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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 47.

FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 28, 1866.

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CONTENTS.

THE WAR—WHO IS TO BLAME?	A "TANGI" IN NEW ZEALAND.
THE DRAMA.	PATIENT WAITING.
MUSICAL.	AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.
REVIEWS.	PASTIMES.
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.	CHES.
A FATED PIC-NIC.	TO CORRESPONDENTS.
A GREAT BORE MADE USEFUL.	MISCELLANEA.
FAR AT SEA.	SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
RALPH'S MISTAKE.	WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

TRANSLATED FOR THE "SATURDAY READER" FROM
THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

BACK NUMBERS AND BOUND VOLUMES.

THE Publishers have to apologise to those of their subscribers who have ordered back numbers of the *Reader*, for not supplying them more promptly. The demand for back numbers and bound volumes, has been so unexpectedly large, that the printing and binding arrangements have been found totally inadequate. Every effort is being made to get orders executed promptly—both as regards bound volumes and back numbers—and subscribers may rest assured that no unnecessary delay will be allowed to take place.

"LIST OF NEW BOOKS."

For the information of these of our subscribers who object to having the list of books, which appear under the above heading, inserted in each number of the *Reader*, the publishers desire to say that their contract to publish it will expire in a few weeks—at the end of the present volume—when it will be discontinued altogether, and the space devoted to literary matter.

THE WAR—WHO IS TO BLAME ?

THE political earthquake of 1848, which shook the monarchy of Louis Philippe to pieces, extended also to Germany, and levelled with the dust the dynastic idols, which the treaties of 1815, and the plotting of the crafty and cold-blooded Metternich had set up for the perpetual worship of the Teutonic and other continental peoples. The democratic movement was irresistible—the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, and lesser German potentates, yielded to its might. Freedom of the press was guaranteed, new constitutions were promulgated, and it seemed to the theoretical politicians of Germany that their country had entered upon a new era of unity, liberty and national prosperity. But king and kaiser and petty potentate broke faith, and the golden dreams of the German liberals melted away at the sight of armed hosts of their own countrymen, and at the sound of growling menaces which were uttered by the bear of St. Petersburg.

When the German revolution was at the flood-tide of success, the passion for national unity became universal. The duchies of Schleswig-Holstein contained a considerable portion of inhabitants of German descent; a great number, however, were Slavonians or Celts, and for two hundred years the duchies had formed a portion of the Danish dominions. The revolutions at Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, produced the utmost

excitement in the duchies, and the people, chiefly those of German descent, clamoured loudly for a union with the fatherland. This movement for annexation was warmly seconded by agents from the Prussian capital, and by the principal German patriots, who promised the duchies the support of the whole Germanic confederation in the assertion of their rights. The excitement in the two provinces was intensified by the arrival of summonses from the Vor-Parliament at Frankfort, which, treating the two duchies as already members of the confederacy, commissioned them to send deputies to the approaching General Diet.

Our friends of the SATURDAY READER will doubtless wish to see the historical bearings of this be-muddled Schleswig-Holstein question; and we shall be as brief and explicit as possible.

From an early period in European history, the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, though not an integral portion of the kingdom of Denmark, belonged, nevertheless, to the Danish crown. But the right of the crown of Denmark to those duchies was sold in the year 1326, when King Waldemar, the Danish monarch, gave to Count Gerhard de Holstein, as an hereditary fief, the duchy of Schleswig, or south *Holstein* Jutland—on the condition, however, that it should never be united with the kingdom of Denmark. In consequence of this condition, the states of Schleswig-Holstein claimed, subsequently, the right to choose their own dukes. This was granted on the 6th of March, 1540, by Christian I., King of Denmark, who acknowledged the right of the two duchies to select their own duke from any son of his family they chose. The right was not exercised till 1588, and afterwards fell into abeyance. It is unnecessary to enter into a history of the family squabbles and territorial complications which afterwards took place; suffice it to say, that, with the consent of the European powers, the King of Denmark, in 1773, became vested with the entire right to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, which continued to form part of the Danish dominions up till 1848.

In 1848, five of the chief leaders of the agitation in the two duchies demanded of the King of Denmark a formal recognition of their independence, so that they might form part of the German confederation. The monarch replied, he looked with no disfavour on a closer connection between Holstein and the confederacy, of which its inhabitants formed a part; but in that event, it must be separated from Schleswig, which had never been a portion of the confederation. The people of Schleswig took sides with the King of Denmark, and were unanimous against being absorbed in the confederation.

On the 24th of March, Prince Frederick of Voo, a younger brother of the Duke of Angustenburg, raised the banner of revolt in Kiel, in Holstein. On the 4th of April, the first meeting of the insurgent estates was held at Rendsburg, on the river Eider; and a motion was passed for annexing both duchies to the Germanic confederation. The German powers eagerly embraced their opportunity of conquest. Prussia, from her geographical proximity, was first in the field; and, on the 6th of April, a body of her troops crossed the Holstein frontier, and joined the insurgents. The German Diet acknowledged the provisional government of the duchies, and ordered troops from Hanover, Mecklenburg, and Oldenburg, to assist the Prussians and insurgents.

The King of Denmark protested against the act of the confederacy, and war immediately followed. The contest was fearfully disproportionate. But the spirit of the sons of the old sea-kings was up; the untamed Raven of the

North scented, as in the days of yore, the battle-banquet afar off, and fearless as to his fate, answered the scream of the German eagles with a defiance prouder and more terrible than their own.

The Danish regular troops entered Schleswig on the 7th of April, completely routed the insurgent troops, 4000 in number, supported by 6000 regular soldiers of the confederation. On the same day the Danish fleet destroyed the batteries which the enemy had erected near Kiel. A few days after, the Danish troops hurled the Germans over the Eider. A howl of indignation rose throughout Germany, and 40,000 soldiers were thrown upon Denmark, who could only bring 12,000 regular troops to oppose them. The Prussian troops, owing to their numbers, had the advantage on land, though the Danes opposed them, inch by inch, with the utmost desperation. On their own element, the Danes swept all before them. The Prussian fleet was chased from the ocean, their harbours blockaded, and their foreign trade nearly destroyed. At length Sweden interfered, and Russia was also preparing to side with Denmark, when a conference was opened in London, and the Prussian forces were withdrawn from Jutland, which was avowedly beyond the limits of the Germanic confederation. But before their withdrawal, the Danish troops, in a bloody battle, had defeated the Prussians, and driven them back to Gravenstein. To revenge this defeat, the Prussian and Hanoverian troops—even while negotiations were pending—made a combined attack on the Danish forces at Duppeln. There was a desperate combat of two days; both parties retained nearly the same positions. An armistice of seven months followed, the terms of which were highly favourable to the German confederacy.

The Prussians violated the armistice by advancing troops close to Jutland, the last refuge of Denmark on the continent. On the 3rd of April, 1849, the Danes and Prussians recommenced hostilities, and the former had a slight advantage. On the 6th of July, the Danes made an onslaught on the Germans, 18,000 strong, then besieging Frederica. The besiegers were totally defeated, and lost 96 officers, 3,250 men killed and wounded, and all their siege artillery and stores; the Germans soon after retreated from nearly the whole of Jutland. A treaty soon followed, and gave satisfaction to all parties; and peace was signed on the 2nd of July, 1850, between the King of Denmark on one side, and the King of Prussia and the Germanic confederation on the other. But Prussia, smarting under the defeat of Frederica, secretly stirred up the disaffected in the duchies. Things came to a crisis on July 25th, when the battle of Idstedt was fought. The insurgent army was 32,000 strong; its commander was General Wilton, a Prussian, and half its officers of German origin. The Danes numbered 28,000. The battle was bloody—the loss on both sides being about 8,000, or about an eighth of the troops engaged. The insurgents were totally defeated, and abandoned the whole territory of Schleswig. The final pacification of the duchies was effected by the Olmütz conference. The King of Denmark made a noble use of his victory, for of those who fell into his hands, not one suffered death; the severest punishment was banishment for a temporary number of years.

It will be seen that Prussia has always been foremost in attacking the duchies, and this because she desires, by further territorial aggrandizement, to counterbalance the influence of Austria in the German diet, with the ultimate view of assuming the leadership. Both Prussia and Austria are robbers of other nations, and their mutual action in the late Danish war was

only in consonance with their former policy; and they are now, like hungry wolves, about to rend each other over the spoil. Neither nation deserves our sympathy, though it is sad to reflect on the horrors which their strife may bring on Europe. Still strife will not be in vain, if the first cannon-flash of the rival despots usher in the dawn of a better day for human progress, for the permanent tranquillity of Europe, and the deliverance of the long-suffering nationalities.

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON. By Ambrose Spencer. New York: Harper & Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

So much has been said and written respecting the sufferings of Federal prisoners at Andersonville, that a calm and impartial statement of facts, bearing on the condition and management of this celebrated military prison, would be a valuable addition to the history of the great rebellion. We look in vain, however, for such calmness and impartiality in the work before us. The author is a Northern man, who, although he resided in the State of Georgia throughout the war, does not appear to have ever entered the precincts of the prison. We are told, at the outset, that he *wishes* to be regarded, in the statements which he makes, as impartial and unprejudiced as his *sentiments will permit him to be*. We imagine that the man who thus openly admits that his sentiments may colour his facts is precisely the man who ought not to have attempted to write the history of "Andersonville Prison." Throughout the work tricks of rhetoric are resorted to, to fire the indignation of northern readers, for whom this book is specially prepared. Vague hints of untold horrors which the author could reveal, if he only would, abound; and to crown all, nearly half the book is occupied with the argument of the judge advocate at the trial of Wirtz. Common fairness would indicate that some notice should have been taken of the rebutting evidence offered at that trial, and of the speeches of the counsel for the defence; but there is no whisper of anything of the kind. It is rather too much to expect us to form our judgment upon the special pleadings of an advocate.

That sufferings and hardships were endured by the prisoners at Andersonville is more than probable—nay, certain; but we know, also, that the brave men who composed the southern armies were frequently called upon to endure terrible hardships, and to subsist upon rations of the most meagre description. We are no apologist for reckless cruelty, if such was practised; but it is well known that at any time the Federal government could have procured the release of the men confined at Andersonville, had it seen fit to agree to a general exchange of prisoners. It must be quite evident, then, we think, to any impartial mind, that the authorities at Washington were largely responsible for the sufferings endured by northern soldiers in the military prisons of the south.

If northern presses continue to issue books of the class now before us, it is vain to hope that any real union can subsist between North and South. Such books can but serve to embitter the hostility which exists between the two sections. A true and enlightened patriotism demands that the dead past be allowed to bury its dead.

THE MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs Dawson & Bros. the first instalment of the July Magazines.

LONDON SOCIETY.—This favourite monthly is perhaps richer than usual with illustrations, and the letter-press is quite up to the average. The number opens with chapters one to four of a tale of the London Season, entitled, "Who Wins Miss Burton." "Books of the Season" is a gossiping review of several of the popular works of the day. Among the more interesting articles which follow we notice "Swimmers and Swimming," "Coffee House and Tavern Life in Paris," "Commemoration, an Oxford Mixture," "Paris after Easter," and the continuation of Mark Lemon's "Up and Down the London Streets."

"Caught at Last," the concluding tale, is amusing and cleverly written.

GOON WORDS.—Mrs. Oliphant's tale, "Madonna Mary" is becoming more interesting, and we may add not at all too soon, for more life in this story was sadly needed. "The Mill in the Valley," which follows, is a charming poem by Isa Craig Knox. "Curiosities of Plant Life" and "Summer Days at Chalcedon," are interesting papers. The Editor contrabutes a religious article, and the Rev. Charles Kingsley's Notes of a Tour through the South of France, from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, entitled "From the Ocean to the Sea." "Ruth Thornbury; or, The Old Maid's Story," is well written, and promises to be moderately interesting.

THE DRAMA.

MATTERS have greatly changed in the dramatic world since the time when Mrs. Siddons, standing upon no larger a stage than the hearthrug of one of the rooms at Windsor Castle, and costumed only in her ordinary attire, terrified King George the Third to an extraordinary degree, by the intensity of her acting as Lady Macbeth. At that period something more was thought requisite in an actress to please the intellectual public than the mere possession of a fine figure and a showy wardrobe; but, as the French say, "we have changed all that"—and, at the present day, many a lady "star," like the deer in Æsop's fable, is more indebted for success to her feet than to her head. Miss Rushton is certainly a "great" actress—physically—for she stands nearly six feet high, and is proportioned accordingly, but mentally she does not rise above mediocrity, and her style is decidedly stogy and affected. We have seen "Ogarita, or the Wild Flower of Mexico," and a very blooming flower it was, none other than a tropical climate could have produced a plant of such luxurious growth. We read in a daily paper that "Ogarita's dress in the second act cost two thousand dollars! which knowledge, as a matter of course, added a good deal to our enjoyment of the play, for though our fashionable belles are extravagant enough, it is a rarity to see such a large amount spread over such a comparatively small surface, for of the dress there might be a good deal more, without any harm being done to good taste; if such is the ordinary costume of Mexican squaws, they cannot suffer much under the hot sun, from the weight of their apparel.

Mr. Vining Bowers, as the honest sailor Barabbas, was as funny as usual. This gentleman has certain mannerisms in his style of acting, which he reproduces in nearly every part, certainly they are of a side-splitting nature, and almost compel laughter, but they give the impression that any character he appears in might be supposed to be acting the part of Mr. Vining Bowers, instead of Mr. Vining Bowers playing it. Too many first-class low comedians, finding how easy it is to raise laughter by broad caricature, substitute it on all occasions for that artistic though ludicrous delineation of character that marks the true artist. Mr. Charles Dickens understood this, when he created "Samuel Weller," a man that one would not be surprised to meet at any time in the streets of a large city. True, Mr. Dickens's work of art is fiction and not the stage, but the fundamental principles of art are the same in all its branches, its end being, while copying from nature, to idealize it, with the object of elevating humanity in the process. We have seen Mr. Bowers when he has shown that he possesses all the qualities of an artist. As Major de Boots, in "Everybody's Friend," last year, he was quite unlike himself, and seemed the character he acted. His Asa Trenchard is another character-part that gives evidence of his possession of that artistic power which he does not take pains in every part to demonstrate.

Mr. F. A. Gossin played the part of "Carlos the Adventurer" more quietly than is his wont. This gentleman has talent, but he has not yet learned the best manner in which to exercise it. His parts are too often over-acted; he has yet to reach the happy middle course between tame-

ness on the one hand, and too much action on the other. We must say, however, that Carlos, in his hands, was a more natural villain than any of the melodramatic scamps we have been treated to this season. The "heavy villain" of the old school of melodrama, that blusters about in large jack-boots and slouched hat, and carries a small armoury of pistols in his belt, to discharge at unoffending innocence, is a great mistake. Scoundrels both of the past and present year, have been, and are generally, very pleasant fellows—until they are found out. What a nice fellow Iago appears to everybody, until he is discovered; and do not the annals of crime abound with cases of gentlemanly poisoners and fascinating forgers?

The other parts were, on the whole, passably performed; but we might say of the whole play, with Sir Charles Goldstream, "There's nothing in it," except a medium for displaying the attractions of "Ogarita."

There has been but little to criticise this week, as far as the drama is concerned; the struggles of pretentious mediocrity give but little scope for aught save reproof, which is ever an ungrateful duty—and to praise that which "cannot but make the judicious grieve" would be to aid that system of indiscriminate "puffing" which is one of the most powerful causes of the decline of the drama. JOHN QUILL.

MUSICAL.

Continued from our last number.

IN the next one (Second Set No. 6), which is a quicker movement, marked *Allegretto tranquillo*, and in the key of F sharp minor, there is a more stirring and exquisite delight. It rises to a higher pitch of enthusiasm, as if the heart in its still joy overflowed. The beauty of nature seems almost too much for the soul, the harmony of all things too complete. Fancy's images rise thicker than before. The hills, the clouds, the gleaming waters, seem more living than before, and the soul stretches out its arms to them. Listen to that long high trill, which seems to carry the thoughts up and afar, as if they had left the body to play with the fleecy, pearly clouds about the moon, while the boat glides on in its sleep unconsciously below; and then the rapture of that bold delicious cadence, with which the reverie is ended, as if the skies came down with us to earth! The memory of that aerial excursion haunts the following melodies; the song floats in the middle, between two accompaniments, the waves below, and a faint prolonged vibration of that same high note above, like a thin streak of skyey colour in a picture.

The last one, which is No. 5 of the Fifth Set, is perhaps the most beautiful of the three. It is in A minor, *Andante con moto*, and still the same rocking six-eight measure. There is even more of the physical sensation of the water in this. Ever and anon the stillness is startled by a loud stroke of the key-note, answered by the fifth below, and sometimes in the lowest octave, which gives one an awed feeling of the depth of the dark element, as if a sounding line were dropped. And again the mingled gurgling and laughing of the water, as it runs off the boat's sides, seems literally imitated in those strange chromatic appoggiaturas, which now and then form a hurried introduction to the principal note. The whole tone and colouring of the picture is deeper than the others. It is a song of the *depth* of the waters. The chords are richer, and the modulations, climbing towards their climax, are more wild and awe-inspiring. But by degrees the motion grows more gentle, and the sea more smooth, and the strain, melts away in a free liquid cadence, in the major of the key, like closing the eyes in full assurance of most perfect bliss.

You feel that no soul ever conversed more intimately with nature, than did Mendelssohn when he composed this music. And music only could reveal what is here revealed. If you would know Mendelssohn truly, study him in these "Songs without Words." They are of his most genuine, most individual inspirations.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Vol. II. of Napoleon's Life of Julius Caesar. Fine Library edition. In cloth \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. Cloth. Price \$4.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mistress and Maid. A Household Story. By Miss Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sans Merci, or Kestrels and Falcons. A novel. By the author of "Guy Livingstone," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Agnes. A novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. Price 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Maxwell Drewitt. A novel. By F. G. Trafford, author of "George Geith," "Phemie Keller," &c. Price 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Miss Carew. A novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Phemie Keller. A novel. By F. G. Trafford, author of "Maxwell Drewitt," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Lost Tales of Miletus. [By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Cloth. Price 90c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Armada. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. A new supply, just received. Price \$1.12. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos: A Novel. By "Onida," author of "Strathmore," "Held in Bondage," &c., Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages: By W. Russell, LL.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Gilbert Ruge. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majorbanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Tollers of the Sea. A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Bevminstro: A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Bravo Old Salt; or, Life on the Quarter Deck. A Story of the Great Rebellion. A Book for Boys. By Oliver Optic. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America, &c. By Robert H. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family: containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Parcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York; Virtue & Yorston. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.
- Ecco Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goats, just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Letters of Life. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hidden Depths: a new novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jargal: a novel. By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c.
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurried and Delayed Intermittents. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.B.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1856. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,

Wholesale and Retail Album Depot.

