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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 23. FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 10, 1866. FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the New Story,

"THE SECRET OF STANLEY HALL."

By Mrs. J. V. Noel.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

THE popular amusements of a nation constitute a fair index of its character; and the Spanish bull-fights give a better idea of the disposition of the people of that peninsula than could be gathered from the pages of a score of historians. In the Old World, as a general rule, the amusements of the people, with some slight modifications, are the same as those that beguiled the idle hands of their forefathers—many centuries previous to the time when the great Genoese navigator gave a New World to Castile and Léon. Some of the games practised in Europe at the present day can lay claim to remote antiquity, and were in vogue long before the dawn of the Christian era. The Egyptians were much attached to the game of ball, but played it in a manner different from that of the British Islands. Some of their paintings represent adults engaged in the game of hoop, and others portray a couple of combatants absorbed in a game of chess. The in-door amusements of this wonderful people bear, even after the lapse of 2500 years, a marked resemblance to those of our own time. They were fond of giving evening parties, and we have seen a *fac-simile* of one of those social gatherings, taken from the tombs of Thebes and Beni-Hassan, which, allowing for difference of costume and of a few unimportant accessories, are almost a counterpart of those of the nineteenth century.

The Egyptians invited each other to parties for the purpose of enjoying musical entertainments, and witnessing dances. The orchestras included harps, guitars, drums, flutes, long and short, single and double trumpets, castanets, and tambourines. The guests seated themselves exactly after our fashion, on chairs and fauteuils like our own, and young girls and boys waited on them, and supplied them with fans and refreshments. The women were splendidly attired, and their hair, which was sometimes false, was arranged in a very attractive manner. Temperance principles were not always observed at their feasts, for several satirical works of art represent men carried home from them on the shoulders of their sober friends, and, with the Egyptian love of caricature, rich ladies are depicted in a condition which, now-a-days, would call for the intervention of the police.

In the privacy of home life, the Egyptians had numerous games with which to while away their hours of leisure; and the British Museum contains a rich collection of dolls, puppets, chariots, leather balls, dice, and whirligigs, which have been found in little mummy cases in excellent preservation, and which contributed to Egyptian pastimes, at a period when the nations of the greatest part of the European continent were as wild as their own forests, and dwelt in huts constructed with less skill than the habitations of the Canadian beaver.

The in-door amusements of Europe and America are much the same; but, as regards out-door amusements, Europeans possess the superiority—climate no doubt, has much to do with this, but we must also take into consideration the temperament of the people. The Englishman, the Frenchman and the German indulge in out-door sports for the mere pleasure of the thing, while the people of this continent, as a general rule, seem to engage in them as a matter of duty; as if labouring under an obligation to do so, and thus they rob themselves of all the zest, all the delight, all the advantages which result from the complete abandonment, for the time being, to the amusement that is uppermost.

The people of this continent, American as well as Canadian, pay far less attention to out-door amusements than the people of the Old World. We are of a temperament much more mercurial than theirs; and an amusement, in order to be popular, must be exciting. A man who crosses a rope suspended over Niagara Falls, and who gives the spectators a chance of seeing him tumble headlong into the torrent, will attract a hundred times the number who would assemble to witness a boat-race between the best rowers of the continent, or a cricket-match played by the All England eleven. The theatre that produces a good melo-drama, after the French fashion, and made up of a sufficient number of duels, poisonings and intrigues, with two or three dashing members of the demi-monde introduced, to give piquancy to the plot, will be crowded from pit to dome; while the theatre, that is guilty of the anachronism of bringing forward one of those plays with which Shakespeare spell-bound the most gifted audiences since the days of the Athenian drama, will hardly realize enough of money to pay for the printing of its programmes. The absorbing idea, in this quarter of the globe, is money-making, and our amusements are stinted in order that our pockets may be rendered plethoric; there is wealth to be made in the stifling air of the counting-house, and so we give no second thought to the wealth that may be secured in the deep forests, and in the broad fields. It is the old story of the men, who, in the good old days of the company, were wont to go to India, live there some twenty years, come home with a diseased liver and a million of money, die conveniently some couple of years after arriving, and leave all their wealth to their grateful relatives.

The amusements we seek indoors, can scarcely be styled amusements at all. We allude principally to that form of social entertainment, which are known as "parties." A better plan of spending an evening unprofitably could not be devised. A number of persons of both sexes find themselves in an apartment, hot and suffocating, and not many degrees removed from the condition of the Black Hole of Calcutta. They are introduced to each other, and try to look at ease when passing through that terrific social ordeal. When they begin to converse, in short sentences, the weather, or the dresses of those present, forms the substratum of the dialogue. After the pulse of every one present has been raised to fever heat, by the overcharged atmosphere of the room, and when the monosyllabic conversation begins to flag, music is announced, and a self-confident young lady, with the courage of the king of Ashantee's Amazons rushing to a charge, marches boldly up to a wheezy piano, and commences to belabour it in such a manner, that if there are any persons among the auditors who have an ear for music, they are disposed to question if the gift of hearing is altogether an unmixed blessing. For the most part these social gatherings are remarkable for nothing but small talk, weak tea and execrable music, and the only persons whom they profit, are medical men and milliners.

That species of amusement which is most conducive to physical health must be sought for out of doors. It may be said that the severe winters of the North American continent prevent out-door exercise; but this is a fallacy, for, with the exception of short intervals, when it snows, or when the weather is excessively cold, there is nothing to prevent both sexes from indulging in snow-shoeing and skating. Both of these amusements find favour with Canadians, but are not so generally practised as they deserve to be. The city of Montreal possesses several snow-shoe clubs; it is their focus, and we believe there is also a club composed exclusively of ladies. Every year, a short time before the commencement of spring, there are snow-shoe races, the prizes for which comprise silver cups, medals, and purses. The latter prize is generally contended for by the Indians, and it may be interesting, in a physical point of view, to observe here, that they hardly ever enter for any race but the one for four miles; as they have found out by experience, that in races of a mile they have been beaten by white competitors, while, in the four mile contest they can tire out and distance their pale-faced rivals.

Those who regard physical education as one of the remedies for some of the "thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to," must be gratified at the impetus giving to skating during the past few years. This delightful exercise seems to be the especial favourite of the ladies on both sides the line 45°. Numerous skating "rinks" have sprung into existence in Canada, but the broad basin of the ice-bound St. Lawrence affords the cheapest and healthiest opportunities of enjoying this pastime. In New York, the Central Park affords unrivalled facilities for skating; and the American ladies, who are adepts in the art, are not slow to avail themselves of the chances offered to them for displaying at the same time their skill and their personal attractions. And surely it is better to be thus employed, during the day, than to be confined in an over-heated room, moping over a sensuous novel; for of this, our fair readers may rest assured, that there is no greater enemy to beauty than our Northern winters, when these winters are passed within sight of the stove; just as, on the other hand, beauty has no greater friend than the same season, if the advantages it offers for out-door amusements are seized upon as they present themselves, and not allowed to slip carelessly away.

A great number of people from this side of the Atlantic seek amusement every year in visiting Europe. They do so, we suppose, because it is fashionable. A European tour might be made profitable, for that continent contains much that is grand in nature and magnificent in art, and has been the scene of the greatest actions in which the human race has ever been called upon to participate. But we fear that the majority of tourists visit Europe not so much for the sake of improvement as for the satisfaction of being able to say that they have been over that continent. For our own part, we believe that the two reminiscences of European travel, that survive the longest are these—first, that the hotel-keepers seem to have entered into a combination to fleece every traveller; second, that the accounts furnished by the Guide-books, of famous localities, are greatly exaggerated. Some spots on the Rhine may repay a visit, and it may also be worth while, if the traveller is of a statistical turn of mind, to compute, at the eating-houses,

how many yards of sausage your rubicund Teuton can swallow in a day, how much tobacco he can convert into smoke, and how many gallons of lager beer he can manage to put under his waistcoat. But are there no rivers on this continent equal to the Rhine in beauty? And if a traveller is in search of romantic ruins, can he not find them on this continent? Can he not find in Mexico and Central America the remains of a civilization that was coeval with that of Etruria?—dismantled temples and prostrate columns as grand as those of Karnak, as beautiful as those of Persepolis? And in these wrecks of ages long gone by, cannot the antiquarian and ethnologist find memorials of an architecture that was old and perfect a thousand years before the stones were hewn to build those dens of feudal robbers, the castles that frown down upon the well-praised Rhine?

Why should the people of this continent visit Europe if only for the purpose of that which is fair or sublime in nature? What can they see in the shape of rivers to equal those of this continent, from the vast Mississippi, Father of Waters, and the mighty St. Lawrence, into which four inland oceans roll their contents, to the picturesque and placid Hudson, and the majestic Saguenay, sweeping along with that sullen grandeur that begets awe, and that deep tranquillity that betokens mysterious and incalculable power? Can Lakes Leman or Windermere surpass in wild and witching beauty Lake Memphremagog, gleaming like a gem in its mountain setting, and sentinelled by forests which, in the early days of autumn, glow with as many colours as ever shone on the emblazoned canvas of the great Italian painters? Within a day's journey of many of our railway stations there are spots of sufficient loveliness to vie with any of the valleys of Switzerland or Andalusia; rivulets, beautiful as any that ever ran flashing down the Alps; cascades whose names have perished with the race of the red man, and which, unknown or uncared for by those who have supplanted the children of the forest, send their silvery music through the woods, on summer noons and summer nights, as if beseeching the wanderer to come and gaze upon them, or as if bewailing to the breeze the fate of those who once were wont to watch them and to love them well.

We must now draw to a close;—and have only to remark, in conclusion, that we who inhabit this continent have always within our reach everything that can make life enjoyable, as well as instructive; and if we reject that which is natural, and adapt ourselves, in our amusements and pastimes to that which is artificial and fashionable—Nature will eventually have her revenge; for mental and physical deterioration will surely overtake us—just as surely as punishment, sooner or later, is the inevitable consequence of crime.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. Baker's interesting narrative of his recent African explorations in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyanza will shortly be published in London.

The translation of Homer is a feature of our times. Sir John Herschel—who published one book of an hexameter translation in the *Cornhill Magazine*—has completed the Iliad. The public are likely to have an opportunity of forming their opinion of it.

A portrait, said to be that of Shakespeare by a contemporary painter, is now in the possession of a Dr. Clay, of Manchester. The painting, which is twenty-four inches by twenty, has, it appears, been in the possession of one family for upwards of one hundred years. The face is thoughtful and slightly touched with melancholy, the eyes being remarkably expressive and pleasing.

It is understood that the Home Government are contemplating certain changes in the British Museum. Mr. Panizzi, the present Chief Librarian, will retire, and it is probable that the post will be offered to Sir Edmund Head. The London Athenæum says: "Sir Edmund is a distinguished scholar, a Privy Councillor, and a man of wide experience. If the prize must go away from the Museum, it would not be easy to find a better chief."

Number 1 of the *Masonic Press*, a new journal devoted to Freemasonry, has just been published in London.—It is a "Monthly Journal, Review, and Chronicle" of the ancient Order and its kindred subjects. The editor is Bro. Matthew Cooke, M.P., and the publication "is said to appear" with the sanction and approval of "the Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient and Accepted Rite XXXIII., and the most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of Masonic Knights Templar of England and Wales," &c. The object of issuing the *Masonic Press* is declared to be "the numerous abuses—accumulated more especially during the last half-century—which loudly call for redress, and these evils will be unflinchingly and persistently opposed until they or it cease to exist." We wish the new monthly every success.

A genuine Yarmouth author promises to teach the world, "How to Cook a Yarmouth Bloater One Hundred Different Ways," to which is added a "History of the Herring, also a few approved methods to cook sprats, scallop oysters, "schottch" eels, pick shrimps, and manage mussels." Were Yarmouth bloaters more easily obtainable in Canada, we should feel a greater interest in the author's promises.

Another old English library has been destroyed by fire. About a month since, Crewe Hall, in Cheshire, built by Sir Randle Crew, who had purchased the estates of the Falshursts, in the reign of James I., was burnt to the ground. The library was founded by Sir Randle, when Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. After he was displaced in 1626, for his disapprobation of the imprisonment of those gentlemen who refused the arbitrary loan proposed by the Court, Fuller said of him, "He discovered no more discontentment at his discharge than a weary traveller is offended at being told that he is arrived at his journey's end." It was also said of him, after he had built Crewe Hall, that he was the first to bring "the model of good building" into Cheshire. Most of the fine old paintings have been saved; but the books, comprising many rare works of the times of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., have all been destroyed. This makes the third or fourth old library that has been destroyed within the past few months.

A writer in the Athenæum suggests the following explanation of a difficulty in "Hamlet":—"The passage in 'Hamlet,' 'I know a hawk', or, as corrected, 'I know a hawk from a hernshaw,' has greatly puzzled commentators. Is this not the true explanation? Among the ancient Egyptians the hawk signified the Etesian, or northerly wind (which in the beginning of summer, drives the vapour towards the south, and which, covering Ethiopia with dense clouds, there resolves them into rains, causing the Nile to swell), because that bird follows the direction of that wind (Job xxxix. 26). The heron, or hern, or hernshaw, signified the southerly wind, because it takes its flight from Ethiopia into Higher Egypt, following the course of the Nile as it retires within its banks, and living on the small worms hatched in the mud of the river. Hence the the heads of these two birds may be seen surmounting the *canopi* used by the ancient Egyptians to indicate the rising and falling of the Nile respectively. Now Hamlet, though feigning madness, yet claims sufficient insanity to distinguish a hawk from a hernshaw *when the wind is southerly*, that is in the time of the migration of the latter to the north, and when the former is not to be seen. Shakespeare may have become acquainted with the habits of these migrating birds of Egypt through a translation of Plutarch, who gives a particular account of them, published in the middle of the sixteenth century, by Thomas North."

We have collections of many curious things—why not a collection of "Curious Advertisements?" *Apropos* to this question we see it *stated that for* some time past a diligent reader in the British Museum library has been busy upon a "History of Advertising." The following announcement, cut from a late Liverpool paper, although without the charm of age, has at least absurdity enough in it to recommend its insertion in the forthcoming work:—

"DOWLING.—Dec. 22, at his mundane abode, 25 Fore-street, off Exmouth-street, Birkenhead, the wife of Abraham John Dowling, preacher of the Gospel, late an un-sentenced prisoner in Chester Castle for preaching the Gospel, of a son and heir, by the mother's side (who is Elisabeth, third and youngest daughter) of the late Captain William Williams, of Liverpool and Dublin. Thanks be ascribed to the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, man's only Saviour! blessed be His most holy name, the suffering mother and son have been brought through the furnace and both doing well—bless the Lord; this child making the third arduous though at length happy delivery! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Amen and Amen." Who would believe in the sanity of the writer?

Among the forthcoming English publications we notice "Cast Away on the Auckland Isles," a narrative of the wreck of the *Grafton*, and of the escape of the crew, after twenty months' suffering, from the private journals of Capt. Thomas Musgrave, together with some account of the Aucklands; also an account of the Sea Lion and its habits (originally written in seals' blood, as were most of Capt. Musgrave's journals), edited by John J. Shillinglaw. Capt. Musgrave's singular adventures were recently noticed in an article in the *Times*, contributed by the Melbourne correspondent of that journal. They fairly entitled him to the name of "the Robinson Crusoe of the nineteenth century."

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.*

Landwards rolled the tidal waters
With a hoarse and angry roar,
'Neath their fury seemed to tremble
The steep and granite shore,
Landwards—seawards—round them flinging
Phosphorescent foam wreaths high,
Whilst above them sullen brooded
A black and starless sky.

In a dimly lighted chamber,
Wrapped in silence hushed and deep,
Lay a sick man slowly sinking
In death's last dreamless sleep;
And though now he was so quiet,
His had been a stirring life,
Battling—as the sailor's lot is—
With wind and water's strife.

Gently stole a friendly watcher
To the shrouded tranquil bed,
Where the sick man lay as silent
As if life itself were fled—
Gazing on the rigid features
That already death's hue wore,
Whispered soft he, "In a moment
Will the last sad scene be o'er."

Quickly spoke the dying sea-man,
With impatient angry sigh,
"Think you with the Tide incoming
That a sailor e'er can die?
Stand aside, and cease your watching,
For, I tell you, messmate, true,
When the tide is outwards going,
Why, I will go with it too."

Not another word was spoken
In that sad and dreary room,
Both untroubled and unbroken
Was its darkened solemn gloom:
But when sunbeams bright were gilding
Grey old ocean in its pride,
And the waves were outward rolling,
His soul went out with the tide.

Montreal, January, 1866. Mrs. Leprohon

* Fact.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," &c., with eighty-four Illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Wordsworth's Poems for the Young, with fifty Illustrations. By John MacWhirter and John Pettie. A new edition. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. 85c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Downing on Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture. A new edition. Edited by Henry Winthrop Sargent. 8vo. Beautifully Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
The North-west Passage by Land. Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Viscount Milton, M.P., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Cheadle, M.A., M.D., Cantab, F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Petter and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully Illustrated. $5.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Good Words for 1865. In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous Illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
The Sunday Magazine for 1865. One large octavo volume with numerous Illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Jamieson. The Complete Works of Mrs. Jamieson in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Undertones. By Robert Buchanan. Second edition, enlarged and revised. One vol. 16mo. $1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
The Life of Lord Palmerston. With an account of his Death and Funeral. London. Routledges. 1865. R. Worthington, Montreal.
The Student's English Dictionary. One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London. Blackwell & Son. 1865. $2.63.
Van Der Palm, The Life and Character of Vander Palm, D.D. Sketched. By Nicholas Beets, D.D. Translated from the Dutch. By J. P. Westervelt. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
War Lyrics and other Poems. By Henry Howard Brownell. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Child. The Freedman's Book. By L. Maria Child. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Just published, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Heavysege, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. $1.25; full gilt, $1.50.
Dante's Inferno. Illustrated. By Gustave Doré. One large folio volume. English text. By Cary. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Robertson. Sermons and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monifieth. 12mo. $1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Kingsley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," etc. 12mo. pp. iv., 397. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*. Cl. $2. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Ruskin. Precious Thoughts, Moral and Religious. Gathered from the Works of John Ruskin. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, $6,00; in half Calf Extra, $9.00.
Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c.
This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd, J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, $1.00, in extra binding, $1.50.
Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper Covers, uniform with Artemus Ward. Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25c.
Christian Armour, or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated, one vol. 4to.
The Illustrated Songs of Seven. By Jean Ingelow.
Schiller's Lay of the Bell, translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.
The Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque, 8vo. Illustrated.
Byron's Works. New Riverside Edition. In Half Calf. Extra. $1.50 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.
History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. $1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. $3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
A Concise Dictionary of the Bible; comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Thick octavo, with 270 plans and wood-cuts. $5.00.
The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

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

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 342.

