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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 17.

FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 30, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

CONTENTS.

CARLYLE. REVIEWS. LITERARY GOSSIP. LIST OF NEW BOOKS. CANADIAN BOOKS. HOW I KISSED THE BLARNEY STONE. RICHARD WILSON, R.A. THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH IN MY HEART (Poetry). HALF A MILLION OF MONEY. IRISH GAVELKIND.	AZREEL AND THE THREE BROTHERS. OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES. PASTIMES. ACROSTIC—CHARADES. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS. &C., &C., &C. CHESS. ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL. WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.
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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"THE FAMILY HONOUR."

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHRISTMAS.

VERY pleasant is the echo of that song which, almost nineteen centuries ago, floated o'er the fields of Galilee, and heralded His advent whose mission was to proclaim Peace and Good Will towards man. It was the world's best birthday, and the songs of angels fitly graced it. And who does not feel his heart grow warmer and every kindly feeling of his nature expand in the presence of our great festival. True, in this age the observance of Christmas is robbed of much of the romance which enveloped it in olden times. The huge yule log no longer blazes upon the hearth—the merry Mummings no longer flit upon the scene—and, at least with us, the midnight song of the "Waits" is never heard. Still we in our sober way rightly make merry, and are glad.

Ere we again have the pleasure of addressing our many thousand readers, another Christmas tide will have passed, and we now gladly avail ourselves of the privilege of wishing them for the first time, "A right Merry Christmas." We trust and believe that we shall enjoy many opportunities for like kindly greetings, and that each year will largely swell the number of our friends, and knit more closely the bonds which unite us.

CARLYLE.

IN our last number we expressed our intention of making some remarks on the moral tendency of the Life of Frederick. Before doing so, however, we must say a few more words as to its other properties. The labour expended by Mr. Carlyle in procuring materials for his work must have been immense, and his industry has been richly rewarded in that respect. No nook or corner has been left unsearched to serve his object, from the printing-shop to the royal cabinet; and he draws contributions alike from the buried lumber of "Dryasdust" or "Smelfungus," and the sparkling pen of Voltaire. We have doubts, nevertheless, if a considerable portion of these materials might not as well have been left undisturbed under the dust and cobwebs in which they had so long reposed. Indeed, Mr. Carlyle's diligent resurrection of some of the rubbish, forcibly reminds one of the equally useful employment of

"Dropping buckets into empty wells,
And working hard in drawing nothing up."

It appears to us that not a little of the information he has thus accumulated is not only of no value, but is an incumbrance to the work. It neither develops the course of events nor throws light on the characters of the chief actors on the scene. It is the mere rattling of dead bones, without purpose or effect. Another objection is,

that the Carlyle dialect is widely different from that in which the rest of mankind express their thoughts or relate their own acts, or those of others. No man in his senses ever speaks, or ever will speak, we hope, as the author of the Life of Frederick writes, when he is in the eccentric vein. Ancient Pistol, or Edmund in Lear may; but then Pistol was created to be laughed at, and Edmund affects insanity. This we consider the true test: Can the Carlyle dialect become a spoken language, the speech of men and women in this working-day world? In some future millenium of folly such a revolution may occur, but not before. In a healthy state of society, writings like those of Mr. Carlyle can do, at most, but temporary harm; for the sound mind rejects them after a short trial. But they are among the signs of the intellectual decline of a people. The decline and fall of Rome marched at equal pace with the decline and fall of Roman literature. The Anglo-Saxon race have not come to that pass yet; but our literature may undergo a partial eclipse in the end of the present century, as it did towards the close of the two that have preceded it, if we are not the more careful; and, above all, if we do not discountenance a vicious taste in such popular writers as Mr. Carlyle, who have possession of the public ear. A taste such as he would introduce in letters, marked the fall of Gothic architecture in Europe, the evidence of which can be seen in several buildings still extant in England and elsewhere. It exhibited itself in the form of what is called Grottesque Architecture. The Collegiate Church in the city of Manchester is a fine specimen of the order. Its design and form is in many points elegant and striking; but the interior is studded with sculpture of the most ludicrous character; and what is still more extraordinary, it is the work of Roman Catholics in Roman Catholic times. It is thus described: Rows of grotesque heads look down into the nave from the spandrils; some twist their features to the one side of the face, some to the other; some wink hard, as if exceedingly in joke; some troll out their tongue; some give expression to a most lugubrious mirth, others to a most ludicrous sorrow. In the choir—of course, a still holier part of the edifice than the nave—the sculptor seems to have let his imagination altogether run riot. In one compartment there sits, with a birch over his shoulder, an old fox, stern of aspect as Goldsmith's schoolmaster, engaged in teaching two cubs to read. In another, a respectable-looking boar, elevated on his hind legs, is playing on the bag-pipe, while his hopeful family, four young pigs, are dancing to the music behind their trough. In yet another, there is a hare, contemplating with evident satisfaction, a boiling pot, which contains a dog in a fair way of becoming tender. But in yet another, the priestly designer seems to have lost sight of prudence and decorum altogether; the chief figure in the piece is a monkey administering extreme unction to a dying man, while a party of other monkeys are plundering the poor sufferer of his effects, and gobbling up his provisions. Is not this our Carlisle in stone and mortar? In the one case we have religion, in the other history, turned into farce. All very clever, no doubt, but all out of place. To work is to pray, says the adage; and Mr. Carlyle's workers pray like men who had undergone a Circean transformation, monkeys being the prevailing tribe.

Yet with all the *embarras de richesse* with which these volumes overflow, one does not acquire much really valuable knowledge from them. The youthful student of history, especially, rises from the perusal of the Life of Frederick with a very confused notion of what

he has been reading. He has been dazzled with a panorama, crowded with figures of all shapes and sizes, until the whole becomes a chaotic mass which is more painful than pleasant to survey. Untenable, though ingenious paradoxes, and the distortion of facts, are not calculated to make us wiser or better men, and with these every page of this work is filled; for at best, it is only a Romance founded on fact. The two principal characters, Frederick William, and Frederick the Second, are no more the men of actual history than many of their opponents are the knaves and imbeciles they are described as being. All Mr. Carlyle's arguments lead to a foregone conclusion; no enemy of his heroes could by any possibility be endowed with a single virtue or talent. To admire Frederick is to insure the admiration of his historian; to depreciate him is equally certain to bring down the vials of the Carlylean wrath, contempt, and ridicule. If all histories were like his, Sir Robert Walpole's doctrine would be true to the letter, when he said that he knew them to be false; a sad censure from a man who had made so much history in his day. The following account of the battle fought on Abraham's Plains, on the 13th September, 1759, will convince the North American reader that Mr. Carlyle, to say the least of it, is sometimes loose in his statements of facts:

"Above Quebec, Night of September 12-13th, In profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe, from two points well above Quebec ("As a last shift, we will try that way"), with about 5,000 men, is silently descending in rafts; with purpose to climb the Heights somewhere on this side the City, and be in upon it, if Fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great, if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand, Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength.

Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters, under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's *Elegy*, lately come out to those parts; of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: "Ah, these are tones of Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift; almost as we might for succeeding here, Gentlemen!" Next morning (Thursday 13th September 1759), Wolfe, with his 5,000, is found to have scrambled up by some woody Neck in the heights, which was not quite precipitous; has trailed one cannon with him, the seamen busy bringing up another; and by 10 of the clock, stands ranked (really somewhat in the Friedrich way, though on a small scale); ready at all points for Montcalm, but refusing to be over-ready.

Montcalm, on first hearing of him, had made haste: "Où je les vois où ils ne doivent pas être, je vais les écraser (to smash them)!" said he, by way of keeping his people in heart. And marches up, beautifully skilful, neglecting none of his advantages. His numerous Canadian sharpshooters, preliminary Indians in the bushes, with a provoking fire: "Steady!" orders Wolfe; "from you, not one shot till they are within thirty yards!" And Montcalm, volleying and advancing, can get no response, more than from Druidic stones; till at thirty yards, the stones became vocal,—and continue so at a dreadful rate: and, in a space of seventeen minutes, have blown Montcalm's regulars, and the gallant Montcalm himself, and their second in command, and their third, into ruin and destruction. In about seven minutes more, the agony was done: "English falling on with the bayonet, Highlanders with the

claymore;" fierce pursuit, route total:— and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman; and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

"Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and re-attempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement. How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way? The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrangements; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come, and then blazing out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderago; Canada all round: but this is the heart or windpipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours."

This is written in the author's more sober style, and is intended to be an effective episode from his main narrative. But it is full of misstatements. In the first place, the English troops did not descend on rafts, but in boats. In the second place, the cliffs were not "all beset," but the contrary is the truth. Thirdly, the language attributed to General Wolfe, in reference to Gray's Elegy, is pure rubbish, wholly inconsistent with the simple character of the man. What he did say, as recorded by Professor Robinson, was that he would rather be the author of the Elegy than beat the French and take Quebec on the morrow, or words to that effect. By the way, if we remember right, Mr. Carlyle mistakes Mr. Robinson's rank in the navy, when the incident occurred. Fourthly, the British troops stood ranked at daylight, long before 10 o'clock. Mr. Garneau asserts that Montcalm attacked them about 8 A. M. Fifthly, the numbers of the respective armies are incorrectly given. The French force, for instance, was originally about 13,000; and allowing for the militiamen who went home to house their crops, the detachment under Bougainville at Cap Santé, and some on other services, Montcalm must have had over, 7000 men of all sorts with him. Sixthly, although there is doubt as to the exact point at which the heights were scaled, Mr. Carlyle's "Neck" is only one of his neck-or-nothing guesses. It appears to us, too, that he is under the impression that General Amherst was in immediate command both at Ticonderago and Niagara, while the forces operating against the latter position were commanded by Prideaux and Johnstone. The extract given above is followed by a flippant criticism of Col. Beaton's pamphlet, "the Plains of Abraham," of which we shall only remark that the Colonel was well acquainted with his subject, which his censor evidently was not. But enough on this head.

As regards the moral teaching of Mr. Carlyle in this work, we believe it to be decidedly bad. His great object is to prove that two of the vilest men that ever sat on a throne, were of the true heroic mould. Now, from the facts related by his panegyrist himself—and he conceals much—Frederick William was, in plain English, a drunken brute, a child-beater, and a woman-beater, a tyrant, a man-slayer, who escaped the murder of his own son, more by chance than design. He was, besides, grasping and avaricious in the extreme; qualities which his son inherited from him. The execution of Katte by this crowned miscreant is almost without a parallel in the worst acts of the worst of the Roman Emperors. As for Frederick, he was certainly a man of a higher order of intellect than his father. But how much higher? Napoleon places him among the great generals of the world, and no one can doubt his capacity for judging in such a matter. But, then, Napoleon was so thorough an egotist that his praise and blame of others must be received with caution. In praising Turenne, Marlborough, and Frederick, he always had an eye to himself. He wished to persuade the world that these commanders were great men; but, if they were great, the

necessary inference, how was much greater was he, Napoleon. At all events, it must be admitted that Frederick was lucky in the opponents he had to contend with. In no instance did their talents amount even to mediocrity. Daun, the best of them, was an accomplished tactician, learned in the military art of his day, but his caution degenerated into timidity. Frederick regarded war as he would a game of chess; in fact, after his great defeat by Daun, at Hochkirch, he declared it to be such; and knowing himself to be a better chess-player than those opposed to him, he felt certain he would win in the end, even against heavy odds. Yet chess-playing is a faculty or an instinct and not a talent, much less is it genius. But be that as it may, Frederick played his game well, and we must accept Napoleon's dictum to that effect. In other respects there is little to admire in him. He attempted authorship both in prose and verse; and his prose is common-place, and his verse mere doggerel. Yet Mr. Carlyle admires both, especially the poetry which he calls psalms. So much so that the profane and obscene trash written by the royal rhymier after the battle of Rossbach is pronounced by the historian to possess epic grandeur, though too filthy to be quoted. Then, as a statesman, Frederick is almost contemptible; his ideas of government being those of an Eastern despot. Of political economy, he had not even a twilight conception; and the consequence has been that most of his works have perished with him; his only permanent legacies to Prussia, being his code of laws—which is not his—and his own and his predecessor's military organization which has been a curse to the country. Nor can sophistry gloss over this man's crimes. His unjust seizure of Silesia, his cruelty to Saxony, his participation in the robbery of Poland, are stains on his character which never can be effaced. Mr. Carlyle is, therefore, preaching a false doctrine when he holds up him and his father to the admiration of mankind.

A HISTORY OF THE LATE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA; Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province. By Robert Christie. Vols. 5 and 6. Montreal: Richard Worthington, Publisher.

We have so often noticed this work, that we would seem to take a special interest in it. Well, so we do; for we consider it a valuable addition to the history of Canada, and North America, during the period of which it treats. It has been called "a scrap-book of Canadian history." But if so, what a valuable scrap-book. Who would not prefer such a record to most of the laboured nothings we receive as histories of past times? We have only to repeat our opinion that no Provincial or North American library can be complete without this work, which will be a valuable legacy to leave to a man's children. The sixth volume is the last of the series; and we trust that Mr. Worthington will have no cause to regret his spirited undertaking.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The death of Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the youngest son of the poet, is announced. He died at Cheltenham, from the effects of an accident.

BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress" has found an able German translator in Dr. Friedrich Alfeld, of Leipzig, where the work has recently been published.

Dr. LIVINGSTONE'S "Narrative of his Expedition to the Zambesi" has just appeared at Leipzig, in a German translation, in two octavo volumes.

Mr. Hood is at present engaged upon a life of his father, to be published in a cheap form. It will contain some interesting matter, an unpublished farce by the late Thomas Hood, and large selections from his correspondence, including letters, hitherto unpublished, from Scott, Lamb, and other contemporaries of the subject of the memoir.

The editor of the *Boys' Own Magazine* is busy compiling a life of Tom Sayers.

The heads of the Freemasons' lodges in Paris have proposed to give to the widow of Proudhon the sum of 25,000f. It is thought, however, that this amount will be trebled, as the members of the fraternity are sending in from every direction. The Librairie la Croix has given Madame Proudhon 130,000f. for the right of publishing and selling her late husband's works during the next eight years.

Mr. GEORGE HORN, who recently discovered, amongst the papers of the family of Miedel of Baireuth, a MS. on the cover of which was docketed, "Lettres de Voltaire," in the handwriting of Frederick the Great, has published them, under the title of "Voltaire und die Markgräfin von Baireuth." The whole are in the handwriting of Voltaire, from 1742 to 1758, and present a curious and interesting picture of German court life of the time. There are twenty-six letters in all, twenty-five of which are addressed to the Markgräfin, and one to the Marquis of Adhemar.

We hear that M. Thiers has completed a "History of Florence," in ten volumes, and, further, that he has disposed of the work for 100,000f. A Paris correspondent surmises that he has, perhaps, completed the first volume of the history, and sold the whole work for the amount named.

Of the new Sixpenny Magazine, the *Argosy*, Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. sold upwards of 20,000 copies on the day of publication. It has been whispered that some of the longer articles, which, from press of matter, cannot find a place in *Good Words*, will make their appearance before the reading world in the pages of the new Magazine.

On the opening night of the Royal Irish Academy, the executors of the late W. Smith O'Brien offered to the Society, in accordance with his will, a gold cup, value 800l., with a large collection of manuscripts and some printed books. The Academy unanimously declined to accept the cup, for the sole reason "that they had not a place of sufficient safety to put it into!" The manuscripts were accepted, with thanks.

Macmillan's Magazine starts the new year with a novel from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. It will be entitled "Old Sir Douglas."

The *Cornhill Magazine* will also inaugurate 1866, by giving its readers a new novel, to appear from month to month. The title has not yet been disclosed, but the author is Mr. Anthony Trollope.

Good Words has issued its programme for the coming year. It promises a new story by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "Madonna Mary, a Story of Modern English Life;" a new series of Travel Papers by Norman Macleod, D.D.; a series of Papers on our Common Faith, by Dean Alford, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Hamilton, and others; and a series of Character Sketches, by Anthony Trollope, William Gilbert, Sarah Tytler, Mrs. Henry Wood, Alexander Smith, and others.

A new English Monthly is announced, to be entitled *The Household*, a Magazine of Domestic Economy and Home Enjoyment.

The "Handbook" mania has spread to France; and, amongst other odd subjects treated of in this convenient manner, may be mentioned one by the Count de Montigny, bearing the singular title of "The Handbook for Outriders, Coachmen, Grooms, and Stable Boys."

THERE is a well-known perversity in the human disposition, from which it arises that the more inaccessible any object becomes to us, the more do we exaggerate its desirable features.

THE art of a great writer is seen in the perfect fitness of his expressions. He knows how to blend vividness with vagueness, knows where images are, needed, and where by their vivacity they would be obstacles to the rapid appreciation of his thought.

FEAR.—What a strange thing is the fear of death. Death is a necessary end, and will come when it will come, and yet are men ever afraid of it, because perhaps they never prepare for it

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published, this day, by R. Worthington:

History of the late Province of Lower Canada. Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable history on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$8.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.

Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic Illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper Covers uniform with his Travels, Price 25c.

This Edition of Artemus is complete and unabridged, and has the comic illustrations of the \$1.50 copyright edition. The cheap English edition is not complete, and has no illustrations.

This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Cavanah, by the Revd. J. Douglas Northwick, in one vol. octavo, printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00 in extra binding, \$1.50.

Will be published this week by R. Worthington, the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper Covers, uniform with Artemus Ward, Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25c.

Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Heavyside, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.00; fine edition \$2.00.

List of New Books suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts!

Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the year—Twenty-five Illustrations.

Christian Ballads, by the Right Rev. Arthur Cleland Coxce. Illustrated.

Christian Armour, or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated, two vol. 4to.

The Illustrated Songs of Seven. By Jean Biglow. Schiller's Lay of the Bell, translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

The Tour of Dr Syntax. In search of the Picturesque, 8vo. Illustrated.

A Round of Days. Described in Poems by some of our most celebrated Poets. Illustrated 4to.

Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, large 4to. R. Worthington, Great St. James St.

Home Thoughts and Home Scenes. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James St., Montreal.

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual for 1865. 1 vol 8vo. Illustrated, \$1.50.

Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare. 8 vols. Royal 8vo. Tennyson. The Illustrated Farrington Edition of Tennyson's Complete Works. \$5.50.

Longfellow's Poetical Works, London Edition, beautifully illustrated with over 200 Illustrations on wood and steel.

Book of Rubies, a collection of the most noted Love-poems in the English Language, bound in full morocco. \$7.00.

Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets. Elaborately Illustrated. 4to. \$3.00.

The British Female Poets, by Gen. W. Bethune. \$2.00.