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A FATED PIC-NIC.

A LEGEND OF THE MONTMORENCI.

I am not mad; I would to heaven I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
Oh, if I could! what grief I would forget!

KING JOHN, Act III. Sc. 4.

It was a bright June morning, many a long year ago, when that gay Quebec society was flourishing, of which Emily Montagne wrote to her friend Bella Fernor in such a charming series of gossiping letters, that a merry party passed, in a string of vehicles, through Palace gate, and, by the faubourg St. Roch's, out over the river St. Charles, on their way to do the Falls of the Montmorenci, and enjoy a pic-nic at the natural steps.

Now every Quebecker, and almost everybody who has ever been in Quebec during the summer, even if only for a day or two, knows the locale of the natural steps, and the charming beauty and magnificent grandeur of the scenery which environs them. They consist of a succession of limestone terraces, regular enough to be very remarkable, and rough enough to be natural, descending for thirty or forty yards from the woods to the brink of the precipice that overhangs the river Montmorenci, which there, lashed into a maddening whirl of seething water and foam by a long succession of rapid descents through steep mountain valleys, rushes past in a raging turmoil through a deep, dark, and narrow gorge.

In the back ground, how great the contrast to the endless chafing struggle of the water!

There the old pine woods stretch their great arms over the green mossy quilt beneath, whose silence is seldom broken, except by the distant noise of the torrent ever rumbling on in the depths of its mountain way, the song of the wild birds, or the chatter of some impudent squirrel, unawed and unimpressed by the solitude or loveliness of the scene. There, too, just at the edge of the woods, there wells forth from a mossy bed, all surrounded by violets and sweet twin-flowers, a little spring, the icy virtues of whose waters were even then well known to pic-nickers, better perhaps for the facility of a natural wine cooler, than as a beverage; for on such occasions, who, even from among the most ascetic, is not inclined to say with Friar Lubin—

"Mais pour boire belle eau claire—
Faites le boire à votre chien?"

And in the times I speak of, the scene was not a whit less lovely or less grand than it is to-day, though a great deal more difficult of access; while the distant cottages of the habitants were the only places of accommodation, if the tourist or pleasure-party were not fortunate enough to have the *entrée* of the seigniorial manor-house, which was shortly to become the residence of Edward of Kent, the future father of our present beloved sovereign.

The "mansion house," however, was the pleasant destination of our party, who, in fact, were to be the guests of Sir Frederick Haldimand, the then Governor-General, and the hospitable occupant of Montmorenci Lodge.

Merrily, then, the line of vehicles rattled on their way, by the Chaudière, and over the Beauport hill, their occupants finding ample sources of enjoyment on the route—the merrier in flinging jokes at the simple inmates of the pretty clean-looking cottages which were scattered along the whole length of the road—the more romantic, in admiring the beauty of the scenery that stretched away on every hand.

Truly a magnificent picture! To their right lay the broad harbor of Quebec, studded with the merchantmen of the spring fleet, and rendered animated by the white sails of the new arrivals, and the numbers of small craft in constant movement upon its bosom, while beyond it rose the wood-covered heights of Notre Dame de la Victoire.

The vast St. Lawrence stretched away in front, its surface broken some six or seven miles down by the Isle of Orleans, christened by Jacques Cartier the "Isle of Vines," on account of the numbers of wild grape vines which he found growing upon it: the tourist of to-day seeks in vain for any traces of them, and is

almost tempted to wonder if it can, indeed, be the same island as that described by the great French navigator. Along the left bank of the river straggles the rather pretty village of Beauport, and in the distance can be seen a break in the heights, marked by an ever-rising column of spray. There the Montmorenci, after a troubled, changeful course of ninety miles or more, pours its tributary waters into the stream of the great river.

To their left, a league or so away, stretched the chain of the Laurentide hills, at whose base the Intendant Bigot erected his stone hunting-lodge in the depths of the old primeval forest, in the vain hope of hiding from jealous eyes his handsome Indian paramour. It was only the old story. The secret leaked out, and Fair Rosamond's tragedy was re-enacted, and the tomb where the Indian beauty sleeps is still shewn among the ruins of Chateau Bigot. The legend was told on this morning of our tale by a young Irishman, who had just heard it the evening before, to one whom he was driving, and for a mile or so a sadness hung over a fair young face.

Behind lay Quebec, with its imposing citadel, truly a city set on a hill, but wanting then the tin roofs which now make it appear to the morning traveller approaching it from the east, like a mount of burnished silver.

Rollo Black, the young story-teller whom we have just mentioned, had but shortly before arrived from Ireland, to seek a home and fortune in the new colony, which had been opened out to British enterprise by British valour. In *physique*—an Apollo, with dark brown hair, and clear, intelligent, grey eyes. In *esprit*—clever, cultivated, independent, and enterprising. He had left the over-crowded old-world cities to seek a breathing place, and found a name in the boundless west. He had known Sir Frederick Haldimand at home, and this most likely was the cause of his directing his steps to Canada; at the same time he brought with him letters to several of the principal people of the place. And now, in the first fortnight of his arrival, he was revelling in all the enjoyments of the colonial capital, recruiting from the fatigues of his long and tedious sea-voyage, and preparing for earnest labour in whatever sphere of action might fall to his lot.

On the day in question he was driving *la belle et piquante* Malvina Dambourgès, whom he had met one or two evenings before at a ball given at the house of M. DeSalaberry. Miss Dambourgès was the daughter of a member of the old French seigniorial noblesse of the Province; but, since she had found in the fair daughter of an English officer her dearest confidant and bosom companion, and had succeeded in mastering the language of Albion to perfection, she had been afflicted, like many of the *jeunesse Française* of to-day, with what is now generally known as Anglomania. Having, moreover, a desperate predilection for deep flirtations, and being a thorough-paced coquette, she had, as soon as her eyes fell on the frank, manly face of the young Irish stranger, determined to enlist him in her train of followers. We see how well she has succeeded, when, in so short a time, he, after much solicitation, thinks himself a lucky fellow to be allowed to drive her to the governor's picnic.

As they roll along the conversation becomes confidential, and he tells her of his boyhood in Armagh, his youth in Dublin, and his hopes and dreams for his future life in Canada; and Malvina Dambourgès finds herself more seriously and earnestly interested than she had ever felt in a mere acquaintance before; for, gay and thoughtless as she generally seemed, at bottom she had a true and womanly heart, and the earnest young stranger, with his thoughtful face, ever and anon lit up with bright flashes from the depths of a hopeful, humorous soul, had struck a new chord in her bosom, one that had long lain silent, and could never have been reached by the butterflies by whom she was usually surrounded. She was not in love, though, mark you; not she, but she might eventually have become so, had not—but I anticipate.

By this time, though, the mansion-house is

reached, and the guests are being welcomed at the door by his Excellency. A *déjeuner à la fourchette* is waiting for them, which despatched, with ample justice, they safly forth to see the grounds, then perhaps the finest about Quebec, and to view the falls from above and below, as taste or their guides directed. A couple of hours thus passed pleasantly away. Miss Dambourgès acted as chaperone to her friend Lucy Hurst, and Mr. Black, who were both enchanted with the beauty of the cataract, with its wild and enchanting scenery.

It were useless for me to attempt to describe these beautiful falls; for to those who have seen them it would be an annoying work of super-erogation; while to those who have not, in a simple word-painting I could not hope to convey any idea of their grandeur or loveliness. Higher than Niagara, with more picturesque environs; almost as beautiful as those of Tivoli, with the advantage of being natural, and much more imposing. The waters, blue as sapphire at the top, in an instant roll over, and are shattered into an ever-falling avalanche, white and wild as a driven snow-storm; while the presiding nymph of the river, wrapped in an everlasting robe of Iris' own spinning, ever dances about their feet in and out of her dark grotto, situated behind their mighty roar. The stranger is always delighted with these splendid falls, while their familiars love them daily more and more.

About three o'clock a horn sounded, the signal of departure for the natural steps. Some of his Excellency's servants had been engaged, during the morning, in constructing a path thither which might be possible for the ladies, and had brought on before the necessary hampers, for a thorough enjoyment of the evening.

The party was not long assembling, and in valiant encounter with stock and stone, and worrying mosquitoes, were soon merrily making their way through the woodland path, which led to the spot selected for the pic-nic. When arrived there most of the servants were sent back, as the ladies wished to do all that was necessary, in preparation, themselves, with the awkward assistance of those of the gentlemen who did not indulge in the fragrant weed—then—oh! ye vanished days!—a majority of those present. So the cloth was speedily laid, the viands spread, while the wine was set to cool by the mossy spring. Then as each was best able, they set themselves to work upon the inviting array, in as comfortable positions as were possible under the circumstances. Miss Dambourgès and Miss Hurst secured easy seats upon a natural step all overgrown with moss, while the one above served as a table; there, under the shade of a spur of the wood which ran down close to the river, waited upon by Rollo, they had a right merry time of it.

Of the others the greater number seemed to be also enjoying themselves amazingly. His Excellency was in the best of humours, and his smiles were reflected upon every face. Eye and eye a song was proposed, and, at the request of their host, Malvina Dambourgès sang the national chansonette of "La Claire Fontaine," while the others joined in the chorus. Other songs followed; but Malvina, as soon as she had got through hers, escaping from the rest of the company, proposed to Lucy Hurst and Rollo a hunt for wild flowers, which grew about in abundance, and for some time they wandered contentedly along by the edge of the woods, gathering such as they found there; but getting tired of this Miss Dambourgès saw, what she imagined to be, a much finer bunch of red-deaths, *frilium fatidum*, a crimson vase-shaped flower, common in our woods in May and June, than any she had yet seen, just on the lowest ledge of the steps and immediately overhanging the precipice. Turning to Rollo she said, "Will you be my knight DeLorge, and fetch me that bouquet of flowers you see down there? but be careful, it might be dangerous."

Lucy Hurst just heard the last words, and looking up from her arrangement of a wreath of violets and winter-green, with its scarlet berries, beheld Malvina pointing towards the edge of the cliff, but could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw Rollo leaving them,

evidently with the intention of getting the flowers. "Mr. Black," she almost screamed, "where are you going? Malvina, call him back. How could you be so silly? he will surely fall over." But it was too late, he was already within a few feet of the fatal coveted treasures, when—oh, my God! for the giddy thoughtlessness of a woman!—he slipped upon the smooth rock, wet with the spray from the rapids, and the waters of the little spring, which trickled over just near the spot, and having nothing wherewith to save himself, not a branch or projection of rock within reach, he slid over the brink; there, turning, for a moment, he wildly clutched the little bunch of flowers and earth, his face, white and drawn, was turned towards the paralysed and awe-struck girls; then with a shriek of agony he slid out of sight, down into the turmoil of rocks and water beneath.

Those two poor girls!

Malvina rushed towards the brink, to save or to follow him, then stopped, screamed, and lost consciousness, while Lucy instantly gave the alarm. That, however, there was little need to do; for the rash attempt and its sad termination had been witnessed by more than half the party. Some one or two ran cautiously to the brink, but all traces had disappeared. A terrible scene ensued among the ladies—some fainted, others screamed, while a few retained their self-possession, and aided the gentlemen to look after the rest. Nothing could be done for Rollo, except send off messengers to set watches for his body—to recover it, if possible, above the falls; for if once it went over them, the chances were that it would never be seen again. The rest of the party, carrying with difficulty Malvina Dambourgès, who was falling from one hysterical fit into another, sadly followed them to the mansion-house, by the same path they had come so joyously along a few hours before. Arrived there, three or four of the ladies volunteered to attend to Malvina, while of the rest some, persuading their gentlemen friends to leave, started at once for town, others gathered in gloomy groups about the house, waiting for news and speaking in hushed voices, while most of the gentlemen went down to aid the watchers.

Thus an hour or so dragged slowly by. Malvina it was pitiable to behold. At every returning dawn of consciousness she would exclaim in an agony of remorse "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! quelle folle! quelle sottise!" and immediately go off in another paroxysm.

At length news was brought that the body had been recovered, and was being brought to the house, and it was thought best to communicate this to Malvina, who thereupon insisted upon seeing it; in spite of the endeavours of those around her she made her way to the hall and met it as it was entering the door. But the cold, white face, marked in horrid contrast with a deep crimson gash, the thick masses of dishevelled hair, dank and dripping, and the staring eyes, were too much for the already over-excited girl. She fell on her knees beside the corpse with a passionate scream for pardon. But the balance of her mind was gone—she became again insensible, and awoke delirious.

For many days the fever raged, while kind watchers relieved each other by her bed. Her ravings were terrible to listen to. Her sufferings frightful to behold. For hours together she would talk, and mutter, and scream of falling precipices and snaky flowers living and growing round her, entwining and choking her—of friends slowly slipping over cliffs in their sleep, and falling—ever falling—on jagged rocks—and she watching them and unable to help; of ocean caves full of dead, white bodies, chattering and gibbering, or coldly upbraiding, and she all alone with them; then of cool green woods and the soothing murmur of waters, and the song of summer birds. At length the fever passed, and she awoke towards the close of a long afternoon in the early harvest, very, very weak, but calm and quiet, and with no distinct recollection of anything. But with the first dawn of memory the agony of remorse again seized upon her. In her then depressed state it was too much. Praying for pardon, with bitter weeping, she sobbed her life away.

Since then, the old French burying-ground itself has disappeared, where for many a year the turf grew green over the graves where Rollo Black, with all his fair young hopes, and Malvina Dambourgès' broken heart lay at rest, side by side, the victims of thoughtlessness and remorse.

WYVANT.

Quebec. 9th July, 1866.

A GREAT BORE MADE USEFUL.

ABOUT fifty years ago, a sharp-eyed, quick-witted man, ready to draw wisdom from any and every fount, was one day looking at a piece of old ship-timber, which had been ruined by the attacks of the marine animal known as the *Teredo navalis*; and he bethought him of watching the manner in which this worm manages its destructive work. He found that the animal is armed with a pair of strong shelly valves, which envelop its anterior integuments; that, with its foot as a fulcrum, a rotatory motion is given by powerful muscles to the valves, which, acting on the wood like an auger, penetrate gradually but surely; and that the particles of wood, as they are loosened, pass through a longitudinal fissure in the foot, and so upward to the mouth, where they are expelled.

This sharp-eyed man was Mark Isambard Brunel; and the use which he made of his observation, some few years later, was to derive from it the principle of constructing his wonderful shield, with which he excavated the Thames Tunnel. A great work was that. Many ingenious men had tried their skill, long before Brunel took up the matter, in carrying a roadway under the Thames. So long ago as 1798, Mr. Ralph Dodd, the civil engineer, made public a plan for forming a tunnel, more than half a mile long, from Gravesend to Tilbury, which he thought he could effect for the wonderfully small sum of sixteen thousand pounds. He had been led to the idea while thinking of the useful services which might be rendered by a similar tunnel under the Tye from North Shields to South Shields. Indeed, there had really been a tunnel made, by miners if not by road-engineers, under the last-named river; seeing that the workings of the Wylam Colliery had been carried beneath it from the Northumberland to the Durham side. Nothing definite, however, resulted from Mr. Dodd's suggestion. Next, we hear of a Mr. Vazie, who, in 1802, succeeded in forming a Company (the Thames Archway Company) for the construction of a tunnel from Rotherhithe to Limehouse, not far from the locality of the present Thames Tunnel. He sank a shaft, to explore the ground on the Surrey side, and from the bottom of this shaft, seventy-six feet below high-water level, difficulties accumulated in such number that Mr. Rennie, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Trevethick were called in to report and advise. Engineers differed, directors quarrelled, and the works were suspended till 1807. The workmen then proceeded to dig away, until they had got twelve hundred feet across the breadth of the river. The river broke in; bags of sand and clay were used to stop up the gap; another irruption and another stop-gap; and so over and over again—until, at length, the Company had lost all their money. They made one more move, however: they offered a premium of five hundred pounds for the best plan of continuing and finishing the work. Plans flowed in upon them by scores; and they submitted forty-nine of them to the careful examination of Dr. Hutton and Mr. Jessop. The report was a discouraging one. The examiners said: "Though we cannot presume to set limits to the ingenuity of other men, we must confess that, under the circumstances which have been so clearly represented to us, we consider that an underground tunnel, which would be useful to the public, and beneficial to the adventurers, is impracticable." This decision settled the whole affair; so there was an end of the first great bore. A few years afterwards, in 1816, Mr. Hankin obtained a patent for a new mode of making a tunnel under the Thames, by sinking two brick shafts into the river at certain dis-

tances from the shore, working from both of these shafts towards the centre of the river, and using the shafts as pump-wells to drain the works as fast as they proceeded. Nothing, however, resulted from this invention.

At length, the era of Brunel arrived. That man of fertile expedients, in 1818, took out a patent for an excavating machine on the principle of his old acquaintance, the *Teredo navalis*. He was urged by some of the promoters of the former scheme to develop some practicable plan on the basis of his patent. He did so; but various circumstances delayed until 1823 the practical announcement of his plan. A general meeting was held at the London Tavern; a Company was formed; a capital of nearly two hundred thousand pounds was raised; and an act of parliament was obtained in 1824. Forty borings were made at different parts of the river's width; and the borers arrived at a strong blue clay, which was pronounced favourable. Brunel was engaged as engineer, at a salary of a thousand pounds a year; and ten thousand pounds was to be given for his patent, contingent on certain conditions. In 1825, he began work in earnest. Never, perhaps, was engineer more tried by the difficulties of an undertaking. Water and obstinacy were his two chief troubles—water that burst into his excavations as fast as he made them; and obstinacy on the part of some of the directors of the Company, who often thwarted the plans which he wished to adopt. He began at the Rotherhithe side of the river, sinking a brick shaft fifty feet in diameter by more than forty deep. This enormous shaft was built on the ground, and sunk by digging away the ground beneath it. While this was being done, Messrs. Maudslay were constructing the *teredo* shield, a wonderful piece of mechanism, which enabled a large number of men to work at once, digging away the ground in front of a number of cells or recesses, and travelling onward as the work proceeded. This shield has been the admiration of all engineers, who regard it as perhaps the most fertile creation of Brunel's fertile brain. 'Beneath the great iron ribs of the shield,' it has been said, 'a kind of mechanical soul seems to have been created. It had its shoes and its legs, and used them too with good effect. It raised and depressed its head at pleasure; it presented invincible buttresses in its front to whatever danger might there threaten; and, when the danger was passed, it again opened its breast for the further advances of the indefatigable host.'

