope that the excursion might have been for some reason shortened! At last she was there.

It was the first Sunday in November. New York was in the midst of its glorious autumnal season. Rich colours were everywhere seen in the foliage and in the superb dresses of superb young women.

At last she was there. I knew it because my heart fluttered violently. Turning my head I saw the Worth family entering. I knew I should see them!

After she was quite settled in her seat, Mary Worth looked, with a timid air, in the direction of my own pew. Our eyes met—met as lovers' eyes meet. In that delicious moment all things were bright and clear, and perfectly understood. We did not look toward each other again, but each listened to the service with extraordinary attention!

It is true I had not yet realized, but I was confident I was on the road to fortune. Indeed, I

did not hesitate to call on Mr. Worth and say to him that I felt that I was now in a position when I might ask his assent to my visiting his family, quite irrespective of any friendly claim on the score of accidental service.

Mr. Worth's reception of me was not merely cordial, it was *appreciative*. I could scarcely realize where I was and what was being said. I seemed to live and move in some newly-created world.

Was is possible? Am I to visit Mary Worth with a full sense of a well-sustained self-respect? It was so, indeed! In the future no drawbacks!

I *did* visit her. We were much together. She no longer shuddered when she spoke of Long Branch. Only, if we were walking together (and we did walk together those fine moonlight autumnal evenings), I could distinguish an almost insensible drawing nearer to me, and a not quite imperceptible pressure of the arm which was within mine, as she alluded to her rescuer therefrom.

Wall Street men will not be apt to forget the insane idea which took possession of the government in the spring of 1864 to meddle with the gold market. Up to that time gold had scarcely risen above 150. There were true-hearted, loyal men in Wall Street, who did all they could to keep down the price of gold from principle. They had to contend, it is true, with the Southern monetary influence represented by certain foreign money-changers, and also against the Copperheads generally. But they did contend with them, and effectually.

Of this class was Mr. Stokes, and other names honourable, and to be ever honoured. When, however, it was partly definitely settled that congress *would* undertake to interfere, sagacious men knew at once what the result would be, and acted.

In conjunction with Holman, who now was quite willing to follow my advice, I bought all the gold I could possibly command, with the use of every dollar we both had as a margin, and followed gold up from 157 in February to 285 in July. It was a steady, triumphant, tremendous pull! The moment prices began to fall off, we stopped; but not till we had cleared nearly two hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece!

In the fall Holman and I had arranged our copartnership for a banking-business. The firm was to be BRANT & HOLMAN, my friend declaring my name should appear first.

Fortified by letters from the President of the Bank of Mutual Safety (I no longer declined his aid) and from some of the best men of the city, I visited London and Paris, where I arranged my correspondents, agencies, &c., &c., on the most advantageous terms. I need say nothing further of my success. The name and standing of the firm of BRANT & HOLMAN is perfectly familiar to you.

Early in the winter Mary Worth and I were married.

I am a very happy man. She has proved herself indeed an angel of light to me, saving me, as I feel conscious, from a miserable fate. For, as I have confessed to you, reader, there was a period when I was fast lapsing in the descending scale, and nothing but my romantic admiration of her prevented my sliding to the bottom.

You have my story. Extract what moral you may from it. I can only say it is a true history.

"A word with you, before you go," about Wall Street.

Few people out of it really know anything about it. They talk of it and profess to think of it as a den of thieves.

Yet, where does a poor begging cripple receive so much alms as in Wall Street? Where does your needy woman, soliciting aid for a sick husband and young children, go with assurance of help so soon as to Wall Street? Where is a tale of distress so rapidly heard and so speedily responded to as in Wall Street? Where do people seek for ample subscriptions to every benevolent scheme, under the heavens? In Wall Street.

But, reader, if you propose to enter the "street"

as a combatant, and mix in its great hurly-burly as an equal, all I have to advise is, make yourself up "hard;" keep yourself constantly under martial law; and, to quote a single word from a favorite opera—*Tremato!*

P. S.—I had nearly forgotten to say that I have taken Deams into my employ as an out-door man. He looks after the course of exchange, keeps the run of the foreign markets, and is very useful every way. He has removed his lodgings to Fifty-sixth street, near Madison avenue, where he indulges very innocently his love for a good dinner and a quiet evening. Deams has eschewed all former associates and associations. He appears to feel that it rests with him to keep up the whole dignity of our "house." It is amusing to see with what contempt he speaks of the "speculation class," and how he avoids any intercourse with people who are not solid!

