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THE SATURDAY READER.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY, "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY," written by the author of "Barbara's History" for *All the Year Round*, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

ANY person getting up a Club of five will be entitled to a free copy of the READER, during the existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten, to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's History of Canada, which is published at $3.00 by R. Worthington, Publisher and Bookseller, next door to Post Office, Montreal.

THE "DOCTOR."

IT seems to be a fundamental law of nature that a man cannot be at once a poet and a statesman. The great Richelieu attempted the experiment and failed miserably; his poetry was execrable, while he stands in the first rank of the statesmen of France. In England, the second Duke of Buckingham was still more unfortunate, for he succeeded in neither, and his efforts only served to consign him to an unenviable immortality in the trenchant satire of Dryden. Dryden himself was as bad a politician as he was a good poet. Addison could write the tragedy of Cato and the Campaign, a poem; but he could not write a despatch. The politics of Swift constitute the only intellectual blot on his genius; and Walter Scott was probably the worst politician of his day. These facts appear to have been forgotten by Dr. McKay, chief correspondent of the London Times in North America. He is a poet, and has lately become a politician. It is possible, indeed, that he may have first arrived at the modest conviction that, like Richelieu, the inferior quality of his rhymes give evidence of his being destined to be a statesman; yet as we are very slightly acquainted with his writings except his letters in the Times, we will not pretend to judge how far he would be justified in such a view of his own case. But as poets are naturally vain, we wish he had reserved his vanity for his poetry, and his modesty for his politics. Who one be as indifferent as we know the other to be, Shakespeare and Milton need not tremble on their thrones, though Tupper might, to whose class and school we believe he belongs. But, *badinage* apart, we consider the now celebrated Montreal letter of the correspondent of the Times on Canadian matters, to be alike unworthy of the great journal in which it appeared, and of the grave subject of which it treats. It is a mere trader's view of the question; and Dr. McKay ought to be aware that the consideration of material interests alone have seldom, if ever, led to a revolution, such as the annexation of this country to the United States would be. The Montreal annexationists of 1849 committed the same mistake. No case could have been better argued from their point of view; but they did not remember, or were ignorant, that the feelings and passions of the people must be appealed to, as well as their reason and interests, to compass a revolution, a transfer of allegiance, or a change of dynasty. Now, the feelings and passions—and prejudices if you will—of the people of Canada and British North America are all opposed to a Union with the United States and a disruption of the connection with England, as they were in 1849. The Doctor is evidently a philosopher; we Canadians are not philosophers, and the sentiment of loyalty, or by whatever name it may be called, has grown with our growth, and cannot easily be eradicated. Many of us were born in the British Isles, some among us have fought and bled in the cause of the empire, and to these last at least, the transfer of them, soul and body, to a foreign country, above all to a country whose enmity to England is openly avowed, seems to partake of sacrilege. To come to individual instances. Admiral Vansittart and Admiral Baldwin, two veterans of the Royal Navy, were, some years ago, residents of Upper Canada, where their families are still established. They are since dead; but would Dr. McKay have dared to approach these two old officers, and advise them to change the flag of England for that of the United States? Many others are similarly circumstanced. What, too, if shortly after annexation, a war were to occur between the United States and England? Is it to be included in the bargain of transfer that we British Canadians are to fight, not only against the native country of many of us, but to shed the blood of our own relations, our fathers and our brothers, as it may happen? In the event of a rupture between the States and France, are the French Canadians expected to combat the soldiers of the land from which they drew their origin, and to which they are yet fondly attached? These are trifles to pseudo-philosophers and pseudo-economists; but with men of ordinary capacity and habits of thought they have no small weight. Dr. McKay also announces to the British public that the people of Canada are willing to continue in connection with Great Britain, so long as it costs them nothing, but that they will not exert themselves to maintain that connection—in short that their loyalty and attachment to the mother country is a sham, and that tested by its money value, it would be found wholly wanting. This charge chiefly refers to the question of military defences. We imagine that even the Doctor will admit that, considering the state of our finances, we have, of late, not been illiberal in the matter of the militia. So we shall let that pass. As respects the fortifications which we are called upon to erect, if our learned censor knew anything of the history of Canadian defences, he would have hesitated before passing judgment against us. Perhaps he is not aware that of the millions laid out by England in this behalf, the greater part might as well have been cast into the sea, and that with the exception of the fortifications of Quebec there is little to shew for the money spent. Canals were made that are all but useless, forts were built that would not stand a day's siege, lands were purchased for military purposes at fabulous prices, and sold soon after for next to nothing. With these facts on record we are asked to expend millions upon works of which we only know that they are to be erected somehow and somewhere, under the direction of those who have already left so many monuments of their folly behind them. Can it be a subject for surprise that with the lesson of the past before us, we should be somewhat sceptical in our faith in the builders of the Grenville and Ottawa canals, and dilatory in consigning our money to the same valueless purposes. One thing is perfectly plain, namely, that we are thoroughly in earnest in seeking the continuance of the existing relations with England, while our advances are coldly received by many English public men, and by some with more than coldness. Our objects may or may not be misrepresented, but the fact cannot be disputed, as far as the great body of our people are concerned. We may hint, also, that the scheme of erecting fortifications did not originate in this country. We did not, and do not, ask England to build them for us. To decline to do a thing and to beg others to do it for you, have quite a different meaning.

Dr. McKay's statements do not certainly justify the conclusions he draws from them. If the friends of annexation be so numerous, influential and intelligent, why do they not show themselves, openly and fearlessly? Nobody will hurt them; they will not be lynched, nor stoned, nor prosecuted, although "a minority." But the whole affair is folly and worse than folly. Annexation must be the act of the people, and not of individuals, cliques or classes, be they whom they may. Are the people of Canada ripe for a change so momentous? Few will presume to assert that they are, or that they are likely to be so, for some time, at all events.

WOMAN'S LOVE—Woman's love, like the rose blossoming in the arid desert, spreads its rays over the barren plain of the human heart, and while all around it is black and desolate, it rises more strengthened from the absence of every other charm.

CANADIAN AND OTHER NATIONAL SONGS.

Did any one ever hear sung, or see published, anything at all in the shape of a Canadian ballad? We do not refer to the sweet sounding chants with which our hardy raftsmen are wont to beguile their toilsome hours, as they urge their acres of floating logs down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence to Quebec. We mean those well remembered ballads, heard by many of us in the far off past, in the islands across the Atlantic,—ballads in whose every word there was a memory that had been as a soul to them, and had kept them alive for hundreds of years. And in the winter nights, when the doors were shut, and the big fire in the chimney corner made every face radiant, how pleasant it was to sit and listen with hushed breath and throbbing heart to the words of the old melodies as, warm with the fire of passion and of poesy, they came floating from red and tuneful lips. And in whatsoever part of the world a man may be, these old songs, when he hears them, sweep, on the instant, the blood to his heart, and pour a flood of tenderness over his memory,—for they are the golden chains that, in spite of everything he has encountered, and in spite of everything he has forgotten, bind him, as with the cords of an angel to the land where the stars shone upon his nativity.

How beautifully now as we think of it, does Holy Writ express the same thing: "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, sing us one of the songs of Zion."

And the well known fact of the Swiss bursting into tears, anywhere he hears the *Ranz des Vaches* of his native mountains, bears out the same idea. It were needless to multiply other instances.

I do not wish to be understood to say that Canada can boast of no songs; on the contrary, the recent publication of Rev. Mr. Dewitt of collections from Canadian poets shows that we possess some excellent native productions. We need only mention, for instance, Mrs. Leprohon. This gifted gentlewoman has published many lyrics of great beauty,—songs that are widely known and just as widely appreciated. What Mrs. Browning did for the scenery of Italy, Mrs. Leprohon has done for Canada. Her exquisite poem on the Saguenay would be sufficient alone to send down her name to posterity.

A glance at the relative positions of Canada and the British Islands may afford us a clue to the reasons why the former possesses no ballad poetry. The age of feudalism, and what may be called the great epoch of the British, Scottish, and Irish civil wars, were the parents of nearly all our ballad poetry. True, there was feudalism in Canada, but the Seigneurs, instead of quarrelling with one another,—and these disputes furnished rich subjects for the fruitful imaginations of the Minstrels,—were compelled to unite, even up to the period of the conquest, to keep off, first the incessant attacks of the Indians, and second, to preserve themselves against the less frequent but more deadly onslaughts of the English. And, as far as respects the conflict between the two great races who struggled for the supremacy of the continent, it is a matter of congratulation that no ballads—if any were written—have been handed down. For nothing that could be devised by human means, would so perpetuate hatred, and poison the fountainhead of national prosperity.

Let us glance at the British Islands, and see what a magnificent mine of ballad wealth is possessed by each of them. We pass by the wars of the Roses and the field of Bosworth, that placed the Tudors on the throne. Then we come to the woful field of Flodden, where the king of Scotland and most of his nobles, fighting with the hereditary bravery, preferred to fall rather than to surrender or take to flight. What a magnificent use of this battle Sir Walter Scott makes in what may be called the modern ballad of Marmion, when, in Elizabeth's time, we have the civil wars in Scotland, between Mary and her subjects, and the civil wars in Ireland, where Hugh O'Neil, the gifted and gallant Prince of Ulster, raised the standard of the famous "Red Hand," and for many long years, with only a handful of men, held out against the whole forces of Elizabeth. The theme is one that has awakened the eloquence and pathos of fifty Irish bards. Next we have the wars of Roundhead and Cavalier, the doings of Claverhouse; later on the insurrection of the Duke of Monmouth, and the Bloody Assizes that followed; then the siege of Limerick, and the self-expatriation of its gallant defenders; the rebellion of the Earl of Mar in 1711, and the murderous battle of Culloden, where the last hope of the princely house of Stuart was extinguished in blood. The siege of Limerick and this battle have been bewailed by the Irish and Scottish muse with the lamentation of Rachel weeping over her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not.

In addition to all these subjects, each grand enough for an epic, there were thousands of other themes—feuds of clans, carrying away of the heirs of noble houses, and assaults of castles. It may be laid down as a general rule, that the ballad poetry of England is inferior to that of Scotland and Ireland. But then the magnificent song of *Chevy Chase*, makes up for a thousand faults. The author was Richard Sheale, and he lived in the time of Henry the Sixth. The bard leaps into this subject as a war-horse dashes upon a wall of bayonets. The ballad is composed of sixty-eight four line stanzas. The first is of six lines. We give it as a specimen, and by no means one of the best.

> The Percy, out of Northumberland,
> And a vow to God made he,
> That he would hunt in the mountains
> Of Cheviot within days three;
> In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
> And all that with him be.

The whole poem was put into Latin by the gifted Dr. Maginn, the "Morgan O'Doherty" of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and was completed in the June number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1820. We subjoin his rendering of the first verse:

> Persæus ex Northumbria,
> Vovebat, diis iratis,
> Venare inter Dies tres,
> In montibus Cheviotis,
> Contenuis forti Douglaso
> Et omnibus cognatis.

Would a modern bard begin in this bold way? We think not. First of all he would commence by telling us *why* the Percy *made* the vow, and would go on through many a weary page to analyse the feelings that actuated him, such as aversion, hereditary feud, etc., until the reader would fling down the book in deep disgust. Truly, ballad writing would seem to be one of the lost arts.

In the early days of Canadian history,—in the times when the settler, as he cut down trees on the spot which is now the Upper Town of Quebec, looked round, every blow he gave, to see if any of the dreaded Iroquois were stealing upon him, as a panther steals upon its prey,—in the adventures of the bold men from Brittany and Normandy, who, to procure furs for "Messieurs de la Compagnie," risked life, day and night, explored vast rivers, and penetrated where even their guides confessed that Indians hardly ever set foot, there was ample material for ballad poetry. But a certain degree of civilization was requisite for such attempts, and then civilization there was none; Canada was, in the language of one of the Jesuit Fathers, "Nothing but an infinite wilderness." These indomitable men did, however, a noble work, and the poetic history they left behind them may be read to-day in a thousand smiling villages, and in untold acres of golden grain bowed to the earth with the glorious treasures that make men happy, make women smile, and children lift up their infant hands to heaven in prayer and thanksgiving.

In a work issued recently by that most patriotic of publishers, Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, entitled, "1812; the War and its Moral: a Canadian Chronicle, by William F. Coffin," an eloquent and able book—one which should be in the hands of all our readers,—the struggles of that eventful period are so well told, that we could at most afford to dispense with ballads narrating these momentous events Mr. Coffin so graphically describes. Still we would rather have them, because they are the strongest link to bind us to the past, and are the very essence and epitome of a nation's infancy.

I think the time has now come when we should expect the national feeling that is afloat should find expression in national songs. I am well aware that such productions can not be extemporised. They must be the utterances of the heart, and not written to order. The Americans, during their late civil war, advertised for a National Hymn, and offered the sum of $500 for a meritorious production. Hundreds of copies of verses poured in, were carefully examined, and the very best was found to be very poor indeed, so the reward was withdrawn.

I am sure there is talent enough in Canada to accomplish the task of which I have spoken. He who is successful will receive all that any poet may expect, all that any true bard desires, and that is immortality. The value of such songs is incalculable. They speak to the heart of the patriot as does the trumpet to the heart of the soldier; and as the Marseillaise Hymn spoke to the soul of France when she rose in arms to fight for national existence against embattled Europe. To the stormy majesty of this hymn, emperors and kings bowed down, and it fought for the beleaguered land with the force of a million of bayonets. The position of France at that time may be ours in time to come. Then, let us have national songs, and, if the day of peril should ever come, they will be found to be strong auxiliaries to strong hearts, and as inspiriting as the country's banner seen streaming upon the breeze of battle.

G. J. W.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

NEW CANADIAN NOVEL.

A rumour is afloat to the effect that the MSS. of a new work of fiction, entitled *The Advocate*, has been purchased by a Montreal publisher from Mr. Charles Heavysege, the author of *Saul*, *Jephtha's Daughter*, *&c.*, and that it will appear in readable shape in a few weeks. We hope this is true. Mr. Heavysege, as a poet, has earned a highly creditable reputation, not only in Canada but in Great Britain and the United States. We are not a little curious, and we feel assured that a large portion of the reading community share our curiosity,—to see how he will "come out" as a writer of prose.

CHRISTIE'S LOWER CANADA.

Christie's History of Lower Canada in six volumes, neatly got up and substantially bound in cloth, will form a very desirable addition to the literature of the province. We believe that Mr. Worthington has secured all the remaining copies of the edition of the first three volumes, of this work, and is engaged in reproducing the fourth, fifth and sixth volumes formerly published by Mr. Lovell, but now out of print, which, when completed, will form a most valuable history of the province. A copy of the first volume is before us, and we may remark that the style in which it is got up is creditable to the publisher. We will, on a future occasion, review the book in detail.

Mr S P Day is preparing for the press a work called "Woman and Civilization."

The author of "Guy Livingston," "Sword and Gown," &c, has arranged to contribute to *Once a Week* a serial tale, which will appear forthwith. It is to be entitled "Sans Merci, or Kestrels and Falcons."

The continuation of M. Renan's "Life of Jesus" is in the press. It is to appear in two volumes, one of which will be entitled "Les Apôtres" and the other "St. Paul." It is said that this work is much less calculated to provoke criticism than its predecessor, the opinion expressed in it being more in conformity with the generally received views on the subject.

M. Berryer is said to be employed in revising his speeches for publication. From the same source, we also learn that he is likewise occupied in superintending the erection of his own tomb, which is next to those of his father, mother, wife,

and brother. The monument consists merely of a roof of thatch, supported by four wooden columns, the inscription being, "Expecto donec veniat immutatio mea!"

A famous place of public resort in London is about to be destroyed. The blinds of the Old Hummums Hotel in Covent-garden Market are drawn down, and cabs are bu y at the door taking away the luggage and lumber absent guests. The landlord has advertised his thanks to old customers, and informs them that, as the Duke of Bedford requires the ground to extend his root and flower market, his house must come down, and he will not resume business again. As most of our readers know, 'Hummums' is merely a corruption of, and took its rise from, "Hammam," the Arabic word for "bagnio," or bath, which in the last century was conducted here by a Mr. Small There were sweating-rooms, hot-baths, and cold-baths, and the prices ranged from 2s. to 5s, including the fees to rubbers-down. The Turkish baths, recently so popular with us, are nothing but the old London bagnios revived and improved. The Hummums, however, will be remembered more from its having been the favourite haunt of literary men than from its association with the old sweating-baths. It was in this house that Parson Ford, who makes so conspicuous a figure in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," died. In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" we read:—"*Boswell.* Was there not a story of Parson Ford's ghost having appeared? *Johnson.* Sir, it was believed a waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again he met him a second time. When he came up he asked some people of the house what Ford could be doing there; they told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered he said he had a message to deliver to some woman, from Ford, but he was not to tell what or to whom. He walked out; he was followed, but somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him. He came back, and said he had delivered it, and the woman exclaimed. 'Then we are all undone,' Dr Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of the story, and he said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums (it is a place where people get themselves cupped). I believe she went with the intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her; but after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied that it was true. To be sure, the man had a fever, and this vision may have been the beginning of it. But if the message to the woman, and her behaviour upon it, were true, as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word,—and there it remains."

Mr. J Heneage Jesse, whose pleasant volumes relating to the Stuart and Hanoverian courts of England are the best specimens we have that answer to the popular French semi-historical and biographical memoirs, has in press a new book, "Memoirs of George the Third and his Times." It is said to be enriched with many curious anecdotes from unpublished documents of the noble families of the time, and, in connection with his former works, will bring down the thread of narrative from James 1st, to the days of our Fathers and the early remembrances of those yet flourishing amongst us.

The courage that deserves success, if not the merit that commands it, is unquestionably the attribute of Mr. M. F. Tupper. A serious five-act play, by the "Proverbial Philosopher," to be brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, was the "coming event" of the last week's dramatic annals in London, and, with singular absence of reticence, it was stated to have been originally produced in Manchester a few years since, without success. If, in spite of such a forewarning, Mr. Tupper gains a favourable verdict from the public, he will be a fortunate man; but the author whose books have been bought by some two hundred thousand purchasers, must enjoy a solid sense of satisfaction proof against many trifling annoyances. His play is entitled "Alfred." We notice by the book lists that he has changed his publisher, and has joined in the "nest of singing birds" whose notes echo from Messrs. Moxon's establishment, instead of continuing with Messrs. Hatchard, of "serious" fame, by whom his books were first given to the world.