In the beginning of 1826, the horizontal workings commenced, and then also commenced the real difficulties. The story of the Thames Tunnel is a story of irruptions and inundations. Sometimes there was so little ground or soil left between the top of the tunnel and the bed of the river, and the stuff was so soft and loose, that stones, brickbats, bones, coals, and pieces of glass and earthenware fell through into the workings. A diving-bell was once lowered from a barge above; the diver thrust an iron pipe right down into the tunnel; and Mr. Benjamin Hawes made a curious present from the nether world to the world above, by thrusting up a number of gold pins through the pipe to the diving-bell, as a memento of the singular operations. From time to time there were found in the shield a piece of brass, an old shoe-buckle, and a shovel, which had sunk through the soft soil from the river-bed. No one but a civil engineer can appreciate the anxieties which Brunel had to bear during the progress of the works. The lives of such men exhibit a perpetual struggle against difficulties. The water of the Thames made an irruption into the tunnel in 1827, a second in 1828, a third and a fourth in 1837, and a fifth in 1838; these were great irruptions, apart from the less important, but more numerous influxes of water. Let us take the first, as an example of the whole.

The younger Brunel (Isambard Kingdom, who was destined to fame as the engineer of the broadgauge railways and the mighty *Great Eastern*, in later years) was one of the assistant-engineers under his father, in 1827; and Mr. Beamish was another. On the 18th of May, at two o'clock in the morning, Beamish relieved

young Brunel in superintending the workmen and workings, a duty which they took alternately. At five o'clock, the tide rose, and the earth in the workings was evidently in a very disturbed state. The men, throughout the day, exhibited much reluctance to go to work. On that same evening the troubles began. Water from the river found its way through the soil, rushed into some of the cells of the shield, and literally washed the men out of them. The water in the finished part of the tunnel was rising fast; Beamish and the men had to struggle amongst floating casks and boards, and to wade back to the shaft as best they could. It was a critical moment. Scarcely had the shaft been reached, when the entire tunnel became filled with raging water—that tunnel which, on the self-same afternoon, had been visited by Lady Raffles, and a distinguished party. Even at the shaft, the danger was not over; for the water rose almost faster than the men could scramble up the ladder. At ten o'clock, the elder Brunel, the Tunnel King, heard of the calamity. He hastened to the spot, and spent the night in planning how to meet the difficulties. He descended in a diving-bell on the following morning at a particular spot in the river; and there found a gap in the soft muddy bed, through which the water had entered into the unfinished workings of the tunnel. How to fill up the gap? Brunel obtained a large number of old salpêtre bags, filled them with clay, and dropped them from barges into the gap; hazel rods being so thrust through the bags as to enable them to cling or interlace. For five days, this throwing in of bags continued; and then a raft of timber, laden with a hundred and fifty tons of clay, was sunk over the spot. It was not, however, until thousands of cubic feet had been thrown in, and many hairbreadth escapes encountered, that the gap could be stopped, the water pumped out of the tunnel, and the works resumed. Brunel and Beamish both became ill in consequence of the intense mental and bodily labour and excitement during this anxious period. This conquest over the waters was celebrated by a dinner in the finished portion of the tunnel, the grandes partaking of good cheer in one arch, and the workmen in another.

Over and over again, however, did troubles from inundations occur. Brunel had to grieve over the loss of the lives of many trusty men; to invent remedies for every disaster; and to encounter the dissatisfaction of directors and shareholders, who complained that he had exhausted all the resources of the Company. On one occasion, the younger Brunel himself had a narrow escape. "On the 12th of January, 1828," says Mr. Beamish (*Life of Brunel*), "a strange confused sound of voices seemed to issue from the shaft; and immediately the watchman rushed in exclaiming: 'The water is in—the tunnel is full!' They had felt as though it would burst. I rushed to the workman's staircase; it was blocked up by the men. With a crow-bar, I knocked in the side of the visitors' staircase; but I had not taken many steps down when I received Isambard Brunel in my arms. The great rush of water had thrown him to the surface, and he was providentially preserved from the fate which had already overwhelmed his companions." Six hapless men were drowned on this occasion.

One of the remarkable features connected with the history of this great work, was the excited state into which the minds of the workmen were brought. The dangers were so many and so varied, that the men were always on the lookout for them, and were prone to believe in them and dream of them even when they did not occur. Watchers were set in the tunnel all night, to report on any appearance of the incoming of water. On one of these occasions, the head bricklayer was heard to vociferate: "Wedges, clay, oakum! the whole of the faces coming in—coming altogether!" On hastening to him, it was found that he was fast asleep on a bed of clean straw: the exclamation had escaped him in a dream. On another occasion, a panic seized the men; and the engineers were set hastily searching for a disaster which had not occurred. Mr. Beamish recorded in his note-book the exact

account of the affair given to him by Miles one of the overseers. "I seed them Irishers a come a-tumbling through one o' them small hatches like mad bulls—as if the devil kicked 'em. 'Screech of Murther! murther! Run for your lives! My earr got a-singing, sir; all the world like when you and me were down in that 'ere diving-bell—till I thought as the water was close upon me. Run legs or perish body, says I! when I see Pascoe ahead o' them there miners along as if the devil was looking for him. Not the first, my lad, says I; and away with me—and never stopped till I got landed fair above ground. Then I began bellowing like mad for the rascals to get ropes and throw 'em down, making sure the water was coming up the shaft. Well, sir, we was a-swinging about the ropes, but the devil a one would lay hold. So I looked down, and what should I see? Why, nothing at all, sir—all a hoax!"

So costly and disheartening, however, were the real disasters, that there was a doubt for some years whether the tunnel would ever be finished. By the close of 1828, all the capital was gone, and the "money-market" declined to come to the rescue. A deputation to the government failed in obtaining any supply, and the shield was bricked up, denoting a total stoppage of the works. In 1830, Messrs. Pritchard and Hoof brought forward a plan for finishing the tunnel on a cheaper plan; it was submitted to Mr. Peter Barlow, Mr. Walker, and Mr. Tierney, clerk, for examination; but they could make nothing satisfactory of it, and therefore it was abandoned. Four years more passed away, and then, in 1834, government agreed to advance two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, wherewith to finish a work of which all Englishmen felt proud, despite its misfortunes. The works recommenced in 1835; but even then, eight long years crept away before the double tunnel was finished from the Rotherhithe shaft at one end to the Wapping shaft at the other. It was not till 1843, just twenty years after Brunel had perfected and made known his scheme, that the Thames Tunnel was finally opened to the public—after making a very deep inroad indeed into half a million of money.

Concerning the technicalities of this notable work, we need not say much; most visitors to London, know it pretty well. The excavation is really a vast one, considering that a large and busy river flows so immediately over it. The actual area of earth scooped away was no less than thirty-eight feet broad by twenty-two high; this, with massive brickwork all around, and still more massive brickwork up the middle, divided the tunnel into two parallel passages, somewhat horse-shoe shape, each about fifteen feet high, and wide enough for a carriage-way and a foot-way. Arched openings at every few feet lead from the one passage to the other. The whole length of each passage, from the Wapping shaft to that of Rotherhithe, is about twelve hundred feet. The tunnel is not quite level; it is a little lower at the middle than at the two ends, the gradient being quite easy enough for any kind of vehicle.

It can hardly be said that the Thames Tunnel has been of any great use hitherto; for the descending roadways, necessary for the accommodation of horses and vehicles, have never been constructed; and the penny passengers across that part of the river have never been more in number than a few ferry-boats could easily accommodate. The people, poor folks, who try to earn a living in this queer place, have but hard fare of it. There is a smell of the earth, earthy, and a smell of gas, and sometimes a dampness on the walls. The penny buns, somehow, don't eat like other penny buns; the purses and trinkets look damp; the photographs are rather weird-like; the cosmoramas are flabby, the camera dinky, the music dolorous. How can it be otherwise? It is doubtful whether the philosophy of Mark Tapley would make one jolly in such a place. There they sit, those patient traders, each under a gas-lighted arch, hoping that their takings in a day will yield a profit sufficient to pay the rent and keep themselves. A hard life.

The tunnel is now (or soon) to be a railway.

On many occasions, during the last ten or fifteen years, the Company have looked out for a customer in this direction; but never until the present time has the proper combination of circumstances presented itself.

Pity 'tis that neither of the Brunels is left. It would be a glory to the old man, and a satisfaction to his son, to know that the tunnel which they made for one kind of traffic is, after so many vicissitudes, deemed suitable for another of a superior kind. Those who ought to know best say that the Thames Tunnel is as sound as a rock, in all essential particulars, and quite fitted to bear the rumbling and vibration of railway trains.

FAR AT SEA.

I.

"AH!" I says, "you've been a hard and a bitter mother to me; and yet it goes again the grit to turn one's back upon you. I've toiled on, and lived hard, and yet you've always showed me a cold, cruel face;" and as I said that, feeling quite heartsick, I leans my elbows on the side o' the ship, and my chin on my hands, and has a long, long look at the old country as we was leaving—perhaps to see no more.

I looked round, and there stood plenty, tearful-eyed and sad with all the lines of sorrow marked in their foreheads, while I could see lips trembling and breasts working with the pain they could hardly keep down. And then I don't know how it was, but it seemed to me that we thought together the same sad things, and that I knew their thoughts and they knew mine. There was all the old life—plain as could be; and then came the long, long struggle with sickness, and death, and want; and I knew that people said such poor folk should not marry, and many another bitter word, as if it was wrongful to love and try to be happy. The wind whistled through the ropes above our heads, and the clouds seemed gathering, too, in our hearts, for though the gitterness was gone, I could see plenty of sorrow and sadness all around.

"Won't do, my lad," I says, rousing up, and wetting both hands as if I meant work; and then I goes down in the steerage to try add make things a bit comfortable, for you see all the poor things were in a most miserable state. Some was ill, some down hearted, some drunk and foolish, some drunk and noisy, some drunk and quarrelsome. Then there was children crying, and women scolding, and altogether it was anything but a cheering prospect for the night, for, as you my say, we weren't shook down into shape yet.

"Good time coming," I says cheerily; and having no young ones of my own, I set to, to help them as had. I got hold of a young shaver—about two and a half, I should think—and he was a-letting go right away as if he'd got all the trouble in the ship in his precious young head. But he soon turned quiet, playing with my knife, and all at once I finds as he'd made a hammock o' me, and had gone off as sound as a church. During the next next three days its mother was very ill, poor thing, and I had to regulary mind the little one; and I did, too.

Well, 'tisn't a very pleasant life in the steerage of an emigrantship bound for New Zealand, 'specially if the weather's a bit rough; and so we found it. For the next morning, when I went on deck, there was a stiff breeze blowing, the ship heeling over; and as I thought the night before, so it was—there was nothing in sight but waves all round. One sailor did point to something which he said was home, but it might have been a cloud.

The fourth night had come, and as I lay in my berth listening to the "wash wash" of the water past the side of the ship, the creaking and groaning of the timbers, and every now and then the heavy bump of a wave against the side, I couldn't help thinking what a little there was between us and death; and somehow or other the serious thoughts that came kept me wide awake.

It was two bells, I think they call it, for they

don't count time as we do ashore, when all at once I could hear as there was a great bustle up on deck, where all through the watches of the night every thing's mostly very quiet. Then there came a good deal of tramping about and running to and fro; so I gets out of my berth, slips on one or two things, and goes cautiously up the ladder and gets my head above the hatchway, and then in a moment I saw what was up, and it gave me such a shock that I nearly let go my hold and fell back into the steerage. There was a thick cloud of smoke issuing out from between the hatches, right in the centre of the ship; and almost before I could thoroughly realise it all, or make myself believe as it was true, a woman ran shrieking along the deck in her night-dress, and calling out those fearful words on board ship—

"Fire! fire! fire!"

Hundreds of miles from land, standing on a few nailed-together pieces of wood, and them burning beneath your feet.

I couldn't help it; all my bitter feelings of being ill used came back, and I says to myself:

"Your usual luck, mate; wouldn't be you if you weren't unfortunate. But never mind; you have your choice, fire or water." And then I thought of the danger, and I ketched myself such a thumb in the chest, and rolls up my sleeves, and goes up to the captain as was busy giving his orders.

"What shall I do?" I says.

"Pump!" he shouts; "and fetch a dozen more up."

Lord bless you! I had 'em up in no time from amongst the crying woman; and I found time, too, to get the women and children up on deck in the poop, which was furthest from the hatches, where the smoke kept pouring out, besides which the wind took it away from them.

There was plenty of shrieking and screaming at first; but they had got the right man in the right place when they chose that captain, for he runs to the poop, where all the shivering things was a-standing, and with a few words he quiets them. Then he runs to the men as was scuffling about, here, there, and every where, and gets them all together; and then at last he gets a line of fellows with buckets, a lot more at the pumps, and some more at the little engine as was there; and then when all was ready, and every man standing still at his post, he goes with some more to the hatches and drags up a couple, when up rose a regular pillar of fire and smoke, with a snaky quiet movement, and in a moment every face was lit up, and there was quite a glare spreading far out to sea. Sails, cordage, masts, everything seemed turned into gold. For a moment I couldn't help forgetting the danger, and thinking what a beautiful sight it was; when directly after there was a regular ringing cheer, the engine and pumps went "clang-clang," and the water was teemed into the burning hold from bucket and engine-nozzle.

How the water hissed and sputtered! while volumes of smoke and steam rushed up where it had been all flame but a moment before, and as we saw this we cheered; but we'd nothing to cheer for; it was only the fire gathering strength; and then, as though laughing at the water we poured in, it came dashing, and crawling, and running up, licking the edges of the hatchway, and setting on fire the tarpaulins at the sides, and then it began to shoot and leap up as if to catch at the cordage and sails.

"Pour it in, my lads," shouted the captain. "Don't be afraid; we shan't run short of water, like they do at your London fires."

"No," says a chap on my side; "and there ain't no running away into the next street."

Then I saw the captain run to the man at the wheel, and he changed the course of the ship, so that all the smoke and flame went over the side; and then at it we went, sending in the water at a tremendous rate, but to all appearance it did no good—not a bit.

"Now, my lads," says the captain, "with a will;" and then we cheered again; and that noble fellow stood with the engine-nozzle in his hand, leaning right over the fiery hole, where

the flames darted out, scorching him, and there he stood battling with them, and aiming the water where he thought best.

You see I stood close aside him, so that I could see all as he did—a brave fellow—and it was hot, too. You know I was taking the buckets as they were passed to me, and sending the water in with a regular splash as far as I could every time; and the captain nodded at me every now and then, and, "Well done!" he says, when it was him as ought to have had the praise.

It was like looking down into the mouth of a furnace; and, as far as I could see, we might just as well have been playing with a couple of boy's squirts; but I knew enough of my duty to feel what I ought to do; and though I'd have liked to have been aside the wife to comfort her, my duty was to stand there a pouring in that there water till I couldn't do it no longer; and the more it didn't seem no good, the more I warmed up—obstinate like—and meant to try; for I didn't see any fun in being beaten off by a few flames and sparks, while the look as I got now and then from the captain went right through me, and in went the water.

All at once a lot of the sailors stops pumping and one shouts out:

"Tain't no good, mates. Boats out!"

But he hadn't hardly said it, before I saw the captain dart back; and then there was a bright light as the copper branch of the hose-pipe flashed through the air, and then down came the sailor on the deck.

"Back to your work, men," sang out the captain; "and let a man go to the boats if he dares!" And then they stood hanging about, muttering, and one Dutch chap pulls out a knife. Just at the same minute, too, a couple of the sailors as had been handing me the buckets strikes work, too, a-saying they'd be hanged if they'd stop there and be frizzled.

I felt that if the men did as they liked, it would be all over with us; and that meant a regular rush to the boats, while the poor women and children were left to burn; so what did I do but I ups with the leather bucket I had in my hand—I've often laughed since—and brings it down like a 'stinguisher right on the top of number one's head; as to t'other—he was a little chap, and I'm six foot and pretty strong—I gets hold of him by the scuff of the neck and strap of his trousers, and afore he knew where he was, I had him up in the air and over the hole where the flames were pouring up, and so close, too, that he could feel the scorching; and then—I ain't given to swearing, but I rapped out something fierce, that if he didn't work I'd hurl him in.

Lord, you should have heard what a shriek there was as the fellow twisted about like an eel to get away, and then I put him a little nearer; when he begged and prayed to be put down, and he'd work till he dropped; and then up comes the captain, for he had bolted off into the cabin, but now rushed out again with a revolver in each hand.

"Well done, my man," he shouts to me, for he saw what I did; and then he gives me one of the pistols, and swore he'd shoot the first man as disobeyed, and I'm blessed if I didn't believe he would, if they'd have tried it on; but they didn't, but began pumping away like mad again, and and we two went to work pouring in the water, while I'm sure I heard a regular groan from the captain, though his face was like a bit o' wood.

This didn't take above five minutes; but I believe it lost us the ship, though we had seemed to make such a little impression when we turned on the water. But five minutes at such a time was ruin; the flame rose higher and higher, and the heat was awful; so that, do what we would, we were beat back, and instead of a quiet crawling flame now, there was a regular roar, and the wind set towards the great fiery tongues in a fierce draught.

"Stick to it, my man," says the captain, in a low voice. "It's our only chance."

"And I wouldn't give much for it, sir," I says, in the same tone.

"Hush!" he says; and then to the men, "Pump away, my lads!"

They pumped away hearty enough, and kept

trying on a cheer; but it soon could be seen with half an eye that the ship must go, for the flames darted up, and, almost before you knew it, the rigging was on fire, and the tongues like leaping from rope to rope, till the tarry things blazed furiously, right up to the mainmast-head, and little fiery drops of burning tar kept falling on to the deck, or cissing into the sea; while for far enough off, out into the dark night, the great flaky sparks went flying along, for all the world like a beautiful golden snow-storm.

"There," says the captain, throwing down the copper branch with which he had played on the fire, and shaking his fist right in the flames, so that they must have burnt it, "there," he says, savagely, "I've fought it out with you, and you've beat! Now for life saving!"