Gems of Literature, Elegant, Rare and Suggestive, upwards of 100 Engravings. 4to. \$3.00.

Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. 4to. \$1.50.

Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert, Illustrated.

Bartlett's Foot-steps of our Lord, Illustrated.

Bartlett's Nile Boat, Illustrated.

Maxwell's Irish Rebellion, Illustrated.

Byron's Works. New Riverside Edition. In Half calf. Extra. \$1.50 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bible Hand Book. By the Rev. Jos. Angus, D.D. In 1 vol. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Worthington's New Priced Catalogue of his Stock of Standard, Medical, Law, Scientific, &c., Books which will be sent free on application, is now ready.

Barnum. The Humbugs of the World. Cl. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bourne. Handbook of the Steam-Engine, containing all the Rules required for the right Construction and Management of Engines of every Class, with the easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules. Constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam-Engine." By John Bourne, C. E. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.

History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Charles (Mrs.) Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. Diary of Kaitly Greylyan. The Early Dawn. 3 vols. 16 mo. 76cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Idylls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Gems from Tennyson. Sm. 4to. 100 Illustrations. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

A Concise Dictionary of the Bible; comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Thick octavo, with 270 plans and wood-cuts. \$5.00.

New Christmas Books; The Children's Picture Book Series. Written expressly for Young People. Cloth, Gilt Edges. Bible Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. \$1.00.

Scripture Parables and Bible Miracles. Thirty-two Illustrations. \$1.00.

English History. Sixty Illustrations. \$1.00.

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VI. LOST OR STOLEN?

Continued from page 245.

"The flame of passion has burnt out,
And lo! the ashes." ANON.

The letter which most touched Miss Austwick's heart, and to which we have referred in the last chapter, read as follows:—

"MY DEAR LOVE,—I am in grate greif; my een run down wif' tears, for my puir auld father is dead. He went awa thinkin' his Isa pure an' true as a wee bit wean. His blessing is a sair burden to me. Ye canna now tell him aboot it; but, oh! if ye do in vera deed love me, come an' tell my sister—she's a hard woman; I would not for anything have her find it out. Oh, come, love! or I will dee wif' greif. Ever your ain,
"ISABEL."

Then followed a sneaking sort of letter:—

"HONOURED SIR,—I am to tell you that Isabel Grant was turned out of doors by her sister, Mrs. M'Naughton, when she learned what I told her of your honour being a married man. I got the young woman Isabel a lodging, and my wimmin bodies attended her. She has twin children, a lass and a lad bairn, both strong and likely. And I make no doubt, as a gentleman, you'll provide for them. The wimmin is rearing them so far, and shall continue to do so for a proper consideration, which, doubtless, an honourable gentleman like you shall not be slow to give, the more that Isabel Grant has had to be put away, being off her head—that is, lunatic. The money already sent is well nigh done, for the expenses have been great—vera great, an' the trouble, and nothing on our part spared of charges. Your humble servant to command,
"SANDY BREE."

"P. S.—My sister Jane and her husband had gone to Canada when I got your instructions, and I told Mrs. M'Naughton I saw your lawful lady with my own eyes, as I did at St. James's Church, London."

To this letter there was appended, on a slip of paper, in Wilfred Austwick's handwriting,

"Miserable subterfuge! This man, by Isabel's request, had come to seek me in London. I saw him, and gave him money, the week before I embarked for India. He said, 'Maybe your honour married before?' I caught at his words, and answered, 'Yes.' Basil's wife accompanied me to St. James's Church, and was the innocent means of helping my deception. I was by this time ashamed of the connection I had formed in the previous autumn."

What had become of this unhappy victim of a subtle fraud? Did she live a maniac, as the letter seemed to indicate, or was she long since dead? If so, according to Miss Austwick's prejudices, the course she had to pursue would not be so difficult. Two children of fifteen might be assisted as to education, and, if presentable, patronised—the boy placed in some way not unworthy of the Austwicks. The girl was a greater difficulty. One thing was certain: her brother Wilfred had inherited the profuse tastes that had distinguished his father and elder brother. Money always seemed to melt in his hands. His personal property would not be much.

Miss Austwick, as she revolved these perplexities, bethought her of the shrewd, sarcastic tongue of her sister-in-law Gertrude, or rather Mrs. Basil Austwick, who was continually ridiculing those family prejudices which Miss Honor hugged the most closely, more from a spirit of contradiction than from any want of similar pride; therefore, she shrunk in thought, as if from the rough handling of a festering wound, from Mrs. Basil Austwick knowing this humiliating secret—at all events, precipitately. She (Miss Austwick) would make a journey and investigate for herself.

It was a relief to her, in her perplexity, to recollect that her brother Basil could not be at the funeral; he was spending the long vacation with

his wife and the boys of his family in Switzerland, and thence on to Italy. By the last letters received it would certainly be a month before their return. She must, then, order the funeral of her brother, and arrange without him.

Whether thinking over these matters, or the weariness of a sleepless night exhausted her, Miss Austwick sank into an overpowering sleep, and the room, meanwhile, became quite dark. The papers still in her hand, fell from it on to the table. There was a tap at the door, just as the clock on the mantelpiece was striking six. Had Miss Austwick been awake, she could not have heard that tap for the measured sound of the clock. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at that she did not wake. The door slowly opened, and a woman servant entered, and stood a moment looking into the room, a ray from the fire falling on the face of the sleeper. The woman crept noiselessly to the table, and, drawing off the cloth, took it and its contents into the passage; and, in a minute after, returned and spread the cover over the table, with the letters and papers all on it, *except one*. Though this operation was conducted as quietly as the first, and the woman left the room, Miss Austwick started from her brief sleep, and rising from the sofa, looked round on the darkness, shivered, and rang for lights.

Her ring was answered by the same woman, whose face owed its stolid expression to two wide-open, blank-staring, light blue eyes, so full that they had no shade from the brow—and broad, rather than high, cheek-bones. Her gaunt form seemed so awkward, as she reached up to light the gas, that her dragging the table-cover sufficiently off to scatter the papers which Miss Austwick now, for the first time, was conscious she had dropped from her hand, was a result to be expected. She was, however, civil and diligent in picking them up and replacing them; the lady crushing them together eagerly in her hands as they were laid on the table, and inwardly thankful that it was not Martin's keen eyes that were ever so casually scrutinising them. Impatiently Miss Austwick watched the awkward creature make up the fire, which a chilly evening, as much as her illness, rendered very grateful. Suddenly she started forward a moment as a blaze passed up from the bars.

"What is that?"

"Only a bit of paper, ma'am, in the fender."

As the attendant thus answered, she was obeying the dismissing wave of Miss Austwick's hand, and, without lingering, left the lady to her contemplations. These consisted in reading over again and again the few letters, and piecing out the unmeaning, yet alas! not uncommon story: a girl induced to consent to a secret marriage, which involved the sin of deceiving her own friends, and the danger of being herself deceived—the speedy reaction of feeling on the part of the man—his plot, favoured by circumstances, to appear abroad with his brother's wife—his lie—the torn lines and broken ring, sent off in feminine rage—the coarse anger of relatives—the shame and madness closing the scene—the helpless survivors.

As the hour drew nigh at which she knew Martin would be sure to come to urge her mistress to take some refreshment, Miss Austwick gathered together the papers to replace them safely under her own seal. She missed one in counting them over, the most important one—the marriage record or certificate. She sat up instantly, shook the ends of her shawl, then rose to her feet, smoothed out the folds of her dress, looked carefully under the table and the sofa, searched and opened out the doubled-up memoranda over again. It was gone! At length, in a panic, she rang the bell. The same gaunt, impressive woman answered it.

"You have upset my papers from the table; there is one lost. Look for it instantly. No, don't call my maid: you look for it!"

The woman stared a moment, then knelt down on the floor, and went creeping carefully over the room, peering under the chairs: and in every corner in vain; the paper was not there.

"What can have come of it?"

At that moment, clear as the light that had startled her a little while ago, a thought flashed on Miss Austwick's mind.

"Why, what was that burning that I asked you about?"

"Nothing but a dirty bit of paper, ma'am. Yes, that was certainly just nothing but a bit of rubbish, left when the fire was kindled."

"A dirty bit of paper!" repeated Miss Austwick, in dismay; for the very description was so just, it assured her that her fears were right. "Woman! what have you done?"

Even as she spoke, she was vexed at having shown she was so moved, and uttered her words in such a tone.

"Indeed it was nothing, ma'am—nothing in the world but a dirty bit of paper."

"Bank-notes are nothing but dirty bits of paper."

"Dear me! is it a bank-note you have lost?" said the woman, gazing out of her round eyes in blank astonishment, almost ludicrous.

"No—no. There, go away. How very awkward I how very—"

The woman left the room, glad to escape; and Miss Austwick finished her sentence—

"Terribly perplexing—the most important paper of all—lost—burnt! Was ever anything so strange? If I was very superstitious—and certainly, in this little matter-of-fact age, a little superstition is a sort of duty we owe to the past—I should say that it was never meant that Wilfred's bad marriage, and worse conduct—poor fellow! that I should say so, and he lying dead a few paces off—I should say it was a proof that Providence never meant it should be known."

How readily we interpret Providence by our own wishes!

CHAPTER VII. WHO INTERRUPTED THE JOURNEY?

"Then into her being stole
Sweetness, and imbued the whole,
And illumined face and soul."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

On the Friday that followed that Sabbath summons to Southampton, Miss Austwick sat in her own small drawing-room at the old Hall, after the funeral of her brother, which had been very private, merely attended by his lawyer from London, Mr. Webley, and Dr. Bissle, of Southampton, Mr. Griffiths, the land steward, the two oldest tenants of the Austwick farms, and the servants, headed by Gubbins, who shed the most sincere tears that fell on the coffin. There were no guests very near the Chase, and Miss Honor had kept at a due distance all the upstart newcomers of the neighbourhood. Indeed, as her father's old friends, in the course of nature, had followed him to the grave, her brothers, being non-resident, had made no intimacies. The clergyman, as we have seen, did not preach Miss Austwick's ethics, so that the seclusion of the Hall was not likely to be much broken by visitors. Its lady, for the time being, was left alone in her dignity to bemoan the dead, and to prepare for the fulfilment of the promise that she began to consider had been extorted from her by surprise. Miss Austwick, nevertheless, required to stand well with herself, she could not face the thought of the long, lonely winter nights, and her dying brother's moaning voice in her ears, "My children," and thanking her in death gasps for her promise to succour them, and see them right. "Cowardly and base!" yes, those were the condemnatory words he had uttered. She shut them up as resolutely in the unvisited depths of her mind as possible, but they vibrated at times, and pained her. The only way to silence them completely would be to make a journey in search of these orphans; learn all that was to be known of them and their surroundings, and of their mother—that terrible rock of offence; and then to see what was to be done as to acquainting the rest of the family with the facts.

Captain Austwick had left no will. It was evident that he had not thought his illness so dangerous, and that he had purposed going on without delay to Scotland, for his principal luggage, as Miss Austwick learned, was directed to the care of Mr. Webley, of Lincoln's Inn Square, the family lawyer, and one portmanteau alone was packed and directed to Glasgow.

Before Mr. Webley left the Chase the evening

of the funeral, he had an interview with Miss Austwick.

"I fear, madam," said the lawyer, "if the family—that is, Mr. De Lacy Austwick, who is the heir-at-law, or your brother, Mr. Basil—should have had any expectations as to the captain's property, they will not be realised. His life was insured for two thousand pounds, but money has been raised on the policy, and I think the other liabilities will scarcely be covered by the effects. However, my dear madam, I need not trouble you with these details. I merely thought it right to name the matter before leaving. I shall write to Zurich to Mr. Basil Austwick to-morrow; letters until the 11th October will reach him there."

"He returns about the 28th," said Miss Austwick, in a faint voice. She was thinking for the moment whether it would not be better to take the old lawyer into her confidence. A single sentence would have opened the matter: she need only have said, "De Lacy Austwick is not my brother's heir;" but she shrunk from the avowal, and the opportunity passed. The thought that there was nothing to inherit, that De Lacy would be no gainer, soothed her. After the interchange of a few courteous generalities, the lawyer departed on his way to town.

The next morning Martin was not a little amazed at hearing the unlooked-for intelligence that her mistress intended travelling into the North.

In her latest manner, in the hope of checking the torrent of inquiries on Martin's part, she gave her directions; and that functionary, having served Miss Honor from her childhood—mistress and maid growing old together—had a very great affection for her; so that, when the lady said, "I am doubtful, Martin, whether I had not better leave you here, and take Betsy Confit, who has travelled, she told me, in her last place, and who certainly knows also how to be quiet and unobtrusive," Martin understood an implied censure in those last words, and kneeling those resplendent eyes—that certainly were like Cornish wrens in standing their ground—she sobbed out, "Try me, Miss Honor. Me not know and not able! Why, if you please to remember, you was good enough to spare me, and I was sent once by Mrs. Basil to fetch Miss True home from Lord Dunoon's, at Glower O'er, and I brought the dear child—the young lady leastways—and myself as cosy as kittens in a rug flying through the hurr, home to London. If Betsy Confit, as knows nothing that ever I could see, but doing 'air, had been fit to go, and worth trusting, would Mrs. Basil have asked you, Miss Honor, to spare me? Betsy! Why her aunt have said times and again—that's Mrs. Confit, I mean—'Martin,' she says, 'she's just now full of nothing but getting married; and all the wits she ever had is at that Eastup Mill, a grudging with Nat Nixon's corn.'"

"Well, well, Martin; too many words—too many words, that's your fault, your great fault," said Miss Austwick, not unimpressed by the fact, which she had overlooked, that Martin had made the journey.

"I humbly ask pardon, Miss Honor; it's my feelings can't stand more than flesh and blood. And when I think of your going to bed, and getting up, and traveling in outlandish parts, where the woods and ways is dreadful, naked feet and oatmeal flying about everywhere, and no one that ever saw the like of it with you, it so flustered me, I couldn't but up and speak. But if it's silence you want, see if I won't be as mum as—"

Now it happened that on Miss Austwick's mantlesheaf there was a vase, with a device more quaint than elegant, common enough at Winchester: an odd figure in livery, with a swine's face, ass's ears, and deer's feet, called "The Faithful Servant." This piece of ancient honour had formed the text of many homilies which Miss Austwick had given to her household, how servants should be swift of foot and slow of speech; and Martin, to show that the lesson had not been lost, put her finger on her lip, and stretching her other hand out like an ear at one side of her head, nodded to the symbol, and made a low curtsey.

There was something at once ludicrous and appealing in the gesture, and Miss Austwick—who was pretty certain that no one but Martin would care so for her comfort, was content, after a few more cautions, to give consent for her faithful waiting-woman to share her journey.

If any curiosity as to the purpose of this unwonted and great undertaking did enter into Martin's mind, she was careful to conceal it; and whatever might be her own infirmities of that kind, she was faithful enough not to encourage or satisfy the inquiries of others. She merely supplemented Miss Austwick's announcement of a journey to Gubbins and the rest of the household with the brief explanation, "Mistress wants a change; I hope she'll go on a tower. When any one's spirits is low—leastways, any one of the quality—it's the best way to raise 'em."

However, Miss Austwick was not destined to try the process her woman recommended, for even while she was speaking, the sound of wheels on the drive that led to the east porch were audible; and the loud clangour of the door-bell, at that late hour, caused a commotion in the quiet household. As quickly as his age permitted, Gubbins answered the summons, and Martin ensconced herself in a recess of the Hall, behind a statue of some memorable Austwick, from whence she could see the arrival.

"Don't be scared, Gubbins, and don't let my aunt be frightened," said a sweet, winning voice; and a little sprite, about the height of a child of ten years, came tripping into the Hall, followed by a female companion or attendant.

"Why, Miss Gertrude, can it be you?" said Martin, rushing forward in eager surprise.

"Bless my eyes alive, it's missy!" said old Gubbins.

"Ah, Miss Morris, it is as I thought: the letter has not arrived," said the bright little creature—for she was indeed an elfin-looking visitor—addressing her companion in a tone of vexation. She took off her crape-trimmed hat as if it had wearied her, and a quantity of shining fair hair fell in soft waves, like a veil, round her lithe little form. Was she a child? Not nearly so young as her stature indicated, that could be seen at a glance; for the little face had an air of intelligence and command, and the delicate features were, in their fine tracery, past the first dimples of childhood. Indeed, as she shook back her rippling hair, and, speaking to Martin, asked, "How is my aunt? I hear she has had great trouble lately," she glanced down at her black dress with an air and manner that were womanly, adding, "You must announce me carefully, Martin; I should be sorry to alarm her."

"Our coming," said Miss Morris, speaking to Martin in an explanatory tone, as the servants ushered them into the nearest parlour—"our coming was a case of necessity."

"We will explain all that to my aunt," interposed the young lady.

In a very few minutes they were both conducted to that lady's dressing-room, where her portmanteau was lying open and half packed.

"Why, whatever, Gertrude, has brought you? How do you do, Miss Morris?" said Miss Austwick.

"Well, aunt, evil has brought us—though, I think, it's a good to me to come to Austwick in the autumn, and see the dear old woods in their splendour."

"It's soon explained, Miss Austwick," replied Miss Morris. "Gertrude has been visiting her friends at Kensington, during the Michaelmas holidays, and the younger children at Pentreal Lodge fell ill with scarlet fever. Dr. Griesbach said that it would not be right for Miss Gertrude to return to school from Pentreal Lodge, and that she should not continue to stay there, so I wrote last night to you, and Miss Webb sent me with her."

"And here we are, aunt, and the letter is still on the way. Don't be afraid of me—I have never been near the nursery at Pentreal Lodge." She came close as she spoke, and rising on tiptoe, put up her mouth, with a pretty girlish gesture, to be kissed.

Miss Austwick kissed her forehead lovingly. "My little True, you do not grow; you are, I

think, less than when I last saw you," she said regretfully.

The young lady reared her head, drew herself up, and walked some paces off to the other end of the room, and then, turning round, faced Miss Austwick, and said, "Let me impress upon you, Aunt Honor, that I have grown more than half an inch—very nearly three-quarters—since last Christmas. And why do you all bemoan me so? I've plenty of years to grow in. I'm not far on in my teens yet."

"And every Austwick, I am sure, was taller at ten or eleven," said her aunt.

"Oh, that may be. The poet Burns says—

"Ask why God made the gem so small,
And why so huge the granite?
Because he meant mankind should set
The higher value on it."

"I don't know, Gertrude" said Miss Austwick, "that your ancestors, the Austwicks, were granite. The Dumosns, being Scotch, might be."

"And the Austwicks chalk, perhaps?"