THE END.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

LAW has again and again tried its hand at suppressing luxury and self-indulgence; with what avail, it is needless to ask. The old lady mopping away at the Atlantic, achieved as lasting results as her prototypes, who, with intentions equally laudable, wielded their legal brooms against the ocean of extravagance. These old instruments of social reform are, however, curious enough to repay examination. Here is an ancient weapon forged—for the special behoof of lovers of eating and drinking—when the Plantagenets were monarchs of England. It is an act of parliament passed in 1336, and has at least the merit of being brief and to the purpose. Thus it runs:

"Whereas, heretofore through the excessive and over-many sorts of costly meats which the people of this Realm have used more than elsewhere, many mischiefs have happened to the people of this Realm; for the great men by these excesses have been sore grieved, and the lesser people, who only endeavour to imitate the great ones in such sorts of meats, are much impoverished, whereby they are not able to aid themselves, nor their liege lord, in time of need, as they ought; and many other evils have happened, as well to their souls as to their bodies; our Lord the King, desiring the common profit as well of the great men as of the common people of his Realm, and considering the evils, grievances, and mischiefs aforesaid, by the common assent of the prelates, earls, barons, and other nobles of his said Realm, and of the commons of the said Realm, hath ordained and established that no man of what state or condition soever he be, shall cause himself to be served, in his house or elsewhere, at dinner-meal or supper, or at any other time, with more than two courses, and each mess of two sorts of victuals at the utmost, be it of flesh or fish, with the common sorts of pottages, without sauce or any other sort of victuals. And if any man choose to have sauce for his mess, he may provided it be not made at great cost; and if flesh or fish be to be mixed therein, it shall be of two sorts only at the utmost, either flesh or fish, and shall stand instead of a mess, except only on the principal feasts of the year, on which days every man may be served with three courses at the utmost after the manner aforesaid."

The law first took to regulating the clothing of the people in 1363, when parliament prescribed what apparel might and might not be worn by knights, esquires, clerks, merchants, burghesses, servants, handicraftsmen, yeomen, and ploughmen. The intention seems to have been to render a man's rank palpable at a glance, for the act descends to the minutest details of costume, and we suspect was unendurable by reason of its perfectness; at any rate, it had but a short life, for it was repealed by an act passed twelve months afterwards, ordaining that "all people should be as free as they were before." For just a hundred years, Englishmen and Englishwomen were allowed to dress themselves as their fancy and the fashion prompted; but in 1463, the ruling powers discovered that they indulged in excessive array, to the great displeasure of God, the impoverishing

of England, the enriching of strange realms, and the total destruction of husbandry. To obviate the evil consequences of this terrible state of affairs, it was decreed that no man under the state of a lord should wear sable, cloth of gold, or purple cloth. Knights were forbidden to array themselves in "cloth of velvet upon velvet." Ermine, velvet, satin, and its imitation were not to be used by any person under the rank of knight. Those whose income was below forty pounds a year, were debarred from wearing myniver or marten furs, foreign silks or girdles garnished with gold or silver. Fustian, scarlet cloth, and all furs save white and black lamb, were forbidden articles to persons possessing less than forty shillings per annum; while no husbandman or artificer was permitted to use any cloth of higher value than two shillings a yard. Short garments were held to be indecent when worn by any but noblemen; so gowns, cloaks, and jackets were ordered to be made of a certain length, under pain of forfeiture; and none but lords were permitted to wear boots or shoes having peaks above two inches long. To make assurance doubly sure, any tailor or shoemaker supplying the means of infringing the law, was liable to punishment as well as the actual offender. Certain legal and official dignitaries and the officers of the royal household were exempt from the operation of this act, and a special clause also declared that it was not to apply to henchmen, heralds, pursuivants, sword-bearers, messengers, minstrels, and "players in their interludes." Henry VII. further infringed on the liberty of the subject by issuing an ordinance fixing the quantity of material to be used in the making of masculine gowns. Dukes, marquises, and archbishops were allowed to use sixteen yards of cloth or other stuff in their gowns; earls had to be content with a couple of yards less; viscounts were limited to twelve yards; barons to eight; and knights to six; while five yards was considered quite enough to make a garment for any one of less degree. Surely the proverb anent cutting one's coat according to one's cloth must have originated with this curious bit of paternal legislation.

