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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 22.

FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 3, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"THE SECRET OF STANLEY HALL."

By Mrs. J. V. NOEL.

THE READER.

As No. 26 will complete the first volume of the READER, it is the intention of the Publishers to provide covers in order that all who are desirous of binding the weekly issues may be enabled to do so at a low rate. The covers will be handsomely got up, and will be ready about the time the volume is complete.

THE HERO AS PROPHET:—JOE SMITH.

By A CARLYLEAN.

THE Great Master has demonstrated that Mahomet was a Hero and a Prophet; and I, that Master's humble Disciple, believe that Joseph Smith, also, was a Hero and a Prophet. Start not, astonished reader! but as the Sage of Greenwich sagely sayeth, beware of Cant; Cant, the baneful heritage of the present age from the fetid eighteenth Century, with its Encyclopedism, its Voltairism, its Rot-seauism, its Mesmerism, its Revolutionism, and all their murky brood, "of Erebus and deepest darkness born;" and to Erebus we must again consign them ere the Earth has peace, and rest, and light. Yes, O reader, beware of Cant! If Mahomet was a true Prophet, why not Joe Smith? I only claim for the Seer of New England what the Master claims for the Seer of Arabia. Speaking of his hero, Mr. Carlyle remarks: "He is, by no means, the truest of Prophets, but I do esteem him a true one." So say I, too, of mine; this and no more. But is his revelation from above? querulously demand Dryasdust and Smelfungus, in the hard spirit of these sceptical days. I answer not to such questioners, but to the intelligent few I reply—judge him by his works. Could a fabric such as he has erected be founded on the sandy foundation of falsehood? Could tens of thousands of thinking beings throughout the world believe in a lie? Again hear the Master: "A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know, and follow truly, the properties of mortar, burnt clay, and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish heap." The inference to be drawn from this sublime dogma, when applied to the Mormon teacher, is evident: Joseph Smith has founded a religion; therefore Joseph is a true man, and a true man's religion must be true. He cannot be true himself and his religion false. But he may have been a foolish enthusiast, who, being deceived himself, has deceived others? I again appeal to his works to rebut this objec-

tion. A fool never accomplished such work, no more than he could build St. Peter's or write Paradise Lost, or Hamlet. But a knave might, whines Smelfungus. Thus, O Smelfungus! I hurl the great Carlyle at thy noodle's head: "Our current hypothesis about Mahomet, that he was a scheming impostor, a Falsehood incarnate, that his religion is a mass of quackery and fatuity, begins really to be now untenable to any one. The lies which well-meaning zeal have heaped round this man are disgraceful to ourselves only," and he continues further on, "Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures of the Almighty have lived by and died by. I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctified here." There! that finishes off Smelfungus, or his skull is impervious to mortal weapon. So let him go howling to his gods, of whom she of the Dunciad is the chief. It is plain then; that in strict accordance with the Carlylean hypothesis—and who dare doubt its correctness? I, of course, do not—that Joseph Smith, like Mahomet, has brought a message of truth to his followers and the whole world. But what is truth, growls Dryasdust—Smelfungus is extinguished, fled, lost in the gloom of night—What is truth? The question is an old one, and has never been answered until Carlyle answered it; in testimony whereof I might quote largely from his works, but especially his luminous life of Friederich the Great, who, he proves, was himself the incarnation of truth, as his greater father, Friederich Wilhelm, was before him. The father, having faith in the proverb which asserts that she is to be found in wine, sought her in numberless hogsheds of beer, and discovered her, as shown by Mr. Carlyle. She accompanied the son, we learn from the same trustworthy authority, throughout his ravages in Saxony, his appropriation of Silesia, and the partition of Poland. But this is a digression. We are informed by the ancient mythologists that Truth lies hidden in a well; and ordinary men, who explore her retreat, if they see anything at all, only see her shadow. It was only a few favoured mortals who were permitted to gaze upon her, face to face, and Mahomet and Joseph Smith were of that happy few.

Joseph was born in the land of the Puritans, though he was never a strict observer of the habits of that austere race. His family was long famous in New England for the ingenuity with which they manufactured wooden nutmegs, and they trafficked largely besides in tinware and razor-strops. Hero is another curious coincidence. The family of Hashem, of the Karcish tribe, of which Mahomet was a member, dealt extensively in merchandize, making frequent journeys, for that purpose, to the fairs of Syria, in which the Prophet, when young, accompanied them. But neither of these extraordinary men was destined to pass his life in the labours and toils of commerce; indeed Joseph never took kindly to labour of any sort. Both were dreamers of dreams; the elder Prophet cogitating in his mind the high doctrines of which he afterwards became the inspired teacher, while slowly wending his weary way over the sandy desert; the younger, similarly employed, lolling on the bench of a New England tavern. We gather from undoubted sources that Mahomet was accused by his enemies of having been, at one period, an idler and a vagabond,—a slander of course; Joseph was called a loafer, by the profane, a slander, too, equally of course. There is, indeed, one point in which they differed:—the one pro-

hibited to his followers the indulgence in intoxicating liquors; the other was reported to have been fond of gin-slings. Yet, even on that point, the resemblance between them does not altogether fail. Many insist that Mahomet's ecstatic visions owe a portion of their rich colouring to the large doses of opium with which he consoled himself when he retired, in solitude and silence, to the cave in Mount Hara; an indulgence still practiced by the believers in his creed. So that objection may be disposed of, as amounting to little or nothing.

On the whole, then, I contend that if Mahomet be a true Prophet, there is no reason why Joe Smith should not be one as well. They both claimed to be divinely inspired; both found enthusiastic believers in their doctrines, believers to fanaticism; both permit or inculcate a plurality of wives on earth and in heaven, the one being provided with his hours in the next world; the other, more provident, making sure of the commodity in this, and carrying them with him. Nor, as Mr. Carlyle argues, and as others I allow, have argued before him, are these Prophets without venerable examples in their polygamic views. They only taught what Prophets and Patriarchs have taught and practiced of old. I must not omit to mention that Joe Smith's religion has this superiority over that of Mahomet; he never pretended that it was right to propagate it by the sword; and moreover he died for his faith.

Dryasdust and similar "Devil's Advocates," as they are called at Rome, may protest against our conferring the honours of Prophethood on Joe—a familiar and endearing appellation, evincing his great popularity among his own people—by pretending that some of his acts were not of a saintly character. I might deny these charges altogether, or extenuate them; but it is unnecessary for me to do so, as the Master again comes to the rescue: Mr. Carlyle thus discourses on Mahomet's faults: "On the whole we make too much of faults; the details of the business hide the real centre of it. Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none. Readers of the Bible above all, one would think, might know better. Who is called there the man after God's own heart? David, the Hebrew King, had fallen into sins enough; blackest crimes; there was no want of sins. And, thereupon, the unbelievers sneer and ask, is this your man, according to God's heart? The sneer, I must say, seems to me at best a shallow one. What are faults? what are the outward details of a life; if the inner secret of it, the remorse, temptation, true, often-baffled, never-ended struggle of it be forgotten," and so on. In short, Mr. Carlyle contends that David and Mahomet were all the better for their faults, and I demand the same judgment for Joseph Smith.

With one more quotation from the Great Master I shall, for the present, conclude my remarks. He speaks of Mahomet, but his words no less answer my Prophet. "We will in no wise, consider him as an Inanity and Theatricality, a poor, conscious, ambitious, schemer; we cannot conceive him so. The rude message he delivered was a real one withal: an earnest, confused voice from the unknown Deep. The man's words were not false, nor his workings here below; no Inanity and Semilacrum: a fiery mass of life, cast up from the great bosom of Nature herself."

Am I not justified in demanding for Joseph Smith a seat beside the prophet Mahomet, where, judging by Mr. Carlyle's classification, they will be in most worshipful company? C.

(Note by the Editor.—The above *jeu d'esprit* may not be inapplicable to some of Mr. Carlyle's more extreme views; but the writer ought, at the same time, to do justice to the better qualities of that celebrated author.)

HESPERUS.*

IN a late issue, we republished a very favourable notice which appeared in a British Journal, of Mr. Sangster's last volume. A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country; and in illustration of this truth we could point to more than one of our Canadian Poets, whose productions have been more highly appreciated both in Great Britain and the United States than here. It is not creditable to us, as a people, that we should allow works to remain unread, which are winning for Canadian Literature a name and place in the world.

Take, for instance, Mr. Heavyside's "Saul." When it first appeared it attracted but little attention from the public, and if noticed by the press, the reviewers exhausted their stock of ridicule in dealing with it. Every defect was magnified—passages of originality and genius were pooh-poohed—and it was not until a copy of the work came into the possession of an English reviewer, whose eyes were not blinded by local prejudices, that it secured the appreciation it merited. We are not aware that Mr. Sangster has to complain of adverse criticisms from the Canadian press, but notwithstanding the undoubted excellence of the volume, as a whole, we believe the publication of "Hesperus" has not been so financially successful as it deserved. We trust this notice may direct the attention of our readers to the work, and that the first edition may be speedily exhausted and a second one called for.

STORIES TOLD TO A CHILD. By the author of "Studies for Stories." Strahan & Co., London and Montreal.

These delightful stories, we believe, are from the pen of Miss Jean Ingelow, and it is unnecessary to add that they are told with a great deal of ability. The delineations of character are life-like, and in the descriptive portions the author displays a great command over the picturesque. Although the tone of some of them is rather sad they will not, probably, on that account be less popular with thoughtful children.

The wood cuts are good, and one or two of them very quaint and fanciful. We shall probably publish one of the stories in our next issue, for the benefit of our young readers.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

GUSTAVUS Doré's magnificently illustrated Bible is out of print—all the copies of the first edition having been sold by the publisher. It will take four or five months to complete another edition, as the bringing-up of the wood engravings, the hot-pressing of the paper, and the arranging of the borders, will occupy some time.

A "fresh amusement," in the shape of "Jamaica—a New Entertainment," is announced in London. Among three millions of people, there is plenty of room, we suppose, for tastes to differ.

A new work, by the author of "John Halifax," is announced, entitled "A Noble Life." Falkner Lyle is the title of a new novel by Mark Lemon.

Authors and artists frequently smart under the severities of adverse criticism. An artist has recently adopted a new method of retaliation. Mr. Ernest Griset, a clever draughtsman of animals and droll figures, was somewhat slightly spoken of in a notice in the *Athenæum* a short time since. The artist conceived himself aggrieved, and forthwith produced a sketch of his supposed reviewer engaged in a very dyspeptic mood upon a criticism of his dew book. A cat, in attempting an affectionate purr, is savagely kicked, and the picture is further heightened with other pleasantries. This sketch has been placed in the shop-window near Leicester-square, where the artist first made his *début*, with the objectionable criticism beneath, and he notices from the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and other journals, arranged around in triumph. Crowds of people, block up the pavement to behold this new style of appeal against an art criticism.

* Hesperus and other Poems, and Lyrics by Chas. Sangster; Kingston. Montreal: R. Worthington.

The English reviewers are severe upon Barnum's new book. The *Court Journal* says: The Humbugs of the World," with an immense deal of bookmaking about it, and second-hand, threadbare information respecting Eve; the tempting serpent; the Delphic oracle; mediæval pretenders to illumination; Count Cagliostro; and various other persons and matters about which we care nothing, and know quite as much, if not a great deal more, than Barnum himself. We doubt if he had any hand in the composition at all, and suspect his latest humbug is putting his name to a compilation vamped up by some mercenary hack.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., London, are about to start a new weekly paper, "The Working Man: A Weekly Record of Social and Industrial Progress."

The Emperor of the French, has taken two shares in a new paper, which is to be started with a capital of one hundred thousand francs, in ten shares.

A reprint was issued in a short time since London of a rare little tract entitled the "Soldier's Pocket Bible, containing the most (if not all) those places contained in Holy Scripture which do show the qualifications of his inner man—that is, a fit souldier to fight the Lord's Battels, both before the fight, in the fight, and after the fight." It has often been said that the soldiers in Cromwell's army were each supplied with a pocket Bible, though no evidence existed to show what edition it could be. A short time since the tract in question was discovered, and is no doubt what every Commonwealth soldier was furnished with by the Government, though only two copies are now known to be in existence.

The French papers abound in gossip respecting Victor Hugo. He is said to have received from his Brussels publishers a sum equal to 150,000 francs for his forthcoming book "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," and for a series of volumes of poems, "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," the first of which was lately published, 40,000 francs per volume for twelve years' right of publication. As his gains by "Les Misérables" are said to amount to nearly half a million of francs, the sum total of his receipts reaches a very respectable "figure." His literary activity keeps pace with the public eagerness, and a new book by Victor Hugo, the incidents of which are laid in England, to appear simultaneously in French and English editions, has already been secured by an eminent London publishing firm.

If the relics of saints are at a discount, the current prices of relics of literature show no symptoms of a falling market as the following specimens will prove. Mr. Ellis of King street, Covent Garden, London, offers a copy of an edition of the Greek poet, Lycophron (Geneva, 1601), "rendered famous by having been once the property of the immortal Milton, who has inscribed on the fly leaf, Sumex Libris Jo. Miltoni, 1634, and has also added a considerable number of notes on the margin," it is valued at £52 10s. its possessor. The same enterprising dealer has a copy of the much-coveted "First Folio Shakespeare" (1623), apparently above all price, as none is mentioned. It is described as "one of the finest copies extant, not excepting that of Miss Burdett Coutts, which cost her £787, and in one respect the most desirable copy known, being the only one existing in old morocco binding of the commencement of the last century. It is preserved in a case made from the wood of Herne's oak, in Windsor Park, carved with the poet's arms and monogram." Another dealer offers a volume "Gesneris Mithridates" (1555), "with two lines autograph and signature on the title, su. Ben Jonson, and remarkable passages underlined by the dramatist," for £3 13s. 6d., and a presentation copy of Burke's "Reflections on the revolution in France" (1790), with the autograph inscription, "From the author, with great respect to Miss Goring, E. B.," for £1 5s. Coming down to later times, a volume of original manuscripts of the late Thomas Hood, "a most interesting collection, entirely in the handwriting of the eminent poet and humorist,

containing a variety of his published and unpublished writings, all in the finest preservation, mounted and inscribed with care and nicety in a royal folio volume," is valued at £20 6s. and a French work, "Costumes Françaises—Civil Militaires, et Religieuses," formerly in the possession of W. M. Thackeray, and containing original designs by him, presenting all the vivid life and character so peculiar to his pencil," is estimated at £12 12s.

Mr. Frank Buckland, the son of the eminent Dean Buckland, the great geologist, has in press a third series of his "Curiosities of Natural History," in two volumes post octavo, with illustrations, to be published by Mr. Bently. Mr. Buckland will shortly appear as editor of a new magazine to be called "Land and Water," dealing with the various sports of field and foam.

A new work by Henry Fawcett, the blind professor of political economy at the University of Cambridge, and M. P., for Brighton in the new Parliament, has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.—"The Economic Position of the British Laborer." His "Manual of Political Economy" has lately reached a second edition. Professor Fawcett was born in 1833, the son of a Wiltshire gentleman. He adopted the law as his profession, but ten years later his legal studies were interrupted by the peculiarly distressing accident whose consequences influenced his future life. In the autumn of 1858, Mr. Fawcett was spending the vacation at home, and, while engaged in partridge-shooting with other members of his family, he received two stray shots from his father's gun, each shot piercing the centre of either eye-ball and rendering him hopelessly blind. This lamentable occurrence made a change of pursuit necessary, and he consequently devoted himself to political economy.

PROFESSOR OWEN's great and long promised work on the "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals" is at last ready for publication. It will consist of three volumes, the first one to appear on December 14, the second on the first of March next, and the third during the spring. It will be illustrated with upwards of twelve hundred engravings on wood, which have required a long period of time for their execution. The work will be issued by Messrs. Longmans.

MR. S. O. HALL was the lecturer at the last free lecture of the season at the Crystal Palace Sydenham. He chose for his subject "Memories of the Authors of the Age," in which he recounted his personal reminiscences of some of our most distinguished writers who have passed from us. Very characteristic was an anecdote of Ettrick Shepherd. He had been invited to dine at Mr. Hall's. Amongst the company was Miss Landon, then in the full zenith of her popularity. Hogg, whose criticisms upon the poetical effusions of L. E. L. had been somewhat severe, greeted the lady with "I did not know ye were so bonny; I've said many hard things about ye, but I did not know ye were so bonny." It is clear that the "Shepherd" would not have said these "hard things" about the lady's poetry had he known the pretty woman who wrote it. But what would he have done with "Our Village," if personal beauty was so essentially a part of his canon of criticism? Miss Mary Russett Mitford, whom L. E. L. declared to be the ideal of Sancho Panza in petticoats, was one of the kindest of women, but her dumpy figure often raised a laugh against her. On one occasion she had come to dine with the Halls, when her host found she was, in some way or other, the subject of some suppressed merriment. Her dress, never very well assorted, was set off on the occasion by a yellow turban, more striking than becoming. Her host considerably tried to discover the cause of this merriment, nor was he long in doing so. On the back of the head-dress was a shop-ticket, "Very Chaste, 6s. 6d." The turban had been purchased on her way, ere she joined the party invited to meet her. Mr. Hall quietly removed the ticket without Miss Mitford being aware of its existence.