Dr. Pusey, whose "Lectures on the Prophet Daniel" have been received by all parties and denominations of Christians as a noble vindication of revealed truth, quits temporarily the paths of Scriptural exegesis for the more exciting themes of polemic warfare. He has now in press a "Reply" to the letter recently addressed to him by Archbishop Manning on behalf of Anglo-Romanism. It is expected to form a work as remarkable as Dr. Newman's "Apology" for his own life, and will vindicate and defend the catholicity of the English Church, while explaining the position and policy of the writer, whose influence on a numerous and devoted band of followers more resembles what we read of in the ages of faith than the ordinary relations of a modern Protestant clergyman to the community. To avoid the appearance of personal controversy with the Roman Catholic archbishop, Dr. Pusey's letter will be addressed formally to Rev. J. Keble.

It is proposed to purchase by subscription, and to preserve, as a memorial of Chaucer, the Talbot Inn, in the Borough High Street. The testimony of admiration thus proposed would be so far imperfect that it would be hard to prove any portion of the structure in question to be so old as the time of Chaucer.

Mr. Gerald Massey has a new work just ready for the press, entitled 'Shakspeare's Sonnets never before Interpreted: with a Re-touched Portrait of the Man Shakspeare.' It contains a new theory of the Sonnets, the first brief hints of which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1864. According to Mr. Massey's reading, the greater portion of the Sonnets, personal or dramatic, was written for the Earl of Southampton; the rest for William Herbert; and the story of Shakspeare keeping a mistress, of whom he was robbed by his friend, vanishes into thin air.

The grave has now closed over the last of a poet's household. The widow of Moore rests by her husband's side. The voice of song had long been silenced in the little bower at Sloperton, where she who once listened lived on the memories of the old sweet echoes:

> —In future hours, some bard will say
> Of her who heard and him who sang the lay,
> They are gone! They both are gone!

The papers which have announced the death of Mrs. Moore, have agreed in misstating her age, which they set down at sixty-eight. As she married Moore in 1811, this would imply that she was only fourteen when she married the bard, who was then in his thirty-third year! The difference between their ages was by no means so great. Another, and a graver mistake, is the repetition of the malignant assertion of "the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker," made by him almost before Moore was buried, that the poet was a husband who cared little for his wife! This assertion gave great pain to Mrs. Moore, and was resented by Lord John Russell. The "Right Hon. John Wilson Croker," however, only aggravated his unmanly offence by sneering at Moore's widow as "Lord John's interesting victim." All this malignity was the fruit of well-nursed wrath, which was excited by the fact that fifty years before Moore had omitted to name Mr. Croker in the Notes to Anacreon. Setting aside the terrible affliction of the loss of all their children, the home of Tom Moore and Bessy was a happy one. Because his journal only records his flittings abroad, and barely alludes to his home except in notice of some labour there, and thankfulness that he had leisure to perform it;—because he sang lightly of

> Brilliant short pleasure that flashes and dies,—

men are apt to forget that the poet was a solid scholar, and that his knowledge of patristic literature was more real than his acquaintance with Fanny of Timmol. It has also been said that Moore seldom or never alludes to his wife in his poetry. He was not publicly uxorious, but all his allusions are in exquisite taste, and a hundred passages in his diary are testimonies to the worth of his admirable wife, and to the high estimation in which he held her. "Then come," he says, in his metrical invitation to Lord Landsdowne to dine at Sloperton,—

> Then come—if a board so untempting hath power
> To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine:
> And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy bower,
> Who, smiling, will blend her bright welcome with mine.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

COMPILED FROM LES RELATION DES JESUITS.

THERE was an English Puritan, master of the great ship, who was more malicious than all the others; a dissimulator, nevertheless, for he was making the finest professions in the world; but the other English warned the Jesuits not to trust him, forasmuch as he was bitterly envenomed against them. This man, then, seeing his opportunity, was persuading the Captain and Lieutenant, whom he saw excited, to abandon the Jesuit on shore, saying he was unworthy to receive food from the English, because he had wished to prevent them from having it.

But the Jesuit found that he had enemies among his own countrymen, for while he was supplicating Argal to have compassion on the fugitives from Port Royal, and to leave them some provisions, their sloop, and provide them with some other means of passing the winter, a Frenchman was crying out that the captain ought to put Père Biard to death.

Now Argal, who had a noble heart (page 54) seeing so much sincere affection on the part of the Jesuit, and so much savage vindictiveness on the side of this Frenchman, considered that it would be always a reproach to himself, if, without having heard all parties, he should abandon him to whom he had given his promise; and for this reason rejected both the suggestion of the Englishman and the violent entreaty of the Frenchman; and became the more appeased towards the Jesuit the more he was seeing him assailed.

Captain Argal having removed from Port Royal all that seemed useful to him, even planks, bolts, locks, and nails, set fire to the settlement. He placed on a large and massive stone the names of the Sieur de Monts and other captains, as well as the *fleur de lys*; after which he lifted anchor to sail away, but bad weather detained him at the entrance of the port for the space of three or four days.

While he was remaining at anchor, a Frenchman of Port Royal asked to speak with him; the request was granted. The man said to Argal that he was very much astonished that the latter had not already rid the world of the pernicious Jesuit who was on board his ship. If this had not been done it was perhaps because bad luck had preserved him, in order to destroy the French by some act of black treason, a thing the Jesuit would do when the opportunity should present itself. That he was a true and natural Spaniard, who, having committed many crimes in France, on account of which he was a fugitive from the country; yet had he given them much scandal at Port Royal, and that it ought not to be doubted but he would again work evil to the English. Captain Argal having heard that Father Biard was a natural Spaniard, was unable to believe the assertion, but gave him this accusation in writing, and signed by five or six persons. The captain was urged to put the Jesuit ashore and abandon him there; but the more they entreated the less he consented. But as to his nationality, the Jesuit was a Frenchman; had been known in Port Royal as such; had never been in Spain, neither had his father, his mother, or any of his relations.

On the nineteenth of November, 1613, the English left Port Royal, with the intention of returning to Virginia. Now from this time Lieutenant Turnel looked upon Father Biard as nothing but an abominable rogue; he detested him still more when he reflected on the past, for he had esteemed and admired him for his artlessness and candour. But having seen the written testimony of so many Frenchmen, who asserted

that Father Biard was a natural born Spaniard and an evil-disposed man, Turnel preferred to believe that the Jesuit was a liar, rather than that his accusers were guilty of falsehood.

The second day after the departure of the fleet, so great a storm arose that it scattered the three vessels in such a manner that they failed to join company again, and all steered in different directions. No news was heard of the barque, and it was believed she went to the bottom with the six Englishmen who sailed her. But the ship in which Argal commanded was fortunate enough to arrive in port in Virginia, in the space of about three weeks. The Marshal of Virginia heard very willingly from Captain Argal all that had transpired, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Father Biard, whose voyages he could soon have shortened by means of a rope.

The two Jesuits and a boy were on board the captive ship, which had been given in command to Lieutenant, now Captain Turnel. This vessel separated from that of Argal by the tempest, was so incessantly buffetted about by the storm for sixteen days, that the captain, losing all hope of being able to reach Virginia, called all his people and consulted with them as to what was best to be done in order to save their lives; for there was no appearance of being able to battle with the winds any longer, to save themselves from being driven away from Virginia, because they had on board some horses taken from Port Royal, and these were wasting the water, so much had they drank. The hurricanes destroyed so many of the sails and so much of the rigging that there remained no stores with which to repair the damage. The provisions also were very low, with the exception of codfish, of which there was enough. As for bread, the supply for the space of three months had only been two ounces per head each day, very rarely three, and there remained of it an exceedingly small quantity. The result of this consultation was that the seamen were of opinion it was necessary to hold out some days longer for the sake of sustaining their credit. Fair weather came the next day, and favoured them so much that they did not consider themselves to be more than five and twenty leagues from the port in Virginia. But to confess the full truth the Jesuits did not pray for this fair wind, for they well knew where it was leading them.

There arose, however, a furious South-west wind, which drove right in the face of the English, and forced them to furl all the sails, and to think of their conscience. The captain seeing how things stood, gave up the design of reaching Virginia, and concluded that it was necessary to make for the Azores, seven hundred leagues from where he was, in order to provide for their wants at these islands, and await good weather. He turned the ship's head to proceed to the Azores, and soon afterwards they killed the horses, which had not only consumed but spoiled the water in such a manner that it became stinking. Yet even in this state it was given in very small measure. But the horse-flesh was found by the Jesuits to taste very well.

Now, during these terrible tempests, Captain Turnel called Father Biard, and had a conversation with him. The captain spoke good French, and many other languages, besides Latin and Greek, which he understood thoroughly. He was a man of great intelligence, and one who had studied a great deal (page 57.) The captain, addressing Father Biard, said, "God is exasperated against us. I see it well; he is angry with us, but not with you; against us, because we went to make war upon you without having first declared it, which is contrary to the law of nations. But I protest that it has been against my opinion and against my will. I did not know what to do; I had to slay, for I was a servant. God is not angry with you, but on your account, because all the suffering was yours." The captain went on to observe: "But, Father Biard, why do your French companions of Port Royal thus accuse you?" The Jesuit responded: "But, sir, have you ever heard me speak evil of them?" "No, indeed, replied the other, "but I have remarked that when others were speaking evil of them, both before Captain Argal and myself, you always defended them." "Sir, responded Father Biard, take an argument from that, and judge who has God and truth on his side; whether the slanderers or the charitable." "I understand it well," said the captain; "but, Father Biard, has charity not made you lie when you told me that we should find nothing but poverty at Port Royal?" The Father answered: "Pardon me, sir, I pray you to remember that I only said to you when I was there, I had seen and found nothing but poverty." "That might be all very well," observed the captain, "if you were not a Spaniard, as they say you are, for being such, the good you so much desired for the French was not for the love you bore them, but because you hated the English" To this statement Father Biard made a long and forcible reply; but he could never make Turnel yield his opinion, for the latter said it was not to be believed that five or six Frenchmen, in affliction, should have desired to sign a false accusation against a priest, their fellow citizen, having no other profit by it than to get him hanged, and by this means gratify their accursed passion.

TO MARY.

By The Hon. Mr. Fitzharding.

Adieu, adieu, for we must part, alas! my dearest Mary;
But love, like time, you know has wings, and love, like time, must vary;
And I who lately glided on in pleasure's faery carriage,
Am rous'd as by a thunderbolt—by that hobgoblin marriage.

No more we'll linger, side by side, along the moonlit river,
No more I'll clasp you to my breast, O never more, O never!
The ship awaits, I sail at two, with many a bursting sigh
Wild anguish burning in my heart, the salt tear in my eye.

Marry! the thing is so absurd; just think that to the fall
I can trace back my ancestors, while you have none at all;
And bright tho' be your hazel eyes, your sweet smile so bewitching,
Yet we, we came from Normandy, while you come from the kitchen.

My mother, as I told you, was a patroness of Almac's,
And yours—she might perhaps be held the *ton* among the Kalmucs,
And how would horror freeze each hair in Lady Sarah's wig,
When first we introduced to her your fat aunt, Mrs. Figge.

Then, there's your father—what a bore! I swear to you I rather,
Would cut my moustache or my throat than listen to your father;
As hour to hour he proses on, and spends the weary night
In talking of such things as ne'er are named to ears polite.

Then too your dowdy sister Jane—how she does, "young love," squall!
She'd be among the Hottentots the Venus of the Kraal.
Still these perhaps might all be borne, aunt, sister, father, mother,
But what on earth were we to do with that Yahoo, your brother?

Once more adieu! in far off lands, and where'er I roam,
My thoughts shall wing their flight to you, like birds that seek their home,
And fond prayers I will breathe for you, beloved, tho' unseen,
When I'm a wanderer forlorn, and you are Mrs. Green.

Ah! why should cruel fortune frown on such a love as ours,
Why should we ever find that thorns are lurking 'mid life's flowers!
Yet think of him whom fate and you, are ruthlessly discarding,
Your Harry Cecil Percy Nevil Flummery Fitzharding.

Montreal, Oct. 1865.

A GALLERY OF GREAT MEN.

When we are edified, instructed, or even pleased by any man's work, most of us feel a desire to be acquainted with him. It is not mere vulgar curiosity, but having heard so much of his chivalry and goodness, it is only natural that we should wish to behold the man himself; to see in what he differs from our own preconceived idea of him, and how far his external features seem to express the qualities of his nature I suppose there are few educated Englishmen who would not give a great deal to have beheld the face of William Shakspeare. It is, of course, only the Living who can afford us this sort of gratification to the full; but yet, if a picture can be relied upon as genuine; as having been the veritable likeness of the man who was once so great, or good, or famous—it having been accepted as such in his own lifetime—surely there is a great, although, doubtless, an inferior interest in the contemplation of it. Formerly, this pleasure could be enjoyed by only a very few; mostly rich and noble persons, who chanced to possess such authentic portraits, and their friends. For instance, in the case of Shakspeare, it was known that a certain picture had been taken in his own lifetime, by one of two persons, both his private friends; and it was certainly considered to be a likeness, since it was left by one of them in his will, as a valuable legacy, to Sir William Davenant. After his death, it was bought by Betterton the actor, upon whose decease, one Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for forty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicolls of Southgate, whose only daughter married the Duke of Chandos.

All this, and more, is written on a paper at the back of the canvas—now called the Chandos Picture—and the arms of the Duke of Buckingham are affixed. Its history is probably more certain than the genealogy of any living man; and its authenticity was acknowledged at all stages. Sir Godfrey Kneller copied it as a present for Dryden, who acknowledged the gift in the following lines:

> Shakspeare, thy gift I place before my sight;
> With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
> With reverence look on his majestic face,
> Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.

Even the incredulous Horace Walpole allowed its claims; and it has been engraved no less than four times within the last century and a half. But until recently, this picture was at Stowe, and out of general reach. Such was more or less the case with the likenesses of all our celebrated men, until the National-Portrait gallery was established, where any of us may now see this very Chandos Picture—the *copy* of which drew the above apostrophe from Dryden—as well as nearly two hundred other portraits of more or less famous Englishmen—kings, statesmen, poets, warriors, divines, and painters—but all to be relied upon as veritable pictures of the persons they profess to represent.

They are not all, by any means, first-rate specimens of art, but the majority give one, very strongly, that notion of being "like," which we now and then receive from a portrait, although we have never set eyes on the features which it represents. Nor is this to be wondered at; for most men of mark exhibit some evidence of their ability in their faces, and the faces that are thus distinguished—or in other words, are "characteristic"—are, it is well known, most easily and faithfully conveyed to canvas. The picture of Woodfall, for example, the first parliamentary reporter, which fronts you as you ascend the stairs, has a certain habitual air of *listening*, which no allegorical painter, wishing to embody that action, no mythological delineator of a supposed Echo, could ever compass. Again, close beside General Picton's dauntless face, severe almost to cruelty, hangs the complacent unctuous countenance of William Huntingdon, S.S., the meaning of which initials he thus himself explains: "As I cannot get at D.D., for want of cash, neither can I get at M.A. for want of learning, therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S.S., by which I mean Sinner Saved." This was the famous river-porter, whose theological works extended over twenty volumes, and whose epitaph, composed by himself, runs as follows:

Here lies the Coal-heaver,
Beloved of God, but abhorred of men.

I do not doubt but that if one was merely told that the portraits of these two men were somewhere in this great collection, without name or number to distinguish them, one could pick them out for one's self. Cardinal York, too, the last descendant of the unhappy House of Stuart—he that had the medal struck in his own honour, *Henricus Nonus Magn. Brit. Rex. Non desiderus hominum sed voluntate Dei*—has just the features, half-priestly, half-aristocratic, wholly self-satisfied, which might be expected in such a character. Paley and Horne Tooke, divines who hang almost side by side, are in expression as separate as the poles, as different from each other in appearance as they were in character, and each, it strikes one, looking the very man he was. Richard III. is artful and suspicious in feature as in mind. Wilberforce is intelligent, benevolent, and winning. Byron's handsome face is instinct with self-will. Smeaton is keen as a sun-ray, and looks ready to defend his seeming-audacious plans against all objectors. Dibdin is joyous and spirited as one of his own songs. Garrick with an intensity of expression that is scarcely seen in any but an actor. Macintosh, subtle, yet strong—one of the most characteristic faces in the whole Gallery.

Upon the other hand, in not a few cases, the person of whom you have made a picture in your own brain, instead of looking as he ought to look, disappoints all expectation. Sir Walter Raleigh has the appearance of a hairdresser's assistant objecting to the introduction of some novelty of the day—such as a rotatory machine. Harvey looks as though *his* blood, at all events, had never properly circulated; while his neighbour, Archbishop Laud—for the arrangement of the pictures is quite arbitrary—has evidently taken too much liquor. Nay, even the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots—one, by-the-by, "of remarkable authenticity'—fails altogether to give one the idea of a beauty. She is represented covered with jewels—as though almost to imply that her face was not her fortune—and at the age of eighteen; but when compared with real beauties, such as Nell Gwynne and La belle Hamilton in the adjoining room, she is almost plain. And yet she has the advantage of being placed side by side with Sir Nicholas Bacon, who is quite as much like an orang-outang as a man. Wesley, too, looks less like the impassioned preacher that he was than a fashionable curate. Dear Captain Cook—whom "every school-boy knows," and so justly admires—has a mean bad face. Arkwright is heavy and sodden, although his eyes somewhat redeem him. Wordsworth, true poet and philosopher though he was, has a dull lack-lustre look, but it should be added, that the portrait was taken when he was far advanced in years. The expression of the merry Monarch is not only vicious, but truculent; and Dr. Parr is at least five parts Sot to one part Scholar. Nay, one of the most beautiful faces in the collection, with a tender melancholy about it, and soft and languishing eyes, is that of Jeffreys, the judge of 'the Bloody Assize.' It is the most unexpected countenance one can imagine, and though taken after he was Lord Chancellor, so young! He was but just forty, however, when he died.

The youth of many of the persons represented —in cases where the portraits have been taken within a year or two of their decease—strikes one as very remarkable; for when people are 'historical,' one is apt to imagine them as old. Yet Richard III., whom most of us identify with the wicked old uncle of the Babes in the Wood, did not reach his thirty-sixth birthday. General Wolfe, taken within twelve months of his glorious death, a young man of thirty, with a very turn-up nose—like Goldsmith's—and nothing particular in his face, save a certain eagerness. This eager look, but intensified to actual combativeness, is also the characteristic of John Keats. In the portrait by Severn, even more than in that by Hilton (for there are two pictures of the author of *Hyperion*), the extreme youth of the man who could think such deep as well as beautiful thoughts is strikingly apparent. Of the persons of real note, Keats is the youngest who has won his way to the *National* Portrait-gallery; but there is a picture of Southey at twenty-four, and also of Coleridge at the same age—the latter a sparkling countenance, sadly different from the doughy "lecturing" face it grew to thirty years afterwards. His own touching lines of *Youth and Age* are therein sadly illustrated.