'I will tell you,' says Camden, 'how Sir Philip Calthrop purged John Drakes, the shoemaker of Norwich, in the time of Henry VIII., of the proud humour which our people have to be of the gentleman's cut. This knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the tailor's to be made. John Drakes, coming to the said tailor's, and seeing the knight's gown-cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the tailor to buy him as much of the same cloth, and bade him make it of the same fashion that the knight would have his made of. Not long after, the knight, coming to the tailor's to take measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked whose it was. Quoth the tailor: "It is John Drakes' the shoemaker, who will have it made to the self-same fashion that yours is made of." "Well," said the knight, "in good time be it; I will have mine made as full of cuts as thy shears can make it." "It shall be done," said the tailor. Whereupon he made haste to finish both the garments. Now John Drakes, busy with his customers, had no time to go to the tailor's till Christmas-day, when he had hoped to wear his gown. When he perceived the same to be full of cuts, he began swearing at the tailor. "I have done nothing," quoth the tailor "but that you bid me; for as Sir Philip Calthrop's garment is, even so have I made yours." "By my latchet," quoth John Drakes, "I will never wear gentleman's fashion again!"

The church, hardly molested by earlier enactments, was brought within reach of the law by the act passed in 1532, which forbade the inferior degrees of the clergy from wearing costly furs, or any article of foreign manufacture. A few years afterwards, Cranmer touched them in a tenderer spot, by issuing an ordinance for the better regulation of clerical tables. This unwelcome mandate allowed an archbishop's table to be served with half-a-dozen different dishes of flesh or fish, but limited bishops to five, deans and archdeacons to four, and the lesser clergy to two dishes only, 'provided also that the archbishop may have second dishes four, the bishops three, and all

others under the degree of a bishop but two; as custard, tart, fritter, cheese or apples, pears, or two of other kinds of fruits.' When one of the lesser clergy entertained a superior, he was allowed to provide a dinner in accordance with the rank of his guest; and if he was fortunate enough to be able to invite an ambassador to his table, he might be as prodigal as he chose. To guard against cunning evasions of the ordinance, it was provided that cranes, turkeys, swans, pike, haddock, and tench, should be served one in a dish; and capons, pheasants, conies and wood-cocks two in a dish. Three black-birds were thought sufficient for a dish; but bishops might have four, and archbishops six; while a dozen larks or snipes were allowed to all, whatever their degree. The money expected to be saved by this dinertable economy was ordered to be spent in providing plain food for the poor. Leland supplements his quotation of Cranmer's ordinance with the significant 'Memorandum—That this order was kept for two or three months, till by the disusing of certain wilful persons, it came to the old excess.'

One of the first acts passed after Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain was a sumptuary law, 'not extending to any person of or above the degree of a knight's son or daughter,' by which persons possessed of less than twenty pounds a year were forbidden to wear any silk in their hats, bonnets, girdles, night-caps, hose, shoes, scabbards, or spur-leathers, under pain of three months' imprisonment, and a fine of ten pounds for every day the interdicted material was worn; and as if this was not enough, it was enacted that any one keeping a servant in his service who had broken the law, should pay a fine of one hundred pounds. This short and severe act concluded with the curious proviso, "that women may wear in their caps, hats, girdles, and hoods, as they or any of them might lawfully wear before the making of this act." It was destined to be the last of its well-meaning but useless tribe—the last sumptuary law to be enrolled among the statutes of England. Not that Elizabeth, much as she delighted in a costly and overflowing wardrobe of her own, was one whit less anxious to restrain the extravagance of her subjects than her sister and father before her; but she was satisfied with the laws they had made, and contented herself with trying to persuade or frighten the people into obeying them.

Her majesty commenced her crusade, soon after her accession, by issuing a Royal Proclamation, gently reminding all whom it concerned of the existence of certain Acts of Apparel, and advising her loving subjects to dress themselves accordingly. This proving of no avail, it was followed by another, which, after declaring that the chief offenders were the meaner sort of people, who were least able to maintain such excesses, appointed officers to arrest all persons coming to court in illegal attire; directed corporation of London to choose four substantial and well-meaning men in each city ward, to see that the statutes were obeyed; and strictly enjoined the authorities of the Inns of Court, and the mayors, bailiffs, and justices throughout the realm, to seek out and punish all who did not conform to the law. This proclamation also regulated the length of swords, rapiers, and daggers, and forbade any hosier or tailor (under pain of being forbidden to carry on his occupation) using more than a yard and three-quarters of any stuff in the making of a pair of hose. Three yards afterwards, this quantity was still further reduced, and the wearing of hose with upper-stocks of velvet, satin, or material of equal value, forbidden to any one below the degree of a baron's eldest son. That no one might plead ignorance of the law, a tabular summary of the Acts of Apparel was appended to the proclamation, by which any one could see at a glance what he might or might not wear.