"LETTERS D'UN MORR" will be the title of M. Emile de Girardin's series of letters on the French Government and political parties, which is about to appear in the *Presse*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Van Der Palm. The Life and Character of Vander Palm, D.D. Sketched. By Nicholas Boots, D.D. Translated from the Dutch. By J. P. Westervelt. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Knightly Soldier. A Biography of Major Henry Ward Camp. By Chaplain H. Clay Turnbull. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

War Lyrics and other Poems. By Henry Howard Brownell. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Child. The Freedman's Book. By L. Maria Child. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Just published, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Heavyside, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.25; full gilt, \$1.50.

Book of Rubies (The). A collection of the most notable Love-Poems in the English Language. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Dante's Inferno. Illustrated. By Gustavo Doré. One large folio volume. English text. By Cary. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Robertson. Serious and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monfith. 12mo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Dickens. Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Kingsley. Hereward the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," etc. 12mo. pp. iv., 387. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Lander. Spectacles for Young Eyes. Romo. By Sarah W. Lander. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Quintilian. The Tenth and Twelfth Books of the Institutes of Quintilian. With Explanatory Notes. By Henry S. Krieze, Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Ruskin. Precious Thoughts, Moral and Religious. Gathered from the Works of John Ruskin. By Mrs. L. C. Tutill. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.

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

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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.

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Barnum. The Humbugs of the World. Cl. \$1.25. 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 Kitty Freylian. The Early Dawn. 3 vols. 16 mo. 75cts. New edition. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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

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

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 325.

CHAPTER XVI. FAMILY MEETINGS.

"But oh! mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted." BURNS.

Any event that saved Miss Austwicko the trouble of decision in the perplexity into which she had fallen was welcome; and therefore, when there came a letter announcing the speedy return of Mr. Basil Austwicko and family to London for the winter, and containing a cordial invitation to her to accompany her niece home, she felt as if released for a time from the performance of her promise to her dead brother, and, shielded by intercourse with the younger branch of her family, from the possible annoyance of many more interviews just now with Burke. Annoyance not danger, was what she dreaded. As to the consequences of swerving from the beaten track, she had no fear, because, habituated to think that what she did was right, she could not clearly realise that she had diverged. It is only the humble and vigilant, who watch themselves with jealous care, who can plainly detect where the path gently curves, and leads them out of the straight road.

For some days all was bustle at the Chace, arranging for the departure of Miss Austwicko and her niece; the former now added considerably to the wardrobe, which had been packed in a single portmanteau, and never since disturbed, in the hastily planned and abandoned journey for Scotland. At length—when the weather had completely broken, and the woods at Austwicko, after three days' battling with stormy winds, were laying down their leafy banners in wet and faded heaps before the breath of the approaching conqueror, Winter—the old travelling-carriage was again on the road, and the ladies, with Martin inside, and the roof and rumble heavy with luggage, set off for town, leaving Mr. Gubbins in the undivided dignity of major-domo at the Hall, a position that sometimes brought him into such wrangling collision with Martin, that he did not greatly lament her departure—indeed, was so far propitiated, that when, as her parting injunction to her fellow-servant, the waiting-woman said, as she walked by his side through the passages to the hall, "Don't you let Mrs. Comfit interfere, she's quite superannuated—w' sending any more of her hangers-on, or her nieces, or their cousins into the family. Gracious me! they're as thick, them Comfits, as limpets on a rock. When Betsy's married—and, goodness knows, she's talked long enough about it—you take and get somebody as is exasperated; no more of your marrying minxes, a-hupsettin' everybody; mind that, Gubbins."

"Ay, ay; trust me. I'll have a staid'un; I've heard of one."

"Not out of the village, Gubbins, surely?"

"Village, indeed! no, from Southampton; a north-country 'oman."

"Well, well, I'm sorry I didn't see her, so as to have spoke to missus—about it. But you can do all right."

"I should think I could by this time o' day. You mind as you does likewise."

That same evening saw the party arrive, not a little tired, from a journey that they might have performed in a third of the time, if Miss Austwicko had not yielded to her prejudices. However, she had the dignity, as a compensation for a headache, of driving up to her brother's house in Wilton Place with all the stateliness of smoking posters, soaking wet postillion, and mud bespattered carriage.

The family had arrived a day previously; and as it was within half an hour of dinner-time, and Mrs. Basil Austwicko had expected her sister-in-law and daughter by train earlier in the day, she had given them up, and was comfortably making her toilet, which even when they dined *en famille* was elaborate, when the commotion in the house announced the arrival. Her vexed comment as she ascertained the fact—

"Posted to London, Absurd. In that lumbering Noah's Ark, with the Austwicko arms duly blazoned—idiotic!"

After which pithy verdict she resigned herself quietly to her maid, who was braiding her hair and now and then measuring her mistress's features in the glass so as to keep herself *au courant* with her mood, and a skilful waiting-woman should.

Miss Austwicko, on being shown to her chamber, did not omit to make her comment on the degeneracy of modern manners.

"No one to receive us!" said she, as she walked up-stairs.

"We have come, aunt, no doubt, at a different hour from that at which we were expected," apologised Gertrude, taking her aunt's hand as she entered her room, and lifting up her face to give her a welcoming kiss. "I am mamma's representative, you know."

"It was different, Gertrude, in my time," replied Miss Austwicko, gravely; and yet returning the welcome of her niece, and dismissing her to her own room.

Martin dressed her mistress in what she afterwards described as "hasty pudding fashion—all boil and stir."

It must be owned, if that was the effect on the maid, a very different result seemed to be attained by the mistress. She was more cold and rigid than ever when she entered the drawing-room, clad in the stiffest of mourning silks, and manacled with the largest of jet chains, crape lappets, like bat's wings, falling from her head.

A tall lady attired in a silver-grey slip, with a black net dress over it, and a pearl comb in her hair, came forward to meet her. There was a twinkle of derisive laughter latent in the eyes. These eyes and very fine teeth gave a distinguishing charm to a face not otherwise beautiful. But no one noticed whether the mouth was too wide or the cheek-bones too high, when the undoubted brilliancy of the face flashed forth; and even if the defects of decidedly coarse features were noted, a commanding figure compensated for all minor faults. Mrs. Basil Austwicko was always spoken of as a "very fine woman." It must be owned Miss Austwicko did not by any means thaw as her sister-in-law said—

"You must be dreadfully tired; I quite feel for you, so long upon the road. We landed yesterday, and came from Dover in three hours—full twice the distance that it is from the Chace. I'm quite sorry for your fatigue—and poor little True, I have not yet seen her—has she been obliged to go to bed?"

"I am here, mamma, not a wink of sleep in my eyes, I assure you," said Gertrude, who had followed her aunt into the room, and been for a minute obscured from notice by that sable cloud.

"Ah, I did not see you, *petite*—that's no wonder; one must search, rather than merely look for you."

Gertrude made no other answer than taking her mother's hand—a white, jewelled hand—fondly in hers, and stooping over to kiss it; for the lady stood so elaborately upright, that any other embrace was not easy. However, she looked down pityingly, rather than proudly on the little creature whose fair curls, as she bent her head, were falling over the hand she was caressing. Mrs. Basil Austwicko, raising her other hand, laid it a moment on the curls and then turning up the face, and holding it by the chin as one does a child's, perused it for a moment, and, bending lower than was needful, touched her forehead lightly with her lips, saying—

"You keep your likeness, True, to the little old dame, Grace Austwicko: you do not grow out of it."

"Grow! no, True does not out of anything," said rather a plethoric voice. A stout comely gentleman stepped up to Miss Austwicko as he spoke, and greeted her very cordially, his eyes glancing over her very deep mourning, and as he looked, after a moment, saying rather to her dress than to herself—

"Couldn't get home to the funeral. Should have liked to show the last respect to him poor fellow. Fortunate he saw you."

"True is waiting for papa's welcome," said

Mrs. Basil, breaking in upon a mournful, and as she thought disagreeable topic.

"I have seen papa," said Gertrude walking to his side.

"Yes, she invaded my sanctum before she had been five minutes in the house. I shall certainly, in future lock myself up from her," said Mr. Basil, patting his daughter's head fondly.

A tall ruddy youth came in just then, and almost lifted Gertrude off her feet as he shook hands with her. This was her eldest brother Allan. Dinner was announced, and Miss Austwick, looking approvingly at her nephew, whose frank face pleased her, marched erectly at her brother's side, and entered the dining-room in solemn silence, which Mr. Basil was the first to break, when they were all seated, by saying—

"Honour, you have not asked me about De Lacy."

"As long as my nephew De Lacy Austwick resolves on neglecting his native land, I am really not so interested in him as I should be, considering who—"

She paused, and looked rather shyly towards Mrs. Basil, who completed the sentence—

"Considering who and what he is—the heir of Austwick, of Austwick Chase."

"Exactly so," rejoined Miss Honour, a little defiantly, the sinews of her neck becoming rigid with the erectness of her head.

"Well, he's coming to England, and so you may renew your interest in him, Honour."

Gertrude interposed with a question—

"What is cousin De Lacy like?"

"Don't Truo: pray don't say that word, said Mrs. Basil, putting up her hand deprecatingly."

"What word, mamma?"

"Mamma does not approve of your 'cousin-ing' him," whispered Allan.

"Like? my dear Truo," said Mr. Basil: "a big, raw-boned fellow, with dark brows and a resolute face. Not—much I may say it among ourselves—of the Austwick comeliness."

He drew himself up as he spoke, and his lady wife sitting opposite to him, looked with as much surprise as she could throw into her expressive eyes; but Miss Austwick ignored her look, and said—

"As to his appearance, he is not unlike his great-grandfather, Bennett Austwick, generally called black Austwick. What I want to know is, about his manners."

"Rough as a bear—a Westphalian bear. Takes long pedestrian journeys, as if he were a wandering German journeyman; talks of going on the next African exploring expedition. I did not dissuade him. Herr Rath, his tutor, has been formerly a great traveller, and pines again, I fancy, for change. He comes to see some scientific men here, and De Lacy comes with him. He—the tutor I mean—is not at all in my way, so I did not ask him here. Of course, I asked De Lacy, and frankly told him he was welcome to come home with us. But he evidently prefers his Germans."

"Tant mieux," said Mrs. Basil, giving a look, at which the ladies rose from the table, and went with her to the drawing-room.

Gertrude, anxious to prevent any of these topics which, as they were known to be unpleasant, were, like a lame foot, always very prominently in the way, began rather abruptly to say—

"Mamma, as you said in your last letter that you thought of my having lessons at home, I do wish you would let me study with my old master, Mr. Hope; I really felt he improved me."

"Study!" said Miss Austwick; "what in the world does a lady want with study?"

That deprecatory remark of Miss Austwick's determined the fate of Gertrude's request.

"Oh, I'm favourable to sound studies for ladies. The age of ignorance, my dear Honoria, is now as obsolete as—what shall I say?—pardon me, as the Austwick travelling-carriage. Truo must study. Truo may never marry; and I remember Lady Mary Wortley Montague—and she's an old authoress—writing about her grand-daughters, laid it down as a rule that they should have a learned education."

"Oh, that is far above poor little me," said Gertrude. "I only want to peck, like a bird,

some few little seeds of such knowledge as I love; and dear old Mr. Hope—he is too old, Miss Morris wrote me, to be retained at Miss Webb's—would give me twice the time and four times the instruction of a more fashionable master."

"Did I not say you should have him? Why do you appeal to your aunt?"

How little did either of the three suspect that the future would be influenced by that carelessly given promise.

CHAPTER XVII. A MORNING CALL.

Smitten with a wild surprise,
She gazed on those unconscious eyes."

Although it was a season in which the most fashionable districts of London were empty, yet there was always a large number of professional families, lawyers, and doctors, whose duties compel residence, through the winter in the great city. Mrs. Basil Austwick's acquaintance lay chiefly amongst these, and she was likely to be, for some days, busy, making and receiving calls. Gertrude was not yet her mother's companion—in conventional phrase, "not out;" and Miss Austwick declined accompanying her sister-in-law, preferring rather to renew her intimacy with one or two ancient dames resident in apartments at Hampton Court Palace, and also enjoying, as a country lady should do, the pleasure of shopping, so that Gertrude was left pretty much to her own desires, and as these led her to study, the ladies were not much together during the day.

Gertrude did not allow the permission to have Mr. Hope's lesson to be long unused. She wrote the day after, and a letter from Marian Hope, in reply told her the disappointing tidings that he was too ill, at present, to leave home.

Though Gertrude knew nothing of poverty of that bitterest kind which visits the home of education and refinement, she had the prescience of sympathising nature; and with tears in her eyes she flew to her aunt, saying—

"I should like to call on Miss Hope, Aunt Honour, I am sure she is in trouble; and she is such a sweet girl. You know how beautifully she works; and she is clever, too, in many ways very clever."

"Why should not your mamma call upon the young lady?" inquired Miss Austwick.

"Oh, mamma has so much to do just now—so many people to see. She is never at leisure to do good—to be kind—that is—Dear me, I don't at all mean that, aunt."

"I hope not, child," said Miss Austwick, secretly enjoying Gertrude's words.

"It's the very greatest censure that could be uttered, and therefore very stupid of me. But if you would go and take me—"

"I am at leisure for duty, Gertrude;" Miss Austwick looked very stately in her self-satisfaction as she spoke, continuing, "and as I wish to express my great satisfaction with the embroidery Miss Hope did, and she might help me with her opinion about a shade I want to introduce into my David in the Cave of Adullam—Miss Linwe, in my time, was the best delineator of a cave—but, as I was saying, I will call on Miss Hope. Hope was, I think, originally a Dutch name."

"Dutch! Hope, aunt, I thought was universal," laughed Gertrude, delighted at her success.

"But when will you go? To-morrow?"

"Why not to-day, it is not yet twelve? and for a wonder in this London, there is a wintry sun."

"But mamma has the carriage."

"I hope, child, that I have not lost my walking powers; the young ladies of my family used to be good walkers."

"And it really is not far. Thank you, aunt," and she tripped off to get ready. Miss Austwick, summoning Martin, was soon equipped; and avoiding the more crowded streets by going part of the way along the south side of Hyde Park, in less than three quarters of an hour they had found their way to Mr. Hope's door.

Though she was very poorly clad, no one could possibly mistake the tall girl, whose rich dark hair was braided back from her face, showing its pure oval, and the delicate regularity of the features—no one could mistake her for a servant as she opened the door; and both ladies

slightly bowed as they inquired for Miss Hope.

Mysie—for it was she—blushing deeply (the quiet of their abode being so seldom broken by a visitor, that some confusion was natural), showed them into the little bow-windowed parlour, saddening to thoughtful eyes in its painful cleanliness. On the table some papers were lying, in an engrossing hand, on which the ink of the copyist was yet wet. It was manifest their coming had sent away the occupant; but almost before they could look round, Marian Hope, paler and thinner than when Gertrude saw her last at Miss Webb's, entered the room, and seemed—by the delicate neatness of her simple black dress, and white collar and cuffs, and the brightness of the hair that in smooth bands added to the calm softness of her face—to shed a refining influence on all the sordid details of the place, just as moonlight spiritualises a scene. The quiet, self-possessed grace of her unobtrusive manners Miss Austwick, was of all persons, most competent to appreciate; and involuntarily that lady was surprised as well as charmed.

Instead of apologies for intrusion, which she had patronisingly designed to utter, she began at once to speak of Mr. Hope's illness, and to tell Marian how often Gertrude had spoken of her; how glad she was to make her acquaintance, and how much she admired the screens that Gertrude had shown her, and that she should value her opinion on a large picture she was working. When Miss Austwick pleased, she could be winning. Her hauteur was not mere vulgar, outward assumption; perhaps her pride was all the more a vital failing for being deep seated.

Marian's pale cheek faintly glowed as she said, "I do not merit all the praise for my work. I have help, very efficient help, from Mysie here." The young girl had obeyed a signal of Marian's hand, and stayed in the room.

"Your sister?" said Miss Austwick.

"No, my pupil. My parents—my dear father has brought up Mysie and her brother."

"Oh, I remember," said Gertrude; "the twin brother and sister I have heard you speak of at Miss Webb's."

"Twin brother and sister!" it was a simple sentence, but it struck like a dart through Miss Austwick, who chilled to the heart by the shock, could not for a moment speak or move, or do anything but fix her eyes in a wide open gaze on Mysie.

Gertrude saw the start and look, and, glancing at the bright, but nearly fireless grate, feared her aunt was cold; and yet from delicacy could not inquire if it were so.