Fortunately, her saucy rejoinder was not heard, for Miss Morris was taken with a cough that drowned the words. Yet, as she stood erect, making the most of her small stature, it was difficult to find fault with a creature at once so sparkling and so lovely. The face that looked out of its shining aureole of pale golden hair was of a pearly, pink-tinted fairness, that warmed into so glowing a tint, that the little mouth resembled a cleft cherry. The dimpled cheeks and firm chin completed the sweetest short oval shape; and the open forehead would have been too wide, but that it was softened by brows so flexible and delicately traced, that they gave at will an arch or pensive character to the countenance. Had the sleepiest pale eyes that ever blande possessed gone with this combination of features, there would have been beauty—and great beauty—in the face; but when the soft, white, full eyelids raised their dark fringes, and revealed clear brown eyes, full of light and feeling, both their colour and radiance were a surprise to the beholder.

It might be, for 'tis a lore soon learned, that the child whose cradle had been surrounded by flatterers of her beauty would have prized it too highly. But there was a wholesome drawback, as years passed on. The fairy of the nursery still continued a fairy in size, and there were impatient exclamations and pitying murmurs. It mattered not that the form, like the face, was delicately perfect, if it was always to be a mere tiny miniature; for the Austwicks, a tall and stalwart race, reckoned it a necessary adjunct to comeliness in man or woman that they should be what is called "well grown."

However, if mental growth had contented them, Gertrude was certainly well developed in that. Kept carefully from books in early childhood, from a fear that her growth might be retarded, she had found means to exercise her memory in every song, poem, story that she heard, and when she was allowed to begin her school studies, her progress was that of one who, having been kept from the exercise of a faculty, was suddenly freed. Miss Morris, who had been the nursery governess of the child, when Mrs. Basil Austwick was advised to place her only daughter at school, became, by that lady's recommendation, a junior teacher in the establishment that her young charge was transferred to, and afterwards continued to be regarded as a sort of *attaché* to Gertrude.

While we have been thus diverging into description, the little niece had crept close to her aunt's chair, and, touching her black dress, said—

"I never knew my Uncle Wilfred, aunt. Will his death be a great grief to papa or to you?"

"It occurred in the prime of his days, child. He had been long away from us all. It is sad."

"I wonder he did not marry, and have some one to love him and make a home for him. It seems hard to think he died at an inn, as your letter said."

Her words stung Miss Austwick. "We'll not talk, little True. You're tired, and want refreshment."

The coming of this young lady so suddenly to Chace Hall of course suspended the purposed journey of her aunt, who, it may be, was not

sorry in her secret heart that a postponement of an investigation so foreign to her usual regular habits should have occurred.

Ah! little did she know that a time would come when the guilty secrecy she was maintaining would eat like a gnawing cancer into her heart, and banish for ever all peace. At present these unknown children inherited nothing, as she argued, but a name—barren to them of wealth—it might be of influence; what, after all, could it matter? Why should she soil the family honour by such a disgraceful avowal? Little did she deem that the family honour would be perilled far more by concealment.

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN BOOKS.

Many years have gone by since the Rev. Sydney Smith asked the question, "Who has ever read an American book?" The Republic can now answer the inquiry by pointing to such names as Washington Irving, Cooper, Longfellow, Bryant, Prescott, and Motley. If some cynic of the present day were to propound the query, "Who has ever read a Canadian book?" what response should be returned? Still there are some excellent Canadian works, the seeds of which will one day be a vigorous national literature, but which now lie hidden away, and like the grains of wheat in the cerecloths of an Egyptian mummy, still retain the vital principle, and only await the lapse of time, a more mellowed soil, and more of the sunlight, to grow up into a fair and fruitful intellectual harvest.

A nation without a native literature is like a body without a soul. In the rudest times, the people of the British Isles, as well as those of Western Europe, had a literature of their own, and only awaited the advent of the printing press to give it permanency, and secure for it the recognition of the world. Until it assumed a more artistic shape in after days, it was composed of the kindred elements of poetry and legend, with here and there a group of historic facts, softened down by time, and tinged with many a hue of the imagination; but still it was as much a part of the life of these nations as the air they breathed; it kept each of them combined, watchful, sometimes warlike, and in most cases progressive. And these results were achieved by holding up before the memory the deeds of the past, and by appealing to one of the most powerful passions that sway the human mind—that of emulation.

If then, in the era of the troubadour, and the tournament, most of the European nations could lay claim to a literature of their own, even though this literature were oral and not written; if at the present day, the United States have won for themselves an honourable niche in the temple of letters, why is it that the Canadians have not yet struggled further than the portal? The answer is simple, but it is humiliating, they have refused that encouragement to talent at home, which is one of the essential elements of success abroad; and if a writer may have done well, they have never stimulated him to do better. To acquire fame beyond the Province, is to reflect credit upon the Province itself, but fame, even within its boundaries, is dealt out with a sparing hand; not perhaps so much from lack of the power to appreciate, as from utter indifference to anything done in the way of authorship by those of its citizens who launch their literary barque on the treacherous waves of local popularity.

One of the principal causes which militate against a native Canadian literature, is the vast swarm of publications which the United States send across the borders every week; they are expected with intense anxiety, and their contents eagerly devoured by Canadian readers. Such broadsheets as the *New York Ledger* exercise a most demoralizing effect on the minds of youth by exciting their passions, unsettling their imaginations, supplying an unhealthy mental stimulus, and last but not least, perverting and corrupting their moral sentiments. It would be

absurd to decry native patronage of foreign literary excellence; but such pestilent trash as the *Ledger* and its kindred should receive not the support but the execration of the reading public of all communities. How can the perusal of such publications administer to the intellectual cravings of the reading public, and how do they effect such a task? How, but by means the most prurient and most reprehensible. The novel, as it was understood by Goldsmith and Sir Walter Scott, was as much a medium of instruction as entertainment; it had an aim, and that aim was to paint in its real colours, that rare and varying picture which we call human nature—to bring out in truthful lights and shadows those virtues and vices of which the best of us are composed—in a word, to direct and not to mislead, to purify not to vitiate. Do publications like the *New York Ledger* pursue a similar course? Their mission is to supply morbid food to depraved appetites, and what they serve up is as foul a compound as ever seethed in the witches' cauldron.

To judge, by the number of vicious novels that now find readers wherever the English language is spoken, one would be led to believe that the public taste of the days of Waverley and of our own time are widely different things; but such is the fact, and the extravaganzas of Miss Bradton find favour where *Ivanhoe* and the *Bride of Lammermoor* lie dusty and neglected. Time, however, will set this right, and we are sure, will also bring to light many a work of merit, the production of Canadian talent—but on the other hand, posthumous reputation is but a sorry recompense, a poor incentive, to sustained effort; and when we think of such a reward, we are compelled to remember the case of Burns, who, had he received in life the half of the money spent after his death, in commemorating him, might have lived to a green old age, and given to Scotland and the world the productions of a more matured genius.

That there is an abundant field for a Canadian national literature there can be no doubt; that workers can be found is also beyond question; but then arises the query—will they be rewarded for "bearing the burden and heat of the day?" The experience of the past is again; such a probability, but there are strong reasons for hoping that the tide has begun to turn. It is in the power of the people of the Province to hasten the day when Canadian books will find readers, not only within but beyond the boundaries of their country. So far, the intellectual classes of Canada would seem to have the same sort of respect for their authors as actuated the Italian who preferred to be sent for a long term of years to the galleys, rather than read the history of his own country written by Guiccardini.

THE POWER OF HUMBLED.—An individual who opened a small tavern near the field of Waterloo, says an American, was frequently questioned as to whether he did or did not possess some relics of the battle, and he invariably and honestly answered in the negative. But he was very poor; and one day while lamenting to a neighbour not only his poverty, but the annoyance to which travellers subjected him, his friend cut him short with, "Well, make one help the other—make some relics."—"But what can I do?" inquired the poor man. "Tell them that Napoleon or Wellington entered your shop during the battle and sat down in that chair." Not long after an English tourist entered the tavern, and, inquiring for relics, was told the chair story. The chair was bought at an incredible price. The next comer was informed that Wellington had taken a drink, and the Wellington tumbler was sold. The third arrival gazed with breathless wonder at the nail on which Bonaparte had hung his hat; the fourth purchased the doorposts between which he had entered; and the fifth became the happy possessor of the floor on which he had trodden. At last advices, the fortunate tavern keeper had not a roof to cover his head, and was sitting on a bag of gold in the corner of a deep pit formed by selling the earth on which the house had stood.

HOW I KISSED THE BLARNEY STONE.

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses,
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a Member
Of Parliament."

FATHER PROUT'S RELIQUES.

"NOW mind," said a friend, as I stood on the railway platform at Dublin, and was about to start for the pleasant city of Cork, "mind when you get to Cork you drive straight to the Imperial Hotel and secure a bed; you will be sure to get a good one, and there's an excellent table d'hôte."

I took my friend's advice and my ticket, and on arriving at the Cork railway station, jumped into an omnibus and was soon set down at the Imperial Hotel. I was not a solitary visitor.

The good reputation of the hostelry had evidently been imparted to others, and the arrivals that day were numerous. I alighted from the bus, preceded by a fine port-winey looking Ecclesiastic—who seemed Bishop, Dean and Chapter rolled into one—and followed by an unmistakably strong-minded female, who wore a broad Leghorn hat with green veil, no crinoline, gold spectacles, badly fitting black gloves, and carried an umbrella and a toy terrier.

My other fellow-passengers were less remarkable, but there were plenty of them; and, as they all brought a fair share of luggage, the vestibule of the hotel was soon choked up with a perfect barricade of boxes, portmanteaus, carpet-bags, &c., &c.

Why it is that some English travellers always will encumber themselves with such heaps of luggage is a problem I need not now stop to consider. I am content to record it as a fact, apropos to which I may relate an incident that occurred to a friend of mine who journeyed this last summer with his family, and an abundance of other luggage, to a certain watering-place.

"Coachman," he said, "that box is mine, and so is that portmanteau; that large trunk, too, belongs to the same lot, and so does the hip bath, and"—"Oh, yes, sir," interrupted the driver, "I see, I see, you seem to have brought everything with you, but the kitchen-range." I was reminded of Jehu's sarcasm as I watched the quantity that was shot from the roof of the omnibus upon the steps of the hotel; but my reflections were soon interrupted by a smart squeal, and turning round, I observed the concentrated Ecclesiastic profuse in his apologies to the strong-minded lady, on whose toy terrier he had inadvertently trodden. But the S. M. L. and her pet alike refused to be comforted. The unhappy car shivered and whined in a paroxysm of fright, whilst its indignant mistress, looking not "daggery" but a full charge of bayonets, excitedly observed, "Very clumsy and very unfortunate, indeed"—which brief utterances she appeared to hurl vocally at the head of the reverend aggressor.

Leaving the Ecclesiastic, "Dusky" and his mistress to settle the contretemps between them, I walked to the bar, where a modest, pretty-looking young lady allotted me my bed-room, and then, it being mid-day, and plenty of time to spare, I sallied out to take a look at the "Lions" of Cork and the neighbourhood.

Lionising by yourself is dull work. Solitude, as a rule, should be avoided; but the worst solitude of all is solitude in a crowd. I was forcibly struck with this as I strolled through the streets of Cork. So, as the best way "to drive dull care away," I hailed the driver of a car, and bade him to take me to any place in the neighbourhood that was worth seeing.

"Shure, thin, yer honour, 'tis Blarney y'ud like to see," said he.

"And what's the fare to Blarney?" I asked.

"Faith, 'tis a cheap ride, yer honour; only five shillings there and back, and maybe ye'll give the boy a thrifle" (the "boy" being himself a promising young dare-devil, aged fifty).

"Well, then, Blarney be it," said I, as I took my seat in the car. "Hep, hep!" shouted my

Jehu, giving the reins a friendly jerk. But the horse refused to budge, so the promising youth jumped off his seat, turned the animal round, sprang on the car again, shouted "Lep, hep!" once more; brought the whip heavily down on the animal's flanks, and away we went, for at least five minutes, at the rate of about ten miles an hour. We then moderated our pace, and I began to chat with my charioteer, our conversation being carried on somewhat in the following fashion:

"Blarney is the place where the celebrated stone is, is it not?"

"Yes, yer honour—Come up, you baste" (the latter remark being addressed to the horse.)

"And do many people kiss the Blarney stone?"

"Well they kiss one stone, but faith it's not the Blarney stone at all."

"How do you mean?"

"How do I mean? You baste (this last observation again to the horse.) Shure, sir, there are two stones, one inside the tower—but the real Blarney stone is on the top, and ye'll have to go out and kiss it, but most people kiss the other, and come away desaved entirely."

"Then won't they let you kiss the stone on the top?"

"No, I don't think she will, yer honour!"

"Who's she?"

"The old lady that shows the Castle, shure."

"Ah, well, I shall try it on."

"And good luck to yer honour, thin, for hee ye are—there's the Castle, see; you'll just walk across that field to it, and I'll be waiting for ye when ye come back—and, yer honour (speaking slowly and with marked distinctness,) perhaps, —the—poor—baste—may—be—wanting—a—dhrop of—beer—to—drink—meanwhile."

"Beer! your horse don't drink beer, I'm sure."

"Well, yer honour, shure what he laves I'll dhrink myself, it shan't be wasted."

The appeal thus made was irresistible. I don't envy the man who would have refused to respond to it.

As I walked across the field leading to Blarney Castle, I was accosted by a ragged looking youth of about eighteen years of age, who suggested that "His honour would want a guide." In reply, his honour expressed the opinion that he had no occasion for a guide; the Castle was but a short distance off, straight before him, and he could not well miss it. But "His honour would like to see the groves." His honour thought he should only have time to kiss the Blarney Stone. "Ah, his honour would not be able to do that." His honour inquired the "reason why."

"You have no companion with ye, sir, and they won't let gentlemen go up singly."

"But I can take you, can't I?"

"Shure guides are not allowed up at all."

By this time I had arrived at the front of the Castle, and my guide stopped and spoke to a comely-looking old woman, who, sitting on a stool placed on the lawn, was busily engaged like the poet Hood's sempstress, "plying her needle and thread." She did not, however, recall any of the painful associations connected with the *song of the shirt*. Her fingers were not weary and worn, her eyelids not "heavy and red," nor was she attired in "unwomanly rags." On the contrary, she was a fresh coloured, trim, sturdy, little dame, dressed with perfect neatness, and at the sight of whom one was irresistibly reminded of the fairy tales of childhood. As you looked at her, clad in a neat print gown, spotless white handkerchief, and neat little cap, sitting close to her braided silvery hair, you might have imagined her "the Little Old Woman cut shorter," the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," "Goody Two Shoes," or even that eccentric lady whose scrupulous love of cleanliness led her to "sweep the cobwebs from the sky."

Whilst, as I lay upon the grass, these thoughts were passing through my mind, my guide was busily engaged with the object of them. I could not, however, well hear what was said, as they spoke in a low tone, and the conversation appeared to be carried on in Irish. But from the glances that the old lady occasionally cast askance at me, I had every reason to believe that I was the subject of the palaver; so, making towards her,

I raised my hat, and expressed the wish to be permitted to kiss the Blarney stone.

"Oh no, indeed, sir, it can't be done: we don't open the Castle doors again to-day."

"Indeed! why not?"

"'Tis past the time, sir."

"But it is not so very late," I urged. "It's not five o'clock yet."

"Indeed it's too late, sir."

"Come, madam," I said, endeavouring to coax a bit, "don't be hard-hearted. I'm sure you don't look so. I've come all the way from Canada to kiss the Blarney stone, and I hope you won't refuse me."

"But I can't help it, sir; sure it's against the rules."

"Oh, never mind the rules, ma'am; let me kiss the stone, and when I get back to Montreal, I shall say I kissed it by the permission of the nicest little woman in all Ireland."

The old lady looked at me steadily and scrutinizingly for a second, and there was an intelligent twinkle in her eyes as she replied, "And indeed, sir, I don't think you need to kiss it at all."

Unabashed, however, by this rejoinder, I continued to plead my suit, and whilst doing so, two other tourists appeared upon the scene, who were anxious to kiss the far-famed stone. The old lady evidently did not like to turn away these visitors; all of whom would, no doubt, remember the doorkeeper. But what was to be done? She had already refused me admission, on the ground that it was after time, and could not, with a good grace, grant to the fresh arrivals the favour she had denied to another. Her woman's wit soon came to her aid. "Well, gentlemen," said she, "if I let ye go up, will ye take care of this gentlemen, who has no companion, d'ye see?"

The new arrivals looked at me, pulled their beards, looked at each other, and then muttered something about my being "old enough to take care of myself." I assured them I was perfectly able to do so whenever occasion required, and begged that they would not trouble themselves on my account, as I had no doubt the good lady would for once break through her rule, and allow the guide to attend me. There was no response to this "last appeal," but addressing a few words to the guide, the stately little dame laid down her work, produced the keys, undid the door, and we stood within Blarney Castle.

Here the old lady soon showed me the stone inside the tower, of which I had been previously warned by my Jehu.

"And that's the Blarney stone?" said I.

"Yes (without the slightest hesitation), that's the Blarney stone, sir,—kiss it, sir."

I did as I was bid, and observing, "and now, ma'am I'll go and kiss the genuine article. I followed the other strangers to the top of the tower, my guide coming after."

"Many writers assert," says my Guide Book, that the "real stone" is not to be reached unless the curious traveller will have himself lowered a distance of twenty feet from the top; and we are further informed, that "in order to sip inspiration from the stone it is required that the tourist be suspended by the heels in the mid-air."

Speaking from experience, I can say that in this, as in other instances, the writers are at fault. It is not at all necessary that the tourist should be subjected to any such inconvenience. Two strong iron bars are let into the wall of the tower. Between the bars and the Blarney stone there is a chasm you have to stretch before you can kiss the stone. To do this, you lay hold of the bars, lie down flat, like a sprawling turtle, stretch out your neck, and with a little care the feat is accomplished. Of course, were you to slip through the chasm, you would fall a distance of about 120 feet, be balked of kissing the stone, and kiss mother earth for the last time instead. But to avoid this danger, you are held tightly by the heels, and this is the reason why no one is allowed to perform the ceremony singly, and why, as I now understand, the old lady was so anxious that some one should take care of me. It took but a very short time to perform the wonderful feat. Having emptied my pockets of watch and purse, I laid down flat, whilst the guide grasped me tightly round the ankles: there

sliding gently forward, I reached the stone, pressed my lips to it, and the deed was done—I HAD KISSED THE "BLARNEY STONE."