Spite of the queen's efforts, matters did not mend; and in 1575, a fresh proclamation was published, setting forth the evils caused by the daily increasing excess, 'particularly the wasting and undoing of a great number of young gentlemen, otherwise serviceable; and others seeking by show of apparel to be esteemed as gentlemen, who, allured by the vain show of those things, do

not only consume themselves, their goods and lands, which their parents have left unto them, but also run into such debts and shifts, as they cannot live out of danger of laws, without attempting of unlawful acts, whereby they are not in any way serviceable to their country, as otherwise they might be.' Her majesty then proceeds to remind her obstinate people that the law has provided severe punishment for such as refuse to obey it; but entreats her loving subjects to reform themselves, and not put her to the pain of punishing them. Justices of the peace are directed to keep their eyes open, to arrest all who treat the queen's orders with contempt, and to make a return twice a year of the results of their official activity.

Mr. Fairholt tell us that the sumptuary laws were all repealed at the beginning of James I.'s reign, but the Scotch Solomon was not so much wiser than his predecessors as he would have us infer. He was mightily indignant at the excess and strange fashions indulged in by the 'prentices of London, and the inordinate pride of servant-maids; and sent precepts to the wardens of the various city guilds, enjoining them to harangue their members upon this heinous offence. The result was that the Common Council considered the subject, and issued a code of regulations concerning the material, fashion, and quality of every article of dress worn by the offending classes. 'Prentices were to wear no hat costing more than five shillings, and their hat-bands were to be made of cheap linen, without any ornament save a plain hem. The collar of the 'prentice's doublet was to be innocent of point, whalebone, or plait, fashioned close and comely, and, like his breeches, made either of cloth, kersey, fustian, sackcloth, canvas, or any English stuff not exceeding half-a-crown a yard in value. His stockings were to be of kersey or woollen yarn; and he was especially warned against wearing "Spanish shoes with polonied heels," and having his hair in tufts or locks. The serving-maids were forbidden to indulge in lawn, cambric, tiffany, velvet, lawns and white wares on their heads; and their ruffs were not to exceed four yards in length before the gathering of it in, or to be of greater depth than three inches. The farthingale was prohibited altogether, as was "any body or sleeves of wire, whalebone, or other stiffening, saving canvas and buckram only."

If the Common-councilmen were successful in their attempt to control the subjects of their court, they were luckier than James himself. Their majesties had been left nearly alone in their glory at Whitehall, during the performance of a masque by the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, by reason of the passage into the room being blocked up by some ladies, whose farthingales prevented them either advancing or retiring. James thereupon issued a proclamation declaring that no lady or gentleman should be admitted to any future entertainment at Whitehall who wore "this impertinent garment." As a matter of course, the ladies replied by increasing the size of the obnoxious farthingale, and the proscribed article of apparel held its own as long as James lived. After this, kings and parliaments left dress alone, the only interference with it since being George IV.'s decree, banishing the hoop-petticoat from court, and thereby supplying us with a solitary instance of successful sumptuary legislation.

FOOLISH letters do get occasionally into the columns of well-edited journals, and an odd instance of this has just occurred in *Notes and Queries*. Mr. Skeet, the editor of *Sir Lancelot*, had stated there that *rime* was the old spelling for *rhyme*. On this a Mr. GEO. V. IRVING—his name is worthy of capitals—writes to say that, by referring to Brockett and Jamieson, it will be found that *rime* expresses something "quite inconsistent with the idea of poetic lines." A reference to the two dictionaries shows that they contain no word *rime*, but do contain *rim*. With what meaning does the reader think? "*Rim*, *Belly-rim*, the membrane inclosing the intestines (the peritoneum); '*Mind, dianna burst your belly-rim*,' a caution among the vulgar in Northumberland." Brockett.

POISONS.

MAN is the most wonderful of animals. Among other strange things which he can do, he can eat poisons with a certain degree of impunity.

A certain quantity of opium kills. Four or five grains are almost certain death to a person not in the habit of using it; but any one can learn to eat twenty and thirty grains at a dose.

So coffee, tea, and tobacco are poisons. It requires some hardihood to get accustomed to the latter. A drop or two of the essential oil of either of these narcotics, or a very concentrated decoction, will kill; yet how many millions of men use all three every day of their lives.

And arsenic is very decidedly a poison, yet there is at least one country in the world where it is habitually eaten. A young man of seventeen, say, begins by taking three grains at a dose, which is gradually increased until he gets up to twenty-three grains.

For all this, it is our opinion that the more simple our food, and the less poison we take of any kind or in any form, the better. Probably no man, at the end of his life, was ever sorry he had taken little opium, or brandy, or tobacco, though some may have been sorry for taking too much.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLE.