It has been impossible to mention one quarter of the very interesting pictures which are to be seen in this collection; whereas those that are not much worth looking at—whose claims to be there, we mean, seem to have been too easily allowed—might be disposed of in twenty words. A few politicians have found their way into this Valhalla—for it may be fitly called so, since most of the inmates have died, if not in battle, yet "with their harness on"—upon pretence of having been statesmen, such as Sir Leoline Jenkins; and perhaps an author or two, without sufficient reputation to be called "national," such as Arthur Murphy, whom most of the visitors to the Gallery will probably identify with the editor of the Weather Almanac. But as one must not look gift-horses in the mouth, so, we suppose, in gift-pictures one must not be too exacting as to reputations, and, on the whole, the exhibition is well selected and admirable. It is in contemplation to remove it to much larger apartments at South Kensington, where it will doubtless receive great accessions by loan as well as by gift and purchase. But even now, in its present confined space, it affords a gratuitous treat such as all educated Englishmen should be thankful for. Had it nothing to shew but the Chandos Shakspeare, thousands might well flock to see it: not one of your mere handsome faces, such as Monmouth's, though very manly and well-looking, too, but with a brow heavy with thought, as becomes the wisest of all human kind. Perhaps, however, the most noticeable thing to many will be that the author of *Hamlet* and *King Lear* wears earrings.

COLONEL AND MRS. CHUTNEY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

IT won't do, Wilson," said Mrs. Chutney; "five and nine are fourteen, and seven are twenty-one; the currie powder three shillings, and the chillies three and fourpence. You are eightpence short." And she looked up into the severe functionary's face anxiously.

"Well, 'm," returned the injured cook, "I have lived in the best of families, and kept the books, and I must say it's discouraging to have insinuations——"

"I am sure, Wilson," interrupted Mrs. Chutney, timidly, "I have no intention of insinuating anything. I am rather nervous this morning. I cannot count up coolly now, for Colonel Chutney will be down directly. I will try again after breakfast. And oh, Wilson, *do* make the toast crisp."

"The toast!" repeated Wilson, in a high key. "Well, 'm, I did think you knew as that's the page's business."

"Oh! it is the page's business? I didn't know," said Mrs. Chutney, slightly humiliated. "You may go now, Wilson, and take those books with you."

But before Wilson could obey, Colonel Chutney entered and cut off her retreat.

The colonel was accurately attired in a morning suit of dark brown; a fresh-looking, dark-haired, dark-eyed man, with broad shoulders and a powerful frame. A quick frown came and went habitually on his brow, against which was often balanced a smile of some sweetness. A superficial observer would say he was a very energetic person. A deeper insight suggested irritability and preciseness.

He walked silently to the breakfast-table, while Mrs. Chutney rang the bell, and then hastily regulated her writing materials.

"Louisa," began the colonel, portentously, "whose duty is it to attend to my dressing things, hey?"

"Why, Sophia's, dear. Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Wrong! When is anything right in this house? There are my boot-hooks on the wrong side of the table again—a second time, by Jove! If I had these lazy vagabonds in the East, egad, I'd give them stick enough. But I was a fool to leave Rudnuggadhar for the misery and neglect of this wretched rat-hole!"

"But, my love, I am sure everyone tries all they can to make you confortable. Do not talk of that horrid hot place. See how nice and cool——"

"Cool?" repeated the colonel. "I tell you, I never suffered so much from heat in all my life, as I endure in England. Everything is arranged here for winter, and, when a few hot days come, phew! you are melted, scorched, burnt up. Hot clothes, hot streets, hot houses, and confound it, worse than all, hot beer!"

Disgusted, he seated himself at the breakfast-table.

"Where is that confounded boy? And" (pointing to cook) "what is she doing here?"

Mrs. Wilson, who had been waiting for her turn to come, hastily retreated.

"You see," began Mrs. Chutney, hesitatingly, "I thought I should have time to go over the books with her before you came down, dear."

"Ha! just your usual way. Everything out of place; everything out of time. There you are, hurrying over your books that require the utmost deliberation, keeping Wilson here while the bill is in disgraceful confusion."

The page entered and set on the breakfast, while the irate colonel continued: "I stumbled over a broom and a mat! a mat *and* a broom, by Jove! as I came down. Lift this," pointing to the cover, and addressing the page. "Ha! bloaters again!"

"But you said you liked bloaters," urged Mrs Chutney.

"Who said I didn't?" returned her husband, "but the next time I get them twice in the same week, I'll go and breakfast at the club."

The repast now proceeded in peace—that is, silence—for a while, when the page re-entered, and informed Colonel Chutney that his tailor had waited on him by appointment.

"Show him into the dining-room. I will be with him directly," returned the colonel. "Louisa," he continued, "write a note to Samperton; ask him to come and dine on Thursday, or to fix his own day. We'll get Thompson and Mango, and Mr. and Mrs. Bullion to meet him. Nice woman, Mrs. Bullion! Quite a woman of the world; has her wits about her. I would not mind laying long odds that Bullion never stumbles over mats and brooms when *he* comes down to breakfast."

"I wish Tom was in town; he is always so agreeable at dinner." said Mrs. Chutney, wisely ignoring the disparaging conclusion of the colonel's speech.

"Where is that scamp of a brother of yours?" asked her husband.

"Oh, he is improving greatly! He has gone out of town somewhere to study; and is so determined to work, that he will not give his address to any one, fearing to be interrupted."

"Ha! he may have other reasons. However, you have finished breakfast, so sit down, write to Samperton, and I will post the note myself." Mrs. Chutney rose obediently, and seated herself at the writing-table. "Don't forget," continued the colonel, "to ask him for an answer."

"Why, of course he will send an answer if——"

"There's no of course in the case," said Colonel Chutney, sharply. "Just write as I tell you;" then turning at the door, he added, "and be sure you write to Deal about that ottoman. It is too big. It is disgraceful!" And he left the room.

Mrs. Chutney dipped her pen in the ink and began. She was a gentle timid woman, and had been early left an orphan to the care of a severe, strong-minded maiden aunt, her father's sister. Although she had a trifling independence, enough to pay for her maintenance and education, her aunt, nevertheless, treated her as if she was the most abject dependant. Her brother, a year or two older than herself, had, for no particular reason, selected medicine as his profession, and was the very type of a medical student. He was a source of constant anxiety to his sister, whose princi-

pal comfort lay in the society of her cousin, Mary Holden, a girl about her own age, who was also a ward of the formidable aunt, Miss Barbara Bousfield.

Both his girls had been placed at the respectable establishment of Mrs. and the Misses Monitor by their guardian while yet children. Here they remained for nearly ten years, happy, with the inalienable joy of youth, despite the frowns of Aunt Bousfield, the monotony of school life, and the absence of future prospects; especially for Mary Holden, whose little all did not afford more than enough to pay for her preparation for more mature years, when she had nothing but her own exertions to look to.

Yet so much more depends on character than circumstance, that Mary Holden, the poorer of the cousins, successfully held her own against the formidable aunt; while both Louisa and Tom Bousfield trembled even at the shadow of her coal-scuttle bonnet.

Mrs. Chutney had scarcely finished one of her notes when the door opened, and a young lady entered in bonnet and shawl—a graceful-looking girl, shorter and slighter than Mrs. Chutney, with large dark grey eyes, shaded by blak lashes, and brown, wavy, glossy hair, a pert little nose, and a mouth so red-lipped, so arch, so changeable in expression, and parting to show such radiant teeth, that you readily forgave it for being larger than regulation beauty admits. She wore a delicately-tinted summer dress, and a barége shawl draped à la Parisienne. Miss Holden had, by much courage and dexterity, obtained leave to spend the last year in a Parisian "pension," for sundry educational reasons, and that she might, a few months hence, be justified in putting forth "French acquired on the Continent," as one of her recommendations when commencing the real battle of life. She had now settled as a parlour boarder at the old school; which had the advantage of being in the neighbourhood to her cousin Louisa.

Mrs. Chutney's face brightened as she rose to kiss her visitor.

"Oh, Mary dear! I am so glad to see you! How is it that you are so early?"

"Well, Aunt Barbara called for me this morning," replied Miss Holden, "and hurried me along in her usual rapid style; then she stopped suddenly near this, and exclaimed, 'There, I forgot, I took you out too soon! I don't want you—go see your cousin, and say I will call about luncheon-time.'"

"No matter what reason," said Mrs. Chutney, affectionately; "I think it good if it brings you here."

"What is the matter with you, Louisa?" was Mary's not very relevant reply; "you look as if you were in some kind of trouble."

"Oh! nothing particular, only I am always wrong about something or other, and I fear I shall never be right."

"No, you never will be right as long as you think so, Loo, dear. Just believe firmly you are never wrong, and the chances are that two-thirds of the world will agree with you. You are a good soul, worth a dozen of me; but you let every one put you aside. You are always fancying you have staked your last throw. Pooh, love, there is no such thing as a last throw! Life is Fortunatus's purse—while there is life, there is hope."

Mrs. Chutney's reply was interrupted by the colonel's loud voice outside: "No, sir, certainly not! you agreed to fit me, and you have *not* fitted me. A waistcoat! Nothing of the sort, sir. I say it's a bag—a bag, sir. No alterations for me, O no. A new one, or nothing."

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Chutney, "I have not finished my notes. Speak to him, dear, when he comes in—keep him engaged."

She had hardly re-seated herself when the colonel entered. "Ah! Mary!" he said, blandly, "blooming and bright as ever! Come, Mary! a kiss—you know we are cousins."

"Ah, you wicked man!" returned Mary, offering her cheek," when *will* you get rid of your wild soldier ways?"

"Pooh, my dear girl," said the colonel, smoothing his cravat, "I am tamed now—the old pleasant devil is exorcised, and the rover is turned into the slave of the ring—eh, Loo?"

Mrs. Chutney was too busy writing even to pretend to hear.

"There is a large slice of the—a—the gentleman you named—left for all that, colonel," replied Mary. "I saw an old friend of yours, a few days ago—Captain Peake. He came to see a couple of little Indian orphans at Mrs. Monitor's. He had tea in the drawing-room, and," peeping through her fingers, "told *such* tales of you, colonel."

"What the deuce could he tell?" returned the colonel, feigning to be a little alarmed. "He knew very little of me, and—ah—oh! I remember Peake, he commanded the Hastings in the second China war."

"Did he? I should not have thought him old enough for that. But Mrs. Monitor will never let you inside the doors again. She thinks you such a dangerous character!"

"Oh, she does?" said the colonel, complaisantly. "Well, once it would not have been easy to keep me out where I wanted to get in. Loo, we must have Peake to dine some day. Have you finished your invitations? for I must be off."

"I shall be ready directly," replied Mrs. Chutney, sealing her notes. "There!"

The colonel took out his glasses to examine the directions. "That's all right," he observed. "I shall send the boy with this one to Deal. Keep Mary to dinner, Loo." And, with a general wave of the hand, Colonel Chutney departed.

"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Mrs. Chutney, "I wish I could manage him as well as you do!"

"Loo dear," returned Mary, laying her hand impressively on Mrs. Chutney's arm, "I have one e-normous advantage over you."

"Pray, what is that?"

"I am not his wife. But, Loo, dear, I have not seen you for three days, and have not been able to have a real talk since the morning you left me at Mrs. Bullion's palazzo in Regent's Park, and O, I had such an adventure."

"An adventure?" repeated Mrs. Chutney.

"You shall hear." Her cousin's eyes sparkled with fun and mischief. "I had not sat five minutes before some one was announced by the palazzo valet, a name so utterly distorted that I haven't a notion what it is, and there entered a tall, aristocratic, well-dressed, good-looking man."

"A stranger?"

"I never saw him in my life before. After the first greetings, he scarcely spoke to the hostess, but addressed himself much too exclusively to me. That did not embarrass me so much; only while uttering common-places he would look tenderly at me!"

"Your fancy, Mary, depend upon it," remarked Mrs. Chutney, gravely.

"Fancy or not, he shortened my visit; and I had hardly walked to the end of Portland-place before I *felt* him coming after me."

"What nonsense!"

"The instinct was a true one," continued Miss Holden, "for presently he was at my side, lifting his hat gracefully, and turning all sorts of compliments. Of course I left a little frightened. Still I could not resist the fun of it, somehow."

"You surely did not encourage him?"

"To the extent of asking him to be so very kind as to call a cab for me, in order to get rid of him.

"And you *did* get rid of him?"

"Not altogether; for yesterday morning I was returning from Kensington with a book for Miss Monitor, and, when near to the Old Palace, my fashionable admirer suddenly presented himself and addressed me again."

"Mercy, Mary!" cried Mrs. Chutney aghast, "what did he say?"

"Well, nothing worthy of death or bonds; only that I had never been absent from his mind, and all that, you know—the usual formulary. I fear I laughed."

"Oh, Mary!" interrupted Mrs. Chutney, in a distressed tone, "how could you be so imprudent! What will that gentleman think of you?"

"Nonsense, love," returned Miss Mary with a saucy smile, "don't grudge me a little harmless diversion. Remember what a dull life I lead. And this man! Why, I shall never see him again; if I do, trust me to take care of myself. Now put on your bonnet and let us take a stroll in the gardens while the morning is cool."

CHAPTER II.

The same bright morning which shone upon the gorgeously furnished house in Richmond-gardens, Bayswater, was lending more than ordinary effect to the various costly buhl and marqueterie tables, cabinets, and rich textures displayed in the renowned show rooms of Messrs. Deal, Board, and Co., upholsterers, Piccadilly.

It was yet too early for any of their distinguished customers to drop in. Mr. Adolphus Deal—who had become the head of the firm on the death of the honest old cabinet-maker his father—had not yet appeared above the visible horizon. He was an exaggerated specimen of the modern fashionable tradesman who incongruously combines the fine gentleman with the eager shopkeeper. He had a profound belief in himself, was a man of taste, a man of business, and a man of pleasure.

A few shopmen were dotted about, and a grey-headed old clerk occasionally addressed a remark to them through a pigeon-hole in an enclosed desk where he was shut up like a parrot in a cage.

"Half-past twelve!" he ejaculated, "and no Mr. Deal. It would be better," coming out of his box, his pen behind his ear—"it would be better if he left the concern to Board altogether."

The shopman thus addressed, winked. "Don't you know where he's gone to? Why, to Richmond-gardens, to be sure, about Colonel Chutney's order."

"And a pretty hash he has made of them!" the clerk added. "What with false measures, and contradictory orders, the fitting up of Colonel Chutney's house has been more bother than profit."

"Ah!" remarked the shopman, lowering his voice, "that don't matter to Deal. He'd go there every day if he could. Why, when the colonel's wife knocked down the 'leven-guinea vauze here, didn't he pick up the pieces and say it warn't of no consequence? O, he's deadly sweet upon her, he is!" No form of impudence is so thoroughly intense as the assumptions of a certain class of young shopkeepers who see enough of their aristocratic customers to imitate their dress, manners, and external vices—except the insolence of their shopmen, who imitate *them*. The clerk's reflections on his master on the matter took this form: "Well them 'spectable, smooth, elegant, soft-spoken sort, never has no kind of morals to speak of."

At this moment enters Mr. Adolphus Deal in an exquisitely frsh summer morning costume of light grey with turned-down collar, a moss rose in his button-hole, a bunch of charms at his watch-chain, and a flaring red and mauve cravat drawn through a massive ring, luxuriant whiskers and moustache of auburn tinge, and unexceptionably small Balmoral boots.

Deal, on removing his hat, passed one hand meditatively through his hair.

"Briggs," he said, "where are those fragments? I mean the pieces of the jar Mrs. Chutney broke the other day?"

"O! I sent them to Pasticci, the china mender, sir, and he says he will make it a real antique now," answered the shopman.

"Ah!" returned Mr. Deal, pensively. "Someone must go to Richmond-gardens about that ottoman. Perhaps, though——"

He was interrupted by an errand-boy, who with much respect handed him a delicately addressed note bearing a crest and monogram. Mr. Deal gazed at it with affected indifference, and finished his sentence before opening it—"Perhaps, though, I had better go myself, Briggs."

His patience could carry him no further, and, hastily retiring to a dingy sanctum reserved for the head of the firm, he tore open the envelope, and scarcely could he believe his delighted eyes as they showed him what follows:

"My dear Sir. Knowing your time is much occupied, I venture to ask the pleasure of your company to a quiet dinner here on Thursday next, with some hesitation. If, however, the

day is inconvenient, pray name one most suitable to yourself. Excuse my fixing the early hour of six; but you know Colonel Chutney's peculiar habits, and I must study him.

"Yours truly,

"LOUISA CHUTNEY.

"23, Richmond-gardens, Monday."

The effect of this simple note upon the susceptible Adolphus was electric. There is no knowing what vagaries his ecstasy may not have prompted him to commit in the presence of his entire establishment, had not a summons suddenly arrived from the largest show-room. A lady had asked to see him and him alone, declining to transact any business save with the principal. Mr. Deal had to descend from the supreme altitude to which Mrs. Chutney's letter had raised him. In the centre of the apartment he beheld a tall thin elderly lady, destitute of crinoline, attired in a skimpy black silk dress, a bonnet more suited to a museum of defunct fashions than modern wear, a small white shawl, stout walking-shoes tied on the instep, white stockings, and black gloves with long empty finger-ends.

"Hum—ha!" said Miss Bousfield, poking a complicated arm-chair with the large and baggy umbrella, which, together with a steel-rimmed, steel-chained capacious bag, she invariably carried. "What's that?"

"This is a very curious mechanical contrivance," replied Mr. Deal, blandly [the enrapturing thought crossed him, "The angel's aunt!"], but with that assumption of scientific knowledge which high-art salesmen assume. "Only out yesterday, and not yet named. We intend to denominate the chair "The Loungiensis Multifarium." You touch this spring, it lowers the back to recline the head. You touch that, and (click) out comes a footstool. Press the other, and an elbow spontaneously projects itself. Here you observe is a——"

"That will do," interrupted Miss Bousfield. "I am neither a cripple nor a lunatic." Mr. Deal bowed. "I want something"—she paused —"something as a present for my niece, Mrs. Chutney."