CHAPTER XIX. COMMITTED.

"To how foul a blot, on the fair page of a long life will a little drop of dirty ink spread itself!"
RICHARDSON.

If in her dreams, three months back, Miss Austwicke had pictured herself walking slowly down an avenue of Kensington Gardens to keep an appointment with a man of Burke's rank in life or any man of any rank, she would have certainly concluded so humiliating a fantasy was the result of a severe attack of indigestion. Yet now she was actually walking slowly in the yellow mist of a gloomy morning, and fretting at the weather, which she feared prevented her being seen. No eyes are keener than those that avarice sharpens; and it was a real luxury to "Old Leathery" to dodge behind the trees and shrubs to watch her as she walked. He could not bring himself to shorten his enjoyment by crossing her path and presenting himself until the very last moment. Indeed, once he resolved to let her return home disappointed of her errand. To make her come the next morning would have been so good a test of his power over this proud and proper lady, that he was tempted to try it. But the fear that something might arise to release her from the coils he was slowly, but, with her own assistance, surely, winding round her warned him not to trifle. She proved herself, by coming, sufficiently in earnest to conceal an important family secret, even by conniving at injustice; but women, he argued, were weak: her mind might change, and she had not as yet fully committed herself; so when the hour's desolate walk had come to a close, and Miss Austwicke, angry with herself and all the world, was about leaving by a side path that wound round a bank of shrubs, a man came bending his grizzled head, and puckering up his eyes and mouth, mopping and mowing like a gibbering fiend—

"I ask yer pardon madam; I've been long waiting, but the fog's thickening, I fear."

Now that he was perceptibly near, Miss Austwicke felt glad the fog was thickening. Not another creature was in the walk as the yellow mist blackened; the only sound in the torpid air was the rustle of some last lingering leaf as it fell, or the monotonous drip, like slowly gathered tears, that pattered among the evergreens.

"Never mind apologies," said Miss Austwicke haughtily. "What have you to tell me?"

"At no small trouble and expense I've found Captain Austwicke's——"

"Found the children," interposed Miss Austwicke; "you have found them at the house of a Mr. Hope, in Kensington." She paused a moment for his answer; then, convinced she was right as to the identity, she continued—"I found them without any trouble."

"I'm aware that you have visited them, but you have not discovered yourself to them. Am I to go to Mr. Hope and tell him?"

Miss Austwicke did not answer, and he continued—

"It will be a sore scandal if *all comes out*. I know there's been some trickery—sharp practice rather about the money that has been paid for their maintenance. Seventy good pounds a year has that Johnston, of Canada, had."

"Mr. Hope, I feel sure, had never had half that sum. There has been trickery and peculation," said Miss Austwicke, indignantly.

"Ou, madam, I feel sure that not half has been paid. I've been so deceived that, as an honest man, I feel inclined to wash my hands of the affair; but respect for my, friend, the captain's memory, makes me willing——"

"To help me in providing for the children!" interposed Miss Austwicke, impatiently.

"Yes, madam—yes. Consideration for my friend and the poor orphans—defrauded, poor things!"

"I think they have been very well brought up hitherto. I don't see that children of—such a mother—what I wish to say is—I am willing to continue the sum that has hitherto been paid for them, but I should like them removed."

"Certainly they are too near, madam. You would not choose to come in contact with them? Money for their support, much or little, has hitherto been sent from Canada; of course, I could make it a matter of business, and should say nothing of my friendship for their——"

"You would, of course, restrict yourself to a business arrangement, conducted by letter, I should think, with Mr. Hope?"

"I would do my best, madam, as humbly in duty bound, to protect you from any annoyance."

His low bow and leering eyes were at this juncture so offensive that Miss Austwicke said hastily—

"Of course, sir, I should remunerate you for all trouble. It is a business transaction, sir"—"purely," she would have added, but the word died on her lips. She had sufficient preception of character to believe that this man was to be bound to fidelity by his interests, but she did not know how rapacious he might be, or by any means fully realise what was involved in this copartnership of concealment. One question lingered in her mind, and after a few moments' silence she uttered it—

"Do you know what became of Isabel Grant?"

"Died years ago, madam."

"You are sure of that?" said Miss Austwicke, with a sigh of relief.

"She never held up her head after she heard the captain was a married man—never. She was demented and, well——"

"Yes, yes; that's all I wanted to know. When can I hear the result of your arrangement with Mr. Hope?"

"I'll lose no time, madam; but money will be wanted to pay arrears, and there's my own claims, though I say nothing of them. I only regret that I am poor—poor. It's not the honest men, madam, that——"

"I have not brought money with me, but I will send you; tell me what is needful."

"Twenty or thirty pounds—arrears, madam, arrears."

"It shall be sent in half-notes. Send a newspaper, to let me know the first halves have come to hand, and the others shall follow. I would rather you wrote as seldom as possible."

"Assuredly, madam; and permit me to say that I feel for you. It was very unlike my friend, the captain, to go through a ceremony of marriage, which I witnessed, madam, with that lassie Isabel."

"I have no doubt my brother fell into bad hands. Good morning," said Miss Austwicke, walking hastily away. Meanwhile, her companion was not so easily distanced; making long, stealthy strides, he kept up with her, saying—

"There's the marriage lines to prove it, ma'am."

"I've have nothing to do with that," haughtily replied Miss Austwicke.

"Yes, but you're aware that when the youth comes of age, he might require to see the certificate of his father's former marriage—that marriage which invalidated Isabel's claim."

Miss Austwicke turned round in alarm.

"He must never know. Our name, my name, is that of a stranger to him. It must continue so, or I do nothing—absolutely nothing—for these children. Captain Austwicke left no property. If they were legally his children they would be beggars. They have nothing to gain, but much to lose, in attempting to make any claim. My brother, Mr. Basil Austwicke, is a lawyer: they would have no chance."

"Only what truth and right would give them, madam; that is, I'm supposing, of course, that they were—what you say you consider them."

"I'm supposing nothing but this: under the name they bear, and the station they have been reared in, they have hitherto done very well, as they may in the future. Under that name I privately help them, and pay you for your assistance not otherwise."

"I understand, madam. Rely on me. I'm true as steel." And as sharp as a two-edged weapon, he might have added.

Miss Austwicke, having reached the gate, made a stiff inclination of her head in dismissal; and he

paused, watching her as she walked into the deepening mist; then, as if throwing off a constraint that had been difficult, he snapped his fingers, and said—

"My proud madam! you think yourself a match for me. I'll both bring down your spirit and empty your hoards before I've done with you."

CHAPTER XX. COLLISION.

"Is it a serpent coils about my path?"

On the evening that followed the interview we have recorded, a youth was plashing through the mud of London, westward. His face, though grave and stern for one so young, was not exactly melancholy. The thin jaw and broad chin, even more than the firm mouth, gave a wonderful look of resolution to the countenance, which harmonised with his quick decided walk, and the erect carriage of his head.

As he drew near a narrow turning at right angles to the high road, a head peered out from under the shelter of an umbrella, and a voice said—

"Ye did not come, my young freend though I telled ye I'd something to say to you; and maybe could help you to situation, as ye telled me ye were in want of one."

"I want to have nothing to do with you," replied the lad, abruptly, without stopping.

"If that's the way ye mean to treat your freends, it's not many ye'll find, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps not. Some people I should rather like for foes."

"Ye're an uncommon civil, nice-spoken youth, ye are, for certain."

He contrived, while speaking, to keep up with the lad, who did not, for a few moments, appear to bestow on him any further notice.

At length, irritated at the perseverance of the man, the youth turned suddenly upon him, and said—

"I don't like the look of you. You've been dodging me about these three days. If I'm young, I'm not a fool; and a man who meant well, need not be lying in wait, and then come crawling round corners. I tell you once for all, I don't like you, and I want none of your help!"

"Maybe, young sir, I've a right to be on the look out after you; maybe I know more about you than you think for; maybe I only wanted to see, as I have a perfect right, how *I* liked *you*."

"Right! what do you mean?"

"Just what I say—a perfect right."

"Then come openly and honestly, and explain yourself," cried the lad, raising his voice impetuously.

"I mean to do so. I am now going to Mr. Hope's, to converse with him about the future prospects of you and yer sister."

For a moment the boy stood still with surprise at hearing Mr. Hope's name mentioned. He took off his cap, as if to cool his flushed and angry brow, regardless of the small, thick-falling, blinding-rain.

"*You!* going to Mr. Hope?"

"Yes; that's plain English, isn't it?"

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"That's my business. Maybe I tested your politeness."

There was a sneer both in the words and the manner they were uttered.

It was pretty evident that one of those mental antipathies which some opposite natures immediately conceive against each other, was at work with both, and the younger was at no trouble to conceal it.

This incongruous pair in due time arrived at the door of the cottage, and the lad, pulling twice, gave a well-known ring, which was instantly answered by Mysie, who began to say, "How late you are Norry! Mr. Hope is quite uneas——"

She stopped on seeing the face of the man, who could hardly be called the companion of her brother. The latter said—

"Give me the light, and go in, Mysie. This person says he wants to see Mr. Hope."

"My father can see no one," said a gentle voice, and Marian came into the passage; "certainly no stranger."

"Unless he's very ill indeed he *must* see me; I sent a letter to that effect," was the reply, as the speaker entered the passage, uncovering his head at the same time, and blinking through the puckered pads of skin that surrounded his keen eyes.

CHAPTER XXI. REBELLION.

"An instinct fine of holy truth
Dwelt in the bosom of the youth.
Though passion dimmed its clearness."

Marian Hope, standing in the passage, looked at her strange visitor, and said involuntarily—

"My father is just now reading a let·r that has been delivered only a few minutes back. I must trouble you to wait until I find whether" (she hesitated)—"whether Mr. Hope decides that he is willing and able to see any one."

"He may determine to write," interposed Norry, planting himself in the middle of the passage, as if to prevent the man, whom he continued to regard as an intruder, from proceeding a step further into the dwelling. But just as Marian was about to interpose with some gentle word of apology, a bell from an upstairs room rang, and Mysie, not unwilling to leave the passage, ran up, and found Mr. Hope with an open letter in his hand, who inquired, rather tremulously—

"What is the matter? why do you all stay in the passage, child? Is Norry there? Tell Marian I want her."

"A man—a rather queer-looking man, sir, wants you. He has come with Norry, and I think they have been quarrelling."

"Ask if his name is Burke. If so I'll see him."

"Not alone, papa Hope, not alone!"

"Why not, child?"

"Because—because he looks shabby—and bad, sir."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hope with a faint smile. 'Don't allow yourself to speak so at a glance of any one. Shabby! that's my case, Mysie. Looks bad! who would not on such a night as this?"

His mild remonstrance sent Mysie back reassured, and she descended the stairs to find that Marian had ush·ed their strange guest into the parlour. Norry, like a jealous watch-dog, following and glaring at him.

She made the inquiry—

"Pray is your name Burke?" and, being answered in the affirmative, said to Marian, "Your papa, dear, says he is to go up, he will see the—the gentleman."

"To be sure he will; and ye're a bonny lassie.

"The young lady is my sister," growled Norry.

"Indeed, now, is she? I'd never have thought it; though maybe, if ye're twins, as I'm pretty certain, why one's, perhaps, got all the sweet, and t'other all the bitter in the way of temper, eh?"

"I'll just speak to my father a moment," interposed Marian, "and then I'll return, sir, and conduct you to him. And Norry, dear, I want a word with you."

She looke· ·epreeatingly at the boy, and beckoning him just outside the door, which he held ajar, she whispered—

"Don't be so hasty. He does not mean to be uncivil."

"He *shall* not be uncivil. It's no matter what he means. You're too gentle, Marian. A low sneaking fellow——"

"Hush!"

She hastened up-stairs, and the boy, who had so held the door that he could see within the room, returned to the parlour, and gave his sister a dismissal with the words "Marian will want you."

A curious spectacle the two presented as they stood, by the dim light of a single candle, opposite each other in the little parlour. The youth, with flashing eyes and defiant looks; the old man bent forward, his grizzled hair hiding his low forehead, his eyes nearly closed, his dry lips twisted on one side of his face. A settled conviction entered the boy's mind, that this man's coming boded no good; that whatever he knew or purposed; in reference to himself and his sister, would be in fraud not friendliness. Youth rashly leaps at conclusions, and they are often both wrong and dangerous. Norry had his full share of the rashness of his age; but in this instance no faculty of observation could conduct to a more rational and just conclusion than the boy's instinctive dislike did.

A very short interval elapsed before Marian returned to conduct the stranger to Mr. Hope. Norry followed him up-stairs, and on entering the room where, lying on an old sofa beside a little fire, was Mr. Hope before Burke had finished the series of cringes which were meant for ingratiating bows, the youth stepped forward to the foot of the couch, and said, eagerly yet respectfully—

"One moment, dear sir; allow me to speak to you an instant first. This man will tell you that I have been rude and abrupt to him."

"Ou naething is farther from my thoughts, my dear young friend," interrupted Burke.

"But it's true, sir; I have. Let me speak. I've been inquiring for employment, and for these three days this Mr.—is it Mr. Burke?—has been dogging and watching me, and wanted me to meet him for some situation he knew of. Why did he not say to me that he wanted to see you about something that concerns my sister and me? I thought his ways underhanded—and you've always, sir, taught me to hate any double-dealing—so I've been rough—I own it; and yet I do hope you'll allow me to stay here. I apologise to *you*, sir, for my haste."

"Haste, Norry,—ill-temper, an ungovernable temper," sighed Mr. Hope.

"And I crave to see you alone," said the dry voice of Burke, subdued till it was a great contrast to the impetuous pleading of the youth.

"Go, my boy! Go, I bid!" said Mr. Hope.

The lad, with a swelling heart that nearly choked him, withdrew.

"You have a troublesome customer, I see, in that younker," said Burke, as the door closed behind the lad.

"An honest, brave, truthful fellow as ever lived His faults are on the surface."

"And they show pretty plainly."

"Pardon me," continued Mr. Hope, not noticing the interruption; "I understand from this," touching the note in his hand, "you came to speak about a continuance of the sum Mr. Johnston, of Montreal, has hitherto transmitted to me?"

Burk assented.

"I should like to be made acquainted more fully with the sources from whence this sum is derived; and as I have, so far, trained these young people as well, I may say, far better, than the trifling stipend compensated, I wish to know what plans for the future can be entered on. They now both require to be placed so that they may learn to provide for themselves."

"Earn their own living? Exactly, Mr. Hope. The funds remaining are very low, very low indeed. I'm not in possession of parteeculars. I've no interest in the matter—none, only friendship; and I'm instructed to offer to apprentice the lad in the merchant service."

"The sea? That's not I think in Norry's way," said Mr. Hope, shaking his head.

"Ou, on board a good ship he'd do well. He might find his fiery temper of use there; or, maybe, the smell of salt water would quench it."

"Sir, if you have nothing better to propose for the youth than what you name, poor as I am, on his behalf I decline it."

"Better? Ou, it is good enough for his betters, I fancy!"

"I've not a word to say against it, if his training, studies, and inclinations lay in that way. I honour the brave men——"

"Inclinations!" interrupted Burke. "Have ye learned him to follow his inclinations?"

Mr. Hope raised himself on his elbow, and, looking intently in his visitor's face, said—

"I've trained him to follow duty rather than inclination. When I used the latter word, I meant it in the sense of qualifications; there are some things he is fit for, and would do well at."

"I'm not instructed to help him, except to a seafaring life; but let that rest awhile. Now, the lassie, Mr. Hope?"

"Well, sir, what is proposed for Mysie?"

"I see ye've made her useful. I noticed that she answered the door; she's a bit serving-lassie like to you."

"Sir, Mr. Burke, circumstances, sickness—in plain truth, hungry mouths, and small income—have compelled my daughter to dispense with a servant. Mysie has taken a share with my own child in the domestic work, but she is no more a servant in this house than Miss Hope is."

A flush mounted to the pale cheek, and a flickering light quivered in the pensive eyes of Mr. Hope as he spoke. The arrow of poverty rankled in his wounded spirit all the more when, in a measured tone, the husky voice near him said—

"I make no question you've done your best—your very best—and if ye made the lassie serve, why I'm no' saying ye were wrong. But ye're—pardon me—like myself, not so young as ye have been, and not so able; and I presoom ye're not prepared to take the responsibility of rejecting what is offered for these children. As to the boy, we'll wait a wee, as I said before, deciding; but the lassie—the young leddy, as the lad called her—can be helped to some schuling to fit her to be a teacher. I'm instructed to say that she must go to some school to be—what is it they call it?—half boarder, or articled pupil, something to fit her for governessing, Mr. Hope. I hope that'll meet your ideas of what is fitting."

This proposal certainly opened an agreeable prospect. Mr. Hope, had, for some time, fretted over the interruptions in Mysie's studies, necessitated by the circumstances of the household. To see her released from domestic drudgery, and placed where she could give all her time to obtain improvement, had been long his wish. When he taught at Miss Webb's, he had endeavoured to make an arrangement with that lady to receive Mysie. But there was then no vacancy for a governess pupil, and, moreover, every fraction that was earned was needed at home. Marian, it is true, had, by occasional teaching, kept up the accomplishments that her mother, a highly educated woman, had from her child's infancy carefully trained; and if Marian could obtain some morning teaching, a strong efficient servant girl might come into the dwelling. Any proposal, therefore, to the benefit of Mysie would not only be a boon to the child, but a relief to an overburdened household. It was inevitable that, if Marian was occupied some hours every day, Mysie must become more and more a household drudge without the help, supervision, and instruction that now was bestowed upon her.

These thoughts passed, in a few moments through Mr. Hope's mind, and he replied—

"Of course, you would not prevent my daughter and myself have a voice in the selection of a school, and continuing to superintend the child we have now had for nearly ten years under our care."

"Certainly, certainly: I've nothing to do but to counsel economy—strict economy—and a schule some way off."

"Economy? That must mean a sum greater than has ever yet been paid," said Mr. Hope. "No school will receive Mysie, poor child, on such a stipend."

"Ou—ah—but ye see there's this to be said: a sum down is what many schule-keepers need, and with a sonsy lassie that's got her hands and wits about her—and that every month 'll make more useful—we might drive a bargain, Mr. Hope."

"I'm not skilful, sir, at what you call a bargain."

"Then I'll help ye, Mr. Hope; ye'll just leave that between this and next week, and I and the *Times* newspaper will manage it."

"Giving my daughter, as I said, the right of selection. Indeed, I can go no further in this matter without consulting her."