"And did ye kiss it, sir?" said the old lady, as I met her again at the gateway, where she stood, evidently expecting a gratuity. "Did ye kiss the stone, sir?" "I did, n'am," I replied, dropping a douceur into her hand, "and I don't mind telling you there are many things in this world I'd much rather kiss than the Blarney stone." There was a bevy of beauties close by as I spoke, and they audibly tittered as I expressed this opinion. The old lady, too, seemed tickled with the idea, for she smiled somewhat wickedly and said, "And that's very true, I dare say, sir."

It was "very true," and looking back upon the event I have recorded, I am still of opinion that the so-called difficulty in kissing the Blarney stone is about the greatest piece of blarney going—in fact, that, as *Sir Charles Coldstream* observes, in the well known comedy, "There's nothing in it." And although I should be sorry to damp the ardour of any enthusiastic tourist who, believing in Father Prout, thinks that having kissed the stone he may obtain Parliamentary or other distinction, truth compels me to express the belief that its virtues and difficulties are alike exaggerated.

Upon returning to my car, I found the driver had fulfilled his promise about not wasting the beer; but there was not much the matter; he only "He'd, he'd" a little louder to his horse, and I got back to the "Imperial" in time to find that the *table d'hôte* was, as my friend had said, excellent; and that the other arrangements of the hotel were well worthy the commendation he had bestowed upon them.

RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

THE story of the life of a man of genius is always interesting; but it too often happens that it is of a melancholy character: the subject of it struggling hard to gain a scanty living. The life of Richard Wilson presents us with a melancholy example.

He was the son of a clergyman in Montgomeryshire, and was born in the year 1713. The family from which he was descended was of good standing, his mother being one of the Wynns of Luswold.

It is said that his first rude essays were made with a burnt stick, upon the walls of his father's house; and in common with many others, who afterwards became eminent artists, in quite early life he evinced many proofs of genius.

It is not known in what manner Wilson gained the notice of his relative, Sir George Wynn, but under his patronage he set out for London. Having arrived in the great Metropolis, he was placed as a pupil with an artist named Wright. His progress under this master was not marked, and we soon find him settled down as a commonplace portrait painter, struggling, like a host of others, for his daily bread. In 1749, he managed to go to Italy, where he continued his practice of portrait painting. It is said that his portraits were not above the common run. One critic, however, asserts that he was not surpassed by any of his contemporaries in the drawing of a head—that his style was bold and masterly, and his colouring like that of Rembrandt; but this critic, Mr. Edwards, stands alone as to this matter. In Italy he had every prospect before him of gaining riches and fame; but an apparently trifling incident turned the whole course of his life.

Having waited till he grew weary, one day, for the coming of Zucarelli, the Italian artist, he amused himself by painting the landscape upon which the window of his friend looked. This being done with considerable skill, attracted the notice of Zucarelli, who, strongly recommended Wilson to follow that branch of Painting only. This encomium from his friend, and a subsequent one from Vernet, the French artist, when at Rome, had their effect, and he accordingly commenced landscape painting.

After having remained in Italy six years, he returned to England, and hired a house in Covent

Garden. He assisted in founding the Royal Academy of Arts, was elected a Royal Academician, (one of the highest honors that can be conferred on an artist, in England), and on the death of Francis Hayman, R.A., succeeded to the post of librarian. The emoluments resulting from his office were but small, but his poverty rendered them acceptable, as the taste for landscape painting was by no means general. English art had received a heavy blow and great discouragement from the Reformation. This great revolution, so full of blessings and advantages in other respects, was the cause of one great evil, the utter repudiation of all ornament and decoration in places devoted to public worship. The love of the Roman Catholic Church for gorgeous decoration had been, during the middle ages, the nurse of art. Under its fostering hand the greatest painters and sculptors the world has ever seen rose into fame. They drew their inspiration from its doctrines and festivities, and were rewarded by its munificence. The Holy Family, the Adoration of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, the Transfiguration, and the Crucifixion, are all subjects upon which the great masters have lavished all the resources of their art.

But the very fact that the Roman Catholic Church delighted in these representations of great events in the history of a faith, on the great principles of which all were agreed, was sufficient to make good Protestants look upon painting itself with suspicion and dislike. Under the Stuarts the arts began to flourish again in England, but when the Puritans triumphed in 1640 painting was set down as a device of the devil, and all love for luxury, ornament, or forms of beauty considered as so many evidences of an unregenerate state. Paintings, whether on canvas or glass, were destroyed, not only without scruple, but with as hearty a good will as if they had been unclean idols, whose presence polluted the sanctuary. The restoration again procured protection for the arts, but it could not wholly revive them. The degenerate nobility, who wrangled about party cries, intrigued, gambled, and talked scandal during the reigns of Anne and the two first Georges, had little taste for anything that did not gratify their personal vanity. Hence, portrait painting, stiff and lifeless though it was, brought many a man fame and fortune for a long series of years. About the year 1780, it was the only way in which an artist could make a livelihood Reynolds brought it to perfection, but to Wilson's lot it fell to create and foster a taste for the faithful delineations of the great scenes of nature—the shifting panorama of the clouds, the gorgeous hues of the sky at the rising and setting of the sun, the thousand tints that clothe the fields, and vary in their beauty with every change of the seasons, the rugged grandeur of the mountain, and the solemn peace of the valley.

But the love for that particular branch in which Wilson shone so brightly, spread very slowly—so slowly, that after he had sold a few of his pictures to the most distinguished connoisseurs, he could find no market for his works. While his beautiful paintings remained unsold and were totally unappreciated, the inferior productions of his contemporaries, Barrett and Smith, were quickly purchased. This, however, may in some degree be owing to the fact, that he had to contend against the jealousy and intrigue of some of the most distinguished artists of the day, among whom was Sir J. Reynolds, who, on no occasion, lost an opportunity of indulging in a sneer at his works. The whole world seemed leagued against him. A kind friend who had purchased many of his productions, when asked to buy another, took the poor artist up to his garret, and pointing to a lot of landscapes, said, "Look, Dick, there are all the pictures you have been selling me these three years."

Disappointed and cast down, he became exceedingly coarse and repulsive in his manners; he could now no longer strut about in the usual gay attire in which he used to visit the Academy in St. Martin's Lane. It is even said, that he painted two of his best pictures for the remains of a stilton cheese and a mug of porter.

His favorite drinks were porter and ale. Zoffani, in his picture of the Royal Academicians, painted Wilson with his favorite pot beside him. The latter made sure of a stout stick, and swore he would give the caricaturist a sound beating; but Zoffani prudently painted out the offensive part.

As he grew older he became still more depressed in circumstances, his fine house being exchanged for a miserable hovel in Tottenham-court-yard, "where an easel and a brush—a chair and a table—a hard bed, with a few clothes—a scanty meal, and the favourite pot of porter, were all that he could call his own."

He would doubtless, have come to a pauper's death, had it not been that a small estate was left him by his deceased brother. This piece of good fortune relieved London from witnessing the melancholy close of his life. He took an affectionate farewell of Sir William Beechey, who was always a particular friend, and set out for his native place. He arrived in safety in Denbighshire, where he took up his abode with a relative. One day he was missed from home, his favorite dog which had accompanied him returned alone showing every sign of uneasiness. Seeing the movements of the dog, his friend ordered a search to be made. They found Wilson sunk upon the ground in a very exhausted state. He was taken home, and after lingering for some time, he ended his life of turmoil, trouble and disappointment, in the merry month of May, 1782, in the 69th year of his age.

The following are the names of a few of Wilson's best pictures: Phœton; View of Rome; The Death of Niobe; Morning; Celadon and Amelia; Temple of Bacchus; Bridge of Rimini; The Tiber, near Rome; View on the River Po; Apollo and the Seasons; Meleager and Atalanta; Tomb of Horatius and Curatius. The last named picture was sold a short time since for 300 guineas. We will close our notice of Wilson, with what has been said of him by a few celebrated men.

Allan Cunningham says: "To paint the varied aspect of inanimate nature, to clothe the pastoral hills with flocks, to give wild fowl to the lakes, ring-doves to the woods, blossoms to the trees, verdure to the earth, and sunshine to the sky, is to paint landscape, it is true; but it is to paint it like a district surveyor, instead of grouping its picturesque beauties, and inspiring them with what the skillful in art call the sentiment of the scene. Wilson had a poet's feeling and a poet's eye,—selected his scenes with judgment, and spread them out in beauty, and in all the fresh luxury of nature. He did for landscape what Reynolds did for faces—with equal genius, but far different fortune. A fine scene, rendered still more lovely by the pencil of the artist, did not reward its flatterer with any of its productions, either of corn, or oil, or cattle; as Kneller found dead men indifferent paymasters,—so inanimate nature proved but a cold patroness to Wilson."

John Opie says: "Of Wilson, who, though second to no name of any school or country in classical or heroic landscape, succeeded with difficulty, by pawning some of his works, at the age of sixty-nine, in procuring ten guineas, to carry him to die in unhonored and unnoticed obscurity in Wales."

And Fusellisays: "Wilson's taste was so exquisite, and his eye so chaste, that whatever came from his easel bore the stamp of elegance and truth. The subjects he chose were such as did credit to his judgment; they were the selections of taste and judgment the simple, the elegant, or the sublime, they were treated with an equal felicity. Indeed, he possessed that versatility of power, as to be one minute as an eagle sweeping the heavens, and the next a wren twittering a simple note on the humble thorn." ARTIST.
Montreal, December, 1865.

If it be perilous to disappoint friends in their just demands, it is ten times more dangerous to encourage enemies by endeavouring to conciliate them by any sacrifice of principle.

The small things of life are often of more importance than the great; the slow than the quick; the still than the noisy.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH.

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS TALE.

IT had snowed incessantly for three days. The fall had at last ceased, but had, as is so commonly the case in Canada, been succeeded by a stormy wind, as bitterly cold as it was violent. The drift had completely covered everything, and the line of fence around Harry Whittaker's farm could only be distinguished by its slight elevation above the common level of the clearance. Every vestige of a path had been obliterated and the snow was piled high against the sides of his house. The stars, however, were now shining brightly, but the wind howled fearfully as it drove the clouds, which the storm left behind, past the moon.

It was Christmas Eve, and Harry sat alone before the log fire, which was blazing upon the hearth. He had but lately returned from a weary drive through the drifted snow to the residence of his nearest neighbour, Mrs. Armstrong. The journey had been attended with much difficulty, but the need was urgent, and braving the biting blast and the dangers of the almost impassable road, he had safely reached his destination, and returned accompanied by his neighbour. Mrs. Armstrong had at once assumed complete control of his establishment, and just as the captain of a ship entering a foreign port obeys the pilot whose foot has barely touched the deck, so was Harry compelled to yield implicit obedience to this good woman.

But what was the occasion which rendered it compulsory upon Harry to yield for the time his authority, and consent to assume a secondary position in his own house? Come nearer, gentle reader, and I will whisper it in your ears. Harry and his pretty wife, Mary, had been married somewhat more than a year; they had left the old country and their old friends; they had settled in the back woods, and now—a little stranger from baby-land was hourly expected.

Harry had been banished to the outer room of the hut (it boasted two apartments) and Mrs. Armstrong had aroused his indignation by telling him that the best thing he could do would be to "go to sleep," as if in his deep anxiety, sleep were possible. He had, however, resigned himself to fate, and settling himself in dogged obedience on his seat, watched the crackling logs and playful tongues of flame leap upwards to the chimney. At length, in spite of his anxiety, he gradually fell into pleasant meditations on his early life, and on those happy days when he first wooed and won his Mary.

He thought upon their early childhood, when Mary's merry face, as innocent as gay, greeted him at their sports; of their walks to school, and of the afternoons spent in nutting; when, as in duty bound, being the eldest and the biggest, he would climb and press down the branches of the hazels for Mary to gather the ripe clusters. He thought of a period less remote, when Mary was his companion across the pleasant fields to the humble village church, where they worshipped and sang from the same prayer and hymn book. He thought of the young lord of the manor, and his undisguised admiration of Mary's pretty face—those young squires are so audacious and so wicked—and of his determination to remove her from his impertinence and from all similar temptations to which her unusual beauty and free and cheerful manners exposed her. Then he thought how the death of an aged uncle, who had bequeathed him a few hundred pounds, enabled him to fulfil his determination, to win his gentle Mary, and to overcome the reluctance of her parents to their scheme of emigration, and finally, how he had become a sort of lord of the manor himself—a proprietor of the free soil of Canada.

His thoughts, then, by a species of reaction, dwelt upon the toils he had endured since his arrival in the country; the tedious journeys he had made in search of a suitable place for settlement; the solitude of the backwoods, and the almost entire absence of congenial associates; the tedious nature of the work of clearing land;—the felling of the trees—the severing and

heaping together of the branches and the brushwood—the piling and burning of the logs, all which had to be effected before the humblest crop could be planted, and another lengthened interval had to elapse before the crop could be harvested and made use of. Harry had performed this labour at the time cheerfully and gaily; but his mind had, unawares, fallen into a moody and discontented state, which led him at this moment to look upon the gloomy side of everything; the real cause being the reflection that he had brought his Mary into the lonely wilderness, away from all her friends and relatives, and that now, "in this, her time of trouble," she had none to aid her but a comparative stranger.

While these and similar reflections occupied his mind, the comfortable warmth of the fire and that tendency to slumber, which its seductive heat is so certain to induce in those who, like Harry, are fresh from the cold outer air, nearly betrayed him more than once into a doze; but he angrily roused himself from an influence, to have yielded to which, he would, under the circumstances, have considered a disgrace.

His reveries were interrupted by a murmuring sound, as if of whispering voices, and looking up, he beheld with exceeding astonishment, seated on the large logs, which he had rolled to the hearth in readiness for the fire, a group of about a dozen baby boys and girls, in size mere minims, but sturdy or graceful in appearance. When they saw that they had attracted his attention, they rose up, bowed, and shouted in concert,

"Father! father! father!"
 "You are pretty creatures," said Harry to them, "and if you came one by one, I should be delighted to own you; but little ones, this is a hard country to gain a living in, and this is my first year in it. I am hale and hearty, and I love my wholesome labour, but as yet I have cleared only a few acres of land, and my barn and corn-bins have but little in them. If I were to call you mine, I should like to keep you sleek and warm, but by what possible exertion can my poor Mary and I provide food and clothing for so many of you?"

The sturdiest boy stepped forward. He was infantile in form and features, but his face bore on it the stamp of thought, which gave it a strange weird look, as if he were quite aware that he was born into a world where he would have to encounter toil, and face responsibility; and his little body was clothed with flesh so muscular, as to promise to carry him successfully through any troubles which it might be his lot to encounter. He carried a woodman's axe, which he waved over his head, as in low, sweet tones, he sang cheerily—

"I'll wield my good well-temper'd axe,
 I'll fell the forest tree;
 There's room enough in Canada
 For dozens like to me."

A trim and tidy little maiden, with a broom in her hand, followed him, and carolled saucily—

"I'll sweep the room, he dinner cook,
 I'll do up all the chores;
 There's room enough in Canada
 For the like of me in scores."

A ruddy-faced urchin hurried forward after her, clad in a smock-frock and holding a plough, who sang in a somewhat louder tone—

"I'll drive the oxen to the field,
 I'll firmly hold the plough;
 I'll do long before old Canada
 Gets of such as me enow."

Then came as comely a little lass as ever tripped in fairy ring; she had a milk-pail on her arm, and a churn stood near her, as she gaily sang—

"I'll churn the cream, the butter make,
 I'll tend the patient kye;
 There's room enough in Canada
 For hundreds such as I."

A bare-armed brawny urchin, from whose brow the perspiration freely flowed, as he leaned upon an anvil, chanted the next ditty at the top of his shrill and somewhat cracked voice—

"I'll shoe the horse, the iron weld,
 And swing the hammer free;
 There's room enough in Canada
 For hundreds like to me."

He was succeeded by a laughing spinster, with a distaff and a bundle of wool, whose song was—

"I'll spin the wool, I'll weave the cloth,
 I'll fling merry will I be;
 There's room enough in Canada
 For thousands like to me."

A fellow, with a paper-cap upon his head, with a saw and plane, was next, and this was the burden of his song—

"I'll drive the nails, and plane the board,
 And saw the tough pine tree;
 There's room enough in Canada
 For myriads like to me."

Then came the last of the little maidens, with those truly indispensable female implements, the needle, the scissors and the thread, and like the rest, she came singing—

"I'll stitch the shirt, the coat I'll make,
 I'll chatter cheerily;
 There's room enough in Canada
 For myriads like to me."

They all now lifted up their voices together, and sang in full chorus—

"We'll milk, we'll sow, we'll reap, we'll mow,
 We'll fell the forest tree;
 There room enough in Canada
 For millions such as we."

As they thus chirruped mirthfully, they struck up a sportive dance to the music of their voices, and leaped, and capered, reeled, whirled and twisted in the most fantastic fashion, while Harry, in mingled wonderment and delight, threw himself back in his chair, laughing merrily. As soon, however, as he could sober himself sufficiently for intelligible speech, he thought an explanation of what all this meant was most desirable, and thus addressed the singing, laughing, dancing urchins:

"You are a funny crew of boys and girls, my fairy children, and I feel quite sure that when you have grown a little bigger, your services will be of priceless value, but, meanwhile, it will be hard work to house you warily, to feed and clothe you comfortably. Still, by Heaven!" he exclaimed aloud, as he sprang upon his feet, and stretched his powerful arms and thighs, "by Heaven! if these four bones can do it, it shall be done."

Wonder upon wonder! While Harry gazed upon the urchins in astonishment, they seem half to vanish in a mist, and then one by one creep closer to the hearth, hover for a moment over the blaze, and then sweep swiftly up the chimney, each as he disappeared doffing his cap to Harry. As Harry rubbed his eyes again and again, as if to rub out the glamour that bewitched them, he heard a shrill though feeble cry behind him, and turning round saw Mrs. Armstrong, with a baby in her arms; she smilingly addressed him, "Why, Harry, have you been asleep? Come, sir, and kiss your wife, and her pretty Christmas gift—A NEW-BORN DAUGHTER."

C. H. S.

VELOCITY OF ELECTRICITY.—Of the velocity of the spark discharge some notion may be formed from the brief duration of its light, which cannot illuminate any moving object in two successive positions, however rapid its motion. If a wheel be thrown into rapid rotation on its axis, none of its spokes will be visible in daylight, but if the revolving wheel be illuminated in a darkened room by the discharge of a Leyden jar every part of it will be rendered as distinctly visible as though it were at rest. In a similar manner, the trees, even when agitated by the wind in a violent storm, if illuminated at night by a flash of lightning, appear to be absolutely motionless. By a very ingenious application of this principle, Wheatstone has shown that the duration of the spark is less than the one-millionth part of a second. The apparatus is the same in principle as the revolving wheel. By a modification of the apparatus, Wheatstone was also enabled to measure the velocity with which the discharge of a Leyden jar was transmitted through an insulated copper wire. It was at the rate of 288,000 miles in a second.