And then, quietly and coolly, he had one boat lowered down, with the first mate in and a crew of sailors, and the shrieking women and children lowered in, while the quiet ones he kept back. Then there was a water-cask and a lot of biscuit bags thrown in, and that boat, well loaded, pushed off on the calm sea, and lay to, watching us. Then the second mate was ordered into the second mate, with a crew of sailors; water and bags of biscuit were thrust in; and then, well loaded with women and children, and one or two of the men passengers, that was carefully lowered down, unhooked, and pushed off.

The two other boats were not swung over the sides, but lay between the masts of the ship, right in the middle of the deck, and were full of stores and odd things put there to be out of the way; but the captain and men left soon had the tackling fastened to the boat that was right in front of the fire, and it was hauled up, swung clear, and lowered down with a couple of men in, and they rowed it back to the hinder part of the ship, while we who had been launching it had to make a regular dash through the flames, which now extended nearly across the deck. One man, however, did not dare to come through, but plunged overboard and swam after the boat till he was took in.

"Now, then," said the captain; and the rest of the women were slung down.

I did not mean to go as long as I could help the captain; and then half a dozen of the men passengers were lowered down, and they were just going to shove off, when I shouts out—

"Stop!" and the captain turns round angrily to me; and I says, "No water!"

Sure enough they had none, and a little cask that stood on the deck was slung down, and they were going to shove off again, when I heard a shriek as went through and through me, and saw a bright glare; the man at the rudder leaned over, while at the same moment there was a roar and a rush of fearful light, and the great mainmast, blazing from top to bottom, and covered with burning rope and canvas, toppled over towards where the boat lay, for the fire had been eating into it below deck for long enough. It was all in a moment, and like the flashing of some great sheet of lightning, as in the midst of a wild and fearful cry it fell right towards the boat.

II.

That was a fearful moment, that was, and we held our breath with terror; and I—I could not help it—I covered my face with my hands, and dared not look, till I heard a loud cheer, and saw the boat safely floating within a very few yards of the half-extinct mast which had narrowly missed falling on the little haven of safety.

And now they were going to get the last boat out, and the three others lay off at a little distance, while above the hoarse orders of the captain there was the crackling and roar of the flames, now leaping up at a fearful rate. And yet it was a splendid sight, in spite of the horror; for every now and then pieces of the copper wire rope used in the rigging regularly caught fire, and burned with a most beautiful blue light, brighter than in any fire work I ever saw; while now the foremast had taken fire, and the flames were tearing along the rigging till the ropes seemed illuminated with little beads and tongues of fire. The heat grew awful, and every now and then pieces of blazing rope, spars, and

blocks, fell red-hot and glowing into the sea, to send up little columns of hissing steam. The whole of the centre of the ship was now on fire, and the flames rose prodigiously, floating off, and flashing amidst the clouds of smoke; while far away, still lightly flitted and spun about the golden flaky snow, eddying amongst the smoke, and darting far on high, in the most beautiful way imaginable.

I think I said before how the tremendous heat caused a regular draught to set towards the fire, so that as you were almost scorched before, the wind came with quite a cold rush behind; but then, how it made the flames again, and burn more fiercely than ever! It was a sickening sight; for every now and then the cruel forked tongues seemed to keep lapping at and threatening us, and then dancing and licking everything up, as if in devilish joy at the prospect of soon devouring us poor sinners.

It was a horrible sight, and though I didn't show it, yet I could feel my heart sink every time I was idle for a few moments, when I went at it again like a savage. I didn't go down on my knees to pray; but I don't know—I think I prayed earnestly in my heart then, and though I would gladly have been with the wife safe in the other boat, yet I couldn't feel as it was suited with a fellow's duty to leave such a man as that captain had showed himself all in the lurch; so I says to myself:

"Be a man, too, Phil," and I did try to, anyhow.

All at once the flames seemed to veer round, and began blowing towards us, while the position of the boats was changed; and I couldn't understand it, till I saw the captain run from helping to get the last boat—the one as was on the deck close to the mizenmast—over the side; and then I found it was the man had left the steering wheel, and had run up towards the boat.

"Back!" I heard the captain say; "back, or I'll fire!"

"Fire away, cap," says the man, sulkily; "one may just as well die by fire one way as another, and I won't stand there and be burnt." And then the captain's hand—the one as held the pistol—fell down by his side, and he looked regularly done.

"What's up?" I says. "Can I do?" and I followed the captain to the wheel, which he turned so as to put the head of the ship right once more; and as he did it, she just changed round again; but while all this had been going on, the mizen or third mast took fire, and now was blazing away fiercely.

"Hold on here, my man," says the captain, "and keep the wheel just as it is. That's right; hold the spokes firm; and if her head swings round, call to me to come and help you."

"All right," I says; "but mind, I don't understand it a bit." And now my troubles seemed to begin; for though it was bad enough to be bustling about fancying that the ship would either go down or you'd be burnt every moment, yet to stand stock-still holding on to the spokes of that wheel was awful, and do what I would to stop it, a regular tremble came all over me, and my knees kept on shake, shake, shake.

They got the boat over the side, and then the men rushed over one another to get in, and it was only by stamping about and hitting at them that the captain got the poor chaps to take in the things they wanted; such as food, which he fetched out of the cabin himself; and water, which they did sling in, but dropped one little cask overboard. But, one way or another, he got them at last to take in a good many things such as they'd want, and a compass; and then, with three more men, he rushed down to the cabin again for more food—biscuit-bags—saying as the other boats would want more, and that we must supply 'em. And then up they came staggering and shaking, one man with a little water-keg, and the captain with a side o'bacon, and two men with bags o' biscuit; and they goes to the side, and I wished my job was done as I saw 'em go.

All at once one of the men gives a yell, throws down his bag, and leaps bang overboard, and the others running after him, did so too;

and then I could see that the cowardly beggars had pushed off—for they lay close under the side, where I couldn't see 'em before, and now they were rowing hard to get away, and I could see that the boat was so full that the least thing must make her fill and sink.

It was pitiful to hear the shrieks of those poor fellows as was left behind, as they swam with all their might to get up to the boat, and it was pitiful to see, for it was as light as day, and the waves that gently rose and fell seemed waves of blood—glowing blood—with golden crests as they softly broke. But though one man swam so fast that he got up to the boat, they pushed him off with the oars; and then I saw him cling to them, and one man pulled out a knife to stab at him if he came nearer; while just then I saw the boat-hook rise up and fall with a heavy thud on the poor chap's head, and he went under, and I said, "God help him!" for he came up no more.

There were two more swimming after them, and when the next saw all this, he just turned round and looked back at the ship, and paddled with his hands a bit, and then stretching them straight up towards the sky, he gave one wild bitter shriek, and he went under; and this time I tried to say, "God help him!" but it was only my lips that moved.

There was the other, though, a fine lusty young fellow, and as soon as he saw what took place he turned off to the left and tried to reach the nearest boat of the other three; and manfully he swam for it, raising himself well up in the water at every stroke, and gradually lessening the distance till he got close up to the stern, where I could see quite plain some one holding out his hands to him, and he was took aboard the boat.

Now all this took place in a very few minutes; and, in spite of the danger, we, the two last on board, could not help stopping to gaze at the terrible incident; but now the captain comes up and takes my hand, and says:

"Brother, it was a cowardly, cruel, selfish action; and I don't know but what I'd rather die with a brave man than live with curs."

I know my hand shook, but I don't think my voice did, though I thought of life being sweet, as I said to him,

"It is very hard to die, captain?"

"Yes," he says, "I believe it is, to a strong man: and as God gave us life, and we've done our duty so far, why we must finish it by trying to save two more."

"But how?" I says, getting hold of him.

"Don't leave the wheel," he says; and then, again, "But it don't matter—she makes no way. Lend a hand here."

And I helped him, and together, roasting almost, we dragged three great fowl-coops and a grating to the side, and tied them together—lashed them, he called it—in no time; then we shoved them overboard; and as the vessel slowly swung round, we were out o' sight o' the boats, which were about a quarter of a mile off. He had a rope to the coops so that they could not float off, and as he told me, I slid down on to them and squatted there trembling, while he lowered down to me the little water-keg, some rope, the bacon, and two of the biscuit-bags. Then he pitched some loose pieces of woodwork and the cover of the cabin stairs and a hutch thing and tarpaulin into the water by me; slid down the rope, and was by my side in a few minutes; with the coops sinking about, so that I was glad to lower myself into the water and hold on.

"That's right," he says, opening his knife with his teeth and cutting the rope, and then getting the tarpaulin and bits of wood and things in the centre in the handiest way possible same as only a sailor could do. He tells me to hold on tight, and then lowering himself into the water he pushes off from the burning ship and begins swimming and guiding our bit of raft away very slowly, but still further and further off.

"I'll lash the coops and the grating together," he says, "as soon as we're out of danger."

"Out of danger!" I says; "and when will that be?"

"Well," he says, "I mean when we are out of reach of being sucked down when she sinks."

"Will she sink?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "and before long now;" and then he went on swimming hard, while I could do nothing but watch first the boats and then the burning ship.

It was grand, though awful, to see the noble vessel standing there like a pyramid of fire whose heat we could yet feel on our scorched faces. From every part now the flames were rushing even from the cabin windows beneath where I had so lately been standing, and I could hardly keep from shuddering as I thought of the awful danger.

It was hard work forcing the raft through the water on account of the breeze which set towards the ship; but we got further and further away, and were some distance off when the mizen-mast went blazing over the side; but still the captain said we were not safe, and swam on till we could not feel the breeze; and at length and exhausted he hung on motionless, and said we must risk it now.

Then we were both silent, and watched the boats now further away from us, and the blazing ship seeming to be the centre of a glorious ring of light, on the outside of which like sparks we all lay waiting for the end we knew was soon to come. Everywhere else was dark as pitch, not even a star to be seen, while the waves just rose and curled a little over as they washed against our raft: excepting the dull roar and crackle of the flames, everything was as still as death.

All at once I started, for the captain spoke sadly as he looked at his vessel; and out of the silence his voice sounded wild and strange:

"If I'd had a crew like you, my man, I think we could have saved her;" and then he spoke no more, for just then, from being quite still, the good ship seemed to roll a little towards us, and then to the other side, slowly, and as if just bending to the breeze; and then we could almost see the water creeping up her burning sides as clouds of steam arose; and with one calm steady dip forward she seemed to plunge right down beneath the golden waters. Then there was a rising and falling of the sea, and a deep, dense darkness, out of which close by me came one of the bitterest, heart-tearing sobs I ever heard from the breast of a man; and I did not speak, for I felt that it was the captain sorrowing for the loss of his good ship.

For a good piece the silence was as deep as the darkness, and then the captain was the first to break it in quite a cheerful voice:

"Can you lay your hand on the rope?" he says; and I passed it to him, and then I could hear him in the dark busily at work tying and fastening; and at last he says: "Now crawl on again; it will bear you better;" and faint and wearily I managed to crawl on, and lay with my legs in the water and my head on the bag of biscuit; and directly after I felt him crawl on too, and we took hold of hands and lay there in the deep darkness while he said that prayer out aloud in such a soft, deep voice—that prayer as we first learnt kneeling down years ago by our mother's knee. When he came to "Deliver us from evil," he stopped short; and soon, worn out there in the great ocean, floating on a few pieces of wood, we both felt in whose hands we were, and slept till the warm bright sun shone upon us and told us that another day was here.

The first thing the captain did was to stand up and look round, and then he said he could see only one boat; but he hoisted up one of the pieces of wood, and wedged it in the coop with a handkerchief flying at the top, after which we made a hearty meal of the biscuit, raw bacon, and water. After this the captain got one of the coops on the other, and by binding and lashing, he made a much higher and better raft, so that we could keep our biscuit and bacon out of the water and sit dry ourselves.

And so we lay all that day till towards evening, when we found that the boat was coming towards us, and just at dusk it was within hail; and if ever I'd felt hopeful or joyful before in my life, it was then. They had no room for us, but they took us in tow, and the weather keep-

ing calm, we all rowed and worked in turns, steering according to the captain's direction for the nearest land; for when our turn came we two went into the boat, and two others came out on to the raft, and so we toiled on for days, when one morning there was a joyful cry:

"A sail! a sail!"

And it was, too, within a mile of us, plainer and plainer as that glorious sun rose; and then some laughed, some cried, and one or two seemed half mad with joy, as after a while she ran down towards us, picked us up, and proved to be a British man-of-war, homeward bound.

In another week I was back in the port I left, without clothes, without money, but with as good and true a friend in Captain Ellis as ever walked. I had life, and with it came hope; and somehow, since then, things have prospered with me in the old country—the old home that I once left to go far at sea.

A "TANGI" IN NEW ZEALAND.

LADIES, when making a great merit of offering their tears as a precious gift to man, accompanied or not by other indications of sympathy and emotion as the case may be, forget to draw attention to the luxury which is to be found in a "good cry," and the readiness with which the charming sex has invariably indulged in its favourite enjoyment in every age, and in all parts of the world. As it was in the days of the Old Testament writers, and of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, who all make mention not only of emotion publicly expressed, but of professional "howlers," ready to provide tears, sighs, groans, and shrieks wholesale, retail, and for exportation; so, happily for all of us,—(for a woman without sympathy is a garden without flowers)—it is in many parts of the world to this very day. If we take the trouble to survey mankind "from China to Peru," we shall find, that woman relishes her "good cry" as keenly, and cultivates it just as assiduously in a settlement of savages when squatting, wrapped in a dirty blanket, over the smoke of a wood fire kindled in a hole in the ground, as in a delicious boudoir, with eau de cologne and sal volatile ad libitum. When, therefore, one sweet summer's afternoon I rode into a peaceful little native village, in New Zealand, and found all the female inhabitants engaged in a "Tangi," or weeping concert, preparatory to a grand banquet of ceremony, I need have discovered nothing singular therein, though it seemed at once to carry the spirit back for nearly four thousand years, to the days of the patriarchs, when Jacob "kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept," as he rolled away the stone from the well's mouth to water her flock. The scenery around, and the air, like a bath of liquid gold, with the murmur of the adjacent forest, all fostered a feeling that Time had stood still, and that we were all patriarchs together, performing an every-day observance.

A chief, a fine looking fellow with aquiline features and the appearance of a ruler of men, who was a personage of rank amongst the northern tribes, having just returned from a long absence, was being welcomed on his arrival by the customary "Tangi," indicative of affectionate joy, performed by the ladies of his settlement, while the gentlemen expressed their sentiments by rubbing their noses against his.

The ceremony may be described as follows. Upon the death of a relative or friend, or his serious illness or misfortune; or upon any occasion of rejoicing similar to the one in question, the old women of a tribe assemble for an affectionate "Tangi," or cry together. What a cup of tea is to some ladies or what a friendly glass of gin is to others in different circumstances, and what a "good cry" is to all the sex, is the "Tangi" to elderly Maoris of the feminine gender, soothing to the spirits, a cure for spasms or little tempers, and, in fact, a general clearer of the air. One may see, on entering a settlement, a number of women sitting on the ground in a circle, some with their face wrapped in the blanket with which they are

draped shawl-fashion, some carefully exhibiting with ostentatious vanity great circular head-dresses of turkey's feathers of dog's hair. They appear to be bowing their brows together at intervals, at the same time raising their hands and dropping them on their laps with gestures of hopelessness, great grief, or weariness. On a nearer approach they are heard to be keeping up a kind of wailing chant of a dreary repetition of three notes in a minor key, sung in chorus. Every now and then, at a particularly affecting part of the impromptu recitation, they will bring all their faces together, and pressing nose to nose, maintain that attitude for nearly ten minutes, while they continue the wailing in a murmur. One old woman may generally be perceived taking the lead, who is evidently the most experienced "blabberer," knowing exactly where to bring in the nose business with the greatest effect, and able to keep it up longer than anyone else; she will be making the most tremendous and fearful contortions of the face that can be imagined, as an accompaniment to the act of weeping, if that be not a word suggesting too deep a feeling to be used here. With her head raised, her mouth drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes squeezed up and swollen with tears, she lets out a howl that would discomfit a dog at the full of the moon, only stopping to—in point of fact "se mouche;" in the primitive manner of patriarchal times—wipe her eyes with her blanket, and expectorate freely and noisily previous to beginning over again with renewed vigour, the whole party seeming to think it a point of honour to procure the most disgusting amount of grimacing ever witnessed out of a nightmare. At another moment one woman perhaps may be sitting with her head bent forward and inclined to one side, her eyes cast down, and her hands clasped over her knees, silently sighing, the very picture of quiet, absorbed, heart-broken misery; while next to her an old lady will be nodding, winking, and exchanging facetious remarks with a friend for a minute's interval, after which she will take up her crying again with tenfold violence.

The "Tangi" never interferes with business; any of the party will at any time leave off the work to sell a basket of peaches, or take a turn at peeling and boiling the potatoes for her lord's dinner, afterwards rejoin her circle of friends, and will screw up her features into their former grimace and continue her performance precisely where she left off. Real grief or feeling, of course, should be respected and sympathised with, but the "Tangi" is no more real than the polite condolences of the civilized world. In fact a Maori would no more hesitate to knock out the brains of a man with whom he had previously rubbed noses and wept in a "Tangi," than, in former times, he would have felt compunction about serving up a fricassee of his grandmother as a choice dinner for a favoured guest. And so, on the present occasion dinner and business both being pressing, the "Tangi" was not allowed to occupy too much time. Enough having been done to satisfy the most accomplished and punctilious of formalists, the ostensible cause of the meeting was introduced, the head-dresses laid aside, the countenances of the ladies smoothed and composed into their customary beauty, and decorated each with a short pipe, the sorrow of all the world was assuaged and the tears dried, till they should be again ordered and paid for. J. J. P.

A NEW mode of smuggling cigars has been discovered by the custom-house authorities at Paris. Some large blocks of stone, weighing about a hundred weight, having arrived from Switzerland, it was found, on inspection that they were hollow, and that they were stuffed full of cigars of the finest brands.

OYSTER PLAGUE IN NORWAY.—The latest plague out is the oyster plague. In Norway it has caused the death of several people. The earth is afflicted indeed with divers plagues, and it is curious that no inference has been drawn from the fact.

REVERIE.

'Twas in an opening grassy dell,
High up our leafy mountain,
Where peaceful flow'd a little well
Or fabled fairy fountain;
From out which wound a singing rill
Down thro' the blossomed clover:
In the June of life, such scene would thrill
My heart. But June is over.

No sound the solemn silence stirred
Save breath of evening sighing,
Or plaintive song of drowsy bird
Proclaimed the day was dying;
The varied wild-flow'rs clustering there
Breathed fragrance in profusion—
As if the charms of earth and air
Dwelt only in seclusion.