"Excuse me, I've opened the matter to ye, Mr. Hope. I'll leave ye to think it over, and call again in a day or two. Let's see, this is Friday, I'll call on Monday night, by then I'll have the names of some schools, and of some captains in the merchant service. Naething like the sea for a lad like that, Mr. Hope."

A tap at the door, and Marian entered, a cup of tea in her hand, looking anxiously at her father, who, in truth, was by this time—what with the combination of pain, exertion, and excitement—very much exhausted.

Burke rose from his seat, saying, "Ye can think it over, and talk with your excellent daughter of the matter. I'll call, as I said, on Monday. Good night, Mr. Hope."

His shambling, sidling gait, which the carrying of a load for many years may have caused, gave to his form, as he went down-stairs the same twisted, sinister look that his face had; and Norry, who, calling back his sister authoritatively, strode into the passage to open the door, felt angry with himself that a momentary compunction at his former rudeness had just began to influence him. He opened the door in silence, but the old man had his coat to take from a peg in the passage; and as he shook it out and slowly put it on, he muttered, as if talking to himself, but quite distinctly—

"Aye, aye; nothing like the sea for lads with a will. The sea's the thing for a temper; nothing like the sea. Oh, ye're there, are ye?" he added, suddenly, as if for the first time noticing Norry holding the door. "I'll be ready in a wee; just pu[t] o the door, ye let the scud of the wet in. I hope ye make yourself useful to the good man up-stairs, if not, it's a heavy burden ye are, and nae wonder, honest man, he's worn out providin' for the like of ye."

The youth's patience, as we have seen, was not by any means in excess. He had called all he had to his aid, and it now failed him, at the patronising sort of tone Burke assumed.

"Don't talk in that insolent way of Mr. Hope," cried the lad.

"An' why shouldn't I talk of the good man, pray?"

"Learn manners when you speak of your betters."

"Ou, betters! my service to ye."

No words could express the sneer that through the network of wrinkles spread over the yellow, puckered visage. He came close to the boy, stood in the doorway, and grinned in his face. In a moment he was pushed out by the sudden, forcible closing of the door, and, missing his footing on the slippery threshold, sprawled out his length into the road, his head striking heavily against the panel of the closed door.

There was a rush along the passage—for Marian descending the stairs, had witnessed Norry's violence, and heard the thump of the man's head when he fell. She instantly, as the youth retreated, ran and opened the door. Burke had gathered himself up.

"Oh, sir; I'm very sorry—will you come in? are you hurt?" said Marian, confused.

"It was an accident—a mere accident—I slipped on your step. I must be more careful in future. I'll not forget it, good miss; no, I'll not forget it."

CHAPTER XXII. ANGER.

"To be wroth with those we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Nothing is so startling and impressive as the sudden anger of a gentle nature. It is equally certain that meek people, when roused, do sometimes say things far more pungent and irritating than the angry words of ordinarily irascible tempers. Just as a hail-storm on a winter's day is in the nature of things, while the bursting of a sleety tempest from a summer's sky scatters the bloom, cuts the fruitage, spreads the desolation over the smiling fields; so it was that Marian Hope, having closed the door and returned to the parlour, had a glow of indignation on her face which transformed its mildness so remarkably, that Norry, who was moodily purposing to avoid her by retreating to his room, was held by her unwonted look, and compelled to listen as she said, in a voice trembling with excitement, "Ill-mannerly, ungrateful boy! How dare you treat any one calling on my father in that way? Your insolence is unbearable. You do not know yourself."

She paused for breath, and Mysie, frightened at so unwonted a display, and having been herself hurt at her brother's tone that evening, went up to her, and, encircling her waist with her arm, looked reproachfully at Norry, saying—

"How could you trouble dear Marian so?"

"The man was insolent."

"*You* are insolent!" reiterated Marian. "There must be an end to this. My father's peace of mind—his comforts—everything have been sacrificed for you; and you have not common gratitude and respect for him."

"I know I'm a burden."

"Your temper is, sir; and the sooner you get rid of it the better."

"It shall not be long, Marian," said the boy, quickly, his throbbing ears mistaking the purport of her words, and going, as he spoke, to the door.

"Stay," said she; "I've not done. I want to show you how wrong——"

But Marian's expostulatory words were in vain. The youth's footstep on the stairs, and the turning of the key in his bedroom door, were the only answer; while Marian, walking up and down the parlour, Mysie clinging to her, gradually recovered herself, still feeling that, as mistress of the house, she had merely acted rightly by the impetuous boy, and that as her father could not be troubled, she had saved any exercise of authority on his part. She did not know how keen and deep her unwonted words cut, or what a tumult of grief, rage, and apprehension shook the young spirit, smarting under the pang she had inflicted. Still, it was something quite new in that household for them to part for the night in anger. Whatever ruffled the calm surface of their lives during the day, all ran smoothly into the peaceful grooves of domestic piety and love at night, as they knelt together in prayer. The kind "Good night," the parting kiss, the father's consecrating blessing, were tranquil spiritual comforts, as needful to them as the gentle sleep that they preceded. So it deeply pained the girls to go to Mr. Hope's room without Norry.

Truth was so the rule of the house, that when, in answer to his inquiries, Mr. Hope elicited from Marian's reluctant testimony something of the facts, he said, gravely—

"You were right, dear, in your reproof. Our affection for him must not blind us to his faults. He needs guidance, stronger guidance than mine, now. And yet 'tis a noble nature."

"Thank you, papa Hope, thank you, for saying that of Norry," sobbed Mysie, who, with an inconsistency not uncommon, was frequently finding faults in her brother which she was pained at if others remarked, and who now wanted to be the bearer of a message to the delinquent; but Mr. Hope did not think fit to send it. He merely said, in reply—

"We will pray for him. He has chosen to show temper to Marian, and go to his room without seeking me. Be it so."

He opened the Bible as he spoke. The usual evening hy[mn] was omitted, for the voices of all were too tremulous, and their spirits too troubled for praise. Indeed, when Marian and Mysie rose from their knees, their faces were both wet with tears.

As Marian made up her father's fire and lighted his night-lamp, leaving him to his repose, she felt moved to say, "I spoke very angrily to him, papa."

"There is a righteous anger, Marian, or wherefore the words, 'Be angry, and sin not?'"

He gave his blessing to them, and dismissed them, comforted. She and Mysie paused a moment at Norry's door, and the latter bade him good night. There was no answer.

"He'll be so sorry to-morrow," whispered Mysie, as they retired to their room.

Meanwhile the lad, without preparing to go to rest, had buried his face in the bed-clothes, to stifle the sound of his sobs that heaved his chest as he wept the bitter tears of youth. It seemed clear to him, not only that he was a burden, as he had long feared, but that he was a burden that had wearied his benefactors; that Marian, hitherto the gentlest and kindest of human beings, had angrily intimated they wanted to "get rid of him." Surely she had said that; she, that never was hasty, never spoke what she did not mean. They would not turn him out of doors, they were too kind for that; but they wanted him gone.

These were the thoughts that surged through his troubled mind, and worked him up to desperation.

Of course, a misunderstanding ran through

all; for when was there anger that did not produce misunderstanding?

He would go. He would save them the trouble of telling him, in plainer words, that they must get rid of him. They were kind—yes, yes—kind, but they'd planned even with a stranger, a low, sneaking spy, to send him to sea. Wasn't the fellow saying so? He'd go, and perhaps show them yet that he was not ungrateful. If he lived he would. He might die. Well, he wasn't wanted; no one would miss him; even Mysie sided against him. They all wanted him gone. Be it so, he would go.

This, through every phase of his passion, this was the rash conclusion he arrived at; and as by the simple plan of repeating an error we can bring ourselves to believe it, he never for one moment doubted that when Marian had uttered the words, "Get rid," as to his temper, they meant "get rid of him." This, with the very tone of voice, and the indignant flash of the eye that accompanied it, he recalled again and again, until it remained stereotyped on his memory.

It was long past midnight before he was sufficiently composed to feel how benumbed he was with cold. He had partly knelt and partly lain by his bed-side, his face buried in the clothes, or momentarily raised in the friendly darkness. But now a pale light streamed into his room; the moon was visible. The wind had risen, and was chasing away the low-lying clouds; they were piled like a vast mountain on the horizon, drifting masses, with ragged edges, sweeping towards them, and from a clear space near the zenith the moon shed her beams, for a moment, silvering the edges of the clouds.

Norry drew near the window and looked out. He then returned to a little writing-table; but as he had neither a candle nor the means to get a light, his purpose of writing at any length was frustrated. Taking a pencil from his pocket and a loose slip of paper from the table, he went to the window, and managed by the fitful moonlight to write—

Do not think me ungrateful; I hope to live to prove I am not. I've been a burden too long. I go to work—work honestly for my living. Thank you all—all, for what you've done for me. Don't trouble about me. I'm sorry I made Marian and Mysie angry, but I couldn't help it. I'll try to deserve a better name than *ungrateful*. God bless you all. N. G.

To twist this up and leave it on his table, to rummage in his box among his scanty wardrobe for his best suit and put it on, to make up a little bundle, and put his case of drawing instruments in his pocket, giving one look round the room, which, now he was leaving it, seemed a more homely abode than ever; then to creep downstairs, pause one hesitating moment at the threshold of Mr. Hope's chamber, resist the promptings of his better nature, and with noiseless, yet rash, footsteps to get into the passage, undo the well-known fastenings of the door, and in a moment to find himself outside, beaten by the wind, now freshening to a gale, which, strangely enough, roused the antagonism of his nature, took almost as little time as the writing of this sentence. He closed the door between himself and his only friend, and crossing the road, looked up a moment at the house, then, with pale face and set lips, rushed away he knew not where.

To be continued.

CURIOUS KINGS.

HISTORY is a sort of curiosity-shop, in which kings are the objects that fetch the highest price. Many, no doubt, are models of wisdom and goodness, but unfortunately they are often distinguished from their subjects in being of all men the most unfit to govern, and in setting the worst possible example. It has long been matter of dispute whether their right comes from above or from below, from the people or from the skies; but however this point may be settled, they have always a certain anointing on their brows, and must be reverenced accordingly. They wear a crown and wield a sceptre: that is enough. They used to touch for the leprosy and king's evil, but their virtue in this respect has fallen into disrepute. There is scarcely one amongst them that has not something remarkable about him. Let us look round the curiosity-shop just alluded to, and see of what stuff some of the queerest of them are made.

At a period when they were regarded as little less than divine, Hormouz, the King of Persia, died, leaving his widow pregnant. To counteract the ambitious designs of some princes of the House of Suzzan, the Maji declared with one voice that the child would prove a male, and the courtiers, obedient to the dictates of superstition, immediately proclaimed Sapor II. king, and prepared to celebrate his coronation. In the midst of the royal palace a couch was spread, on which the queen lay in state. A crown of dazzling splendour, placed upon her breast, indicated the unseen presence of the heir of Artaxerxes, and prostrate satraps adored the majesty of a sovereign yet unborn! But Sapor II. is not the only prince who reigned longer than he lived. Look at another shelf. Do you see the Emperor Constantine? Well; as Sapor reigned before his birth, so did Constantine after his death. The flatterers of his greatness persisted in doing homage to their idol, though defunct. His body, adorned with the symbols of monarchy, the diadem and the purple, was laid on a golden bed magnificently furnished and illuminated for the occasion. The usages of courtly ceremony were strictly observed. The chief officers of state, the army, and the household, every day at the appointed hour, approached the person of their sovereign on bended knees and with composed countenances, as if he were living still. This theatrical performance was continued some time for political reasons, and many pointed to the fact of Constantine's reigning after his death as a mark of the special favour of Providence. But such glory was inert compared with the posthumous might of the Cid. He had led the armies of Sancho II. to victory, and had been acknowledged by five Moorish kings as their Ceid or Cid, their conqueror and lord. At last he was besieged in his capital, and his end arrived; but before expiring, he gave orders that his body should be fastened to his horse's saddle, with his trusty blade in the cold stiff hand, and that thus, accoutred as a living chief, he should be borne by his vassals to the tomb. The command was obeyed, but before conducting him to the place of burial his people led him against the enemy, who fled in terror before the lifeless hero. In this manner the Cid, after his death, gained his seventy-second victory!

Sultan Machamuth, who dwelt in the city of Combeia, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, ate poison every day. Ludovico di Varthema describes him has having mustachios so long that he tied them over his head, and a white beard reaching to his girdle. Fifty elephants passed their lives in doing him homage, making obeisances when he rose from bed and when he sat at meat. In eating his poison, he took care not to swallow too much; and when he wished to put a courtier or other great man to death, he caused him to be stripped bare, and then, masticating the poison with leaves, fruits, and the lime of oyster-shells, he spurted it on his victim for about half an hour, by which time the unhappy man usually fell dead. This exemplary sultan had three or four thousand wives, who died off one by one with fearful rapidity; for, according to Barbosa, another Italian traveller, his person and even his clothes were so impregnated with poison, that "if a fly lighted on his hand, it swelled and died incontinently." Such are the accounts given of this second Mithridates in a work lately reprinted by the Hakluyt Society.

In the same century with Machamuth, the greatest potentate of Europe voluntarily vacated a throne which thousands would have risked their lives to obtain. This was the Emperor Charles V. Germany, Spain, Naples, the Netherlands, and the newly-discovered tracts of the Far West, had submitted to his sway during forty years: but he was world-weary, and sighed for the quiet of some sylvan shade. Dividing his empire, therefore, between his brother and his son, he retired to St. Yuste, in Estremadura, and there, amid groves and lemon and myrtle, and waters gushing from the rocky hill-sides, passed the remainer of his days more peacefully and pleasantly than when he commanded the finest army in the world, and galleys and merchantships, richly freighted, hoisted his colours on every sea, from the coast of Flanders to the Indian Ocean, and from the palmy shores of Tunis and Oran to the golden heavens of Mexico and Peru. But Charles V.'s abdication was less curious than that of Charles Emmanuel IV., King of Sardinia, who resigned all the French Republic had left him to his brother, Victor Emmanuel I., in 1802, and became literally a door-keeper in the Gesù at Rome, where the cell which he occupied is still shown to visitors.

Our own century, indeed, has been as plentiful as any other in curious kings. The elder Disraeli has given a list of monarchs, dethroned at different periods, who wandered, poor and afflicted, over the face of the earth; but how would this catalogue have been lengthened if the author had lived at the present time! King-making and unmaking has been the order of the day, and Fortune's wild wheel has caused many a ludicrous rise and fall. We have seen one who was a poor usher in a school at Reichenau, afterwards sit eighteen years on the throne of France; and another who for some time worked as a tallow-chandler at New York, become conqueror and dictator of the Two Sicilies. Look at Mr. Gregor MacGregor. This canny Scotchman, who had travelled a good deal in Central America, thought it would be a fine thing to found an empire. He therefore proclaimed himself Cacique of the Poyais, on the Mosquito coast, raised a band of two or three hundred volunteers in England, and sent them as his subjects and soldiers to the Black River. He appointed Baron Tinto, *alias*, Mr. Hector Hall, lieutenant-governor of his capital, "brigadier-general, and commander of the 4th regiment of the line." He created sundry "Counts of Rio-Negro," together with ministers, admirals, and officers of every grade Just as this nucleus of a gigantic power is brought to perfection, in strides a pestilential fever, and carries off all his Highness's European subjects. In August, 1823, a hundred fresh recruits arrive from England, but the Sovereign keeps prudently out of the way, and from the other side of the Atlantic contemplates in perfect security the failure of his schemes and the misery of those he has duped. Here was an adventurer who became a king by his own scheming; let us now make a note of the scheming of others. In 1786, our Government was obliged to abandon several colonies in Central America, and was anxious, a few years ago, to regain its hold on that territory. Colonel Fancourt, the British governor of Belize, in the Gulf of Honduras, laid hands on a barbarous Cacique, and hailed him to Government House. While fully expecting to be bastinadoed, the chief was told that he was forthwith to be proclaimed king! A proclamation was jabbered to the natives, and a throne prepared in the governor's drawing-room with the help of a sugar hogshead. There sat the king of the Mosquitos, arrayed in a new pair of trousers and a clean shirt. An act of investiture was read, and a crown of gilt paper was placed on his swarthy brows. The merchants of Belize were present at the coronation, and the new king, having received the largess of a few reals, caroused with his subjects till past midnight, and was found the next morning dead drunk on the floor. His name, however, was enrolled among the lords of mankind, and "the kingdom of the Mosquitos" was duly established under the protectorate of Great Britain!

There is something very curious in a King of the Sandwich Islands writing a preface to the Book of Common Prayer. Yet the late King of Hawaii actually did this, and it is now published and sold as a tract by the Christian Knowledge Society. There is nothing more uncommon than a throne divided by mutual consent. The Emperors of the East and West had distinct spheres of government, and their thrones were separated by wide continents and seas. But Siam is, at this moment, under a divided monarchy, two-thirds of the royal power being wielded by the first, and one-third by the second king. Each of these is a man of cultivated mind. Even the second speaks pure English, has a library filled with European books, and workshops for making

scientific and mechanical instruments. But he is somewhat eclipsed by his brother, who, while a usurper, held the throne, assumed the character of a Buddhist priest, and devoted his time to study. He has mastered Sanscrit and Pali, writes his autobiography in Latin, and speaks English with the precision of a scholar. Faithful to the traditions of the East, he has 300 wives, and considers this a moderate allowance, seeing that his father had 700. He laughed heartily when our envoy, Sir John Bowring, told him that in England we are contented with one. It is curious to see him seated on his throne, with "all the wealth of Ormus and of Ind" sparkling in his crown and on his vestments, while the nobles of the land, in garments of gold, lie on all-fours, with their faces nearly touching the ground, prostrate before his raised sceptre. But it is more curious still to follow him into one of his private apartments, and there see him, as Sir John Bowring did, divested of every ornament, with no other garment than a shirt, sitting with his youngest child, a girl of five years old, on his knee,—her bare body painted the colour of gold, and a chaplet of fragrant white flowers round her head.

The fact is, that in one particular, kings differ from the rest of mankind. Being more loosened than others from restraint, and less exposed to the influence of public opinion, their individuality develops fast. The sharp outlines of their character, moral and intellectual, are less worn down than those of their subjects. Their will is generally their law; and hence, no less than from their exalted position, they become, for good or ill, the most picturesque, or, as the case may be, grotesque curiosities which history offers to our view.

THE BROKEN RING.

One eve, while the stars were on duty above,
And the moon, newly born, showed her delicate crest,
I sat by my girl, when a bright little Love
Came and lit, like a humming bird, pat on her breast.

Just then, while it fluttered and pecked at her heart,
She drew to me closer, and said with a sigh,
"I feel that we never, no never, can part,"
And a heavenly lustre dilated her eye.