IN MY HEART.

BY J. R. CLERK.

In my heart are many chambers through which I wander free;
Some are furnished, some are empty, some are sombre, some are light;
Some are open to all comers, and of some I keep the key,
And I enter in the stillness of the night.

But there's one I never enter; it is closed to oven me:
Only once its door was opened, and it shut for evermore;
And though sounds of many voices gather round it, like the sea,—
It is silent, over silent, as the shore.

In that chamber, long ago, my love's casket was concealed,
And the jewel that it sheltered I knew only one could win;
And my soul foreboded sorrow, should that jewel be revealed,
And I almost hoped that none might enter in.

Yet day and night I lingered by that fatal chamber-door,
Till—she came at last, my darling one, of all the earth my own;
And she entered—and she vanished with my jewel, which she wore;—
And the door was closed—and I was left alone.

She gave me back no jewel, but the spirit of her eyes
Shone with tenderness a moment, as she closed that chamber-door.
And the memory of that moment is all I have to prize;
But that, at least, is mine for evermore.

Was she conscious, when she took it, that the jewel was my love?
Did she think it but a bauble, she might wear or toss aside?
I know not, I accuse not, but I hope that it may prove
A blessing, though she spurn it in her pride.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 253.

CHAPTER LXXI. THE GREAT COMMERCIAL AUTHORITY.

The young men had no difficulty in finding the mansion of Mr. Melchisedek. It was a large, white, Oriental looking-house, with innumerable lattices, a fountain playing in the court-yard, and a crowd of Nubian and Egyptian servants in rich Eastern dresses lounging about the gates.

When Saxon inquired for the master of the house, a grave Armenian in a long dark robe and lofty cap stepped forward and conducted the visitors across the court-yard, through a long corridor, and into a small room furnished like a European counting-house. Here they were received by a gentlemanly person seated before a large desk covered with papers.

"Mr. Melchisedek, I presume?" said Saxon. The gentleman at the desk smiled, and shook his head.

"I am Mr. Melchisedek's secretary," he replied. "At your service."

"I particularly wish to see Mr. Melchisedek himself," said Saxon, "if he will oblige me with five minutes' conversation."

The Secretary smiled again; much as a vizier might smile at the request of a stranger who asked to see the sultan.

"If you will do me the favour to state the nature of your business," said he, "I will acquaint Mr. Melchisedek with the particulars. He may then, perhaps, grant you an interview."

So Saxon explained all about the inquiries which he was anxious to make, and the secretary, taking their cards with him, left the young men for a few minutes to themselves.

"The Commercial Authority seems to be a mighty man in the land," said Lord Castletowers.

"The Commercial Authority has a princely garden," replied Saxon looking out of the window upon a maze of gorgeous flower-beds, clumps of sycamores and palms, and alleys of shadowy cypress-trees.

"Princely, indeed!" said the Earl; and quoted a line or two of Tennyson:—

"A realm of pleasure, many a mound,
And many a shadow-cliqueer'd lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets bowing round.
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
Graven with emblems of the time,
In honour of the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!"

by the way, Trefalden, what if the Commercial Authority keeps the Persian girl 'with argentlidded eyes' hidden up behind yonder lattices?"

At this moment the door softly re-opened, and, instead of the secretary, the Armenian appeared. He bowed almost to the ground, and requested the offends to follow him.

Up a broad flight of marble steps they went, and through a long suite of rooms magnificently furnished in a semi-Oriental style, with divans and hangings, carpets in which the foot sank noiselessly, statues, massive bronzes, ornamental clocks, and large paintings in heavy Italian frames. Having led them through five of these stately reception-rooms, the Armenian paused at the entrance to the sixth, held the velvet curtain aside, and stood back to let them pass.

A spacious room, still more Oriental, and, if possible, still more costly in its decorations, opened before them. The windows admitted the last crimson light of the setting sun. The air was heavy with a mixed perfume of orange blossoms and roses, and the scented fumes of Turkish tobacco.

As the young men entered, a gaunt figure clothed all in white rose from a sofa at the upper end of the room, and stood to receive them.

This was Mr. Melchisedek.

The great Commercial Authority was, beyond doubt, a very extraordinary-looking individual. He was a Jew pure et simple. It needed no ethnologist to see that. A Jew of marked Arabian type, with deep-set fiery eyes, a complexion almost the colour of a Roxburgh binding, a high narrow, intellectual forehead, and a "sable-silvered" beard and moustache. He wore a crimson fez, and a suit of fine white linen, that shone all over like the richest satin. The buttons of his coat and waistcoat were also of linen; but in his shirt he wore three superb brilliants, and the long, slender brown hand which held his chibouque was all ablaze with jewels.

Handing this chibouque to one of four gorgeously attired Nubian slaves that stood behind his sofa, Mr. Melchisedek inclined his head, pointed to a couple of divans, and said, in the tone of a sovereign giving audience:

"Gentlemen, you are welcome."

Pipes and coffee were then brought round in the Eastern fashion, and for some minutes the trio smoked and sipped in silence.

Mr. Melchisedek was the first to speak.

"May I inquire," he said, "which gentleman I am to address as Mr. Trefalden?"

"Myself, if you please," replied Saxon bluntly.

The Commercial Authority removed his pipe from his lips, and looked at him with some appearance of interest.

"I know your name well, Mr. Trefalden," he said. "You came lately into the possession of a fortune founded one hundred years ago."

"I did," replied Saxon, laughingly. "But I did not expect to find that fact known in Egypt."

All remarkable financial facts are known among financial men," replied Mr. Melchisedek; "and the fame of the Trefalden legacy has been considerable."

Hereupon he resumed his pipe, and a second round of coffee made its appearance.

Saxon and Castletowers exchanged glances. The semi-Oriental gravity of the man, the peculiarities of his appearance, the pacha-like splen-

dour of his palace, and the train of slaves about the place, amazed and amused them.

In obedience to a sign from the Earl, Saxon left Mr. Melchisedek to conduct the conversation according to his own pleasure.

Presently the Nabians removed the coffee cups and brought round a silver bowl of rosewater, and three embroidered napkins. The guests dipped their fingers in the one and dried them in the other. The slaves then closed the lattices, lit the lamps, and withdrew.

They were no sooner gone than Mr. Melchisedek turned to Saxon, and said:

"If I understand my secretary aright, Mr. Trefalden, you have been informed that a second Anglo-Indian Company, calling itself the New Overland Route Company, has lately been incorporated; and you wish to know whether that information be correct?"

"Not precisely," replied Saxon, "for I have reason to know that such a company has actually been formed; but—"

"May I inquire what the reason is?" said Mr. Melchisedek.

"I have taken shares in it."

"Will you permit me to see your debentures?"

"I have none—that is to say, they are doubtless in the care of my lawyer. He takes charge of all my papers, and transacts all my business."

Mr. Melchisedek looked at Saxon with something like a grim smile hovering about the corners of his mouth, and said in his oracular tone:

"Sir, there is no such company."

"But—"

"There is no such company. All joint stock companies must be publicly registered as the act directs. They do not exist as companies till that registration has taken place, and, being registered, they become capable of legally carrying on the business for which they are formed, according to the provisions of their deeds of settlement. No such company as this New Overland Route Company has been registered in England or elsewhere—consequently no such company exists."

Saxon changed colour and was silent.

Mr. Melchisedek touched a silver bell, and the Armenian chamberlain presented himself upon the threshold.

"My volume of maps," said the master laconically.

The Armenian vanished; but, presently reappeared with a huge folio, which Mr. Melchisedek opened at the Eastern Hemisphere.

"Be so good, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "as to show me this supposititious route."

Saxon drew his finger along the map from Marseilles, through the straits of Messina, to Sidon on the coast of Syria; from Sidon to Palmyra; from Palmyra along the valley of the Euphrates, down the Persian Gulf, and over to Bombay. He explained the scheme as he proceeded. It seemed so brilliant, so easy, so perfect, that before he came to the end of his commentary his tone of voice had become quite triumphant, and all his doubts had vanished.

But the great Commercial Authority only smiled again more grimly than before.

"You have been grossly imposed upon, Mr. Trefalden," he said. "No offices as you describe have been erected here or elsewhere. No surveyors have been sent out. No deputations have been dispatched. The whole transaction is less than a bubble—a mere figment of the imagination."

"But may it not be possible that, without your knowledge—"

"No Oriental undertaking can be set on foot without my knowledge," replied Mr. Melchisedek, stiffly. "I employ agents throughout the East, whose business it is to keep me informed on these subjects."

"Good Heavens!" murmured Saxon. "I do not know how to believe it!"

"Besides," added the Commercial Authority, "the thing is impracticable."

"Why so?"

"In the first place, the obstacles to the Euphrates route by land are innumerable—perhaps altogether insurmountable. In the second place,

Sidon, which is to this scheme what Alexandria is to the genuine route, is one of the most dangerous points of the Syrian coast."

"Is that possible?" exclaimed Saxon. "I have read of the harbour of Sidon in Homer—in the Bible—in ancient and mediæval history. Surely it is the seaport of Damascus?"

"It was," replied Mr. Melchisedek; "but it has not been a seaport for more than two hundred years. When the Emir Fakreddin defended his territory against the encroachments of Amurath the Fourth, he filled the harbour in order to prevent the Turkish fleet from approaching the town. Since that time no vessel of size has dared to attempt an entrance."

Saxon stood bewildered with his eyes fixed upon the map.

"I fear you have been defrauded to a considerable extent," said Mr. Melchisedek, politely.

"To be defrauded is, I suppose, the lot of the ignorant," replied Saxon; but it is not so much for the money that I care. It is for the—

"Precisely," said Mr. Melchisedek. "The swindle."

Saxon shrank from the word as it stung him. "I am very much obliged to you," he said hastily.

"Pray do not name it, Mr. Trefalden. I am happy to have been useful to you."

And with this Mr. Melchisedek again touched the silver hand-bell, saluted his visitors in stately fashion, and remained standing till the Armenian had ushered them from his presence.

Back they went again, through the five magnificent rooms, down the marble staircase, now all ablaze with lamps of quaint and beautiful designs, and out across the spacious court-yard.

It was now dusk. A delicious breeze was blowing off the sea; the Frankish quarter was full of promenaders; and a band was playing in the great square, before the French Consulate.

But Saxon strode on towards the Hotel de l'Europe, observing nothing; and, Castletowers followed him silently. Not till they were again alone in their own sitting-room did he venture to break upon his friend's meditations.

"I am afraid this is a bad business, Trefalden," he said.

"A terrible business!" replied Saxon, leaving moodily out of the window.

The Earl laid his hand on the young fellow's shoulder.

"Is your loss very heavy?" he asked, gently.

"Nearly half my fortune."

"Good Heavens, Trefalden!"

Saxon smiled bitterly.

"Yes," he replied; "it is a loss not to be counted by thousands or tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands—but millions. I have been robbed of two millions."

"But not irrecoverably robbed! You have the law to appeal to!"

"The law can do nothing for me," replied Saxon.

"The law can do everything, if one has prompt recourse to it. Supposing that these swindlers have fled, you can set a hundred detectives on their heels; you can hunt them down like vermin—you can—"

"I tell you, Castletowers, I can do nothing," interrupted Saxon, impatiently.

"Why not?"

Saxon was silent.

"Who laid the scheme before you? Who sold you the forged shares?"

Still Saxon made no reply.

A foreboding of the truth flashed suddenly across Lord Castletowers' mind.

"Gracious powers!" he faltered. "Surely—it is not possible—can it be that Mr. Trefalden—"

"Don't ask me!" said Saxon passionately; "don't ask me!"

Then breaking down all at once, he exclaimed:

"But oh, it's not the money, Castletowers! it's not the money that I grieve about!"

"I understand that," replied the Earl, scarcely less agitated than himself. "Who would have conceived that Mr. Trefalden could be so base?"

"My own kinsman—my friend whom I loved and trusted!"

"The friend whom we all trusted," said the Earl.

Saxon looked at him with an alarmed, almost, an imploring, expression—opened his lips as if to speak—checked himself, and turned away with a heavy sigh.

He had now no doubt that his cousin had wronged Lord Castletowers of that twenty-five thousand pounds; but he could not bring himself to say what he suspected. Besides, there was still a hope—

At all events, he would wait—wait and think.

CHAPTER LXXII. WHAT TO DO NEXT.

There are some emergencies in which men must and can only turn to their own thoughts for guidance—emergencies in which the least experienced are better able to help themselves than others are to help them; in which the wisest counsel from without is of less value than that counsel which comes from within. Such was Saxon's position when he made the cruel discovery of his cousin's baseness. He was stunned—crushed—bewildered. He neither knew how to act, nor what to think. A change and a shadow seemed all at once to have come over the face of the heavens. That simple faith in his fellow-man which had made wealth so pleasant, life so sweet, the present so sunny, and the future so fair, was shaken suddenly to its foundations. He felt like one who is overtaken by an earthquake. Where his home stood but a moment before, there is now a heap of fallen masonry. Where his garden lay, all bright with trees and flowers, there is now but a yawning chasm. He dreads to move, to stand still, to go backward or forward, lest the ground should open and swallow him. There is nothing before him, nothing behind him, but ruin.

As he had told Castletowers in the first outbreak of his trouble, it was not, indeed, "the money" that he lamented. He would have given more than he had lost to believe again in William Trefalden, and know him for "a good man and true." It was not the money. He scarcely thought of it. He was rich without it. Perhaps—for he was beginning to loathe the wealth which had wrought all this evil—he should have been richer still if he had never possessed it. No—it was that he had, in his simple, manly, hearty way, truly loved his cousin—loved him, looked up to him, trusted him implicitly. It was that he had been, all along, the mere blind victim of a gigantic fraud, deliberately planned, mercilessly carried forward, callously consummated. This was the blow. This was the wrong. This was "the pity of it!"

He had to bear it, to fight through it, to think it out for himself. He had, above all, to consider what he should do next. That was the great problem—what to do next.

For he was determined not to have recourse to the law. He had made up his mind to that from the first. The money might go—was gone, probably. At all events, he would never foul the Trefalden name in a public court, or drag the man whom he had called by the sacred name of "friend" before a public tribunal. At the same time, however, might it not yet be possible to recover some portion of the money? William Trefalden believed him to be in Norway, and, doubtless calculated on the three months which Saxon had laid out for his northern trip. Was it not, at all events, possible that the lawyer had not yet taken flight?

The more Saxon thought about it, the more he became convinced that his wisest course would be to hasten back to London, confront his cousin, and wrest from him whatever might yet be recoverable of the stolen millions. There were great improbabilities in the way; but even in the face of these improbabilities, the effort was worth making.

And then there was the Castletowers mortgage—but Saxon had already considered how that difficulty might be met.

Poor young fellow! He lay awake all night turning these things over in his mind; and in the morning, as soon as Alexandria was awake and stirring, he went down without even knocking at Lord Castletowers' door as he passed by, and out into the streets.

When he came back to breakfast, his face wore a bright look of decision and purpose.

"I have been down to the landing-place, Castletowers," he said, "looking after the *Albula*, and making some inquiries of the people about the quays. I think I ought to give up this Mediterranean tour, and go back to England."

"I am sure of it," replied the Earl. "I was about to suggest it to you myself, if you had not proposed it."

"And 'if 'twere well 'twere done,'" said Saxon, "'twere well 'twere done quickly.'"

"You will go by steamer, of course?"

"I would if I could; but the French mail left yesterday, and the Overland packet will not be due till next week; so the best and only thing to be done is to stick to the yacht for the present. The wind is direct in our favour; the *Albula* will skim along like a gull; and by pushing forward at once to Malta, we may catch one of the Italian boats. At all events, we shall not be standing still: and even to be moving is something, when one is so intolerably restless."

"I am ready to start with you this very moment," said the Earl.

"Thank you," replied Saxon, with a sigh. "You must come back here, you know, when you have got rid of me, and go on to Cairo and the Pyramids, as we had intended before this happened."

"Without you?"

"Why not? I shall, of course, leave the yacht in your charge."

The Earl shook his head.

"No, no, Trefalden," he said. "The yacht can be sent home in the care of the master; but you and I must certainly not part company, unless you feel you had rather be without me."

"That's impossible; but—"

"But me no buts. Solitary travelling has no charm for me. If you reject my society, I shall simply go home to Castletowers as fast as I can."

So it was agreed that the friends should embark without an hour's delay, making direct for the nearest port in which a Marseilles steamer was likely to be found.

CHAPTER LXXIII. HOMEWARD BOUND.

That fate is always adverse to a man in haste, that nothing important in this world is ever to be had at the precise moment when it is most needed, that the train is certain to be half an hour late or the watch ten minutes slow, when every moment is more precious than gold and one's whole being seems to be concentrated on the one act of pushing forward—are facts which call for no evidence beyond that which comes within the circle of each man's experience.

In obedience, then, to what may be called the Law of Hindrances, the *Albula* just missed the steamer at Valetta by an hour and three-quarters. Being told, however, that by running before the wind to Messina without delay, they would be certain to catch the French mail steam-packet for Marseilles direct, the travellers crowded all sail, and went on. Arrived at Messina, they learned that their boat had started at noon, and would not be due again till that day week. There was now nothing for it but to go on to Naples.

They then landed their Sicilian surgeon, whose services were no longer needed, and again put to sea.

But the wind was no longer directly in their favour, and their progress was consequently so much the slower. Taking laboriously along the Calabrian coast, they beheld all that wondrous panorama unfold itself before them as they passed. Paestum, Amalfi, Salerno, Vesuvius, and, at last, the glorious bay, with its sentinel islets lying out to sea.

They landed at the Molo Grande. The white flag of the Bourbon was flying from the twin castles down beside the quays, from the arsenal, and from the mastsheads of the steam-frigates in the harbour. There, pacing to and fro upon the pier, were the Neapolitan sentries, with their white-cross belts—those same cross-belts at which Saxon and Castletowers fired so many shots at Melazzo.

They soon found that the boat which they had missed at Messina was, above all others, the one which they should have taken. No other went

to Marseilles direct, and no other would go at all for at least forty-eight hours, from the time of their arrival in the harbour. It was now Thursday morning, and the order of departure was as follows: there was the boat of the Messageries Impériales, which left Naples every Tuesday at five p.m.; there was the boat of the Two Sicilies Mail Steam Navigation Company, which went every Wednesday at the same hour; and there were two boats every Saturday, besides the chance of a merchant-steamers, which had no fixed dates for departure, but was expected to be ready about that time. But every one of these packets, without exception, touched at Civita Vecchia, and some touched not only at Civita Vecchia, but also at Genoa and Leghorn.

