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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 6.

FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 14, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

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

TO OUR FRIENDS.

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

MEXICO—FRANCE—THE UNITED STATES.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

IT is difficult to arrive at anything like a correct estimate of the population of Mexico, but it is probably between eight and nine millions. Of these something over a million and a half are of unmixed European origin; while the remainder consist of pure Indians and half-breeds of almost countless varieties, from the descendant of the Conquistador and his aboriginal bride, with the smallest possible tincture of red blood in his veins, to the progeny of the Indian and the Negro. If Mexico were conquered by the United States, the restless population of the Union, from Maine to the Rio Grande, would pour into the country in greater or less numbers, according to circumstances, joined by detachments from endless reinforcements of immigrants from Europe. The superior race would assume and maintain an ascendancy over the mongrel breed, of which, as we have stated, the Mexican population chiefly consists; and among the results would be the gradual extinction of the latter, who, in the meantime, would be subjugated to a condition that would be one of slavery in all but the name, and worse than even slavery in many respects. The fate of these unhappy people would be the same as that of the Indians of the Islands and the continent under the old Spanish rule;

the causes and the mode of their operations would be different, but the result would be alike in both instances. Nor would the natives suffer alone; the invading hosts would not escape unscathed from the ordeal. The deteriorating effects of the admixture of races, joined to the influence of climate, would, by a process of steady decline, lower them physically and intellectually in the scale of humanity, in accordance with the universal law of nature, of which we have had so many examples in the history of mankind. The men of the North and the West deteriorate as they advance, by conquest or otherwise, in a southern or eastern direction, as witness the Persians and the Greeks in Asia; the Moguls and the English in China and India; and the Spaniards in South America, although their Gothic blood was so largely mingled with that of the Arabs. We may mention, by the way, in connection with this part of the subject, that, as an able American writer points out in a recent work, the fact of the people of China and other Asiatic countries being destined to find their way to the Atlantic shores of this continent, as they have already to California, will prove another disturbing element in the admixture of races. Again, if Mexico be annexed by the United States, it will be with them as with the English in Hindostan. Annexation will follow annexation, until the Republic will absorb all that was once Spanish America, with the contamination of its abject races. With them, as with England too, this will become a necessity, if it should cease to be an object of desire, or a deliberate policy. These are some of the reasons which induce us to believe that the Americans would not act wisely in seeking to extend their territory in a southern direction. The deterioration of race, by admixture with inferior blood, and from the effects of climate, arises from natural causes over which human laws can exercise little or no control. In a contest between man and nature, the victory, in the end, always remains with nature.

There is another consideration which ought to have the utmost weight with the American Government and people in deterring them from interference in the affairs of Mexico, and from casting impediments in the way of letting the Empire have a fair trial. While Americans boast of the success of democratic institutions in their own country, the enemies of the system have always pointed the finger of scorn at its operation in Mexico and the other South American Republics. Ought they to wish that this standing reproach should continue? On the contrary, would it not be more for their interest, more in the interest of the institutions they so dearly love, that the ridiculous scarecrow should doff its Republican rags and assume some costume which might cover its nakedness and shame? One blot on American institutions has been erased by the extinction of slavery; the extinction of the spurious South American Republics, if not an equal benefit, would at least serve to

moderate the unbelief of the sceptic and the laughter of the scorner. In France, it is said that the Emperor Souleouque, with his Marquis of Marmalade and his Count of Lemonade, or some such titles, tended in no small degree to bring monarchy into disrepute at an important crisis in Europe.

A war against Maximilian means war with France. We need not dwell on the calamities that would spring from such a contest to both countries, in the injuries to their commerce, were that the sole consideration. The United States would have a manifest advantage in being able to reach the battle ground of Mexico without having to cross the ocean; but, even on this side of the Atlantic, France is not an enemy to be despised. She is the greatest naval power in Europe, next to England; and her army, for numbers, bravery, discipline, and equipment combined, is unequalled in the world. Her officers are renowned for their talents, knowledge of their professions, and the fertility of their resources. The Gallic eagle is strong of wing and has sharp talons. But it would be unprofitable to speculate further on this branch of the subject. Would England be drawn into the quarrel? Not if she could help it. But she might not choose to accept the favour conceded by Polyphemus to Ulysses, that, namely, of being the last to be eaten.

We imagine that, for the present at least, the American Government would not willingly undertake a war for the conquest of Mexico, or to drive the French and Maximilian thence. But it may be forced on them. The people of the United States are thorough believers in the Munroe doctrine as part and parcel of the still more favourite dogma of Manifest Destiny. It was doubtless in obedience to the popular sentiment that General Sheridan was sent to the Mexican frontier at the head of a large force. The language attributed to General Grant, and which several other American Generals certainly did utter, must find a response in the bosoms of the immense masses of men whom they lately commanded in the field, or it had never been spoken. French and American armies are confronting each other across a narrow stream; and accident or intrigue may at any moment bring on a collision. The Mexican people and their chiefs have been reared and educated in revolution; insurrection is the business of their lives, and they cannot easily settle down to any fixed occupation. To hope, then, an early pacification of that country would be vain. There may be temporary truces between parties, but not, we fear, a lasting peace for years to come. For these and other reasons there is danger that the United States may drift or rush into a second Mexican war. But, aside from this, the position assumed by the American Government towards the Government of Maximilian is highly detrimental to the interests of Mexico. The refusal or delay to acknowledge the Empire, the army on the Rio Grande; the threats of generals fresh from the

conquest of the South, and of politicians known to be in the confidence of the Executive,—all these are calculated to perplex the councils of Mexico, to keep the country in a state of continual alarm, to encourage the factions which have so long distracted it, and to retard the progress and improvement which peace and repose could not fail to produce in a land so prodigally endowed with all the elements of material prosperity. The United States would play a nobler part, a part more worthy of a great nation, by acting frankly in this matter. The course now pursued towards Mexico is only less reprehensible than active hostility would be.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ON Monday morning, 27th March, 1865, three weeks after leaving Canada, I managed to reach the chief city of the Confederacy, though not without much trouble, and after many vexatious delays. Nine long weary days, each bringing its fresh disappointments, sneaking and dodging about the Lower Potomac, suspicious of every new face, an anxiously watching the movements of the Federal cavalry pickets, were not very agreeable to an Englishman and a soldier, usually accustomed to fair questions and plain speaking. Most of my letters of introduction were to officers just then round Petersburg, but there were many kind civilian friends in Richmond who received me most cordially; and who alas, with myself, little dreamt of the tremendous change so soon to take place. Matters were then very far from promising for the South, but still the people were cheerful, and as determined and confident as ever of the ultimate triumph of their cause. As there was heavy fighting going on round Petersburg, I left Richmond on the 30th, by the afternoon train which was crowded with soldiers. Owing to the miserable state of the line, and condition of the rolling stock, we were more than two hours going twenty-two miles, or rather nineteen, as we were obliged to drive three miles into town; the enemy being able to shell any trains, either entering or leaving the city. Petersburg bore a marked contrast to Richmond, where, beyond the presence in the streets of an unusual number of officers and soldiers of all ranks and branches of the service, the absence of ordinary every day luxuries, together with the exorbitantly high prices, and general neglected appearance of the town, there was not much to remind you of the fact of your being in a besieged city.

But here it was very different. Many houses showed the marks of shot and shell, one street in particular near the river, where hardly a building had escaped. There were not either so many soldiers about, all being down at the front, where not a man could be spared. At the commencement of the siege, I am told, the enemy used to shell the city almost daily, but, becoming tired of that, confined their attention to that gallant little army which so long and so nobly confronted them. In the evening, as I strolled out towards the suburbs, smoking my pipe, after a very indifferent meal at the hotel, the continued dropping fire of the picket lines of both armies, was distinctly heard, whilst every now and then the hoarse scream of one of Grant's engines, together with the angry roar of a heavy gun, would remind you of the presence of an indefatigable and relentless foe.

Next morning, I walked out about three miles to General Lee's headquarters. Not a horse was to be obtained at any price, and being ignorant of the road, my destination was not reached till past 12 o'clock. The General was unfortunately away on the right, about six miles off, and I had not again an opportunity of meeting the illustrious soldier who had caused ministers at Washington, and the shoddies of New York to tremble, and whose name throughout this long and bitter strife has commanded the respect and admiration of the world. Nothing struck me so much as the extraordinary veneration I heard everywhere

in Virginia at the mere mention of General Lee's name; whilst no one was more alive to the chivalrous nature of his character, and his great professional talents than the Federal troops themselves. Probably no man in this practical matter of fact 19th century, ever won the hearts of the people more thoroughly than Robert E. Lee. Colonel Charles Marshall, his aid-de-camp, to whom I had a letter, talked for a long time, and very freely, kindly gave me an order to cross the river at pleasure, and a letter to General Gordon commanding the left defence.

Little did we imagine at the time, that in two days that pretty little wayside house would be in possession of the enemy, and burned to the ground.

About 10 o'clock next day, I rode down to the front in company with two of General Gordon's staff, and, leaving our horses in charge of an orderly near the first parallel, walked along the covered way to the trenches. It was a lovely spring day, and the men of both armies had, by mutual consent, knocked off the usual picket firing, the skirmishers being outside their rifle pits, basking in the sun, smoking, talking, and cracking jokes in many places not more than thirty or forty yards apart. At the crater, the scene of Grant's great explosion, in July, 1864, we did not like to show our heads above the parapet, but, everywhere else, walked about with the greatest confidence. The appearance of a stranger dressed in a plain English suit of clothes, and wide-awake hat, attracted a good deal of attention, and provoked many remarks as we passed along the lines. The reader may judge of the discipline, when, although with two officers, I was frequently told to "come out of that hat," or some garment, which suited either the fancy or want of the speaker.