She took from her delicate finger a ring,
And bade me to wear it and think of my dear;
So I caught little Love from her breast, by the wing,
And carefully placed him within the ring's sphere.

His butterfly pinions, so gaudy and bright,
Lay folded within his own palace of gold,
And still as she gazed on his plumage that night,
I thought that her bosom could never grow cold.

But ere the moon rounded, Love shifted about,
And seemed to be longing for freedom anew;
So, tired of his palace, he forced his way out,
And spite of all efforts away from me flew.

His violent struggle to break from the band,
Or a shock from some gnome flitting round in the air,
Had severed the circle, which fell from my hand,
And I stood in my darkness, a ghost of despair.

A Jeweller mended the breach that was made,
And I wandered about over river and plain,
In hopes to discover, in sunlight or shade,
My false little truant, and seize him again.

But at that fatal moment, from Venus' gay court,
A dove was sent down with a plain billet-doux,
Which told me that Little Love ended my sport,
For that Ino had changed when he broke the ring through.

So now when I call on this delicate token,
And think of the hour when it promised such bliss,
Let my counsel, deduced from an emblem thus broken,
Be written for hearts that are fragile as this:

Whenever, fond lovers, your nymphs you embrace,
And hear them declare with a sigh and a tear
That naught from their bosoms can ever efface
The rapture which renders your meetings so dear—

Let Doubt catch your eye, where he sits on his cloud,
And do not despise the wise shake of his head,
For words like those fond ones which Ino once vowed,
Will pain you when *Little Love* from you has fled.

Montreal. G. MARTIN.

THE SOLDIER'S CONFESSION.

BY J. C. T., GUELPH, C. W.

"Trust me, no tortures which the poets feign
Can match the fierce, unutterable pain
He feels, who night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast."

EARLY in May, 1864, Gen. Grant—who had in December previous been appointed Lieut. Gen., and given the chief command of the Federal forces—personally took command of the Army of the Potomac, reviewed his men, and the following day crossed the Rapidan, with a force of upwards of 200,000 men, and took up his line of march on Richmond, "the back-bone of rebeldom." Taking an almost direct course, he, on the morning of the 8th, encountered the veteran forces of Lee, in the Wilderness, and there fought one of the most stubborn battles of the war. Just at dawn of the following morning I was passing across from one portion of the Union lines to another, my nearest course being across a portion of the ground where the hottest fighting of the day previous had taken place. I was riding along, guiding my horse first right, then left, wending my way among the vast number of dead and wounded Union and Confederate soldiers, who were lying so thickly around me. In the midst of this awful scene of carnage and blood, my mind naturally wandered off to the contemplation of the soul-harrowing havoc of war. I was thinking of the thousands who would be left fatherless, of the many homes which would be left desolate—of the faithful hearts that would be crushed, and the tearful anxiety of many a loving mother—when the news of that dreadful day was heralded throughout the country. Visions of my own happy home in Canada,—the solicitude which I knew my mother would feel for me, and the fears which, I was well aware, would harrow her lest my bones had been left to bleach among the brave dead on that eventful field, were flitting through my mind, when I was attracted from my reverie by a voice, low and hoarse, calling:

"Captain! Captain!"

Involuntarily I halted, and raising my eyes, espied a few yards to my right, a Union Sergeant lying on his side with his knapsack for a pillow. Noticing that he had attracted my attention he beckoned me towards him. Sitting on a huge rock beside him was a little drummer boy, apparently not over twelve years of age, with a slender form, light golden tresses and bright blue eyes—far too delicate a flower, for such an awful, barren, lonely, desolate place. Riding up to the sergeant, and dismounting, I enquired if he was badly hurt, although the ghastly paleness of his countenance, the livid colour of his lips, and his glassy eyes, told, but too surely, that his last battle was fought, and his sands of life nearly run out.

He replied that he was wounded severely, in fact mortally. He was aware that his end was drawing near, and before he died he had a confession to make, and the performance of certain acts to request, and begged me to hear his tale, and if in my power to carry out his dying wishes. I signified my willingness, and he commenced:

"You belong to a Michigan regiment?"

I replied that I did.

"You are probably acquainted in Lansing?"

"Somewhat," I replied.

"You see that tiny drummer boy there on that rock?"

I answered that I had noticed him.

"Well," he resumed, "about fourteen years ago, I was a smart, active young fellow, residing with my parents in Lansing, Mich. At that time there also resided in that city a family by the name of Francisco, composed of the father, mother and an only daughter, a blooming young girl of seventeen, with a skin as fair as a lily, long golden locks which hung in wavy tresses over her faultless neck and shoulders, cheeks which looked as though they had been kissed by the first roses of May, and her step was light and graceful as a fairy's. And her disposition was so mild, so sweet, her mind so pure, her conduct so artless, that she was, in fact, the very perfection of womanly loveliness. Beautiful in the fullest sense of the word, and unassuming in her manner, she won the love and admiration of all with whom she came in contact. I met her, and admired—but alas! mine was not love—not that pure, exalted feeling which God has implanted in the breast of man to give him a foretaste of heaven. I paid my addresses to her, was constant in my attentions, and at length with my fair exterior and honeyed words succeeded in winning her undivided affection. But my end was not yet gained. I invented a plausible story, about the objection my parents (who were wealthy) would urge to my marrying a girl in her position in life, and as I was not yet quite of age, proposed a runaway marriage, and by dint of misrepresentations and coaxing succeeded in gaining her consent. Accordingly I made the necessary arrangements, and one evening just as the shades of night were gathering round, we left the picturesque little city of Lansing for Detroit. Arrived in that city of iniquity, I was not long in finding a man, who, in consideration of a ten dollar gold piece, consented to perform a mock marriage, and forge a certificate. When I looked at the lovely innocent unsuspecting being at my side, my conscience smote me, but drowning the promptings of my better nature, I resolved to carry out my scheme. The ceremony was performed, and after spending a few days in the city, showing Fanny the wonders, we returned to Lansing; I, of course, impressing my companion with the necessity of keeping the occurrence a profound secret.

"Matters progressed quietly, and I managed to spend a great portion of my spare time in Fanny's company. At length I deemed it advisable to leave the town, and move westward, of course promising Fanny to send for her shortly. Soon after I left, foul-mouthed slander-mongers began to breathe stories harsh and strange about the lovely girl. Bravely she bore the contempt and derision of her old associates and friends, confident in her innocent simplicity that time would unveil the gloom, and show all things right. But as the days flew by and the clouds of the future looked blacker every hour, her pallid cheek, sunken eyes, and deathlike paleness told too plainly how the anxiety and suspense was undermining her delicate constitution. I learnt the position of affairs from a letter from an acquaintance, and immediately sat down and wrote her a letter, making a full confession of my deception, and offering her a considerable sum of money if she would never disclose the treachery I had practiced.

"A few weeks after I received a brief note from my father, informing me that he knew all; that Fanny had had a young son; that she was *dead!* yes, DEAD! had died of a broken heart; that I had been the cause of her death."

Here the sergeant gave a slight shudder, and closing his eyes rolled on to his back. I thought he too was dead, but after a few moments I perceived that he still breathed; so taking the stopper from my flask of "Apple-Jack," I applied it to his lips, and in a few moments, he revived. The little drummer now came forward, and kneeling down beside the wounded man, bathed his feverish brow with water from his canteen. Languidly opening his eyes, the sergeant continued:

"Oh, now, I recollect. Fanny was dead! dead! and I was an outcast. Stung by remorse, an outcast from the home of my youth, disowned and cast off by my father, I spent my time wandering up and down, earning a living as best I could and ill at ease anywhere. I was tolerably successful in my undertakings, and acquired considerable property, but still was far from happy or even contented. On the breaking out of the war I enlisted, thinking to drown the gnawings of conscience, amid the adventure and excitement of campaigning; but all was to no purpose, and I still lived under the curse of Cain. But I am growing weak, and will soon know the fearful secret of the dread hereafter, and must draw my tale to an end! You see this boy, this little drummer. He resembles my poor, dead Fanny so much, so much. The request I have to make of you, Captain, is this. I, as a dying man, wish you to take this (taking from around his waist, a buckskin money belt). It contains my will bequeathing all my property to Fanny's child, if still alive, stipulating that a sufficient sum shall

be applied to the erection of a suitable monument over her grave. It contains clear deeds to several valuable lots of land, and about $2,000 in money. I want you to ascertain if my child still lives, and if he does, give him this; and if he, too, is dead, give it to the "Orphan's Home," Detroit. This is my dying request, will you fulfil it, Captain?"

I replied that if in my power I would do so.

"Here," he continued, taking from his bosom a small gold locket, "here is a present Fanny gave to me. It contains her daguerreotype and a lock of her hair. Open it, and let me behold her countenance once more before I die."

I took the locket, and, touching the spring, beheld as beautiful a face as it is possible to conceive. I handed it to him, and he took one long, earnest look, then raised his eyes to the face of the youthful drummer at his side. He repeated this two or three times, and then let the locket fall from his hand on to his breast. The boy picked it up, and giving one glance at it, jumped to his feet, with a scream. Looking at it again, he drew from the inside pocket of his waistcoat, another locket, which he opened, and comparing the two, ejaculated.

"The same,—My mother!"

The sergeant raised himself up; and grasping the boy in his arms muttered, "my son!" and fell back again on to the ground still holding the lad in his arms. I again applied the flask to his lips, but to no purpose; and in a few moments his hands dropped to the ground, the muscles of his face gave a slight twitch, his whole frame quivered for an instant, and sergeant James Scott was among the dead.

The drummer-boy now commenced to sob violently, but the sharp, rattling fire of the rebel skirmishers, the occasional "whizz" of a bullet in close proximity to my ears, the uneasiness of my horse, the roll of drums and the blast of trumpets, and the heavy boom of an occasional piece of artillery, reminded me that the carnage of the day previous was to be repeated. So raising the weeping drummer-boy, I placed him on my horse behind the saddle, and mounting myself, was soon with my own command, eager for the fray.

The fight ended, and still we had gained no material advantage over the battle-scarred hosts of the veteran southern chief. Then came the countermarch, and strategic flank movement of the northern commander, and after another contest and countermarch at Spottsylvania Court House, we found ourselves a few days after encamped before Petersburg, the Key to the rebel stronghold. A couple of reconnoissances convinced Gen. Grant that the attainment of his end would be no easy matter, so siege operations were at once commenced. Extensive mining operations were begun; and at length on the night of the 29th of July, the trains were all laid, and everything in readiness for a grand assault on the morrow. Just at day-break the following morning the mine was sprung, and in a few seconds the rebel fortress looked like a heap of smouldering ruins. An attack was at once ordered, but through some misconception of instructions only one brigade of the whole corps was in readiness for action. After a delay of about twenty minutes the commanding general ordered the brigade forward, and with the gallant 27th Michigan Sharpshooters, Col. Fox commanding in advance, the assault was made. The regiment marched steadily up to the very mouth of the breach caused in the works by the explosion of the mine. Up to this time they had not lost a man, but in an instant a terrible enfilading fire was opened from the rebel works, which threw the regiment into confusion, and but very few of the men got back into the trenches. Among those who were so fortunate as to get back, was my brave little ward the drummer-boy, but he had received a bad wound in the arm. He was at once sent to City Point Hospital, and every attention paid him. Mortification, however, set in, and amputation was considered necessary. The gallant lad bore the pain bravely, and although for some weeks lying in a very precarious condition, he at length recovered. When convalescent he received his discharge, and a pension was settled on him. I also got a leave of absence and came North, and confided to a responsible person the valuables placed in my care by the dying sergeant on the bloody field of the Wilderness. The ex-drummer-boy is now attending the University at Ann Arbor, Michigan, intending to qualify for the profession of the law; and if he is spared, I doubt not but the one-armed lawyer will yet record his name among the notables of his native State.

SNOW FLOWERS.

WHAT! flowers! flowers at Christmas-tide; when every aspect of nature repels the idea of their existence; when the earth dons its white vesture that *seems* a shroud but that *is* a warm raiment shielding the ground with its embryo fruits from the biting frost; when plants and trees have laid aside their verdant garments, and their nourishing saps—the blood of their lives—have descended to their earth-bound hearts; and when no vestige of floral blossom is to be seen Flowers, too, whose forms rival in beauty those of the pampered ornaments of the garden; whose hue is pure and spotless as that of the lily.

And yet the botanist knows them not; they do not fall within his category, and he would doubtless disown them as objects of his study. For they are not the offspring of the earth but of the air; their seeds are tiny rain-drops, their nursery is the cold wintry sky. For our flowers—the flowers of our story—are the beauteous blossoms of the falling snow. In scientific language they are known as *snow crystals*, but we have preferred a name that more accords with the floral forms they assume. Ever since men's eyes learnt to look for nature's finest handiwork in her smallest creations, these beautiful formations have been the subject of wonder and admiration; they were food for the speculations of Aristotle, Kepler, and Descartes; the Arctic voyagers, seeking for ought to wile away the tedious hours of their protracted winters, found in the observation and delineation of them a charming pastime; and meteorologists have attentively studied their varied forms as a branch of their complicated science.

And yet they are but little known beyond the sphere of "the enlightened few." Although they gently tap at our windows or light on our shoulders, as if to court the admiration they deserve; they nevertheless pass unnoticed, and uncared for; as the desert flowers that are "born to blush unseen." Possibly their modest dimensions may account for this, for many of the prettiest of them are no larger than that popular standard of magnitude—a pin's head. But this need not be a bar to our acquaintance with them: a magnifying glass, magnifying some half a dozen times, such as well-nigh every household contains, or such as any optician will supply for a shilling or two, is all that is required to familiarise us with these feats of fairy handicraft, and the kaleidoscopic yet ever lovely forms and features they exhibit.

Furnished with this small instrument, the observation of these snow flowers is simple and easy enough. We have only to walk out when the snow is falling in a cold calm atmosphere—for wind breaks up and destroys the blossoms—and catch the flakes on the coat sleeve, or any other dark substance; and, provided the air and the sleeve be not so warm as to melt them too suddenly, we shall find them composed of aggregations of delicate flowery forms; while single flowers, isolated from the flakes, will ever and anon come pattering down, to charm us for a few moments with their short-lived beauty, and then to melt and vanish; returning to the element from which they sprang, and leaving no other trace of their existance than a little bead of water. These single efflorescences will best repay our careful scrutiny; to the naked eye they will appear but as little hexagonal or star-shaped particles, from a quarter of an inch downwards in diameter; but under the greater eye of the magnifier, a multitude of structural details of infinite variety and of most delicate tracery will be revealed.

But, varied as are the details of these ice-jewels, there is a striking characteristic uniformity, a sort of prevailing family likeness pervading the whole of them. The flowers are all six-petalled, and the petals invariably incline to each other at an angle of sixty degrees; further, the spiculæ, shooting from the petals, and the still smaller shoots from these, all diverge at the same angle; in fact, that every form of detail is hexangular. For a long time the cause of this regularity of form remained an enigma, even to scientific minds; it was not till the curious laws of crystallisation came to be studied and known that the key to the mystery was found. The science of crystallography teaches us that when the integrate particles, of which we must suppose every substance is composed, are left free to arrange themselves in their own way, they take up certain definite positions with regard to each other, and build up a mass of the substance according to an order of architecture peculiar to itself; and it is one of nature's sublime schemes of order that the stones or bricks, so to define these particles, of any one substance shall have a shape exclusively their own, and differing from that of the particles of any other material; and that when they combine or aggregate, they shall produce a pile or heap whose form is similar to or derivable from that of the individual atoms themselves. The resulting piles of particles are crystals, and it is pretty well known that the crystals of any crystallisable material have a form peculiar to it and to it only. The crystal's form is determined by the shape of its sides or facets, and the angles at which they incline to each other. Water, in solidifying by cold, *i. e.* in freezing, forms itself into crystals whose facets are hexagons and incline to each other at a constant angle of sixty degrees. The little globule of water, then, that would ordinarily constitute a rain-drop, in falling through an atmosphere of a lower temperature than the freezing point, passes to the solid state, and its particles, piling themselves into their appointed hexangular forms with geometrical precision, produce these exquisite crystalline flowers; thus obeying that supreme order of the universe which ordains that even ice shall put forth its blossoms. But why these blossoms should assume the complicated and varied forms in which we find them; whether these variations are due to electrical conditions of the atmosphere, or to the chemical constitution of the water from which they are formed,—are questions yet to be solved.

The graceful ice-ferns that ornament our windows in frosty weather are produced, from moisture condensed on the cold glass, by this same regular crystallising process; their sprays and leaves form the same constant angle with each other as the parts of the snow flowers. At the edges of ponds and lakes similar filagree work is to be seen at the commencement of a frost, and before the whole mass of water is consolidated. Hoar frost—frozen dew—presents the same fantastic, though symmetrical arrangement of its spiculæ; but nowhere are the phenomena of water crystallisation so attractively manifested as in the pretty objects that have formed the subject of this paper.

We have no desire to invade the territory of a lady's newspaper, by recommending "patterns for ornamental needlework;" but we think we may venture to suggest the objects we have been describing for the consideration of our fair friends, as affording excellent designs for their embroidery work. Any amount of variety, with the necessary foundation of uniformity, can be obtained by copying these snow crystals; they may be magnified to any extent without sacrificing an iota of their beauty. A rather quick eye and hand will be required, at first, to catch the details before they thaw away by the radiating warmth of the body; but a little practice will soon make perfect, and their geometrical formation will be found to greatly facilitate their delineation: besides, it is only necessary to draw one petal of the flower from nature, for as they are all the same in any one flower, they can be repeated the remaining five times at leisure. We would suggest as the materials to be used in working them, pure white and transparent glass beads upon a black or dark ground of velvet or cloth. The effect cannot fail to be successful, because so close an imitation of nature can be secured.

LONGINGS IN LONDON.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

My soul is sick of those miles of brick,
I'm weary of "London town;"
I long to flee from this dismal sea,
And to Scotland hurry down.
I'm weary of smoke, and pale-faced-folk,
And I long to flee away;
I long to breathe on the mountain heath,
As the school-boy longs for play.

I'm sick of routine, I would change the scene,
O! give me the life that thrills;
Exchange dead books, for the living brooks,
And the joy of the savage hills.
O! set me free, and away I'll flee
With the live things of the rocks;
And be as of old, a hunter bold,
In the land of herds and flocks.

O! for the joy without alloy,
'Mong the hills of Highland lee;
Where the torrent wars, and the eagle soars,
And the stag is bounding free.
O! for the tent on the heather bent,
And the hardy Highland fare;
And the wild halloo of our jovial crew,
In our short relief from care.

O! for the flock, at rest by the rock,
Each stag with his lordly crown;
How still they lie! 'neath the bending sky,
And the great hills looking down;
O! for the dash at the rifle's flash,
While the wounded roe-buck strains;
And the bounding blood, like a roaring flood,
Is sweeping through our veins.