Every fibre in Deal's frame quivered at the mention of that name. He said, fervently, that, the entire resources of his establishment should be placed at Miss Bousfield's command for so delightful an object.

"Of course they will," said Miss Bousfield, tartly, "if I am ready to pay for them. But I don't want any costly rubbish. Show me something sensible for about six pound ten." And she made a short mental calculation of the probable cost of a circular dumb waiter lately presented to her by Colonel Chutney, beyond the value of which she was determined not to advance. Miss Bousfield considered presents as debts, and always paid them at the rate of twenty shillings in the pound.

"Something sensible for six, ten," repeated Mr. Adolphus Deal, thoughtfully.

Here Mr. Deal despatched his men for several inlaid cabinets, buhl work-tables, bronzes, and ormolu ornaments. Miss Bousfield touched each of them dangerously with her umbrella, and Deal did not even wince.

"Pooh! Mere finery! Have you nothing of a teapoy, or a writing thing?" Several such articles were produced. "What's this?" asked Miss Barbara, examining a teapoy.

"The new garde thé—registered," replied an attendant.

"The price!" demanded Miss Bousfield, fiercely.

"Oh, it's a cheap article, madam. Fifteen guineas."

"I don't know guineas. Fifteen pounds, fifteen for a toy that would come to pieces in a couple of months near a fire! Nonsense! What is this?" asked Miss Bousfield, nearly overturning a work-table with her umbrella.

"Twenty guineas. I mean twenty-one pounds," replied Deal, examining the ticket.

"Where do you all expect to go to?" exclaimed Miss Bousfield, with sudden energy. "I'd see see every stick of furniture in London burning before I would give way to such extortion. Let me out of this." And she made a sudden rush to the door.

"Stop, madam," cried Deal. "Stop, I entreat. We *must* find something for the adorable—I mean the most interesting—object you have in view."

"If you please, sir," said the old clerk, coming out of his desk at this critical moment, "there is a davenport up-stairs, returned by Sir Frederic Samperton after he had had it a week or two, as not solid enough. We might put it at eight guineas."

"Be seated for a moment, madam," entreated Deal. "Here it is," he said, "at your own price."

Miss Bousfield frowned upon the article severely. Her scrutiny was satisfactory. "You know my price; six, ten."

"Then six, ten be it, madam," returned Deal, bowing, and washing his hands in the air.

"Now call a cab, and I will take it away with me," said the customer, counting the money out of her massively-steeled bag.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Chutney and Mary Holden had returned from their morning walk, and, having thrown off their bonnets, sat down quietly in the drawing-room to await the colonel's return to luncheon. They had greatly enjoyed the morning's companionship. Mrs. Chutney, timid and confused when flurried by the colonel, always felt support and encouragement from her cousin's fearless spirit and her ready sympathising affection. She held a complicated whity-brown web to which occasionally she added a few stitches with the crotchet-needle while Miss Holden appeared to be reading the Times.

"These have been very happy hours, dear," said Mrs. Chutney, laying down her work, and resting her arm on the table beside her. "I wish you could come oftener."

"You see the day is hardly long enough for all I have to get through," replied Mary. "You know that, like yourself, I have no money; but, unlike you, I have not a rich husband. I suppose you would cut me if I followed my own inclinations?"

"How dear?" asked Mrs. Chutney.

"Well, I do not fancy the legitimate line for distressed gentlewomen—the meek, ill-treated governess, with some hard-hearted matron for a task-mistress, half a dozen unruly pupils, and a scampish young nobleman making love in the background. Though I should rather like that part of it."

(To be continued.)

A GOSSIP ABOUT TOADS.

THE study of natural history is becoming more popular than heretofore, now that the old tomes, which, by reason of their pedantic style and display of technicalities, could only be appreciated by the learned few, have been supplemented by works more readily understood by the many. Our naturalists are beginning to perceive that their ranks may be much more extensively augmented by the publication of natural history guide-books, which impart information in an interesting and readable form. An instance of this improvement is displayed in a pleasant little volume entitled "Links in the Chain," being "Popular Chapters on the Curiosities of Animal Life," in which the tedium of study is broken by many curious anecdotes relating to each immediate subject—a very judicious as well as pleasing feature, for these anecdotes throw considerable light on the life, habit, or capability of plant or animal. The following anecdote of a toad, taken from this book, can scarcely fail to interest our readers:—

"But the toad is not one of our appointed servants; he is also willing to become an intimate and confiding friend.

"Numerous instances have been recorded of toads that have been rendered tame and attached to those who have treated them kindly. Mr. Bell mentions that he possessed one which would sit on one of his hands and eat the food offered to it on the other. And Dr. Lankester speaks of having repeatedly seen them ade domestic pets of the children of a naturalist. But perhaps the most interesting case of this kind is that of a toad mentioned by Pennant. The animal first made its appearance on the steps before the hall door of a gentleman's residence in Devonshire.

"The owner of the mansion and his family, seeing the creature, frequently gave it food, and by gentle treatment gradually rendered it so tame, that when they came out of an evening with a candle, would creep out of its hole and up, as if expecting to be taken into the house and fed. It was frequently gratified in this way, being carried into the parlour, placed upon the table, and there treated to a supper, in the presence of the assembled household. The favourite food of the pet was the common flesh maggot, a supply of which was regularly kept for it in bran. In taking its food, it would follow the maggots on the table, and, when within a proper distance, would fix its eyes, and remain motionless for a while, apparently preparing for the stroke; and then, quicker than the eye could follow, it darted out its tongue, and the maggot was swallowed. This sort of exhibition excited, as a matter of course, great curiosity in the neighbourhood, and often brought the toad a number of visitors. For the long period of thirty-six years the pet continued to occupy his hole under the door-step of his benefactor and friend; but one fatal day, another pet, in the shape of a tame raven, espied the poor toad at the mouth of his retreat, and pulling him out, wounded him so badly, that no great while after he died; and thus terminated a career, the record of which has probably done more than the most eloquent appeals to the humanity of mankind to redeem the race from the cruel persecution to which they are exposed."

It may be added that, in many rural districts, other equally remarkable instances of tameness in toads are to be found, showing that the real character of the reptile is very different from that so erroneously assigned it by the voice of popular prejudice.

TERRIBLE RECORDS.

IN England, so William of Malmesbury tells us, the plague was so great in 772, that in and about Chichester 34,000 people perished. In 1111, Holinshed tells us of a dreadful pestilence in London, in which thousands of people, cattle, fowls, and other domestic animals perished. In Ireland, in 1204, a prodigious number perished. In 1348 the "Black Death" raged in Italy, and in 1348 the plague, described by Boccaccio raged over Europe, causing a fearful mortality. In London alone, in the year 1348, when the plague at Florence, described by Boccaccio, took place, 200 people were buried daily at the Charter-house. Again England was visited by plague in 1367, Ireland in 1407, and again in 1478, when 30,000 people were slain by pestilence in London alone; and throughout England, more persons were slain by disease than by the fifteen preceding years of war. In 1485 the country was ravaged by the *Suder Anglicus*, the sweating sickness, and this again broke out in 1499-1500 so dreadfully in London, that Henry VII. and his Court removed to Calais. In 1611, 200-000 perished at Constantinople. In 1664-5 the great plague, called so probably because most remembered, carried off 68,596 persons; Defoe gives the number at 100,000. "Infants," wrote he, in a fiction unequalled for its terrible pictures save by the reality, "passed at once from the womb to the grave; the yet healthy child hung upon the putrid breast of the dead mother; and the nuptial bed was changed into a sepulchre. Some of the affected ran about staggering like drunken men, and fell and expired in the streets; while others calmly laid down, never to rise again, save at the last trumpet. At length, in the middle of September, more than 12,000 perished in one week; in one night 4,000 died, and in the whole, not 68,000 as has been stated, but 100,000 perished in this plague. The appalling cry 'bring out your dead! thrilled through every soul."

THINGS should not be done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Italian Opera.—A long interval of fourteen years has elapsed since an Italian Opera troupe, in complete form, visited this city. Italian Concerts and Italian combinations have appeared from time to time during this interval, but nothing in the shape of legitimate Italian Opera has been heard since the year 1853, when a most excellent troupe of artists, under the direction of Signor Arditi (now famous!) paid Montreal a flying visit. Our music loving citizens are indebted to Max Strackosch, the impressaro, of the troupe just departed, for the treat he has afforded them. It was a hazardous undertaking, to bring some forty to fifty artists here (some of whom were doubtless drawing heavy salaries) where success depends so much upon chance and circumstances. We are happy however to be able to state that the pecuniary results which have attended the management have been of a satisfactory character. We are told the receipts for the five nights performances and the Saturday's matinée announted to over $3,000. This appears a large sum at first sight, but when the expenses of keeping together so large a body of artists always on the wing, is considered, no very great amount of profit can be supposed to have accrued to the Manager.

Mr. Strakosch's agent managed things in a much quieter manner this time than on former occasions. The troupe came modestly enough; their performance was satisfactory, and their early departure much regretted. If we except Madame Patti Strakosch, Madame Ghioni, and Signors Susini and Tamaro, the company did not present any very great amount of artistic excellence. Madame Strakosch appeared to much greater advantage in Opera then she has hitherto done as a concert singer, in which capacity her greatest efforts have been "coming thro' the rye" or some other such threadbare ditty. Posessed of a pure, rich-toned and flexible voice, she sung and acted her various *rôles* during the week admirably, being always correct in her intonation and faultless in her phrasing. The conclusion of her arias was generally the signal for hearty applause. Madam Ghioni, the prima donna, is undoubtedly an admirable artist. Her voice has not all the power and freshness which it evidently at one time possessed; and there was a constant tendency to flatness in the upper register (perhaps the result of cold), but her wariness of interpretation and stage experience atoned to some extent for these defects. Her persouation of Norma possessed some excellent points, aud her rendering of "*Casta Diva*" and "*Ah! hello a me ritorna*" was exceedingly good. Of Susini, the great *basso*, it is scarcely necessary to speak, his merits as an artist being already so well understood here. Every tone of his rich and powerful voice was always skilfully and judiciously managed. His retention of the *rôles* of Ray Gomez in "Ernani," and Plunkett in "Martha," was one of the best features of the week's performances. Sig. Tamaro, the "tenore di grazia," was, perhaps, the most admired of the two tenors. His Lionelle, in "Martha," was his best effort, and on the whole a very satisfactory performance. His voice was at times sweet and sympathetic, but never capable of sustaining any lengthy *aria* without a very great deal of exertion. This was most apparent in the celebrated "air," "*M'appari tutt'amor,*" the concluding phrase of which was sadly improvised upon to assist the voice to a successful issue. What a vast difference stood between the past and the present when we remembered Brignoli's rendering of this exquisite gem last year. The chorus, though small, was not the least of the company's attractions. Many of the choruses were admirably given, and the chorus concluding the 3rd Act of Ernani was re-demanded, a thing of very rare occurrence, even in cities where the opera is an established institution.

The works given were Ernani (Verdi's chef d'œuvre), Norma, Martha, Trovatore, Faust, and Don Givoanni; so we have feasted upon the genius of Verdi, Bellini, Flotow (so-so?) Gounod and the immortal Mozart. The operas were very well put upon the stage, the resources taken into consideration. Two properly attired and cleaner children in Norma would not have detracted from the performance, and if Sig Graff (by the way a very good Basso buffo) had sung the part of Tristan in Martha in *Italian* instead of *German*, it would certainly have been much better. These things perhaps are only trifles, but when we consider how small a thing may destroy the effect of an otherwise good performance, we feel in duty bound to raise our voice against them. The two children in Norma completely destroyed the effect of the whole scene and *duett* between Norma and Adelgiza.

We cannot conclude without a word of commendation to the admirable little orchestra and its talented leader. That it was always correct and faultless we will not presume to say, but there was always precision and energy displayed, and a constant leaning towards the singers to cover any defects, and to this fact alone much of the success of the week's performance must be attributed.

The Montreal Harmonic Society (this is the new synonym for the old oratorio society) is now established under the joint direction of Messrs. Fowler and Torrington. It is intended to produce in addition to oratorio, all the popular *musical classics*, sacred and secular. The Society held its first meeting for practice on Tuesday evening last.

English Opera.—It is quite probable that Campbell and Castle's opera troupe will pay us a visit before the year closes. The Company is about to take wing from N. Y. for a lengthy tour, and we have reason to believe that Montreal forms a part of the programme of migration. The company is said to possess a most excellent Prima Donna in the person of Miss Rosa Cooke, and the name of Edward Seguin, the popular baritone, appears upon the bills. We shall be happy to welcome them, should they visit us.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

Lesson VIII.

SULPHURETTED HYDROGEN GAS, AND HOW TO CONDENSE IT IN WATER.

Materials required.—Small glass flask with bent tube, as described in preceding lesson, or glass retort with long tube; sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) in stoppered bottle.

An earthenware jug, test tubes, or wine glasses, and test tube stand.

Spirit lamp; six-ounce phial; distilled water.

Solution of prussiate of potash (ferrocyanide of potassium).

Solution of nitrate of silver; solution of nitrate of copper.

All solutions to be saturated; sulphuret of iron.

When liquids are made to pass into vapour, and when vapour is made to pass into liquid again, this process is called *distillation*. But distillation is also applied to the generation of many gaseous compounds, and the object of our coming operation is to generate a gas of extreme importance to the analytical chemist, viz., sulphuretted hydrogen. This gas, as its name implies, is a compound of sulphur and hydrogen; it possesses acid properties also, and hence is termed hydrosulphuric acid. As it has a most disgusting smell, and being, moreover, poisonous, it is best prepared in the open air. The great importance of sulphuretted hydrogen consists in its being a test for metals generally, and it would be as well for the young chemist to assume that it has the power of indicating the presence of, and separating from a solution, *every metal* without exception. Instances will occur hereafter of metals not capable of being indicated or separated by hydrosulphuric acid, but these metals had best be considered exceptions to the rule.

Take a portion of sulphuret of iron (sulphur and iron) about the size of a hazel-nut; break it into small fragments, but not into powder, and put these fragments into the glass flask or retort.

Take about one teaspoonful of oil of vitriol (but do not use a spoon of any common metallic substance for measuring) and add to it in an earthenware jug about seven times as much water; remark what a great amount of heat is evolved.

Prepare a very dilute solution of nitrate of silver by adding just one drop of the concentrated solution to a wine-glassful of distilled water. Divide this solution into three wine-glasses.

Prepare a very dilute solution of nitrate of copper in the same way. Call the silver solutions A, B, and C, and copper solutions No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3.

Half fill the six-ounce phial with cold distilled water, and have it near for use. Now pour the dilute oil of vitriol upon the sulphuret of iron in the glass flask with the bent tube, or in the retort, probably the mixture may at once give off bubbles of gas of an unmistakeable smell, if not, apply for an instant the heat of a spirit lamp; as soon as the gas begins to come over, plunge the end of the bent tube to the bottom of the distilled water in the six-ounce bottle, agitating the contents as much as possible, by which means the water can be made to absorb a large amount of gas; while the gas is still coming over, remove the tube, and cork the bottle.

Plunge the tube into the silver solution A; a black precipitate falls, which is termed the sulphuret or sulphide of silver, because it is a compound of sulphur and silver. Continue to pass the gas until no further blackness is occasioned, a period which may be determined by filtering a little of the solution and passing the gas through the filtered portion, when, if no blackness results, all the metal has been thrown down.

Repeat this experiment with copper solution No. 1.

Add respectively to silver solution B and copper solution No. 2, a little watery solution of the gas from the six-ounce phial, and remark how similar is the result to that produced by the gas itself. Hence, hydrosulphuric acid has been seen to be a test of the presence of silver and copper, with both of which it strikes a black colour, and throws down a black precipitate. In like manner it throws down most other metals and generally in the form of a black powder.

To copper No. 3 add a drop of the solution of prussiate of potash, and observe the mahogany coloured precipitate which results.

Out of all the substances furnished by the vast range of chemistry, only four of those are metals which produce a precipitate of this colour with prussiate of potash. The names of the four metals are copper, uranium, titanium, and molybdenum.

To silver solution C, add a drop of the prussiate of potash solution, and observe the white precipitate which results.

There are few metals which do not furnish a precipitate of some kind with prussiate of potash; hence, prussiate of potash and sulphuretted hydrogen may be considered as the tests *par excellence* for metals. J. W. F.

(To be continued.)

From a scientific contemporary we learn that a very important discovery has just been made in connection with tanning of leather, by means of which the use of oak-bark may be entirely dispensed with. The process, which has been devised by M. Picard, chiefly depends upon the substitution of turpentine for tannin, and it only occupies twelve hours, in which time leather is produced more effectively than under the old process. The process, though called "tanning," is evidently not even a modification of the old method. Leather is a chemical compound of tannin and gelatine; but in M. Picard's process the fatty substances of the hides are merely dissolved out by the turpentine, and though a material having somewhat the appearance of leather results, it seems hard to believe that it possesses all the good qualities of true leather. The product may however answer well for other purposes, and is 50 per cent. cheaper than the material now generally employed.

Difficulties.—Wait not for your difficulties to cease: there is no soldier's glory to be won on peaceful fields no sailor's daring to be shown on sunny seas, no trust or friendship to be proved when all goes well. Faith, patience, heroic love, devout courage, gentleness, are not to be formed when there are no doubts, no pains, no irritations, no difficulties.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF JUSTINUS KERNER.)

In a stately hall at Worms
Once there sat Teutonic lords,
Each his own land's power and riches
Praising with vainglorious words.

First outspake the Saxon ruler:
"Great my land and strong in might
Silver lies beneath its mountains,
Deep and hidden from the light."

"See my land's luxuriant fulness,"
Said the Elector of the Rhine;
"Golden harvests in its valleys,
On its mountains generous wine."

"Glorious cities, rich cathedrals,"
Louis of Bavaria spoke,
"Make my province not inferior
To the best beneath your yoke."

Then spake Eberhard the Bearded,
Würtemberg's beloved lord:
"My land bears no glorious cities,
Hides no silver 'neath its sward:

"Yet one jewel holds it hidden:
In its wilds where'r I be,
I may lay my head and slumber
Safely on each subject's knee."

With one voice then cried the rulers,
Saxony, Bavaria, Rhine:
"Bearded Prince, *thou* art the richest,
Thy land's jewels brightest shine!"

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 92.

two hundred and fifty thousand pounds?" he said, after a momentary pause.

"I know it was very wrong—I know I ought to have consulted you first!" exclaimed Saxon, quite overwhelmed by the magnitude of his error.