Having very little knowledge of fortifications, I am not prepared to pass any opinion on the works, which, although of vast extent, did not appear very strong, and could not compare with the Federal works immediately opposite, which I afterwards visited; the Southern generals not having the same labour to expend on them which the North could always command. The men all lived under bomb proofs, and the corps, to whom were entrusted the left defence, was mainly composed of Stonewall Jackson's famous old division.* They were all fine, tall, able-bodied fellows, in physique resembling some of our best battalions of the guards; but all were badly clothed, many of them literally without shirts to their backs. Their daily rations had not for some time past, exceeded three-quarters of a pound of bacon, and a pound of flour or biscuit, and the poor fellows all bore a hungry, ill-fed, wasted appearance. The Southern soldier has a great objection to carry anything beyond his rifle, ammunition, blanket, and water-can, and would be much astonished at the elaborate kits in possession of our men. It was curious to observe, in spite of their general dirty and ragged appearance, that many of them kept tooth-brushes run through the button-hole of their jackets. The constant chewing of tobacco may perhaps necessitate this little piece of refinement, but the presence of a large number of gentlemen in the ranks must also be remembered. I was surprised not to see more than two bayonets the whole day, beyond a few which were used as *tent-pegs*! and heard that the men did not like them, always clubbing their muskets at close quarters.

The Yankees, they said, always had them, but never cared to use them; and a Federal officer of high rank, and great reputation, † afterwards told me that he only remembered two instances in which bayonets were crossed during the whole war. There were only three heavy guns that I remember in the whole left defence, a Columbiad, and two large rifled howitzers, which bore the mark U.S. on them; the remainder were Parrott and Napoleon 12-pounders, most of which were also captured from the enemy, very few having the mark of the Richmond arsenal. It seems difficult to account for the very large number of Enfield rifles now in possession of the Southern army, with the English government mark "Tower, 1863," on the lockplate. I was told

* This only applies to the left defence.

† Major General Warren late Commanding 5th Corps Army of the Potomac.

that they were brought over through the blockade, and afterwards I saw many more similarly marked in the hands of the Federal troops. The weakness of the Confederate army, in comparison to the enormous extent of their works, may be readily understood, when in many places along the lines, the men were as much as nine or ten yards apart.

Everything remained perfectly quiet on our leaving the trenches. Late that afternoon, perhaps at ten p.m. the usual picket firing was commenced, and at midnight sleep became impossible from the loud and continual roar of artillery. Never having heard an angry shot before reaching Petersburg, as I laid in bed listening to the hideous roar of that last night's fighting, a most distressing state of nervous irritation seized me, which soon became intolerable. After watching the shells, from the roof of the hotel for some time, I contrived to find my way through the dark with some little trouble to the front. Shot, shell and bullets dropping all round made it particularly unpleasant for one who had never been under fire before, and I was glad enough to reach the first parallel about 3.30 a.m. The flickering light from the rapid discharge of musketry, the deep roar of heavy guns, with shells bursting in every direction, together with the yelling and cheering of both sides, made a magnificent spectacle not easily forgotten. At day-break on that eventful morning, the position of affairs on the left defence, stood thus: The enemy had succeeded in establishing themselves in Fort Mahone, a strong Confederate work fronting Fort Haskell on the right attack. They had also, issuing from Fort Steadman, penetrated the Southern lines, from which, however, they were speedily driven back. Away on the right some considerable distance off, they had broken completely through the works, carrying everything before them by sheer weight of numbers. Here it was that the heaviest fighting took place, and the loss of life on both sides was very great. On the left although the fighting was very severe, there were not so many killed or wounded, though most of the men were hit either in the head or shoulders, as is usually the case, when fighting behind breastworks. General Lee, seeing the critical state of affairs, and having lost possession of the south side railroad, on which he mainly depended for supplies, at once determined on evacuation, telegraphing to President Davis at Richmond that he could no longer hold his position, and ordering the tobacco, in Petersburg some 7000 or 8000 hogsheds, to be burned. Between nine and ten a.m., as you looked back toward the city, two huge columns of smoke might be seen going slowly upwards forming a thick black cloud, which hung like a pall over the doomed city. We, on the left, being ignorant of how matters were going on elsewhere, and holding our own well, in despite of the loss of Fort Mahone, never once thought of the real cause of the conflagration, or dreamed that the early grey of the following morn would show the stars and stripes floating from every tower and steeple in Petersburg. About an hour afterwards, some 200 men,—North Carolinians I think they were,—started up from the trench, and springing over the breastwork with a yell, charged into Fort Mahone, leaving me behind, watching them from the parapet, with some few killed and wounded lying about. Now a charge in battle, according to the usual orthodox way of thinking, is generally supposed to be a very terrible and magnificent sight; but this resembled nothing more than the hurried scramble of a crowd across a ploughed field, such as may be seen at any fair or steeple chase meeting in England. The ground, which was very broken, was thickly covered with stumps, and at least 400 yards of open space had to be crossed before the Fort could be reached, where, after a few minutes' suspense and much shouting, yelling, and cursing on both sides, a dark mass of Yankees were seen to run hurriedly to the rear, wheeling round suddenly like a flock of sheep till scattered by a few well directed volleys of grape and canister. This charge, however, only resulted in the capture of a portion of the outworks. Towards noon the fighting became desultory, both sides becoming weary with the last nine hours' slaughter. As I returned home,

sick at heart with all that ghastly scene beyond, yet full of admiration at the gallant way in which the exhausted garrison had held their own, I was thunderstruck on hearing from a commissariat officer, a noble fellow from Donegal, that both Petersburg and Richmond would be evacuated that night. Oh it was not true, it was only an idle rumour unworthy of a moment's consideration; it could not be, and yet, when a merchant of the town, walked quietly up to where the tobacco warehouses formerly stood, and calmly pointing to the smouldering ashes, told me, "Every cent, John, in the world is there," then and there only did the grim naked truth flash upon me in all its stern reality, and my heart bled for the unhappy people who had borne up so long and suffered so much, all to so little purpose. General Lee's own daughter had only left the city the evening before to spend Sunday with her father at headquarters, but returned home to Richmond early next morning, only to meet the gallant old soldier again, a paroled prisoner in the very stronghold he had so long and so skilfully defended.

At dusk, the men detailed to cook two days' rations in advance, began to pass quietly out of the city, to the opposite side of the river, and following them, slowly but surely, came the ambulances, waggons, and field guns, which the half starved horses seemed scarce able to drag after them. All through that fearful night, the gallant fellows passed silently and sorrowfully through the devoted city, nothing being audible, save the melancholy tramp of the departing hosts, which grated on your ear, with a peculiarly mournful sound. Many an earnest prayer was breathed for their speedy return, and for a merciful protection on the morrow. Who can describe the long drawn agony of that bitter, bitter night? Several homes both in Petersburg and Richmond were occupied solely by ladies and young children, who were entirely dependent on the faithfulness of their negro servants. Many have men left behind them, fair young girls, the very pride of Virginia, and more still aged parents, or, as I remember well in one case, a loving trusting wife, with a babe only three days old. It was with intense satisfaction that I shook hands with the gallant fellow, a fortnight afterwards, on his return, safe and sound, to his sick wife's side, a paroled prisoner, one of the bravest and best known men in the army of Northern Virginia. It was painful in the extreme, as you passed through the terror-stricken town that night, to be timidly yet half-confidingly asked, "Have you any news?" or "When may we expect the enemy?" and then hurriedly and fearfully, "Are you going too?"—"Thank God, there will be some one left with us yet," as with a few words of comfort, you would pass on, only to have the same dismal questions repeated, and to try and reassure some one more miserable and frightened than the last. Was it possible that after four years' fighting, with so much suffering and such awful loss of life, that those two cities with all their women and children should be calmly and quietly abandoned to the enemy? and some began to ask, "Is there a God upon earth?" In every house a dim light would be seen faintly burning in some lower room, where the frightened occupants might be found stricken almost dumb with grief and woe, silently herding together for mutual comfort and protection, painfully remembering the past, fearfully and bitterly regarding the future. And yet, how bravely they bore that dreadful reverse, which all knew, though none cared to acknowledge, to be the death-blow to the Confederacy. There will be no brighter page in the history of the world, than that which records the extraordinary courage and devotion shewn by the Southern women throughout this desparate and protracted struggle. At 2.30 a.m., the rear guard passed the river, and the bridges were immediately burned, throwing a dull livid glare over a portion of the city, and attracting a few miserable negroes, who, though much frightened, were pleased with the novelty of the same, and who had vague ideas that the following morning would find them abundance of food and clothing, together with a life of ease and indolence for the remainder of their days. For the next two hours a ghastly stillness reigned over the city,

only relieved by the crackling and hissing of the burning bridges across the Appomattox; but at day-break the enemy's skirmishers reached the suburbs, and at 4.45 a.m., Petersburg was in possession of the Federal troops. They entered quietly enough, being fearful of being surprised, and expecting to have every inch of their way contested: but on reaching the centre of the city, and finding it everywhere abandoned, their pride and satisfaction could no longer be contained, as, with tremendous cheering and waving of flags, they galloped along the streets, bands playing, men shouting, cheering, and shaking each other by the hand, all talking, as if they had just marched through Europe, and whipped all creation. Every person found in the streets was immediately arrested, and as I gazed down upon all this, a prisoner from the roof of the Post Office, my mind involuntarily reverted to the suffering army, that had so lately passed away, and to the many thousand dead lying unburied in every direction round the city. Shortly afterwards, on being released by the Provost Marshal, I returned home to my friends, and found the house, over which we had been keeping watch and ward all night, one of the finest private residences in the city, in charge of a Corporal's guard, and decorated with a huge Union flag. Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, and Admiral Porter arrived in the city about twelve o'clock, but only remained a short time. The same evening, with true Yankee energy and enterprise, a well printed newspaper appeared under the title of "Grant's Petersburg Progress," containing the latest New York telegrams, with a few scanty particulars of the evacuation, and the names of the first men, of the first regiment, of the first brigade, division and corps that entered the city. Next morning, railway communication from City Point to the town was opened throughout, and a complete network of telegraph wires ran through the streets, as if they had been just dropped, posts and all, from the clouds. Five terrible days of cruel suffering, borne with a calm heroism, that rivalled the best days of antiquity, and the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia took place. Their pitiable condition is best told in the following touching appeal from General Lee to the country people, for food and supplies, written the day after the evacuation:

AMELIA COURT HOUSE,
4th April, 1865.