As we take the track, with the yelling pack,
And the startled hills reply;
Delirious joy! all earth's a toy,
When the chase lights up the eye.
O! respite rare, from the city's care,
And its artificial pains,
With the pack to be, on the mountains free
And the savage in our veins.

We stated in a late issue that we believed Mr. McLachlan was still in Scotland. We find that we were mistaken, and gladly welcome him back to Canada and to the columns of the *Reader*.—ED. S. R.

THE

SECRET OF STANLEY HALL.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

AUTHOR OF THE "CROSS OF PRIDE," "PASSION AND PRINCIPLE," "THE ABBEY OF RATHMORE," ETC.

Continued from page 347.

"And now, after giving you an account of all that befel me in the New World, I should like to know what has occurred at home during my absence," Philip gaily observed as the night wore on, and he had exhausted his fund of information relative to his trip across the Atlantic, including his meeting with Gertrude.

"Thornton has, I suppose, attended to my duty regularly, and the congregation have felt no inconvenience from my absence."

"Mr. Thornton has certainly done as well as he could, yet the people have missed you sadly: you know he is but a poor preacher. Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, who was here yesterday, asked when I expected you home."

A sudden start of surprise, and the crimson of pleasure mounted to the curate's brow, as he asked eagerly, "How did you get acquainted with her?"

"In visiting the poor; she is very charitable, and seems as good as she is beautiful. Mr. Thornton's preaching does not please her at all; she declared his prosy sermons set her to sleep, and she had a great mind not to attend church until you returned."

"Are there any visitors at Templemore?"

"Yes, a few have come down to spend the Christmas. Lady Templemore's pew was full last Sunday. Among the strangers I observed one elegant-looking man, Viscount Waldegrave, who is said to be very attentive to Lady Rosalie. Report has already given her to him."

This remark sent a thrill of pain to the heart of Trevyllian; the expression of his countenance changed, and the flush of joy faded from his brow. "How are the family at the Hall?" he asked, as if to change the conversation.

"Oh, I forgot to mention that Sir Alfred has met with a dreadful accident: poor fellow! he will be a cripple the rest of his life; he was thrown from his horse, and his spine is seriously injured."

"What a severe blow to Lady Stanley! how does she bear it?"

"As a woman of her character will always receive such trials, with bitter complainings, and openly-expressed murmurs, against the hand that has stricken down in his youth the idol of her heart."

"She needed some trial, some punishment, and it has come at last," observed Trevyllian, severely.

"And this is not all," continued his mother. "Her married daughter died some months since in India. The news came just after you left; and the other day Lady Stanley's two grandchildren arrived at the Hall, sent home by the bereaved husband, who feared to lose them also, should he keep them any longer in the East."

A small French clock on the mantel-piece now struck the hour of eleven. Trevyllian rose hastily.

"I suppose I must preach to-morrow, and it is time I should give some attention to my sermon. Will you excuse my leaving you?" he added, turning to Gertrude. "I must spend an hour in my study before retiring for the night."

"Can you write a sermon in so short a time?"

"He does not write his sermons," broke in Mrs. Trevyllian, proudly. "Philip preaches extempore; he is a very popular preacher, Miss Carlyle. Lady Rosalie declares he *is* the best she ever heard."

"Did she say that?" and again the pleased look broke over the curate's face. "Oh, Lady Rosalie is a flatterer," he added, smiling. "She said so to gratify the preacher's mother."

"She did not," said Mrs. Trevyllian, seriously, as Philip closed the door after him. "She said what she thought. Every one admires Philip's preaching. You will hear him to morrow, Miss Carlyle: he is very talented, I assure you, and so good! just what a Christian minister should be, and what so few are, I regret to say."

"I am sure he is very good. How happy you must be to have such a son."

"Oh yes, blessed in that respect, but ——" Mrs. Trevyllian paused—the look of exultation died out of her face, and was succeeded by one of the deepest dejection, while tears welling up from some bitter fount of memory filled her eyes. "Unmixed happiness falls to the lot of none. I, like others, have my blessings and my trials also. But oh, if it had been any other trial but that, I think I could have borne it better; some day I will tell you all about it."

"Mr. Trevyllian has already told me something of —— of his sister —— of your great sorrow."

"Did he? poor Philip feels it deeply too. He was so proud of Maud; she was so beautiful, and we thought so good. How prone we are to take pride in something or some one belonging to us! The frail human heart twines itself about some beloved object, priding itself in it, and giving to it that homage of the affections which is due to God alone. But this sin brings its own punishment, for are we not often wounded by those we cherished *too* fondly, and those whom we have unduly exalted have been the cause of our bitter humiliation. But I must not trouble you with my sorrows; young as you are, you have had your own. How sad your life must have been, thrown into daily companionship with those you could neither love nor respect, but whom you nevertheless believed it was your duty to honour."

"Yes, hitherto my life has been shadowed, but I do not regret it now; the human heart must seek happiness, the youthful mind must find it in something; and I, in my desolation, was led to seek it from a heavenly source. God has been good to me, to lead me in my lonely suffering to himself."

"I am glad to hear you say that. It *is* not always that sorrow has such an effect upon the young. But it grows late, and you must feel tired after your journey. I will conduct you to your apartment; you will find your trunks already there. I hope you will sleep comfortably, and awake refreshed to enjoy a happy Christmas."

The hours of the night wore silently on, and while the inmates of the Parsonage are buried in repose, I shall relate a few events in the lives of the Trevyllian family, which may be interesting to the reader.

CHAPTER IV. LADY ROSALIE GASCOIGNE.

About five years before this story opens, Philip Trevyllian, having finished his collegiate course and been ordained, while waiting for a curacy, accepted the situation of tutor in a nobleman's family. Besides the young heir, whom it was his duty to prepare for Cambridge, Trevyllian had another pupil, the Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, who studied with her brother the higher branches of English, of which her French governess had no knowledge. Lady Rosalie was in the bloom of girlhood, and eminently beautiful—of queenly presence, with a face that might rival the creation of a Phidias in its pure Grecian contour and ideal beauty—she seemed, to the dazzled eye of Trevyllian, like a creature of another sphere. Thrown into daily intercourse with such a being, was it surprising that the poor tutor, forgetting the difference of rank, birth and position—the wide gulf that divided them—should fall deeply in love with his fascinating pupil. One year passed, a period during which Philip lived in elysium every day, bending in lowlier homage before this beautiful shrine, for his love for Lady Rosalie amounted to idolatry. Suddenly at last was this delicious dream of love broken, its halcyon fancies dispersed, and the bewildered young man roused to a bitter awakening. His passion for his beautiful pupil, though carefully hidden in the depths of his heart, was at last suspected by the French governess; and perceiving a growing attachment to the handsome tutor in the guileless Lady Rosalie, mademoiselle privately communicated her suspicions to her Ladyship's mother, the Countess of Redclyff. The tutor was immediately dismissed, without any reason being assigned, and the Lady Rosalie placed under the strictest surveillance, a precaution which Lady Redclyff would have deemed unnecessary had she known the noble nature of the young man, whose strict sense of honour would have prevented his taking advantage of the girlish preference shown to him by her daughter. Driven out thus from the presence of his idol—from the Eden in which he had been living—Philip wandered back, like a miserable ghost, to the world of every day life, feeling bereft of all that could render existence desirable; for with the loss of Lady Rosalie, his crushed heart rejected, in its wild agony, everything else that earth could offer in her stead.

Returning in his deep dejection—the gloom of a hopeless affection casting its dark shadow over the future—to his mother's home, he found that another sorrow awaited him there. A letter had just been received from the gentleman in whose family his sister Maud had been living as governess, containing the startling information, that Miss Trevyllian had secretly left his house, and it was suspected she had eloped with an elegant looking stranger, in whose company she had been seen the previous day.

This stunning blow, added to his other sorrow, prostrated Philip on a bed of sickness, and brain fever threatened for a time his life; but a good constitution, and his mother's careful nursing, triumphed over his disease, and he again awoke to the outer world and to an intolerable sense of dreariness and woe. But through the desolation of his soul came the voice of mercy, calling upon him to renounce the creature, and lift his heart to Him who alone ought to fill it. Unresistingly did he, in his broken-heartedness, allow his thoughts and affections to be drawn heavenward; and now as a new light dawned upon him, another world awoke around him. Life was no longer aimless, he would devote it to Him whom he had vowed to serve. Earthly love would still have its place in his heart, but no idol should any longer occupy the inner sanctuary. The

loss of Rosalie should not again render him unmindful of the duties and interests of life. Thus was Philip Trevyllian fitted for the ministry—thus did sorrow lift him nearer to Heaven, filling his soul with holy resolutions and aspiring hopes. He recovered slowly, but at length with renewed health he again went forth into the world, strengthened for the battle of life, though carrying about with him the remembrance of his sorrow, his weak human heart still bleeding, and yearning—alas how vainly!—for the one coveted earthly blessing. Being appointed to the curacy of C——, he removed there with his mother, devoting himself to soothe her grief, and hoping that time would heal the wound her erring daughter's desertion had made. But time, in such a case, brings no healing balm to the fond heart of a mother, for she mourns not only a daughter's loss, but her dereliction from the path of virtue.

The Trevyllians had resided at C—— more than three years, when an event occurred, which lit up with sudden sunshine the pathway of Philip. Lady Redclyff was dead, and her daughter, Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, came to reside with her aunt, Lady Templemore, whose princely home was situated a few miles from C——. Philip was not aware of this, until one Sunday she made her appearance unexpectedly at church. He was entering the sacred building, robed in his surplice, when at the vestry door he happened to glance up at the gallery, and there, in the Templemore pew, he saw a young lady of distinguished appearance. One look at that fondly remembered face—so peerless in its beauty—caused a thrill of glad surprise, and sent the crimson of sudden emotion mantling over his usually pale face How gladly did he hide that agitated face in the folds of his surplice, as he knelt in prayer on entering the reading desk. That prayer was of unusual length this Sunday morning, but the curate was mastering his emotion, and when he rose from his kneeling attitude, his countenance was calm, although the pulsations of his weak human heart still throbbed wildly A few of the congregation had noticed the curate's change of countenance, but only one had guessed the cause. The Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, suspecting that Mr. Trevyllian, the popular preacher of C——, was her *ci-devant* tutor, so well remembered and yet fondly loved, had seated herself in Lady Templemore's pew, so as to command a view of the vestry-door. She was watching very intently the egress of the white-robed clergyman, when he suddenly appeared and glanced up at the gallery, attracted probably by the magnetism of Lady Rosalie's violet eyes. The sudden joy that flashed over his face, colouring it to the very temples, caused a bright hope to spring up in her heart, which thrilled it with delight; for hidden away in its innermost chamber was the image of the handsome tutor: and Philip Trevyllian possessed an unextinguishable interest in the affections of the Lady Rosalie Gascoigne. How earnestly did she gaze at him, from that curtained pew! noticing the changes which sorrow had made in his intellectual face, and eagerly listening for the well-known voice. At length the organ ceased, and as the full melody died away, there sounded distinctly through the silent building the clear, rich tones of the clergyman Philip had recovered his self-possession, and as his soul became absorbed in the solemn service in which he was engaged, even the presence of Lady Rosalie seemed forgotten, in the worship of Him, who thus claimed every thought, and required an undivided homage.

From that day, the attendance of Lady Rosalie at church was so regular as to call forth praise from the humbler members of the congregation. Her devout deportment during the prayers, and the absorbing interest with which she listened to the sermon, devouring the preacher with her radiant eyes, as if fascinated by his eloquence, were worthy of commendation in one so fashionable as the Lady Rosalie. The happiness which the beautiful girl enjoyed in seeing, Sunday after Sunday, the object of her secret attachment, was, after a few weeks, interrupted by his being obliged to visit the United States. His return was anxiously looked for by his congregation, and the news of his arrival on Christmas eve soon spread, and, through the servants, even reached Templemore; so that on Christmas morning, Lady Rosalie drove to church in buoyant spirits; for—I regret to say—mingling with the devout happiness suitable to this joyous season, was the earthly joy, arising from the expectation of seeing again the handsome curate of C——.

CHAPTER V. THE CURATE AT TEMPLEMORE.

Joyously the church bells rung out for Divine Service on Christmas Day. It was early when Mrs. Trevyllian and Miss Carlyle wended their way along the private path, leading from the parsonage to the Church, for the curate's mother wished to set a good example by arriving in time. The sacred edifice was built in the Gothic style; there were two small galleries on either side of the altar—one occupied by the organ and choir—in the other, were the pews belonging to the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. The Rector's pew, which the curate's family at present occupied, commanded a view of this gallery, and Gertrude, as she sat, silently watching the entrance of the congregation, felt no little curiosity to see the Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, of whom Mrs. Trevyllian spoke in raptures, and who seemed to possess an enthralling influence over the curate himself.

It was late when the family from Templemore arrived; but though the service had begun, Gertrude's eyes, I am sorry to say, followed the aristocratic party, as they traversed the aisle, leading to their pew. Lady Templemore was still a fine looking woman, though past the meridian of life; but the cold, haughty expression of her countenance, repelled rather than attracted the gaze of Gertrude. With her were three young ladies, one of whom, from her imperial beauty, Gertrude thought, must be the Lady Rosalie. Two gentlemen were of the party, one with a dark handsome face, and that air of high breeding peculiar to the aristocracy. He was probably the Viscount Waldegrave, the devoted admirer of the Lady Rosalie. It was a bright, frosty day, the glittering sunshine streamed through the the windows of stained glass, glistening on the dark green leaves of the laurel and holly which, interspersed with scarlet berries, were used to decorate the church for this Christmas festival. It was just such weather as adds by its brightness to the joyousness of spirit, which every one seems to feel at this happy season. During the prayers, Gertrude's attention wandered considerably, for the new scene brought its temptations to the young girl; but when Trevyllian ascended the pulpit and the sermon began, her every thought was engrossed by the preacher, whose sweet, persuasive eloquence chained the attention of the congregation, and moved many among them to the depths of their being. The morning service was over, and the curate had retired to the vestry, when, to his surprise, the sexton brought him a message from Lady Templemore. She begged Mr. Trevyllian to drive home with her, in order to be present at the distribution of Christmas presents to the poor of the neighbourhood. She wished him to do so, to prevent her giving to the unworthy, and to assist her in portioning out to the deserving, according to their wants. What a tumult of pleasing emotion did this unexpected invitation cause Philip Trevyllian! but concealing it under a dignified demeanor, he joined Lady Templemore at the church door. Some of her party had already driven off, Lady Rosalie was waiting with her aunt. Lady Templemore courteously accosted the curate, thanking him for his compliance, then introduced her niece. And thus Philip Trevyllian met Lady Rosalie, after an interval of nearly four years. They met as strangers, but in the shy glance she raised to him, as she held out her small gloved hand, he saw recognition. She had not forgotten him.

A pleasant drive of twenty minutes, and the grey old towers of Templemore appeared in view, surrounded by a noble park of many acres. Around the lofty portico of the stately mansion, and lining the wide avenue, a number of indigent creatures were congregated—their care-worn faces beaming, for the time, with the pleasure of expectation. What a contrast did they present, in their poverty, to the high-born and wealthy inmates of that palace home! Surely, faith in a world of compensation is needed to sustain the soul amid the trials of life, and teach us that He has done all things well, who has allotted so unequally the portions of earth.

In the large, antique hall—with its tesselated pavement, its wide oak staircase, its huge hearth, on which crackled and blazed immense yule logs—a large supply of Christmas presents had been prepared, consisting chiefly of blankets and warm clothing for the winter. The applicants for these necessaries, provided by the charity of the mistress of the mansion and her beautiful niece, were brought into the hall in groups, and all received according to their necessity. Afterwards they were supplied with a plentiful dinner to take to their humble homes, and in this manner was the joyous season of Christmas made to shower blessings on the suffering poor in the vicinity of C——. When this work of beneficence was ended, Mr Trevyllian was invited to partake of lunch with Lady Templemore and her guests, and half an hour passed quickly in pleasant conversation, while enjoying the delicacies of the rich repast. The short day of an English winter was fast closing in, before the curate, intoxicated with the happiness of enjoying the society of Lady Rosalie, thought of leaving Templemore. When he was making his adieus, she asked him in a low voice to wait a few moments until she gathered a bouquet for Mrs. Trevyllian, who she knew was passionately fond of flowers. The spacious dining-room opened at one end by glass-doors into a large conservatory, filled with rare exotics, the rich fragrance of which floated into the apartment and made the wintry air redolent of summer perfume.

Without waiting for a reply, Lady Rosalie moved with quick grace towards the conservatory, and disappeared among its orange trees and magnificent plants. Trevyllian hesitated, but the desire to follow her was irresistible; the next moment he had passed through the glass doors, and was standing beside her Ladyship as she stooped to cull a splendid camellia japonica. The crimson light of the coloured lamps with which the conservatory was lit up—for the shades of night had fallen upon Templemore—streamed upon her graceful figure bending among the beatiful exotics, and gleamed on the jewelled bandeau that confined her soft, glossy braids of pale auburn hair. How very lovely she looked as on the approach of Trevyllian she raised her sweet violet eyes, and said, with a playfully brilliant smile,

"Do you remember when you were trying to make me learn botany, Mr. Trevyllian, how very stupid I was? and how impossible I found it to recollect the difficult Latin names of the plants? But you were very patient with me, so unlike Mademoiselle D'Aubrey, who used to scold so unmercifully, in French, when I did not know my lessons; I was very thoughtless then, and gave you a vast deal of trouble. Do you ever think of that time, Mr. Trevyllian?"

"Do I ever think of it!" burst from him in tones quivering from intense feeling, "the remembrance of it is often present with me, Lady Rosalie. But you, in the excitement of fashionable life, I thought had entirely forgotten it."

"Ah, no! it was a happy time those by-gone school days. I have never enjoyed such unmixed happiness since," and the white lids drooped over the bright eyes to hide the sudden moisture that filled them. "The halcyon dreams and delicious hopes of early youth leave us too soon," Lady Rosalie resumed sadly, "and as we hasten on in the pathway of life, we find the flowers of enjoyment more sparsely strewn, their hues less vivid. Has this been your experience, Mr. Trevyllian?" There was no answer. The sad tones of the sweet voice, the gleam of tenderness in the quickly averted glance, had flashed a suspicion as rapturous as it was startling across the mind of the poor curate, and he was silent from very bewilderment. Could it be possible that the remembrance of those days brought keen regret to the mind of Lady Rosalie, as well as to his own; dare he hope that he possessd an interest in her affections? And now, for a moment forgetting the restraint he had imposed upon himself, the difference of rank, forgetting everything but his love

and misery, he was about to pour into her ear the tale of his devotion and of his suffering. A declaration trembled on his lips, but it was only for a moment. Bitterly came the recollection of his poverty,—of his humble station in life. In what an absurd position would he place himself by the declaration of his passion! How would it be received?—Perhaps with scorn—his presumption ridiculed. A few moments of bewildering happiness, and again the barrier between him and Lady Rosalie, erected by their difference of fortune and rank, rose up as impassable as ever.