"Never mind that at present," replied the lawyer, coldly. "The mischief is done, and we have only to try if any of the money is recoverable. When did you give it to him?"

"Just now—after dinner."

"To-day? After three o'clock?"

"Not an hour ago. We met at the club; he asked me to dine with him——"

"And when you told him you were to see me this evening, he got you to sign the cheque out of hand!" interposed Mr. Trefalden, eagerly. "Clever—very clever; but not quite clever enough, for all that!"

Saying which, the lawyer seized paper and pen, and began writing rapidly. Having scribbled three or four lines, he pushed them across the table, and said:

"Read that, and sign it."

It was an order upon the cashier and clerks of Drummond's bank to refuse payment of all cheques signed by Mr. Saxon Trefalden, until further notice.

"But suppose," said Saxon, "that he has cashed it already?"

"He can't cash *it*, you foolish boy, till the bank opens to-morrow morning; and by that time it will be too late. I shall instantly take a cab, and go down with this paper to the private house of the chief cashier; and, to make assurance doubly sure, Keckwitch shall be at the bank to-morrow morning when the doors open. Lucky for you, my fine fellow, that you committed this little folly after three o'clock in the day!"

Saxon signed the paper somewhat reluctantly, and Mr. Trefalden put it into his pocketbook.

"Our business conference must wait," said he, "till this affair is settled. Shall you be at home and alone to-morrow at twelve, if I come up for an hour's talk?

"I will be at home and alone, of course," replied Saxon; "but I am going down into Surrey by the three o'clock express."

"To Castletowers?"

"Yes—for a week or ten days."

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What I have to say to you must be said quietly and thoroughly," observed he, musingly. "And if you are very stupid indeed, and want a great deal of explanation——"

"Which is quite certain!" interrupted Saxon, laughing.

"Which I am afraid is quite certain—an hour will not be enough."

"Will you come at eleven?"

Mr. Trefalden took up a manuscript book, and examined one or two consecutive pages before replying.

"I will not come at all," he said, closing it decisively, and taking up his hat. "I will run down to you at Castletowers instead, on Thursday morning. The entries in my engagement-book show nothing of great importance for that day, and I know the Earl will be pleased to receive me. I believe I can even manage to dine there, and return by the last train at ten."

"That *is* good!" exclaimed Saxon, heartily; "and a day out of town will invigorate you for a month."

So it was settled; and Mr. Trefalden turned off the last of the gas, and let his cousin out in the dark.

"I will send you a line in the morning just to say that all's well at Drummond's," said the lawyer, as they shook hands in the street below; "but you must give me your word of honour to sign no more cheques till after Wednesday; and, above all, never again to transact any important business without first taking my advice."

"Indeed, cousin William, I never will," replied Saxon, penitently.

"And if your disinterested friend comes to you in his wrath to-morrow morning, refer him to me. My nerves are strong, and I can bear any amount of vituperation."

"I suppose he will be very much annoyed," said Saxon.

"Annoyed? He will go raging up and down, seeking whom he may devour. But what does that matter? His anger will not fall upon you, but upon your legal adviser. And I am not afraid that he will eat me. Lawyers are indigestible."

Whereupon they again shook hands, and went their separate ways; Mr. Trefalden's way being to Bayswater, where dwelt the chief cashier in the bosom of his family, and Saxon's to his stall at the Opera.

CHAPTER XXI. MR. GREATOREX WITH THE POLISH OFF.

"Mr. Greatorex wishes to know, sir, if you can give him five minutes' private conversation?"

It was not quite a quarter past ten, and Saxon, who had taken a riding-lesson before breakfast, was loitering over a book, with the breakfast-service still upon the table. He laid the volume hastily down, and desired that Mr. Greatorex might be shown in. He was no moral coward; but he felt decidedly uncomfortable when he heard the quick ring of the banker's high heeled boots on the polished floor of the ante-chamber.

Mr. Greatorex came in, and shut the door in Gillingwater's face, flung a crumpled slip of paper on the table, and said, in a voice that quivered with suppressed passion:

"You have thought fit, Mr. Trefalden, to stop the payment of this cheque. May I inquire with what motive?"

He kept his hat on, and the face beneath it was at a white heat, even to the lips.

"I am really very sorry, Greatorex," said Saxon, nervously, "but I ought never to have given it to you. My cousin manages all my affairs, and I had no business to interfere with his arrangements. He objects to your offer, and—and I am obliged to decline it. But why won't you shake hands with me?"

Mr. Greatorex put his hands behind his back.

"You have insulted me," he said, "and——"

"Not intentionally," interrupted Saxon. "Upon my honour, not intentionally."

The banker heard with a bitter smile.

"Pshaw!" he said, scornfully. "We all know what intentions are worth. Yours were certainly not very friendly when you exposed me just now to the grins and sneers of every petty clerk in Drummond's office. Pray, did it not occur to you that the position might be the reverse of agreeable; or that it might affect my credit somewhat unpleasantly among my brother bankers?"

"I feared, indeed, that I might be so unfortunate as to inconvenience you, Mr. Greatorex," replied Saxon, with dignity; "and I tell you again that I am sorry for it. But I had no thought of insulting you."

"Inconvenience!" echoed Greatorex, fiercely. "Good God, man, you have ruined me!"

"Ruined you?"

"Ay, ruined me—me and mine—my father, who is an old man of sixty-eight—my sisters, who are both unmarried. Curse you! how do you like that?"

And with this he flung himself into a chair, and sat drumming on the table with his clenched hands.

Saxon was inexpressibly shocked.

"You must explain this to me," he faltered. "I do not understand—indeed I do not!"

Greatorex glared up at him vindictively, but made no reply.

"I would not willingly injure my worst enemy, if I had one," continued the young fellow, with tears in his voice, if not in his eyes, "much less one whom I have eaten and drunk with, and looked upon as my friend. What do you mean when you say that I have ruined you?"

"Simply, that we shall be in the Gazette to-morrow. You understand that, I suppose?"

The coarse nature of the man had all come to the surface under this powerful test, and he took no pains to hide it. He was literally drunk with rage. Saxon, however, saw his condition, and, ignorant as he was of human nature, by some fine instinct understood and pitied it.

"But why need the withdrawal of this sum work you so much evil?" he said gently. "You are surely no worse off without it to-day than you were yesterday."

"This is why—since you *will* have it! We wanted money—money and time—for we have met with some ugly losses that we didn't chose to tell the world about; and we knew we could pull through, if we had the chance."

"Well?"

"Well, there are three or four firms that have heavy claims upon us, and are getting troublesome. Relying on your cheque, I wrote to them last night and desired them to draw upon us any time after one o'clock to-day. They will draw—and the bank will stop payment."

Saxon sprang to his feet, and seized the cheque, which was still lying where the banker had thrown it.

"No, no," he cried, "not through my act, Greatorex—Heaven forbid! How much do you want, to meet these claims to-day?"

"There's one of twenty-two thousand six hundred and forty-five pounds," said the other, still sullenly, but in an altered tone. "That's the heaviest. Another of eighteen thousand two hundred and three fifteen; one of ten thousand; and one of seven thousand, nine hundred and eleven. Fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds fifteen shillings in all."

Saxon flew to the bell, and rang it furiously.

"A hansom from the stand, Gillingwater," said he, "and choose the best horse among them." Then, snatching up his hat—"Greatorex," he added, "I would drive you to Drummond's this instant, if I could; but I won't break my word. I gave William my solemn promise last night to do nothing without consulting him, and I must go down to Chancery-lane first. But you shall have the money long enough before one—nay, don't shake your head. It still wants twenty minutes to eleven, and I'll be back in three-quarters of an hour!"

"Pooh!" said the banker, impatiently. "I dare say you mean it; but he won't let you do it. I know him."

Saxon's eyes flashed.

"Then you don't know me," said he. "The money is my own, and I swear you shall have it. How much do you say it is?"

"Fifty-eight thousand seven hundred and——"

"Then fifty-nine thousand will do, and that's easier to remember. Come, old fellow, jump

into my cab with me. I can take you as far as Chancery-lane, and you'll see me back in Lombard-street before one o'clock."

CHAPTER XXII. TELEMACHUS SHOWS THAT HE HAS A WILL OF HIS OWN.

Unlike the great ocean, which, however racked by hurricane and storm, sleeps in eternal calm but a little way beneath the tossing waves, Mr. Trefalden kept all his tempests down below, and presented to the world a surface of unvarying equanimity. No man ever knew what went on under that "glassy cool" exterior. Cyclones might rage in the far depths of his nature, and those who were looking in his face saw no ripple, heard no echo, of the strife within. It was just thus when Saxon burst in upon him at about eleven o'clock that Tuesday morning, brimful of compassion for the perplexities of the house of Greatorex, and burning to relieve them at the moderate cost of fifty-nine thousand pounds.

Mr. Trefalden was furious; but he smiled, nevertheless, and heard Saxon quite patiently from beginning to end of his story.

"But this is pure nonsense and quixotism," said he, when the young man came to a pause for want of breath. "What's Greatorex to you, or you to Greatorex? Why should you recklessly sacrifice a sum which is in itself a handsome fortune, to oblige a man who has no claim whatever on your sympathies, or your purse?"

"I can't let him be ruined!" cried Saxon, impetuously.

"Why not? He would not have hesitated to ruin you. He would have swept your whole property into his rotten bank, and have allowed you one per cent less than the current rate of interest."

"I can't tell how that may be," said Saxon; "but I gave him the cheque, and he acted on the faith of it. I must not let him suffer."

"But he would have suffered, sooner or later. Did I not tell you last night that the Greatorexes were on the verge of bankruptcy, and that I believed they must stop payment before the week was out? Don't you remember that?"

"Yes—I remember it."

"Then you must surely see that your cheque can be in no sense the cause of their ruin? At the worst, it but hastens the event by a few days."

"I see that I have no right, and, Heaven knows! no wish, to hasten it by a single hour."

"But, my dear Saxon——"

"But, my dear cousin William, Laurence Greatorex has an old father, and two sisters, and he and I have been on terms of good-fellowship together for weeks past, and I'm determined to stand by him."

"Oh, if you are determined, Saxon, that puts an end to the matter," said Mr. Trefalden, coldly. "But in this case, why consult me at all?"

"I didn't come to consult you, cousin; but I had given you my word not to sign away any more money till after Thursday, and I felt bound to let you know what I was about to do."

Mr. Trefalden looked very grave.

"I confess that I am disappointed," he said, "I had hoped to find my opinion more valued by you, Saxon. I had also hoped that you would look upon me as something more than your lawyer—as your friend, adviser, guide."

"Why, so I do," cried the young man, eagerly.

"Pardon me; I do not think so."

"Then you do me injustice; for I put a priceless value on your opinion and your friendship."

"Your present wilfulness disproves your words, Saxon," said his cousin.

"I know it does; but then I also know that I am acting upon impulse, and not according to the laws of worldly wisdom. I have no doubt that you are perfectly right, and that I am utterly wrong—but still I cannot be happy if I do not, for once, indulge my folly."

Seeing that it was useless to push the argument further, Mr. Trefalden smiled in his pleasantest manner.

"I do think," said he, "that you are the most foolish fellow in the world. If I don't make haste to tie your money up, you will ruin yourself, rich as you are!"

"But what's the use of being rich if I may not enjoy my wealth in my own way?" laughed Saxon, delighted to have carried his point.

"Your way is a very irrational way," replied the lawyer, taking a slip of paper from his desk, and writing upon it in a clear engrossing hand. "Almost as irrational as that of the poor sailors who make sandwiches of their bank-notes and bread-and-butter. But I suppose I must forgive you for this once; and, after all, the loss of fifty-nine thousand is better than the loss of a quarter of a million. There, put that in your purse, and see that your devoted friend signs it down there at the bottom."

"What is it?"

"A promissory note for the money. He will, perhaps, offer you a receipt on the part of the firm; but this will answer the purpose much better. What—going already?"

Saxon explained that Greatorex wanted the cash before one o'clock.

"You have removed the 'stop' from Drummond's, I suppose?"

"Not yet. I will call there as I go home."

"And Mr. Greatorex has given you back your first cheque?"

"I don't know. I think we left it on the breakfast-table?"

Mr. Trefalden bit his lip.

"Upon my soul, Saxon," he said, "you deserve to be fleeced by every sharper who can get his hand within reach of a feather of you! Go home and find that cheque before you dream of removing your injunction; and if you can't find it, give them a note of the number and amount, in case of its being presented for payment."

Saxon laughed, and promised obedience; but declared there was no danger.

"You will still keep your promise of signing away no more money without consulting me?"

"Implicitly."

"Then good-bye till Thursday."

Saxon sprang down the stairs whistling a shrill Swiss air, and was gone in a moment. Mr. Trefalden's face, as he listened, grew dark, and hard, and cold, as if it were changed into granite.

"Fool!" he muttered fiercely. "As eager to ruin himself as are others to ruin him! I should be mad to hold back now. I have waited, and watched, and let him go his own way long enough; but my turn has come at last."

"If you please, sir," said Mr. Keckwitch, putting his head suddenly in at the door, "Mr. Behrens called about ten minutes ago, and said he'd come again at two."

"Very well," replied the lawyer, wearily. "Bring me Mr. Behren's deed-box."

He sat for a long time with the box unopened before him, and his head resting on his hands.

CHAPTER XXIII. A THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE MAN.

The man who has a purpose to achieve, or a secret to hide, should never make an enemy. It is his obvious policy to shun that disaster as sedulously as an expectant bridegroom shuns the conscription, a débutante the small-pox, or a railway director the possible horrors of an excursion train. But the wisest cannot always be wise; and the wariest are apt now and then to omit some little precaution whereby the dread catastrophe against which they have so long been building up their defences, might have been averted after all. Thetis, when she dipped Achilles in the sevenfold river, forgot the heel by which she held him, and left it vulnerable for the fatal arrow. Imperial Cæsar put aside for future reading the paper that would have saved him from assassination. Henri Quatre—he of the valiant heart, to whom nothing seemed impossible—neglected alike his own presentiments, and the prayers of those who loved him, when he went forth to his doom in the Rue de la Ferronnière. These things are common. We read of them in the records of almost every famous crime, or sudden catastrophe. The "complete steel" has some weak point of junction which the foeman's blade finds out; the conspirator drops a paper, and the plot which was to subvert a dynasty recoils on the heads of the plotters; the cleverest alibi breaks down in some minute particular, which no one had the wit to foresee. A little more prudence was alone needed to ensure quite opposite results—a little better closing of the rivets of the gorget, or the seams of the pocket, or the incidents of the story; but the precaution that would have made all safe, was precisely that precaution which happened to be neglected.

William Trefalden had both a purpose to achieve, and a secret to hide, and he was not insensible to the inconveniences that might arise from the ill will of his fellow-men; but he had made two enemies, and those two enemies were the two greatest errors of his life. He had never attempted to be what is called "a popular man." He had none of that apparent frankness and buoyancy of manner necessary to the part; but he especially desired to be well spoken of. He *was* well spoken of, and had acquired that sort of reputation which is, above all others, the most valuable to a professional man—a reputation for sagacity, and prosperity; and prosperity, be it remembered, is the seal of merit. But, having achieved so much, and being on the high road to certain other achievements, the nature of which were as yet known only to himself, he ought to have abstained at any cost from awaking the enmity of two such men as Abel Keckwitch and Laurence Greatorex. It would have been better for him if he had denied himself the satisfaction of punishing his head clerk that memorable evening in March, and been content only to dodge him in the shade of the doorway. It would have been better if, knowing himself to be the destined Jason, he had even suffered Laurence Greatorex to carry off that noble slice from the Golden Fleece, which was represented by Saxon's first cheque. But he had followed neither of these prudent courses. He despised the clerk; he was irritated against the banker; and he never even asked himself how they were disposed towards him in return. They both hated him; but had he known this, it is probable that he would have been equally indifferent to the fact. Not to know it—not even to have given it a thought, one way or the other—was a great oversight; and that oversight was the one hole in William Trefalden's armour.

Mr. Abel Keckwitch was a very respectable man. He lodged in the house of a gaunt widow, who lived in a small back street at Pentonville; and his windows commanded a thriving churchyard. He paid his rent with scrupulous regularity; he went to church every Sunday morning; he took in the Weekly Observer; he kept a cat; and he played the violoncello. He had done all these things for the last thirty years, and he did them advisedly; for Mr. Keckwitch was of a methodical temperament, and loved to carry on the unprofessional half of his existence in a groove of the strictest routine. Having started in life with the determination of being eminently respectable, he had modelled himself after his own matter-of-fact ideal, and cut his tastes according to his judgment. His cat and his violoncello were cases in point. He would have preferred a dog; but he made choice of the cat, because puss looked more domestic, and reflected the quiet habits of her master. In like manner Mr. Keckwitch entertained a secret leaning towards the concertina; but he yielded this point in favour of the superior respectability of the violoncello. And it cannot be denied that Mr. Keckwitch was right. A more respectable possession than a violoncello for a single man, can hardly be conceived. It is the very antithesis to all that is light and frivolous. It leads to no conviviality. It neither inclines its owner to quadrille parties, like the cornet-à-piston, nor to cold gin-and-water, like the flute; and it leads itself to amateur psalmody after a manner unequalled in dreariness by any other instrument. It was Mr. Keckwitch's custom to practice for an hour every evening after tea; and in the summer he did it with the windows open, which afflicted the neighbourhood with a universal melancholy. At these times his landlady would shed tears for her departed husband, and declare that "it was beautiful, and she felt all the better for it;" and the photographer next door, who was a low spirited young man, and read Byron, would shut himself up in his dark room, and indulge in thoughts of suicide.

Such was the placid and irreproachable tenor of Mr. Abel Keckwitch's home life. It suited

his temperament, and it gratified his ambition. He knew that he inspired the lodging-house bosom with confidence, and the parochial authorities with esteem. The pew-opener curtseyed to him, and the churchwardens nodded to him affably in the street. In short, Pentonville regarded him as a thoroughly respectable man.

Scarcely less methodical was the other—the professional—half of this respectable man's career. He was punctuality itself, and hung his hat up in William Trefalden's office every morning at nine, with as much exactitude as the clock announced the hour. At one, he repaired to an eating-house in High Holborn, where he had dined at the same cost, and from the same dishes for the last two-and-twenty years. Don Quixote's diet before he took to knight-errantry was not more monotonous; but instead of the "pigeon extraordinary on Sundays," Mr. Keckwitch dined on that day at his landlady's table, and stipulated for pudding. At two, he resumed his seat at the office desk; and, when there was no particular pressure of work, went home to his cat and his violoncello at half-past-six. At certain seasons, however, Mr. Keckwitch and his fellow-clerks were almost habitually detained for an hour or an hour and a half overtime, and thereby grew the richer; for William Trefalden was a prosperous man, and paid his labourers fairly.