One-third of ten and divide fifty-five by one-fourth of nine, to which add three-fifths of seven and show under what circumstances the result can make a score. HATTIE.

ENIGMA.

I'm wonderful marvellous, all that's uncommon.— Sometimes I'm a man, and sometimes a woman; When whole, I am always a subject for wonder, So now please to guess at my parts when asunder. In the fens (1) I'm an insect, in the barns a small (2) beast, To birds I'm a home, (3) and I'm none of the least (4). I catch fishes, (5) make (6) leather, hear all that (7) is said, And many a pair come to me (8) to be wed. Though with science (9) oft coupled, I'm grim and (10) look wild, And yet you will own I am far from (11) a child. My passions you see by what falls from (12) my eyes. And my wrath (13) is two-fold tho' I'm known (14) to be wise. In revenge (15) I'm a goddess, in the forest (16) a deer. To one point (17) of the compass, I'm sure I can steer. In the North I'm a (18) bridge many travellers see, And nuns in the (19) convent are guarded by me. On board ship you (20) may smell me, and see me all round. And then in your wake (21) I'm sure to be found. On the lace of your (22) stays I'm one end or both I'm the emblem (23) of industry and symptom (24) of sloth. What the enemy sowed (25) when the husbandman slept. What at dinner (26) you do, and where (27) fire is kept. You ride (28) on me, ride in (29) me, ride at (30) me, may more You sometimes (31) ride through me, I'm just half a score (32). I'm in dress (33) like a quaker, and always (34) at hand, Beneath you (35) when sitting, but not when (36) you stand. Each morning (37) you take me, each quarter (38) you pay. To poor sailors at midnight (39) I oft show the way, I'm dispatched, I'm disovered, (41) a gift of crown (42) land. I'm what boys (43) do by heart, and men do (44) by hand. The sun is just like me when (45) he makes you a bow, And I'm sure 'twill be strange if you can't guess ere now.

NOTE.—The above is a word of eight letters, from which forty-five other words may be formed. We have not the answer to the whole of these forty-five words, and shall be glad if our readers, who feel an in-

terest in this department, will forward what solutions they may discover.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Complete I am a bird, behead me I am what young ladies like to have, behead again and I am a preposition signifying across. 2. Complete I am a preposition signifying relating to, behead me and I am a revel, behead again and I am an adverb, twice behead again and I am a favorite beverage.

CHARADES.

- 1. I am a word of 14 letters— My 2, 3, 14, 5, is a small insect. My 9, 12, 11, 4, 13, is expressive of fidelity. My 8, 14, 1, 3, 5, applies to one eminent for piety. My 4, 9, 13, 10, 5, is to distribute. My 2, 7, 8, 5, 10, expresses relief. My 8, 7, 6, 5, denotes a petition. My whole is the Christian and surname of the founder of a religious body. 2. If it be true, as Welshmen say, Honor depends on pedigree. Then stand by all and clear the way— Avaunt! ye haughty sons of power! And you, ye race of old Glendower! And let me have full sway. For tho' you trace through ages dark Your pedigree from Noah's ark, All down on parchment nice; I'm older still, for I was there, And I with Adam did appear, And dwelt in Paradise. For I was Adam, Adam I— And I was Eve, and Eve was I— In spite of wind and weather; But mark me, Adam was not I— Neither was Mrs. Adam I, Unless they were together. Suppose, then, Eve and Adam talking: With all my heart, but if they're walking— There ends all simile. For I have tongue and often talk; And I have legs, yet when I walk Is put an end to me. Not such an end but that I breathe: Therefore to such a kind of death I make but small objection; For soon again I come to view, And tho' a Christian, yet 'tis true I die by Resurrection.

3. My first is a foreign affirmative, my second what none of us can do without, and my whole an English seaport.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- 1. NNNIPTEEEDD, what we should all strive to be. 2. PAWNMMERASSIOO, seldom intended to be kept when given. 3. MMMHGUONAIRET, a confused mixture. HATTIE.

ARITHMOREMS.

- Towns and villages. 1. 50 era O. 2. 550 ay sin. 3. 101 not P. 4. 110 mes. 5. 150 O warn 50.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

The product of the sum and difference of two numbers is to their sum divided by their difference as nine is to one; their sum is to their difference as seven is to one. Required the two numbers.

ANSWERS TO DECAPITATIONS, &c. No. 30.

- Decapitations.—1. Feat-eat-tea. 2. Strife-rifefire. 3. Stray-tray-ray. 4. Bear-ear. 5. Knox-nox-ox. Charades.—1. Lifetime. 2. Francis. 3. Joanna. 4. Caroline. 5. Anna. Enigma.—Palm. Arithmorems.—1. Collingwood. 2. Oakville. 3. Bodmin. 4. Windsor. 5. Thamesford. 6. Bloomfield.