'Twas there, within that calm retreat,
So silent, peaceful, holy,
An inward voice said soft and sweet
In accents whispered slowly:
"Look on the grave; the doom of birth,
Where earthly dreams lie sleeping—
Embrace thy cross thou child of earth,
Thy soul is in thy keeping."

The sun was sinking in the west,
The dew was on the clover—
A blue-bird plumed his downy breast
Perched on a green branch over;
The fire fly flashed his transient flame,
The rill went downward singing,
From out the towers of Notre Dame
The angelus was ringing.

Whist here within this grassy dell,
High up our leafy mountain,
Where peaceful flows a little well
Or fabled fairy fountain—
The future opened to my view,
And I saw, 'midst wreck and storm,
Marked on a stone, a name I knew,
A grave, and a spectral form.

SLANEY.

Montreal, July 1st, 1866.

THE
TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 314.

CHAPTER XI.

As soon as Phillip Augustus found himself alone in his apartment he gave a great sigh of fatigue.

"Ingeburge," murmured he to himself, "was the daughter of a king, and the sister of a king—Ingeburge was beautiful...but there is a demon in the heart of man!"

He then, without noise, pushed two small bolts which secured that door from within, which that faithful friend, Amaury Montruel, was guarding on the other side. Then smiling at the precautions he had taken, he approached his magnificent bed, whose canopy, supported by large square columns, reached to the ceiling of the apartment. In short, this splendid piece of furniture was like a closed cabinet, which formed an inner chamber to the room.

On reaching the bed, the king called mechanically, according to his custom, for his page, Albret. He did not raise his voice, for the ear of the handsome page was very keen and never allowed the king to wait. When he had called him, he gave himself no further trouble about the page—for he never remembered having been obliged to call him twice.

He drew the heavy curtains of the bed aside and stood a moment in an attitude of reflection before the great bed which was ready to receive him.

"Ingeburge is a pious woman," said he to himself, "she is now about twenty-two years of age—she has suffered much. What a spectacle that would be, to witness her joy, if we were to determine to make her happy!"

Just at that part of the bed where the coverlid came up to the pillows, some brilliant object that lay there sent back its corruscations to the light of the lamp. Phillip Augustus at first took it for the glittering of some jewel that had been lost, and found its way to that spot by chance—for the beautiful Agnes had often lost some jewel in the king's bed.

But scarcely had the king touched the object than he was seized by a violent trembling, and allowed a smothered cry to scape from his lips.

The glittering object was a poignard of sharp glass, pointed like a needle, and having some arab characters engraved upon its blade. For the first time in his life Phillip Augustus felt that cold perspiration which is always the concomitant of sudden fear.

Nobody was ignorant, in those days, of the mysterious executions that were made by the terrible orders issued by the old man of the mountain.

They knew the meaning of that verse from the Koran which was inscribed on these poisoned daggers, and they knew also that name which it bore—"The grand master of the brotherhood of assassins."

The conclusions of the king were natural; the ditches of the Louvre must have been filled up—the walls must have been raised to the ground—the garrison must have been either corrupted or conquered, since the inner chamber of the king had been invaded! Popular opinion at that day attributed a supernatural power to the assassins, but Phillip Augustus had no faith in the supernatural. He held the crystal poignard in his hand and could not take his fascinated eyes off it.

"Albret!" he called again, and then added mentally, "can it be him?"

But Phillip Augustus wore a strong head on his shoulders. Any one else, at such a moment, might have been reasonably carried away by his suspicions and have distrusted every body around him. Though roused by the threatened danger that was hanging over him, Phillip's nerves were not shaken, and the clear glance of his eye showed that his mind preserved all its serenity. Without turning his head in the direction of the door where Montruel was watching, he said to himself—

"No! no!" it is not poor Albret; the traitor is on the other side of the door. But as I have bolted the door, the assassin will not be able to follow his dagger."

At this moment he heard a slight noise behind him—

"Thou art very late this evening, my son, Albret," said he.

But as Albret did not reply, the king turned round, and there saw, immediately under the light of the lamp, a strange vision—there, erect and immovable, stood a foreigner, clothed in a sumptuous Saracen costume, with a turban on his head, sparkling with rich jewels; from his girdle, studded with two rows of pearls and emeralds, hung a dazzling scymetar.

The king stood amazed, believing himself the sport of some nightmare. The stranger remained mute and immovable.

The king surveyed the four doors of the chamber, as though seeking that one by which the assassin had contrived to enter.

"I came by the same road as the poignard!" said the infidel, slowly and deliberately, by way of reply to the silent interrogatory of the king.

The voice of the stranger seemed to produce upon the king precisely the same effect as would a spur upon a pure-blooded horse—he stood erect and assumed that majestic pose, so becoming to the king of France.

"I have been expecting thee," said he "but not so soon!"

There was a slight accent of irony in the voice of the foreigner as he replied—

"The king ought to have been prepared to see me, since the king knows all!"

The king fixed an enquiring look upon the bizarre and intelligent physiognomy of the Syrian; but there was no trace left of the first expression of surprise that the appearance of the stranger had caused him. Possibly Phillip Augustus may not have possessed that iron frame and soldierly dash on the field of battle which characterised the knight-errants of his age; at any rate it is certain he did not possess it in so high a degree as his great rival, Richard Cœur de Lion—but history tells us that he was always firm and resolute in the hour of danger. His courage was the truckingly courage—calm, reflective and reasonable—and we need not

waste any words in showing how far that noble species of intrepidity is above the more common kind of audacity.

Phillip Augustus, always eager in the pursuit of knowledge, was already casting in his mind to turn this adventure to account. In the assassin who stood before him, he saw a new kind of police agent, and possibly a most valuable instrument. Whoever this man might be, it was plain that he had lost a fine opportunity.

Phillip Augustus now stood before him, armed with his good battle-sword, and Phillip, thus armed, was not one to be easily assassinated.

"Friend," said he, "thou hast not much the appearance of being one of those who would put much faith in the knowledge of the king."

"In my country," replied Mahmoud, "we have a proverb which runs thus—'He who knows all things is ignorant of everything'—which means that all human knowledge is vain and blind."

"And was it to teach me the proverbs of thy country that thou hast forced thy way into my palace?" resumed the king. "It is certainly not for such trifling matters as that, Mahmoud-el-Reis, that the sons of Ishmael ordinarily introduce themselves into the palaces of sovereigns!"

The eye of the infidel did not quail under the searching look of the king.

"I wished to kill thee," replied he, "but I could not; I could have killed thee, but I did not!"

"Thy first words are true," said the king; "as to thy second, I do not believe them."

Mahmoud folded his arms upon his breast. "Yesterday, at this hour," said he, "the king passed through the avenue which leads from the gate St. Honoré to the tower of the Louvre. The king was unattended, except by his page Albret. When the drawbridge was lowered, did the king recognise the face of the archer who took his horse's bridle?"

The king's eyes opened widely, as though a clear conception had suddenly come to him, but of some confused remembrances.

"It was indeed thee," said the king, "and thou hast not lied; for at that moment thou couldst have killed me; and," he added, with an expression of curiosity, which he found it impossible to repress.

"Why didst thou not do it?"

"And why thee?" returned Mahmoud—"and why thee? believing that I had come to assassinate thee—believing, also, that I was in thy power—why didst thou not, just now, cut me down with thy weapon? It was because thou hast a hope of turning me to thine own account; and thou art right, sire, for I can serve thee better than ten of thy noble barons. In spite of the oath that I made to my father and to my master, I have refrained from killing thee; and it is because there is one thing in this world—and that one thing the king of France only—the living king of France—can give me."

"Oh! ho!" exclaimed Philip, "that must be a costly favour! Then it is some bargain that thou hast come to propose to me, seigneur Mahmoud?"

"It is a bargain."

"Does it resemble in anything that bargain you made with the Caliph Selim?" demanded the king, sarcastically.

"I have already told that story once to the friend of the king, in order that the king might know it," replied the Syrian, with great gravity. "If the king had been ignorant of it, I should have been under the necessity of telling it again; for it is necessary that the king should know all that Mahmoud-el-Reis can do."

The king did not allow himself to be offended at this kind of equality that circumstances seemed so have established between the Ishmaelite and himself. It must not be forgotten that in spite of the high order of his policy—in spite of the enormous weight he threw into the balance of his age—Phillip Augustus had his share of the contagion of the spirit of adventure which had been imported into Europe from the land of the Crusades. Nor especially should it be forgotten that Phillip Augustus was so devoted to the romances of chivalry, that all

the wonderful inventions of the poets of his time found in him an enthusiastic protector.

"I do not require any proofs of thy ability, friend Mahmoud," replied the king. "The English archer can put an arrow into the butt at five hundred paces; the Dane can swim like a fish in the open sea; the soldiers on the Rhine can kill a fly on the wing with a stone from their sling; and the Italian subjects of our holy father the Pope can poison a man only by speaking to him. God keep you! Every nation has its aptitude. As to your people from the Antiliban, you are most accomplished assassins; nor," added Phillip, with an involuntary expression of triumph, "do I require to be told whose will it is that directs thy dagger. It is not the noble Saladin who fights a loyal friend in that treacherous way. It is the infamous Englishman who has armed thee against me—it is John Lackland who has paid thee the price of my blood."

Doubtless Phillip Augustus thought he was making a certain impression upon Mahmoud by thus showing himself so well informed; but the Syrian regarded him with that indulgent smile with which the learned professor regards the infantine efforts of a young pupil that he does not wish to discourage.

"If the poor servant of the king," said he, bowing reverently, "should lay him down on the dry moss of the forest between the den of the lion and the nest of the viper, think you he would accuse the strong and noble beast of giving him the virulent sting by which his foot would be swollen on his waking. Let not the king deceive himself; the lion and the viper know their own strokes."

"And the people of the East their long parables," muttered Phillip, with annoyance. "A truce to all this," he added, "and let us know at once what it is that thou desirest?"

"I wish to know, in the first place," replied the immovable Mahmoud, "whether it is necessary to deceive thee, like a king, or to inform thee, like a man."

Phillip Augustus now knit his brows. "Speak quickly and speak with respect," said he, in a voice which shook somewhat with anger, "if thou wouldst escape from here with thy head upon thy shoulders."

"Come, then," said the Syrian, designedly, "since thou threatenest me, we have only being losing our time. I see that in order to gain thy consent to treat with me on equal terms, king, I must prove to thee, here in the heart of thy palace, that you are not the strongest of us two."

"Take care what you say," said Phillip, who glanced at his sword, "for my patience is near exhausted."

"I have patience enough for both of us," said Mahmoud.

Phillip moved some steps from his antagonist, then seated himself with his naked sword lying across his knees. After a short pause, he resumed again, in a severe tone:

"Thou art here in my power, Mahmoud-el-Reis. I know not by what means thou hast introduced thyself into my dwelling; but the traitor who opened the door to thee can no longer protect thee. Mark me well," added he, extending towards the infidel his muscular arm, "dost thou think that the chances of a combat between us would end in thy favour?"

"On the plain," replied Mahmoud, "on thy vigorous horse, and thy heavy lance, I would not answer for the issue; but as we stand here, thee with thy sword and I with my scymeter, I believe that thy life would be in my hands."

Phillip Augustus sprang to his feet. "Then I will not attempt the unequal struggle, friend Mahmoud," said he, in a tone of sarcasm. "I do not think that thy poor split skull would add anything to the glory of Phillip Augustus. It is the business of others to despatch such as thee," and thus saying he approached the double doors near his bed, and behind which two halberdiers of his guard watched day and night; he shook the draperies on their rods, without even looking in their direction, so eager was he to watch the look and expression of the infidel, on finding himself taken in a snare. But the infidel re-

mained with his arms folded on his breast, and preserved the same impassibility as ever. The king turned his head from him to the scene presented behind the curtains, and at sight of which he was nearly losing his balance.

Instead of two halberdiers of the guard, he beheld two negroes' faces, plastered over with white, with their eyes rolling and shining like carbuncles.

"Albret!" cried the king, in that voice which had so often risen above the fracas of the battle, "Hol! pages and squires! Help here!—help!"

At the cry of the king, Mahmoud at length moved; and crossing the apartment slowly, he raised another drapery which hung behind the negroes, and now Phillip Augustus could see his page and two of his squires lying on the ground as motionless as corpses.

A sharp cry escaped the king's lips, for he thought they were all dead.

"They are only sleeping," murmured Mahmoud, in a melancholy accent. "He who gave them that sleeping draught, could, if he had chosen, have given them poison; but that man will never kill any one again; and, suiting the action to his words, he unchained his scymeter, and threw it at the feet of Phillip Augustus.

"King," said he, humbly bowing his head, "wilt thou now trust me, and listen to me?"

CHAPTER XII.

That was a strange spectacle. The guards overcome by a magic sleep; the two negroes, sword in hand, immovable in their niches, and rolling their demon eyes, and the king standing stupefied before the assassin, who had cast his weapon at his feet. The king might well have believed himself the toy of some wild and extravagant dream.

Mahmoud el Reis was still addressing the king, and his voice, though firm, was still tinged with melancholy.

"He who fails in his oath," said he, "is taken at the hour of noon, stripped and tied on a hurdle, and taken into the great forest of Khyam. The ancients and priors, who surround him, recite over him the prayers for the dead. For the space of twelve hours, twelve times an hour, the warriors and the *fedavi* come and strike him on the face, saying, 'Traitor! traitor! traitor!' And when the twelfth hour is proclaimed from the tops of the minarets in the city, the Iman, the ancients, the priors, the warriors, the *fedavi*, and the people, utter a supreme curse on the criminal, leaving him alone with the executioner. The executioner then makes twelve scores with his knife across the condemned man's breast, and retires in his turn, because the blood which flows from the twelve wounds is sufficient to attract the tiger—however far may be his den—and the tiger completes the work of the executioner. Such, O king! is the fate that awaits me, and that I am willing to accept."

Phillip Augustus was now seated on a high seat, surmounted by the escutcheon of France and the royal crown.

Mahmoud was still standing in the same place. The rays of the lamp fell between the two, but all the remainder of that vast apartment was buried in comparative obscurity.

It was the habit of the Syrian, when he spoke at any length, to seem to be rather thinking aloud than speaking.

Phillip Augustus listened with a passive and distracted air.

"I have described to you the destiny which I have chosen," said he: "now hear the destiny which I lose. It was neither gold, nor diamonds, nor fertile lands, nor power over the people, that they promised me as the price of my devotion: it was happiness. Thou, who hast trifled with thy crown, and more than with thy crown—with the well-being of thy people, for the love of a woman—thou ought to be able to understand what love is. She is beautiful. She is holy and pure. She loves me; and it was thus that they spake unto me—

"Thou shalt be her husband, and dwell with her on the banks of the Black River, under the shadow of impenetrable trees, where the fierce rays of the mid-day sun can never penetrate. I can see now, in my dreams, the small isolated

house where Dilah's mother hides the beauty of her daughter, as the miser buries his precious treasure. In the evening, when the breeze ripples the dark waters of the river, I see Dilah cooling her naked feet in the wave that washes the shore. Dilah has pledged me her faith in the face of heaven. All this—the cool shadows, enchanting river, and the unrivalled beauty of the sister of the Geniis, was to be mine."

He remained silent for a moment, with his eye plunged in space. Then, turning his eyes full on Phillip Augustus—

"King!" such was my destiny, and I would not."

Phillip regarded him for a moment in silence, as though he would divine his most secret thoughts; but as ever, the countenance of Mahmoud remained a closed book.

"And what price dost thou ask of me," at last demanded the king, "to renounce all these gifts, and accept misfortune?"

"I ask of thee," replied Mahmoud, "what neither the threats of kings, nor the prayers of the people, nor the thunders of the church, have as yet been able to obtain from thee."

Phillip Augustus half rose upon his chair—"Thou comest," said he, "on behalf of Madame Ingeburge," while his eyes suddenly changed their expression, and were full of suspicion and distrust.

There was a shade of disdain in the smile of Mahmoud-el-Reis—the blood rushed to his pale brow and his voice became more animated.

"Oh! no! thou dost not know all, king!" said he, with bitterness, "or, indeed, if thou dost know all, God has deprived thee of thy reason; for she who deceives thee, thou lovest; and she who adores thee, thou repellst!"

"I am the master here!" said Phillip drily. Then turning his head and trying to rally, he added—"Madame Ingeburge chooses singular ambassadors."

"Madame Ingeburge," said the Syrian, "weeps and prays;" then suddenly subduing his voice, continued, "yes, she weeps over and prays for thee. It is four days since I introduced myself into that monastery, where thou hadst imprisoned her—it was to assassinate her; for they promised me that I should have the blood of the king for the blood of the queen. But God is great: God placed his hand before me. I saw the image of Dilah, like a beautiful angel spreading her wings, descending and protecting the heart of that saint. And when the armed men entered the abbey, I feared for thee, as I had feared for thy people; I was already the slave of queen Angel. Smile not, O king," said he, "we were just now speaking of my destiny—poor worm of the earth as I am: it is now thy destiny, powerful prince as thou art, that we have to decide this moment. I was afraid, because I knew that queen Angel was an obstacle in thy path, and that it is thy custom to remove all obstacles. I defuded the queen against the fury of the people; I wished also to protect her from the interests of thy policy. If I have deceived myself, pardon me, an I shall soon see whether I have been mistaken."

The king preserved a disdainful silence.

"I carried her off in my arms," resumed the Syrian, "in those very arms which she had ordered to be loaded with chains, in order to protect thy life against my poignard. I bore her off, all fainting as she was, into a secure retreat, known only to myself. It is four days ago; and during those four days, I never left her. And if it is necessary to explain to thee, in one word, the secret of my conduct, which defies thy proud reason and the subtleties of that intelligence of which thou, oh king! art so vain—know that that pious queen, thy wife, hath performed a miracle, and that I stand before thee—a Christian!"

The king was still speechless.

To understand the depth of certain emotions it is necessary to connect ourselves with the spirit of the period of which we write, and denude ourselves of the inert indifference in regard to religious matters which characterizes our own day. We must call to mind that the great question in Phillip's day—that question which demolished the walls of cities and which set all Europe

against Asia, and caused rivers of blood to flow—was the question between Christ and Mahomet.

We must remember that Phillip Augustus himself had invaded the holy land in Christ's name—and that Mahmoud-el-Reis had come from Syria, across seas and deserts, concealing under his vestments the poignard upon which were engraved the words of Mahomet.

The king rose.

"How, a Christian?" he repeated, "wherefore then dost thou desire to return to thy savage country. Why accomplish what remains of thy impious oath?"