While this tumult was going on in the mind of Philip, Lady Rosalie had culled a choice bouquet. Gracefully presenting it to him for his mother, she said she must gather a few of his favorite flowers for himself, and again she stooped amid the fragrant plants.

"How interesting is the language of flowers, Mr. Trevyllian. I have not forgotten that part of my botanical studies—it was the easiest to remember."

Philip was standing beside a monthly rose-bush as the remark fell on his ear. A delicate rose-bud caught his eye, and the temptation to offer it in tacit acknowledgment of his love was strong within him. Hastily he broke it from the stem, but when he was going to present it to the object of his secret homage, he was prevented by the appearance of Lady Templemore's stately figure at the door of the conservatory.

"Having missed you from the dining-room, Mr. Trevyllian, I thought you were gone," she said, slightly elevating her eyebrows, as if in surprise. "Whenever you feel disposed to return to the parsonage the carriage will be in waiting."

Had Lady Templemore's penetrating eye detected the curate's love for her niece, and indignant at his presumption, did she intend this for a polite dismissal? It might be so. Philip must no longer linger in this garden of Eden, his *tête-à-tête* with Lady Rosalie must end. Brief happiness it had been, but so sweet, so unlooked for, that the very remembrance of it would be like that of a delightful dream from which he had too soon awakened. Crushing the rose-bud in his hand, in his bitter humiliation, he bowed coldly to Lady Templemore, then turned to thank Lady Rosalie for her kindness. For a moment he held the jewelled hand which she courteously offered him, then with a sigh relinquished it. The next minute he had passed from the conservatory out into the darkness of the night, with as deep a gloom gathering round his heart as had fallen on the face of nature.

(To be continued.)

A RIDE ON A SNOW PLOUGH.

THUNDER and lightning in January! Thermometer 20 below zero and up to temperate. Snow storms in rapid succession for five days; and as a wind-up, a furious gale and rain storm! Such is the bill of fare for the third week of this opening year, 1866. No English mail—nothing Canadian even, except a Christmas dun, with the gentle intimation that unless the bill be settled by "return mail," costs of collection will be incurred—and a notice from the Grand Trunk Station, that a lot of "Tommy-Cods and Oysters" are waiting on the platform, subject to charges for demurrage for delay. When the mail will return, who can tell? Never, unless somebody turns out to clear the roads, and we had better not set the example. It is clearly against our interest with "costs of collection" ahead of us to interfere with any arrangement for further time that old Boreas with his son-in-law, Jack Frost, and his virgin daughter, may, for all we know, be making for us. But then the "Tommy-Cods and Oysters—"we wanted them for the New Year; and if we wait for any arrangements Old Winter may make, we may as well rest contented, until we again hear the "sweet music—" in plain language, the shrill screech of the dirty little "Dixie," or gaze with delight on the loyal streamers of the "Prince," as she scuds through the Blue Waters of the Ottawa: and assures us, as she glides along, screened here and there by the leaves of the budding boughs of the maple and lilac, that spring has again really returned. But "Tommy-Cods and Oysters" or "Odds Bobs and Butterkins," [whichever exclamation the gentle readers of the "Saturday" may think most to the purpose] what has all this to do with a "ride upon a snow plough?" Well! we will try and tell you. We resolved upon getting rid of "*ennui*," and ordered out the team—"*Jamais*" "*très frèt*," "*Monsieur*." "*Oui, mon ami, ce vrai*," in John Bull French we replied. And we set to work with auger, hammer, and nails, to "fix up" a plough, which is simply a machine constructed of two of the shortest and broadest slabs culled from the "waifs and strays" of the river, stoutly pinned together in the shape of the letter V, with a box on the cross bar for a seat. The road, through which we had to plough, was everywhere blocked as high as the fencing, and oftentimes higher. "The team will never face it, much less get through," is the first thought, but "nil desperandum" the second. At, in, and through, was the result of the first effort of the brave little team, as they floundered out of the drift, with their heads only visible, and stopped to take breath for another charge—and so on, till the post and village were reached. Shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence may be, and is exciting—but let no one say, there is nothing to be done in a snow storm, so long as a snow drift is to be found. The fountains of snow pouring from the sides of your plough, are the purest the eye can ever behold, and the sensation makes you exclaim, "well a snow plough is the pleasantest motion I know," while the work done is positively marvellous. A steam engine would be powerless, exhausted, and buried alive in no time; while a team of lively active horses will force their own way, and clear, by the plough, a track behind them, through which they will trot on their return, as merrily as if no obstacle had ever impeded them. Our box, on which we sat, was singularly enough, stamped, "Malaga"—certain it is, we were not in a Mediterranean climate—and yet, for all we know to the contrary, this very box was but "a chip of the old block," hewn from some noble denizen of the forest, in the shape of a bass wood tree, felled on the shores of the Ottawa; rafted to Quebec—shipped to the Mediterranean—packed with raisins at Malaga, and re-shipped to Montreal—its contents having formed a principal ingredient at some Canadian Christmas fireside, and itself doing duty on the shores of its native river, an inglorious part of a once glorious whole.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

BLASÉ.

L. B. C.

AH me, the years that have fled! And yet how vividly I can recall the sixth dance of the first ball of the season of 18—! When Weippart's band played the opening bars of the *Valse d'Amour*, I had no need to look at my card; the name of Cousin Ellen was engraved too deeply on my heart for that. I found her sitting behind the door, in the ice-room, talking to Carroll, the barrister. She jumped up with alacrity. "Here you are at last!" she cried, taking my arm; "now I shall enjoy my first dance tonight."

"Why," said I, "you have had three, for you came in time for the second, and have not sat out once."

"Oh, that polka with Captain Moore was a perfect penance—he cannot keep step at all, and as for walking through the last quadrille with Mr. Carroll, I do not call that *dancing*. But I never enjoy waltzing with any one so much as with you, Bob; it is the one thing you can do to perfection. Every one has his or her specialty, you know, and dancing is yours."

"Ah," said I, as the *fumes* of the music enveloped me, "do you remember when we were children, and used to dance at Christmas-parties?"

"Yes, and what a bore you used to think it!"

"True, I was blind and idiotic enough for that; I never liked dancing till I was about seventeen. But I always liked *you*, Ellen." Here I gave her hand a gentle squeeze, and it is my firm impression that—— But no, not on the rack would I divulge it. Let me suffer, and be strong. "Do you remember that you promised to be my little wife?"

"Did I? How foolish children are!"

"How delightful it would be" (I denounce the composer of the *Valse d'Amour* as the person who forced me to say all this) "if such a childish daydream were to prove some day a waking reality!"

Ellen was out of breath, and uttered no reply with her tongue, but the gipsy made a most nefarious use of her eyes. Ah, if young ladies knew the effect they produce by glancing softly up at their partners in a languishing waltz, and then looking down immediately on the ground, they would not do it: or perhaps they would do it all the more; there is no trusting them. The waltz came to an end, but its effects did not cease all at once, and Bob was by no means himself again in consequence.

"I must make the most of this ball, for we are not to remain in London long, and I shall not have many this summer," said Ellen as we promenaded.

"What!" I exclaimed in a tone of disappointment, for the words were like lumps of ice dropped down the back.

"Papa has taken a house on the banks of the Thames, at Longreach. It is delightful; there is a lawn sloping down to the river, and a boat-house. You used to row when you were up at the university, did you not?"

"A little."

"That is delightful. You must come and stay whenever you can, and take an oar. Papa has gone wild on aquatics."

I went down to Longreach, when the Martins were settled in their new house, on a Saturday to Monday visit, and found everything unexpectedly delightful. Uncle William, who was accustomed to dwell upon the insignificance of my patrimony, and the improbability of my ever making an income out of my inkpot, whenever I met him, never alluded to those chilling topics; Aunt Maria substituted her pleasant cordial face for the ordinary cold-shoulder with which she treated me; Dick, the hope of the family, was less mischievous, now that he had left Eton, and commenced cramming for the army; and as for the girls, their behaviour was cousinly and comfortable as always.

Eden had one snake, and that wore the likeness of Carroll, who came to dinner on the Sunday in a very free-and-easy sort of way; that is, upon a general, not a special invitation.

After due reflection upon the state of things, I formed the following conclusions: That the Martin family saw that my early friendship for Cousin Nelly had become transmogrified into love; that my uncle and aunt had at length perceived my many merits, and were no longer inclined to discountenance my attentions to their daughter, that the sentiments of Ellen herself coincided with those of her parents upon this interesting subject; but that Carroll was a rival, and must be watched. I made a master-move. Carroll was nailed by business to London, and had but slight excuse for constant visits to the Martins, while my movements were free, and my presence welcome. So I found that the heat of my chambers disagreed with me, and I took bachelor lodgings in Longreach.

"Have you come into the country for a spell, Bob?" said my uncle, when he first learned the fact. "That is right; your new novel will be all the fresher for it. You must join the L. B. C. I will put you up to-night, and Thwarts shall second you. Thwarts is our Hon. Sec."

"Proud and happy, I am sure." I lied. "What is the L. B. C., though?"

"Why, the Longreach Boating Club, to be sure."

"Well, I will pay my subscription, of course; but I do not know enough about rowing to be a very active member."

"O come!" said my uncle; "that will not do. I know better than that."

That evening, I was unanimously elected into the L. B. C., and introduced to the members at a cold supper, which my uncle gave at his own

house; for his meals had got all queer and straggling since he had appeared in the character of a jolly middle-aged waterman, and lunch was a kind of dinner, taken at irregular hours, and tea seemed to be going on all the afternoon and evening; while the only real and comfortable repast was taken when it was dark, and no more boating could be done till the morrow.

"You will be a great accession to our club," said Mr Thwarts to me. "You used to pull at Cambridge, I believe."

"Not much," I replied. "Of course I subscribed to the college-boat, but I never rowed in it. My boating has been entirely confined to pottering about with a cigar in my mouth. I never got hot over it in my life."

"O Bob!" cried Nelly, "when you won that handsome cup!" The handsome cup was a pewter pot with a glass bottom, and the college arms engraved upon it, underneath which were inscribed the names of four victorious oarsmen and their cockswain, and I was handed down to posterity as a successful No. 3.

The pot was a swindle: we only got two boats to enter for the college scratch fours that year, and as the day fixed for the race was a wet one, we *tossed* who should be supposed to have won.

Alas! I had yielded to the promptings of vanity, and displayed the mendacious trophy to my aunt and cousins when they came to lunch at my chambers one day, in the course of a shopping carnival; and as I had suppressed the details of the race, they had gone away firmly impressed with the idea that I was fit to row for the championship of the Thames. I now told the real story, which was received with shouts of incredulous laughter.

"The invention of similar anecdotes is his professional pursuit," said my uncle in explanation.

"But this is a fact, I assure you," I cried.

"Oh, of course," said my uncle. "But the next time you tell it, Bob, take my advice, and season it with a little *fiction*, to make it sound more probable."

"I am sorry to press you to row, if you do not like it," said Thwarts; "but we have accepted a challenge from the Dedwater Rowing Club, and can only get seven oars together. Mr Martin must row, if you will not."

"Yes," cried my uncle; "and I can hardly pull my weight; besides which, the training would kill me; so, if you persist in your refusal, Bob, you will be guilty of avunculicide."

"Dear papa!" said Ellen pathetically. "Oh! cousin Bob!" What could a poor fellow do but yield? I yielded. When I called on the following morning, I found that Ellen was out shopping with her mother, so I took two of the younger girls out on the water; for I enjoyed aquatic exercise when taken in a rational manner—I lolling on the cushions in the stern of the boat, and they rowing me about.

"Who is this Mr Thwarts?" I asked, thinking to extract information from Jenny, an observant puss of fifteen.

"Mr Thwarts is a very great man," said Jenny, "he owns everything and everybody nearly about here, and is is ever so rich. And he is a magistrate, and could be a member of parliament if he wished, only he prefers boating, and he likes Nelly, and papa and mamma are glad of it."

"And does Nelly *like* him?"

"I don't think she does, much," said Jenny, resting on her oar, and looking mysterious—"at least, not in the way you mean. But you must not tell I said so!"

I vowed secrecy, and meditated. Carroll, then, was not the man I had to fear, but Thwarts, and I made up my mind to Thwart him. Only I could not do it; on the contrary, he thwarted me—that is, he made me row No. 5 in an eight-oar against my will. I had always pitied galley-slaves with a theoretical pity, but now I sympathised with them from my soul.

Never shall I forget my first "spin" up the river. It was all very well at first, while we padded easily along with a slow and lingering stroke, though even then the cockswain's remarks were unpleasant, who addressed me as "No. 5," as if I had really been a prisoner at Brest.

"Time, No. 5!" "More forward, No. 5!" "Don't pull so much with your arms, No. 5!"

As if any one could pull with the legs! But after a while Thwarts began to quicken his stroke, and the effects were most unpleasant; I broke out in a violent perspiration, I got out of breath, my hands felt as though they had received the punishment of the cane, and the remembrance was vividly enforced upon me that that scholastic instrument of torture is sometimes otherwise applied; for those nice-looking white rugs which are tied on the seats of boats are delusions and snares, especially when they wriggle round in such a manner that the knots come uppermost.

At the expiration of five minutes, which seemed like fifty, I cried out "Stop!"

"Easy all!" said the cockswain.

"What is the matter?" asked Thwarts.

"The matter is, that I am composed of flesh and blood, not iron and brass," I gasped; "that I am a man, and not a steam-engine of forty horse-power."

"Ah, you are out of condition," said Thwarts. "A week's training will bring you up to the mark. However, we will take it easy to-day. Paddle on all!"

So I paddled on in silence, but I formed an inward resolution, which I broached to Nelly that very evening.

"Well," said she, as I put a gentle on the line with which she was angling at the bottom of the garden, "how does the boat go?"

"Bother the boat!" cried I. "Look there!" And I exhibited my hands, which were covered with large white bladders.

"Oh, that is nothing" said she. "I despise a man who has no blisters."

"Indeed? Then I shall be sorry to incur your scorn, but I mean to fit myself for it as soon as possible. I will not row any more."

"O Bob, when papa has set his heart on our beating the Dedwaters, and we cannot make up the eight without you; how unkind!"

"You are very warm about this boat-race," said I sarcastically.

"I am," she replied; "I shall be *so* disappointed if you do not row."

"Yes, because you wish to please this Thwarts. But *I* have no reason for currying favour with the fellow. Hang Thwarts!"

"With all my heart; after the match."

"You little humbug!" cried I. "I know all about it."

"What! are you too against me?" she said, pouting. "I thought I had one friend in dear old Bob!"

"What! you do not wish to have him then?"

She shook her head.

"Honour bright?"

She nodded.

"Why do you wish me to make a water-martyr of myself, then?"

"Because I want to beat that horrid L. R. O. Besides, I have a reason. Do not ask me what; I will tell you some day."

After much solitary self-communing, I now came to the conclusion that my former speculations as to the state of affairs were all wrong; that uncle and aunt Martin had settled the match between Ellen and Thwarts in their own minds, and were cordial to me because I was no longer, in their estimation, dangerous as a lover, though as a familiar cousin I might act as a spur to the hesitating lover's intent; that Ellen, though not liking to run counter to her parents' wishes, much preferred myself, and that she urged me to remain in the Longreach eight to keep me near her.

I longed to put an end to my doubts and anxieties by a formal offer of marriage, and had often tried to do so. But I had been making love to her in a jocular manner ever since I was twelve and she ten years of age, and she persisted in taking everything I said in fun. Still I thought my chances looked so well, that I obeyed her wishes and remained one of the crew of the L. B. C.

"Have you begun training yet?" asked Thwarts, when we met at the boat-house next day.

"No," said I. "Is it really necessary?"

"Of course it is. No man can last over a mile-course unless he is in training. And after all what is it? A healthy [illegible] of moderation, temperance and exercise in the open air for six weeks, which will be of the greatest possible advantage to your constitution, besides clearing your brain after the hard work you must have been giving it lately. By the by, what a capital story your last novel is."

In an evil hour, and totally ignorant of what was before me, I allowed myself to be cajoled, and promised to enter on a course of training the very next day. My uncle was delighted; Ellen smiled approbation and gratitude; and my seven fellow-sufferers declared that I was a thorough good-fellow; and as that time I was still foolish enough to care for the praise or blame of my fellow-creatures, I rejoiced in their applause, and went to an early couch, soothed by the consciousness of virtue.

I always sleep in summer with my bedroom window open, a practice which was peculiarly pleasant in my Longreach lodgings, because of the honeysuckle and jessamine which grew luxuriantly over the verandah immediately beneath, allowing fragrant sprays to struggle through the casement. There was a nightingale, too, who made a practice of serenading me from an opposite tree, and whose song on this particular night was particularly soothing and brilliant, though it must have been after I had dropped off to sleep that he adapted human words to his melody, and treated me to—

> Oh! had you ever a cousin Tom?
> Did that cousin happen to sing?
> Of sisters you've got a round dozen, Tom,
> But a cousin's a different thing.

Doubtless I dreamed that, for my sleep was profusely illustrated, and dissolving views chased each other across my retina with the rapidity of the "Scenes from the Holy Land" upon the white sheet at the Polytechnic; and all my visions that night were of a pleasing nature, especially the last, which represented an eight-oar skimming over a smooth sea, with a bride crowned with orange blossoms, and bridegroom attired in white ducks and a straw hat, reposing luxuriously in the stern. I was that comfortable bridegroom, and cousin Nelly was—

"Hulloa! not up yet!" roared a voice of thunder, which brought me from a horizontal to a sitting posture with an electric start; and on looking in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, I saw with horror a man's head and shoulders protruded through the window."

"Go away!" I cried. "I will call the police! I will shoot you! I have a revolver under the pillow."

"Have you, though? That cannot be permitted till after the race, for you might meet with an accident."

"Thwarts!" I cried, recognizing him. "How did you ever get there?"

"Climbed up the verandah, of course," he replied. "I could not wake you by shouting and throwing stones from below. But come, are you going to lie in bed all day? It is nearly seven o'clock."

"What! in the evening?" I cried, springing out.

"No, no, of course not; seven A. M. to be sure."

"Then in another three hours I will talk to you; but my constitution will not stand night-work," said I.