To the citizens of Amelia Co., etc.

The army of Northern Virginia has arrived here to-day, expecting to find plenty of provisions, which had been ordered to be placed here by railroad several days since. But to my great surprise and regret I find not a pound of subsistence for man or horse. I must therefore appeal to your generosity and charity, to supply as far as each one is able, the wants of the brave soldiers, who have battled for your liberties for four years.

We require meat, beef, cattle, sheep, hogs, flour, meal, corn, and provender in any quantities that can be spared. The quarter-masters and commissaries of the army will visit you, and make arrangements to pay for what they receive, or give the proper vouchers or certificates. I feel assured that all will give to the extent of their means.

Very respectfully,
R. E. LEE, General.

The Federal troops, contrary to their usual custom, behaved both in Richmond and Petersburg with extraordinary moderation, shewing themselves to be thoroughly under control; and if they did brag a good deal and indulge in some rather wild notions about the Monroe doctrine, it must be remembered that "they are an Almighty great nation," and that they always acknowledged the skill and gallantry of their enemy. Our own army, with all its magnificent discipline, could not have behaved better than did the Federal troops in Richmond and Petersburg. In conclusion, the world will probably never know the terrible straits to which a brave and generous people were reduced by the cruel fortune of war. Shut out from the remainder of mankind, for four long years they maintained a desparate struggle, fighting it out to the bitter

end, with a gallantry, intrepidity, and chivalry, almost unparalleled in the history of the world.

AN OFFICER OF THE LINE.

Toronto, C. W., 29th Sep., 1865.

CATCHING THE WILD HORSE.

THE following interesting account of an attempt to snare a wild horse on the prairies, is taken from the "Backwoodsman,"* a very excellent book of its class, which we will take occasion to review in detail in a future issue.

"While still some distance off, I noticed to the side of the wood on the knoll a dark patch, which I recognized through my glass as horses, but could not make certain whether it was our stallion's family. We approached slowly, and from every new height distinguished more clearly the shape of the animals. I had no doubt about it being the troop we were in search of, although I could not yet notice the stallion. A broad valley still lay between us when we halted; and I saw through my glass the snow-white creature rise from the grass and look across at us, while many horses of the troop still lay on the ground around him. We rode down into the valley; the stallion stood motionless and gazed at us, but when we reached the bottom, he suddenly trotted about among his troop. All the horses lying on the grass leapt up, looked at us, formed into a body, and dashed at a gallop over the heights.

"Antonio now sprang into Fancy's saddle, gave his mule to our companion, took the lasso in his right hand, and only waited for my signal to give his horse her head. The stallion came towards us at a swinging trot, while we moved forward at a fast pace, and bent low over our horses' necks. A finer picture could not be painted. We carried his small head high; long white locks floated over his broad forehead, and his long mane danced up and down at every step, while he raised his tail straight out, and its long curling milk-white hairs fluttered in the breeze. His broad back glistened as if carved out of Carrara marble; and his powerful shoulders and thighs were supported on graceful little feet.

"I rode behind Antonio. The stallion was not fifty yards from us when I shouted to the Mexican, "Forward!" and Fancy flew at such a pace towards the stallion that she came within five yards of him ere he recovered from his terror. The moment for his fate to be decided had arrived. He turned round, and made an enormous leap ahead, that showed me the flat of his hindhoofs, while he held his head aside, and looked back after his pursuer. The lasso flew through the air, the noose fell over the stallion's head, but it hung on one side of his muzzle; and the next instant the lasso was trailing on the ground behind Fancy. The stallion seemed to know that it was a fetter which had touched him, for he shot away from the man like lightning. Antonio coiled up the lasso again, and followed him over hill and vale, over grass and boulders, at full gallop, just as the tornado darts from the mountain into the plain. Czar was beside himself at the idea of being last; but I purposely held him back, partly not to excite the mare, partly to save his strength. There was still a hope that the stallion, living as he did on grass, would not keep his wind so long as our horses; and, though he was now several hundred yards ahead, we might be able to catch him up. Up to this point, however, we had not gained an inch upon him; and our horses were covered with foam, though both still in good wind.

"We had been following the stallion for about two hours when he turned off to the mountains, and flew up them with undiminished speed. The ground now became very stony and unsafe; but he seemed to be as much at home on it as on the soft grass-land he had just left. He reached the summit between two steep mountains, and disappeared from our sight behind them. We dashed past the spot where we had seen him last; but the noble creature had reached the steep wall

* The Backwoodsman, by Sir C. F. Lascelles Wrayall, Bart., with illustrations by Louis Gerard. Boston: J. O. H. P. Burdham. Montreal: R. Worthington.

in the other side of the valley when we dashed down into it.

"I saw plainly that he had a difficulty in keeping at a gallop on this steep incline. We gained a deal of ground down hill and through the grassy valley, and reached the wall before the stallion was at the top of it. Full of hope, I could no longer remain in the background. Digging both spurs into Czar, I flew on, past Fancy, and reached the summit to find the stallion trotting scarce fifty yards ahead of me. Fancy was close behind me; and I shouted to Antonio to follow me. But my cry seemed to have poured fresh strength through the brave fugitive's veins; for he dashed down into the valley, leaving behind the white foam with which he was covered, at every bound he made on the rocky ground. Once again I drew nearer, and was only forty yards from him when I saw ahead of us a yawning canon, out of which the gigantic dry arms of dead cypresses emerged. Here the stallion must turn back, and fall our prey while ascending the hill again.

"But he went straight towards the abyss: it was not possible,—he could not leap. I remained behind him, and, in my terror for the noble creature's life, held my breath. One more bound, and he reached the canon; and with the strength of a lion, and that desperation which only the threatened loss of liberty can arouse, he drew himself together and leapt high in the air across the gap, which was more than forty feet wide.

"I turned Czar round towards the hill, and kept my eyes away from the fearful sight, so that I might not see the end of the tragedy; but Antonio uttered a cry, and I heard the word "over." I looked round, and saw the stallion rising on his hind-legs upon the opposite deeper bank; and after a glance at us, he trotted off quite sound down the ravine, and disappeared behind the nearest rock.

"We stopped, leapt from our horses, and looked at each other for a long time in silence; then I solemnly vowed never to make another attempt to deprive this princely animal of liberty. Our horses were in a very excited condition; the water poured down them in streams, and the play of their lungs was so violent that they tottered on their legs. We let them draw breath a little, and then led them slowly back to the mountain-springs, where we intended to give them a rest ere we returned home. In the afternoon, we reached the spot, excessively fatigued, and found there our comrade, who greeted us with a regretful "That was a pity!" and had already spread our dinner on a horse-cloth.

"We stopped here till the evening, and then started for the fort, which we reached late at night."

LITERATURE AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

USE all the society that will abet you," is the shrewd advice we meet with in the late published volume of "Letters to Various Persons," by H. D. Moreau, the thoughtful and felicitous American prose writer. Taking advantage of this sage counsel, we continue our column of bibliographical notes, by pressing into service the noble guild of letters, the good society of authors and book-men. And in drawing from these desirable sources items of interest for our many readers, we shall the more truly be following the commendable precept we have quoted by, at the same time, using the society of "our gentle readers," who must advantageously abet us with their subscriptions, and for whom a summary of the important current issues of the press, we know, has special attraction.

We proceed, therefore, with our chronicle. In *Literature* we have, from the pen of Mr. James Hannay, whose able contributions to the *Quarterlies* we so well know, a volume entitled "Characters and Criticisms," consisting of essays on literary and political subjects. Mr. Henry Bradshaw gives us a work of much interest to philological students in his attempt to ascertain the state of Chaucer's works as they were left at his death, with some notices of their subsequent history. "Recollections of Several Years," by Mrs.

Jon. Farrar, generally entertains us with sketches and anecdotes of a circle of the literary notables of last generation, of whom are, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, Joanna Bailie, Crabbe and others. Two volumes of "Essays and Letters," treating of moral and political subjects, appear under the title of "Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy." A new edition of Jean Ingelow, "Studies for Stories for Girls Lives," has just been issued. These delightful stories are gems in rare setting, and are distinguished by great purity of conception and by a charming grace and simplicity of presentation. "Seaside Stories" is the title of a new work by Professor Agassiz, which will be sought for eagerly. Of interest to commercial men will be found "Bubbles of Finance," by a city man, a series of clever papers on the many questionable mercantile speculations and enterprises of the day. They are reprinted from "All the Year Round."

A valuable addition to bibliographical literature is announced in "Bibliotheca Americana Vestustissima." This curious work will contain a list and critical account of all the works relating to America published on the European continent, from its discovery by Columbus to the year 1551, a period of some sixty years, rich in publications relating to the new found western world. In "Visible Speech, a New Fact Demonstrated," by A. M. Bell, the reader will find acurios attempt to construct a universal alphabet or means of writing all languages in character, which will be read with uniform pronunciation by natives of all countries.

The lovers of curious books will, we doubt not, be vastly entertained by the perusal of the following work which has just appeared from the press of Mr. Holten, of London, the antiquarian book-publisher. It is entitled "The History of Sign Boards, from the earliest time to the present day, by Jacob Larwood and another old hand." The book abounds with anecdotes of famous taverns, remarkable characters, notices of ancient marts of business, coffee and other old houses, and is illustrated by wood-cuts of old sign boards, the odd information of which will amuse all readers. We shouldn't be surprised if some of the ingenious advertisers of the present day took a leaf out of this book, and herald the commodities of his trade in the style of some of the quaint announcements of those ancient sign-boards. Another piece of humour meets us in the publication of "Vero Vercker's Vengeance, a sensation in several paroxysms, by Mousias Hood, idiotically illustrated by William Brunton." Poor, and more questionable, however, is the humour of the following from the American press, "Artemas Ward, his Travels among the Mormons, and Miscellaneous Pieces."