"Because Dilah is still under the shadow of the pure," replied Mahmoud, "and because it is necessary that Dilah also should become a Christian."

The hours of night were passing rapidly away—in the outer silence nothing could be heard but the watch-cry of the sentinels and the distant clocks announcing the progress of time. A leaden sleep still weighed down the eyelids of the page Albret and the two halberdiers. When the rays of the rising sun began to struggle through the casements against the weak light of the lamp, Phillip Augustus was still standing before Mahmoud-el-Reis. They had drawn near to each other and were conversing in a low voice.

"There are eight of them," said Mahmoud, "and I was the ninth. There was Herbert Melfast, lord of Canterbury, who came to Syria to seek for me, in the name of king John; there was Honoré, the freemason, who follows the orders of the duke de Bourgogne; Jean de Valenciennes, who is in the pay of count Dammartin; there is Steinbach, from the city of Hamburg, purchased by the emperor Otho; there are the three brothers Guiscard, cursed souls of Beaudouin of Flanders....."

He stopped here.

"And the eighth," demanded Phillip, "does he not come from Denmark?"

"No!" replied Mahmoud, "he comes from France."

"And thou callest him?"—

"Amaury Montruel, lord of Anet!"

"The friend of the king!" said Phillip bitterly, then added mentally, with a singular smile "*the same who led Madame Agnes into la rue de la Calandre, alone! on foot! at eleven o'clock at night.*"

"The bargain is made," he added, rising abruptly and giving his hand to Mahmoud, "thou hast the word of the king of France for it."

"And thou hast the word of Mahmoud-el-Reis," replied the other.

"At midnight," resumed Phillip Augustus, "in the choir of Notre Dame."

"At midnight," repeated Mahmoud, "out of nine of the assassins of the king there will remain but me alive!"

ALPH'S MISTAKE.

THE night set in early. The mists, which had been gathering and hanging over the valley all day, at length settled down into a heavy, drizzling rain, as the struggling sun sank faint and low in the western horizon, and the night came in dark and dreary.

As the shadows deepened and the day went out, Edith Reed drew the curtains of the cosy sitting-room closer about the windows, and lighted the lamp which stood upon the table; then, placing a large easy-chair and pair of slippers before the glowing grate, she sat down to await her father's return.

Doctor Reed had been absent since the early morn, at which time a messenger had come for him from the Hall, and with whom he had hastily ridden back; and now, in the darkness and gloom of the night, his daughter awaited him.

As she sat there before the fire, her blue eyes fixed in thought, and her long curls of abundant hair falling in waving masses around her pale face, framing it in, she looked like some sweet picture of rapt saint.

And thus thought the young clergyman, Ralph English—the ward of Edith's father, and a distant

connection of her dead mother—who had been an inmate of Doctor Reed's home for ten years, in the interval between his college terms and a curacy which, within a few months, he had been compelled to leave on account of ill-health, rendered worse by the proximity of the place to the sea. He now stood in the doorway, his entrance unobserved by the young girl deeply wrapped in reverie, upon whom his gaze rested with an expression of admiration.

"Cousin Edith!" he said, at length, as he entered the room and drew near the hearth where she sat "Cousin Edith, pray tell me of what you were thinking when I entered, for your face was calm and beautiful as the angels I used to dream about when a child. Your thoughts must have been pure and good, for none but such could call that look to face or brow. My mother used to wear it, when she spoke of my dead father, and of meeting him in heaven."

"Why, Ralph!" exclaimed Edith, recalled to herself by the entrance of her cousin, a blush mounting her face. "My vague thoughts were scarce worth repeating, so I will not weary your ears by a recital. But I am glad you came to interrupt them, for 'tis a sad habit I have fallen into of late—dreaming day-dreams. Oh, how the wind blows!" she said, as she shivered and drew near the fire. "I wish papa would come; for the storm increases, and, somehow, to-night, a presentiment of coming evil forces itself on my mind. I pray that there will no harm befall papa on his return!"

"He has gone up to the Hall, has he not, Edith?" asked the young man. "The servant, who came this morning with the summons for him, said that his mistress could not live the day through, and uncle has probably decided to remain till the end. It is a case of much bodily pain, I think; and your father would not rest content without doing all in his power to alleviate the last moments of the dying."

"Yes; Mrs. George has been a great sufferer for more than three years. She has been in the slow, but sure grasp of consumption, which no earthly medicine has been able to heal; and now she is near to the entrance of the other world," added Edith. "I pity her daughter, Miriam, who will be left alone on the earth."

"It will, indeed, be a lonely life at the Hall she will lead," said the young man, "for I once visited it with your father, on one of his calls, a short time since. It is a dreary old house, and gloomy enough to cast a chill over the prospects of Miriam George, whom I saw upon that visit. She is young and pretty, I think, Edith; and her years ought not to be clouded by living there alone with the old servants."

"It will, indeed, be a dreary life for her, Ralph, with very little sunshine to brighten it," replied Edith, gravely. "But Miriam's nature is naturally stropg and hopeful; so that it will not be so cheerless for her as for many. But I hear the sound of carriage-wheels outside. Papa must have returned!"—and Edith sprang forward to the hall-door, which in a moment was thrown open, giving ingress to Doctor Reed.

"You have been anxious, I see, Eda, dear!" said her father, as he bent down and kissed his daughter's forehead.

Edith eagerly drew forward a chair for him and her father smilingly took it, saying:—"Ah, Eda, dear, you will spoil your old father by thus attending him so assiduously. Were I a younger man, I might be inclined, knowing my power, to prove more exacting; but old people like me know how to use their vantage ground," he said, mischievously, turning to Ralph, who had taken a seat near.

"Yes, it might do for you, uncle!" said Ralph; "but in a younger man it would be unseemly."

"Why, said Edith, blushing. "One would think you were inclined to be cruel persecutors, if I did not know you both so well; but my heart is light now that you are here, papa, for to night I have felt an unusual anxiety about your absence. Tell me," she added, "how they are up at the Hall?"

Doctor Reed's face grew sad as he replied, softly:—"Mrs. George died at sunset. I remained till all was over, and Miriam had been induced to seek a little rest, which the poor

child sadly needs, for she fainted away when her mother died." Then he added: "Edith, I promised her dying mother that I would endeavour to stand in place of a parent to Miriam, as the poor lady entreated me to look after her orphaned girl."

"And I know you will do so, father," said Edith, in a voice whose sweet tones thrilled with emotion. "Poor Miriam, I pity her"—she added, tenderly.

"It is a sad case, uncle!" said Ralph English. "For the young girl is left almost destitute, is she not, by the death of her mother?"

"Nearly; there won't be much left after all the liabilities are settled," replied Doctor Reed.

"What will become of Miriam, then?" asked Edith. "What will you do for her, papa? She ought not to be left at the gloomy old Hall, alone, with only the servants."

"That is what I will leave to your kind heart to suggest," replied Doctor Reed.

"What do you mean, papa?—that Miriam should come here?" Edith asked. "Would it be your wish papa?" she added, as she looked inquiringly into his face.

"As you will, Edith. I promised her mother to stand in place of a parent to the girl. Will you be a sister to her, and invite her here to your home?"

"Oh, papa, how can you doubt for one moment that it would be my wish?" replied Edith.

"Bless you, my own dear, noble-hearted daughter!"—and Doctor Reed spoke huskily, as he tenderly stroked the soft curls away from Edith's forehead. "It is settled, then. Miriam shall come here to live with us; and we will all try to make her forget her grief in the kindness and warmth of our love. Do you not think it a good plan, Ralph?" asked the doctor, turning to the young clergyman.

"Yes; I think it the best thing that, under the circumstances, could be done; and, for my own part, will endeavour to do all that lies in my power to make it pleasant for the orphan child," replied Ralph English.

Two weeks later, Miriam George was established a future resident in Doctor Reed's family.

Miriam, with her large dark eyes, her raven hair, and clear, olive-hued face, was a brilliant shadow to Madonna-like Edith Reed. Eighteen summers had shed their rose-perfume over her life, upon which now lay the cloud of her mother's recent death; and so, beautiful and child-like in her grief, came Miriam George to her new home.

And thus, also, with her coming, the cloud gathered which was, for a while, to envelope Edith's happiness; that cloud, of which her gentle heart had had warning when she awaited her father's return on the night of Miriam's mother's death.

The winter months passed; and, with their icy breath, the first grief of her loss passed from Miriam's heart. Smiles and hopes came once more to light her face, and the tones of her musical voice oft broke out like some bird's light carol.

The winter glided on; and when it had died out, and spring came in, with her treasures of buds and blossoms, Ralph English was offered the incumbency of the parish of Glenwood—a charge which he decided to undertake.

The evening after he had accepted the appointment, Ralph English sought out Edith in the garden, where, in the soft, moonlight May evening, he saw her pacing one of the sheltered walks.

His was a tender, reverent nature; and as he approached Edith, whose image had ever been first in his mind, he felt a trembling and hesitancy which he could not shake off. Edith had never shown, by word or look, that she cared for him save as a cousin. "Did she love him?" He asked this question tremblingly of his heart now. He had never dared ask it before, though he had often wished it; for, without fortune, it would have been out of place, even had he known that her heart was tender towards him. But now he did put the question to his own heart; and could not answer it satisfactorily. Yet it demanded an answer, as the parsonage, if he entered it, needed her presence to make it

happy and homelike to him. So, as her white garments fluttered in the shaded walk in the moonlight of the evening, Ralph English, with trembling heart, yet unwavering purpose, followed on, till he stood beside her whom he supposed to be Edith.

"Edith," he said, in a voice whose tones were low yet distinct,—“Edith, you know I have accepted the incumbency here; and it will probably take me from your home, for the parsonage is vacant, and needs a tenant.”

"I am so glad of this opening for you, Ralph; so near to us, too!" replied the voice of Miriam, whom he had mistaken for Edith. "But you mistook me, and would tell Edith of it first. I will go and summon her, that she may listen to the good news from your lips. But must you leave us, Ralph? It seems so pleasant to me to have you here; and I was just beginning to find an interest in living again. Do not leave us yet, if only for my sake, my kind brother!" said Miriam, in impulsive tones.

"I hardly know yet that I shall change my home," replied the young man. "At least, I should not think of it unless I could make a happier one for myself, which, perhaps selfishly, I might be inclined to do. I am glad if my society has contributed to your happiness, Miriam, and hope we shall never be so far separated that it will not continue to do so."

Miriam, replied. "Do not leave us, then; for, if you go away, my life will miss you too much. It may not be so with Edith, for her nature is different from mine, and she finds enjoyment in all around. I sometimes wonder if she could really care sufficiently to make her life unhappy, were the loved object to be removed from it."

"Surely, you misunderstand Edith," said Ralph, earnestly. "Hers is a deep, silent nature, not easily ruffled; but when it is moved, it is like the bed of some mighty river carrying everything before it, and unchanged in its course, flowing on over all obstructions."

"It may be so, Ralph," said Miriam, sadly, "and I may have misjudged her who has so kindly welcomed the poor orphan to her home. She has been careful and tender of me as of a sister; but it seems to me more in the sense of duty than in another light. But I would not influence your feelings towards your relative, and one whom you have known from childhood, and for whom, perhaps, a more than cousinly interest may have become strengthened. She may be all you think, Ralph. I trust, for your sake, you will find it so, and that I am sadly mistaken in my thoughts," added Miriam, in tones which seemed reluctant to wound Edith's character.

"Miriam, you know not what thoughts your words have called into existence. They are as an arrow with a poisoned shaft!" exclaimed Ralph English, in a voice whose tones bore a thrill of doubt and dread.

"What have I done, Ralph?" cried the young girl, impulsively, as she tenderly placed her hand upon his arm. "Oh, Ralph, how could I have pained your unsuspecting, sensitive heart? Forgive me, my dear, kind brother! In future, my words shall be well chosen ere they find utterance;"—and she gazed up into his face with a sad look in the depths of her beautiful dark eyes.

"Nay, Miriam, I am glad you spoke them, if they are indeed true," said Ralph, sadly.

"Oh, Ralph, do not talk thus, or I shall never forgive myself for my thoughtlessness!" cried Miriam, in impulsive language. "Your grief wounds my heart, my dear brother! Oh, how unwise I was to mention this!" she added, sadly. "Forgive me, Ralph, for the cruel knowledge; but I could not bear to see you go on longer, thinking, as you have, in regard to Edith, while I saw so clearly that if she does care for any one, it is Otho Liscomb, her father's assistant, whom she mentions so often to me."

"Miriam, believe me when I say you are not to blame. If Edith loves her father's assistant, then it is not what you or I can help. Perhaps, had I been a closer observer, I might also have seen it, long ere this, and so spared myself the bitter knowledge of learning, too late, what causes me to-night a bitter heart-pang."

"I am sorry for you, Ralph," said the girl, softly, as she again placed her hand upon his arm. "Believe me, Ralph, I would sooner have suffered deeply than have willingly caused you pain. You forgive me, do you not? for I cannot rest unless you say it!" she uttered, with her shadowy eyes uplifted, searching his face.

"Yes, Miriam, I do unreservedly pardon you," he answered, looking down into the brilliant face raised so pleadingly, and apparently so innocently, to his. "It is something to know that, in you, I have a true, sympathising friend, Miriam; would that a heart like yours had animated Edith's breast!"

"Thank you, Ralph," said Miriam, her voice sinking to low, faltering, trembling tones. "Could it have been me—oh, what bliss would have come to my heart, Ralph!"

"Miriam, Miriam! What do you say? Surely you tempt me by your words and your beautiful eyes!" cried Ralph, impulsively, her gaze holding his own. "Say it not again, or my poor distracted heart will not know to whom it owes allegiance."

"Ralph, my more than brother," went on Miriam, as she still looked into his eyes; "pity me! Edith does not love you!"

"And you do, beautiful sister Miriam!"—and he drew her closer, till her head sank upon his shoulder.

"We will forget Edith and her lover, will we not, Ralph?" she said, gazing tender up, as he held her thus.

The young man shuddered, and a pang of suffering shot through his heart as he replied gravely, putting her away a little,—“Yes, Miriam, we will try and forget all save what brings you happiness; for, Miriam, as I know your heart now, so I consider it mine in the future; and if my care and untiring devotion can render you happy, shall my life be given you in return for your sweet, unselfish love.”

Half an hour afterwards the two sought the house together, neither seeing the figure, which, a few moments later, glided out from the arbour and also entered the house, where, in the hush of her silent chamber, Edith Reed poured out a prayer for help and direction for the future which stretched out so black and drear before her.

The next day Miriam George came to her, with sweet words of affection upon her tongue, and told of Ralph's love for herself, and his wish to take her as his wife to the parsonage with him.

"You will go, of course?" said Edith, calmly, looking into the dark eyes searchingly with her own truthful blue ones.

"Would you advise it, Eda, dear?" asked Miriam, affectionately. "You have known Ralph always, and I for so comparatively short a time: yet I am confident of his love, and it would break his heart were I to refuse."

"Do you love him?"

"Yes, yes, he is my hero, Edith! I do love him!" Miriam spoke warmly, her beautiful face in a glow; and Edith knew she spoke the truth.

"Then, as you love him, and he wishes you for his wife, go with him, and be faithful towards him until death!" said Edith, solemnly.

Miriam looked up startled by her reply.

"Why, how ominous your words sound!" said she, tremblingly. But Edith had turned away, and Miriam was left alone.

One month later, the parsonage received its new inmates, Ralph English and his beautiful young wife, Miriam. Were they happy?

Edith hid her own heart-throbbings under the folds of the rich dress she wore at their wedding, and none knew of the doubts she cherished beneath.

Ralph English had many a hard battle to fight in his own breast. As he looked upon Edith's calm, impassive manner, he thought she carried a heart of stone, and that she was incapable of love, caring nothing even for Otho Liscomb, whose manner towards her was tender and respectful as a brother's. His own heart beat tumultuously at times. Miriam's love did not satisfy him, only when in her presence; and only when she exerted herself to the utmost, with her strange, bewildering beauty, did he in any

degree forget Edith. But he tried to be content, and, believing Miriam loved him, was in a measure satisfied.

Time passed on. A year had elapsed, Miriam English gave birth to a child—a beautiful little girl—and then her own life grew feebler, day by day.

Beautiful Miriam English, with a faithful, affectionate husband, a darling babe, and apparently everything to make life desirable, lay upon the couch from which she would never rise again in life. Doctor Reed broke it to her husband, and Ralph knew he must impart the sad tidings to Miriam. But he, who so oft was called upon to administer words of consolation to the suffering, felt his heart sink at breaking these words to his own wife.

"Edith must tell her," he faltered to her father. "Oh, Edith, can you break the tidings to Miriam?" he entreated, as Edith came out from the sick-room.

Edith's face flushed a little.

"My father has told you, then, what he said to me last eve—that poor Miriam's life is departing!" she said, sadly. "I see she does not realise it yet. Heaven helping me, Ralph, I will try to tell her, as you wish, but not to-day. Let it be to-morrow, for she will be spared yet many weeks to you, Ralph;"—and Edith went back to the sick-room.

It was a pleasant, calm morning in the early summer, when Edith gently and tenderly broke the tidings to Miriam.

Miriam received them at first with a terrified look of anguish upon her pale features. Clutching Edith's hand, she cried hoarsely:—"Oh, Edith, do not say it! Take back the dreadful words! Do not tell me I am doomed! I cannot, cannot die! I am not fit to die! Oh, Edith! Oh, Ralph! I cannot leave him!"—and she covered her face with the white counterpane.

Edith turned away in anguish, to hide her tears; then she put her face close down beside Miriam's, while she took her white hands in hers, saying, "Oh, Miriam, dearest sister, how gladly would I give my life to save yours; to bring you health! But it cannot be. Heaven knows best. Oh, Miriam, sister, let us trust Him, and bow to His will."

"I cannot! Ah, Edith, you know not how wicked my life has been!" cried Miriam, passionately. "Oh, Edith, I am not fit to die; and I cannot leave Ralph! Tell me—cannot your father do something for me?" and she raised herself in bed as she spoke.

"He has done all he can, Miriam," Edith replied shaking her head mournfully.

Miriam said no more; but turned her face to the wall, and appeared in prayer; and, after a while, when Ralph came in, Edith stole softly away.