"Nonsense," replied Thwarts, introducing the whole of himself into my desecrated bower. "You have promised to train like the rest of us, and our rule is to meet at the Angler's Joy at a quarter past seven; bathe, just a header, and out again; run from the Willows to the Rushes, which is a measured mile; cool down, and dress, and then breakfast together at the inn. Disperse till twelve, then take a short row, returning to dinner at two. Dine together, and separate till five, when we take a good spell up the river, returning to supper at eight, and turning in at ten sharp."

"We take all our meals together at the Angler's Joy, then?" I remarked.

"Yes," said Thwarts, "or some of us would be tempted to eat unlawful food. But come,

look sharp; you had better do your washing and shaving after your mile run, and then you will be comfortable for breakfast. A jump in the river will do for the present."

Being in for it, I thought I would go through with it, and yielded myself up like a lamb. We found our six fellow-victims gathered at the Angler's Joy, and I rejoiced to see that they one and all looked surly: they were good-tempered fellows, as your brawny, strong-armed men for the most part providentially are; but to be torn out of bed in the middle of the night, and told to jump into a river, is trying to the most amiable disposition.

That somewhat dreaded plunge, however, was in reality very pleasant, and made one feel as fresh and active as a lark; sensations which were too soon obliterated.

"You need not take so much trouble to dry yourself," said Thwarts to me; "you will not take cold if you go in and have a rub down directly after your run." And he started off at a round trot, an example which, one after the other, we all followed. Some ran the whole mile, others, as it was the first day of regular training, only half that distance; while I had to stop at the end of about three hundred yards, blowing like a grampus. However, with many rests, and sitting down at frequent intervals, I managed to come in a very bad eighth, and then I retired to my lodgings, and made myself comfortable for the breakfast, for which I felt very great need.

"How stale the bread is!" cried I. "I hate stale bread"

"Of course the bread is stale!" was the reply. "New bread is the worst thing possible for the wind."

"There is no tea!"

"Tea! It is poison. You may have a pint of small-beer."

"How dreadfully underdone these chops are!"

"Not a bit; the gravy is the nutritious part."

However, extreme exhaustion enabled me to make an unpalatable meal, and then I drew forth my pipe.

"What is that?" cried Thwarts. "My dear fellow, you must not smoke at this time of day. One pipe after supper is all we allow, and even that is bad for the wind."

"But," cried I in dismay, "my allowance is half a pound of shag and a quarter of a box of cigars a week!"

"So is mine, quite that," murmured No. 2.

"And mine," said Bow.

"One pipe after breakfast could never hurt," added No. 4.

I had very nearly excited a mutiny; but Thwarts talked his crew over, consoling them with the reflection that their abstinence was only to be for six weeks, at the expiration of which time they might smoke another penny off the income tax, if they liked.

Having my pipe put out was not the worst part of the business. I must confess that I do like my dinner, and am accustomed to look forward it to with considerable cheerfulness, and now that I had a ravenous appetite, which I could not remember being blest with since the happy days of childhood, I was obliged to squander it upon disgusting raw beef-steaks and vulgar malt liquor, and any secret infringement of the rules laid down for our guidance, produced a sensation as if the heart was bursting when we "put it on" during the evening's spin up the river.

Well, my "wind" certainly improved, and my muscles grew more powerful; but my unfortunate hands became completely flayed, so that I had to row in gloves, and I was obliged to have my flannel trousers thickly padded, so that the joys of training did not grow upon me, as I had been assured they would after the first; on the contrary, I marked off the six weeks in my almanac, and scratched out every day as it passed with the eagerness of a school-boy watching the approach of the holidays. And oh! how I enjoyed the Sundays.

One thing fairly puzzled me, and that was the interest which Carroll the barrister suddenly took in the L. B. C. eight in general, and my unworthy self in particular. I had known him, it was true, from boyhood, but of late years we had only seen each other occasionally, our paths of life being diverse. Why, then, did he come bustling up to Longreach and calling at my lodgings five days in the week? What made him so hostile to the inoffensive Dedwaters, that he outuncled my uncle in his desire that we should humble their pride, or, as he inelegantly expressed himself, "should take the shine out of them?" To what could his anxiety lest I should "overdo it," and the cunning ointment he provided for my abrasions, be ascribed? Did he conclude that we were both unsuccessful lovers, and had he a sympathy for me, the result of our common misfortune? Did he wish to prove, by taking an interest in the success of Thwart's boat that he had not been cut out by that landed young man, but had merely felt a friendship for Ellen, which was in nowise affected by her engagement to another?

I observed one evening, after he had run on the bank for upwards of three miles, coaching us, that he was very disinterested.

"Not exactly," he replied. "One of the Dedwater crew offered three to one on his boat at the club a fortnight ago, and as I liked the style in which you went the day before, when I happened to see you, I took him."

"To any amount ?"

"In hundreds."

This, certainly, was some slight explanation of his interest, for a hundred pounds is a nasty sum to lose, and three hundred a nice sum to win for a professional man.

At the end of three weeks' training, I had an eruption of boils, which were very painful, and exceedingly disagreeable. But when I sought for pity, I was told that it was all right, and they would do me all the good in nature. I also observed that Carroll was not welcome to my uncle and aunt, in spite of his aquatic enthusiasm. Ha! was he still to be feared? No, no; Ellen could never inflict all this misery upon a poor wretch, even if he were a cousin, without intending to recompense him. Still I was uneasy in mind; as for my body, all ease had departed from that weeks before.

The day of the match drew near, but I did not dread it; on the contrary, had it been a duel or a battle, I should have hailed the event which put an end to the preparation. I have heard that some soldiers who have been investing a town for some time are madly impatient for the assault, preferring the most forlorn-hope of not being blown up, skewered, or chopped down, to the certainty of work in the trenches; and I can easily understand it,

What puzzles me more is, that when the day actually arrived, and the hostile boat made its appearance, and the river was covered with gay barges, and the lawns on the bank with tents and ladies, I actually caught the infection which I had escaped during the whole six weeks training, and became absurdly anxious to win. I could have punched the heads of those Dedwater fellows; I rejoiced to observe that one of them had a slight cold, and that another seemed weak about the loins. More; as the time approached, I grew so excited, that I staked money ay, as much as I could earn in three months with this pen, on our boat! It was temporary insanity.

My uncle's preparations for celebrating the regatta were grand. Both the crews were to dine with him afterwards, and the festivities were to terminate in a ball, held in a large marquee erected on the lawn; and the trees of the garden were profusely hung with little coloured lamps, to give a fairy-like effect to the scene.

Of the race, I cannot tell you much. I can remember paddling up to the starting-place, and a man in a ten-oared waterman's boat saying: "Are you ready ? Go!" But immediately after that I lost consciousness of everything except that my frame was bursting, splitting, blowing up, and coming to pieces generally; that the idea of surviving was absurd, but that it did not much matter; and that I hoped for speedy dissolution, or some other termination of the race. Just as I was perfectly convinced that I had only two seconds more to live, there was a tremendous shouting, and the cockswain (oh, how I loathed that little man!) yelled out: "Now, then, come away! We're ahead! Six strokes more with a will, and we can't lose! Hurrah!" And I just roused myself for a final effort, which lasted, not for six strokes, but at least for twenty, and rolled backwards upon No. 4. But it did not matter; the L. B. C. had won.

I had earned any amount of praise, and as much reward as I could get, from Ellen; I had won my money; I could eat, drink, and smoke what and how much I chose. The training was over! In spite of exhaustion, that idea was delicious!

So was my uncle's dinner, heaps of good things, and nothing interdicted! Even Ellen's ingratitude could not spoil my appetite, and I put it to any one whether she was good.

"Well, Nelly," I cried, on first seeing her after the race, we have won, you see."

"So I suppose," she replied listlessly.

"Are you not glad ?"

"Glad? O yes, of course. Very nice, wasn't it?"

"I tell you what, Ellen," said I, "if you had only spoken in that tone before, you would have saved me the most unpleasant six weeks I ever spent in my life."

"Poor old Bob!" she cried, "I am really very glad; only I have a headache, and am *so* stupid."

"I hope you will be all right to-night," said I, as she went off,

"What do you mean, Bob?" said she, stopping short, and turning pale.

"Why, for the ball, of course."

"O yes, to be sure," she cried with a laugh, "the ball! I told you I was stupid to-day."

I repeat that I intensely enjoyed my dinner, but for the dancing afterwards I had no great mind: I was stiff, I was sore, and I had long arrears of tobacco to pull up. There was a delightful amount of freedom and ease about the party; those who liked, stopped in the tent and danced, those who preferred it wandered about the grounds; it was of little use to engage partners beforehand, and none at all to hunt for them if they were not in the marquee when the band struck up. I took advantage of this state of things, and withdrew to a quiet nook I knew of, under a willow which overhung the river, settled myself comfortably, and filled my largest meerschaum.

With lights and music at some little distance behind me, a comfortable quantum of claret inside me, and the dark-flowing river before me, time passed rapidly, and I had sat smoking and idly dreaming of past trials and future hopes, the latter all connected with my pretty cousin, for upwards of an hour, when my attention was drawn to an object on the water, which, as my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness, I soon made out to be a wherry, stealthily approaching the spot where I sat. It might be only some uninvited neighbour, enjoying the freshness of the air and the music, but it was a late hour for indulging such a fancy, and my curiosity was excited. Nor was it diminished when the boat stole quietly under the willow, and was made fast to the bank; nor when a female figure, enveloped in a voluminous shawl, and carrying a large carpet-bag, came hurriedly along the path: nor when a man leaped from the boat, and took the carpet-bag aforesaid from her hand.

A keen pang of suspicion and jealousy shot through my heart, as I rose and approached the pair, to their evident alarm.

"It is only Bob!" said the voice of Nelly presently. "O Bob, how you frightened me?

"Are you going for a row ?" I asked with desperate calmness.

"Yes. Don't say anything about it; there is a good boy."

"May I ask who with?" I could not help saying.

"With me, Carroll, to be sure!" said the voice of that hateful barrister. "Why, you must have seen how the land lay, surely, old fellow. We are sorry to have to take this step; but Mr. Martin is so determined that Ellen shall be thrown away upon that fellow Thwarts, that there is nothing else to be done. Let me take this opportunity of thanking you sincerely for falling into our plans, and going in for this race, to give me an opportunity of perpetually coming

down here on the pretence of coaching you, and seeing how the boat was getting on. The three hundred pounds, too, will be most useful for preliminary expenses. But we must be off. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear Bob," said Nelly, holding out her hand.

I made a violent effort to put a good face on the matter; and after having been so egregiously duped all along, I had to put the final touch by helping them into the boat and shoving them off, and in doing this I nearly fell into the water, and had to grasp a handful of twigs to recover my balance.

The boat vanished into the night, and when I turned from the spot with a heavy heart, I found a bough of willow in my hand.

"Pshaw!" cried I, throwing it away.

There was a terrible disturbance when the elopement was known, but the Martins forgave the couple in a few weeks, and when all turned out well, and Carroll's position at the bar became more and more established, my uncle was even jocular on the subject.

"Ah!" said he, at a certain christening dinner, "those barristers are such imposing fellows; give them an inch and they will take a Nell!"

It is all very well for him to joke; but I shall marry for money.

THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS.

(*From Stories for Children.*)

THERE was a cuckoo-clock hanging in Tom Turner's cottage. When it struck One, Tom's wife laid the baby in the cradle, and took a saucepan off the fire, from which came a very savoury smell.

Her two little children, who had been playing in the open doorway, ran to the table, and began softly to drum upon it with their pewter spoons, looking eagerly at their mother as she turned a nice little piece of pork into a dish, and set greens and potatoes round it. They fetched the salt; then they set a chair for their father; brought their own stools; and pulled their mother's rocking-chair close to the table.

"Run to the door, Billy," said the mother, "and see if father's coming." Billy ran to the door; and, after the fashion of little children, looked first the right way, and then the wrong way, but no father was to be seen.

Presently the mother followed him, and shaded her eyes with her hand, for the sun was hot. "If father doesn't come soon," she observed, "the apple-dumpling will be too much done, by a deal."

"There he is!" cried the little boy, "he is coming round by the wood; and now he's going over the bridge. O father! make haste, and have some apple-dumpling."

"Tom," said his wife, as he came near, "art tired to-day?"

"Uncommon tired," said Tom, and he threw himself on the bench, in the shadow of the thatch.

"Has anything gone wrong?" asked his wife; "what's the matter?"

"Matter?" repeated Tom, "is anything the matter? The matter is this, mother, that I'm a miserable hard-worked slave;" and he clapped his hands upon his knees, and muttered in a deep voice, which frightened the children—"a miserable slave!"

"Bless us!" said the wife, and could not make out what he meant.

"A miserable, ill-used slave," continued Tom, "and always have been."

"Always have been?" said his wife, "why, father, I thought thou used to say, at the election time, that thou wast a freeborn Briton?"

"Women have no business with politics," said Tom, getting up rather sulkily. And whether it was the force of habit, or the smell of the dinner, that make him do it, has not been ascertained, but it is certain that he walked into the house, ate plenty of pork and greens, and then took a tolerable share in demolishing the apple-dumpling.

When the little children were gone out to play, his wife said to him, "Tom, I hope thou and master haven't had words to-day?"

"*Master*," said Tom, "yes, a pretty master he has been; and a pretty slave I've been. Don't talk to me of masters."

"O Tom, Tom," cried his wife, "but he's been a good master to you; fourteen shillings a week, regular wages,—that's not a thing to make a sneer at; and think how warm the children are lapped up o'winter nights, and you with as good shoes to your feet as ever keep him out of the mud."

"What of that? said Tom, "isn't my labour worth the money? I'm not beholden to my employer. He gets as good from me as he gives."

"Very like, Tom. There's not a man for miles round that can match you at a graft; and as to early peas—but if master can't do without you, I'm sure you can't do without him. Oh, dear, to think that you and he should have had words!"

"We've had no words," said Tom impatiently; "but I'm sick of being at another man's beck and call. It's Tom do this, and Tom do that, and nothing but work, work, work, from Monday morning till Saturday night; and I was thinking, as I walked over to Squire Morton's to ask for the turnip seed for master—I was thinking, Sally, that I am nothing but a poor working man after all. In short, I'm a *slave*, and my spirit won't stand it."

So saying, Tom flung himself out at the cottage door, and his wife thought he was going back to his work as usual. But she was mistaken; he walked to the wood, and there, when he came to the border of a little tinkling stream, he sat down, and began to brood over his grievances. It was a very hot day.

"Now, I'll tell you what," said Tom to himself, "it's a great deal pleasanter sitting here in the shade than broiling over celery trenches; and then thinning of wall fruit, with a baking sun at one's back, and a hot wall before one's eyes. But I'm a miserable slave. I must either work or see 'em starve; a very hard lot it is to be a working man. But it's not only the work that I complain of, but being obliged to do just as *he* pleases. It's enough to spoil any man's temper to be told to dig up those asparagus beds just when they were getting to be the very pride of the parish. And what for? Why, to make room for Madam's new gravel walk, that she mayn't wet her feet going over the grass. Now, I ask you," continued Tom, still talking to himself, "whether that isn't enough to spoil any man's temper?"

"Ahem!" said a voice close to him.

Tom started, and to his great surprise, saw a small man, about the size of his own baby, sitting composedly at his elbow. He was dressed in green—green hat, green coat, and green shoes. He had very bright black eyes, and they twinkled very much as he looked at Tom and smiled.

"Servant, sir!" said Tom, edging himself a little further off.

"Miserable slave," said the small man, "art thou so far lost to the noble sense of freedom that thy very salutation acknowledges a mere stranger as thy master?"

"Who are you," said Tom, "and how dare you call me a slave?"

"Tom," said the small man, with a knowing look, "don't speak roughly. Keep your rough words for your wife, my man; she is bound to bear them—what else is she for, in fact?"

"I'll thank you to let my affairs alone," interrupted Tom, shortly.

"Tom, I'm your friend; I think I can help you out of your difficulty. I admire your spirit. Would *I* demean myself to work for a master, and attend to all his whims?" As he said this, the small man stooped and looked very earnestly into the stream. Drip, drip, drip, went the water over a little fall in the stones, and wetted the watercresses till they shone in the light, while the leaves fluttered overhead and chequered the moss with glittering spots of sunshine. Tom watched the small man with earnest attention as he turned over the leaves of the cresses. At last he saw him snatch something, which looked like a little fish, out of the water, and put it in his pocket.

"It's my belief, Tom," he said, resuming the conversation, "that you have been puzzling your head with what people call Political Economy."

"Never heard of such a thing," said Tom. "But I've been thinking that I don't see why I'm to work any more than those that employ me."

"Why you see, Tom, you must have money. Now it seems to me that there are but four ways of getting money: there's Stealing"—

"Which won't suit *me*," interrupted Tom.

"Very good. Then there's Borrowing"—

"Which I don't want to do."

"And there's Begging"—

"No, thank you," said Tom, stoutly.

"And there's giving money's worth for the money; that is to say, Work, Labour."

"Your words are as fine as a sermon," said Tom.

"But look here, Tom," proceeded the man in green, drawing his hand out of his pocket, and showing a little dripping fish in his palm, "what do you call this?"

"I call it a very small minnow," said Tom.

"And do you see anything particular about its tail?"

"It looks uncommon bright,' answered Tom, stooping to look at it.

"It does," said the man in green, "and now I'll tell you a secret, for I'm resolved to be your friend. Every minnow in this stream—they are very scarce, mind you—but every one of them has a silver tail."

"You don't say so," exclaimed Tom, opening his eyes very wide; "fishing for minnows, and being one's own master, would be a great deal pleasanter than the sort of life I've been leading this many a day."

"Well, keep the secret as to where you get them; and much good may it do you," said the man in green. "Farewell, I wish you joy of your freedom." So saying he walked away, leaving Tom on the brink of the stream, full of joy and pride.

He went to his master, and told him that he had an opportunity for *bettering* himself, and should not work for him any longer. The next day he rose with the dawn, and went to work to search for minnows. But of all the minnows in the world, never were any so nimble as those with silver tails. They were very shy too, and had as many turns and doubles as a hare; what a life they led him! They made him troll up the stream for miles: then, just as he thought his chase was at an end, and he was sure of them, they would leap quite out of the water, and dart down the stream again like little silver arrows. Miles and miles he went, tired, and wet, and hungry. He came home late in the evening, completely wearied and footsore, with only three minnows in his pocket, each with a silver tail.

"But at any rate," he said to himself, as he lay down in his bed, "though they lead me a pretty life, and I have to work harder than ever, yet I certainly am free; no man can order me about now."

This went on for a whole week; he worked very hard; but on Saturday afternoon he had only caught fourteen minnows.