So sober, so steady, so plodding was the head clerk's daily round of occupation. He fattened upon it, and grew asthmatic as the years went by. No one would have dreamed, to look into his dull eyes and stolid face, that he could be other than the veriest machine that ever drove a quill, but he was nothing of the kind. He was an invaluable clerk; and William Trefalden knew his worth precisely. His head was as clear as his voice was husky; his memory was prodigious; and for all merely technical purposes, he was as good a lawyer as Trefalden himself. He entertained certain views, however, with regard to his own field of action, which by no means accorded with those of his employer. He liked to know everything; and he conceived that it was his right, as Mr. Trefalden's head clerk, to establish a general supervision of the whole of that gentleman's professional and private affairs. He also deemed it to be in some sort his duty to find out that which was withheld from him, and regarded every reservation as a personal affront. That Mr. Trefalden should keep certain papers for his own reading; should answer certain letters with his own hand; and should sometimes remain in his private room for long hours after he and the others were dismissed, preparing unknown documents, and even holding conferences with strangers upon subjects that never filtered through to the outer office, were offences which it was not in Mr. Keckwitch's nature to forgive. Nor were these all the wrongs of which he had to complain. It was William Trefalden's pleasure to keep his private life and his private affairs strictly to himself. No man knew whether he was married or single. No man knew how or where he lived. His practice was large and increasing, and the proceeds thereof were highly lucrative. Mr. Keckwitch had calculated them many a time, and could give a shrewd guess at the amount of his master's annual income. But what did he do with this money? How did he invest it? Did he invest it at all? Was it lent out at usurious interest, in quarters not to be named indiscreetly? or launched in speculations that would not bear the light of day? or gambled away at the tables of some secret hell in the purlieus of the Haymarket or Leicester-square? Or was the lawyer a mere vulgar miser, after all, hoarding his gold in the cracks and crevices of some ruinous old house, the address of which he guarded as jealously as if it were the key to his wealth?

Here was the mystery of mysteries; here was the heart of William Trefalden's secret; here was the one thing which Abel Keckwitch's whole soul was bent on discovering.

Possessed by that innate curiosity which acted as the leaven to his phlegmatic temperament, the head clerk had for years pondered over this mystery; lain in wait for it; scented round it from all sides; and, in a certain dogged way, resented it. But since that evening of the second of March, he had fixed upon it with a vindictive tenacity as deadly as the coil of the boa. He saw, or believed he saw, in this thing, a weapon wherewith to chastise the man who had dared to find him out, and call him spy; and upon this one object he concentrated the whole force of his sluggish but powerful will. For Abel Keckwitch was a hater after Byron's own heart, and loved to nurse his wrath, and brood over it, and keep it warm. He never passed that doorway in Chancery-lane without rehearsing the whole scene in his mind. He remembered every insulting word that William Trefalden had hurled at him in those three or four moments. He still felt the iron blow, the breathless shock, the burning sense of rage and humiliation. These things rankled day by day in the respectable bosom of Abel Keckwitch, and were each day further and farther from being forgiven and forgotten.

The secret, however, remained as dark as ever. He had fancied once or twice of late that he was on the verge of some discovery; but he had each time found himself misled by his suspicions, and as far off as ever from the goal.

Hope deferred, and wrath long cherished, began at length to tell upon Mr. Keckwitch's health and spirits. He became morose and abstracted. He gave up practising the violoncello. He lost his appetite for the diurnal meats of High Holborn, and his relish for the leaders that he was wont to devour with his cheese; and he forgot to take notice of his cat. His landlady and his fellow-clerks saw and marvelled at the change; and the soul of the one-eyed waiter who received Mr. Keckwitch's daily obolus, was perplexed with him; but none dared to question him. They observed him from afar off, as the Greeks looked upon Achilles sitting sullenly beside his ships, and canvassed his mood "with bated breath and whispering humbleness."

This went on for weeks; and then, all at once, the tide turned, and Mr. Keckwitch became himself again. A bright idea had occurred to him, by the light of which he distinctly saw the path to success opening out before him. He only wondered that he had not thought of it sooner.

CHAPTER XXIV. AT THE WATERLOO-BRIDGE STATION.

Saxon Trefalden was in buoyant spirits that afternoon as he wandered to and fro among the intricate platforms of the Waterloo-bridge station, and watched the coming and going of the trains. He had plenty of time; for he was a very inexperienced traveller, and, in his anxiety to be punctual, had come half an hour too soon. But his mind was full of pleasant thoughts, and he enjoyed the life and bustle of the place with as much zest as if the whole scene were a comedy played for his amusement.

He was very happy. He thought, as he went strolling up and down, that he had scarcely ever felt so happy in his life.

In the first place, he had that day received a letter from Pastor Martin—a long, loving, pious letter, filled with sweet home news, and benevolent projects about good things to be done in the valley of Domleschg. The remittance which he had despatched the very day after he drew his first cheque, had been distributed among the poor of the neighbouring parishes; the organ that he had sent out a fortnight since had arrived, and the workmen were busy with it daily: the farm-buildings at Rotzberg were being repaired, and the three meadows down by the river-side, that had been so long for sale, were now bought in Saxon's name, and added to the little demesne. The pigeons, too, had a new-pigeon-house; and the spotted cow had calved; and the thrushes that built last year in the great laurel down at the end of the garden, had again made their nest in the branches of the same tree. These were trifles; but to Saxon, who loved his far-away home, his native valley, and all the surroundings of his boyhood with the passionate enthusiasm of a mountaineer, they were trifles infinitely precious and delightful. And besides all this, the letter ended with a tender blessing that had rested upon his heart ever since he read it, and seemed to hallow all the sunshine of the April day.

Then, in the second place, he had that morning enjoyed the supreme luxury of doing good. William Trefalden had, it is true, affirmed that the hours of Greatorex and Greatorex were numbered, and that Saxon's fifty-nine thousand could only interpose a brief delay between the bankers and their ruin; but Laurence Greatorex, with the crisp bank-notes in his hand, had assured him that this sum, by renewing their credit and tiding them over the present emergency, was certain salvation to the firm. Taking it on the whole, this matter of the cheque had been sufficiently disagreeable. It had shown the banker's disposition from an unfavourable point of view, and to withdraw from even a part of his rash promise had been a source of humiliation to Saxon. Perhaps, too, the young man could not help liking his friend somewhat less than before; and this is at all times a painful feeling. Himself one of nature's own gentlemen, he shrunk instinctively from all that was coarse and mercenary; and he could not shut his eyes to the fact that Greatorex had shown himself to be both. However, it had ended pleasantly. Saxon had saved his friend, and the banker had not only overwhelmed him with professions of gratitude, but given him a proper acknowledgment for the money, so that William Trefalden's promissory note (which Saxon knew he should never have produced, though he had lost every penny by the omission) was happily not needed after all.

And in the third place, he was going into the country for a week or ten days. That was the last and best of all! After six weeks of feverish London life—six long, dazzling, breathless, wonderful weeks—he felt his heart leap at the thought of the free, fresh air, and open sky. He longed to be up and out again at grey dawn, with a gun on his shoulder and a dog at his heels. He longed to feel the turf under his feet; and, above all, to practice the art of horsemanship in some more favourable locality than the yard of the riding-school, or the crowded manege of Rotten Row. To this end, he had a couple of thorough-breds and a groom with him, and had just seen the animals safely disposed of in a horse-box, ready to join the train as soon as it was backed into the station.

So Saxon was in great spirits, and went round and about, looking at the book-stalls and the hurrying passengers, and thinking what a charming thing it was to have youth, riches, friends, and all the world of books and art before one! There were, in truth, a great many half-formed projects floating about his brain just now—vague pictures of a yachting tour in the Mediterranean; visions of Rome, and Naples, and the isles of Greece; glimpses of the Nile, and the Pyramids, and even of the white domes of Jerusalem. For some of these schemes Lord Castletowers was answerable; but let the foreground be what it might, the familiar snow-peaks of the Rhœtian Alps closed in the distance of every wondrous lanscape that Saxon's vivid imagination bodied forth. He had no thought of wandering into Italy without first revisiting the valley of Domleschg: and still less did he ever dream of making his permanent home away from that still, primitive, untrodden place. But he had projects about that also, and meant some day to build a beautiful commodious château (not so large, but much more beautiful than Count Planta's), and to rebuild the church, and throw a new bridge over the Rhine, erect model cottages, and make every one happy around him.

"Well, what is it?" said an authoritative voice. "Anything the matter?"

Saxon was looking at the red and gold backs of a long row of Traveller's Guides on a book-stand close by, and the voice broke in abruptly on the pleasant reverie which their titles had suggested. He turned, and saw a lady, a railway guard, and a burly-looking official with a pen behind his ear, standing at the door of an empty second-class carriage of the up-train which had discharged its freight of passengers three or four minutes ago.

The guard touched his cap.

"Lady's lost her ticket, sir," he replied, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"I know I had it when the train stopped at Weybridge," said the lady. "I took it out from my purse, because I thought the guard was going to ask to see it."

Her voice trembled a little as she said this, stooping forward into the carriage all the while, in search of the missing ticket.

The burly official drew his hand across his mouth, and coughed doubtfully. "Where did you take it from, miss?" he asked.

"From Sedgebrook station."

The name came familiarly to Saxon's ear; for it happened that Sedgebrook was precisely the point to which Lord Castletowers had directed him to take his own ticket.

"Humph! Well, Salter, I suppose you've searched the carriage thoroughly?"

"Quite thoroughly, sir," replied the guard.

The official went through the form of peering into it himself.

"Shall I have to pay the fare a second time?" asked the lady, nervously.

"You'll have to pay it from Exeter—the point where the train started from."

"From Exeter? But I only came from Sedgebrook!"

"Can't help that, miss. Those are our regulations. Any passenger, unable to produce his ticket on alighting, must pay his full fare from the point of departure. This train comes from Exeter, and from Exeter you must pay. There hangs our table of by-laws."

Her face was turned towards Saxon now, as she stood by the carriage door, looking from the one man to the other. It was a very young face, quite childlike in its appealing timidity, and as pale as a lily.

"Thank you," she said, hurriedly, "How much will it be?"

"One pound five."

The pale face became scarlet, and the childlike eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Oh dear!" she said, tremulously, "what shall I do? I have not so much money as that!"

Saxon had seen that she was poorly dressed, and knew, as well as if he had looked into it, that her slender purse could ill spare even the paltry three shillings and sixpence from Sedgebrook to London. His hand had been in his waistcoat-pocket half a dozen times already, and was only withdrawn empty because he felt that it would be a simple impertinence to interpose. But now he could bear it no longer.

"May I be permitted, madam," he said, bowing to the young girl as profoundly as if she were a princess of the blood royal, "to arrange this matter for you?"

And he slipped her fare into the guard's hand.

The blush deepened painfully upon her cheek.

"I—I thank you, sir," she faltered. "I thank you very much. Will you be good enough to give me your card, that I may know where to send the money?"

Saxon felt in his pockets, looked in his purse, and found that he had not the vestige of a card about him. At this moment a bell rang on the opposite platform, and a porter whom he had entrusted with his railway-rug and the task of securing him a seat, came running breathlessly up.

"Train's just a going, sir," said he. "You've not a minute to lose."

So Saxon bowed again, stammered something about being "very sorry," and vanished.

Just as he had taken his seat, however, and the train had begun to move, the guard appeared at the window, tossed in a card, said something which was lost in the shrill shriek of the driver's whistle, and dropped out of sight.

Saxon picked up the card, which was rather small for a lady's use, and read:

> *Miss Rivière,*
> *Photographic Colourist,*
> *6, Brudenell Terrace, Camberwell.*

"Poor little thing!" he said to himself, with a pitying smile, "does she suppose that I will send to her for the trumpery money!"

Then he was about to throw the card out of the window; but checked himself, looked at it again, and put it in his waistcoat-pocket instead.

"She was very pretty," he thought; "and her voice was very sweet. How glad I am that I had no card about me!"

CHAPTER XXV. OLIMPIA COLONNA.

Saxon found the Earl waiting for him at the Sedgebrook station, with a plain phaeton, and a long-limbed, bony black mare, that looked somewhat viciously askance of the new comer, and would evidently not have consented to stand still for a moment, were it not for the groom at her head.

"That's right, Trefalden," said Castletowers, as Saxon emerged from the station with his gun-case in his hand, and his rug over his shoulder. "Your train's a quarter after time, and the mare has been giving herself as many airs as a spoiled beauty. Jump up, my dear fellow, and let me tell you how glad I am to see you. Brought any horses?"

"Yes two—since you insisted that I should do so. Here they come."

The Earl turned and glanced at the thoroughbreds, which were now being led down in travelling costume that left nothing of them visible save their hoofs and their eyes.

"They're as welcome as yourself—if that's not a bad compliment," said he. "I've sent a light cart for your luggage, and my man shall follow with your groom, to show him the way. It's only a couple of miles to the park gates. Anything else?"

There was nothing else; so the groom stepped back, and the mare shook her ears, and went away down the road as if she had been shot from a catapult.

"I am delighted you've brought those horses, Trefalden," said the Earl, as they flew along between the green hedgerows of the pleasant country road, "for I have really nothing to mount you upon. I have given over the only beast in the stables fit to ride, for Miss Colonna's sole use and benefit, as long as she remains at Castletowers."

"Miss Colonna!" echoed Saxon.

"A lady who is visiting us," replied the Earl, explanatorily. "You have heard of her father, no doubt—Giulio Colonna, the great Italian patriot. He is staying with us also."

"Yes, I have heard of him," said Saxon, who had turned very red, and began to wish himself back again in London.

"He is my mother's oldest friend," continued Castletowers, "and mine too. I don't know what you may have heard of him—few public characters have ever had so many enemies, or so many friends—but you must be prepared to like him, Trefalden, for my sake. You may not take to him at first. He is eccentric, absent, somewhat cold; but a man of antique virtue—a man whose grand simplicity is as much out of place in the nineteenth century as Cincinnatus himself would be out of place in a modern drawing-room."

Saxon thought of the twenty francs that Seignor Colonna had offered him at Reichenau, and did not kindle at this description, as his friend had anticipated.

"I have heard nothing to his disadvantage," he said, with some constraint. "Is Major Vaughan still with you?"

"Yes, and Burgoyne comes down to-morrow for a week's shooting. We intend to be quite gay while you are all here."

"What do you mean by 'quite gay'?"

"Well, my mother gives a dinner-party to-morrow, and an evening party on Saturday; and on Thursday the last meet of the season will be held in our grounds. Then, on Monday, the officers of the Forty-second, now quartered at Guildford, give a great ball, to which our guests are, of course invited—and so runs the programme with little variation. It is monotonous; but what can one do at a distance of thirty miles from London?"

"Lead the happiest life in the world, I should think," replied Saxon.

"It is a question of taste and means," said the Earl with a sigh. "A motif of field-sports, set to an everlasting ritornella of dining and dancing, dancing and dining—that is life in an English country-house. For myself, I prefer the harsher music of a military band."

"Do you mean that you wish to go into the army?"

"I mean that I should like to be a soldier, if my sword and my sympathies could go together; but that they never can, so it's of no use to think about it. Do you see that belt of pines straight ahead, and the green slope beyond, sprinkled over with elms? That's Castletowers. The house will come into sight directly, at the turn of the road."

And then the conversation strayed to other topics, and Saxon told his friend how William Trefalden was coming down on Thursday; and by that time they had reached the park gates, and were trying to drive up to the beautiful old red house, which looked as if dyed in the sunsets of many centuries.

Then the Earl took his guest around to the stables, built on the princely scale of the old Elizabethan days, and now more than three parts empty. Here Saxon saw the stalls set apart for his two thorough-breds; and presently Major Vaughan came into the yard, white with dust, leading his own beautiful Arabian, Gulnare, and followed by a docile bay carrying a lady's saddle; and Saxon found that he had been riding Mademoiselle Colonna.

After this they strolled about the gardens, and the Earl initiated Saxon into the topography of the smoking room, the billiard-room, and all that part of the house called the bachelors' quarters. Then the gong was sounded, and it was time to dress for dinner.

It was Saxon's first entry into the society of ladies; and this fact, coupled with his reluctance to meet the Colonnas, made him somewhat nervous on going into the drawing-room. The ladies, however, were not yet down; and he found only a group of four men standing round the fire. Two of these were Castletowers and Major Vaughan; the third he at once recognised for the dark-eyed Italian whom he had seen at Reichenau; and the fourth was a stranger.

"My friend, Mr. Saxon Trefalden—Signor Colonna—the Reverend Edwin Armstrong," said Lord Castletowers, getting through the introductions as quickly as he could.

The clergyman bowed somewhat stiffly; but Signor Colonna held out his hand.

"Gervase's friends are mine," he said, with a smile of singular sweetness. "I have heard much of you, Mr. Trefalden, and rejoice to know you. Is this your first visit to Castletowers?"

It was evident that he had no more remembrance of Saxon, than Saxon had of the world before the Flood.

At this moment the ladies came in. The Earl, with some ceremony, presented his young friend to his mother, and while Saxon w[illegible] yet bending over her fair hand, dinner was announced. The Earl immediately gave his arm to Mademoiselle Colonna, Signor Colonna took Lady Castletowers', and the rest followed. Thus it happened that the introduction which Saxon most dreaded was altogether omitted, and that he did not even see Mademoiselle Colonna's face till he had taken his seat at the dining-table. He then looked up, and to his intense discomposure, found her superb eyes turned full upon himself.

"My vis-à-vis is, I suppose, your young millionnaire?" she said presently to Lord Castletowers. "I have met him before; but I cannot remember where."

The Earl laughed, and shook his head.

"Impossible," he replied. "He has only been six or eight weeks in England, and during the whole of that time you have not been up in town, I think, for a single day."

"But I may have met him abroad—perhaps at Milan?"

"He has never visited Italy in his life."

"Well, then in Paris?"

"And I know that he has never been in Paris. In fact, it is more than improbable that you can have seen him before this evening. I speak thus positively because I know all the story of his life up to this time; and a very curious story it is."

"You must tell it to me," said Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I will, by-and-by; and when you have heard it, you will grant that you are only misled by some accidental resemblance."

Mademoiselle Colonna looked at Saxon again.

To be continued.

GOOD NIGHT.