In short, they could not possibly get off before Saturday at noon, and even then must suffer loss of time by putting in at the Papal port by the way.

However, there was no help for it. Wait one whole day and part of two others, they must; so they determined to make the delay as pleasant as possible, and the Earl undertook to show Saxon all that could be seen of Naples in the time.

How they rattled down to Pompeii by rail; dined on the Chiaja; heard the "Barbière" at the San Carlo; supped in the open air on the terrace of the Albergo della Villa di Roma; ate mattoni ices and maccheroni to their hearts' content; and wandered on the Molo, watching the red glow above Vesuvius long after those hours at which more reasonable travellers are in their beds—needs no recapitulation here.

To a stranger, the fair city seemed all careless security, all mirth, all holiday. Who that knew not every inflection of the popular voice, every flash of the popular humour, could have guessed that there was revolt at the heart of that shouting, laughing, noisy crowd? Who would have dreamed that the preacher holding forth in the Largo del Mercato was only kept from preaching the "movimento" by the sight of those cross-belts scattered, as if by chance, among the crowd? Or that the Santa Storia on the Molo, chanting his monotonous stanzas to an eager circle of boatmen and lazzaroni, was ready to substitute the name of Garibaldi for that of Rinaldo whenever the sentry was out of hearing? Who would have supposed that in every coffee-shop and trattoria, round every lemonade and maccheroni stall, in front of every mountebank's platform, and in the porch of every church, the one prevailing, absorbing topic upon every lip was the advance of the national army?

Yet so it was. Garibaldi had crossed from Sicily, and landed in Calabria only a few days before, and all Naples was boiling over with hope and exultation. The wildest tales, the most extravagant anticipations were afloat. Every man whispered "Viva Garibaldi!" in his neighbour's ear; but none had yet dared to give voice to the popular watchword. In the meanwhile, an irrepressible under-current of revolutionary propagandism was beginning to agitate the surface of Neapolitan life. Though not yet apparent to the casual observer, this disposition was perfectly understood by the Neapolitan authorities who were doing all in their power to keep it down by means of the strong hand. The guns of St. Elmo, the Castel Nuovo, and the Castell dell' Oro were pointed ominously upon the town. Small bodies of military were constantly perambulating the principal thoroughfares, mingling in every crowd, and licitly about the places of popular resort. Above all, the little theatre San Carlino, in the Largo del Castello, was shut up. Saxon and Castletowers had gone down there, on their way to the opera, intending to pay a visit to Pulicciello; but they found the doors closed, and a sentry pacing before them. That witty and patriotic puppet had fallen a victim to his political opinions, and was now a state prisoner in his own little theatre.

Such was the condition of Naples when Saxon made his first acquaintance with the beautiful city. The king was still at the Palazzo Reale; the people were in a ferment; and Garibaldi was on the march.

CHAPTER LXXIV. COLONNA'S HAND.

They were going up Vesuvius!

Happy youth, which can forget its cares so easily, and float with every tide! Here were two young men snatching a hasty breakfast on the terrace in front of their hotel, while the carriage which was to convey them to Resina waited at the door. They had risen with the sun; they were in high spirits; they talked more than they ate, and laughed more than either. Who would have supposed that the one had been robbed of half his fortune, and the other rejected by the lady of his love? Who would have supposed that each had a real sorrow at heart? And, above all, who would not covet that healthy elasticity of temper which enabled them to put their troubles aside, and make the best of the sunshiny present?

"Confound the arm!" said the Earl, "I don't know how I am to get up the cone without the help of it!"

"You must be carried," replied Saxon, vigorously attacking a fragrant "bifteck," surrounded by a golden feu de "pommes de terre frites."

"It's expensive and ignominious; but I can suggest nothing better."

"Consent to become a parcel?" exclaimed the Earl. "Never. Am I not a man and a biped?"

"Men and bipeds must occasionally do what they don't like to do, I presume, as well as women and quadrupeds," replied Saxon.

"There is one consolatory fact of which I am quite certain," replied the Earl; "and that is, that men and bipeds have the best of the bargain—at all events, in this world."

"Not a doubt of it. What splendid stuff this Lachryma is!"

"There's a poor wretch down there, however, who looks as if his worldly bargain had been bad enough!" said the Earl, tossing a handful of carlini to a beggar who had been mumbling and bowing in the road below, ever since the young men had sat down to breakfast.

The waiter in attendance shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.

"Son' tutti ladroni, signore," said he. "Tutti—tutti!"

The beggar picked up the coins with a great show of gratitude, and called upon a variety of saints to shower down blessings on the giver.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Saxon, setting down the glass which he had just raised to his lips.

The Earl looked up in surprise.

"Why, my good fellow," said he, "what is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

But, instead of replying, Saxon turned to the waiter.

"Bring me a cup of strong coffee," he said. "Bring it immediately."

The waiter withdrew. Saxon at once laid his hand on his friend's arm, leaned closer to him, and said in a hurried whisper:

"It's Signor Montecuculi—that Montecuculi whom I saw once at Castletowers!"

"Montecuculi! Where? What do you mean?"

"There—the beggar yonder—don't you see? He has something to say to us!"

"But are you certain?"

"Certain. I saw his face quite plainly. Ha! What's this?"

The beggar had withdrawn a little into the shade of the roadside trees; but a stone came whirring through the air, and crashed down, as Saxon spoke, into the midst of the breakfast-table. There was a paper twisted about it, which the Earl had barely time to secure before the waiter came back. As soon as that functionary could be again dismissed, the young men hastened to examine it.

"Colonna's hand!" exclaimed the Earl, as his eyes fell on the writing.

There were but three or four lines, and they ran thus:

In great peril. Concealed near the coast. Enemies on the alert. Bring a sailing boat. Anchor off shore, in a line with the ruins of Cumæ. Be prepared with a row-boat, and look out for signals about dusk.

"How lucky that we were detained here!" was Saxon's first exclamation.

"We must not think of Vesuvius now," said the Earl.

"Of course not!"

"We can say that we have changed our minds, and prefer a day on the water. It will be easy to cruise about the coast in that direction, fishing, or sketching."

"Nothing easier."

"And we'll get him off, somehow!"

"That we will, in spite of Francesco Sccondo!"

CHAPTER LXXV. ORTHODOX BRITISH TOURISTS.

The Albula coasted ostentatiously about the bay all the forenoon, but shortly after mid-day rounded Monte Procida, and cast anchor at the point indicated in Colonna's note.

Her crew was now strengthened by the addition of a small, active, swarthy Italian sailor, with gold rings in his ears, and a scarlet cap upon his head. He was an "old hand," whom Saxon had, apparently, picked up upon the quay, and he had not been on board five minutes before he betrayed his utter incapacity to handle a rope. This sailor was Montecuculi.

Himself proscribed and in hourly peril of recognition, he had been for three days vainly trying to get Colonna off from his hiding-place at Cumæ. Finding it impossible, in consequence of the vigilance of the harbour police, to make the attempt by sea, he was in the act of organizing an armed expedition by land when he heard an English yacht had just come into port. Going down himself after dark, he found, to his great joy, that the Albula was Saxon Trefalden's property, and that Lord Castletowers was with him at the Hotel Gran Bretagne.

"I tried to see you last evening," said he, as they leaned chatting, over the side of the vessel; "but though I heard of you at many places, I could find you at none. This morning, however, I was determined not to be baffled; so I have been hanging about the Chiaja ever since day-break."

"It was an act of great imprudence on Colonna's part, to venture over to the mainland before Garibaldi was in Naples," said the Earl.

"Imprudencel! It was madness. Nothing less. I have been in Naples myself for the last three weeks, attending the meetings of our secret societies, and distributing the Dictator's proclamations; but then I am known only to our own people, and there is no price upon my head. I heard some days ago that Colonna had been seen at Gaeta; but I did not believe it."

"At Gaeta!" repeated the Earl. "Nay, what could he expect, save danger, in a royalist stronghold like Gaeta?"

"What, indeed! Ma che volete? He has been running his head into the lion's mouth all his life."

"Heaven grant that he may not have done so once too often!"

"Were it not that no hand on earth could imitate his writing," said Montecuculi, "I should have suspected a trap; but of the genuineness of his note, there can be no doubt."

"How did it reach you?" asked the Earl.

"It was left for me, somewhat mysteriously, at the little trattoria where I dine. The messenger was a boy whom nobody knew, and he merely gave it in without a word, and ran away."

"But what was Signor Colonna doing at Gaeta?" asked Saxon.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"Garibaldi has only to enter Naples by one gate from Francesco to walk out by the other," replied he; "and Gaeta gave shelter to the Pope ten years ago. It is a difficult place to deal with, and, of course, if it could be gained over beforehand, our position would be materially strengthened. But Colonna was not the man for such an expedition. A less precious life should have been hazarded."

"I wonder where he is now!" said the Earl, taking an anxious survey of the coast through his glass.

"I think I can guess," replied Montecuculi.

"You see that volcanic hill lying back yonder from the shore? That is the Acropolis of Cumæ; and a regiment might find hiding-room in the mysterious caves and passages with which it is perforated in every direction."

"I think I can see them," exclaimed Saxon. "They look like rabbit-burrows."

"There are hundreds of them—all hewn in the solid tuff. They were ancient beyond all record in the time of Virgil, and no one knows whether they lead, or by what hands they were excavated."

It was now proposed that Saxon and Castle-towers should land on pretext of sketching, leaving the Albula at anchor about half a mile from shore. They put off accordingly in the small boat, taking Saxon's English sailor with them, and leaving Montecuculi on board the yacht.

The shore was flat and marshy, fringed with tall reeds, and scattered over with fragments of very ancient masonry. Among these reeds they moored their boat, and, landing, found themselves face to face with a Neapolitan sentry.

Up till this moment, no human creature had been visible along the lonely coast. Scanning it carefully from the deck of the Albula and detecting no sign of life for miles on either side they had said to each other that nothing would be easier than to bring off the fugitive in open day; yet no sooner had they set foot upon the sand than their friend's danger stood boldly before them in the shape of an armed sentinel.

The man neither challenged them nor opposed their landing; but stood by, leaning on his musket, quiet and observant. Saxon and Castle-towers, on the other hand, with an air of the utmost unconcern, lit their cigars, and began looking about for a favourable point of view.

Presently the Earl went up to the sentry, and addressed him.

"Scusatè, amico," said he, "but what hill is that yonder?"

"E la rocca di Cumæ, signore," replied the soldier.

"Cumæ?" repeated the Earl.

"Sì, signore. Cumæ antico."

"Grazie molte," said Castle-towers, and immediately pulled a book from his pocket, and began reading. The book was *Childe Harold*; but the last edition of Murray could not have answered his purpose better. The sentry concluded it was a guide-book, set down the new comers as inoffensive tourists, and took no further notice of them.

They then wandered a little way up the shore till they came to a clump of pines, in the shade of which they sat down. Here Saxon, who was, in truth, no artist, proceeded to make a sketch.

Presently another sentry made his appearance. Like the first, he seemed to rise out of the very earth, and yet made no show of watchfulness. Having paced slowly past the pine clump twice or thrice, he withdrew to a point of rising ground about a quarter of a mile distant, and there took up his position.

"Trefalden," said the Earl, "we are watched."

"Evidently."

"What is to be done?"

"Heaven knows!"

"It is my belief that the place swarms with soldiers."

"And I feel as if the very air were full of eyes and ears."

"Poor Colonna!"

Then for a few moments, they were both silent.

"I'll tell you what I think we must do, Castle-towers," said Saxon. "Seem to sail away, and then come back again at dusk."

Despite his anxiety, the Earl could not forbear a smile.

"Decidedly, my friend," said he, "you have no genius for intrigue."

"Isn't my plan a good one?"

"It is the most artless artifice that ever oozed from an honest brain. No, no. We must do something much more cunning than that."

"Then I fear you will have to invent it."

"I think I have done so already. You must go on sketching for a few hours longer. We must then pretend to be hungry—"

"No need for pretence on my part," said Saxon. "I am frightfully hungry now."

"You will have to fast for some time, then, because it is my object to prolong our stay here till dusk; and, in order to do that, we must drive off the dinner question to the last moment. Having done this, we will go up boldly to one of the sentries, inquire our way to the nearest inn, and get something to eat. By the time we have dined it will be dusk. Colonna will then only have to steal down to the shore and hide himself in our boat; and the object for which we are here will be triumphantly accomplished."

"It seems to me," said Saxon, "that we should have done better had we followed Colonna's own instructions more closely, and not come till after sunset."

The Earl shook his head.

"Our only course," he replied, "was to land openly—to sketch, and idle, and play the orthodox British tourist. By doing this, we disarm suspicion; by steering along the coast after sunset, we should infallibly have aroused the suspicions of every royalist within half a dozen miles of the place."

"I dare say you are right," said Saxon; "but in the mean while, I am starving."

"I fear you must continue to starve for the present."

"Then, I beg you to understand that I decline to sit still under the treatment. Suppose we go over the ruins."

"Will you not finish your sketch first?"

"My sketch!" ejaculated Saxon, contemptuously. "Pshaw! my sketches are the most unsatisfactory daubs in the world. The more I finish them, the worse they get. If I had put this down half an hour ago, it would have been ever so much better than it is now."

The Earl still hesitated. Not knowing where Colonna might be hidden, he doubted whether they ought to go up to the ruins or not. At last they decided that orthodox British tourists would be certain to see all that could be seen; and so went across the broiling plains and up to the foot of the Cumæan Mount. Arrived, however, at the Arco Felice, they were met by a third sentry, who interposed his bayonet somewhat unceremoniously between them and the gate. The ruins, he said, were closed to the public, and could only be seen by order of the Royal Chamberlain.

They tried expostulation, they tried bribery; but in vain. The man was immovable. So Saxon had to make another sketch, and then another, to pass the time away.

At length the day began to decline, and the Earl judged that they might proceed to the second step in their plan. So they went back to the sentinel at the Arco Felice, and inquired if he knew where they might purchase something to eat.

The soldier shrugged his shoulders, and believed there was no albergo nearer than Patria.

"How far are we from Patria?" asked the Earl.

"About eight miles."

"Eight miles! But, amico, we have not eaten since breakfast—we are starving. Is there no farm house near at hand?"

"Oh, sicuro. There is a podere about a quarter of an hour hence."

"In which direction?"

"Following the coast-road towards Literaum."

"A thousand thanks. Good evening, amico."

"Buona sera, signore."

With this the young men turned away, and hastened in the direction indicated.

To be continued

A REMARKABLY thin man observed one evening a gentleman much inebriated approaching him in so irregular a direction, that it might have been concluded he had business on both sides of the way. After they had come near, they eyed each other for a moment, when the lean man said to the other, "My dear friend you seem to have drunk too much."—"Yes," was the reply, "and you, fellow, have eaten too little."

IRISH GAVELKIND.

GAVELKIND or equal division between all the sons was the earlier law of inheritance in many Celtic and Teutonic nations. It existed in England prior to the Norman conquest, and indeed to a much later period in Kent. But the Gavelkind which existed in Ireland had a feature peculiar to itself. In England and elsewhere when a man died, his land was assigned to his children by this custom in equal shares. But in Ireland such a death enforced a new division of all the lands held by the sept or clan to which the deceased belonged. His sons became heads of families, and entitled to equal shares with the other members of the sept. For example if in a sept numbering one hundred heads of families, a death occurred, the deceased's family, consisting of (say) six sons, became each entitled, not as they would have been under the English custom, to the one sixth of the part held by their father, but to one one hundred and fifth part of the whole lands of the clan. The chief had no larger share in the land than any other member of the sept, but he received a tribute from them and a larger share of the spoil.

The tendency, of course, of this custom was to prevent any improvement of the soil, and to make cattle the chief wealth and support of the Irish kerne.

The importance of this little bit of Irish antiquity is that it has been in some degree the cause of the agrarian character of Irish crime, and in a great degree the root of Irish discontent. To understand how the custom of Gavelkind gave an agrarian character to Irish crime, we must consider an important part of Irish history—the first plantation of Ulster.

On the 19th of May, 1607, a letter was dropped in Council room of Dublin Castle; it had no signature attached to it, but it professed to disclose a plot to seize the castle, and murder the Lord Deputy. The earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell were accused of being originators of the plot. Whether this plot had any reality, or whether the letter was forged in order to make the forfeitures, is very doubtful. The result was that the whole of Ulster was confiscated to the crown. This measure, according to all Irish notions, was atrociously unjust. The clansmen had not risen in arms; they, even if we admit that the earls were guilty, had not been involved in their guilt. The lands of the sept did not belong to the chieftain, and yet they were confiscated, the Irish kerne were driven out from their homes, and their broad lands. But with the strong yearning for the scenes of childhood, common to all Celts, they crept back again to their old haunts, as tenants to the stranger who held their lands. Thirty-four years passed, during which every Irish hut was the scene where men and women told their listening children, that the O'Neils were the rightful owners of the fertile pastures, of the heath-crowned hills, of the fuel-bearing fogs that stretched for many a mile. Each son of the sept grew up with the feeling that the land of the whole clan was his inheritance, and he stood upon it a serf. This was the feeling embittered no doubt by religious hate which caused the massacre of 1641. And at the present time the Irish peasant has the same ideas. His landlord is a thief and a usurper, and he pays rent for a miserable scrap of the lands of his ancestors, which are rightfully his own. Such are the notions which, floating through the mind of the peasant, keep him in a state of chronic discontent, ready if hardly treated, to result in crime. No doubt the sober truth is that he is as well off or even better than in the days of Irish nationality. But distance lends enchantment to the view, and the imaginative Celt after a generation or two had passed, had transferred to himself as sole heir the inheritance held in common by his sept, had transformed his savage chieftain into a bountiful monarch, and the sallow robed kerne and gallowglass into brave knights and gallant gentlemen. Education might remove this prejudice, but that the programme of national education in Ireland does not include History in any shape or form.

FRONTENAC.

AZREEL AND THE THREE BROTHERS.

By X. Y. Z, Montreal.

To be completed in four numbers.

Continued from page 238.

"At the gates of Paradise," said I, more boldly.

"Indeed, you are not far from the truth," said she, trembling, "My father is Daniel Ben Eli, treasurer, and favourite of the Caliph, and if he finds you here, you will perish."

"Better that than leave you," said I.

"Unhappy youth, what must I do?" exclaimed she.

"Love me," I cried passionately: "hear me and you will." I then told her my story, but with such episodes as love suggests. When I finished, I was sitting at her feet, clasping her hand in mine.