She diverted Miss Hope's attention from what she took to be a chilly shudder, by asking after Miss Morris, who was known to Marian, and some of the school-girl intimates she had had at Miss Webb's; communicating the fact that she was henceforth to study at home, and trusting that Mr. Hope would soon be able to give her the benefit of his instructions.

While she spoke, Mr. Hope, who it was reasonable to infer had been changing his dressing-gown for a more presentable, but yet most certainly thread-bare coat, came in, leaning on the arm of the youth Norry, whose dark, strong-featured face looked stern, almost sullen, as he supported the feeble steps and panting form of his master.

Miss Austwick did not rise; she could not. Her eyes, which had been fixed on Mysie, now turned to the youth, who at first did not look at either lady, being entirely occupied in leading Mr. Hope, and placing him in his chair. As soon as he did so, Gertrude, both from the promptings of her own feelings, and to cover, what she thought a painful absence of mind, or an uncomfortableness in her aunt, was taking her old master's hand, and expressing her sympathy. Then the youth, having for a moment given a passing glance at her, lifted his eyes to Miss Austwick, and saw the scrutinising and, as he thought, severe and insolent look she fixed on him. Their glances met. Neither seemed to have power to drop their eyelids and turn away. Involuntarily the boy's eyes kindled, and flashed out a tawney gleam that lighted up his whole face. He threw back his head proudly, and drew down his brows into a frown. Miss Austwick was conscious of a certain, surprise that

turned to angry defiance in his gaze, and like one awakening from a perturbed dream, drew a heavy sigh that broke the spell, and, turning her head, she looked so absently at Gertrude, that that young girl, alarmed, exclaimed—

“Are you not well, aunt?”

“Yes; that is—it's nothing—nothing. Pray do not be alarmed. Thank you. It's a mere sensation—nothing more.”

The youth, with a hasty bow, had left the room; Mysie followed him, and returned in a few moments with a glass of water, which she handed to Miss Austwick, wholly unconscious of the pang she was inflicting. Not for worlds, at that moment, could Miss Austwick have taken the glass from her hand. Her brother's words, with the dying guttural in them, “My children—mine,” rang in her ears. The room swam round with her, she leaned back in the chair, and fainted.

In that house there were not so many strong arms that they could, in an exigency, dispense with any, and the boy's retreating footsteps were arrested by Gertrude's cry. He returned to the room, and helped Miss Hope to turn Miss Austwick's chair round, so that she faced the bow-window, which he then threw open, just as an old man with a pack was resting his load on the doorstep, and could now see the whole interior of the parlour. The youth warned him off impatiently, and even Marian's gentleness was irritated, as the man lingering and beginning to say:

“Pray look at my choice assortment—shawls, ladies, and—”

“No, man—no. Be off, I say,” cried the youth.

The wrinkled visage drew together like a shrivelled leaf, and with one keen look darted into the room, he shouldered his pack, and retreated a little way up the lane, sheltering himself within the wicket-gate of the market-garden opposite.

Meanwhile, the cold air soon restored Miss Austwick, whose faculties seemed to come back unclouded from their momentary overthrow. She rose to her feet, and with her white lips still a little numb and twitching, apologized to Marian for giving trouble, and signed to Gertrude to leave; expressing a wish that Marian would come some morning, soon, and that Mr. Hope would speedily be able to resume his professional engagements.

Miss Hope and Gertrude both opposed Miss Austwick's attempting to walk home, and Norry was dispatched to fetch a cab—for, though Miss Austwick tried to make light of the attack, and was both astonished at and mortified with herself, her knees were trembling, and her heart fluttering in a way that was quite unusual to her healthy constitution.

She resolutely kept her eyes from looking at Mysie, preferring to occupy herself with Marian, whose calm sweetness fell like a cool hand on a feverish brow. In a little time the cab came—not unnoted by the peering eyes of the watcher behind the wicket-gate—and the ladies entered. The youth's clear voice, as it gave directions to the driver, was borne so well on the frosty air, that even if Old Leathery, in his ambush, had not before known the address of Mr. Basil Austwick in Wilton Place, he could not have failed to learn it.

CHAPTER XVIII. GERTRUDE'S REQUEST.

“There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough how them how we will.”

SHAKESPEARE.

Gertrude's innocent questionings of “Did you feel cold, aunt? Had the walk inconvenienced you?” as they proceeded homewards, were so embarrassing, that Miss Austwick answered peevishly—

“Is it, Gertrude, because I never faint, or have any of the ailments of modern fine ladies, that you expect me to account for this sudden attack?”

“No, dear aunt; but—”

“But—it's over, child. Dwelling on ailments, and talking about hydropathy, and homœopathy, and what not, may be very scientific, but it's not my way. I was trained before ladies were divided into an army of nurses, quack doctors, and invalids.”

Gertrude was certain of one thing, that her aunt's temper was ailing, and therefore was not sorry, on reaching home, that she signified her wish to be alone.

Once in her chamber, her walking-dress changed, and Martin dismissed, Miss Austwick began to revolve the incident of the morning. She recollected that she had never heard the surname of these young people, that it was only the mention of their being twins that had startled her. No, it was not only that. Something in their looks had made assurance doubly sure. She had not, indeed, so particularly observed the girl beyond noticing the general height, complexion, colour; but the boy's face had brought back the playfellow of her own childhood; the very same look that passion, always easily roused used to send to her brother Wilfred's dark eyes, she had seen shoot out in a tawny light from the depths of the boy's. How often, in their childish rivalry, had she and her other brothers called Wilfred “copper eye.” Yes, yes, there is no mistake; nature had both by this peculiarity, as well as the twinning of two opposite sexes, revealed the identity of these as her brother's children—his legal children.

What was she now to do? Strange to say, the first unendurable terror was lest Mrs. Basil Austwick should know of it. It never occurred to her that there was but one life between the boy she had seen that morning, and the heirship of Austwick Chace. At present there was next to nothing for these children, so that to keep them in poverty was no fraud. To keep them from their father's name certainly was. Yet, as fraud is a very ugly word, Miss Austwick never breathed it to herself. Brought up in obscurity, yet, assuredly, not without education, she argued that they already had received some advantages. They might for the future be helped forward in accordance with the views in which they had been reared. Where was the harm of that? Oh, specious subtlety of the deceitful human heart, weaving its webs that one touch of the finger of truth would annihilate! How was it this proud woman, ever boasting of her name, and thinking herself an embodiment of all that had dignified her ancestry, could descend to such wiles? Simply because extremes meet, and human pride often rests on, or blends with human meanness.

That evening excusing herself from the dinner-table on the plea of headache, as she sat in her room, a letter was brought to her. It contained but a few words:—

Miss Austwick's agent has succeeded in his search. Before he takes any further steps, he waits Miss Austwick's commands.

Direct A. B., Post Office, Sloane Street, Chelsea.

“Miss Austwick's agent!” It grated at first on her nerves to read the phrase, and she threw down the letter as she would cast off a loathsome insect. But in a few moments it was picked up and re-perused. And then she looked at her banker's book. It had never before given her so much comfort. Not that she had a very good balance to contemplate though her simple, secluded life had brought her expenses within her income; but what she saw there promised her a pecuniary solution of her difficulties, and some sort of compromise with her feelings. “I'll provide for them,” silenced the inward voice that said—“Why not acknowledge and do justice by them?”

It occurred to her that another interview with this man Burko would be both less dangerous and more conclusive, than writing her instructions to him. She would appeal him to come to some place that would be both private and frequented. She was of an age and station to justify her speaking, if she chose, at some length, to an inferior, without being the subject of remark. She would therefore meet this man in Kensington Gardens. Nine o'clock of a winter morning was earlier than any one she was likely to know walked there. The gardens were then in the possession of children and their attendants. A line was therefore soon penned to the effect—

The person who applied to Miss Austwick is informed that she walks in Kensington Gardens, by the gate nearest Rotten Row, every morning from nine to ten.

She could not bring herself to particularise farther. She argued that this man—whose assumption of intimacy with her late brother she rightly considered to be mere insolent boasting, based on money transactions—would be eager to have his claims satisfied, and perhaps to make some profit, as she shrewdly concluded he had done. At all events, she would hear what he had to communicate, and act accordingly. She did not trust this note to any one to post for her, but, on the following morning, rising early, and taking, as was her wont, her breakfast in her own room, she went out at nine o'clock, silencing Martin's remonstrances with the remark—

“I was attacked in a way so unusual yesterday, that I shall resume, as far as possible, in this smoky London, my early habit of getting a walk, before the family are up.”

In pursuance of this plan, she both found means to deposit her letter in a local post-office that she had before observed, and to take a preliminary walk that familiarised her with the route along the south side of the park to the gardens.

On her return, the first member of the family that she encountered was Gertrude, whose morning greetings were supplemented with—

“Oh, aunt, and you did not take me! I should so enjoy being your companion in your morning walks.”

Miss Austwick looked as she felt—annoyed; and something of greater coldness than usual was infused into her manner as she replied—

“No, Gertrude; I prefer my walk alone.”

Her niece, surprised looked up—a pleading tenderness in her sweet frank eyes, that Miss Austwick, even, could not resist.

“Oh, aunt, are you angry with me? What have I done?”

“Nothing—nothing, little True; but I'm used to my own ways. We'll walk and talk enough at other times.”

Hardly satisfied, the little tender heart yearned for some greater response of love, but she walked meekly away, leaving her aunt to her solitude.

Whether during the day Miss Austwick wished to make the amende by doing something that would gratify her niece, or that her approbation of Miss Hope was very genuine, certain it was she took an opportunity of an interview with her brother, as they waited in the drawing-room before dinner, of so highly praising her, that Mr. Basil said—

“Would it not be well to ascertain whether she is sufficiently advanced in the branches her father teaches to assist Gertrude in her studies, particularly—” as, at present, you say Mr. Hope, cannot come?—have my doubts about girls applying very regularly when they are left to themselves. Better some fixed plans—a morning governess, or literary companion, or something of that kind.”

“You are right; it gives an interest, brother; and a young girl may be too much alone, particularly when her mamma has a large circle of friends.”

Miss Austwick emphasised the latter part of the sentence; and Mr. Basil having a shrewd guess at the state of feeling between his wife and sister, wisely resolved on no account to quote the opinion of the latter, much as he was impressed by it himself. He took another and far more successful course. As soon as Mrs. Basil Austwick joined them, he began murmuring his fears that True was wasting her time; that it would be a lost winter to her; and when his wife spoke of masters, he inquired—

“Who is to stay with her when she is receiving her lessons? Do you, my dear, mean to give up your mornings to Gertrude? That would certainly be the most suitable.”

“How can I, Mr. Austwick? I'm astonished you hint it, when you know how you devolve on me all the duty of seeing people, and keeping up our circle, which I only do on your account. It's a daily annoyance—I might say, martyrdom—to me. Poor Gertrude will have studies as short as her stature, if she depends on me, with all I have to do.”

Miss Austwick took no part in the discussion; and as any suggestion that she, in the utility character of maiden aunt, should give her time to her niece, could not be hazarded, and most certainly would not have been complied with, Mr. Austwick's mention of what Gertrude—not

his sister—had told him, about the gentleman-nered, intelligent Marian Hope, was graciously received.

"I have heard of her," said the mamma. "I wonder, when the father's illness was mentioned, that I did not think of her. She has been occasionally a teacher at Miss Webb's—but for some home affairs, I believe, would have been there entirely; for when I first recommended Miss Morris to the Webb's, I found they would if they could, far rather have had the writing-master's daughter."

"If she could not go to them, then, how can she come to us?" said Mr. Basil Austwick, blankly.

"We could have her merely in the morning. They wanted her entirely."

So it was arranged, to Truc's great satisfaction, that she should write and ask Miss Hope whether she would give a few hours every morning to assisting her in her studies.

As little Truc, full of delight, wrote the proposal, something of her eagerness seemed to cling to the ordinary words she was instructed to use. Indeed, she ventured to add a postscript of three words, "Do say 'Yes.'"

And thus, while Miss Austwick was restlessly pacing her room, thinking of the interview of the coming morning, Gertrude was writing the note, which at the very same hour of that next day, would be in Marian's hands, and prove the means of drawing closer the links of intimacy between the household in Wilton Place and the cottage in Cromwell Lane, Kensington.

(To be continued.)

THE SULTAN AND THE SAGE.

A scene from the Third Act of "Nathan the Wise," a Dramatic Poem, by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, who lived from 1729 to 1781.

Translated from the German by Thos. M., Acton, C. E.

["Nathan the Wise" ranks as a German classic, and we print this scene as a specimen of German Dramatic Poetry in the eighteenth century. As to the moral of the piece, our readers will not readily accept the sophistries of the Jew, or admit that any analogy exists between the three equal rings and the three unequal creeds.—Ed. S. R.]

SALADIN.
Tread hither, Jew! come nearer; come quite near!
Come without fear!

NATHAN.
That be unto thy foes!

SALADIN.
Thy name is Nathan?

NATHAN.
Yes.

SALADIN.
Nathan the wise?

NATHAN.
No, no.

SALADIN.
Well, then, the people name thee so.

NATHAN.
'Tis possible, the people!

SALADIN.
Thou dost not believe that I would treat contemptuously the people's voice?—Long have I wish'd to know the man whom I call d'wise.

NATHAN.
But if it were merely in scorn the people nam'd me thus? If to the people, wisdom were no more than prudence? and the prudent man no more than one who was alive to his own gain?

SALADIN.
To his true gain thou meanest?

NATHAN.
Then, indeed, the most unselfish were the prudentest.

SALADIN.
I hear thee prove what thou would'st fain gainsay. The people know man's true advantage none; Eut thou dost know; at least to know hast sought—Hast well considered; that alone makes wise.

NATHAN.
Which each one thinks he is.

SALADIN.
Well, well! enough of modesty! To hear it constantly, Where one expects dry reason, but disgusts (he rises) Let us to business! to the point! But, Jew, Thou must be upright—upright and sincere!

NATHAN.
Sultan! I'll surely serve thee, so that I Of further favours may be worthy found.

SALADIN.
Servo me! and how?

NATHAN.
Thou may'st select the best Of all I have and for the lowest price.

SALADIN.
What dost thou mean? Thou speak'st not of thy wares; For with the trader I have nought to do.

NATHAN.
Then, thou perhaps, would'st know if I perceived Ought, on my way, of movements of the foe, Who certainly again does rouse himself.

SALADIN.
Nor yet of that, wish I thy speech. Of that I know as much already, as does suit My purposes. In short—

NATHAN.
Command me, Sultan

SALADIN.
I seek thy teaching in another thing, In quite another matter. Since thou art So wise; then tell me, once for all, what faith Or what religion, seems to thee the best?

NATHAN.
I am a Jew!

SALADIN.
And I a Musselman!

NATHAN.
The Christian stands between us. Of these three Religions, one alone is real and true. A man like thee remains not where the chance Of birth has cast his lot; or if he does, It is because of grounds born of long thought, And ripe consideration, or wise choice. Well then! impart thy wise experience. Let me perceive the reasons, which to seek I've lack'd the time, and let me understand The choice determined by these reasons, so That I may make it mine. Thou startest! How? Thou weigh'st me with thine eye; perchance I am The first of Sultans who has such a whim, Which no'ertheless seems not to me beneath A Sultan's thoughts. Is it not so? Then speak! Or wishest thou a moment's time to think? I give it thee. Do thou think quickly This matter, I'll return right soon.

NATHAN.
'Tis strange! 'Tis wonderful! What does the Sultan wish? With money I come well prepared, and ho Doth wish for truth; so solid, and so bright,— As if the truth were coin! Ah! if 'twere but Ancient coin which custom was to weigh? Yes! That still were possible! But such new coin, Which but the impression makes, which on the board May just be counted out! Such it is not! As money from the board into the bag, So would he gather truth into the brain! Who is just now the Jew, then? Ho or I? But how? if he should not demand the truth In truth? 'Tis true, indeed, that to suspect Him of his using truth but as a trap Were far too low! Too low! what is it then Which is too low for an exalted one? 'Tis sure! 'Tis certain! He did rudely plungo Into the house! A friend knocks, listens first, I must tread carefully. But how? But how? To be a stubborn Jew will not avail; And not at all a Jew, still less; because If not a Jew, he only has to ask Why not a Musselman? I have it now! That sure shall save me! Others than children May be fed with tales. Ho comes! well, let him!

(Enter Saladin.) SALADIN.
Am I too quick returned? Thou'st at an end With thy consideration? Well, then, speak! There's not a soul to hear us.

NATHAN.
Why should not The whole world hear us.

SALADIN.
So certain of his case That call I wise! No'er to conceal the truth! To hazard all Upon it! Life and body! Blood and fortune!

NATHAN.
Yes! When its of use and necessary.

SALADIN.
From now, then, may I hope to bear the name Improver of the world and of the law, With justice.

NATHAN.
'Tis a name most beautiful! But, Sultan! Ere I quite confide in thee Permit that I relate a story first.