By Miss Landon.

Good Night!—what a sudden shadow
Has fallen upon the air,
I looked not around the chamber,
I *know* he is not there.
Sweetness has left the music,
And gladness left the light,
My cheek has lost its colour;
How *could* he say Good Night!
And why should he take with him
The happiness he brought?
Alas! such fleeting pleasure
Is all too dearly bought,
If thus my heart stop beating,
My spirits lose their tone,
And a gloom, like night, surround me,
The moment he is gone.
Like the false fruit of the lotos,
Love alters every taste;
We loathe the life we are leading,
The spot where we are placed;
We live upon to-morrow,
Or we dream the past again;
But what avails that knowledge?—
It ever comes in vain.—*Beautiful Poetry.*

THE YOUNG WAITRESS.

The Universal coffee and dining establishment is situated in the heart of London, and although not in one of the most leading thoroughfares, yet its air is genial and inviting, for it had kept pace with the numerous improvements which have from time to time been effected in these places, and which have tended to render the London coffee-houses and dining-rooms of the present day very different things compared with the close, dingy, and ill-ventilated holes in which our unlucky forefathers were content to put up with the bad fare doled out to them at exorbitant charges. We have very little of this now. The modern London coffee-shop and dining-room is generally a smart, commodious, well-lighted affair; its tables well supplied with newspapers and magazines, and its attendants civil and good tempered. A very comfortable half hour can be spent in such a place, the existence of which is a real boon to those whose avocations compel them to dine away from home. "The Universal" was, when I knew it, clean and comfortable; its articles simple but good, and its charges decidedly moderate. The proprietor and his wife embodied the conditions looked for in a fair joint—fat and lean, the lady representing the former. The customers who used the upper, or dining-room proper, were respectable but miscellaneous tradesmen whose homes were a little way out of town, clerks, one or two foremen of large businesses, and a small sprinkling of professional men of limited incomes. At "The Universal" everything was conducted in the most respectable and orderly manner, the condition of the edibles never unsatisfactory, and the attention of the proprietors and the small boy who made himself generally useful, all that could be wished. But there was one person connected with the establishment who was the admiration of everybody, and that person was the waitress. Kitty Blake was a little body, decidedly good-looking; she had dark eyes, rosy cheeks, and a neat figure. Active as an ant, and as industrious as one, she could repeat in a breath the longest bill of fare, pointing out the things in prime cut, by the way, in the most captivating manner; silencing doubts, confirming hopes, and attracting the appetite. Scrupulously clean as everything was at "The Universal," that attribute seemed ever heightened by the presence of Kitty. Gown, apron, cuffs, were, to use a dining-room simile, always in apple-pie order. Kitty was a country lass of twenty or twenty-one years of age, who had come to London in the earnest desire to relieve her parents from the responsibility of her support. She had been in service, but through a long stay with a poisoned hand in an infirmary, had lost her situation. Unable to obtain employment in her native place, she had answered an advertisement put into the newspaper by the proprietor of our dining-rooms, and gladly received the appointment of waitress thereat.

At first Kitty was a little awkward. She blundered in her orders occasionally, and once or twice, from mere nervous anxiety to please, deposited a portion of one gentleman's dinner upon another gentleman's lap. However, she soon got over her difficulties; and, if such a term may be applied to the softer sex, mastered the position in a month, and gave the greatest satisfaction. Among others who came to "The Universal" was a steady-going, simple-mannered young tradesman, John Gibson, an ornamental decorator. He was a clever fellow, was John Gibson. He had been an errand-boy, but, having a taste for drawing, had attended the evening classes at the school of design, where his talents soon attracted attention, and procured him a comfortable situation, until he set up in business for himself. From the first it struck me that John was more than favourably impressed with the waitress. His grey, earnest eyes always brightened as she approached him, and his attention seemed mostly divided between her and his dinner. His fork would pause half-way to his lips, while he directed his gaze after her as she glided towards the communicating tube to deliver an order, or returned from the lift with the article required. Yes; and upon one occasion so absorbed did he grow, that he actually ordered a second dinner, and never seemed to be aware of the fact till he pulled out his purse to pay. A very different thing happened when, through a cold in the chest, we once, for a brief space, lost the services of our fair attendant. John's appetite then so fell off, that he left the larger portion of his dinner upon his plate every day. When Kitty got well again she was welcomed by all; but the decorator, upon seeing her, warmly took her by the hand, and said he was glad that she had come back again, and in a lower tone hoped that she had brought his appetite with her, as he had missed it ever since she had been away. Kitty smiled and blushed, and John's honest manly face was radiant with delight. From this moment I could clearly see that the waitress and John Gibson regarded each other from a very friendly point of view indeed. Others came to the same conclusion as myself, for occasionally somebody would remark, just sufficiently loud for the lass to hear, that paperhanging was a lucrative business, or, that ornamental decorators were, as a class most respectable men, and always made good husbands. That the waitress was not displeased by these innocent banterings was evident, for although she would turn aside to hide her blushes, yet she invariably had a smile upon her face at the same time. After this had been going on for a few months, an old customer, though a young man, who had not visited "The Universal" during the reign of Kitty, suddenly, to the vexation and annoyance of several, made a re-appearance. The young man in question was a jeweller's shopman hard by—tall, pale, thin, and gentlemanly-looking at first sight; but, upon closer inspection, too much of what is vulgarly known as a swell to impose upon any intelligent Londoner for five minutes. A fluffy moustache was fostered upon his lip, whiskers had not yet put in the faintest appearance, and he parted his light, rather curly hair in the centre. His dress was showy, his manner patronising. He often had a silly smile upon his face, and he seemed to be on most excellent terms with himself. He was a young fellow who was rather calculated to take with the inexperienced. When he threw himself upon a seat, it was evident he felt that he looked imposing, and nothing less than the proprietor of a brougham; and when after dinner he took out his toothpick, flung open his coat, lounged back and exhibited his white waistcoat and gold chain, it was done with the air of £4,000 a-year, Three per Cents. Our simple, modest, little waitress seemed wonderfully impressed the first time she beheld him, and passed John Gibson to wait upon the new comer. The decorator looked a little surprised, but, of course, made no remark. In less than a week, Kitty's preference for the jeweller, Mr. Tinfoil, was obvious. Silly compliments were constantly upon his tongue, and the waitress seemed to take everything he said as honest admiration. His way of behaving was so offensive, that one or two outspoken customers took upon themselves to drop a hint now and then upon good behaviour in public, but without any beneficial effect. It was a lesson in vanity to see that young man take up the newspaper and pretend to read, so that he might stick out his little fingers, which were encircled with showy rings; and conceit was never better personified than when Tinfoil glanced round the room to see if he were noticed, and then dropped the paper, making a revelation of white waistcoat and gold chain for the benefit of the company in general, and Kitty in particular. But now a change, a marked change, came over our little waitress. Still clean as ever, her nattiness began gradually to die out. Glaring colours and tawdry dresses, Cheap-Jack jewellery and flying ribbons, supplanted the simple adornment of a better day. John Gibson came to dine as usual, when business did not lead him from his shop, but he took no more notice of Kitty now than the merest stranger. His eyes never brightened and his face never beamed as of old.

One day, when he had purposely made his dinner an hour later, that he might not be compelled to witness the silly exhibitions of Mr. Tinfoil, he caught that young gentleman and Kitty in earnest conversation.

"I cannot accept it, sir," said the latter, in a very decided tone; and the other, with "Oh, very well!" thrust something into his waistcoat pocket, and went out.

It was that portion of the day when "The Universal" was always quiet, and John now found himself the only customer present. Having given his order, he took occasion to draw Kitty into conversation. He had said very little to her of late, but for all that retained a most genuine regard for her, and felt sincerely sorry at the alteration we had all witnessed. By a little dexterity he got to learn that the young man who had just left had been offering her that afternoon a gold brooch as a present; and further, had asked her to try and get a holiday that day week, to accompany him to the Derby. There was, perhaps, a little vanity in her confessing so much. She felt, most likely, to be noticed by one whom she considered so much a gentleman, very flattering to herself.

"I heard you refuse the present," said John, with something like satisfaction in his tone, "and I consider you acted very wisely Of course, you don't intend going to Epsom?"

Her face coloured deeply as she replied—

"Well, I don't think there would be any harm. I have only had one holiday since I've been here; and mine isn't an easy place though I don't mind work."

"I'm sure you don't," returned the decorator; "a blind man might see that."

She smiled, and appeared pleased at his good opinion, but continued—

"I have heard so much of the Derby, I really should like to go for once; and Mr. Tinfoil is a nice gentleman, and so I think I shall ask for a holiday."

It was now John Gibson's turn to colour up. After a short pause, he very gravely said—

"Kitty, mind what you are about."

As though he had not made any remark, she continued—

"Work, indeed! It's all work and no play here. Up at half-past six of a morning; doing about upstairs; and then after breakfast doing about downstairs; then getting the dining-rooms in order; then waiting all the rest of the day, and hardly ever getting an hour of an evening, to run out or to mend one's clothes. It's too much of a good thing. I shall ask for the holiday, and I'll have it, or know the reason why."

"Kitty, Kitty," said John, in a mild, reproving manner, "I never heard you speak in so unhappy a tone before. Recollect that there are other 'dining establishments' beside 'The Universal,' some of them of a much higher class, though few of, perhaps, higher character, where the waitress gets more time on her hands, and better pay into the bargain, than you appear to have. And it is very likely, if you keep your eyes open, and go on here after the old fashion, you may one day obtain such a situation."

The arrival of several customers put an end to the conversation, and John went off to his business. The Derby-day arrived, and the

weather was most propitious; but Kitty did not desert her post. When the decorator made his appearance at one o'clock and saw her, a cheerful gleam lit up his whole face, and he called for his plate of roast mutton, bread and potatoes, in a tone eloquent of satisfaction and joy. Kitty looked a trifle dull, and as she passed the place usually occupied by the jeweller and saw it vacant, her countenance grew still darker. The next day Mr. Tinfoil was at the dining-room with the air of a man who had had a very bad night's rest. His face was haggard and his eyes rather bloodshot. He got on very badly with his dinner, and when he had finished sent the boy, who made himself generally useful, to fetch some brandy. The next day he was absent; but the day after that he again turned up with all his vanity and swagger.

And now another change began to work upon Kitty, quite as remarkable as that which has been described. One by one the little bits of finery, that had apparently given her so much satisfaction a short time ago, disappeared, until at last she got quite back to her olden and healthier style. Everybody observed the alteration, and everybody was pleased except the jeweller's shopman. His disapprobation was made manifest one day by his surveying her from head to foot through his quizzing-glass, and then remarking aloud that she was making a pretty image of herself. Kitty looked offended at this rudeness, and though he afterwards tried to smooth the affair down by some highly spiced compliments, it was evident that thereby he only made bad worse. Our fair attendant had no sooner fully reached her original stage of simple adornment, then she commenced increasing its severity, and presently her dresses began to deteriorate in a most remarkable manner. At length her apparel grew thoroughly seedy. Frocks whose fashion and conditions told that they had long since been considered as done with, were brought into wear; and cuffs, collars, and aprons were summoned from their slumbers in the rag-bag to fulfil again those active duties from which it was supposed they had for ever retired. John Gibson's eyes began to brighten at her appearance, but Mr. Tinfoil seemed to regard her with looks of mixed pity and contempt. The girl herself bore a much graver aspect than of old, and went about her duties with increased zeal, and seemed to have a greater desire to please than ever. One day appearing in a frock more washed out, darned, and antiquated than any we had yet seen, Mr. Tinfoil impertinently asked how much she would take for her ball dress. In an instant her face was on fire, and her eyes filled with tears. She made no reply, but went to the room, and sat down on an empty box. John Gibson, who happened to be present, walked over to the jeweller, and said something in a whisper, which caused *him* to colour up too. A few minutes afterwards, when nobody was looking, he slid from the room, and ever more honoured some other house with his custom. One day, when John and I were dining at the same table, we got into conversation, and I soon found him to be a self-educated and self-made man of no small intelligence and understanding. Until now we had never more than exchanged a "good day" together. Among other things, Kitty's change of character came to be discussed. John said he could't make it out. Sometimes he thought she must really be a little wrong in her head. I suggested that perhaps she had turned miser, but my companion said, "Oh, no." Then I urged that her extreme meanness of attire of late might result from a desire on her part to save money, with a view to ultimately bettering her position in life. John again shook his head.

"There's one thing in particular," he went on to say, "which I have noticed several times lately. It is this: I've seen her steal out after dark, and hurry off as if she had been a thief, with the police in full cry." This, we agreed, only increased the difficulty, and after some further chat we parted. That evening,—it was a foggy November one,—as I passed the dining-rooms on my way home, who should come stealing out by the side door but the waitress. She carried a bundle, which she seemed anxious to conceal under her shawl. She did not observe me, and went bounding away into the fog with the swiftness of a professed pedestrian. John had awakened my curiosity, and I resolved to follow. Taking the opposite side of the way, I kept her figure in view. The fog would just allow this. I could not have been recognized by her at that distance, so I felt myself secure, and resolved not to lose sight of her for a second. On we went, up one street, and down another, for about ten minutes, when the fog getting into my eyes and nose, brought on a fit of sneezing which fairly pulled me up. When I recovered, and looked for Kitty, she was gone. I felt vexed, crossed the road, and found myself at the corner of a narrow thoroughfare. Thinking that most likely the chase had taken this course, I hastily followed. On reaching the other end of the street my way was obstructed by a mob of men and boys, in the centre of which stood a policeman struggling with a man, and advising him to go along quietly. Attracted for the moment, I inquired what was the matter, when a respectably dressed youth replied:

"It's the jeweller's shopman down the street. He's been caught robbing his master."

I pressed more closely forward, and was startled to find the unhappy creature no other than Tinfoil. More police having arrived, he was dragged off, struggling violently, and crying for mercy, and saying that it would kill his poor old father. Powerless to aid him, I was on the point of turning my face towards my own home, when, most unexpectedly, the waitress again crossed my path. The bundle was gone. She had not observed me, and again I took up the pursuit. After a bit she made a pause, and dived into a little low-fronted shop. I waited five minutes, when out she came again, and made off with greater speed than ever. I followed, through more bye-streets and lanes, and at last up a narrow court. Pausing at a tall, dilapidated tenement, the door of which stood open to both night and fog, she rubbed her feet upon the flags for want of a mat, and disappeared in the pitch dark passage. I was instantly at the door, and, to my unbounded wonder, John Gibson stood beside me.

"I know all about it," he whispered. "You've been watching her, so have I. Hush!"

We listened, and heard her feet hurriedly ascend, one—two—three flights of stairs. Suddenly a heavy fall, followed by a wild cry, smote us both with fear.

"What's that?" we exclaimed, and together bounded up the stairs. Pausing at the apartment Kitty had just entered, such a sight was revealed as I had never looked on before. Stretched motionless upon the floor lay the form of a man. Kneeling beside him, and uttering the most heart-rending cries, was an emaciated woman, with four terrified little children clinging about her; the fifth, a baby, lay crying on a mattress in one corner. Hastily flung upon the table was a heap of meat, bread, and potatoes, which had evidently been brought in by Kitty, while she, poor girl, was bending over the fallen one, calling upon him by name, chafing his temples, rubbing his hands, and doing all she could to restore animation. Our appearance did not seem at all to astonish her. The only remark she made was—

"Oh, pray—pray run for the doctor. I'm afraid he is dying."

John Gibson was off in an instant. I put my hand upon the heart of the prostrate man, and found it beating regularly, though feebly, and I at once assured them that he was only in a fainting fit, and would soon come to. The poor woman and Kitty both joined in a thousand blessings upon me for the words of comfort. Having removed from the room a number of persons, lodgers, who had been alarmed by the noise, and had come to see what was amiss, I opened the window and commenced chafing the hands and temples of Kitty's brother-in-law, for such he proved to be, and in a little time he began to revive. At this juncture John Gibson returned with a doctor.

"You are very weak," said he, after feeling the patient's pulse and listening to his heart. "What's brought you so low?"

"I had a sort of fever nine months ago," was the feeble reply, "and I've never got rightly over it. I went to the hospital, and after a while they cured me, but I've never got strong enough to be able to work."

"Then you've been earning nothing all that time? I suppose you belong to a club?"

"I did, sir," returned the poor fellow, "but it wasn't enrolled; and so, after I'd had three months' pay, it broke up, and I'd got no remedy."

"Oh, dear me! oh, dear!" exclaimed the doctor, who was a most fatherly-looking old gentleman, as he glanced round upon the children. They had gathered about him, and were looking up into his face, as though the life or death of their father was to be settled at once, and by him. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why, you're half-starved."

"You may well say that, sir," cried the poor woman, bursting into a fresh flood of tears; "and if it had not been for that dear girl, my sister there, who's sold everything off her back, though much against our wish, to help us—God bless her!—we should all have quite starved before this."

Kitty cried "Hush!" and turned away.

"Yes," continued her sister, affectionately, taking hold of one of her husband's hands and one of Kitty's; "and he wouldn't eat when he might have done so, because of the dear children."

I looked at John—his eyes were filled with tears; I turned to the doctor—so were his; and I am not ashamed to confess mine were also. Presently the old gentleman arose, and delicately hinted that the parish authorities should be acquainted with the case, and made to furnish proper nourishment not only for the sick man, but for the immediate need of the family.

Here John stopped him at once, and said that there would be no occasion for such a step, as he intended to take the responsibility of their more direct requirements upon himself.

"Very good," replied the doctor. "Then all I shall have to do will be to send in some forty-nine horse power strengthening medicine. Good night to you. Keep up your heart and eat plenty of good meat, and you'll quickly get well again."

As soon as he had departed, John and I conferred together, and made arrangements for the instant help of the family in such a way as to appear as little like charity as possible, and when we took our departure left them all in tears, but not the tears of sorrow.

"There's a girl for you!" were the first words that passed John's lips when we got into the street. "Everything's accounted for now."

"Yes," I replied. "Her head was a little turned once, but she was always sound at heart."

Two months after that memorable night, Robert Young, Kitty's brother-in-law, was once again a hale man in full employ; and two months after that I saw John Gibson and the little waitress made husband and wife.

Mr. Burlingame, says an American paper, brings an interesting gift from China to Mr. Longfellow. It seems that Mr. Wade, of the British Embassy at Pekin, who is a great Chinese scholar, made a close translation of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," which was inscribed, as is the manner of the country, upon the doorposts of his house. There the calm, pure wisdom and beauty of its sentences greatly impressed a learned dignitary poet of the empire, who thereupon put it into pure Chinese poetry form of the last polish, and so writing it out with his own hand on a beautiful fan, sent it as a present to his brother bard at Cambridge. It is pleasant for all of us admirers of that charming poem to know that thousands of Pekin folk stop to read, and admire it too, as they pass Mr. Wade's door.