One afternoon, about a fortnight later, Edith sat by the bedside of Miriam. Miriam had lain very quiet for a long time, and Edith thought she slept. She had been with her a portion of every day since the morning when she had broken to her the tidings of her approaching dissolution; but Miriam had never referred to the subject again—and Edith, though she would gladly have spared her feelings, grieved at it, knowing that the dread messenger each day drew rapidly nearer. All at once, this afternoon, Miriam turned her white face towards Edith, and said, in a low, feeble tone, "Edith, there is something which I must confess to you before I go."

She paused in weakness a moment, and then went on.

"You are good and pure, Edith, and have never dreamt how hypocritical I have been since I came to your home. But I cannot think you will forgive me for the part I have enacted—for the treachery with which I won Ralph from you."

Edith stooped gently down, and looking kindly into Miriam's brilliant eyes, gently took the thin, white hand which lay upon the counterpane in her own warm grasp, saying tenderly and calmly as she did so:—"You need not tell me, Miriam. I know all! I was in the garden that Spring evening when Ralph sought me there. I had just stepped into the arbour when

he passed by, and you at that moment came up the path, and he at first mistook you for me."

"And you overheard *all*?" cried Miriam, springing up in bed, her brilliant eyes glowing and glittering, and the hectic rapidly flushing her cheek.

"I could not help it, Miriam. At first I was spell-bound by what you said; then, when I was able to think, I could not go. Could I have stolen away, and you and Ralph not know it, I would have done so; but you would both have seen me, and I could not betray you, though you wronged me so deeply."

"Oh, Edith, what did you think? You now it all, and have kept it all this time! You did not love Ralph, then, did you? Tell me, Edith, that you did not! I fancied you did; and I loved him so passionately, that to have seen you his wife would have killed me. Oh, Edith, say that what I told Ralph *was true*, and you did not care for him!" cried Miriam, again rising up from the pillows.

"Miriam, if it would ease your heart for me to utter the words, I would gladly do it; but I could not in truth, for I *did* love Ralph even as your own heart worshipped him," said Edith, solemnly.

"Oh, Edith! Oh, heaven pity me!" cried Miriam, hoarsely as she clasped her hands with emotion.

Edith bent down again. Her face was deathly pale, rivalling even that of the sufferer.

"Forget this, Miriam!" she said, in a voice she strove to steady. "You won Ralph. He is yours now: and he has been a tender, affectionate husband to you. Be happy while life lasts to you, and forget what I have said. Ralph knows it not; and my nature is strong, so that none have been able to suspect it."

"No, Edith. Noble generous-hearted as you are, I cannot have it thus! Ralph *must know* all ere I sleep again!"

When she next saw Ralph, Edith felt that he knew all. But now there was no time to think of aught save of Miriam, who failed very rapidly; and, in a week more, she had passed beyond earthly sorrows and temptations.

Time passed onward; and, as it strange that, knowing each other's hearts as they did, Edith and Ralph for a time shunned each other? Miriam had begged Edith to look tenderly after her babe, and Edith had promised it; and she kept the promise made to the dying parent.

One day Doctor Reed came home, saying to Edith, who had just returned from a visit of a few weeks to a distant relative—"Ralph's little one is very ill; and the nurse is suffering with severe influenza, which, I think, will terminate in low fever."

Edith hastened over to the personage, and round Ralph with the little girl in his arms pacing to and fro in the nursery, the nurse having become too ill to leave her own room.

"Give her to me, Ralph!" she said, as she held out her arms to receive the ailing child; and the father tenderly laid his little one into them.

"She is safe with you, Edith; I feel that you will save her life!" he exclaimed.

Days went by, and the little Miriam grew strong and well under Edith's faithful watching and care. The nurse continued ill: and Edith decided to take the child home with her for a time, till the full recovery of the woman.

One morning, several weeks after Edith had taken little Miriam to her home, she and the child were out upon the lawn. It was a full year since the mother had died. Little Miriam played and prattled about Edith's feet as she sat with her work in her hand. The little one, tired of play, soon held up her cunning little hands for Edith to take her into her lap.

"Edith's darling," cried our heroine, as she caught the child to her bosom and kissed her sweet rosebud lips and smoothed the soft curls of her hair.

Just then, Ralph English came out of the house. He had seen the sweet picture, and it sent a thrill through his heart which must find vent in words. He approached, and Edith blushed as he caught his eyes fixed upon her. Putting down the child, she would have fled; but he detained her.

"Edith, is it sinful for me to tell you my heart now?" he said, tenderly. "She is gone for ever; and in her last moments it was her expressed wish to me—that you should take her place, and be a mother to our babe. Edith, am I wrong? Has your heart changed from its first love?" he asked sadly, as she turned away.

"Ralph!"—and now her face was towards him, her blue eyes filled with tears. She was holding the babe in her arms, having caught it up when she found she was not to go. "Ralph, take me, and I will try to be a mother to your child."

He passed his arm around her, and drew them both to him—Edith and the babe.

"Edith, darling!" he murmured. "Mine for ever, now!"—and, raising his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, as he imprinted the first pure kiss of love upon her forehead—"Let us be happy in the way God has appointed for His creatures here on earth, as husband and wife! This wish was Miriam's atonement."

AN INDIAN ADVENTURE.

IN the year 1790, on the banks of Hockhocking, a few miles above its junction with the Ohio, stood a small stockade, then one of the frontier posts of the north-west. Its inmates had been annoyed by repeated attacks of Indians; but, protected by their works, and actuated by the hardy courage of their class, they had uniformly repulsed their assailants, and frequently with considerable loss.

Some time in the month of October, intelligence reached the little garrison that the savages were preparing an expedition against the settlements in great force. A council was immediately held, and scouts were sent out with instructions to ascertain, if possible, the number of the enemy, and the probable point of attack. Two of these, named McClelland and White, ascended the river as far as the picturesque promontory now known as Mount Pleasant, the summit of which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

Here the two scouts took their station, and were not long in discovering the objects of their search. The smoke of the encampment rising through the trees betrayed the presence of their foes, at a distance much better adapted to scrutiny than to securing the safety of the watchers. Each day brought fresh accessions to the warriors; and every new arrival was greeted with prolonged and exulting yells. Such sounds were well calculated to appal those to whom they were unfamiliar; but to our gallant scouts they served, like martial music, to string the nerves and stir the spirits. From early youth they had lived on the frontier. It was not likely, therefore, that they would either be circumvented by their foes, or, without a desperate struggle, fall victims to the scalping-knife.

On several occasions small parties left the encampment and ascended the hill, at which times the scouts would hide in the cleft of the rocks, or creep among the branches of some fallen tree, till the danger was past. For food they depended on the supply in their knapsacks; for they dared not kindle a fire, and the report of one of their rifles would have precipitated upon them the entire band of savages. It had recently rained, and a pool of water among the rocks served them for drink. In a few days, however, this disappeared; and the alternative was presented of finding a new supply or abandoning their undertaking.

McClelland volunteered to make the attempt. Carrying his trusty rifle in his hand, and with two canteens strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the verge of the prairie, and keeping within the thickets of hazel which skirted the hills, directed his course to the river, on the banks of which he had the good fortune to find a gushing spring, from whose waters he filled his canteens, and returned in safety.

The success of this enterprise determined the two friends to have a fresh supply of water daily, and the task of procuring it was to be performed alternately. The next day, when White had

filled his canteens, he sat a few moments watching the limpid element as it gurgled from the earth. While thus employed, a sound of light footsteps caught his ear; and, turning, he saw a couple of squaws (Indian women) within a few feet of him, the elder of whom immediately uttered one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to her race.

White at once comprehended the peril of his situation. If the alarm should reach the camp, both he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation prompted the infliction of a noiseless death upon the two squaws—a proceeding to which, in all probability, he felt but little repugnance from any scruples of border gallantry. The purpose was no sooner formed than acted upon. He sprang on his victims with the strength and activity of a panther, and tightly grasping their throats, leaped with them into the river. Without difficulty he succeeded in thrusting the head of the elder beneath the water, where she speedily became insensible; but the younger made a stouter resistance, and during the struggle, to his great surprise, addressed him in his own language, though in words scarcely articulate. He quickly released his hold, when she informed him that, ten years before, she had been made a prisoner by the Indians, who had brutally murdered her mother and two sisters before her eyes.

During this narrative White let go his grasp upon the squaw, whose body floated where it was not likely soon to be discovered; and then hastily directing the girl to follow him, with wonted speed and energy he pushed for the hill. They had scarcely gone two hundred yards, when shouts of alarm were heard about a quarter of a mile below. Some warriors, on their way to the camp, had probably reached the river as the body of the drowned squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the hill, where McClelland had remained no indifferent spectator of the commotion so suddenly excited. The Indians had immediately struck off in every direction, and a number of them, before the fugitives could reach the summit, had commenced to ascend the acclivity—picking their way with caution, and keeping constantly under cover. From time to time glimpses were caught of their swarthy faces, as they glided from tree to tree and rock from rock, till at length it became evident that the base of the hill was surrounded, and every hope of escape cut off.

Nothing was left the two pioneers but to sell their lives as dearly as possible. This they resolved to do, advising the girl to lose no time in making her way back to the Indians, whom she would have no difficulty in convincing that she had just escaped from capture.

"No!" she exclaimed; "death with my own people is a thousand times preferable to a longer life of captivity!"

Further remonstrance was useless, and the scouts addressed themselves to preparations for a vigorous resistance. The only perceptible access to the hill was by a narrow causeway or "back-bone," along which the savages were compelled to advance in single file, though, for the most part, under the shelter of rocks and trees. But in passing from cover to cover, each warrior was obliged to incur a moment's exposure, and two inches of his dusky form was target sufficient for the unerring rifles of the scouts.

For several hours the outnumbering foe was held in check; but a new and hitherto undiscovered danger menaced the hardy woodsmen. Their crafty enemies were preparing to assail them in flank—a movement which might be successfully accomplished by means of a detached portion of rock which lay adjacent to one of the sides of the promontory. The brave scouts fully realized their desperate situation; but so far from being unnerved by its hopelessness, they felt their courage emboldened by the thought that the certainty of death was not greater than the certainty of vengeance.

Soon McClelland saw a dusky figure preparing to spring from a cover so near the fatal rock that a single bound must reach it. Everything depended on the accuracy of a single shot, and, though less than half a hand's breadth of the war-

rior's body was exposed, and that at a distance of a hundred yards, the undaunted scout saw it was his only chance, and resolved to take it. Coolly raising his rifle, and aiming with the carefulness of a man who know that his own, no less than his adversary's, life hung on the result, he drew the trigger. The hammer fell; but instead of striking fire, the flint, through some inherent defect, was crushed to fragments!

Though convinced that the savage must gain the rock before he could adjust another flint, he set about the task with composure, resolved that his enemy should derive no advantage from his remisness. Glancing from his work to the place of the warrior's concealment, he saw the stalwart savage, with every muscle nerved, prepared to take the leap. With the agility of a deer, he gave a bound; but instead of reaching the rock, his progress was midway arrested as though by some mysterious convulsion of his limbs and body, and he fell, rolling down the rocky slope a distance of fifty feet. He had evidently received a death-shot from some unknown hand; and a terrible shout from below announced the loss of a favourite warrior.

A few moments sufficed to prove that the advantage so unexpectedly gained would be of short duration, for already another Indian was seen approaching the cover recently occupied by his comrade. Again the attack in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to engage the constant attention of both the scouts. With this diversion in his favour, the second warrior prepared to take the leap essayed by his predecessor. With the spring of a tiger, the fierce and wary savage darted towards the coveted rock; but the same unseen hand intercepted his career; and turning a complete somersault in the air, his body rolled down the declivity to join that of his companion.

The last mysterious sacrifice struck dismay to the hearts of the assailants, who, it being now sunset, withdrew to devise new modes of attack—a respite which came seasonably to the scouts, wearied, as they were, by the protracted and unequal conflict.

It was now that the absence of the girl was first discovered; and the pioneers supposed she had either fled through terror to her former captors, or had been killed in the fight. But they were not long left in suspense for in a few moments the object of their conjectures was seen emerging from the cover of a rock, carrying a rifle in her hand. In the heat of the contest, she had seen a warrior fall some fifty yards in advance of the main body; and crouching in the undergrowth, she had crept to the spot unobserved, and secured his rifle and ammunition. Her practiced eye had not failed to notice the danger to which they were exposed by the proximity of the rock; and hers was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors had fallen. The second was the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of the Shawnees, and it was he who had, ten years previously, murdered and scalped her mother and sisters.

The night was dark and cloudy, a circumstance which enabled the scouts, under the skillful guidance of the intrepid girl, to elude their enemies, and withdraw from their perilous situation.

After a toilsome march of three days, the party reached the stockade in safety. Their escape deterred the Indians from their contemplated attack, the surprise they had planned being thereby rendered impracticable.

PATIENT WAITING.

GABRIELLE Lee was a young and beautiful girl when the shadow of her long waiting fell upon her. Had she been older, plainer, less prepossessing, she doubtless might have escaped the dreary fate into which she was then led.

Edward Gray had married in his early youth one as beautiful, gay, and bright as Gabrielle, and he had known a terrible sorrow. Scarcely a year was he the happy husband of this lovely young creature, and then she faded from his sight. For a time the young widower was incon-

solable. "Never was sorrow like my sorrow," was on his lips by night and by day.

Full of this morbid wretchedness, he obstinately refused for a long time to admit of consolation. But that which the sympathy of his friends failed to accomplish was effected by one fleeting expression of pensive thought, shading a bright young face.

He had seen Gabrielle Lee many times. He had known her from the time that she was a merry little child, sporting the hours away with his younger brothers and sisters. He had assented to common opinion, and the repeated remark of his wife, who loved all beauty passionately, that "she had become a most lovely girl." But this was merely the external recognition of an indifferent fact, not the powerful attraction of an appreciative heart such as now led him to re-echo feelingly the oft-repeated sentiment.

By-and-by he said to himself, "She is as good as she is beautiful; she will sympathize with me in my grief for my lost Ella." Then again he would say, "She will replace her who has gone from me for ever; I shall die if I do not win her."

But it was by slow processes he arrived at these conclusions. At first he gazed upon her from afar, with a feeling that he wronged the memory of the lost even by that involuntary acknowledgment that there was aught in the world remaining of brightness and beauty. Then he sometimes conversed with her gravely when she came to visit his sisters, or when he escorted her homeward if no one else were in the way to perform this necessary office, offering his services timidly, as if he were almost committing a wrong.

After a time the younger members of the flock were all scattered, and as his widowed mother was left quite alone, he joined her, making the two households only a less desolate one. Then Gabrielle, who had been his younger sister's bridesmaid, often came as she had promised, to cheer the loneliness of his mother. She came without timidity, for she had never thought of the sorrowful man, whose heart she believed buried in the grave of his young wife, as a possible suitor, and she came freely and lovingly to render something of a daughter's affection and care to the lonely mother whose brood had all flown away and left the home nest desolate. She did not think of it, but never had she appeared more interesting—

A creature not too good
For human nature's daily food,

in the perfection of her womanly loveableness, winning and attractive beyond expression to this lonely heart-weary man.

By degrees, meeting her thus in an unobstructed intercourse, and constantly made aware of her best qualities of mind and heart, and her genuine sympathy and tender pity for his sorrows, he came to love her, and desire her for his own, even as he once had Ella, and perhaps even more fervently.

So one day he astonished, almost grieved her, by an avowal of his love. For so reverent was this young girl of the sacredness of sorrow she had never known, that at first she appeared unaffected by human passions and emotions. Custom, however, changed her whole feeling. Joy succeeded pain, as gratitude did surprise. Admiration and pity readily gave way to tenderer emotions, and but little time elapsed before Edward Gray knew that his love was fully returned, accompanied by the delicate flattery of the acknowledgment of his superiority in every unconscious word and act. From that time forth the shadows of her fate lay thick around her.

With acknowledged love came the question of marriage. Gabrielle's timidity pleaded for delay, but Edward's impatience would not grant the boon. Preparations were therefore made, and it was intended that the marriage should take place in the course of a few months. There was no voice against it, but joyful approval by every one, for not one of Edward's friends but had regretted the morbid grief which he had indulged, and which seemed to shut him out almost altogether from the enjoyments, the duties, and the ambitions of life. But the mor-

bidness which had grown upon him was not quite overcome even by the cheering influence of his new love.

It was at this period that his mother, in her age and feebleness, experienced a sudden decay of her mental faculties. The first evidence of this was the inexplicable change in her feelings towards Gabrielle, whom she had hitherto loved and welcomed as a daughter.

More than once she had assured Edward that his marriage with Gabrielle had her entire approval, and that she was prepared to welcome her as a beloved daughter. To the trembling girl she had given the same assurance, and the kiss wherewith she sealed it was as a mother's.

But suddenly she took a dislike to Gabrielle that soon amounted to positive hatred. Entreaties or reasoning could not shake it; it was violent and uncontrolled; so much so, that if even safe from personal injury, Gabrielle was by no means safe from the sharp abuse of words. Vain were all their endeavours to palliate this harsh fact. Edward was bound by every tie of honour as well as of filial love to remain with his mother till her death should free him from the charge voluntarily undertaken. She was not so changed in other points as to be deemed by any one insane. There was a general feebleness of all her mental manifestations and emotions, with which this one rabid hate stood out in strong and terrible contrast.

There seemed no alternative but to wait until the perturbed spirit gained its release before the marriage took place. For evidently Gabrielle could not, however willing, share the charge of his parent with her betrothed husband, while at the same time neither her high principles, nor his sense of right and duty, would allow him to delegate it to other hands. And so commenced the long and dreary years of waiting.

Year after year the same routine went on. Edward's days were given to business and to his cheerless home, his evenings to Gabrielle. At home she waited for him at nightfall, and through rain, or under the shine of stars, or under the radiance of the moon, he took his way thitherward, with a punctuality that only love could have made an unvarying habit. And the years, with their quiet routine that marked no startling event, were yet not without the wondrous miracle of change which goes on for ever.

To Edward they brought mature manhood, then gray hairs, the fullness of form, and the rubicund face, which often signify that the fullness of one's years has been reached, and that their decline has hardly commenced. A more settled gravity, an added stateliness pervaded his demeanor. The impatience of youth was no longer his, but disappointment had soured the sweetness of his temper, and embittered his judgment of his kind. He had suffered much, and even his best joy had been tinged with the dark shade of sorrow. He bore this trial less patiently than any other. He was happy in Gabrielle's love, but manlike, he wanted her in his home, to be the daily, hourly compensation for his former griefs, the sharer of his present, and the soother of his past cares, which memory so often brought before him.