"If it wasn't for the pride of the thing," he said to himself, "I'd have no more to do with fishing for minnows. This is the hardest work I ever did. I am quite a slave to them. I rush up and down, I dodge in and out, I splash myself, and fret myself, and broil myself in the sun, and all for the sake of a dumb thing, that gets the better of me with a wag of its fins. But it's no use standing here talking; I must set off to the town and sell them, or Sally will wonder why I don't bring her the week's money." So he walked to the town, and offered his fish for sale as great curiosities.

"Very pretty," said the first people he showed them to; but "they never bought anything that was not useful."

"Were they good to eat?" asked the woman at the next house. "No! Then they would not have them."

"Much too dear," said a third.

"And not so very curious," said a fourth; but they hoped he had come by them honestly.

At the fifth house they said, "O! pooh!" when he exhibited them. "no, no, they were not

quite so silly as to believe there were fish in the world with silver tails; if there had been, they should often have heard of them before."

At the sixth house they were such a very long time turning over his fish, pinching their tails, bargaining and discussing them, that he ventured to remonstrate, and request that they would make more haste. Thereupon they said if he did not choose to wait their pleasure, they would not purchase at all. So they shut the door upon him, and as this soured his temper, he spoke rather roughly at the next two houses, and was dismissed at once as a very rude, uncivil person.

But after all, his fish were really great curiosities; and when he had exhibited them all over the town, set them out in all lights, praised their perfections, and taken immense pains to conceal his impatience and ill temper, he at length contrived to sell them all, and got exactly fourteen shillings for them, and no more.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Tom Turner," he said to himself; "in my opinion you've been making a great fool of yourself, and I only hope Sally will not find it out. You was tired of being a working man, and that man in green has cheated you into doing the hardest week's work you ever did in your life by making you believe it was more free-like and easier. Well, you say you didn't mind it, because you had no master; but I've found out this afternoon, Tom, and I don't mind your knowing it, that every one of those customers of yours was your master just the same. Why! you were at the beck of every man, woman, and child, that came near you—obliged to be in a good temper, too, which was very aggravating."

"True, Tom," said the man in green, starting up in his path, "I knew you were a man of sense; look you, you're *all* working men, and you must all please your customers. Your master was your customer; what he bought of you was your work. Well, you must let the work be such as will please the customer."

"*All* working men; how do you make that out?" said Tom, chinking the fourteen shillings in his hand. "Is my master a working man; and has he got a master of his own? Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all;—he works with his head, keeps his books, and manages his great works. He has many masters, else why was he nearly ruined last year?"

"He was nearly ruined because he made some new-fangled kind of patterns at his works, and people would not buy them," said Tom. "Well, in a way of speaking, then, he works to please his masters, poor fellow! He is, as one may say, a fellow-servant, and plagued with very awkward masters! So I should not mind his being my master, and I think I'll go and tell him so."

"I would, Tom," said the man in green. "Tell him you have not been able to *better* yourself, and you have no objection now to dig up the asparagus bed."

So Tom trudged home to his wife, gave her the money he had earned, got his old master to take him back, and kept a profound secret his adventures with the man in green, and the fish with the silver tails.

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMS.

Well known books :

1. Made a bed.
2. Spend nine.
3. Every law.
4. Hit while hot, Wat wild.
5. You tasted hare, Ann.
6. Tax patience, go rest.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is good although 'tis bad,
   My *last* is where we get when sad,
   My *whole* the weary long to find,
   To ease the head and calm the mind.

2. I am composed of 7 letters; my 3, 1, 5, 6, 2, 4, 5, 2, 3, is a drink that some people are too fond of; my 3, 4, 1, 7, is sometimes necessary to a lady's dress; my 6, 3, 4, 5, is employed in all modern battles; my 6, 5, 4, 2, 7, used formerly to be worn by gentlemen; my 6, 1, 4, 5, has a fondness for chimneys; and my whole is the name of a sea.

3. A weary traveller, to promote his comfort, struggled to pull of my *first;* not succeeding, he called in my *second,* in a rage, to bring my *whole.*

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. A toast proposed by the Lord Mayor of London to the Ladies.

Amy reith ceivs eb as lmias sa berti bentsno. Nad herit suitvre sa ceedatxd sa rhite ociirnnle.

2. Neeers dealcomiclsp rueflech utb ton oldu. Giantsininu hutiowt nationusini.

3. OTEGNIQTCU. A fashionable amusement.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete, I signify to draw to; behead me twice, and I do a great deal of good, once more, and I am an exploit.

2. Complete, I am what people wish to be in winter; behead me, I am what I trust my readers may never lose; transposed, I signify to spoil.

3. Complete, I signify violent action; behead me' and I am often seen at court; again behead me, and I am, though sometimes unwelcome, of more value than gold.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. There are three numbers, such, that the sum of the third with six times, the first is equal to six times the second, and the sum of the squares of the first and third is equal to 45. Find the numbers.

2. A person bought a certain number of apples for 12s., but if he had bought 3 dozen less for the same sum, each apple would have cost him one farthing more. Find the number of apples, and the price of each dozen.

3. A gentleman called in the other evening, and on looking at the clock, I observed it was between 7 and 8; and that the minute hand pointed between 10 and 11. When he left, the hands had changed places—how long did my friend remain, and what was the exact time he left?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 21.

PUZZLES.—1st. I am above making quarrels in the midst of a family between husband and wife.

2nd.

3	1	21	23	17
16	13	9	12	15
2	18	7	14	24
19	11	20	10	5
25	22	8	6	4

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Clark-lark-ark. 2 Draft-raft-aft.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Early joys, how false and fleeting
   Vanishing within the hour;
   Envious murky west winds beating,
   Come and wither every flower.
   Can I in the verdure gladden,
   Casting now its gradual shade,
   Which the autumn storms must sadden,
   And whose fairest forms must fade?

2nd. To-morrow.

ACROSTIC.—Greece—Athens.

1. Ganges. 2 Rouen.
3. Eric. 4 Edinburgh.
5. Connecticut. 6 Etna.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1st. 35 and 15.

2nd. He bought 89 sheep at 1 50=133 50
4 cows "52 00=208 00
7 oxen "65 50=458 50

800 00

He sold 89 sheep at 1 80=160 20
4 cows "60 70=242 80
7 oxen "71 00=497 00

900 00

The following answers have been received:

Puzzles.—1st, A. A. Oxon, J. B., H. H. V. Cloud, Argus; 2nd, J. L., Nestor.

Decapitations.—Both, G. F. T., A. A. Oxon, Cloud. H. H. V.; 2nd; J. B., Argus, Ellen W.

Transpositions.—J. L., A. A. Oxon, Argus, Nestor, W. W., Cloud, J. B., McFadden.

Acrostic.—G. F. T., Cloud, J. B., A. A. Oxon, McFadden, Argus, Ellen W.

Arithmetical Problems.—Both, A. A. Oxon, H. H. V., J. B., Nestor, Cloud, W. W., Ellen W.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue, J. L., Ambrose, John H., Violet.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to Correspondents were crowded out last week.

MARATHON.—We shall be glad to receive that position.

J. McL.—By all means do so.

G. GROVES, ST. CATHARINES—Have not had leisure to examine that last "posish."

PROBLEM No. 8.—Solutions received from "St. Urbain St.;' J. McL.; Victor; Theo., Quebec; and R. B., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 9.—Solutions received from St Urbain St.; Marathon; J. McL.; Theo., Quebec; W. L., Hamilton; J. G. M., Toronto, and Alma, Brantford.

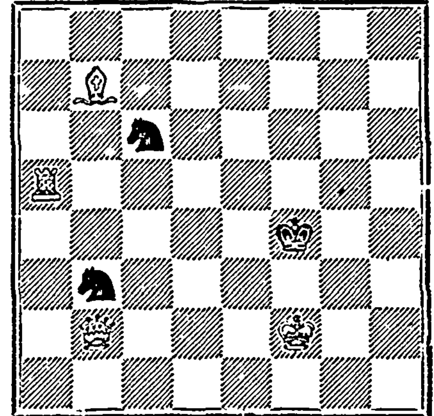
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 9.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt. to K. B. 5th (ch.)	K. to K. 5th or (*a*)
2 B. to Q. 3rd (ch.)	Anything.
3 Q. Mates.	
(*a*) 1 ————	K. to Q. 7th.
2 B. to B. sq. (dis. ch.)	K. moves.
3 Q. Mates.	

PROBLEM No. 11.

BY WM. ATKINSON, ESQ., MONTREAL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in four moves.

The following rattling skirmish was played last year at the Dundee Chess Club, Mr. G. B. Fraser (the leading Dundee player) giving the odds of Q. Kt. to Mr. C. M. Baxter.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

(*Remove White's Q. Kt,*)

WHITE. (*Mr. Fraser.*)	BLACK. (*Mr. Baxter.*)
1 P. to K. 4th.	P. to K. 4th.
2 Kt. to K. B. 3rd.	Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
3 B. to Q. B. 4th.	B. to Q. B. 4th
4 P. to Q. Kt. 4th.	B. takes P.
5 P. to Q. B. 3rd.	B. to Q. B. 4th.
6 P. to Q. 4th.	P. takes P.
7 Castles.	P. to Q. 3rd.(*a*)
8 P. takes P.	B. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
9 B. to Q. R. 3rd.	Kt. to K. R. 3rd.
10 P. to K. 5th.	Castles.
11 P. to Q. 5th.	Kt. to Q. R. 4th.
12 B. to Q. 3rd.	R. to K. sq.
13 Q. to Q. B. 2nd.	P. takes P.
14 B. takes R. P. (ch.)	K. to R. sq.
15 B. to Q. Kt. 2nd.	Q. takes Q. P.
16 Q. R. to Q. sq.	Q. to Q. B. 5th.
17 Q. to Q. Kt. sq.	P. to K. 5th.
18 B. takes P.	R. takes B.
19 R. to Q. 8th (ch.)	Kt. to K. Kt. sq.
20 Kt. to K. Kt. 5th.	R. to K. R. 5th.
21 P. to K. Kt. 3rd.	R. to K. R. 4th.
22 K. R. to K. sq.(*b*)	B. takes K. B. P. (ch.)
23 K. takes B.	Q. to Q. B. 4th (ch.)
24 B. to Q. 4th.	Q. to K. B. 4th (ch.) (*c*)
25 Q. takes Q.	B. takes Q.
26 Kt. takes K. B. P. (ch.)	K. to R. 2nd.
27 R. takes R.	

And White ultimately won the game.

(*a*) If P. takes P., White replies with (8) B. takes K. B. P., checking.

(*b*) Threatening Mate in two more. R. to Q. B. sq. would also have been a very strong move at this point.

(*c*) The only move.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. M.—We will publish one, or both, of the pieces, as opportunity offers.

J. C. F.—Much obliged. Shall be happy to hear from you again.

J. G***.—Your contribution will appear in an early number. Please accept our thanks.

Miss Incog.—If accepted, we will publish the tale under any *nom de plume* you may select. Of course we cannot say more until we have an opportunity of reading the manuscript. Please forward it.

Roundhead.—The appellation was probably given to the Puritans from the fact that they wore their hair short, whilst the cavaliers rejoiced in long ringlets. Haydn says the Puritans were in the habit of putting a round bowl or wooden dish upon their heads, and cutting their hair by the brim.

R. B. W.—The stanzas are not suitable for publication separately. We are equally desirous with yourself to render our people independent of American light literature. We believe our paper to be more healthy in its tone, and superior in every way to nine-tenths of the American journals which find their way into the Province; and we hope the day is not far distant when Canadians, generally, will transfer their literary allegiance from New York to Montreal, or at least to Canada.

S. B.—Respectfully declined.

J. L.—Much obliged. We could not make room for more in the present number. Will be glad to hear from you frequently.

Hattie. — A much better arrangement. Thanks!

H. H. M.—Please forward the solution to the first problem.

V.—Your article will appear in our next issue. Will attend to your request with much pleasure.

Wymbledon. —We believe the error was in the "copy," but are sorry we did not observe it. Please forward the contributions you refer to. The "long string" will prove very useful, we have no doubt.

H. E. C.—Your contribution is in type, but we are unable to find room for it in the present issue.

St. George.—"Alsatia" was the name popularly given to a district in London situated near the Temple. It was a place of refuge for thieves and vagabonds, who, once within its precincts, were enabled to bid defiance to the ministers of the law. The Mint, in Southwark, was a refuge of similar character, and to the present day is one of the very worst districts in London. Sir Walter Scott has fully described "Alsatia" in his "Fortunes of Nigel."

H. B.—Declined with thanks.

Xeno.—We cannot inform you at present. As soon as the covers are complete we will state the price.

Daisy. — Your note has afforded us much pleasure. It is always a source of gratification to us to know that the Reader is appreciated by our friends.

SIR HILARY.

At the request of a correspondent we published a few weeks since one of Mackworth Præd's celebrated Charades. Our correspondent probably quoted it from memory, and we find that some of the lines were incorrectly given. As we have been asked by several of our readers to print the charade, as written by Præd, we give it below, together with one or two answers we have received.

CHARADE.

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The Rufflers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

"My First to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My Next with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies."

Wyvant writes.—"In answer to your subscriber's query in regard to Mackworth Præd's celebrated charade "Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt &c.," I may state that in 1845 several answers appeared to it in an English Miscellany, that I happen to have lately turned up in looking over some old books. Among them I see "Heart's-ease," "Gramercy," and "Good-night,"—the last of which was offered by Mr. S. Williams, in the following lines, and was accepted by Miss Mitford, the talented authoress of the "Memoirs of Præd."

"The conflict was over, the victory won,
And Agincourt saw the last rays of the sun
'Ere Sir Hilary dared to alight;
His steed and his armour were covered with gore
And, oppressed by his toil, he could utter no more
Than the one feeble prayer, "*Good-Night.*"
He thought with joy of the proud and brave,
Who had fought by his side and escaped the grave,
And he prayed for all "*good*" for those;
But he mourned for his friends who lay dead on the field,
Unburied, exposed, without corslet or shield
The victims of battle's woes,
And he prayed that the "*Night*" with its quiet cloud
Might over them cast a peaceful shroud,
And give them safe repose.
Then he bade 'Good-night to those bright blue eyes
That weep when a warrior bravely dies.

But none of these are satisfactory. I submit another solution of my own:

When Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
His heart was stern and his spirit dour;
But, amid the tumult raging there,
He breathed one word of heartfelt prayer—
Find "Good," oh Lord! the deeds of those
Who fall before the battle's close:
May "Luck," for their future lives be won
By those who see to-morrow's sun;—
"Good-luck" to the dame with beautiful eyes,
That weeps when a warrior nobly dies.

Frontenac gives "Good-night" as the solution.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Fine clay diffused through the water in boilers has been found to put a stop to hard incrustations. The clay particles prevent the consolidation of the deposit, and it accordingly assumes a soft, muddy form, which it is easy to remove.

A simple invention was exhibited at the late Birmingham Cattle Show for making butter by atmospheric action, the air being forced by a plunger into the midst of the milk or cream, which is contained in a cylinder, the result being the making of butter in a few minutes, leaving the milk perfectly sweet for family use.

Gunpowder Marks.—A Correspondent of the *Lancet* says he has found the following treatment successful in several cases from the explosion of larges quantities of gunpowder:—To smear the scorched surface with glycerine by means of a feather; then apply cotton-wadding; lastly, cover over with oilsilk. The discoloration in one of the cases was very great—in fact, the sufferer looked more like a mummy than a living being. It entirely subsided in a month by the above treatment. It is a pleasant and soothing application.

Atlantic Mud.—At a late meeting of the Manchester Philosophical and Literary Association, Mr. Sidebothan read an interesting paper on the microscopic examination of the mud of the Atlantic. In the unsuccessful attempts made to raise the Atlantic cable, the grapnels and ropes brought up with them a quantity of ooze or mud, some of which was scraped off and preserved. He obtained specimens of the deposit from Mr. Fairbairn, and submitted them to microscopic examination. In appearance the deposit resembles dirty clay, and reminds one of the chalk of Dover; indeed, it presents such appearances as would lead to the inference that a bed of chalk is now being formed at the bottom of the Atlantic. It was composed entirely of minute organisms, which exhibited a very fragmentary condition.

The Glacier Theory of Agassiz. — Professor Agassiz has found in Brazil confirmation of his glacier theory—namely, that in "some remote period, the glaciers, the great ice rivers and moving plains, had flowed over the present home of the most tropical nations in the world." But, what is of far greater importance, he has discovered that Brazil has coal of the true carboniferous era. This is a confirmation of the views of Mr. Plant, an English geologist, rather than a discovery. Brazil now brings its coal all the way from England.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

The Bill-Sticker's Paradise.—The Great Wall of China.—*Punch.*

On the departure of Bishop Selwyn for his diocese in New Zealand, Sydney Smith took leave of him as follows:—"Good-by, my dear Selwyn; I hope you will not disagree with the man who eats you."

A Rational Objection.—Sir Edwin Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, and Sidney Smith, met at a dinner party. The Canon was in one of his best humours, and so delighted was the painter that he asked him to sit for his picture; to which proposition Sydney replied —"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?

Punch says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

His First Act.—A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

Philosophers have widely differed as to the seat of the soul: but there can be no doubt that the seat of perfect contentment *is in the head;* for every individual is thoroughly satisfied with his own brains.

A Good Reason for Laughter.—A spendthrift was once lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the thief.

"I am laughing, my good fellow," said the spendthrift, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day?"

The thief vanished at once.

After the election of Mr. Wilberforce for Hull, his sister promised a new dress for the wife of every freeman who had voted for her brother. At this she was saluted with the cry, "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" but she similingly observed, "Thank you, gentlemen, but I really cannot agree with you; I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever."

Queen Elizabeth one day seeing a disappointed courtier with a melancholy face walking in one of her gardens, asked him, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?"—"Of a woman's promises," was the reply. "I must not confute you, Sir Edward," returned the queen, and so left him.

Magisterial Classics.—Rather a good story is told about one of the Leith Bailies in the "good old days." A case was before him in which a gentleman sued a captain of a vessel for loss sustained by the death of a parrot, which he alleged was owing entirely to want of proper attention during the voyage home. The Bailie found the captain in error, and in passing sentence in favour of the pursuer, said, "Ye maun pay the beast" (meaning the value of the parrot). The captain's counsel deferentially hinted that the parrot was not a quadruped, but a bird. Our learned Bailie (who had evidently not been well up in the classics, and who supposed quadruped meant a Latin word implying a plea of non-culpability) thereupon immediately exclaimed, "Qua drappit here, qua drappit there, ye maun pay the beast!"

Recovery.—A man in London, by suit at law, recovered one hundred pounds from a druggist who prescribed and gave him mercury pills, whereas he should have administered rhubarb. The man fell sick, sued, and *recovered* as above.