"Oh, rare and wonderful youth," she said: "on the day you name, I completed my sixteenth year. I fell asleep in this summer house, and dreamed that by this fountain slept a youth your image and counterpart. In my dream, I sang this favourite song, which some mysterious agency wafted to you. One year to-day has elapsed since then. I yield to the Fates, which overrule the destinies of men, and to love, which overrules the Fates. I was to have been the bride of the Caliph, but to thee I pledge my faith."

As I clasped her in my arms a lofty and stern form appeared before me. It was Daniel Ben Eli, in a saffron robe, his head bound with cabalistic characters. "Miserable fools!" cried he, "could I have averted this hour, you, my daughter, would have been the bride of the Caliph; and you, young man, equally unfortunate, would have met his favour, and become his Grand Vizier. I blame you not that other influences have prevailed, but, to save you from death, you must accept the alternative I bestow upon you." He touched with his wand, first myself, and then his daughter. "She is thy wife," said he, and left us. I passed seven days in the greatest happiness. On the eighth morning Daniel appeared before me, and with a cheerful countenance told me that it would be necessary for me to spend one day in the city. "Seek there a jewel merchant named Othman, and buy from him a string of pearls for thy wife. This key will re-admit you if you desire to return. If not, go thy way in peace; but you must return before midnight, or be forever excluded."

Without more ado, I made haste to enter the city and transact my business, that I might speedily return. After some search I found Othman, the jeweller, and was bargaining for a string of pearls with him, when something in his face struck me as familiar. As we conversed, I recalled his features, and recognized in him an intimate friend of my father's that I had left in Bagdad. I did not, however, reveal myself to him, but, having finished my purchase, which was of value, accepted his invitation to refresh myself with sherbet. After receiving and returning compliments on the beauty of my purchase, I asked him if he was a native of Granada. He replied he was of Bagdad, but had lived six years in Granada. This struck me with amazement, for I had left him a year before at Bagdad, and I had always esteemed him a truthful man. I continued, "My father had a friend there, one Hussein, a great merchant." "Say you so," said he briskly; "whoever is the friend of Hussein is the friend of Othman," and he warmly grasped my hand, and proffered me all manner of good offices. I wondered that he did not know me, but supposed that my beard, which I had not formerly worn, made a difference in my appearance. "Lives the good merchant?" asked I. "Yes, he lives, but somewhat saddened in life," said Othman. "Seven years ago his only son was lost near this very city, and has never been heard from since." "Surely you are mistaken," I urged; "his son left him only a year since." "I see, sir, you are not so familiar with Hussein as you would appear. In all his letters to his friends, he begs them to omit no inquiry about his son, whom he bewails as one dead. It is seven years since he parted

from companions near this city; and, now that I remember it, to-day is the anniversary of that event, for it was the poor boy's birthday."

At this I kept silence, for I was impressed by the firm belief of Othman. Could he be mad, or was I, or was this all enchantment? At length I arose, and, thanking my host, said, "I am glad that I can in some sort return your hospitality, worthy merchant. I have lately been with Selim, the son of Hussein, and he bade me to ask you to write to his father that he was alive and in health, comfort, and happiness." Before Othman could recover from his astonishment, I was gone. The sun was declining when I reached the gate in the high wall, through which I had come forth in the morning. I fitted my key to the lock, and speedily entered. I was affectionately received by Hannah, and her father invited me to sup with him. I passed several hours with him at table, and, though his conversation was very wonderful, and he seemed by a word to be able to open to my understanding the secrets of the universe and to fix them there as the characters of a seal are impressed on wax, yet I longed to be with Hannah, for whose prattle I gladly quitted his learned society. Seven more days of happiness passed, when Daniel again came to me, and said, "My son, it is necessary for you again to visit Othman, and purchase from him a string of pearls. Return before midnight, I implore you, lest you be shut out forever; and do not reveal your secret to Othman, lest he detain you by force."

This I readily promised, and soon found my way to the shop of the jeweller. Having bought the finest string of pearls he had, I could not resist the temptation to inquire after my father, and so, accepting his invitation to coffee, I conversed with him. After I had chatted awhile as a stranger might, I again asked the question, "Know you one Hussein of Bagdad?" At once Othman rose to his feet, and exclaimed with flashing eyes, "Yea! I know him and thee also. Thou art the stranger who, seven years ago, told me thou hadst been with Selim the son of Hussein, since which time land and sea have been searched for him in vain. Seven years have gone by since then, and thou comest now, doubtless, with the same lie on thy lips."

I bade him be calm, and quietly said, "It is no lie, honorable stranger! For I have indeed lately been with Selim, and he sends thee the same message as before."

"Then thou knowest where he is! and wilt tell me," answered Othman.

"In truth, I do know," I replied, "But I cannot tell thee, because he has promised to keep his place of residence a secret."

"Hell-born and accursed!" cried Othman, throwing himself upon me, and almost strangling me, with his powerful clutch on my throat, "Release Selim from thy wicked enchantments, or I will throttle thee."

For a moment my head reeled, but remembering my promise to Daniel, and gathering my strength, with one tremendous effort I flung him off, and, springing from his shop, fled rapidly down the street. As soon as Othman recovered himself, he pursued me with loud cries, gathering a crowd who knew him. By a desperate flight, I evaded the pursuit of the mob, which would quickly have ended my life, had it overtaken me. At last, breathless and exhausted, I rested in a quarter unknown to me. Not knowing in which direction to go, I asked a countryman passing by, if he knew where Daniel Ben Eli, the king's treasurer, lived.

The fellow, who was one of the baser sort, wagged his head at me, and leering, asked me "How old I was, and if my venerable father knew I was absent from home."

I gravely replied that he did, that my age was of no consequence, but that I was a stranger in the city, and that Daniel, being my debtor, I wished to find him.

"Then you are in like case with the Caliph," replied he, "for he, too, would like to see him and receive acquaintance of some old debts between them. But seeing you are a stranger and are serious, know that Daniel disappeared fourteen years ago, and by powerful enchantments conveyed away his daughter, who was promised

in marriage to the Caliph; and for the matter of that, like a thrifty old tortoise as he was, he took off his house on his back, and his gardens and treasures also. On yonder distant hill, that bleak, deserted spot, is where his gardens stood, but is a bad place to go to. Luck does not follow it." With this he walked off. I remained for some time thinking over all that had occurred, and now plainly saw that I was the victim of sorcery, and that the fourteen days I had spent with Hannah, were really fourteen years. I hesitated long whether I should return, considering whether I should consume my life in a dream or give up Hannah. The sun went down, the moon rose, and still I lingered, until suddenly the words of Daniel flashed before me that I must reach home before midnight or be forever banished. I turned my footsteps in that direction, and slowly wended my way towards it. I had walked a long time, when the call of the muezzin from the minaret of a mosque, inviting the faithful to prayer, roused me from my reverie.

It lacked but a few minutes of midnight, but the gate of the garden was in sight. I flew on the wings of love, and had just time to enter and close the gate after me, when the midnight call was given. Hannah sunk at my feet in tears, and Daniel stood regarding me with looks of mingled dismay and anger. Retiring to his tower with Daniel, I told him truly all I had learned, and how my love of Hannah had triumphed over my temporal prospects. "Now, indeed, I see that thou canst be trusted," said Daniel. "But it is meet that thou, who inheritest my power, shouldst wield it with knowledge. One fourth of each day must thou give to acquire the learning of the ancients. It will but add a zest to the society of thy wife."

To this I readily agreed, and by this arrangement, during the next seven days, I had mastered all the science of the sages, and under the instruction of Daniel, readily compounded the Potent Elixirs which protract human life, and give command over the precious metals. The songs of Hannah filled every crevice of my heart with gushing melody, and on the fifth day, she presented me with a beautiful daughter. This completed our joy. With a command over the principle of life and the origin of gold, what did it matter that years seemed as days. Nevertheless, on the seventh day, Daniel reminded me that an inevitable necessity compelled me to present myself to Othman, and make the purchase of pearls from him, warning me of the danger of delay in returning, and promising to render me all the aid he could, should I be prevented. With fear in my heart, I took my way to Othman's. Having made my purchase of pearls, I entered into conversation with him. Looking keenly at me he said, "Heard you the news? One Hussein of Bagdad has arrived with letters from the great Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad, to the Caliph here at Granada."

My heart bounded with the hope of seeing my father, but I quietly asked, "Are these letters to the Caliph of great import?"

"Hussein is much esteemed by the Caliph Haroun, and comes with high commendation from him. It seems that twenty-one years ago he lost his son, on his twenty-first birth day, near this city. On each seventh anniversary of that day, a foul magician who keeps him in bonds appears in this city, and after purchasing pearls from me, escapes. To-day he is again expected, and Hussein waits in the audience chamber of the Caliph for news of him."

"I would be glad to see this Hussein, if my business permitted," said I.

"I will lead you to him," answered Othman.

"Worthy merchant!" said I, considering the danger of forcible detention in my own mind, "I cannot go to Hussein, but I would gladly ease his heart's pain. His son is well."

Before I could utter another word, Othman clasped his hands, and four powerful slaves seized and bound me. Othman then had me conveyed to the audience chamber of the Caliph of Granada, where my father sat on the Caliph's right hand. "Father of the faithful," cried he, "I have at last entrapped and seized this wicked sorcerer, as I hoped, and bring him before thee for judgment." He then told his story.

The Caliph addressed me: "Stranger! It seems clear that you know where Selim, the son of the venerable Hussein, is concealed. Release him and all will be well with thee."

I knew not what to reply, and for a long time I kept silence, until finally Hussein cried out, "Powerful Eucharter, give back my son to my old age."

I could not resist these words of my father and his sorrowful countenance, but cried aloud, "Hussein! I am thy son, Selim!"

Hussein ran to me, and looking me steadily in the face, exclaimed, "Allah is great! It is even so. This is Selim, my son."

Now there was great joy and wonder, and I was called on by the Caliph to narrate how it had been with me. Mindful of my promise to Daniel, I tried to evade his curiosity, and told him, after much pressing, that I had slept through the intervals.

The Caliph now spoke to Hussein: "It is plain, that thy son is the victim of Daniel Ben Eli, a great wizard, and once my treasurer, who disappeared on the same day that he did. It is requisite to secure thy son, until to-morrow, to dissolve this enchantment." These words filled me with sorrow, but I had no resource, for I was bound and guarded by the Caliph, Hussein, Othman, and a number of wise dervises, who formed a magic circle round me to ward off hostile enchantments. A violent storm fell upon the city, amid which were heard the howls of genii, trying to reach me. Although anxious to be released and return to Hannah, I was able to do nothing, so powerful were the counter-spells of the dervises. The storm lasted till midnight, when it suddenly ceased, and I heard through the subsiding blasts, a melancholy strain of music, and Hannah's voice bidding me farewell. All this time I implored for leave to go, but when I heard her voice, I fainted. I awoke not until noon next day. When I came to my senses, my father told me that at daylight, the gardens of Daniel, which had been invisible for twenty-one years, were discovered as they had existed before that time. The guards of the Caliph, on entering, found the house consumed by fire, and Daniel dead on the threshold. In the summer-house, beside the fountain, lay the corpse of a beautiful lady, on whose bosom played an innocent babe. I took my child, and yielding to the wishes of my father, returned with him and Othman to Bagdad. Here after some years I buried my father. Othman lived with us, but I took little part or pleasure in anything, except in the care and education of my daughter. Seventeen years have passed thus, which seem like so many centuries to me. To-day the Angel of Death called Othman, and I, possessing the Elixir of Life, carefully guard, lest one drop of it, mingling with my food, should prolong a life, which, since the loss of Hannah, is weariness itself. Heaven seems to have sent you to me. By the gift of Azrael, you do not need the Elixir, which shall perish with me; for to my daughter Zuleima, I desire no moment of life beyond the time allotted to her above. The Benevolence which presides over life and death ordains more wisely than the lust of the flesh of man. Thou, Mahmoud! shall, if thy heart assents, have Zuleima for thy wife, and I will depart to the fountain where Azrael met thee, for perchance he will kindly visit me there also."

Mahmoud could only throw himself at his benefactor's feet, and thank him for his confidence and wonderful goodness. Selim then clasped his hands, and ordered a slave to bring to him Zuleima. When Mahmoud beheld her, so great was her beauty, that his love knew no bounds, but when he heard her voice, which she inherited from her mother, he was transfixed and mute. Zuleima was delighted with her father's choice, and being mutually acceptable, the wedding was fixed for the next day, when it was celebrated with great magnificence. On their return from the Gadi's, Selim kindly took Mahmoud by the hand, and placing on his finger the amulet, which informed him whether the truth was spoken, said, "My children, I depart on a long journey; all that I have of wealth, I leave to you. I burden you not with the painful knowledge, which I might in time transmit to you, but which is a

load to the happy and a weariness to the flesh of him who sorrows. Be virtuous. Be patient. Be resigned." He took an affectionate farewell of them and departed.

And now for a while we will leave Mahmoud, who in so short a time as twenty-four hours, from a homeless and hungry beggar, became one of the richest men in Bagdad, the possessor of a magic ring, and the husband of one of the loveliest women in the world.

ALI'S STORY.

When Ali parted from his brother at the caravanserai, he took a path by the river side. With no defined purpose he strolled along, drinking in the songs of birds, and forming vague dreams of a possible greatness. At length, when the sun had passed the zenith, his youthful appetite reminded him that he had eaten no dinner. He lay down under the dense shade of a sycamore to reflect on the best means of obtaining a dinner, when, overcome by heat and fatigue, he fell asleep. When he awoke, the moon was up. He had hardly opened his eyes, when he heard a step coming towards him, and looking in that direction saw a gigantic black slave approaching and bearing in his arms a female form. Before he could utter a word, the slave halted on the river's brink and cast his burden into the stream. Filled with horror, Ali could only spring to his feet and rush violently upon the gigantic black, whom, striking unawares, he pushed into the river; the slave seemed unable to swim, for he went down and did not rise again to the surface. Ali plunged in and with great difficulty rescued the lady, whom, however, the cold water had restored to consciousness. She immediately begged of him to fly with her, and leading him to a spot near by, pointed out a hidden boat, in which they embarked. After rowing some time in silence, the lady spoke, "Generous deliverer! to whom I owe my life, tell me how it happened that you were so wonderfully at hand?" "A merciful Providence led me to the spot," replied Ali, who then narrated to her how it had occurred.

"I owe it to my preserver, to tell him all," said the lady, "I am Selina, the favourite of the Caliph. A Greek by birth, my father, who was a merchant, travelled into these parts, and when I was but a girl, three years since, came with me to Bagdad. A young Greek, named Dionysius, applied for my hand, and my father resolved that I should be his, but without any reason that I could give, I conceived a violent dislike to him. My father, although usually indulgent, determined that I should marry Dionysius, and after in vain using all the arts of persuasion, finally fixed the next day as that of my wedding. I, equally obstinate, looked around for some mode of escape. That afternoon, my father made sale of some valuables to a merchant of Bassora, whom he then invited to dinner. The repast had almost ended, when a message came to my father, to attend instantly at the Gadi's, in regard to some of the formalities of the marriage. My father, excusing himself to his guest, promised to return in an hour and left him. Looking through the lattice and seeing the merchant, who was a man of noble aspect, alone, an impulse seized me to ask his advice and assistance. Entering the room, I respectfully approached him, and saluting him gracefully, made known my purpose. He bade me be seated and said, "Lady! obedience is a filial virtue."

"You speak wisely, noble sir! but so great is my aversion to this Dionysius, that I should die if I married him."

"Is he hideous," asked the merchant.

"On the contrary, he is called handsome," said I. "This is a strange case," replied the merchant, who all this time had been examining my countenance with looks of approval and delight. "Answer me fairly, lady! Should your father consent would you wed me?"

"I will be candid to your heart's desire," said I. "I would gladly marry one of so noble a man as yourself, but my father's word being out he will not break it."

"We will easily settle that," said he, "know, lady, that I am sometimes a merchant of Bassora, and sometimes Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad," and putting to his lips, a silver

whistle, he speedily summoned a train of followers, and before I knew it almost, I was conveyed to the palace. It is needless to say that my father was dismissed to his own country, satisfied with the magnificent presents of the Caliph.

Since then I have led a very happy life, in spite of the jealousy of Zobeide, chief wife of the Caliph, until about six months ago, I discovered that Dionysius, for whom I had entertained so strange and seemingly groundless an aversion, had been installed in the outer apartments of the palace as Deputy master of Accounts, under a false name. Since then every sort of ill-luck has seemed to hunt me down. The jealous rage of Zobeide has increased, and many enemies, unknown before, have sprung up. Still, as I had, without good ground, originally ill-treated Dionysius, I never mentioned his name, and pretended not to be aware of his existence. Yesterday, I was, by means of a drugged potion, thrown into a deep sleep, and the black, whom you put to death, and who was the slave of Dionysius, was employed to murder me. Your courage and goodness have saved me from death; but now whither am I to fly from the wrath of Zobeide, and the suspicious jealousy of the Caliph?"

"Alas, noble and beautiful lady!" said Ali, on whom her loveliness and distress had made a great impression, "how can I advise you. I have neither home, nor means to buy bread, and even now am faint from hunger." Hardly had he spoken these words when, exhausted, the oars fell from his hands, and he sunk senseless in the boat. Selina, overcome by grief, placed his head in her lap and called upon him to return to life. So absorbed was she in this new distress, that she did not observe a gay boating party which had overtaken her, and was now watching her frantic attempts to recall animation in Ali. Presently, they cautiously pulled alongside and before she was aware, she was grasped in a pair of strong arms and transferred to the other boat. A moment of mute surprise was followed by another of tempest, for it was the Caliph's pleasure-boat, which had joined her. The first words that Haroun uttered were addressed to Mesroul, chief of the slaves. He said slowly, and in a tone of sombre and burning indignation, "Mesroul! methinks you are slow to do your duty. An unfaithful favorite of the Caliph, by the law, should be drowned in the Tigris, and this one seems to have sought her doom."

As Mesroul was about to proceed to his painful office, Selina, awakened to her danger, calmly remarked, "Commander of the faithful! it has been the boast of thy people, that thou did'st not condemn unheard. Hasty judgment, in the mouth of a prince, is a two-edged sword."

"Speak," said Haroun coldly, and with effort. Immediately Selina began, and with a rapid and flowing eloquence recounted to the Caliph the whole of her adventure. When she concluded he directed them to proceed to the spot where the black was drowned. Arrived there, he bade his attendants drag the river for the body, which was speedily found, but Mesroul said, "Dread master, this is indeed the body of Kobo, but his master's name is not Dionysius, but Kaliphernes."

"Nevertheless," said Selina, "I maintain that these two are one, and my story true."