He did not see how the years, with their silent fingers, had changed Gabrielle—how they had robbed her of her bloom, and the light and joyous brightness which had been one great element of her beauty. To him she was perennially lovely, this angel of his life. For him she could never grow old, nor fade. The image of the lovely young girl who had first pitied, then loved him, was never to be erased from his heart. Well for Gabrielle that to him she was still charming, for in other eyes all in her exterior that made her attractive had long passed away.

The peachen bloom of her cheek, and the rosy sweetness of her mouth, the tender brightness of her eye, the soft whiteness of her brow, her abundant glossy locks, and the exquisite contour of her figure—where were they?

Edward did not miss them, but others did. They saw that the cheek was ash and hollow; that lines of pain were drawn around her mouth, that her eyes were dim as if with unshed tears; her brow fallow and wrinkled; her hair thin, with many a bright line threading its darkness;

and her form stooping as beneath the burden of her sorrows, and its roundness displaced by an angular attenuation.

While this dreary waiting went on, her young companions, one by one, deserted her. The young girls she had played with were now bustling matrons, mothers of boisterous boys, and girls fast growing up to fill the places they once occupied.

She stood alone—neither matron nor girl. The elders had their own cares, and hopes for thought and interest; the young almost despised the old woman, whom they sneeringly named "old maid," as if it were an epithet of opprobrium that trenchanted not on actual-wrong-doing.

Hers was indeed an anomalous position. Her father's home still sheltered her, but the bustling wife of a brother was now its actual mistress; she and her little brood filling the wide chambers, and often impatient of her as an inmate who had overstayed her welcome.

But that she could never be unwelcome to her parents, who had been the joy and comfort of their declining years, she had indeed been most unhappy under the new reign which had superseded that of her girlhood; and sometimes her longing for the safe shelter of a husband's heart and home became almost greater than she could bear.

Edward saw little of this. To him she uttered neither complaint nor longing. Only once, during an illness of her mother, and when grief had made her father's feebleness more apparent, she had said, with the weary sigh that had become habitual to her when alone, but was always repressed in Edward's presence, "When my parents die I shall be homeless."

Edward was struck with the depression and weariness of her tone, and for the first time in all these years, the thought rushed across his mind that he had done her an injustice as well as himself, and that she, too, had suffered, but more patiently than he had done.

He clasped her to his heart, and soothed her with tenderest words and caresses, till she grew calm and happy; and not till he was alone beneath the stars, walking homeward, did he let his own sorrows rise uppermost.

"She has a home, at any rate, while her parents live," he said to himself, "and that is more than I have had all these years. My mother grows feeble; perhaps, as she notices so little, I might bring Gabrielle home now, and make the old place cheerful."

And then he went on thinking of the lonely hearth beside which he would sit to-night, and wondering when it would brighten for him. And meanwhile Gabrielle had retired to her watch beside her mother's sick bed, with a warmth at her heart not often felt there. For the tender words, and the loving caresses of that night, had become unfrequently of late, as Edward, like an old-time husband, forgot that even the truest love needs constant renewed assurances.

This long and patient love had its reward at last, after many weary years; but its freshness and its beauty had long departed. It bloomed upon the long desolate hearth, but—like an autumn blossom—if gorgeous in tint, destitute of the fragrance of the flowers of spring.

M. C. V.

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMMATICAL REBUS.

- 1. Nose for L. ch = A general in Nebuchadnezzar's army.
2. Say, is A Din? = A kingdom in Africa.
3. Rum rug, Ben = An ancient town of Bavaria.
4. As a sun = A town of Germany.
5. Has pain = A celebrated city of Persia.
6. Drip, Robt. = A seaport town in England.
7. A nut, ale = A town of Hanover.
8. A slim ma = An Asiatic religion.

The initials compose the name of an ancient general, and the finals that of a place which he besieged and took.

E. W. J.

ARITHMOREMS.

Eminent writers.

- 1. 50 and Jane see how Sam drinks.
2. 50 Oh my last race.
3. 1000 Ah Wilton I am ill.
4. 500 No, J. Hope is sad.
5. 550 If he has Jane, run on.

E. W. J.

SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. An amusement.
2. Name of a noted man.
3. To inquire.
4. A girls name.

META

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Names of flowers.

- 1. ANSSRRICU.
2. LHADAI.
3. GROEFTTEONM.
4. YLOTLVLFHIAEYLE.

META.

CHARADES.

Count Schubert von Schinn
Committed a sin,
A sin of the deepest dye;
And Father Laverst,
Whose head was my first,
Decreed him the penalty,

On second, from home,
To journey to Rome,
And at St. Peter's fair shrine,
His penance should do
Times fifty and two,
Ere he returned to the Rhine.

Count Schubert complied,
Abasing his pride—
With penitent thoughts being fall—
My second shall be
My first! exclaimed he;
So will I travel my whole.

W. S. L.

- 2. I am composed of 14 letters.
My 6, 7, 5, 11, 1, 9, 12, 4 is desired by many.
My 5, 7, 3, 6 ought to be used daily.
My 6, 3, 8, 10 is past.
My 3, 13, 1 is an insect.
My 2, 7, 3, 14, 10 is what ladies desire to rule.
My 4, 7, 10, 11, 7, 13 is an idea.
And my whole is the name of an amusement.

META.

- 3. My whole is my first, and both my whole and my first have often to pay my second.

F. J. P.

PUZZLE.

Find a word of five letters, which by being beheaded, curtailed, transposed and otherwise changed represents the following:—

A Knave; the great topic of the season; what the writer and the reader do; to impart knowledge; an article of daily consumption; four different parts of speech; an article of wearing apparel; a pain; one of a pack of cards; and a word signifying action.

POLLY.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM, &c. No. 45

- Arithmorems.—Regiopolis. 1. Richmond hill.
2. Edmund Ironside. 3. Guicciardini. 4. Indianapolis. 5. Osgoode Hall. 6. Pomegranate.
7. Ogdensburgh. 8. Longfellow. 9. Illimani.
10. St. Catherine.

Decapitations.—1. Drink-rink-ink. 2. Price-rice-ice. 3. Scowl-cowl-owl-cow.

Riddle.—Preserved pairs (pears).

Charade.—Carpathian.

Acrostic.—Epiniondas. 1. Edward. 2. Peter the great. 3. Archimedes. 4. Marathon. 5. Iris. 6. Nelson. 7. Otho. 8. Neptune. 9. Duncan. 10. Aristides. 11. Samuel.

Anagrams.—1. Gratian. 2. Pupienus. 3. Maximian. 4. Constantine.

SQUARE WORDS.

W I F E
I D O L
F O O L
E L L A

The following answers have been received:
Arithmorems.—Polly, H. H. V., Argus, Flora, Geo. B.

Decapitations.—Measles, J. A. W., Polly, Argus, H. H. V., Flora.

Riddles.—Polly, Measles, Argus, Geo., B. Flora, H. H. V.

Charades.—J. A. W., Argus, Polly, H. H. V., Geo. B.

Acrostic.—H. H. V., Geo. B. Flora, Camp.
Anagrams.—Dido, Mignonne, H. H. V., Camp.
Square Words.—Measles, J. A. W., Polly, H. H. V., Argus, Camp.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue, Dido and Mignonne.

CHIESS.

The British Chess Association is going to issue a World's Chess Directory, under the supervision of its manager, Herr J. LOWENTHAL. All Chess Players everywhere are invited to send their names and address to Herr L., 28 Camden Road, London, N. W., England.

The Glasgow and Dundee Clubs have played a match, each side sending ten champions to battle. The result was that the Glasgow won 15 games; Dundee, 11; and three were drawn. E. PINDAR, Esq., the Russian amateur, so well known in New York, and the Achilles of the Dundee forces, was not in the field.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. A. BROWNSON, JR., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—Are glad to welcome you into the ranks of our correspondents. Will reply shortly.

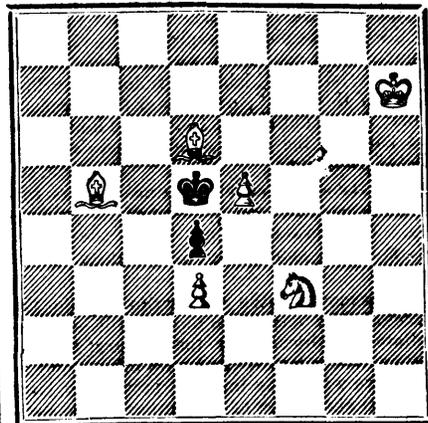
J. C. ROMERYN, KINGSTON, N. Y.—Thanks for your liberal enclosure. Hope to report on the Chess-nuts when the "heated term" has somewhat moderated.

E. H. C. WASHINGTON, D. C.—Problem received. Thanks. Will endeavour to procure the missing No. of the Reader.

PROBLEM No. 36.

BY THE LATE I. B. OF BRIDPORT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 32.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- 1. Kt to QR 7. Q to QR 6 or (a)
2. Q to Q Kt sq. (ch.) K to Q B 6.
3. Kt Mates.
(a) 1. P to Q Kt 6.
2. Kt to Q Kt 5. Q or B moves.
3. Q Mates.

ENIGMA No. 13

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.



White to play and Mate in four moves.

This splendid problem was first introduced to the N. Y. Club from some French periodical, by Mr. Pindar, in the spring of 1856. For a while it baffled all attempts to solve it; at last Mr. Julien unraveled its mystery. It was first given in this country in the N. Y. Saturday Courier.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 11.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- 1. B to QB 6 (ch.) K to R 3 or (a)
2. P to Kt 8 bec. Kt (ch.) K to R 4.
3. P Mates.
(a) 1. K to R 4.
2. P to Kt 4 (ch.) K to B 3.
3. P to Kt 8 Mate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EVA B.—F. G. Trafford is the author of "The Race for Wealth," now publishing in "Once a Week."

A. F. APPLETON.—The "Minnet" will appear in our next issue. We beg to assure A. F. that our Fenian friends are entirely responsible for its non-appearance when promised.

OTAR.—The translation is respectfully declined.

WYVANT.—Please forward the other MS. at your convenience.

POLLY.—Many thanks!

INQUIRER.—The House of Commons, as at present constituted, numbers in all 656 members, viz: 471 for England; 29 for Wales; 53 for Scotland, and 105 for Ireland. The property qualification is, for county members, real estate to the value of £600 stg. per annum. Members for cities or boroughs are required to possess an estate of the value of £300 stg. per annum.

IGNATIUS LOYOLA.—Ought to know when the order of the Jesuits was founded; but since he appears to have forgotten, we will tell him that it was in 1540.

BETA.—Although we are almost roasted, baked, and boiled into the bargain, as we write, and our editorial serenity is somewhat disturbed by the compound process, still we are happy to devote our best attention to the letters of our correspondents, and we hope "Beta" will not hesitate to address us even in "this hot weather." To the first question we reply that we shall announce, in the course of a week or two, the title of the serial tale which is to follow the "Two Wives of the King"; our answer to the second is that we are not at liberty to make known the real name of the writer whose *nom de plume* "Beta" refers to.

TIPSTAFF.—The article does not possess sufficient general interest to admit of its publication. We think the extracts from the Koran, &c., must be familiar to the majority of our readers.

F. BENGONAL.—We will write you in the course of a few days. To those gentlemen who hesitate to subscribe for the READER, because they have been "victimized with other publications," we would say that the proprietors have not the slightest idea of discontinuing the publication of the SATURDAY READER; on the contrary, it is their determination that the next volume shall contain such increased attractions as must secure for the paper large additions to its circulation.

ELISE C.—"The Faded Wreath" is declined with thanks.

TORONTONIAN.—The meaning of "Toronto" is supposed to be "oak trees rising from the lake."

YOUNG SALT.—The Spanish armada consisted of 150 ships, 2,650 guns, 20,000 soldiers, 8,000 sailors, and 2,000 volunteers. In the engagements which led to the defeat and dispersion of this mighty fleet, the English lost but one ship.

MEASLES.—We regret that we are unable to supply the information asked for.

ROMA.—The lines are smooth and musical, but not quite up to the standard for publication.

MISCELLANEA.

SALE OF "WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY."—An auction-sale of hair of young girls who have taken the veil since 1810, was recently held at a convent near Paris, when 800lbs. of hair were sold for about £1,200.

THERE will be few Italian journals left in Italy, all the editors having gone to the war.

THE work of Russian serf emancipation will be completed by the middle of next month.

THE consumption of hair-powder by the soldiers of George II. was something enormous. It was calculated that, inasmuch as the military force of England and the colonies was, including cavalry, infantry, militia, and fencibles, 250,000,

and each man used a pound of flour a week, the quantity consumed in this way was 6,500 tons per annum, capable of sustaining 30,000 persons on bread, and producing 3,059,353 quartern loaves.

LORD BROUGHAM is described as blooming and vigorous in the extreme. He appeared in Paris the other day after travelling night and day—just washed, brushed his luxuriant hair, put on the latest style of Parisian male dress, and sallied forth, on conquest bent, for the evening. His scientific friends, who were assembled, considering mediæval antiquities, welcomed him heartily, and felt him a worthy contribution to their studies.

NOVEL UTILIZATION OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—A Newcastle innkeeper has utilized the electric telegraph in a novel way. In each of the rooms of his house he has simple telegraph signals for the use of his customers, in communication with the bar. On a board above the mantelpiece are inscribed the names of the different articles supplied. When anything is wanted the customer presses a button marked "Bell," and then sends the order by pressing the button under the article named on the board.

BY-AND-BY everything is likely to be done for us by machinery, and hand labour will doubtless, be entirely superseded. We observe that "green-pea shelling machines," in four sizes, are introduced in London, and are said to do the work of cooky's fingers neatly and natively, and with as much ease and elegance.

AMONGST the "revivals" in England is the old stage coach. There is a four-in-hand which does the distance from London to Brighton daily, in five hours, and stage coaches are to be placed on several of the roads in the South of England. People patronize the Brighton one very fairly, and it pays as a rival against the rail.

THE gas company of Newcastle, England, were charged with unlawfully supplying gas which was not equal to that prescribed by their Act of Parliament, inasmuch as it contained more than fifteen grains of sulphur in every one hundred feet, and for this were fined twenty-five pounds. We commend this paragraph to the especial notice of the Montreal Gas Company.

THE Austrian, Prussian, and Italian officers are all to be stripped of any outward mark that would point them out as officers, and, consequently a mark for the enemy. A very wise proceeding.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A PREPARATION of paraffin, devoid of smell or taste, has been made, which, is said, will preserve meat for an indefinite time.

A TRIAL has just been made at Florence of a cuirass in aluminium, which is as light as an ordinary waistcoat, nearly as flexible, and capable of turning a musket ball fired at the distance of thirty-eight paces, and of resisting a bayonet thrust from the heaviest hand. Each cuirass costs only twenty-five francs. Two regiments are, it is said, to be immediately provided with them.

A NEW CEMENT.—A useful cement is made by taking two-parts of fine-sifted, unoxidized iron filings, mixing them with one part of perfectly dry, and finely powdered loam, and kneading the mixture with strong vinegar, until a perfectly homogeneous plastic mass is formed, when the cement is ready for use. It must be made as wanted, for it quickly hardens, and once set is never fit for use again. The cement is said to resist fire and water.

LIGHTING OF PUBLIC HALLS BY MAGNESIUM.—At the Royal Institution, London, a Mr. Larkins lately exhibited his method of illuminating public halls by the combustion of magnesium. The magnesium, in a finely divided state, is showered on small flames of gas, and thus produces a brilliant illumination. It was the first time the apparatus had been publicly exhibited. The flame was flickering, but the pure quality of the light contrasted strongly with the usual gas flames of the burners in the lecture theatre.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A MELANCHOLY FACT.—"When women become too old for running on their feet," says a severe critic, "they most generally make up for it in the running of their tongues."

THE TOAST OF THE THREE P's.—The Press, the Pulpit, and the Petticoats—the three ruling powers of the day. The first spreads knowledge, the second spreads morals, and the last spread considerably.

"In," as the poet says, "beauty draws us with a single hair," then what—oh, tell us what!—must be the effect of a modern waterfall?

AN eminent artist—American, of course—lately painted a snow-storm so naturally that he caught a bad cold by sitting near it with his coat off.

A PUBLIC DANGER.—A glutton of a fellow was dining at a hotel, who, in the course of the "battle of knives and forks," accidentally cut his mouth, which being observed by a Yankee sitting near him, he bawled out, "I say, friend, don't make that ar hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve to death."

A NOVEL may be very old, and yet what is old cannot be novel.

DON'T addict yourself to grinning; a skull can beat you at that.

A WINK.—Why talk about not sleeping a wink, when people in their sleep never wink.

PROFESSIONS.—Why are lawyers and doctors safe people by whom to take example? Because they always practice their professions.

ON being told of a surgeon who amputated a lady's arm, and afterwards married her, Nix wondered how she could have got around him so.

WHAT HE MADE.—"I say, Jim," says one friend to another on meeting, "I hear our friend A. has been in the oil speculation heavily, has he made anything?"—"Oh, yes," says Jim, "he has made an assignment."

DR. FRANCIS was a wag, and once when early peas were on the table, he emptied the contents of his snuff box over them. "Francis, Francis!" exclaimed a friend, "what are you about?"—"I like them that way," was the answer. He of course had the dish to himself, and when he had concluded, exclaimed, "You thought it was snuff, did you? Nothing but black pepper."

AN American editor acknowledges the receipt of a bottle of brandy, forty-eight years old; and says: "This brandy is so old, that we very much fear it cannot live much longer."

SWINGING is said, by the doctors, to be a good exercise for the health, but many a poor wretch has come to his death by it.

BILLS.—"I think," said a fellow the other day, "I should make a good speaker in Parliament, for I use their language. I received two bills a short time since, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."

INGRATITUDE.—Scared individual dodging infuriated bull behind a tree: You ungrateful beast, you; you wouldn't toss a consistent vegetarian, who never ate beef in his life, would you? Is that the return you make?"

THERE is an old proverb which declares that none can tell were the shoe pinches save he who wears it. The maxim has a thousand applications. A husband who appears to have found his wife a good deal less of an angel than he had imagined in the days of his courtship, lets out some domestic secrets in the following graphic manner:—

"I own that she has charming locks
That on her shoulder fall
What would you say to see the box
In which she keeps them all?
Her taper fingers, it is true,
Are difficult to match;
I wish, my friend, you only knew
How terribly they scratch!"

AN Irishman, giving his testimony in one of the Dublin police-courts, a few days ago, in a riot case, said:—"Oh, your honor, the first mao I saw coming at me, when I got up, was twn brickbats."