The elder D'Israeli's work on the "Curiosities of Literature" might be largely supplemented in these days, when so much of the curious book-lore is indulged in. Certainly the old adage "thinking nurseth thinking" is well exemplified in our time, whether to much profitable purpose, or no, we will not undertake to say. Here we have more of this species of writing, in the "Literature and Curiosities of Dreams," a commonplace book of speculations concerning the mystery of dreams and visions, records of curious and well-authenticated dreams, and notes on the various modes of interpretation adopted in ancient and modern times.

In *History and Travel* we have only to record the appearance of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," by J. P. Prendergast, and "A Summer in Skye," by Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," &c.

In *Fiction* we can do no more than chronicle the titles of the many claimants for favour in this prolific field. These are, "Sir Jasper's Tenant," by Miss Braddon, "Woman all the World Over," by some one who doubtless thinks it politic to withhold his name; "Royal Favourites," by Sutherland Menzies; "The Staff Surgeon, or Life in England and Canada," and "The Spanish March, or Charles Stuart at Madrid," by W. H. Ainsworth.

In *Poetry* appears a remarkable production, the subject of which is taken from the Greek Drama. It is entitled "Atalanta in Calydon," by Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne. The work abounds in passages of rare power—one of the choruses in

the tragedy we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers. It runs thus:—

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And malice, risen from hell,
Strength, without hands to smite;
Love that cures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

"And the high gods took in hand,
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years:
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered us unto strife:
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin:
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travell'd;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep."

In this department we have also to notice a two volume pocket edition of the Poems of W. Mackworth Praed, which will delight the admirer of this witty and tender-hearted poet.

G. M. A.

LITERATURE ON THE ATLANTIC.

WHILST millions were watching with intense interest the progress of the Great Eastern in her recent expedition, the little world on board the big ship had many and varied duties to perform.

Literature was not neglected, a lithographer being specially retained on board. His duty was to lithograph and print the previous day's diary of events, as written by Mr. Russell, and copied out by Mr. J. C. Dean. Envelopes addressed to the editors of twenty-five American journals, and to the editors of sixty-five published in England, Scotland, and Ireland, were kept in readiness, and, as each day's news was told off, it was added to the stock already folded for posting. By this means the letters were sent off simultaneously, and without a moment's unnecessary delay. The "Terrible" took the American bag, and would forward it from Newfoundland. A form, showing the number of miles paid out and the number run, was drawn out and signed by Mr. Canning, which was also lithographed and a number struck off, with blank spaces for the figures. This bulletin was issued every day, and posted up in a conspicuous part of the deck, informing all of the position of the ship and the quantity of cable run. Nor was this all; a publication of high literary and artistic pretensions was issued every week from the lithographic press—the Atlantic Telegraph, edited by Mr. Henry O'Neil, A.R.A., and illustrated by Mr. Dudley and the editor, and it is pronounced to be the most highly-finished production ever published at sea. The frontispiece is composed of well-executed portraits of the leading men engaged in the expedition, the Atlantic Telegraph flag, with its combination of Union Jack and stars, floats in the back-ground, the Great Eastern and her guard of honour are in the front, and the whole is enclosed in a neat framework of cable. The sketches are full of humour, especially one by Mr. Dudley, of Cyrus Field taking his turn of duty as watchman in the tank Under

the head of "Births" we find the following: "August second. On board the Great Eastern, Sir Optimus Cable; his unfortunate father dying at the same moment." "On the eighteenth instant, Mr. Varley, of a Formula, stillborn." The last page is occupied by a song entitled "The buoy I left behind me;" air, "The girl I left behind me;" a portion of the said buoy being prefixed. We reprint the following lay as a sample of the contributions, when all was going on satisfactorily:

THE LAY OF THE ELECTRICIANS.

AIR—"Over the Sea."

Under the sea! under the sea! Hero's what Do Sauty is saying to me.
Such testing as this is the perfectest bliss! Insulation is coming it strong,
So we'll test! test! test! with coils and rhimeters! keys, galvanometers!
Test! test! test! That each minute all night and day long.

Chorus.

Copper and zinc! acid and stunk! tink-a-tank, tink-a-tank, tink-a-tank-tink,
Copper and zinc! acid and stunk! success to con-tin-u-ity.

From shore-end to sea! shore-end and sea! See what Valentia is saying to me.
Mark May's strong relay in units B.A. of millions and trillions again.
It's so grand I can hardly trust Thomson or Varley to test! test! test!
Such a lovely con-tin-u-ity.

Chorus Copper and zinc, etc.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON VII.

REMARKS ON GLASS BENDING.

Apparatus required.—A spirit lamp, a piece of iron or copper wire, a triangular file, a rat's tail file, a few corks. It is very essential that the young chemist should become acquainted with the qualities and uses of glass tubing. It is proposed, therefore, on the present occasion, to give directions for manipulating it into a few common forms.

Procure some English flint glass tube, having a diameter equal to that of a goose quill, the glass not thinner than one-sixteenth of an inch. The flame of a spirit lamp affords a sufficient amount of heat for fashioning a small glass tube such as has been described. Take the triangular file, and having measured off about fourteen inches of the tube, make a sharp notch at that point, and break it off. Do not use much pressure when filing, but simply make a lightly impressed yet well defined sharp notch upon it. Larger and thicker tubes require the file-notch to be taken quite round them, and a red hot wire subsequently applied to the notch. Insert the broken end for a few moments into the spirit lamp flame, rotating it gently all the time; the knife edge of the glass tube fuses, becomes rounded and somewhat contracted. When the end of the tube has been thus prepared, do not take it abruptly out of the flame, but gradually; and when altogether withdrawn, do not lay the hot end in actual contact with the table, or any other solid body, but insert some little object under it; tilt up the hot end into the air, and let it become quite cold. Now heat to redness the piece of iron or copper wire, and burn out a hole through the cork taking care not to make the aperture too large. When the orifice has been made, it may not be even throughout; if even, the glass tube may be thrust in at once, if not, the rat's tail file should be used to make it so. The cork and the tube being now attached, the latter is to be bent to an angle somewhat less than a right angle; for which purpose the part where the bending is desired to be accomplished should be gradually inserted within the spirit lamp flame; the tube being balanced, so to speak, between the hands and kept constantly rotating within the flame. Indeed as a general rule, a glass tube, whilst in the flame, should always be rotated for the purpose of preventing any inequality in the contact of flame.

A few moments will suffice to soften that portion where the flame is applied, so that it may be bent, on the application of the slightest degree of force, to the necessary angle required.

In Britain the thin glass flasks, named Florence flasks, which are used to hold sweet oil, are very

convenient for the performance of chemical experiments, but unfortunately they are not to be procured in any quantity in Canada; however a very excellent substitute can be had, by employing instead, one of the glass flasks sold by druggists. Procure one of these flasks, and adapt the cork to which the bent glass tube has been fitted, to its mouth, when an apparatus will be made, of frequent employment in chemical operations, and which will in a great measure supplant the use of the glass retort; some operators may prefer using a tube bent twice at right angles—a preference which can easily be gratified, seeing that the operation of bending is of such extreme simplicity.

J. W. F.

SLIPS OF THE PEN.

FROM CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

THE old English dramatists never allowed considerations of time and place to stand in the way of any allusion likely to tell with their audience. Shakspeare would have been slow to appreciate a modern manager's anxiety for archaeological fidelity. His Greeks and Romans talk about cannons and pistols, and his Italian clowns are thorough cockneys, familiar with every nook and corner of London. And so it is with other caterers for the stage. Nat Lee talks about cards in his tragedy of *Hannibal*; Otway makes Spartan notables carouse and drink deep; Mrs. Cowley's Lacedaemonian king speaks of the night's still sabbath; D'Urfey's ancient Britons are familiar with Puritans and packet-boats; and Rymcr (though he set himself up for a critic) supplies a stage direction for the representative of his Saxon heroine to pull off her patches, when her lover desires her to lay aside her ornaments.

When Colman read *Inke and Yarrico* to Dr. Mosley, the latter exclaimed: "It won't do. Stuff! Nonsense!"—"Why?" asked the alarmed dramatist.—"Why, you say in the finale:

Come, let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring!

It won't do; there is but one bell in the island! This mistake was excusable enough; but when Milton described

A green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of you small hill;

he must certainly have forgotten he had laid the scene of *Comus* in North Wales.

Mr. Thackeray perpetrates a nice little anachronism in *The Newcomes*, when he makes Clive, in a letter dated 183—, quoting an Academy Exhibition critique, ask: "Why have we no picture of the sovereign and her august consort from Since's brush?"—the author, in his anxiety to compliment the artist, forgetting that there was no consort till 1840.

A bull in a china-shop is scarcely more out of place than a bull in a serious poem, but accidents will happen to the most regular of writers. Thus, Milton's pen slipped when he wrote:

The sea-girt isles
That like to rich and various gems inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep;

a quotation reminding us that the favourite citation,

Beauty, when unadorned, adorned the most,
is but a splendid bull, beautiful for its boldness. Thomson was an adept at making pretty bulls; here is another:

He saw her charming, but he saw not half
The charms her downcast modesty concealed;

as if it were possible to see some of them, although they were concealed. Pope, correct Pope, actually tells us:

Young Mars in his boundless mind,
A work 't outlast immortal Rome designed.

The author of *The Spanish Rogue* makes "a silent noise" invade the ear of his hero. General Taylor immortalised himself by perpetrating one of the grandest bulls on record, in which he attained what a certain literary professor calls "a perfection hardly to be surpassed." In his presidential address, he announced to the American Congress that the United States were at peace

with all the world, and continued to cherish relations of amity with the rest of mankind. Much simpler was the blunder of an English officer, during the Indian Mutiny, who informed the public, through the *Times*, that thanks to the prompt measures of Colonel Edwardes, the sepoy at Fort Machison "were all unarmed and taken aback, and being called upon, laid down their arms." There was nothing very astonishing in an Irish newspaper stating that Robespierre "left no children behind him, except a brother, who was killed at the same time;" but it was startling to have an English journal assure us, that Her Majesty Queen Victoria was "the last person to wear another man's crown."