"Let us proceed to the Judgment Hall," said the Caliph.

Scarcely was the Caliph seated, before the mother of the Harem sent word that Selina, the favorite, had fled with one Dionysius, a Greek, who had murdered Kobo, the slave of Kaliphernes, Master of Accounts, who could testify to the facts.

Kaliphernes, being summoned before the Caliph, after due obeisance, began to speak. "Commander of the Faithful," said he, "it is my misfortune to be a Greek, though of the true faith. Appointed to the post of Master of Accounts in your household, by reason of my great skill, I have been happy until I met one Dionysius, a companion of my youth. To-day he came to me under the pretext of borrowing money. I gave him what he wished. Kaliphernes," said he, "a noble lady wishes to row with me on the river this evening. Give me thy slave, Kobo, at dusk.

I assented. He then told me, that his bride had been honored by the Caliph three years before, but that now he was to have recompense. Yonder, in wet and humble attire, is Dionysius," said the false Kaliphernes, pointing to Ali, "he has evidently murdered Kobo, after employing him on some fatal mission."

To be continued.

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

Consul, (Lat.), the chief magistrate of ancient Rome, invested with authority for one year. Now, a person appointed by a state to reside in a foreign country, to protect the interests of its merchants, &c.

Contretremps, (Fr.), an unexpected accident which causes confusion.

Conversazione, (It.), a meeting for conversation, generally on literary topics.

Coquette, (Fr.), a vain girl, a jilt.

Coram iudice, (Lat.) before the judge.

Ocrdon, (Fr.), band, girdle, boundary.

Corps diplomatique, (Fr.), the diplomatic body.

Corps de ballet, (Fr.), a body of ballet dancers.

Cor unum via una, (Lat.), one heart one way.

Cortège, (Fr.), a train of attendants, also a procession.

Corvée, (Fr.), forced labour (in feudal law.)

Corpus Christi, (Lat.), a festival of the Church of Rome, the body of Christ.

Coterie, (Fr.), a circle of familiar friends.

Couleur de rose, (Fr.), under an aspect of attractiveness, of a rose colour.

Coup d'état, (Fr.), a stroke of policy, a political stratagem.

Coup de grâce, (Fr.), the finishing stroke.

Coup de main, (Fr.), a bold effort, a sudden attack.

Coup d'œil, (Fr.), a glance.

Coup de soleil, (Fr.), a sun stroke.

Courage sans peur, (Fr.), courage without fear.

Coûte qui coûte, (Fr.), cost what it may.

Cui bono, (Lat.), for whose benefit is it? to what good will it tend?

Cui malo, (Lat.), to what evil will it tend?

Cul de sac, (Fr.), blind alley, no thoroughfare, literally, the bottom of the bag.

Cum multis aliis, (Lat.), with many others.

Cum privilegio, (Lat.), with privilege.

Cura facit canos, (Lat.), care will kill a cat.

Currento calamo, (Lat.), with great expedition, with a running pen.

Custos rotulorum, (Lat.), the keeper of the rolls (records.)

Crux, (Lat.), anything vexatious or difficult, literally a cross.

D. as a numeral represents 500.

D.D., (Divinitatis doctor), doctor of divinity.

Da capo, (It.), (in music), repeat from the beginning.

D'accord, (Fr.), agreed, in tune.

Dammum absque injuria, (Lat.), loss without injury that the law can take cognizance of.

Danseuse, (Fr.), a female dancer.

Dats, (Lat.), things granted.

Da locum melioribus, (Lat.), give place to your betters.

Damnata quod non intelligunt, (Lat.), they condemn what they do not understand.

De bene esse, (Lat.), (law term), to allow a thing for the present, subject to be suppressed on further examination.

Débris, (Fr.), ruins or fragments.

Débouchure, (Fr.), the mouth of a river.

Début, (Fr.), the first appearance of an actor or speaker.

Débutant, masc., débutante, fem. (Fr.), a person making a first appearance.

Deceptio visus, (Lat.), an optical illusion.

Decies repetita placebit, (Lat.), though ten times repeated it will still please.

Decus et tutamen, (Lat.), honour and safeguard.

Dedimus, (Lat.), literally, we give; (law term) a writ authorising private persons to do some act; as, to examine witnesses.

De facto, (Lat.), from the fact; in reality.

De gatés de cœur, (Fr.), sportively.

De haute lutte, (Fr.), by a violent struggle.

Dei gratiâ, (d. g.) (Lat.), by the grace of God.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead an article of furniture, and leave one of the integuments of the body; behead again, and leave a necessity to the life of man.
2. Behead a common name, and leave something fabulous.
3. Behead a total, and leave a cavity.
4. Behead a building, and yet leave the whole of it.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

Friends, Sir, Friends
stand your disposition
I bearing
a man the world
is; whilst the
contempt
ridicule
are
ambitious

CHARADES.

1. My first by insect race is stored,
My next by love-sick maids adored;
My whole is paradise restored,
Yet often ends in being bored.
2. Change the head of a foreign coin—
Its worth will be double;
While merely to add one
Would give you some trouble.
3. My first's a little busy thing,
My second ladies do;
Impelled by that which rules the world,
My whole—I tell you true—
An animal of swiftest pace,
Is famed for beauty and for grace.

CONUNDRUM.

What battle in the American war is suggestive of a child urging a relative to partake freely of berries?

ANAGRAMS.

1. Y ask ye wit in an utterer of comic dates.
2. Know yer.
3. The fame we ticketed is in atrocious ty-ranny.

Two o tyrrany sick fame it cauterised e.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. If you were sent to a house whose number was represented by 3 figures; and, knowing that the digit representing the hundreds was triple that of the tens, and that the sum of the 3 digits was but $\frac{1}{4}$ of the number, at what door would you rap.
2. Place the nine digits 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., in a square, so as to count 15 each way.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 15.

ACROSTIC.—Marathon. 1. Miltiades. 2. Aristotle. 3. Rufus. 4. Alexander. 5. Titus. 6. Homer. 7. Olympus. 8. Nelson.

CHARADES.—1. Palm-crest-on. 2. Car-mine. 3. Hand-cuff.

ANAGRAMMATIC COURTSHIP.—Wait and hope, Tom.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Cartes de visite. 2. Christ Church Cathedral. 3. The Crystal Palace.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1st. 210 leaps. 2nd. 147 sheep. 3rd. 7 days.

The following answers have been received:

Acrostic.—Nemo, Peter, A. A. Oxon, H. H. V., Cloud.

Charades.—All, Ellen G., Camp, Peter, A. A. Oxon, Nemo; 1st and 3rd, L. P. C.; 1st, Old Tom.

Anagrammatic Courtship.—The only answer received is that forwarded by "Peter," who, by changing "a" into "n," forms, "I do want Tom—when?" The solution given above is formed by changing the "w" in "two" into "p."

Arithmetical Problems.—All, A. A. Oxon, Nemo, Peter, H. H. V., Cloud; 2nd, F. G. P., Old Tom.

The following did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in our last issue: Rusticus, Cadet, Florence, George L.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solutions to Problem No. 3 were received from "St. Urbain St.," and J. McL.
Solutions to Problem No. 2, from J. R. and Philidor, were received too late, to acknowledge last week.

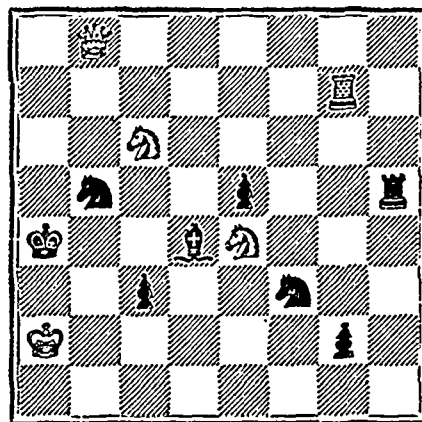
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2.

WHITE. BLACK.
1 B. to Q. B. sq. K. to be 4th or *††
2 Q. takes R. P. (ch.) K. to K. 6th.
3 Q. to Q. 5th. Mate.
* 1 K. to K. B. 6th.
2 Q. to K. B. 4th (ch.) K. to K. 7th.
3 Q. to B. sq. Mate.
† 1 K. to Q. 6th.
2 Q. to Q. 2nd (ch.) K. to K. 6th.
3 Q. to Q. 5th. Mate.
‡ 1 If P's move.
2 Q. to K. B. 4th (ch.) K. to Q. 6th.
3 Q. to Q. B. 4th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 5.

By MR. F. HRALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne astonished the members of the Kidderminster Chess Club, a few years ago, by playing ten blindfold games at once. The following interesting partie is renowned for its beautiful termination:

IRREGULAR OPENING.

WHITE. BLACK.
(Blackburne.) (Mr. A.)
1 P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 4th.
2 P. to Q. 4th. P. takes P.
3 B. to B. 4th. P. to Q. 3rd.
4 Kt. to K. B. 3rd. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
5 P. to Q. B. 3rd. P. takes P.
6 Q. Kt. takes P. Kt. to K. 4th.
7 Kt. takes Kt. P. takes Kt.
8 B. takes B. P. (ch.) K. to K. 2nd.
9 B. to K. Kt. 5th (ch.) Kt. to B. 3rd.
10 Q. to Q. B. 5th. P. to Q. B. 3rd.
11 P. to Q. B. 5th. P. to K. 4th.
12 P. to K. B. 4th. Q. to Q. B. 4th.
13 P. takes P. Q. takes K.
14 Castles. P. to K. R. 3rd.
15 B. to K. 5th. B. to K. 3rd.
16 R. takes Kt. P. takes K.
17 R. to Q. 7th (ch.) B. takes B.
18 Q. to B. 5th (ch.) K. to Q. 3rd.
19 Q. takes Q. B. (ch.) K. to B. 4th.
20 B. to K. 3rd (ch.) K. to Kt. 6th.
21 Q. takes Q. Kt. P. (ch.) K. to R. 4th.

And Mr. Blackburne announced Mate in three moves.
The Mate is as intricate as it is beautiful, and shows that Mr. B. possessed great powers as a player. We venture to say that very few players over the board would have perceived a Mate in three moves at this point; and then it must be recollected that Blackburne was playing nine other blindfold games.—Kingston (N. Y.) Journal.

We revenge in haste and passion; we repent at leisure and from reflexion.

Once give your mind to suspicion, and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to hear them.

GREAT talent renders a man famous, great merit procures respect, great learning gains esteem—but kind feeling alone ensures love and affection.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. P. C.—Much obliged.
 YELVA.—Received.
 GEO. C. G., QUEBEC.—Please forward one of the translations complete. We will write you on receipt. Will return the MS. if not required.
 C. S., KINGSTON.—We think we have succeeded in making an arrangement that will be satisfactory to you. Will write you with particulars.
 EROSTRATUS.—We had intended to publish the article this week, as requested, but on referring to it again find we really cannot do so.
 PENELOPE P.—We will insert in an early issue. We answer both queries in the affirmative, and spare you the anticipated retort.
 J. R., CLERK.—We shall be happy to receive the article you mention. The other subjects are good, and we hope you will complete the sketches at your convenience.
 SPARE HOUR.—We do not know what may be the practice of our city contemporaries, but we never insert poetry as we do advertisements, at so much per line. Respect for our readers, however, compels us to reject more than two-thirds of the so-called poetry we are favoured with. The stanzas forwarded contain some good ideas, poetically expressed, but "rare" does not rhyme with "tear," nor "form" with "morn," nor "hope" with "up."
 LEX.—We do not care to offer an opinion of our own respecting the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. We believe the general view is that the treaty will be allowed to lapse, but that a new one will be negotiated within a year or two.
 CADET, GUELPH.—You can probably obtain "A Summer in Skye," from the Toronto Book-sellers—if not, Messrs. Dawson & Bros. will be happy to forward it to your address, per Book post.
 G. H. H.—Received. No. 15 will appear in our next issue. Many thanks.
 IMOGENE.—A problem very similar to the first has already appeared. We insert the second. Please accept our thanks.
 CANADIA.—Your contribution will appear in our next issue.
 M. D.—Good, but we fear too generally known.
 M. J. L., MONTREAL.—You have rung the changes pretty well upon that theme. P. R. & P. H. are late.
 G. W.—Although we cannot insert your communication we are pleased to have received it, because we deem it a strong evidence of wide-spread good feeling towards the READER.
 E. C.—Much obliged for the problem, which we insert. Shall be glad to hear from you again.
 J. D., MADOC.—In reply to your query respecting Clubs, we repeat a notice which has already appeared in the READER. "Any person getting up a club of five will be entitled to a free copy of the READER, during the existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten, to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's History of Canada, published at three dollars."
 J. H., TORONTO.—We will, as you suggest, submit the question to our readers, with the view of eliciting a solution.
 L. M.—Declined with thanks.
 VISTA.—We cannot penetrate the mystery. Have you any solution to offer?
 OLD TOM.—Thanks.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Considerable interest has been excited in Birmingham by the exhibition of articles manufactured from the titaniferous iron sand of New Zealand, where the supply is boundless.
 A mixture of clay and glycerine, which keeps its plasticity for any length of time at all temperatures, has been found very useful by modellers. The clay must be well dried before it is mixed with the glycerine. It is said that the mixture can be used in place of wax for the most delicate work.

A Captain Hagstrom, a Swede, has invented a new sort of needle-gun, which is to cut out the Prussian needle altogether. It fires ten shots in a minute, and does not get foul after a hundred shots. It has been accepted by the Swedish Government, and is to be introduced into the army.

At Kew a magnificent spectroscope is enabling the Director of the Observatory to map the remarkable variety of lines seen in the spectrum of the sun and that of other bodies. To keep the light of the sun in the field of view of the instrument, which is placed upon a large table facing a window, a clock is made to move a reflector so as to keep the light of the sun thrown upon the object glass.

An excellent cement for attaching metal to glass or porcelain consists in a mixture of a solution of eight ounces of strong glue, and one ounce of varnish of linseed oil, or three quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine, which should be boiled together and stirred till the mixture is thoroughly mixed.

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.—Among the many properties of charcoal, may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste, and colour; and, as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be rubbed over putrid meat the smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid taste or flavour will be destroyed, and the water be rendered completely fresh. Sailors are aware of this; for when water is bad at sea, they are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit into it to purify it. Colour is materially influenced by charcoal, and in a number of instances, in a very irregular way. If you take a dirty black syrup, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the colour will be removed. The charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best for this purpose. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colours, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; in the filtration it will lose a great portion of its colouring, and become tawny; repeat the process two or three times, and you have destroyed it altogether.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Nose-gay. A red nose.
 No-tary. Great haste.
 Nu-dity. A song just published.
 Night-in-gale. A stormy evening.
 Oil-dity. A queer song.
 Pass-port. To hand round wine.
 Pat-riot. An Irish shindy.
 Pen-dent. Mark of a pen.
 Pit-y. Full of holes.
 Plain-tiff. A bluff easily noticed.
 Quarter-staff. A twenty five cent cane.
 Rain-bow. A young man who offers a young lady an umbrella in a storm.
 Rein-deer. The young lady to whom he offers it.

THE "END" OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The attempt to lay the Atlantic cable has for a time terminated in disaster. We have witnessed the termination; but until they succeed in fishing the cable up again from the depths of ocean we cannot hope to see the "end of it."

NEAT AND CANDID.—When somebody once taunted a very shy man with his silence, the bashful one replied, "Talking is all very well when you have anything to say, but I have nothing."

TRICK FOR ONCE.—A traveller announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveller" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea—the passengers being "too sick to attend to each other's concerns."

A LOVING WIFE.—A farmer, going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbours; the poor man was knocked under the waterwheel, and the bag with him; he was drowned. When the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious, what a fuss there'll be about that bag!"

FORCE AND PERSUASION.—When Themistocles went to Andros, to demand a loan of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, Force and Persuasion."—It was answered, "We have two stronger, Want and Impossibility."

BALAAH'S ASS.—A princess of Hungary once asked a monk, who was a scholar and a wit, to explain to her the story of Balaam and the ass, adding, "God father, I can hardly believe that an ass could be so talkative."—"Madame, replied the father, "your scruples may cease when you are informed it was a female."

A GENTLEMAN once called upon one of our celebrated painters, and told him he wished a large picture painted for his dining room, giving him at the same time the dimensions, and offering him the paltry sum of ten pounds. The subject fixed upon for the picture was, "The Israelites crossing the Red Sea." When finished the gentleman called, and was surprised to see only a serene blue sky, and a calm, unruffled sea. "But where," said he, "are the Israelites?"—"Oh, they have passed over," replied the painter. "Well, then, the Egyptians?" continued the gentleman. "Oh, they are all drowned," replied the painter.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a millstone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should instantly discontinue lacing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water.

LACONIC.—A lady having occasion to call upon Abernethy, and knowing his repugnance to anything like verbosity, forebore speaking except simply in reply to his laconic inquiries. The consultation, during three visits, was conducted in the following manner:—First day (Lady enters, and holds out her finger).—Abernethy: "Cut?" Lady: "Bite." A.: "Dog?" L.: "Parrot." A.: "Go home and poultice it." Second day (Finger held out again).—A.: "Better?" L.: "Worse." A.: "Go home and poultice it again." Third day (Finger held out as before).—A.: "Better?" L.: "Well." A.: "You're the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good-by."

JOHNNY is just beginning to learn geography. He says the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other. He knows it is so, because they are marked on the map.

He has found out something else, too. Somebody told him that pigeons eat their own weight every day. He knows a little bird, not so big as a pigeon, that takes a peck at every mouthful.

Why are the detective policemen in plain clothes, who look after coining cases, like Christ-mas delicacies? Because—(yes, that's quite right: nearly all answers begin with "because")—they are Mint spies! We decline an explanation.

WE are henceforth the 'cutest Shakespearian critic out. We have discovered that Othello held a legal as well as military office in Venice. He was "a tawny general."

A DEBT FORGIVEN.—An impertinent fellow was met by a gentleman whom he had insulted, who observed, that he owed him a good drubbing.—"Never mind, sir," said the fellow, "I'll forgive you the debt."

MISTAKES.—Mistakes! who does not make them sometimes? This reminds me of my curate days. After one Sunday morning's service—I had been reading prayers—my rector, one of the best and most gentlemanly of men, but fidgety when the gout was coming on, said in the vestry, "Why, you made six mistakes in reading!"—"Sorry," said I, "but I am not feeling well." In the afternoon it was my rector's turn to read. He began the morning Psalms, and read away to the end, the clerk reading his verses from the evening Psalms; the congregation was tittering. It was now my turn. I said in the vestry, "Rector, you read the wrong Psalms."—"Alli well," said he, "tis a wonder we do not make more mistakes."