SALADIN.
Why not? I've always been a friend of tales Well told.

NATHAN.
Yes. But to tell them well, I fear, Is scarce a trade of mine.

SALADIN.
Again thou art So proudly modest! Quick! go on; relate!

NATHAN.
Grey year's ago a man lived in the East, Who did possess a ring of worth immense, From a beloved hand. Opal the stone, Which played a hundred bright and beauteous lines And had the secret pow'r to make below'd And pleasing, both to God and man, the man

Who wore it in this faith and confidence. No wonder, then, that this man in the East Would ne'er allow the ring to leave his hand And did arrange for ever to retain It in his family, and in his way— Ho left the ring unto his best loved son, And did ordain that he should it bequeath Unto his dearest son, and that, thenceforth, His dearest son, without respect of birth, Should be, in virtue of the ring alone, The head, the prince of all his family. Thou understandest, Sultan?

SALADIN.
Yes; go on!

NATHAN.
The ring, transmitted thus from son to son, Came to a father of three sons at last, Who all to him alike obedient were, And all of whom ho therefore equally Could not but love. From time to time, indeed, Tho one, sometimes the other, then the third, (As each did separately converse with him, And tho two other brothers could not share His outpour'd heart) did each successively Appear to him more worthy of the ring, Which also he tho pious weakness had To promise each of them successively, As long as this went on, it did succeed; But, finally, the father's time of death Arrives, and with it great perplexity. It pains him to deceive two of his sons, Who on his word depend. What then to do? He sends in secret to an artisan, And gives instructions for two other rings, According to the pattern of his own, And bids him spare no cost or workmanship To make them perfectly resemble it. In this the artisan succeeds, and when Ho brings the rings, the father can himself No more distinguish the original. Content and happy now, he calls his sons, And gives them each, in secret, one by one, His benediction, and a ring, and dies. Sultan! Thou hearest still?

SALADIN.
I hear! I hear! Come with thy tale now quickly to an end

NATHAN.
'Tis ended for what follows may be well supposed. Scarcely was the father dead, when each Comes with his ring, and each demands to be The ruler of the house. They then enquire, Complain, dispute; In vain, the genuine ring Could not be proved;—

[After a pause in which he awaits the Sultan's reply,]

As little proved as ever The true religion can be proved to us.

SALADIN.
And that's the answer to my enquiry?

NATHAN.
'Tis merely my excuse; if I believe Myself incompetent to tell the rings, Tho which the father purposely captiv'd, That they should never be distinguished.

SALADIN.
The rings' Jest not with me! I should have thought That the religions which I named to thee Were quick distinguish'd; even to the clothes, Aye! to their meat and drink.

NATHAN.
But surely not, If their foundation be remembered. Are they not founded all in history, Traditional or written? And all such Must surely be received with faith? Well, then, Whose faith or truth does one love least to doubt? Surely the truth of those whose blood runs in Our veins—who from our childhood up Have given us proofs of love and tenderness, Who no'er deceiv'd us, otherwise than when 'Twas better far for us to be deceiv'd. How can I less believe mine ancestors Than thou dost thine? Or, in the other case, Can I demand from thee, that thou should'st give Tho lie unto thy fathers, and their faith, In order not to contradict mine own? Tho same applot to the Christian. Not?

SALADIN.
(By the great Living One! the man says true; I must be dumb.)

NATHAN.
Let's to the rings return. The sons accused each other; came before The judge, to whom each swore that he receiv'd His ring direct from out his father's hand; (Which was quite true) that he had long possess'd His father's promise that he should enjoy The rights and privileges of the ring; (Also quite true). The father, each affirmed, Could not have been deceitful toward him, And rather than allow a thing so foul To be suspected of his father dear, He would, although always inclined to think The best of his brethren, be oblig'd To think them guilty of the falsest play; And that he soon would know how to unmask The traitors, and how to revenge himself

SALADIN.
And, now, the judge? I do demand to know What thou dost make the judge decide—Speak on!

NATHAN.
The judge spoke thus.—If ye do not present Tho father quick before this tribunal, I shall discharge you all. Do ye then think

That I sit here to guess at enigmas?
Or do ye wait until the real ring
Does open its mouth? But, hold! Ye all have said
That this same ring contains the magic pow'r
To make its owner loved by God and man;
That shall decide! The false rings cannot have
This virtue! Now, who is the most belov'd
Of his two brethren? Tell me quick! Ye're mute?
The rings work only backward? Not without?
Each one most fondly loves himself the most?
Then are ye all deceivers, and deceived;
Your rings, all three, are false. The real ring
Most probably was lost. The father, then,
In order to repair and hide the loss,
For one ring substituted three.

SALADIN.

Glorious!

NATHAN.

And so, the Judge continued, if ye wish,
Not my advice but my decision—go!
But my advice is this. Accept this thing
Exactly as it lies. If each of you
In truth a ring received from your sire;
Let each believe his ring the authentic one.
Perhaps the father would not tolerate
The one ring's tyranny within his house!
And certain 'tis that he did love you all
And equally; for he did not decide
To punish two of you, and favour one. 'Tis well!
Let each of you now foster zealously
A love unbridled and free from prejudice.
Let each of you, as for a wager, strive
To show, before the light of day, the pow'r
Which each avors resides within his ring.
Assist this pow'r with gentleness and truth;
With meekness, candour, and benevolence;
With most sincere devotion unto God.
And when the virtues of the ring, at last,
Do clearly manifest themselves among
Your children's children and their progeny,
After a thousand, thousand years have past,
I do invite you here before this seat:
When that time comes a wiser man than I
Shall here preside and judge. Now, go in peace!
So said the modest Judge. If, Sultan, thou
Dost feel thyself to be this promised man,
This wiser man,—

SALADIN.

I, dust and ashes! God!

NATHAN.

What ails thee, Sultan?

SALADIN.

Nathan! Nathan dear!
The thousand thousand years, thy Judge pronounced,
Are not yet past, nor is his judgment seat
For Saladin. T. M.

CATS AND MICE.

THE Egyptians adored the cat as a divinity, and the Swiss have chosen it as the symbol of liberty. History rarely condescends to mention it, and poets in general ignore it, for, however valuable its qualities, the cat is not poetical. Yet Goldsmith has given it a place in his exquisite "Hermit":—

"Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrup in the hearth;
The crackling jaggot flies."

It is a common thing enough to call men "dogs," but Volunia in "Coriolanus" calls them "cats." In speaking of her son, she says:—

"'Twas you incensed the rabble:
Cats! that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know."

As to "the brindled cat" that mew'd thrice before the three witches in "Macbeth" entered the cave, we can only applaud Shakespeare's good taste in giving her the precedence in that grand scene.

Many persons take pleasure in calumniating this excellent member of society, and we shall have something presently to say in its defence. For nearly a thousand years Western Christendom scarcely knew the blessing of cats; and how the rats and mice were kept down when no four-footed policeman patrolled the kitchen, is more than we can guess. In the tenth and eleventh centuries very high prices were given for good mousers. They were of Nubian origin, and descended from those domestic cats which the Egyptians certainly possessed, which exist to our own day in the form of mummies, and are represented on many of the monuments of Thebes. No one knows how they found their way into Europe, but there is reason to believe that the Romans imported them from the banks of the Nile in small numbers and at rare intervals. Our ancestors had so high a sense of the usefulness of this animal, that Howel Dhu, or Howel the Good, inserted among his laws one expressly concerning it. The price of a killing

before it could see was to be a penny, and when it had killed a mouse, twopence. If its hearing or seeing was imperfect, if it had not whole claws, did not go on killing mice, or proved a bad mother, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the fine he had to pay was a milch ewe, with her lamb and fleeco, or as much wheat as would cover the cat when held up by the tail with its head touching the floor. No reduction was to be made. The very tip of pussy's tail must be covered with the culprit's wheat. Thus, the price given for cats was high, considering the value of specie at that period, and the fact of laws being made to protect the breed of an animal which multiplies so fast, shows that in the middle ages it must have been scarce in Wales.

There is no creature which relapses more easily from the domestic to the wild state than the cat. Neglect at home and the taste of wild and living food abroad often tempt it to forsake the inhospitable hearth and, like a brigand, take to the woods. It prowls about, crouching under cover, and carefully concealing itself from public view. It breeds among thickets, makes raids upon young rabbits, sleeps in the holes of warrens, and banquets upon birds. Thus by degrees it loses its domestic habits, and becomes one of that race of wild cats which are still to be found in the North of Scotland and Ireland, and even in Cumberland and Westmoreland. If the population of England decreased as fast as it increases, the wild cat would be as plentiful as in the days of Richard II., who granted a charter to the Abbot of Peterborough, permitting him "to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat." And what do you suppose the Abbot did with this produce of the chase? Why, he sold the skins to be sure, and struck many a good bargain with those who prepared them for the use of neighbouring convents; for it was ordained in Archbishop Corboyl's canons, in 1127, that no abbess or nun should use more costly apparel than such as is made from lumps and cats' skins. There is as much difference between the animal in its wild and in its domestic state as between a cannibal in his native haunts and a civilized European surrounded with luxury and refinement. The red-furred wild cats, which are hunted through the marshes and forests on the banks of the Mississippi, are ferocious as tigers, and of a huge size, with a head resembling that of a rattlesnake. The Indians will tell you that they live on the breath of slanderers; and when a quarrel arises in a tribe, they say, "So-and-so is breeding wild cats in his wigwam."

The cat is often charged with taking cruel delight in the sufferings of its prey. But before this charge can be established, it is needful to prove that it is conscious of its victim's pain. If not, there is no cruelty in the case. The faculty of speech was never given to an animal but once, and then it rebuked the hand that smote it thrice with a staff. Addison speaks of the roasting of a cat as a common spectacle in his time. The sport consisted in seeing troops of the same species assemble, attracted by their comrade's piteous wailing. But which was the more cruel—the cat that was burned alive, or the men and boys that kindled the bonfire? It is difficult, no doubt, to say what end is answered by the prolonged agonies and terror of the mouse before it receives the *coup de grace*, but the cat meanwhile is only following its instinct, which is at once playful and destructive. If she had a bird between her claws instead of a small quadruped, she would bite off its head or wound it mortally at once, as if sensible of its chance of escape. Whatever detractors may say, she is capable of forming a strong attachment to those who treat her kindly. "Le chat s'attache à la maison, et le chien à son maître," is simply a libel; nor will we accept the compliment to the dog when it is offered at the expense of the cat. All who observe this animal's habits closely will discover in it proofs of affection. You may often see a kitten which will run to the call of one person, and one only. See how it leaps over the cabbages in the garden, makes its way among the peas, climbs up the favourite's dress, and fixes itself on the back of her neck! Here is another of the same tribe. Years ago its mistress left it with a friend, but when she returns, after

ever so long an interval, she is recognised and welcomed. As soon as she is seated, it creeps round and round her, and jumps into her lap—a familiarity with which it honours no one else in the world. Did you never see a cat among the mourners when the master is dead? It is always searching about for him. The dead man's brother takes it with him on one of his circuits, and does everything he can to console it. But all in vain—the cat pines away, and literally frets itself to death. We have seen it ourselves, and this instance is only one amongst many.

As puss is not poetical, so also is she anything but musical. Mewing and caterwauling are as unlike harmony as a bagpipe, a zampogna, or that vilest of all the inventions of Jubal, the catcall, which the *Spectator* so humorously criticised in the days of Queen Anne. Yet we ought not to forget that to the cat we owe in part the most perfect of all instruments and the most exquisite music. Without her aid the violin-maker would be at a loss to find his strings, and Paganini would never have elicited such sweet and elaborate variations from a single chord. But have we no debt of gratitude to the mouse also? Is it simply to be hunted down and doomed to extermination? Seeing that the female produces from six to eight young seven or eight times a year, and that there is little chance of extirpating the race, might it not be as well to turn them to account if possible? The French taught them, years ago, to turn wheels, like squirrels, and if all that is said be true, they are likely soon to take an active part among us in the field of industry. A gentleman in Scotland has trained some mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin cotton-yarn. The work is done on the treadmill principle. The machine is so constructed that the common house mouse can atone for its past offences by twisting and reeling from 100 to 120 threads a day. To effect this the little labourer must run ten miles and a half—a journey which it can perform every day with ease. Now, an ordinary mouse weighs but a half-ounce, and a half-penny's worth of oatmeal, at 1s. 3d. a peck, will feed it for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads a day, being an average of 3,850 threads of 25 inches each, which is nearly nine lengths of the reel. In the ordinary way 1d. is paid to women for every cut. At this rate, then, a mouse earns 9d. every five weeks, which is 1d. a day, or 7s. 6d. a year. If you deduct 6d. for board, and 1s. for machinery, there will be left 6s. clear profit from every mouse yearly.

The mouse employer is about to make application for the lease of an old empty house, the dimensions of which are 100 feet by 50, and 50 feet in height. This, at a moderate calculation, will hold 10,000 mouse-mills, leaving sufficient room for keepers, and visitors also, of whom there will, no doubt, be plenty. The mouse exhales an unpleasant odour, but it is thought that, with cleanliness and proper ventilation in the establishment, this disagreeable will be easily borne. Allowing £200 for rent and taskmasters, £10,000 to erect machinery, and £500 for the interest, there will be left a balance of £2,300 per annum. A few years hence, therefore, we shall be told, perhaps, of a millionaire, who has made a fortune by spinning-mice, and has taken a mouse for his crest. Thus mutual support and destruction is the wise and benevolent order of nature in the animal world; and science is teaching us more and more how to turn what was noxious to advantage, and to use what seemed created only to be destroyed.

Bee—A self-taught botanist, whose works command a ready sale.

Wages—Oil for human machinery.

Debt—A slice out of another man's loaf.

Cynic—A man who can't enjoy the puppet-show because he will look for the wires.

Money—A composition for taking stains out of character.

Revenge—Quenching your thirst with brandy.

Superstition—The swaddling-clothes worn by society in its cradle.

Wine—Spurs to make the brain gallop.

Malice—After-ought without fore-thought.

Cromwell—A chess-player who struck the king from the board, instead of checking him.

BUT AH! IT WAS A DREAM!!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY READER.

WORDS BY EDGAR JUDGE.

MUSIC BY H. F. STANDHAFT, Bandmaster 30th Regt.

Andante 3/8

PIANO.

Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves in 3/8 time. The first staff is the treble clef and the second is the bass clef. The music begins with a forte (f) dynamic and features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "I stood be-neath the a - ged oak, That crowned the vil - lage green, And troops of joy - ous / I saw her there, my wee, sweet love, My dain - ty fai - ry queen; So sweet, so fair, so / I stood be - side her yet a - gain, A white wreath dock'd her brows; Hand join'd in hand, heart

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "chil - dren dock'd The well re-mem - bered scene.... I heard their mer - ry / beau - ti - ful, The pride of Ul - ham green.... I watch'd, as years a - / bound to heart, We breathed re-son - sive vows.... But she, she sleeps a

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "laugh-ter ring, I mingled in the stream, And thought my - self a - gain a - boy; But ah! it was a / go I watch'd, Her soft eyes' ten - der gleam, And kis - sed a - gain her ro - sy lips; But ah! it was a / cold, cold, sleep, And pink-eyed dai - sies gleam, O'er sods that mark her youth - ful grave; For ah! it was a

Vocal line and piano accompaniment for the final section. The vocal line is on a single staff with lyrics underneath. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The lyrics are: "dream! I thought my - self a - gain a boy; But ah! it was a dream! / dream! And kissed a - gain her ro - sy lips; But ah! it was a dream! / dream! O'er sods that mark her youth - ful grave; For ah! it was a dream!

CANADIAN BALLAD.

THE CUTTING OUT OF THE "OHIO" AND "SOMERS,"
12th August, 1814,

BY CAPT. DOBBS OF THE "CHARWELL."

After Barclay's defeat, by Perry, the Americans held undisputed possession of Lake Erie for some time; at last, the *Ohio*, *Somers*, and *Porcupine*, American armed schooners, having anchored near the head of the Lake, Capt. Dobbs, of the *Charwell*, and Lieut. Radcliffe, of the *Netley*, left Chippewa, and carrying the Captain's gig twenty miles through the woods, they got together a few batteaux, and carried two of the American vessels, by boarding. The *Porcupine* escaped. The British force numbered 75; the Americans had 35 men on each vessel, and a few pieces of artillery—throwing 98 lbs. of metal altogether. Captain Dobbs, who was made C.B. for this service, was connected with Canada, by marriage—having married the daughter of the late Hon. Richard Cartwright, of Kingston.

The gallant tars are mustered
Beneath the shady pines,
Close round their boats they're clust'ered,
Apart their chief reclines;
Dim through the growing twilight
The foe-man's ships appear,
And hearts impatient for the fight
Gave out a whispered cheer—
Hurray!

"Draw down the boats my hearts of oak,
And launch them from the beach,
With silent care," (the Captain spoke,)
"Prompt hands but little speech;
Then muffled oars and bated breath,
Until the foe we near,
'Till then be silence, deep as death
Then on them with a cheer!
Give way!"