A single ill-chosen word often suffices, by the suggestion of incongruous ideas, to render what should be sublime, utterly ridiculous. One can hardly believe that a poet like Dryden could write:

My soul is packing up, and just on wing

Such a line would have come with better grace from the author of *The Courageous Turk*, a play containing the following curious passage:

How now, ye Heavens! grow you
So proud, that you must needs put on curled locks,
And clothe yourselves in periwigs of fire?

Nearly equalled in absurdity by this from Nat Lee's *Edipus*:

Each trembling ghost shall rise,
And leave their grisly king without a waiter.

When the news of Captain Cook's death at Owhyhee came to England, the poetsasters, of course, hastened to improve the occasion, and one of the results of their enthusiasm was a Monody commencing:

Minerva in heaven disconsolate mourned
The loss of her Cook;

an opening sufficient to upset the gravity of the great navigator's dearest friend.

Addison lays it down as a maxim, that when a nation abounds in physicians, it grows thin of people. Fillbuster Hennipen seems to have agreed with the essayist, or he would hardly have informed General Walker, in one of his dispatches, that "Doctors Rice and Wolfe died of the cholera, and Dr. Ludley sickened, after which the health of the camp visibly improved." Intentionally or not, the stout-hearted soldier suggests that the best way of getting rid of the cholera is to make short work of the doctors. Among the obituary notices in a weekly paper, not many months ago, there appeared the name of a certain publican, with the following eulogium appended to it: "He was greatly esteemed for his strict probity and steady conduct through life, he having been a subscriber to the *Sunday Times* from its first number." This is a worthy pendant to Miss Hawkins's story of the undertaker writing to the Corporation of London, "I am desired to inform the Court of Aldermen, Mr. Alderman Gill died last night, by order of Mrs. Gill," and not far short, in point of absurdity, is Madame Tussaud's announcement of the exhibition of the effigy of the notorious Palmer, "who was executed at Stafford with two hundred other celebrities." The modern fashion of naming florists' flowers must be held responsible for the very dubious paragraph we extract from a gardening paper: "Mrs. Legge will be looked after; she may not be so certain as some, but she was nevertheless very fine in the early part of the season. Lady Popham is useful, one of the old-fashioned build, not quite round in the outline, but makes up well."

Thackeray seems to have had an intense dislike to the trouble of revision, for his popular works, especially those published periodically, abound in trivial mistakes, arising from haste, forgetfulness, and want of care. The novelist mortally wounds an old lady with a candle instead of a candlestick, and afterwards attributes her death to a stone staircase. Newcome senior is colonel and major at one and the same time; Jack Belsize is Jack on one page, and Charles on another; Mrs. Raymond Gray, introduced as Emily, is suddenly rechristened Fanny; and Philip Fermor on one occasion becomes transformed into the author's old hero, Clive. With respect to the last-mentioned gentleman, author and artist seem to have differed, for while Mr. Thackeray jests about

Clive's beautiful whiskers and handsome moustaches, Mr. Doyle persists to the end in denying young Newcome's possession of those tokens of his "good."

It is not often that an author is satirical upon his own productions; but Charles Dickens has contrived to be so. Describing the old inns of the Borough, in his *Pickwick Papers*, he says they are queer places, with galleries, passages, and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough "to furnish materials for a hundred ghost-stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any." How little could Boz have anticipated certain charming Christmas books witehing the world a few years later! So also, *American Notes*, Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the transatlantic Eden lay unsuspected in the future, when he made Old Weller suggest Mr Pickwick's absconding to America till Dodson and Fogg were hung, and then returning to his native land and writing "a book about the 'Merrikens as 'ill pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough!"

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

COMPILED FROM LES RELATIONS DES JESUITES.

In this way the sloop was completely lightened, and all the troop was divided into three equal bands; fifteen were away with the pilot, as many remained with the English, and the same number went aboard the little vessel; and those last, chose from among the Jesuits, him whom they liked the most, and this was Father Enemond Masse. The sloop was delivered into the hands of La Saussaye, and Pero Masse, a Jesuit, whom the English captain highly honoured. The Englishman bestowed some small supply of provisions. But the passengers were in great perplexity as to who should take charge of the sloop; for out of the fifteen persons aboard, there were only two or three mariners, and these had neither chart nor knowledge of the places. But in this extremity, the pilot, who had secreted his people in a place of safety, desirous of knowing what had been the fate of the rest of the troop, disguised himself as a savage, and came to spy out the locality itself. He met with the sloop, which was going away, not knowing whither. The people of the sloop looked upon this meeting as a good omen, and to add to their cause for thankfulness, they succeeded in taking a very fine haul of large craw-fish, and the savages gave them liberally of birds, fishes, and of all they had, with great expression of condolence. The boat of the pilot joined the sloop; they reached the Isle of Menano in company. This island was at the mouth of French Bay, and in order to pass thence to Long Island, it was necessary that they should traverse ten leagues of the high sea—a very troublesome journey, on account of the great tides that rush and boil there; bad weather detained them here eight or nine days. At length they reached Isle Longue, where, in performance of a previous vow, they planted a cross, celebrated mass, and made a procession. On this island they found a good pile of salt which the Sieur de Biencourt had previously left there; and in order to turn it to advantage, they undertook a fishing enterprise, which turned out to be successful. Thus provisioned, they passed to Capo Fourche, in which place they found the Sagamo, Louis Membertou, who gave a grand welcome to Père Masse, and wished to retain him come what would. But Masse excused himself on the necessity of not leaving his company. The savages made for all a *tabagie* of an origin; which did them a great deal of benefit, and on account of it they doubled Capo Sable the more joyously. Being already near Port au Mouton, they saw before them four sloops of savages, who were returning from trading. This was one Roland another Sagamos, who as soon as they recognized Masse, gave half of a broad cake of bread to his companions, and a whole one to himself. This bread seemed like manna to the sufferers, because for three weeks they had eaten none. The savages told them that not far from that place there were two French vessels, the one at Szambre and the other at Passepec.

These two ships were from St. Malo; one was about fifty tons only; and the other was of a hundred tons, and was called the Saviour. Each of these two took its half of all the troop, but those of the smaller vessel suffered greatly, for everything failed them, space, provisions, water. They were horribly buffeted by tempests and contrary winds. The misfortune of the new comers was however lucky for this vessel, for she had lost a great many of her people, and she would hardly have succeeded in returning had it not been for meeting with the fugitives, and the reinforcement which they brought. On the larger vessel, called the Saviour, things went better; even the sailors were so charitable that of their own free will they put themselves on short allowance of provisions, and quitted many good places in order to accommodate their hosts. Father Enemond Masse was on this vessel, and the pilot did him many acts of kindness. They were knocked about by storms, and witnessed what is called the fire of St. Elmo, or *fidels consolants*, which, when they appeared two at a time, were accounted a good sign. Two of these fires appeared for a quarter of an hour on the yards, and very soon afterwards the sudden storms and raging of the sea subsided.

The two ships arrived at St. Malo about the same time, although the Saviour left twelve days later than the other. Father Masse and all the troop were received with kindness and warm welcome by the archbishop, governor, magistrates, merchants, and generally by all.

Let us now return to those whom we left at St. Sauveur. The English had three vessels, their own, which was of a hundred tons, and a sloop of twelve tons, which they also took as a prize, and did not wish to give up, in order to provide for the return of her former owners to their own country. They filled these three vessels with their own people, and divided the French among them. The Sieur de la Motte, Captain Flory, and others, making in all eight persons, were lodged in one vessel, and the remainder of the troop, seven in number, were placed in the captive ship, of which Lieutenant Turnel was made captain. They did not conduct the Jesuits to the Isles of Pencoet, according to promise, but brought them straight to Virginia with the rest of the troop, whom they were elating with high hopes. The French were told that the Marshal of Virginia, who had all authority and jurisdiction, was a great friend of their nation, having obtained all his principal honours through the recommendation of the late Henry the Great, and having been his soldier and pensionary.

The General, the Marshal, and all the principal chiefs of Virginia assembled in council; and it was decided that Captain Argal, with his three vessels should return to New France, pillage and raze all the fortresses and settlements of the French that he should find along the whole coast as far as Cape Breton, that is to say to the 40½ degree, because they laid claim to so much of the country: that he should hang La Saussaye, and all those of his people whom he might find living within these limits; also pillage all the vessels he should meet; providing, however, means for individuals to enable them to return to France, in case they made no resistance; and that the prisoners now held should be placed in company with those to whom this kindness was granted.

According to this resolution, Argal, another time, sailed for New France. He was stronger than before, for he had three vessels; but he only took with him the half of the French prisoners. In his own ship were Captain Flory and four others, in that of Lieutenant Turnel, which had been taken from the French, two Jesuits and a boy.

Captain Argal, having destroyed St. Croix, did not know how to shape his course for Port Royal, according to the commission he had received, for he was doubtful of going to such a dangerous coast, without a guide well acquainted with the localities, and from a recent example of Père Biard, he did not dare to expect that any Frenchman would wish to conduct him thither, or honestly inform him as to the situation of the place. For this reason, he set himself about obtaining the services of some savages, and

by dint of exertion succeeded in surprising the Sagamo, a man who knew the country thoroughly. The expedition, guided by this man, reached Port Royal. The English entered the port in full view; and, coming to anchor in sight of the settlement, and more than two leagues distant, if the French had been watchful, they had a fine opportunity either to prepare for battle, or to retire with their effects inland. On account of the tide the English were not before the settlement previous to ten or eleven o'clock the following day. When the English came ashore they found nobody in the Port, and saw shoes and clothing being scattered around.