One's own Shadow.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect; then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says: "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the seventh chapter of Job, we find it written—"As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow."

A LESSON FOR LADIES.

WE listned, a week ago, says the Editor of the *Home Journal*, to a touching funeral sermon over the body of a young woman who had suddenly died in consequence of having fifteen teeth extracted. She was youthful, plump, active, full of vitality, and overflowing with vivacity, but her teeth, though good enough in quality, were not so comely in appearance as she thought desirable. To think was to decide with her; to decide was to act. Forthwith she proceeded to a dentist, and had ten defective masticators drawn. But this was not sufficient. She was resolved to have a complete set of artificial teeth in her mouth of solid make and handsome aspect. Five sound teeth should not stand in the way of the accomplishment of her desire. The dentist remonstrated. "Save at least your eye-teeth," said he. But no, she was confident she could endure the pain, and she would not be baulked in her enterprise. Out came the teeth. She *did* endure the pain, and like a heroine. She went home rejoicing in her courage, and in the successful result of her adventure. But she little dreamed of the consequences. Being a woman of powerful will and vast self-control, she had nerved herself by an almost superhuman effort to the task set before her; but the reaction had yet to come. The over-strung nervous system, when it began to relax, gave way in a gush. Complete prostration followed. A long-concealed organic disease of the heart suddenly developed its mischievous character. Death quickly came upon her, two or three hours after her rejoicing, and, before the teeth could be completed that were to beautify her mouth, her friends followed her corpse to the grave.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

FOR a number of years past a quiet, respectable-looking man had been in the habit of periodically calling upon a well-known west end tailor, with an order for "a suit of black." The mysterious customer would not leave his name, but as he paid cash down, and acted as his own porter, the discreet snip wisely refrained from bothering the "unknown" with needless questions. In the course of time the tailor was gathered to his fathers, and the business fell into the hands of a successor who could not, or would not, so readily bottle his curiosity. The "gentleman in black" made his appearance shortly afterwards, and the usual order was booked and paid for. "What name, sir?" inquired the bland proprietor. "Of no consequence," replied the "stranger." "I beg your pardon, sir, but I should like to know the name of one who has been such a good customer to the firm." "My name is not likely to benefit you," retorted the customer, somewhat angrily, "but as you are curious to know it, I'll tell you. "My name is Calcraft, and you may send the things to Newgate when ready." The tailor's curiosity cost him a good customer, as the "gentleman in black" has not been seen since. The best part of the story remains to be told. In despair at the loss of a ready-money customer the unlucky tailor by some means or other discovered the domestic retreat of "Mister" Calcraft, and on proceeding thereto made the pleasant discovery that the hangman was not his man. It is supposed that the "mysterious stranger" was an eccentric individual delighting in obscurity, and that he assumed the name of Calcraft as a mode of resenting impertinent curiosity.

OZONE.—Ozone is said to be Nature's grand atmospheric disinfectant. It is a peculiar modification of oxygen, and is supposed to be that gas in a permanently negative state. In its action as a deodoriser, it closely resembles chlorine, destroying bad odours as effectually and almost as rapidly, but it has advantages over that gas. It is not irrespirable, and is considerably more manageable. Two sticks of phosphorus, each two inches in length, made very clean by scraping, if covered with oxide, and half covered with water, will yield in an hour sufficient ozone, in a room of 3,000 cubic feet, to be detectable by Sconbein's test in every part.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

1. A traveller had to pass through three toll-gates; upon reaching the first he was asked for the toll, which was sixpence. He answered,—"If you will give me as much as I have in my pocket, I will pay you." The amount was given, and the toll paid. The same answer was given to the demand for payment at the other two toll-gates, with the like result. He paid sixpence at each of the toll-gates, and had nothing left. How much had he in his pocket at the first toll-gate?

2. A boy requested a farmer to permit him to go into his orchard to pick some apples. The farmer gave him permission provided that, in coming out, he left at the first gate half the number he had gathered and half an apple more; the same at the second gate, and the same at the third. When he had passed through the third gate he had one whole apple remaining, and did not cut any. How many apples did he gather?

CHARADES.

1. My first an interjection is,
 Expressing wonder and surprise;
My second a diminutive,
 Familiar to the merchant's eyes;
My third our every action still
 Is prompting, or for good or ill.

My whole! behold is rushing on
 With wild resistless force;
No voice can stop, no power can turn
 It from its destined course;
Yet greatly useful is its might,
 By skilful hands directed right.

2. I am a word of eight letters. My 6, 7, is an interjection; my 5, 2, 8, is part of the body; my 4, 5, 8, 7, is a brave man; my 8, 7, 1, 5, is an important part of a lady's dress; my 3, 2, 1, is a useful vehicle; my 1, 5, 2, 8, is a wild animal; my 4, 7, 6, 5, is a cavity; my 2, 8, 3, 4, is what ladies often are, and my whole is, or ought to be, an unhappy individual.

ENIGMAS.

1.

What force or strength cannot get through,
I with a gentle touch can do;
And many in the street would stand
Were I not as a friend at hand.

2.

I'm not of the world, I've no substance at all;
Yet, cut off my head, and you make me all;
How many soever their numbers may be,
Who with Pharaoh were drown'd in the depth of the sea;
Or all who have met on the battle-plain,
March'd from it in conquest, or slept with the slain:
All who live, all who die, if beheaded, I'm made,
And multitudes of them of me are afraid,
Though the most they can make of me is but a shade.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a bee-hive like a spectator?

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. I am a word of five letters; cut off my tail, I am painful; transpose, I am a flower; drop a consonant and transpose, I am dug out of the earth. My whole is a Canadian town.

Montreal. GEO. B.

2. EHCCRRTPYO. Excites considerable attention.
3. KMWHTAAO. A weapon.
4. GAAMREIR. Desired by most.
5. QTUEEETTI. What all should know something of.

ANAGRAMS.

A collection of plants.

1. A nut pie.
2. Regina sum.
3. Love it.
4. Here's a seat.
5. A nicer air.
6. On a tin car
7. O a libel.
8. I call.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c. No. 5.

PUZZLES.

1. A your great (grate) be empty, put coal on (colon); if full, stop putting coal on (colon).
2. Great case, little crosses before marriage; little case, great crosses after.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Priests, Persist, Tripe, Sprite, Spirt, Spit, Pit, It, T.
2. Eye.

CHARADE.

Montreal.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

Naaman lost his leprosy in the Jordan; Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, found it. 2 Kings, chap. 5.

CONUNDRUM.

He becomes an ill literate (illiterate).

The following answers have been received:

Puzzles.—1, W. G.; C. M.; A. H.; Geo. B.; Nemo; 2, Geo. B.; Wm. G.; H. H. V.; Nemo.

Transpositions.—1, Johnnie; Geo. B.; H. H. V.; Nemo; 2, Johnnie; Wm. W.; Geo. B.; H. H. V.; A. H.; Nemo.

Charade.—H. I. M.; J. F.; A. A.; D. P. D.; Geo. B.; Johnnie; Wm. W.; Nemo.

Scriptural Enigma—H. H. V.; A. H.; Ellen B. Nemo.

Conundrum.—H. H. V.; Martin F., Nemo.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

RAREBIT CAULIFLOWER.—Put into a frying-pan amidst boiling grease, a few small mushrooms or mushroom buttons, and the flower part of a cauliflower or broccoli, broken into sprigs. Sprinkle over them some grated cheese, and baste the whole well from time to time with the hot grease. This really is a delicious food, and very nutritious.

ITALIAN PUDDING.—Make a thick pap, and add a little salt; when boiled enough, pour it into a basin to get cold. Turn it out (it will be quite solid), and cut it into slices. Now take a large pudding basin, and put at the bottom a little grease and grated cheese, over these a slice of pap cake, then more grease and grated cheese, then more pap-cake, till your basin is full, ending with grated cheese. Cover with a lid, cook gently in an oven till it looks yellow, and serve hot.

N.B.—"THICK PAP" *is made of Indian corn well boiled in milk, and salted with a pinch of salt. Instead of Indian corn, any flour-food will do, such as oatmeal, arrowroot, sago, &c., but it must be made thick, so as to be solid when cold.*

ANCHOVY CHEESE.—Put a piece of cheese into a stewpan, and, when soft, mash it with butter or any other grease. Now add half a pint of water (hot or cold), a little salt, and an anchovy cut small. Boil the whole together, adding as much flower from time to time as the liquid will absorb. When you have got a thick paste, pour over it some eggs beaten up, and mix the whole well together. Lastly, pull your paste into small lumps, and bake in an oven.

FRIED COW-HEEL.—Cut a stewed cow-heel into pieces about two inches long, and put the pieces into a frying pan with bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, and a little minced parsley. You will require to have grease in the pan, and it should be boiling before you put your cow-heel in. About a quarter of an hour will suffice for frying. It would be a great improvement if you were to beat up an egg and dip each piece into it before you put it into the hot frying-pan.

FRICASSEED TRIPE.—Cut your tripe into small pieces and scald them. Then boil them with sliced onion, and when nearly done, shake them up over the fire with a little butter or lard, a pinch of flour, and a spoonful or two of any stock.

N.B.—*Tripe fried in batter, or simply boiled in milk and water, is very much liked by many.*

MEAT OMNIUM.—Take all the pieces of cooked meat you have, no matter whether boiled or roast, butcher's meat, poultry, or game—in fact, all the dinner leavings you can get together, and mince very fine. Put the whole into a stewpan with a little parsley, a few green onions, and mushrooms, if you can get them, one or two eggs beaten up, and a little of any sort of stock. Simmer for a quarter of an hour. Then take a meat dish, pour upon it a layer of your stew, a layer of bread in slices, another layer of stew, and so on, and heat in an oven. When hot, pour over it the rest of the stew hot, and serve up.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H. S.—You will readily understand that we c nnot promise to print the letters you refer to, but if you choose to transcribe one of them and forward it to us, you may at least rely upon its being read. We repeat, however, what we wrote a few weeks since, that prose articles are more acceptable. Nine-tenths of the original poetry we receive is transferred to the waste basket with but scant hesitation.

P. A B., London —Please forward the solutions. Did our fair correspondent wish to test our editorial ingenuity?

J. F.—We have not much opinion of "Whitby." Try something better.

W. A —We cannot, even to oblige a subscriber, celebrate the charms of "sweet *mignard* Bessie." The number of our readers would grow small by degrees and unpleasantly less, if we were to publish articles which are interesting only to the writer, and at best, a few of his friends.

Johnnie.—For a small "space of period" you have been a bad boy, Johnnie. We are glad to receive answers to the questions propounded, but don't send us any more as you did the last. It isn't honest. Wherever did you pick up "a considerable space of period?"

Wm. W.—We did not notice the mistake you refer to in time to rectify it; fortunately, however, it was only cover deep. Your Taylor, in spite of the proverb, is a man by himself, and we are glad that you think so. The contribution will probably appear in due time.

Mignonette.—Are you quite sure that Nos. 2 and 4 are original? We fancy we have seen them before. Many thanks nevertheless.

E. H. A., C. R. R.—The solutions will be acknowledged next week.

Frontenac, U E.—One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. We hope the touch of genuine Irish humour in Father Dominico's sermon will make a respectable portion of it—laugh.

T. P. T., St. C.—Your letter and the article sent are under consideration.

Nemo.—We believe three Roman Catholics were elected to Parliament by English constituencies at the late general election there.

A. H.—We cannot believe that any serious results will attend the Fenian movements in Ireland. The Imperial government have apparently nipped that folly in the bud—and our correspondent need not fear for the safety of the loved ones at home.

Un Anglais.—So far as our experience guides us, the Indian summer is a rather mythical season. It is popularly supposed to follow the first fall of snow. Our English correspondent will probably enjoy the bright, bracing Canadian winter, more than any other season of the year.

Well Wisher.—We shall shortly commence a second serial tale, written by an eminent English author. It will be continued weekly with "Half a Million of Money."

Ellen B.—We decline the article with thanks.

Musical.—It is our intention to publish a page of music about once a month. Occasionally the pieces will be instrumental.

E. J. H.—Please forward the manuscript, and if accepted you will hear from us.

George.—Perhaps some day the much needed reform in spelling will be effected. The *Fonetic Nuz*, so far as we know, was the only journal ever published in the common sense principle of spelling words as they are pronounced.

T. S.—Yes, if you wish it. Subscriptions can commence with any number.

J. H. W.—We think you are mistaken.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

New Smoothing Iron.—A self-heating iron for smoothing clothes has been recently patented in the United States. It is hollow, and has within it a gas-pipe, which is supplied with gas by a flexible tube connected with the handle. In the gas-pipe are a few small apertures that constitute jets, which furnish minute flames. The upper portions of the iron are most heated: but when the lower has become too cold for use, the position of the upper and lower surfaces, both of which are perfectly smooth, can be easily reversed.

Purifying Water.—It often happens that our experimenting readers require pure water when they can only obtain putrid. A good plan for overcoming this difficulty is the following:—Take a large tin or wooden funnel, and place a few pieces of broken glass at the bottom; fill up to two-thirds with charcoal, broken small; place a few pieces of broken glass at top, to keep down the charcoal; pour in water, and, even if it be putrid, it will pass rapidly through clear and sweet.

An extraordinary electrical phenomenon lately occurred in the forest of Chantilly. A waterspout passed across the forest, and in less than five minutes it destroyed almost everything in its passage for a width of fifty yards and a length of nearly five miles. About 600 trees, many of them oaks of large size, were either broken off close to the ground, or torn up by the roots, and shivered to splinters.

A new mode of preparing formic acid and the formic ethers, was described by M. Lorin at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences. Oxalic acid and alcohol, in equivalent proportions, are added to glycerine; a reaction takes place in which formic acid is produced; this then combines while in a nascent state with the alcohol, and formic ether results. After the decomposition of the oxalic acid is complete, the product is distilled, and ether purified in the ordinary manner. With 500 grammes of amylic alcohol M. Lorin has obtained the same weight of amyl-formic ether.

A Vinegar-Making Animal!—In Paris there are a couple of curious creatures from China. One is a tortoise, or small turtle, with green hair floating about from under his shell. The other creature is a hideous, revolting-looking polypus, endowed with the peculiar attribute of making vinegar. It is a monstrous assemblage of fleshy membranes and glutinous tubes, and a mass of mis-shapen appendages, which gives it a revolting and hideous aspect. You will suppose it to be lifeless, but, if you touch it, it writhes and assumes various forms, proving its vitality. The structure of this creature is but little known.

An invention has been provisionally specified by Messrs. Standly & Prosser, of Cockspur Street, which consists in, the employment of hydrogen or its compounds, alone or mixed with oxygen or atmospheric air projected from blowpipes, for the purpose of welding plates or masses of iron, or other metals. They prefer to mix the gases in a reservoir at the base of the blow-pipe.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A Toast.—"The Press: it ex-presses truth, re-presses error, im-presses knowledge, de-presses tyranny, and op-presses none."

"Idleness covers a man with rags," says the proverb; but a schoolmaster, thinking to improve on this, wrote a copy for one of his boys with the proverb thus altered, "Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator, "You can see the very quiver of his lips."—"Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who said "He meant *arrah* coming out of it."

A witty counsellor being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied as follows—"I am concerned, your honour, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

Declined with thanks.—When Henry VIII. sent an offer of his hand to the Princess of Parma, she replied that she was greatly obliged to his Majesty for his compliment; and that if she had two heads, one of them should be at his service, but as she had only *one*, she could not spare that.

Why is cutting off an elephant's head widely different from cutting off any other head?—Because when you separate the head from the body, you don't take it from the trunk.

The ruling Passion.—A Jersey physician, while playing cards, fell off his chair in a fit. After half an hour's steady application of remedies, he recovered, and immediately inquired, "What are trumps?"

When Walter Scott was at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the teacher what part of speech "with" was.—"A noun, sir," said the boy.—"You young blockhead!" cried the teacher, "what example can you give of such a thing?"—"I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Samson with withs.'"

A Yorkshireman who had attended a meeting of the Anthropological Society was asked by a friend what the learned gentleman had been saying. "Well I don't exactly know," he said; "there were many things I could not understand; but there was one thing I thowt I made out; they believe that we have come from monkeys, and I thowt as how they were fast getting back again to where they came from."

Sambo, is your massa a good farmer?—"Oh yes, massa fus-rate farmer—he makes two crops in one year."—"How is that, Sambo?"—"Why you see, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of all cattle that die for want of de hay, and make money twice—dat's two crops, massa."

Business and Pleasure.—An apothecary at Boston, who in every thing connected with business was a perfect pattern of punctuality and exactitude, had lately the misfortune to lose his wife. At the hour of her interment he placed the following placard upon the door of his shop. "Gone to bury my wife; return in half an hour."

A very singular human phenomenon was observed the other night in Norfolk, which is thus mentioned by Professor Clark, of the *Norfolk Express*:—"A most singular sight was seen in the heavens last night by a friend of ours, who was out rather late. The moon, he avers, turned three complete somersets without stopping, bowed to him, winked knowingly, and then resumed her course as if nothing had happened."

Taking Her at her Word.—The late Rev. Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmaboe, was a simple-minded clergyman of the old school. When a young man he paid his adresses to a lady in the parish, and his suit was accepted on the condition that it met the approval of the lady's mother. Accordingly, the doctor waited upon the matron, and, stating his case, the good woman, delighted at the proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment. "'Deed, doctor, you're far owre guid for our Janet. I'm sure she's no guid eno' for ye." —"Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best, so we'll say nae mair aboot it." No more was said, and the social intercourse of the parties continued on the same footing as before. About forty years after, Dr. Wightman died a bachelor, and the lady an old maid.

Literal Construction.—A chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of bad habits. "Gentlemen," said he, "close your ears against bad discourses." The scholars immediately clapped their hands to their ears.

A superintendent of a mission school, being annoyed by the noise, finally, in appealing to the boys, raising his hand, said—"Now let's see if we can't hear a pin drop." All was silence, when a little fellow in the back part of the room, cocking his ear and placing himself in an attitude of breathless attention, spoke out—"Let her drop!"

Spiritual Facts.

That whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

That brandy brands the nose of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings; while beer brings many to the bier.

That champagne is the cause of many real pains.

That gin-slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.