With noiseless stroke they onward glide,
No rowlock's creak is heard,
The gentle ripple on the side
Now told alone they stirred;
And every heart is beating high,
Yet with no thought of fear,
But moving on, perchance to die,
Can scarce suppress the cheer—
Hurray!

Thus on they glide, till on the ear
The sentry's challenge comes,
And from the foe-man's deck they hear
The beat of mustering drums;
"Bend to your oars! the aspen breeze
Will bear us swiftly near,
Full soon as victory's palm we seize,
We'll raise the British cheer—
Give way!"

They mount the chains—the cannons clash—
The outlass' clanging jar—
The stamp of feet—the pistol's flash—
Spoke out the tale of war!
A time of dubious, wavering fight,
E'er Fortune's smiles appear,
Then stooped the Stars to England's might,
And pealed the British cheer—
Hurray! Hurray!

Well may our lips such deeds declare,
Around our hearths' bright glow;
For us they dared what men might dare,
For us they faced the foe;
Meet tribute to their worth to raise,
To each true heart be dear,
Then give their fame its meed of praise,
Their memories a tear.
Give way! Hurray!

FRONTENAC.

THE

SECRET OF STANLEY HALL.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

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

CHAPTER I.—THE DISCLOSURE.

IT was night in the city of Montreal—a winter night of gloom and storm. Huge masses of snow clouds, which had banked the horizon during the day, and hung threateningly around the brow of the mountain, were now settling densely over the city; and soon a snowy mantle wrapped its lofty and lowly homes—its silent streets and deserted thoroughfares.

To an isolated house, in Griffintown, I would introduce my reader. We may enter that silent chamber unobserved, for the Angel of Death has led the way, and our presence will be as little noticed by the frail child of earth, struggling with the "Last Enemy," as by that pale young girl kneeling beside the dying bed, whose heart is filled with overwhelming consternation; for the solemn truth has just dawned upon her, that the awful change she witnesses in the wan face before her, is the sure impress of the King of Terrors.

"She must be dying, and I am alone; oh that father were here! even his presence would be a relief at this dreadful hour."

The dying woman, who had been dozing uneasily, now awoke, and fixed her glazing eyes inquiringly on the girl.

"Gertrude, has he returned yet?" The voice was very low, and the tones anxious. Gertrude shook her head mournfully in reply.

"He will not come until it is too late! Gertrude, I feel that my last hour is come."

"Would you not wish to see a clergyman? Shall I bring one?" timidly suggested the young girl.

A shadow darkened the white face, and there was a stern despair in the voice as the words were wailed forth, "It is too late for that now; I must die as I have lived, unrepentant and unforgiven!"

"Even at the eleventh hour there is mercy for the penitent," timidly broke in Gertrude.

"Yes, for the penitent, but not for me! I tell you, I cannot now repent; if life should be prolonged, I might. Yes, I think I would try to do better; but the door of mercy is now barred! the time for pardon is past for ever." There was a fierce despair, a wild anguish, in her voice and look which thrilled the heart of her young companion, and, shuddering, she buried her face in the bed-clothes, and poured out her soul in voiceless supplication. "For one wicked act I may yet atone," continued the dying woman after a short silence. She spoke with increased difficulty, and her laboured respiration showed that life was ebbing fast. "Gertrude, come nearer—I have much to say, but speech is failing me; you are not my daughter; not the daughter of Elwood,—not our child?"

"Thank God!" rose to the lips of the young girl, but she checked the exclamation, and covered her face to hide the sudden joy that flashed over it. The effort to speak seemed to hasten the woman's; and when the agitated Gertrude, stooping lower to catch her words, implored her to tell who were her parents, she tried in vain to answer.

"Do they still live? oh, tell me where I may find them!" burst in accents of intense eagerness from the excited Gertrude.

The thrilling tones of the well-known voice recalled, for a moment, the fleeting consciousness of the dying. She struggled to reply, but English was the only intelligible word she gasped forth.

"Did they willingly desert me?—cast me from them as something they could not acknowledge? Yes, it must be so; and I have reason to blush for my mother!" and the young fair head was bowed in bitter humiliation.

Again the white, rigid lips of the woman moved as if to reply, and a faint negative was gasped forth; then, with the effort, the spirit passed into eternity.

"Not the child of shame! Thank God, I know at least that much." That little word *no*—what a crushing weight of humiliation it removed from that young girl's heart!

With a trembling hand, Gertrude closed the staring eyes, and covered the face of the dead, then sank, almost fainting, into a chair, overpowered by contending emotions. The physical shock she had received in witnessing death, for the first time, was very great. It was the death of one she had hitherto regarded as her mother; and although no grief for her loss mingled with her other feelings, yet she experienced horror and regret for her despairing end. Hour after hour passed, and still the young girl, half paralyzed, sat alone in the chamber of death, keeping her awful vigil beside the lifeless form of

one who, self-condemned, had gone before the Judgment Throne. Within, nought broke the appalling silence; but without, the storm-spirit shrieked in his mad revelry, and the awe-struck Gertrude fancied she heard, mingling with the roaring of the wind round the isolated dwelling, the wail of the lost soul gone forth in its shivering despair, into the dread, unscen world of spirits. The opening of the street door, and a heavy step ascending the stairs, at length broke the silence of the death-chamber, and caused Gertrude to experience a feeling of intense relief.

A moment afterwards and the tall form of Elwood, her supposed father, entered the apartment. He was an elderly man, of forbidding aspect; his gait was unsteady, and at a glance Gertrude perceived that he had been drinking, as usual, though fortunately not to excess. Muttering some scarcely intelligible words, he staggered towards her, when his eye, resting on the white coverlet drawn over the inanimate form beneath, a suspicion of the truth darted across his mind.

"She is dead!" was Gertrude's startling reply to his inquiring look.

The words had a stunning effect, he sank into a chair as if struck by a heavy blow, and it was some minutes before he spoke.

"When did she go? when did her death, so unexpected, take place?" He was quite sober now; the shock had this effect.

"About ten o'clock she became suddenly worse. She was quite ill during the day, but Dr. A— did not seem to think her end was so near; she died at midnight."

"Why did you not send for me?" Elwood asked fiercely; "did not you think I would like to see her again before she was gone for ever?"

"I did not know where to send. In the morning when you went out you did not say where you were going; I would have been glad to have had you here. I was quite alone—it was very dreadful!" and the young girl shuddered at the recollection of that death-bed scene.

"Well, to be sure, it must have been hard for you to be by yourself at such a time; death is awful to look at—why didn't you call in one of the neighbours?"

"It was too late; they were all in bed—besides, death came so suddenly after I perceived the awful change preceding it."

"Poor Sophie! did she suffer much?" asked Elwood, in softened accents.

"Yes, in mind she did, but she passed away quietly without any physical suffering."

"Her conscience troubled her, no doubt; when death comes so suddenly, few are prepared to go. Did she say anything to you about her own affairs? did she tell you anything about yourself?" Elwood asked, after a short silence.

"Yes; she said I was not your daughter."

"Well I know that already; she was a widow when I married her, and you were her only child."

"But she confessed she was not my mother; did you not know it?" asked Gertrude, in surprise.

"No, by Jove, that is strange! where did she pick you up, I wonder, and how did she come by the heap of money she had in the bank, and which has supported us comfortably since our marriage. She was very close about her own affairs. After that it's no use saying women cannot keep a secret!"

"Where did you first see her?" asked Gertrude; "was it in England?"

"No! I never was in England. I met her in Quebec! She called herself Mrs. Carlyle, and was as pretty a young widow as you could meet anywhere. Poor Sophie! I did not think you were so near death when I left you yesterday. To think that you are gone away for ever, even without a word of forgiveness or farewell, after we spending so many years of our life together!" As he spoke he approached the bed, and removing the coverlet, gazed mournfully on the face of his dead wife, now bearing that strange, mysterious expression which death imparts.

Gertrude felt that his grief was sacred, and she noiselessly left the room, wondering however at the emotion he displayed; for she remembered, during Sophie's lifetime, that very frequently bitter words had passed between them, but she had yet to learn that death exerts a softening in-

fluence over the human heart, and that much is forgiven and forgotten as we gaze upon the inanimate form of those once loved and gone for ever.

It was now two hours after midnight, and, retiring to her own apartment, Gertrude threw herself on her bed and tried to sleep, but her feelings were too much excited for repose. The strange disclosure made by Mrs. Elwood, when dying, filled her thoughts, and with the great surprise she experienced was mingled a feeling of intense relief at finding that the persons she had hitherto regarded as her parents were not such in reality; for to one of a refined nature, like Gertrude's, it was painfully humiliating to know that she was bound by the strong ties of consanguinity to those whose mode of life debased them in her eyes. Memory, too, was busy with the past, and from its secret chambers she sought to gather some childish reminiscence which might furnish some clue to the discovery of her parents. Her earliest recollections carried her back a period of twelve years, when she—a child of six summers—was living with Elwood and his wife, in the city of Quebec. Prior to that period memory was a blank.

The life of Gertrude had been lonely; she would not mix with the rude children of those low persons with whom the Elwoods associated. There was a natural delicacy and refinement about her, which was strangely at variance with the habits of Elwood and his wife. For some years her education had been wholly neglected, as well as her moral culture, and part of her childhood was spent in a state scarcely removed from the darkness of heathenism. About the age of ten she was sent to a respectable school, where religious instruction was mixed with the education of the pupils. A new light now dawned upon her as she learned some of the sublime truths of revelation. As she grew up she became gradually awakened to a sense of her duty to God, and painfully sensible of the total want of religion—nay, even of principle—displayed by those she then considered her parents. To endeavour, in a quiet, unpretending way, to effect some reform among those with whom her lot was cast, was the constant but warm effort of the young girl. For the last year, filial duty alone detained her an unwilling inmate of that home where nothing was congenial to her tastes and feelings, her mother's health was very delicate, and she devoted herself to the task of nurse, hoping to be able to awaken in her some interest about her eternal welfare, and induce her to prepare for that death, which was so surely approaching. The closing scene of Mrs. Elwood's life showed how vain had been this hope. Thus passed the early part of Gertrude's life, and notwithstanding the corrupt atmosphere in which she lived, she grew up a pure-minded being; like some beautiful flower, blooming in a stagnant marsh, she was unimpaired by the evil influences around her.

When Gertrude again entered the chamber of death she found two women occupied in performing the last duties for the deceased. Silently and sadly she stood gazing on the rigid form they were shrouding for the burial. The agony of the spirit of departing was depicted on the marble features. Despair had stamped its impress there, and that expression in the dead is very painful to look at.

Keeping a lonely watch in the chamber of death, Gertrude spent the weary hours of the day preceding the funeral, casting a retrospective glance over the miserable past, and looking forward to the future with the bright hopes of girlhood.

The desire to visit England had taken possession of her mind; and now, when she knew that no tie of relationship existed between her and Elwood, she shrank with abhorrence from any further intercourse with him, and determined to leave the house she had, until now, considered her home, when all that was mortal of her supposed mother was consigned to the tomb. Looking over a daily paper, she perceived that a steamer was to leave New York, in a few days, for Liverpool. Mrs. Elwood's funeral would take place in the morning, and Gertrude made her preparations to bid adieu to her present home as soon as it was over.

Elwood's consent to this plan was easily obtained, and he supplied Gertrude with more than sufficient money to defray the expenses of the voyage. His wife's death left him in possession of a considerable sum, and as he thought the girl might have a better right to it than he had, he reasoned it was better to get rid of her quietly by giving her a small portion, for he would then be left in undisturbed possession of the remainder.

The following day the remains of Mrs. Elwood were deposited in Mount Royal Cemetery, with some little display of funeral pomp, obtained at no inconsiderable expense; but Elwood declared that as the money was hers, it was the least he could do, to give her a respectable burial. As soon as this last duty to the dead was over, a cab containing Elwood, with Gertrude and her luggage, might be seen driving rapidly through the streets of Montreal, to the Point St. Charles Station, where they took the cars for New York: Elwood kindly offering to see her on board the English steamship.

CHAPTER II. THE CURATE.

The last bell was ringing to warn those who were not passengers to leave the steamer, which was already preparing to move from the wharf, when Elwood and his young charge reached it. Amid the bustle and confusion on board, Elwood found it impossible to see the Captain, in order to place Gertrude under his care, as he had intended to do. A gentleman of prepossessing appearance, in the dress of a clergyman, stepped on board just at the moment of Gertrude's arrival. In his emergency, unwilling to leave the young girl without some protector, Elwood thought that a person of his profession ought to be a suitable one. He had only time to state, in a few words, the peculiarity of Gertrude's situation and to beg the stranger to afford her that protection which her youth and loneliness demanded, and which, his being a clergyman, warranted her to expect. The gentleman willingly consented to take charge of the fair young stranger thus singularly thrown upon his protection, and assured Elwood she should receive from him every attention. There was not time for another word; the machinery of the steamer began to work, the gang-way had been removed, and with a hurried farewell to Gertrude, Elwood sprang on shore, just as the steamship with its crowd of passengers put out from the wharf.

Confused and half-frightened at the noise and bustle around her, Gertrude for a moment regretted the step she had taken, and sorrowfully watched the retreating figure of Elwood, feeling that even his presence would be preferable to the loneliness she experienced amid that crowd of strange faces. Had she done well in rushing into the world so young and unprotected, visiting a foreign land to seek subsistence and a home? In the eager but faint hope of discovering her parents, she had, she feared, acted imprudently—and yet was she not a stranger in the land she had just left? During her retired life she had made but few acquaintances and no friends. The vulgarity and evil habits of the class of people among whom her lot had been cast precluded her forming such ties. She would not be a greater stranger in England than in Canada. In either land she would have to go out into the world to encounter the stern realities of life as she laboured for her daily bread.

A pleasing voice abruptly broke the train of these reflections.

"The afternoon is pleasant, and the scenery along the Bay very fine; would you not like to go on deck?"

Gertrude bent her head in silent assent, and taking the offered arm of the Rev. Philip Trevyllian, ascended to the promenade-deck. I have already said the appearance of this young man was prepossessing. His figure was tall, with that distinguished air which is seldom seen except among the higher ranks of life, but the reverend gentleman was of ancient family, although the aristocratic contour of face and form was all the inheritance that had descended to him. The pale face was handsome—the features finely cut, the brow intellectual, shaded with rich masses of dark hair—the eyes were hazel, and from their luminous depths looked forth the inner man,

revealing, in every glance, the noble nature, and attracting all hearts as if with magnetic influence. His age might be thirty, the disparity between it and Gertrude's was considerable; and when he looked on the girlish appearance of his protégée his feelings partook somewhat of the paternal. It might be that a pre-occupied heart precluded the entrance of softer feelings; for enshrined in that young man's heart was the image of one of England's aristocratic daughters, and that face of imperial beauty, ever present to his mental eye, enabled him to regard with indifference the less beautiful girl who had so unexpectedly become his *compagnon de voyage*.

"You are very young to undertake a voyage across the Atlantic alone," he observed, as if wishing to lead Gertrude to some explanation of the circumstances in which she was placed. His frank, courteous manner, and the pleasing expression of his face, had impressed Gertrude favorably, and she soon found herself conversing freely with him; nay, before an hour had elapsed, she had made him acquainted with all she knew of her own history. Its singularity struck him forcibly, and to her eager question, put with childish simplicity—"Did he think she would have much trouble in finding her parents?" he answered very gravely, he saw "but little hope of her doing so, unless she had some clue to unravel the mystery connected with them;" then observing the disappointed expression of the young face, and the tears that filled the soft grey eyes, he said more hopefully, "but we cannot tell what may occur. Put your trust in God; He can bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and if it be His will that you should find your parents, He will direct events to that end. And now," he added with a bright smile—a smile which flashed a radiant sweetness over his usually grave face—"I must, in return, for your confidence, tell you something of myself. I am the only son of a widowed mother, residing in one of the maritime counties of England. My home is a picturesque parsonage; for I am curate of the Episcopal Church in the town of C——"

"Have you any sisters?"

There was no immediate answer to this simple question of Gertrude's.

Instantly the smile vanished from Trevyllian's face, and a sad expression stole into it.

"I had a sister, but she is gone; beautiful she was, and fondly loved." There was a mingling of sorrow and anger in his voice, as he uttered these words.

"Did she die young?" was Gertrude's next inquiry. She felt a growing interest in the affairs of her new acquaintance.

"She is not dead; it was sin, not death, which took her from us." There was sternness now in Trevyllian's tones, and a hard expression about the mouth, which was firmly shut, as if he would keep down the sorrow which the remembrance of this erring sister caused him. But nature was too strong for him, and, turning suddenly away to conceal the emotion that would not be subdued, he leaned over the bulwark of the steamer, and remained for a short time buried in painful thought. When he again joined Gertrude he was calm, his countenance grave as usual.