The English met with no resistance, and secured a considerable amount of booty. But this booty almost cost Père Biard his life, and in this way,—the English having already wasted a great deal of time in searching for St. Croix, and in entrapping a savage whom they made their guide, Lieutenant Turnel was advised to give up the voyage to Port Royal, and to return as soon as possible to Virginia, because the coast was very dangerous, and the season too far advanced—it was then the end of October—and for all his troubles he would have no recompense, because he could nothing except poverty, at Port Royal. Lieutenant Turnel had heard these reasons from Father Biard, with whom he often took pleasure in conversing, and he considered them as very valid. Now, Captain Argal having had the luck of an easy entrance into Port Royal, and much booty, in the shape of provisions, clothes and utensils, reproached his Lieutenant for the confidence the latter had reposed in the Jesuit, and gave him, on this account, the smaller part of the plunder. The Lieutenant was in great wrath about it, and the more so as he had always had the reputation of a man of intelligence and of good judgment, but now he saw himself deceived, as he thought, by the Jesuit.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

PAST AND PRESENT.

IT seems to be almost the universal opinion that extravagance in dress is altogether a sin of modern times; and some persons will confidently refer to the days, not so very long ago, when all classes of the community dressed in accordance with their means and station in life. We find however that the same trouble has been experienced by our ancestors, and it is curious to refer to the steps they took to remedy it.

So long ago as the reign of Edward the Third (1327) a "Statute of Apparel" was passed, whose object is declared to be the restraint of the "outrageous and excessive apparel of divers people, against their estate and degree." The first clause of the enactment refers to mechanics, and servants of tradesmen. It is evident that previous to the passing of the Act, they were given to extravagances in dress, for they and their wives were here expressly forbidden to wear any silk or embroidery, or gold or silver ornaments; whilst the material of their dress was to be a certain low-priced cloth therein specified; and if they were not possessed of forty shillings in goods or chattels, they were to wear blanket and russet, tied with a linen girdle.

The dress of the yeoman was not to exceed in value forty shillings, and, like the class above mentioned, he was not permitted to use jewels or ornaments of any kind upon any part of his attire.

The tradesman who possessed five hundred pounds (no inconsiderable capital in those days) was allowed to wear silk, with a reasonable amount of silver trimming; and his wife and daughters might decorate themselves with fur, turned up with minever; the same as was allowed to gentlemen and esquires with a hundred pounds a year; so that individual wealth gave them privileges, which their social position, without wealth, could not obtain.

In the next rank we find the knights, who, if possessed of four hundred marks per year, might indulge in any kind of dress they pleased, *except ermine*, whilst their wives and daughters were permitted to decorate their hair with pearls and precious stones.

Such was the general meaning and extent of this "Act of Apparel," but it does not seem to

have been very strictly enforced. Little attention was paid to it, and in a year after its enactment it was repealed.

During the next century fortune smiled upon the humbler classes, and in many instances it was no longer possible to recognize the social position of a person from the style of his dress.

In the reign of Edward the Fourth two Acts of Apparel were passed, the first of them being in the year 1463, exactly one hundred years after the one above mentioned. It was granted in response to a prayer which stated that "the commons of the realm, as well men as women, have worn, and do daily wear excessive and inordinate array." This statute referred to the knight, under the estate of a lord (other than lord's children), the knight bachelor, the esquire and gentleman. In the present legislation, the wealth of the person was taken into account, the esquire and the gentlemen having forty pounds per year, being allowed to indulge in satin or damask, which was forbidden to the less wealthy of the same degree. Special exemptions were made in this Act for mayors, sheriffs and aldermen.

Below the class of esquires and gentlemen were those who had obtained a position by their wealth, and those who had forty pounds of yearly value might rejoice in furs, and their wives in gilt girdles. Furs, fustian and scarlet cloth were forbidden to those who had less than forty shillings yearly.

From the yeoman downwards, none were allowed to have stuffing in their doublets; and lastly, servants in husbandry and artificers were not to use any clothing of which the material cost more than two shillings the broad yard.

Twenty years after the above (1483) the second statute of this reign was passed, and this referred chiefly to the nobility. It prescribed the peculiar kind of cloth of gold which might not be used by any below royal rank; below a duke; below a lord, and so forth. Below the last mentioned degree, the knight only was allowed to wear velvet in his doublet, and cloth of foreign manufacture was expressly forbidden. The old price of cloth for laborers and artisans was again fixed. All other ordinances were repealed; but the impossibility of bringing woman into submission to the law is recognized by the following special clause: "Provided always that the act extend not, nor be prejudicial to or for any woman except the wives of servants and laborers."

The day when Acts of Parliament may interfere with the style or extent of a person's dress are passed away; and it is well that it is so. Still a candid consideration of the matter must shew the evil tendency of the present extravagant system. Of how much embarrassment it has been the cause in the higher circles of society, and of how much vice in the lower, it is impossible to form any adequate idea. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when the increasing good sense of the people, more powerful than Acts of Parliament, will lead to a better appreciation of the object of dress, and to greater moderation therein. Extravagance is perhaps the most prolific of all vices. Never did the great Christian virtue of temperance, in its most catholic sense, need a stronger advocacy than it does to-day.

COMMON SALT.

THE use of common salt in healing wounds has some reasonable foundation, though the ancient and barbarous practice of rubbing the salt into a cut or sore is, it appears, painful and unnecessary.

From *The Medical Times* we learn that M. Dewandre has proposed a solution of chloride of sodium as a disinfecting agent in the treatment of wounds. The solution he first uses is made with about twenty-five drachms of common salt, and three pints and a-half of water; but after the patient has been accustomed to the use of this for a few days, he easily bears a saturated solution, care being taken that, in applying this, none of the undissolved salt come in contact with the wound. With this solution the suppurating surfaces are kept constantly moist, using syringing or the douche in cases in which these means seem called for. It should not be applied at the early inflammatory stage, but only when the

suppuration has become thoroughly established. Then its effects are most remarkable in combating with great rapidity the fetidity of bad sores and ulcerations, to the great relief of the patient himself and his neighbours. Another effect is at once produced—viz., the reddening of the black, vitiated, decomposed blood lying amidst the solution of continuity. The coagula which adhere so firmly to the tissues, and are so difficult of separation by mere irrigation without sponging, under the use of the salt water separate readily, leaving a clean reddened surface. The patient is sensible of a sensation of local cold with pickling or itching, and even slight pain, which is very supportable, so that he soon becomes accustomed to the application. The wound is, however, from time to time, syringed with simple water. M. Dewandre has not had a single case of tetanus or hospital gangrene while the salt water has been in use. Patients bear its application for various periods from twenty to forty days, and in exceptional cases even for seventy or eighty days, without any inconvenience manifesting itself.

HAME! HAME!

Hame! Hame! Hame! Oh hame fain would I be!
Oh hame, hame, hame, to my ain countree!

For each earthly hope is falling as the leaves when
(Summer's o'er,
Or as gathered flowers that fade to bloom, alas! no
(more.

Cold, cold are many hands that mine have fondly
(pressed.

Mute, mute are many lips my own have oft caressed.
And I linger and I long their shining forms to see,
When they come to sing me hame to my ain countree.

Earth gives but gall for honey to him that deepest
(sips;

Her fairest joys when tasted are as ashes to our lips.
But the sweetness never cloying and the joys that
(never flee,
Are where all is true and real in my ain countree.

For this life is not our being, nor is our end the grave,
Beyond I see the city of the King who came to save.
And I rest upon the promise that must ever faithful
(be,

That I soon shall be with Jesus in my ain countree.
Hame, hame, hame, from all sin and sorrow free,
How peaceful is the calm of my ain countree.

Toronto, September.

CHOLERA.

ALTHOUGH we are probably spared the attacks of this terrible disease for the present year, there is an almost universal dread that we shall have to bear the brunt of its ravages next spring and summer. In view of this fact the following extracts from a letter addressed by Mr. David Urquhart to Mr. Bright on the best means of dealing with Asiatic cholera is specially interesting. Mr. Urquhart has a large knowledge of the countries in which cholera is endemic. "Cholera," he says, "is a malady which yields to a certain treatment with great docility. That treatment consists in obtaining abundant transpiration, and in application of external force. By the first (heat), an escape is afforded for the poison (urea), which in this malady does escape, even when unaided by external heat, through the skin; by the second (shampooing so vehement as to extend to blows), the cramp is relieved, breaking the tension of the nerves, and restoring the equilibrium of the circulation. My conclusions as to the certainty of stopping cholera by the Turkish bath were formed on a prior ground. My own life has been saved in a relapse of cholera by the same means, when I had no bath, and to obtain the heat in a subsidiary manner. These few words contain, if you give to them effect, protection from death and relief from suffering for hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures. There is, however, a preliminary objection, which cannot fail to be urged, and to it I must supply the answer. If the Turkish bath cures the cholera, how is that it comes to us from Alexandria and Constantino-

ple? The Turks are not in the habit of going to the bath when attacked by cholera; and if they did, they would not be cured, because the heat of their bath, at present, has descended below the necessary point, and the amount of vapour has consequently increased, so as to neutralize, in a considerable degree the value of that heat which they still retain. What I speak of is the Turkish bath as I have presented it to Europe, which, in case of disease, must have the heat equal to or surpassing that of boiling water, and in which the air must be perfectly dry. I can recall an incident which will make the case clear. It bears not in the cholera, but the plague. But the value of it consists in showing that I could obtain perfect immunity from the latter disease whilst at Constantinople, and making use of one of their baths, by merely taking the precaution of using additional fuel. In 1837 I inhabited a yali (country house) on the Bosphorus, at Arnaotet Keni. A half-circle of hills on the west included the village. There not only did the plague rage, but an encampment had been formed, just above me, for the plague patients and thence proceeded, day and night, the wail of the relations of the dying and the dead. I did not fly, as others, the fatal spot. I did not take, as others, sanitary precautions. I had been on familiar terms with the plague, visiting it wherever it was to be found. My confidence was based on two considerations. The one was the discovery I had just before made of the immediate cause of its propagation. I could rate the danger of positions, even to feet. The other was the protective, and curative power of heat. The discovery was this; that the plague extended, first, in places exposed to the heavy gases evolved from the burying-grounds, and that these escaped in consequence of a peculiar manner of burying practised by the Mussulmans. The plague has now disappeared from Turkey, and I attribute its disappearance to the change in respect to the manner of burying, even though that change has been, as yet, but partial. My first precaution, then, consisted in closing up all the windows looking landwards, or on the side of the cemeteries, and opening those on the side of the Bosphorus. My bath, in itself an attractive suit of apartments—for it was the most beautiful private bath I have ever seen—was kept constantly heated. It followed that the heat was high and the air dry. I occupied the bath as an apartment. Then commenced the restoration of the Roman habit of taking the bath daily. Every person in the houses went in daily. I explained the matter to them, and they submitted to this change in their national habits. Well, now, as to the results. I escaped with impunity. In the adjoining house to mine all died. I had no case of sickness. Not one of my servants, about thirty in number, suffered whilst under this treatment. Two died, but they were away on leave, were smitten, and never returned."