Arithmetical Problems.—1. A's share £250, B's £200, C's £150, D's £100. 2. Nine subscribers 6s. 9d. each; 6s. 9d. devoted to one purpose, and £2 14s. to the other.

The following answers have been received: Decapitations.—E. R. A., R. M. Barnard, E. H., Festus, H. H. V., Geo. W., Flora, Cloude. Charades.—E. H., Flora, Geo. W., H. H. V., Ellen H., Festus, Cloude, Jas. T. Enigma.—H. H. V., Flora, Geo. W. Arithmorems.—Festus, Flora, Geo. W., Argus, Ellen H.

Arithmetical Problems.—E. R. A., D. G. McD., H. K. C., H. H. V., Festus, Cloude, Argus. Received too late for insertion in our last issue: D. G. McD., R. M. Barnard and P. B.

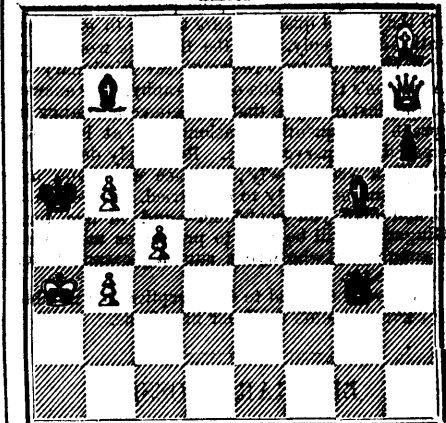
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. R. M. B. HAMILTON, C.W.—Thanks for the problems; they will be inserted shortly. TYRO, QUEBEC.—Have you forgotten your promise?

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 18.

- WHITE. 1 Q to Kt 3rd. 2 K to K 2nd (ch.) 3 P takes P Mate. BLACK. Kt takes Q or (abode.) K to B 4th. Kt to K 2nd. K to B 4th. B takes P. K to B 4th. K to B 4th. K to K 4th. Q takes B. K to B 5th. Q takes P. B to K 3rd. K to B 4th. PROBLEM No. 20. BY H. R. A. BLACK. WHITE. White to play and Mate in four moves.



Partie in the Vienna club between Herren Steinitz, and L.—. Greco gives nothing finer than this game.—Bell's Life.

KING'S GAMBIT EVASDED.

- WHITE (Herr Steinitz.) 1 P to K 4th. 2 P to K B 4th. 3 P to K Kt 3rd. 4 B P takes P. 5 Q Kt to B 3rd. 6 K Kt to B 3rd. 7 P to Q 4th. 8 K B to B 4th. 9 P to K 5th. 10 Castles. 11 Kt P takes Kt. 12 Q to Q 3rd (a). 13 Kt to Kt 5th (b). 14 P takes P en pass. 15 Kt takes B P. 16 Q takes K B. 17 Q B to Kt 2nd. 18 Kt to R 6th (dbl ch.) 19 K R takes Kt. 20 Q takes K R. 21 K to Kt 2nd. 22 K to B 2nd. 23 K to B 3rd. 24 K to K 3rd. 25 K to Q 2nd. 26 K to Q sq. 27 Kt takes Q B. 28 Q to K B 7th. 29 Kt to K R 6th. 30 K B takes P. 31 Q takes Q Kt P. BLACK (Herr L.—) P to K 4th. Q to K R 5th (ch.) Q to K 2nd. Q takes K 2nd P. K Kt to B 3rd. Q to K B 3rd. K B to Kt 5th. Castles. K Kt to K 5th. K Kt takes Kt. K B takes P. K B takes R. P to Q 4th. B P takes P. B takes Q P (ch.) Q Kt to Q 2nd. Kt to K B 3rd (c.) K to K sq. K R takes R. Q to Q B 4th (ch.) Q to B 3rd (ch.) Q to Q B 4th (ch.) Q to Q B 3rd (ch.) Q to K B 4th (ch.) Q to Kt 5th (ch.) B to Kt 5th (ch.) R to K Kt sq. P to Q 4th. Q to K B sq. Q to Q sq. And Herr Steinitz wins.

(a) Steinitz always chooses a brilliant game; no matter at what risk. We wish we had a few more players of his mark. No bush shooting in him—no King's P one snak. (b) Now observe the slashing attack Steinitz opens on his foe. (c) Would better have played Q to Q B 4th.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. M.—Received. If not accepted, will attend to your request.