"Have you been long absent from England?" Gertrude asked, as he once more seated himself beside her.

"Only a few weeks. I crossed the ocean to take possession of some property lately left me by a maternal uncle, who spent the greatest part of his life in the United States. I disposed of it to advantage, and am now returning home some hundreds richer than when I left it, at which I greatly rejoice for my dear mother's sake, as it will secure to her an independence in the event of my death, and an independence, be it ever so small, is a very desirable thing, Miss Carlyle."

Elwood had introduced Gertrude by this name, as she intended to retain it until she discovered her real one. She felt the truth of the young clergymen's remark, and now the recollection of her own almost destitute condition forced itself upon her mind, and she anxiously asked Trevyllian if it was difficult to procure a situation as governess in England.

"I think not particularly, if you have friends to interest themselves for you."

"But I have no friends," was the touching remark of the young girl, and tears filled the bright eyes which were turned, with an anxious inquiring expression, on the curate.

"You must look upon my mother and me as friends," he said with pitying kindness. "Our home shall be your home, until some suitable situation offers. Do not trouble yourself on this account. There will be no difficulty in finding you one; although I fear I cannot promise that it will be in every way desirable,—the office of teacher in England is not so pleasant or honourable as in America—for in that country society is less trammelled by social distinctions. The line of demarcation between the different classes is not so strongly marked."

"But will your mother be willing to receive a stranger into her family?" Gertrude asked, after a short silence.

"Yes, when she learns the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed. She is one of the kindest of human beings, and will gladly afford the shelter of her home to a young and friendless stranger. You will be to her a daughter, to supply, in some degree, the place of her she has lost. Maud was about your age, and somewhat like you; that alone will procure you a kind reception from the fond mother who daily mourns her loss. But we have left the city behind, and now the romantic shores on either side demand our admiration. Allow me to point out to you the many places of beauty and interest which present themselves to our view."

Thus changing the conversation, the curate tried to amuse his fair companion, and prevent her mind from dwelling on the painful realities of her situation.

Soon, however, their *lôte-d-lôte* was interrupted, for the breeze, freshening as the steamer moved rapidly over the deep blue waters of New York Bay, Gertrude complained of sickness, and retired to her state-room. She did not again make her appearance on deck until the rock-bound coast of Ireland was in view; for the passage, though quick, was stormy, and it was with a feeling of infinite relief that Gertrude and the other passengers found themselves, at the end of twelve days, safely landed at Liverpool. There Mr. Trevyllian and his young companion only remained an hour, for, catching the train for C—, they proceeded eastward, through the middle countries of England, at a rapid rate.

CHAPTER III. THE CURATE'S HOME.

It was late in the evening when they arrived at C—, yet as they drove from the station to the Parsonage, the streets seemed alive with people; the shops were still open, filled with busy purchasers, coming and going, while the shrill voices of boys and girls, singing some lively carols, mingled with the various noises that rang through the clear frosty air. It was Christmas eve, with just enough snow to cover, with a white mantle, both town and country, and to render that happy season yet more joyous; for who does not like to see nature glittering in snowy robes and gemmed with icicles on a merry Christmas morning? The Church of the Ascension, which claimed Mr. Trevyllian for its pastor, was situated in a retired part of the town, in a handsome street. Behind the sacred edifice stood the Parsonage, picturesquely placed on the brow of a wooded cliff, which overhung the deep but narrow river that ran through the town of C—, and divided it into two parts, connected by massive stone bridges. The house was a low, old-fashioned building, surrounded by trees, which flung their now leafless branches over its roof, as if vainly trying to protect it from the rude blasts of winter. A crescent-moon, "hung like a coronet on the brow of night," shed its pale light on the narrow gravelled road, which led from the street to the Parsonage; as the cab, which conveyed our travellers from the station turned into it, two rival bands of Christmas Waits were besieging the house, and pouring forth strains that had more of strength than of melody, but which, nevertheless sounded harmoniously to the ears of the travellers, as it came to them through the calm rarefied air. Through the windows of the kitchen streamed a ruddy light from the glowing yule logs burning on the hearth, and in the drawing-

room, lights also gleamed, revealing its only occupant, Trevyllian's widowed mother, who was standing at the window listening to the gay carols without.

As the cab drew up before the door, and Philip and Miss Carlyle alighted, the figure at the window suddenly disappeared. A moment afterwards, and the hall-door was hastily opened, and Mrs. Trevyllian met them on the steps.

"Oh, Philip, have you found her? has she come at last?" she cried in a voice full of joyful excitement.

"No, dearest mother," he replied sadly, "it is not Maud, but a young Canadian lady who comes to claim your hospitality for a time."

Mrs. Trevyllian waited not to hear his explanation: with a cry of bitter disappointment, she retreated into the house, while her son with Gertrude slowly followed her. She had thrown herself upon a couch, and was sobbing piteously. Suddenly she mastered her emotion, and, raising her head, held out her hand to Gertrude—a wan smile of welcome struggling with the anguish that convulsed the faded face.

"Forgive my want of courtesy," she said; "and you too, my dearest Philip, pardon the coldness of your reception after your long absence; but it was such a cruel disappointment after the sudden hope that filled my heart with joy," she wailed forth, as she threw herself into the arms of her son, and again wept piteously.

"I know it, dearest mother," he said soothingly. "I feared it would be so, but there was no time to inform you of anything before our arrival. I would not delay a day after landing in England, so anxious was I to be with you at Christmas."

"And I am so glad you have come," she said more cheerfully. "I should have spent a dull Christmas without you, Philip;" and, again subduing her grief, she exerted herself to perform the duties of hospitality, conducting Gertrude to her apartment, where she helped her to take off her travelling dress, and then left her to make her toilet, while she descended to the kitchen to give orders for supper.

A pleasing bustle now prevailed in the Parsonage; the servants, after welcoming their young master, busied themselves in preparing a plentiful repast for the travellers; and Mrs. Trevyllian, in the glad excitement of the hour, gradually recovered her usual composure, crushing back the grief that would have marred the happiness of others, and cast a gloom over this happy festive time.

It was a pleasant home-scene at the Parsonage, and an interesting trio that gathered round the bright fire after supper on this Christmas eve. The comfortably furnished room, with its brilliant gas light, its handsome sideboard, on which glittered some pieces of plate—a present from the congregation to their young pastor—its ample curtains draping the windows, and shutting out the cold and darkness without,—everything spoke of comfort such as is not always met with in the curate's home in Merry England. But Philip Trevyllian was fortunate in having a generous rector, who, himself obliged from ill health to reside on the continent, allowed him a handsome salary for doing his duty at home. On a low ottoman, on one side of the fire, sat Gertrude Carlyle, her face expressing the happiness she felt at finding herself so comfortably domiciled, while that very happiness gave its own beauty to her countenance.

And now, *en passant*, I may as well say a few words descriptive of my heroine. She was not beautiful, as most heroines are supposed to be, yet she had one of those lovely faces which are found to be so attractive more from beauty of expression, than regularity of features. Her eyes were really very fine, deep grey shaded by long lashes. Her figure was about the medium height, slightly formed, and now shown to advantage by a well-fitting dark merino dress, the small linen collar and white cuffs relieving its sombre hue. Her luxuriant brown hair was rolled off from her white forehead, and gathered in soft masses of curls in a net behind. Forming a not unpleasant contrast to this lovely girl, was the matronly figure of Mrs. Trevyllian, reclining in a fauteuil on the opposite side of the fire-place, her handsome son seated beside her, his hand fondly clasped in hers.

There was little resemblance between him and his mother; he was more like the aristocratic Trevyllians—yet there were traces of beauty in her faded face, which the stern hand of sorrow could not efface; and in the gentle blue eye was an expression of goodness, which showed she was worthy to be the mother of Philip Trevyllian.

To be continued.

THE WHITE HART INN.

I HAD "walked" the hospitals, deriving every possible advantage from that pedestrian effort; I had passed successfully through the ordeals of hall and college; I had completed my apprenticeship; I had become fully competent and entitled to cure or kill, as the case might be, according to act of parliament; I was no longer a student, a bud upon the tree of medical science; I was at last a full blown practitioner, if it be correct to apply that term to one altogether without a practice.

My old colleagues at the Middlesex treated me handsomely. They invited me to a farewell supper. Although they remained in a grub state, as it were, whereas I had become a butterfly, and was about to take wing away from them, they were immensely cordial; and I was, I trust, not proud. They made speeches, toasting me, wishing me prosperity and long life, and musically averred that I was a jolly good-fellow, and that nobody could deny it. I returned thanks, impressively. Tears were shed, hands were shaken, glasses were broken. Then came parting—forgetfulness. I found myself next morning with a bad headache, my own master, and master of very little besides—my student days behind me—the world before me—the stock in trade with which I was to commence business on my own account being represented by my right to add the magic letters M.R.C.S. after my name. That was something of course. Yet I know when I tried to convert M.R.C.S. into L. S. D., by no process of arithmetic could I make much of the sum.

I was pondering over my situation when the post brought a letter. It informed me of the demise of an elderly maiden aunt; and by way of balm to the natural grief that occurrence occasioned me, I was instructed that, under the terms of her will, I was her legatee to the extent of five hundred pounds free of duty.

At certain periods of life, one is prone to somewhat exaggerated views; inclined, for instance, to account five hundred pounds a perfect fortune. I own I thought my legacy an endless sum—a sort of blank cheque signed by Cæsus. The five hundredth sovereign seemed to be years and years, miles and miles, away from me. Towards the close of a long life, I might perhaps be without hail of it, but not before.

I put it to my friends. Here is this sum—now, what would you recommend me to do with it? Some said: Invest it. Well, of course, any fool could say that. But it is of no good having a legacy if you're to lock it up again in the funds as soon as you've got it. You might almost as well have never had it at all. Others said: Buy a practice with it. A practice! A swindle very likely, advertised in the newspapers, and supported by sham-books and imaginary patients, a vacant surgery, empty bottles, a mahogany counter, and numberless brass knobs to imitation drawers. No; whatever I did with my money, I was not going to play ducks and drakes with it by buying a practice.

I spent about a hundred pounds of my legacy in thinking what I should do with it, and in looking about me generally. I had no notion before that looking about one and thinking were such expensive operations. Finally, I decided that I would settle down somewhere, and try and make a practice. But where should I settle down?

Now it happened that I decided upon journeying down to Noddington, a small town in a midland county, with the view of establishing myself there, I now hardly know. But excessive discretion is apt sometimes to drive a man to desperation. I had been so long hesitating as to what I should do, that it became indispensably

necessary that I should do something, anything, at last. Otherwise, if I had not already determined that I would certainly settle down in Noddington, and make a practice there at all costs, perhaps my first acquaintance with the place would have somewhat damped the fire of my resolution; for Noddington was not busy, or vivacious, or promising-looking, considered from a medical practitioner's point of view. There seemed little danger of the inhabitants endangering their constitutions by excess of bodily labour or mental anxiety. If noise, or worry or incessant activity have a prejudicial effect upon human nature, why, then, the Noddingtonians were in no danger of their chance of longevity being interfered with in those respects. If on the other hand, inertness, torpidity, and want of occupation were matters requiring medical attention, why, then, thought I, my chances of making a practice and earning a living were decidedly improved. Noddington was fast asleep, pillowed amongst its hills. I was there to wake it up, feel its pulse, prescribe for it, and in due course furnish it with a little account of my charges for those services.

Noddington was in truth little more than a large village, though it chose to call itself a town, and was so described in gazetteers, and road-books, and county histories. Traditions survived to the effect, that in remote coaching-times Noddington had been a place of importance, as being on the direct road to a large manufacturing town. But a railway had diverted the channel of traffic, and left Noddington high and dry, as it were. Its posting-houses and post-horses were things of the past. It had dwindled into the position of a village in an agricultural district. Still, I meditated, people must come into the world there, and must go out of the world there. On such occasions, the presence of a medical man is indispensable. Even Noddington cannot be so far removed from civilisation, so regardless of decency, as to do altogether without a doctor. Wherever there is ever so small a congregation of poor human nature, the medical practitioner may pick up crumbs of profit from the midst. Just as I had arrived at that satisfactory reflection, a puff of wind came towards me. "Delicious," I cried. "There is an open drain somewhere about Noddington. Well, well; things are not so very unpromising after all!"

Noddington was composed of two straggling streets only, High Street and Cross Street, intersecting each other at right angles, with a small rude old market-cross at the crossing point. Close by was the Red Lion Commercial Inn. I entered the Red Lion Commercial Inn.

I rapped on the bar with my walking-stick, I shouted, kicked against a door, I stamped on the floor. The Lion was evidently asleep, and required a good deal of waking. The idea of a chance customer had never entered into the Lion's head. I called "Hi!" then "Shop!" then, lest that might have given offence, I cried out in a dignified bass voice, as they do at the theatre: "What ho! within there!" I was just likening myself to Iago calling up Brabantio in the first scene of *Othello*, and thinking I was getting on well with the part, and altogether displaying a genius for the stage I had not previously been aware that I possessed, when a stout, florid man appeared, with rather an affronted expression of face. He was evidently not well pleased that I had taken the Lion at his word, and believed his statement literally as to his providing good entertainment for man and beast. However, he was ultimately induced to provide me with refreshment in the shape of some strong cheese—strangely rasping to the palate—some stale bread, and some ale, which would have been a pleasanter beverage if it had possessed more head, and rather less hardness.

A stout, florid, heavy man, with a dull eye, a low forehead, and a triplet of chins instead of a neck. Yes, I thought, I'll soon have you on my books, my fine fellow. I know your symptoms: determination of old ale to the head; singular tightness in the region of the waist after eating; drowsiness, not unaccompanied by dizziness, after your fifth rummer of hot brandy and water in the evening; stertorous breathing, and general stupidity. I know all about you. And, men-

tally, I made up for him a nice little prescription—to be taken the last thing before going to bed—which would have done him a world of good.

It's no use beating about the bush with a dull man; tell him plump what you got to say, and let it soak thoroughly into his mind. Of course, if your news is of a very astounding nature, and results in his having an apoplectic fit, it's unfortunate; but, after all, it's far more his affair than yours. The best thing to be done then is to send for the nearest medical man. In the present case, in the event of the Red Lion's having a fit, I was the nearest medical man. So I told him plainly "that I had come down to Noddington to set up as a general practitioner," and waited to see what effect upon him the information would have, meanwhile just putting my hand in my pocket to make sure that I had got my case of instruments handy about me.

He turned upon me a dreary glare from his beery eyes; he silently rocked himself to and fro for some few minutes; he at length produced, from cavernous ventral depths—as though it were a choice bottle of wine from a secret place in his cellar—the expression: "Lor' bless 'ee!" and then spat on the floor. The benediction he intended to convey would have seemed to me more valuable if it had been less decidedly tinged with contempt.

"Is there a doctor in Noddington?" I asked.

"Surely. Dr. Blossop."

"Are there any houses to let in Noddington?"

"Ne'er a one," he answered.

"I was somewhat disappointed. If I could not find a house to live in, there seemed an end to my plan of settling in Noddington as a general practitioner. The Red Lion, perhaps exhausted by unwonted conversational efforts, turned away. A shabby little old man then entered. His eye was watery, and there was a purplish-blue hue about his nose. A likely patient by and by, I thought to myself; and I began to draw up in my own mind a neat little diagnosis of the possible complaint about which he would at some future day come to me for advice and treatment. I set him down as the sexton and parish clerk of Noddington; and such he subsequently proved to be. He and the Red Lion said "Mornin'" to each other, and then a mug of ale was set before him, although he had given no order concerning the refreshment he required. He was a regular customer, evidently. I soon found him not unwilling to talk. The sight of a face new to Noddington had upon him almost an exciting influence. He became quite communicative. He informed me that his name was Huxham, and that, man and boy, he had lived in Noddington some fifty years; albeit, he came originally from a distant country.

"Any houses building in Noddington?" I inquired.

He told me that there had not been a house built in Noddington within his recollection. Clearly, it was not a rising, or an improving, or an increasing place. Yet he repeated the Red Lion's information as to there being no houses to let in Noddington.

"Leastways," he said, "there's not a house as any one would take."

This statement provoked further inquiry; and at last I arrived at the fact, that there was an empty house in Noddington: but it was not a desirable place of abode; it possessed an evil reputation; it was, in fact, stated to be haunted. "Come, come," I said to myself; "things are beginning to be promising. A haunted house will be just the thing for a young medical practitioner. A famous advertisement; for, of course, I shall effect a cure; I shall get rid of the ghost, and in such way thoroughly establish and distinguish myself in the eyes of Noddington."

I was not nervous about ghosts. We had often talked over the subject at the Middlesex, and had finally settled "that ghosts proceeded from the stomach," and demanded a course of gentle tonics, and strict attention to diet and general health.