WHEN preachers do indulge in jokes, they generally let off good ones. Here is the last. Away down East, a clergyman was recently charged with having violently dragged his wife from a revival meeting, and compelled her to go home with him. The clergyman let the story travel along until he had a fair opportunity to give it a broadside. Upon being charged with the offence, he replied as follows:—"In the first place, I never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting. Secondly, my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. In the third place, I have not myself attended any of the meetings for any purpose whatever. To conclude—neither my wife nor myself has any inclination to go to those meetings. Finally, I never had a wife."

A FRENCH priest, who had usually a small congregation, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of this district for non-attendance;—cause, though they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

AN OGRE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THERE are two kinds of leopards found in India. One is the cheetah, the common leopard of the plains of Hindostan. This creature confines his attacks chiefly to small antelopes, barking deer, and jungleship. He is frequently caught when young, tamed by the native shikares, who teach him to assist them in hunting and driving game within shot of the guns of the sportsmen. The other kind of Indian leopard is the "lackabugga"; a much larger and fiercer animal, who, when he has once tasted human blood, becomes an ogre, with a frightful appetite for children. He is chiefly found in the lower ranges of the Himalayas and vast jungles of the Terai.

One summer's evening I was out with a couple of friends on a shooting excursion, from Almara into Nepál. Our tents were pitched on the banks of the Kala-nuddee, a river which parts the British possessions in the hills, from those of the Nepál rajah. We were getting our guns ready to go out after some black partridges for supper, when the head man of the neighbouring British village of Petoragurh came up to entreat our assistance in killing a leopard, which had haunted some neighbouring villages for many months, and had already carried off twelve children. Traps and pitfalls had been set for him in vain. He had evaded all. A poor Zemindar had just come into the village with a woful story about his six-year-old boy—his only boy—who, when playing before the door of his father's hut in the dusk of the evening, had been seized by the leopard and carried off before his father's eyes. The poor man followed the animal, and struck it repeatedly with an iron hoe, but it held on and vanished in the jungle. At daylight he had hunted on the track with some friends, but found only a few bones and some bloody hair, remains of his child, that a jackal was picking at, and a vulture watching. The man said he had watched the place every night, but had never again seen the leopard.

The recital of this tragedy excited us, and we pledged ourselves not to leave the district until this cruel ogre was destroyed. Ram Bux, our head shikaree, was called, and ordered to make every inquiry as to his present whereabouts, and to offer a reward of ten rupees to any native who should give such information as would give us a shot at him.

It would be endless to relate the many false alarms we had. We sat up all night in trees, with a goat tied below as a bait, near the place where the leopard had been last seen. One night, while sitting in a tree with a gun-coolie who held my weapons, I fell into a doze. A friend in a tree about twenty yards off with a goat below, roused me by the discharge of his rifle. My coolie seized me by the arm, and shrieked, "Sahib, sahib, luckabugga aya!" "Where, where?" I asked, seizing the double rifle he held out to me. "There," said he, pointing to a dark object moving through the trees about thirty yards off. Bang—bang—went both my barrels, followed immediately by unearthly yells. We descended from our trees, and found a large rough yellow pariah dog shot through both hind legs. He was yelling like a fiend, and snapping like a crocodile. I borrowed a large Ghoorkha kookrie from our shikaree, and, baring my right arm, brought it down with all my weight on the dog's neck, behind the head, in the way I had seen Ghoorkhas kill oxen. The dog was at once out of his pain.

One of my friends was very fat, and, as he found a branch of a tree rather inconvenient, had a common native charpoy (sort of bedstead) fixed up in a fork of a tree. On this he reclined, with a gun-coolie, and a large double-barrelled gun loaded with slugs. We were tired of the goat bait, so he had got a monkey, thinking that a child-eater might be more readily tempted by its flesh. I was posted in a tree, from which I could watch the approaches to my friend's post. About midnight the moon went down, and it was almost dark. Half an hour later I heard the monkey begin to chatter, so I cocked both barrels and watched the foot of my friend's tree. The chattering increased. Then came a blaze of

light and a loud report, followed by breaking of branches, and a perfect Babel of noise. I had a pine-torch with me, and, clambering down from my tree, lit it and rushed to the spot. There, on his face, lay my friend, screaming out for me. He had upset his bed. On his back sat the monkey, tearing at his hair like a wild-cat. A few yards off lay his coolie, with the charpoy on him smashed in half. He was roaring out, "The leopard is eating me." A little further on lay a jackal, writhing with a dozen slugs in him. I kicked up the coolie, and helped my friend by knocking the monkey over with the broken leg of the charpoy. After this little upset we lit cheroots and walked back to our tents, which were pitched about two miles off.

Ram Bux, our shikaree, had given notice to all the natives round about that if the leopard appeared and carried off any thing, information was to be sent to our camp before any pursuit was made. One evening we were at our tent doors after dinner, smoking, when we observed, on the other (Nepál) side of the river, a Ghoorkha coming down the hills at great speed. At the river bank he inflated a sheepskin which he carried, and crossed the rapid stream on it—just as we see on their wall carvings that the old Assyrians did—being carried down about a quarter of a mile by the current. On landing he was met by Ram Bux, who had run out on seeing him approach. They walked towards us, the Ghoorkha gesticulating violently, and we heard the following story:

The Ghoorkha lived in a hut about a mile from our camp, higher up the river, and only a hundred yards from the water. He had been out for the day on his duty, which was that of a government runner, leaving at home his wife, a baby in arms, and a little girl about six years old. The wife had gone to the stream for water, leaving the two children at the hut door. As she returned she had heard a scream, and, throwing down her pitcher, ran forward, and found at the hut door only her baby. The little girl had disappeared, and, without doubt, had been carried off by the leopard. The Ghoorkha found its footmarks on a soft bit of ground, and hastened to us without attempting a pursuit in the dense jungle. Ram Bux decided that it was too late to start that night, but asked us to be ready one hour before daylight. In the meantime he sent to the next village for twenty coolies, who were engaged as beaters at fourpence a head.

On turning out in the starlight next morning, I saw that our followers and beaters had each got some instrument for making noise. There were tin-kettles, tom-toms, bells, and an old matchlock or two. I and my two friends crossed the river on a plank lashed across two inflated buffalo skins, which kept our guns and powder high out of water. The beaters came over in all sorts of ways, some swimming, some clinging to inflated sheepskins.

When we reached the Ghoorkha's hut, the whole of our beaters were extended in a line, I standing in the middle, at the spot where the Ghoorkha had found traces of the leopard. The poor Ghoorkha himself, and Ram Bux, leading a Brimjary dog in a string, were with me: each of them carried a spade. At a given signal the whole line started. The beaters yelled, whistled, rang bells, and beat tom-toms, making noise enough to drive away every leopard within five miles. The dog kept steadily to the scent; but our progress at times was very slow through the dense bamboo jungle.

After proceeding about a mile, the dog became very eager, dashed forward, and was not easily held in. In fifty more yards we came to the place where the brute had been supping. The mangled remains of the little girl lay about, only half eaten, and the ogre must have been scared by our noise. Without losing a moment, the Ghoorkha and Ram Bux set to work and dug a trench under a tree to leeward of the child's remains, piling up some branches between them and the trench. Ram Bux and I jumped into this trench. The Ghoorkha departed with the dog in the direction taken by the rest of our party; who kept up the same discordant din as they moved away.

Ram Bux now told me that the leopard—doubtless listening a mile off—would think, from the

passing away of the noise, that the whole party had gone on, and would be sure to return in an hour or two to go on with his interrupted feast. We must be quiet, for the brute was very cunning, and the slightest sound or smell would send him off and destroy our chance of getting a shot at him. After waiting an hour I pulled out my cigar-case, but Ram Bux forbade smoking by energetic gestures; neither of us speaking. I had a large double-barrelled smooth bore No. 12, loaded with slugs, at full cock in my hand. Ram Bux had my breech-loading rifle, with a large conical shell in it. In addition to these, I and Ram Bux had each a Ghoorkha kookrie, and I a revolving pistol. It was now nine in the morning. The noise of our party had died away over the hills for an hour or more. I had my eyes fixed on the movements of a regiment of white ants, that were piling themselves over a bloody fragment of the poor child that lay about ten yards before me. Suddenly Ram Bux put one finger on my lips, both as a sign to look out and to keep perfectly still. My fingers sought the triggers, and my eyes were strained in every direction. I could see nothing, until, in about two minutes, I discerned that the grass waved, and the next instant, with a tread of velvet, the leopard glided in front of me. The suddenness of his appearance took my breath away for some seconds, but, recovering myself, I raised my gun to the shoulder, and in doing this snapped off a little twig from a branch of the brushwood we had piled in front of us.