E. H.—Well, we believe, we are exactly what you claim the gentleman you refer to is, and we will prove it in good time. Your suggestion shall receive due consideration. To the last paragraph of your letter we reply—not in all cases. It is too bad, is it not?

WYVANT.—We shall be glad to receive the other MSS. you refer to. Your contribution will appear in due course.

OTAC.—We either did not receive or must have overlooked your communication.

McFADDEN.—Evidently your friend had no reference to the late total eclipse.

A. S.—We shall be glad to hear from you whenever you can make it convenient to write.

L. L. B.—At present we have not been able to give our attention to your communication.

GINGARELLA.—We will reply to your queries in the order you have placed them. The best method we can suggest to strengthen the memory is to read carefully a page or two—not too much at first—of any author you may have at hand. The following day endeavour to write out the substance of what you have read, as nearly as possible, in the words of the author. Persevere in this course—it will give you the habit of reading carefully and must eventually considerably strengthen your powers of memory. To the second query we are unable to give any satisfactory reply. To the third we would suggest either Beeton's Biographical Dictionary or Appleton's Cyclopaedia of Biography. Our answer to the last query is that we believe hesitancy in speech is frequently occasioned, or, at least increased, by nervousness. Resolutely determine to speak very slowly; practice when you are alone, and not likely to be hurried. Persevere—it will give you confidence—and in due time Gingarella will be able to prattle as merrily as a young lady who writes such a pleasant letter deserves to.

We are compelled to defer replies to a number of correspondents until our next issue.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. J. O. HALLIWELL, the well-known Shakespearean commentator, is very anxious to trace the whereabouts of an imperfect copy of Shakespeare's "Love's Labour Lost," 1593, which was sold at Messrs. Sotheby's in 1826, "for the small sum of £2 6s." The late Mr. Thomas Thorpe, the learned bookseller, bought it; but all endeavours to trace it further have failed. Mr. Halliwell says:—"Now, if this imperfect copy has the first three leaves of text in fine condition, the sum of one hundred guineas will be given for it," on application to him.

A short time since, a little brochure was issued in Paris, giving a history of the popular subscription in Paris to the Lincoln Medal. From this we learn that it is intended to present the Medal to Mrs. Lincoln on the 14th of next April, the anniversary of the assassination. The brochure is entitled "La Medaille de la Liberté," and contains, besides the narrative and correspondence in relation to the medal, a biography of the late President.

THE original manuscript of Humboldt's "Cosmos" has just been presented to the Emperor Napoleon by M. Buschmann, Royal Librarian, and member of the Berlin Scientific Academy. This very valuable collection consisted of five immense volumes in quarto, containing the corrected sheets from which the first edition of the work was struck at Baron Georges de Colla's printing-office at Stutgard. The Emperor has sent the MS. to the Imperial Library, as he conceives that so valuable a gift ought not to remain in any private collection.

Mr. FREDERICK HUTCH, the well-known book-collector, who purchased at the sale of the late Mr. George Daniel's library the celebrated unique collection of seventy black-letter ballads, printed

between the years 1559 and 1597, for 750*l.*, is about to reprint them in a single volume, as his contribution to the members of the Philobiblon Society: the impression will be very limited, and only for private distribution. A more important addition to our collection of old English poetry can scarcely be imagined, whilst to the student of English philology the book will have a value beyond all price.

MONTE CASSINO, half way between Rome and Naples, for nearly fourteen centuries the very cradle and centre of religion and literature, the receptacle during the Dark Ages of what remains to us of the writings of the ancients, says "O. B.," in a letter to the *Daily News*, is one of the condemned monasteries.

THE KING of Italy has conferred the title of Baron on Mr. S. S. Kirkup, an English artist residing at Florence, but whose attention of late years has been directed to the investigation and illustration of the poems of Dante.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MR. BABINET states that the coming Summer will be marked by extreme drought. All the springs, he states, will be dried up, "for when there is no snow, there are no fountains." It is the snow alone which moistens the earth interiorly. Rain water does not penetrate sufficiently, being carried off rapidly by evaporation, except in wooded districts.

FRICTION MATCHES.—The first friction matches were introduced in 1832. In France and England alone 300,000 pounds of phosphorus are annually made into matches. Three pounds of this substance are sufficient to tip five or six millions of matches.

OIL AND COKE FROM COAL AND SLACK.—Mr. J. Nicholas, of Aspull, near Wigan, proposes to produce oil and coke from coal and slack, and from condensable vapours. The oven should be capable of being made steam-tight, and at the top are two apertures, one communicating with a condenser, and the other with the air. The oven is charged in the usual manner, and the draft-holes and all apertures are carefully closed, with the exception of the aperture leading to the condenser. The products are condensed and purified in the usual manner.