Mr. Huxham became interested in my plans. I gathered from him that, in the palmy days of Noddington, the White Hart Inn had been the chief posting-house in the place and altogether a very lively and thriving concern. It was a large,

long, irregular building, of most old-fashioned look, with high, red-tiled roof, and casement windows, erected upon the vaguest architectural plan, partly of brick whitewashed over, partly lath and plaster, and partly of timber. A tall sign-post stood before the door; but the sign itself had long since vanished, and the post presented an unpleasantly bare, gaunt, and gibbeted aspect. Close by were long, wooden horse-troughs, all but dismantled, and wholly rotten and useless, covered with rust and moss, and filled with refuse and rubbish. At the back, were large, dilapidated, tumble-down stables and out-buildings. Doubtless, years ago, the White Hart Inn was regarded as quite a temple of human comfort and pleasure; ease in an inn being then synonymous with frouzy misery, unwholesome food, maddening potatoes, your pulse at fever-heat, and *delirium tremens* handing you your candle as you staggered up to your bedroom. But times had changed; evil days had come for the White Hart. The proprietor had struggled manfully, but vainly. One by one, the coaches began to disappear from Noddington, and the customers dropped off from the White Hart. He made sacrifices. He decreased his establishment; he shut up the stables; dismissed the crowd of hangers-on who had of old given life and bustle to the scene; he even left off part of the old inn, converting the two wings into private houses, retaining only the centre portion of the building, and trusting that, with these efforts at adapting himself to the times, he might be permitted to carry on his business with decent success to the end of the chapter. But the fates were against the White Hart; and on the evening of the day on which the last coach passed through Noddington for the last time, the landlord of the White Hart hanged himself.

It was a desperate and elaborate suicide, with much forethought about it. The poor soul had tightly fastened his hands and feet, to give himself no chance of change in his design, if repentance should come to him after he had kicked away the chair from under him. He was found, hours after, stone cold, suspended from the hook in the ceiling of the great upper room of the White Hart. All was over now. The doors were closed; the house—that is, the centre portion of it—was falling into ruins, and it had the reputation of being haunted. The perturbed spirit of the suicide landlord visited ever and anon the rooms, and staircases, and passages of the White Hart, acting inconsequentially and unreasonably, after the manner of perturbed spirits—giving runaway rings at the bells, groaning fitfully and fearfully, and clanking a chain. Some described the noise rather as of the clashing together of pewter flagons, and walking up and down on the creaking floors with feet invisible, though the footfalls sounded so loudly. More than this: certain Noddingtonians had been heard to say, in awful tones, with blanched faces, that occasionally was to be seen, when the moon-light streamed into the windows of the great room, hanging from the hook in the ceiling, a vague shadowy *something*, that positively wasn't a chandelier, or anything like a chandelier, but an object much more harrowing, and altogether very different indeed.

The old White Hart Inn was, it seemed, at my service. But, then, it was no use talking about it, said Mr. Huxham. It wouldn't suit me. I couldn't live in it. Gentlemen before me had tried it on—lots of them—all sorts of gentlemen—but the thing couldn't be done. Another doctor in the place might answer well enough; there was room enough for two, very likely. Mr. Huxham wouldn't take it upon himself to say there was not. People did fall ill now and then at Noddington—more people than might be expected, perhaps. They suffered from what he might call all-overishness. Mr. Huxham owned to having felt it himself more than once. But as for taking the White Hart, or trying to take it, living in it, and attempting to set up there as a doctor—the results of such proceedings were so obviously preposterous, that Mr. Huxham did not think it necessary to state them, or to complete his sentence; he preferred to hide his face in his mug, and finish his ale.

I was not going to abandon my cherished project, however. I had come down to Noddington to make a practice, I would make it at the White Hart Inn, in spite of its perturbed spirit, if I could find no more suitable place. The example of my pertinacity affected Mr. Huxham. He began at length, to applaud my resolution, and to encourage my design. He put me in communication with Mr. Mumford, a solicitor in Noddington who had the letting of the White Hart. I found Mr. Mumford disposed to afford me facilities in the way of carrying out my plan. He lived in one of the wings of the inn. The other was inhabited by a Mr. Hardman, a retired maltster.

Mr. Mumford was very frank. He owned that the house had a bad name, and had had it for years. People told many stories about it, but he thought they exaggerated a good deal. Mr. Hardman, who lived next door, had never made a complaint as to hearing noises, or anything of that kind. And as to Mr. Mumford himself now, had he heard anything? Did he suffer any annoyance from the perturbed spirit of the White Hart? Well, Mr. Mumford objected to the word annoyance, he couldn't honestly say that he had been annoyed. But he didn't mind admitting that occasionally, at long intervals, he had heard sounds proceeding from the centre portion of the old inn, for which he found it difficult to account. But the plain state of the case was this: there was the house; he was instructed to let it at an almost nominal rent, by the week, or the month, or the year, or the term of years. Frankly, the proprietor would let it on any terms. How would I take it? That seemed to Mr. Mumford the long and the short of the matter.

I did take it for a month on trial.

As I was leaving Mr. Mumford's, I encountered a stout, elderly, rosy-faced gentleman, with very white hair, and very black eyes and eyebrows. He wore a wide-awake hat, but otherwise he was rather strictly attired, with a stiff white cravat, and a black frock-coat buttoned up tightly, and exhibiting the portly contour of his figure to much advantage. I was just thinking that he might possibly be the rector of Noddington, when he was introduced to me as Dr. Blossop. (He styled himself, and was generally styled throughout Noddington, *Doctor Blossop*, but I afterwards found he practised as surgeon and apothecary, notwithstanding his dignified prefix.)

He was cordial in his manner, with a cheerful, chirpy sort of voice. He seemed instantly to dismiss from his mind every sort of objection he might have reasonably entertained in regard to my being a rival practitioner, an interloper trying to undermine his practice in Noddington. He shook me by the hand heartily, assured me that he was pleased to make my acquaintance, averred that there was room for both of us in Noddington—plenty of room, and plenty to do, that he was getting old, and should be glad now and then of aid and counsel from a younger man; that it was quite a comfort to an old-fashioned doctor in that quiet place to have a talk with a professional brother who came fresh from the books and the schools. "Not that there is much science wanted here," he whispered; "all that kind of thing goes to the infirmary. A simple pill and draught business, with obstetrics, of course; that's about all we do here."

I found the interior of the White Hart in a desperate state of dilapidation. But with the aid of a carpenter, a white-washer, and a charwoman, I managed to make decently habitable two rooms on the ground-floor. I converted what had once been, I think, the tap, into a comfortable bedroom, and arranged the bar-parlour to look something like a surgery and a consulting-room. I was deterred from attempting further changes by the expense, and by the prophecies I heard on all sides of me that the whole thing would be an utter failure, and that I should be out of the house altogether in less than a week. Why should I hope to succeed, where so many had failed? my neighbours asked. An auctioneer had been the last tenant, but one night in the house had been found sufficient for him. Before him, there had been a lawyer, a medical gentleman, a retired linen-draper, not to name many

more, all of whom had given up the thing after a very brief experience. What right had I to think I should have better fortune? Why, I looked a mere boy, the Noddingtonians declared. But one never knew the amount of impudence of those young London chaps, they were good enough to add. Meanwhile, they ought to have been grateful. I had furnished them with a new topic of conversation, and topics of conversation were very scarce in Noddington. A small crowd stood round the door of the White Hart, watching the operations of my assistants and myself. I looked round on the chance of the excitement resulting in deliriousness or epilepsy. When the final touch was given to my handiwork, and a brass-plate was screwed on to the door, announcing my name and profession, with the letters M.R.C.S., I really thought that would be a little too much for one or two of the Noddingtonians, however, they survived it.

For a night or two, I slept at the Red Lion, until my preparations were completed. Mr. Huxham offered to sit up with me the first night of my occupancy of the White Hart, if I felt at all nervous. I scouted the notion of feeling nervous. He then said that his object was curiosity. I believe it to have been brandy and water. Finally, I accepted his companionship. Undoubtedly, the White Hart was a gloomy, depressing place, and so much had been said to set me against it, that the company of Huxham even seemed preferable to absolute solitude. I determined that I would not retire to bed until some little time after twelve, so that, if a ghost were to come, he might have his walk out, and get it over, and leave me the rest of the night in peace.

I had been all over the house by daylight, searching carefully for traces of a ghost, or for the presence of anything that, distorted by popular superstition, might have given encouragement to the prevalent belief. I could find nothing. I wandered from room to room of the dreary old place, peering up chimneys, examining cupboards and recesses, looking out of windows. At the back was to be seen the deserted stable-yard, overgrown with rank grass; in one corner stood a rotten water-but, to catch the rain from the roofs of the stable buildings, in another, close to the house, a tall wooden pump, handle-less, and apparently falling to pieces, with a thick cloak of ivy about it. Indeed, at the back of the White Hart, the ivy flourished prodigiously, hiding many deficiencies and dilapidations and uglinesses, climbing up the walls, and waving green flags, as it were, from the very chimney-tops, to signify its complete possession of the place. On either side of the stable-yard were the walled-off, trimly-kept gardens of Mr. Mumford and Mr. Hardman. Mumford's garden had once been the bowling-green of the inn, Hardman's had been formerly the skittle-ground. Beyond were the backs of the houses in Cross Street, each with a garden. In one of these I noticed a pretty-looking, brown-haired, brown-eyed young lady, in a lavender silk dress, tending her plants. I learned that this was Miss Julia Blossop, the only daughter—the only child indeed—of Dr. Blossop, who resided in the Cross Street.

I again went over the house, at night, with a candle, before sitting down to brandy and water with Mr. Huxham. Everything seemed to be precisely as I had left in the morning. All was very quiet. A few Noddingtonians lingered inquisitive about the front-door, but a little after ten o'clock, they one by one took their departure. Their habit of going to rest early and punctually was stronger than their desire to ascertain what evil destiny might befall me. They went to bed, I believe, fully persuaded that I was in for a very troubled sort of night. Probably they also voted Huxham very foolhardy for his pains, if they did not decide that repeated mugs of ale had washed out of him such discretion as he had ever possessed.

It was past eleven o'clock. I was tired, and yet wakeful. I think I would have given five pounds at that moment to have been well out of the business; to have been in bed and asleep in my London lodgings, secure from interruption by any possible perturbed spirit. Just then, we both started up with almost a scream; a bell in the

corner of the room, in which we were sitting, began to ring violently. Huxham turned as white as a sheet, and I fancy there was not much colour in my own face at the moment.

I took up a candle. "We must see from what part of the house this bell is rung," I said. But Huxham sat quite still. I followed the direction of the bell-wire, it went out of the room, along the passage, through the wall at the back. Evidently, it was rung by some one outside in the stable-yard, or could it be that a bough of ivy had become twisted in the wire without, and then swaying in the wind, had so rung the bell? It was not probable, still it was possible. I own I felt a strong disinclination to unbar the back-door and look out into the stable-yard, especially as Huxham, though quite sobered by his fright, seemed so little disposed to aid me or back me up in any way. He remained rooted to his seat. However, I determined to be rid of the annoyance of the bell at any rate. I should never need a bell ringing from the back of the house. I mounted on a chair, twisted the wire—it was very rusty—and snapped it. At all events, I had cut the perturbed spirit off from that method of vexing me.

All was again quiet. I began to breathe more freely. Huxham seemed more himself.

"Well, we've stood it, both of us, very well as yet," he said. "It's lucky we're both of us good-plucked ones."

We were at peace for a quarter of an hour or so. Huxham was beginning to talk about body-snatching. Suddenly we both looked up to the ceiling. There was certainly the noise as of some one walking up and down, up and down, in the great room on the first floor, over our heads—a heavy, solemn footfall.

"It's old Jugby's tread!" gasped Huxham (Jugby was the name of the suicide landlord of the White Hart). "You're never going up stairs?"

"I am," I said, somewhat tremulously. I took a candle, and went up stairs. I turned the handle of the door of the great room. The footsteps had ceased. The door was fastened; or rather, it seemed to me, was held by some one, or something, from within. I pushed against it, but it did not yield. Just then, there came the sharp noise as of the front-door of the house slammed to violently. I ran down stairs: I found that Huxham had vanished; he had had enough of it. I could hear him running down the silent High Street as fast as he could go.

I waited for a moment. My heart was beating with a painful turbulence. I was tempted to imitate Huxham, and make my escape. Then I thought of our Middlesex views about ghosts; that they proceeded from the stomach, were due to disordered digestion, ganglionic disturbances, inactivity of the liver. I resolved to be true to the Middlesex theories, whatever might happen. Besides, had I not decided to make a practice in Noddington? I went up stairs again, the candle in one hand, the poker in the other, to smash open the door, if need was.

However, the door opened readily upon my touching it. The room was empty. Its aspect was entirely the same as when I had left it earlier in the day, except that it seemed more cold, and damp, and draughty than ever. Presently, I found a reason for this: the window looking into the stable-yard was open. Now, I was pretty certain in my own mind that when I had last seen it, it had been closed. I glanced towards the chandelier-hook. I was, I admit, relieved at finding that the chandelier-hook had nothing hanging from it.

I looked out into the stable-yard, but could see nothing, hear nothing, except that at some little distance a dog was baying miserably. I closed the window, but, doing so, I noticed that it was without any fastening. I went down stairs again. I felt uneasy in my mind; I couldn't satisfactorily account to myself for the footsteps I had plainly heard. Yet, as I thought over it, I began to form a theory on the subject; and I convinced myself that I should be no more troubled that night. I barred my door carefully, however; and after waiting an hour or two, and feeling at last a sort of superstitious comfort at hearing an early cock crow, I went to bed, and slept tolerably.

Noddington stirred itself a little concerning me on the following morning. But I had pre-arranged my line of conduct; I was calm, discreet, reserved. Huxham, I found, had been setting afloat a preposterous account of his adventures; but I ignored Huxham. I averred that he had gone home much inebriated at an early hour; and Noddington, notwithstanding its desire to credit the fact that something marvellous had in truth occurred, had yet unquestioning belief in the inebriety of its sexton. The statement that I had slept as sound as a top, it was much less disposed to accept. Mr. Mumford was congratulatory. He was glad to find that a sensible tenant had at last been secured for the White Hart. Dr. Blossop was kind enough to express his pleasure at the fact that a hardheaded London medical man had come down to Noddington to send to the right-about all the absurd fables that had been rife about the place a great deal too long.

The excitement through Noddington during the day brought a little business to the surgery: I dispensed a blue pill and black draught, I strapped up a cut finger, and I applied some liniment to a contused wound on a child's leg. I began to think that, ghost or no ghost, I was beginning to make a practice.

When night came, I locked up the house carefully, and lighted my candles in the surgery, late the bar-parlour; but I did not remain there. Leaving the candles burning, I went up, without a light, to the great room, the window of which was closed. I took up my station in a corner of the room. I had the poker with me, with very vague notions as to what I intended to do with it; but it seemed to me that the possession of some sort of weapon, of offence or defence, was decidedly desirable.

It had struck eleven o'clock. The time passed very slowly. It was rather miserable work waiting in that great, cold, dark room for the advent of the perturbed spirit. I was sorely tempted to steal back to my surgery, and refresh myself with another dose of the Red Lion brandy. I began to wish that I had not taken upon myself to prescribe for the White Hart ghost. After all, strictly speaking, a general practitioner had no right to be regarding a ghost as a patient. It was no part of my duty to be curing Noddington of its haunted house. I was just deciding in my own mind that it was a pity I had ever heard of Noddington, or ever dreamed of settling there with the view of making a practice, when distinctly there was the sound of some one crossing the stable-yard without, then a curious rustling of the ivy; a shadow darkened the window; then came a rush of cold night-air into the room; the window opened slowly, noiselessly; a leg appeared, then another, then a whole body. A man stepped into the room.

He was close to me. Stretching out my arm, I could have hit him with the poker; certainly, I could have touched him. I could hear him breathing. He paused for a moment, as though to recover himself after his exertion of climbing into the room; then he began to walk with a firm, heavy, solemn footfall up and down, up and down the middle of the deserted room; and it seemed to me that he trod with especial weight when he came to that part of the floor which was over my surgery, where, possibly, he presumed me to be sitting.

Was I frightened? Never mind whether I was or not. For some minutes, I was certainly irresolute as to what course I should adopt. One thing I was pretty clear about—it was not a ghost I had to deal with—it was a living man. At last, I made up my mind what to do. As he paced down the room, I followed him stealthily, so that when arriving at the opposite wall, he turned to pace again, he met me face to face in the dark.

He stopped, started, gave a scream, threw up his hands, and staggered back, falling heavily on the floor. I went up to him. The man had fainted. I ran down stairs, to return immediately, with a candle and a tumbler of water. I threw away the poker; I had no further need for that. In a minute, I was untying a stiff white cravat, and sprinkling water in the pale face of—Dr. Blossop. Presently, he revived a little.

"The ghost! the ghost!" he moaned feebly, shivering. It was clear—a spurious ghost himself—he had taken me for the genuine article, and the misconception had considerably disturbed his nervous system.

"*Similia similibus curantur*," I said.

"An infernal homœopathist," he muttered. Even at such a moment, professional prejudices strongly possessed him.

"Nothing of the kind. As respectable an allopathist as you are; more respectable, if you come to that. This is very pretty conduct, Dr. Blossop."

"Don't expose me," he whined piteously; "don't expose me. There's a dear, good, kind young man. For Heaven's sake—for my poor dear child."

He was well enough presently to come down into the surgery. He was very humble and contrite; he confessed everything: he had been the ghost of the White Hart; he had climbed his garden-wall, and made his way into the great room by the help of the broken pump and the ivy—he had been in the habit of walking up and down, heavily, after the manner of Jugby the suicide—sometimes he had even brought his dog-chain, and rattled it, by way of being additionally terrible; he had rung the bell from the stable-yard. And his motive? Well, it had arisen years back. It had then been a matter of vast importance to him to prevent any other medical man from settling in Noddington; and he had commenced to haunt the White Hart—the only empty house in the place. His plan had succeeded. He had kept away his rivals; he had ruled supreme for many years—Noddington's only medical man—until I had come, and detected him, compelling him to give up the ghost indeed!

But why, I asked, had he not permitted the auctioneer, the lawyer, the retired linen-draper, to occupy the White Hart peaceably? Why had he haunted them, who could prejudice or interfere with him in no way? Well, he was afraid suspicion would be excited, and would attach to him, if it were found that the ghost only disturbed rival medical men. He therefore had been compelled to treat all tenants alike. And then he admitted that he had felt a sort of pleasant excitement in haunting the White Hart and alarming its inmates. If I only knew how dreadfully dull Noddington was, he declared, I should appreciate the importance of obtaining entertainment in any shape. But he was prepared to confess that his conduct had been very shameful; that he had treated me very ill—the more so, that no real reason existed now for his desire to keep other practitioners out of Noddington. And he intimated that he had feathered his nest very satisfactorily—that he had no need to fear opposition—that he was advancing in life—and soon thought of retiring altogether from practice. He ended by again imploring me not to expose him.

I did not expose him; indeed, I forgave him. I am, I fear, absurdly good-natured; and then he promised to advance my interests, and to make all possible amends. We had a glass of brandy and water together, and became very good friends.

I remained in Noddington; and the talk about the White Hart being haunted began gradually to die away. I had effected a cure. By and by, Dr. Blossop made me an offer of a partnership, and I accepted it. Since then, I have been doing very well indeed.

The Noddington people say there's only one thing against me—I am not married, and they hold that a medical man ought to be a married man. I am trying to get rid of this objection. Miss Julia Blossop looks more and more kindly upon me every day. I have had to struggle against her ridiculous predilection for the curate of Noddington, whom I have always held to be a singularly inane young man. But as the rumour gains ground that the curate and the rector's daughter are to be seen playing suspiciously protracted games of croquet together, I fancy that Julia is disposed to think she might do worse than accept my suit. In regard to which matter, I venture to say there can hardly be two opinions.

THE FAIR UNKNOWN.

YOU know, my dear fellow, that love sometimes makes fools of the wisest. You want my advice in a delicate matter; well, I believe, I cannot do better than relate to you what a ludicrous predicament I once got into, while under the influence of the little god.

"Out with it, Hal! I may perhaps learn wisdom from your folly."

"Well, it happened about three years ago. I was walking along Notre Dame Street, one January afternoon when I saw, a few yards ahead of me a lady, whose figure struck me as remarkably graceful. She was of middle height, very tastefully dressed, and as she glided along many a head was turned in order to obtain a second look at her. I was susceptible at the time, and could not but ascribe to such a graceful figure a face correspondingly beautiful. I quickened my step, therefore, in order to gratify my curiosity, when she started to cross the street. At the same moment a carter came driving past at a furious rate, making her position one of real danger. I bounded forward, and had the happiness to grasp her just in time to prevent what would, probably, have been a sad accident. She was in a half fainting condition from fright, however, and I supported her into the nearest store. A glass of water, and in a few minutes rest restored her.

I was not mistaken in ascribing to her a beautiful face; but its beauty did not consist in a striking regularity of features. It was the indescribable gentleness that revealed itself in the clear eyes and well shaped mouth, that formed its chief attraction. I had seen a similar expression on canvas, in Dawson's picture gallery, and had been so strongly impressed with its beauty that it haunted me for a long time afterwards. I gazed in silent admiration, therefore, on the living model, until, rising from her seat, she laid her hand in mine, and in well chosen words expressed her gratitude for my timely succour. A sigh unconsciously escaped me as she passed out of the door and entered the sleigh which one of the salesmen had procured for her. I would have given a year's salary to have been on terms of friendship with her. She did not even mention her name, however, but I heard her direct the driver to No.—Dorchester street, and upon this slight foundation I built many an airy castle.

The next day the papers duly chronicled the "gallant feat." My activity and presence of mind were lauded; but the name of the rescued lady, I was vexed to find, was as far from my knowledge as ever.

For a week I failed to obtain the slightest clue. I haunted Dorchester street with a persistency that greatly troubled the somnolent guardian of the night. I destroyed many quires of scented note paper in the vain attempt to pour out my troubled thoughts in verse; I grew abstracted, lost my appetite, and my friends predicted a speedy decline. In this state of mind I was prevailed upon to attend the Concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. The band was in the middle of the overture, when, amongst the crowd that was entering the Hall, I discovered the Fair Unknown, as I had dubbed her, leaning on the arm of a tall, middle-aged gentleman. I stood almost spell-bound at her appearance. More beautiful, more graceful than ever she seemed; and a jealous pang shot through me as I saw how affectionately she leaned on her escort, how proudly she looked up into his face. The pang was but a transient one, however, for I concluded from the tall gentleman's age and appearance, that he was her father.

The movement of the crowd brought them in a few moments close to where I stood, and her glance, in roving round the room, encountered mine. A bright smile immediately lit up her features, and a graceful bow acknowledged my presence. For a few minutes I stood conscious that I was forming the subject of their conversation. The tall gentleman's eyes, from time to time, beamed kindly upon me, and I imagined they seemed to say that were the place not quite so public how happy he should be to thank me for having rescued his daughter. Another move-

ment of the audience took them out of my sight; and I left the room shortly afterwards, determined to become acquainted with the bewitching beauty.

The father and daughter were apparently strangers in Montreal; for although I enquired diligently I obtained no information whatever in regard to them, except that they had but recently come to reside in Dorchester Street. I grew more and more in love with the Fair Unknown, and the mystery that seemed to enshroud her increased rather than diminished my foolish attachment. I haunted the neighbourhood in which she resided, in the hope of meeting either father or daughter, and receiving an invitation to visit them. This, however, proved as fruitless as my other schemes; and it is hard to tell what would have been the result had not a vigilant policeman hastened the denouement.

I had taken up my position opposite the house, and had become so abstracted whilst gazing upon the lighted windows that I had failed to notice that the gentleman in blue evidently regarded me as a suspicious character, and passed and repassed me several times in the course of half-an-hour. He finally became impatient, and stopping before me, ordered me to move on.

"Mind your own business," was my indignant reply.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, youngster, or you'll get into trouble. It looks suspicious you're hanging about here this cold night. You're after no good, that's plain, so you'd better be moving before I take you to warmer quarters."

"I wouldn't advise you to lay a finger upon me," I retorted, "if you do you'll remember it the longest day you live!"

"Oh, you mean to threaten me, do you, youngster!" he exclaimed, raising his baton as if to strike me. You know, old fellow, that I am a pretty tough customer and perhaps I was reckless, for when the man attempted to grapple with me, I avoided his clutch by springing to one side, and the next moment his baton was wrenched from his hand, and himself laid sprawling in the street.

"Murder! help!" he shouted and in a moment the door opposite was flung open, and the unknown's father sprang towards me. With his assistance my arms were secured, although I struggled desperately, and anatomized their conduct in no gentle terms. At this juncture the Fair Unknown appeared at the door with a light, and as its rays fell upon me, the tall gentleman cast his eyes upon my face.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said he, releasing my arm. "If I had known that you were the gentleman who so gallantly rescued my wife from a great danger a short time since I certainly would not have attempted to deprive you of liberty."

His wife! I could scarcely credit my senses. This sudden blow stunned me, and I did not recover from its effects until I stood in the station house, and heard the happy husband offering bail to any amount for my due appearance to answer the charge of assaulting the law's representative. The next morning I was fined ten dollars, and duly warned that on a repetition of the offence the amount would be trebled.

There is a moral to my tale, my dear fellow. Never fall in love with a lady who is entirely unknown to you.

G. H. H.

Montreal, January, 1866.

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMS.

Members of the Legislative Assembly, L. C. :

- 1. Dont push richer kin.
2. Jos Horne.
3. O a road in.
Members for U. C. :
4. I can hold no ham Jerry.
5. Lash all crime G.
6. Hark rat run in.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. How may oil be made hot without water?
2. If you were pressing a relation for the pay-

ment of a debt, what Canadian legislator's name would your conduct resemble?

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Behead one animal, and leave another.
2. Behead a farming implement, and leave a habitation.
3. Behead a girl's name, and leave a musical composition.
4. Behead a condition, and leave a political division.
5. Behead a favourite amusement, and it will make you sick.
6. Behead a favourite amusement, and leave a pretty girl; again behead, and leave what we all have done.

CHARADES.

- 1. My first's a word we speak and oft indite, To mark each man a distinct possessive right; My next is dissyllabic in its form, Its very sound oft kindles passions warm; Viewed in another sense it only gives The dangling tail of many adjectives; My whole denotes a lofty glorious theme, Outshining sage's lore and poet's dream— 'Versant with every country, age, and clime, It speaks the dictates of the voice of time.
3. I am a word of nine letters; my 9, 3, 8, 4, is what all young ladies should be taught to do, my 1, 7, 3, 8, 9, is sometimes composed of wood and sometimes of more sensitive material; my 6, 3, 4, is carried by ladies, sometimes for ornament, and sometimes for use; my 2, 7, 3, 4, is a colour; my 3, 4, 9, is a conjunction; my 6, 8, 7, 4, 5, is the position all brave soldiers desire to occupy; my 2, 7, 3, 9, is to be found in all civilized countries; my 5, 3, 2, is an unpleasant coating for either man or woman; and my whole is a Canadian town.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 1. YIIHHTLBSVDN. Incapability of separation.
2. BERUSE. A deep and gloomy place.
3. ESEENNEST. Name of a river.
4. AEIOWFRENCSLP. Has been seen in Canada.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

- 1. It is required to find three numbers in geometrical progression, such that the product of the first two shall be equal to the third; and if three times the first be added to three times the second, together with the third, the sum will be 26.
2. If the Russian werst be one-half the Scotch mile, and four Scotch miles are equal to five English miles, how many wersts are there in 560 English miles.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 20.

PUZZLE.—VIVID.

ANAGRAMS.—1. George Brown. 2. William McDougall. 3. John A. MacDonald. 4. John Sandfield MacDonald. 5. George E. Cartier. 6. Luther H. Holton. 7. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

ENIGMA.—Shadow.

CHARADES.—1. Nelson. 2. Jacques Cartier. 3. Heath.

TRANSPOSITION.

Don't grieve for dead roses, a useless employment, That never was known to do any one good; The future is sure to have food for enjoyment, But grieving would spoil it if anything would.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1st. 3, 9, 27. 2nd. 12. 3rd. 41.

The following answers have been received:

Puzzle.—X. Y., Stratford, Wymbledon. Anagrams.—Nemo, Gloriana, Wymbledon, H. H. V., Cloud, A. A. Oxon, H., X. Y., Stratford.

Enigma.—H., Nemo, X. Y., Cloud, H. H. V.

Charades.—All, Gloriana, A. A. Oxon, Cloud; 1st and 2nd, T. Graham, H., Geordie, Wymbledon, X. Y.; to the 3rd, Nemo replies "Wrath."

Transposition.—A. A. Oxon, Gloriana, Geordie, H., T. Graham, X. Y., Nemo, Wyvant.

Arithmetical Problems.—All, Nemo, Gloriana, Cloud, A. A. Oxon; 2nd and 3rd, T. Graham; 2nd, Wymbledon; 3rd, X. Y., Stratford.

Received to late to be acknowledged in our last: X. Y., Stratford, Presto, Union, W. R. O.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 8.

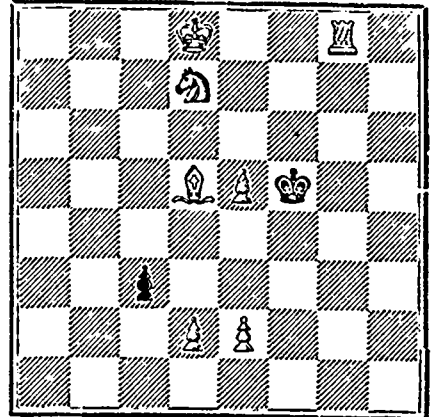
WHITE. BLACK.
1 Q. to K. 7th. K. takes Kt. or *
2 Q. to Q. B. 6th. Mate.
* If Black plays B. takes Kt., White replies with 2. Kt. to Q. Kt. 6th, Mate. If Kt. to K. B. 4th, then follows 2. Kt. to Q. Kt. 4th, Mate. If Kt. to K. 3rd, then ensues 2. Q. takes Kt., Mate. And, lastly, if Kt. to Q. 6th, or B. 6th, Mate is given by 2. B. to K. B. 3rd.

PROBLEM No. 10.

AN ELEGANT STRATAGEM BY THE LATE I. B. OF BRIDPORT.

(From Kling and Horwitz's "Chess-Player.")

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

Game in a match by correspondence, concluded two years ago, between a Quebec Amateur and a Com-mitter of the Civil Service Chess Club;

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

WHITE. (Civil Service.) BLACK. (Amateur.)

- 1 P. to Q. 4th. P. to Q. 4th.
2 P. to Q. B. 4th. P. to R. 3rd.
3 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
4 B. to B. 4th. Kt. to K. 4th.*
5 B. to K. 5th. P. takes P.
6 P. to K. 3rd. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.
7 K. B. takes P. B. to Kt. 5th.
8 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. Castles.
9 Castles. B. takes Kt.
10 P. takes B. B. to Q. 2nd.
11 B. to Q. 3rd. P. to K. R. 3rd.
12 B. takes Kt. Q. takes B.
13 Kt. to K. 5th. Q. to K. 2nd.
14 B. to K. 7th (ch.) R. to K. sq.
15 B. to B. 2nd. B. to K. sq.
16 Q. to B. 3rd. Kt. to B. 3rd.
17 Kt. to Q. 3rd. Q. to K. 6th.
18 Kt. to B. 4th. Q. takes B. P.
19 Kt. takes P. Q. takes B.
20 Kt. takes R. R. to Kt. sq.
21 P. to Q. 5th. Kt. to Q. sq.†
22 K. R. to Q. B. sq.‡ Q. to Kt. 7th.
23 Q. to K. B. 6th. R. takes P.
24 Q. to K. R. 7th. P. to Q. B. 3rd.
25 P. to Q. 6th. P. to K. B. 3rd.§
26 Q. to K. 4th. Q. to K. 4th.
27 Q. takes Q. P. takes Q.
28 K. R. to Q. B. 5th. Kt. to B. 2nd.
29 Q. R. to Q. sq. B. to Q. 2nd.
30 P. to K. R. 4th. B. to K. 3rd.
31 P. to Q. R. 3rd. P. to K. 5th.
32 P. to K. B. 3rd. P. takes P.
33 P. takes P. R. to Q. sq.
34 P. to K. 4th. B. takes P.
35 B. takes R. Kt. takes R.
36 B. to B. 3rd. P. to K. Kt. 4th.¶
37 P. takes P. P. takes P.
38 K. to B. 2nd. P. to Kt. 5th.
39 B. to Q. 3rd. K. to K. 2nd.
40 B. to Q. sq. P. takes P.
41 K. takes P. B. to B. 2nd.
42 K. to B. 4th. B. to Kt. 3rd.
43 P. to K. 5th. Kt. to B. 5th.
44 R. to K. Kt. sq. B. to B. 2nd.
45 R. to Kt. 3rd. K. to K. 3rd.
46 R. to R. 3rd. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.**
47 R. to Q. 3rd. P. to Q. B. 4th.
48 R. to Q. B. 3rd. K. to Q. 4th.
49 R. to Q. 3rd (ch.) K. to B. 4th.
50 R. to K. Kt. 3rd. K. to Q. 5th.
51 R. to K. Kt. 5th. Kt. takes R. P.
And White resigns.

* If not sound, at all events a novel move.
† If K. takes B., Q. checks at Kt. sq. then takes Q. Kt. P. recovering piece and gaining a Pawn.
‡ A particularly strong retrograde move.
§ Q. R. to Q. B. square would have been very harassing.
¶ No time to spare.
** Effective in breaking up White's Pawns.
*** If Kt. takes P., White would win Kt. by R. to E. 3rd.

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