OXYGEN AND OZONE.—When oxygen is converted into ozone, by passing through it a current of electricity, a diminution of volume takes place. The greatest contraction occurs with the silent discharge, and amounts to about one thirty-fifth of the volume of gas. The passage of sparks has less effect than the silent discharge, and will even destroy a part of the contraction obtained by the latter. If the apparatus be exposed for a short time to the temperature of 250 degrees centigrade so as to destroy the ozone, it will be found that the gas on cooling has recovered exactly its original volume.

TO COLOUR STRAW BLACK.—The following is a black colour for straw hats:—The quantities of material are intended for twenty-five hats or bonnets. They are kept for two hours in a boiling decoction of four pounds of logwood, one pound of sumach, and five ounces of fustic; they are afterwards dipped into a solution of nitrate of iron of four degrees Beaume, then well rinsed with water, and when dry are painted over with a solution of gum or dextrine. The iron liquor, as well as the other ingredients, is kept by all dealers in dye-stuffs.

An invention of importance to the mercantile marine is said to have been made by a Frenchman of the name of Des Coraux, of Lyons. It consists in placing goods in waggons or cases in the hold of the ship, and by means of a simple apparatus, worked by the steam that is let off on arriving in port, hoisting them on to the deck, where they are placed in trucks on rails, and run on to the quay. By this system it is alleged that the unloading of a ship can be effected in a very short time by two men.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

AN old lady's definition of the science of astronomy. All moonshine and of no earthly use.

When is a regiment like a ship?—When under canvas.

Why are Irish prisons like fishing-boats?—Because they are receptacles for captured Finny-uns.

"One good turn deserves another," as the alderman said when he discharged the thief who voted for him.

THE WORST THING OUT.—Out of tune.

AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES ON A WET AFTERNOON.—Knitting their eyebrows.

THE TRETOTALLER'S PARADISE.—The Temperate Zone.

A French nobleman, who had been satirised by Voltaire, meeting the poet soon after, gave him a hearty drubbing. The poet immediately flew to the Duke of Orleans, told him how he had been used, and begged he would do him justice. "Sir," replied the duke, with a significant smile, "it has been done you already!"

DRAWINGS OF CORK.—Jack Bannister, praising the hospitality of the Irish, after his return from one of his trips to the sister kingdom, was asked if he had been in Cork.—No," replied the wit; "but I saw a great many drawings of it."

FASTIDIOUS.—A young man in a music-shop was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady, who wanted to purchase "Mr. Hood's—a song of the—a—gentleman's under-garment!" The young man is still alive.

TREACLE.—A sharp grocer, when a customer who was buying a gallon of treacle observed that a good deal remained in the measure after it was turned, remarked, "There was some in the measure before I drew your gallon."

A POLITE FRENCHMAN.—An empress of Germany asked a French officer if the Princess Royal of France was, as the world reported her, the most beautiful woman in Europe.—"I thought so before I met your majesty," replied the polite Frenchman.

TO CORRESPONDENTS,

THE following communications are accepted:—"Twenty-pound Note."—"Plum Pudding for Three."—"A Case of Sham-pain. By a Re-tale-er."—"Will you take some Wedding Cake?" Declined.—"Cod Liver Oil and Turpentine."—"A Night in the Rain."—"Kicks, Slaps, and Thumps."—"Good Advice."

REVENGE.—We remember of a vengeful individual, who, in the exuberance of his rage at some one who offended him, said, "I'll have revenge! I'll do something terrible! I'll give his little boy a tin horn."

ABATING A NUISANCE.—An Irishman who was brought up in the police-court, some time ago, charged with whipping his scolding wife, claimed that he was guilty of no offence, and that he was acting in strict accordance with an ordinance of the Board of Health. "Sure, your honour," said he to the judge, "I was only a-bating a nuisance."

INGENUOUS MALICE.—Two actresses, in presence of a third, were a few nights ago quarrelling in Paris—as even actresses will do at times; they got very violent, and finally approached the question of age. This was too much for the youngest, and she came out with language more forcible than flattering, more "pagan than parliamentary." Suddenly she paused in her *bravura* of bad words, and turning to the witness of their quarrel, said, "Oh, what have I done? Abused her, called her such names! I never knew who was my mother, and she might be."

It is said that when Thelwall was on his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, during the evidence for the prosecution he wrote the following note, and sent it by his counsel:—"Mr. Erskine, I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it, "If you do you'll be hanged," to which the wall immediately returned this reply: "I'll be hanged, then, if I do."