The leopard turned his face full on me. Thinking that he would jump off, I pulled at his chest, letting off, in my nervousness, both barrels. He sprang into the air with a yell, and fell backward. Ram Bux was out and by his side before I had risen from my knees, and had discharged the rifle in the direction of his heart. When I got up with revolver in one hand and kookrie knife in the other, the brute was tearing up the grass and roots with all four paws, and dangerous to approach. My slugs had entered his chest and eyes, and he was blind. I discharged my revolver at his hind quarters; but he writhed and leaped about so violently, that it was impossible to take good aim. Ram Bux, with his kookrie drawn, was dodging about for an opportunity of coming close enough to cut at the dangerous hind legs and sever the tendons. I went back to the trench to load my gun. As I was capping, the grass opened, and the Ghoorkha with his dog rushed up. He had evidently been waiting near, and hearing the guns fire, had hurried to revenge his child. He gave a shout of joy when he saw the animal kicking and bleeding, let go his dog, who darted at the throat of the leopard, and then himself, disregarding claws and teeth, rushed in upon him. With two strokes of his kookrie he cut the hind tendons, and the formidable hind legs were harmless. At the same moment I stepped up and discharged one barrel into the monster's gaping and bleeding mouth. This shot killed it. Ram Bux and the Ghoorkha began skinning, while I lighted a cheroot. On taking the skin off the back we came upon two fresh-healed cuts which went right through the skin, and remembered what the poor Zemindar told us a week ago of his following and hacking with a hoe at the monster, who was carrying off his child.

After a hot march of an hour or more, we got into camp before noon, and had an ovation from the people of the adjacent villages. Every one who had lost a child by the leopard asked for one of its claws, which was hung round the neck of the mourner as an amulet.

The skin now lies on the floor of the billiard-room of a castle in the North of England.

In the reign of George II., one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some observation before an election committee, which was considered to reflect on the House itself. The House accordingly summoned him to their bar, and he was forced to receive a reprimand from the Speaker, on his knees. As he rose from the ground, with the utmost nonchalance, he took out his handkerchief, and, wiping his knees, coolly observed, "that it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in in his life."

TIME'S CHANGES.

Flow, silver streamlet, to the shining sea,
By rock and ruin, glido by lawn and lea,
But murmur not so solemnly and sad.

Oh! have I heard thee sing a jocund strain;
Oh! chant once more that jubilant refrain,
Whose merry music made my child-heart glad.

Sing, wood-bird, sing, deep in the forest shade;
Let thy wild wild music echo through the glade,
But pipe not such a mournful melody!

Blithe were thy warblings when this heart was young;
Oh! chant again that happy matin-song
Which broke my slumbers in the years gone by.

Come, Sabbath-bells, your melodies of peace,
Which bid our earth-born cares and strivings cease,
And whisper tidings from the far-off shore;

But blend not with your notes that cruel knell
Which bids to youth and home a sad "Farewell!"
O chime again as in the days of yore!

Are these so sad and altered as they seem?
Or are they as they were in childhood's dream,
When life was fragrant as a rose in June?

They answer not. To me they seem estranged;
The treacherous years have all their music changed,
Or else my heart is beating out of tune!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 76.

"I wish there were such a book, if only to teach you better manners," retorted Castletowers.

"I don't pretend to have the manners of a lord," said the Beauty, languidly.

"If you were the lord of my manors, you wouldn't have many to boast of," replied Castletowers, with a light-hearted laugh.

Burgoyne opened his eyes, and took the cigarette from his mouth.

"Listen to this fellow!" said he, "this bloated capitalist, who talks like a Diogenes turned out of his tub! Castletowers, I am ashamed of you."

"Compare me to Diogenes, if you like," replied the Earl; "but to a Diogenes who has a dear old Elizabethan tub still left, thank Heaven! and a few old oaks to shelter it. Few enough, and old enough, more's the pity!"

"And I!" said Burgoyne, with a yawn, "haven't a stick of timber left, barring my genealogical tree. My last oaks vanished in the last Derby!"

The earl looked at his watch.

"If this note is to be delivered by two o'clock," said he, "it must be finished at once; and since Mr. Trefalden gives us leave—"

"I do not only give leave," said Mr. Trefalden, "I entreat."

Saxon took up his pen, and, pointing to a heap of notes on the mantelshelf, said:

"You will find one there for yourself, cousin William; and you must be sure to come."

"Invitations, young man?"

"Yes, to a dinner at Richmond, next Saturday."

Mr. Trefalden put the note in his pocket unopened; smoked away with a quiet, meditative smile; and took a leisurely survey of the room as the dictation proceeded. Not one of its multitudinous details escaped him—not one but told him some anecdote of the last ten days of Saxon's new life. There were several pictures standing about on chairs, or leaning against the walls. Some were painted in oils and some in water-colours, and nearly all were views in Switzerland. There were piles of new music; stacks of costly books in rich binding; boxes of cigars and gloves; a bust of Shakespeare in marble; a harmonium; a cabinet of Florentine mosaic-work; a marvellous Etruscan vase on a pedestal of verde antico; a couple of silver-mounted rifles; a side-board loaded with knick-knacks in carved ivory, crystal, silver-filigree, and egg-shell china; and a sofa-table heaped with notes, visiting cards, loose silver; and

tradesmen's bills. On the chimney-piece stood a pair of bronze tazzas, a silver inkstand with a little Cupid perched upon the lid, and a giallo model of the Parthenon. A gold-headed riding whip and a pair of foils lay on the top of the harmonium; and a faded bouquet in a tumbler occupied a bracket, from which a French pendule had been ignominiously displaced. William Trefalden was an observant man, and drew his inferences from these trifles. He found out that his young Arcadian was learning to ride, fence, make acquaintances, and spend his money royally. Above all, he took note of the bouquet on the bracket. There was nothing remarkable about it. It was just like the five hundred other bouquets that one sees in the course of a season; and yet Mr. Trefalden looked at it more than once, and smiled under cover of a cloud of smoke each time that he did so.

"—and that you will permit me to have the great pleasure of driving you down in the afternoon," said Lord Castletowers, dictating over Saxon's shoulder.

"Drive her down!" echoed the scribe, in dismay. "I drive her from London to Richmond?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"I can't. I don't drive well enough. I have never driven anything but an old blind mare in a rickety Swiss charette, in my life. I should break her neck, and my own too!"

"Oh, never mind. You can give the reins to Burgoyne or to me. It doesn't matter."

"Then how shall I put it? Shall I say, 'and that you will permit Lord Castletowers to have the pleasure of—'"

"Nonsense! Write what I told you at first, and leave me to arrange it, when it comes to the point."

Saxon shook his head. "No, no," said he. "I must not ask to be allowed the pleasure of driving her down, when I know all the time I am not going to do anything of the sort. It wouldn't be true."

A faint blush mounted to the Earl's honest brow; but Sir Charles Burgoyne smiled compassionately.

"Suppose now," said Saxon, "that I tell her I've bought a new mail phaeton, and hope she will accept a seat in it on Saturday—will that do?"

"Famously. She'll of course conclude that you drive, and the rest is easily managed when the time comes. Let's see how it reads . . . lum . . . 'which I trust you will honour with your presence; also that you will permit me to offer you a seat in my mail phaeton, if the day be fine enough for my friends to drive down in open carriages.'"

"Open carriages," repeated Saxon, as his pen travelled to the end of the sentence. "Anything more?"

"No; I think that is enough."

"Then I only add—'yours very truly, Saxon Trefalden,' I suppose."

"Heaven forbid!"

"Isn't it polite enough?" asked Saxon, laughing.

"Polite enough? Didn't I tell you half an hour ago that to be commonly polite is nothing in a case like this? You must approach her on your knees, my dear fellow, and offer up your little Richmond dinner as if it were a burnt sacrifice to the immortal gods! Say—'Condescend, madam, to accept my respectful homage, and allow me to subscribe myself, with the profoundest admiration, your obedient and faithful servant, Saxon Trefalden.' That's the way to put it, Burgoyne?"

"Oh, unquestionably," yawned that gentleman. "You can't crowd too much sail."

"May I inquire to which Princess of the Blood Royal this letter is addressed?" asked Mr. Trefalden.

"To a far greater She than any princess," replied Castletowers. "To the prima donna of the season—to the Graziana herself!"

Mr. Trefalden slightly elevated his eyebrows on receiving this tremendous information, but said nothing.

"And she's the grandest creature!" ejaculated Saxon, now folding and sealing his note. "Burgoyne introduced me to her last night, behind

the scenes. You can't think what a gracious manner she has, cousin William!"

"Really?"

"She gave me that bouquet up there—it had just been thrown to her."

"How condescending!"

"Wasn't it?—and I such an utter stranger—a nobody, you know! I felt, I assure you, as if I were in the presence of Jimo herself. There, the note's quite ready."

And Saxon, all unconscious of the faint touch of sarcasm in his cousin's voice, lifted up his bright young face with a smile of boyish exultation, and rang the bell.

"Gillingwater, send Curtis at once with this note, and tell him to wait for an answer. Anybody here?"

"Young man from Facet and Carat's, sir, with case of jules. Young man from Cartridge and Trigger's, with harms. Passle from Colnaggy's; passle from Breidenback's; passle from Fortnum and Mason's; passle from Grammer and Beale's," replied Saxon's magisterial valet.

"The parcels can wait. The messengers may come in."

Mr. Gillingwater retired, and two "young men" were immediately ushered in; one with a small mahogany box under his arm; the other carrying a still smaller morocco case. The first contained a brace of costly inlaid pistols; the second, three bracelets of different designs.

"By Jove, what pistols!" exclaimed Castletowers. "Look here, Burgoyne, did you ever see such finish?"

"Never. They might be worn by the Sultan."

"They are exact fac-similes of those made for his Highness the Maharajah of Jubblepore," observed the messenger.

Sir Charles examined the weapons with the interest of a connoisseur.

"What a Bashaw you are, Trefalden!" he said. "We shall have you cantering down Rotten-row on a white elephant before long. These are really the most gorgeous pistols I have seen. Who are the bangles for? The Graziana?"

"One of them, if——"

"If what?"

"If you think she would not be offended?"

"Offended, my dear fellow! Is pussy offended if you offer her a cup of milk? or Carlo, if you present him with a bone?"

"What do you mean?" said Saxon, quite shocked at the levity of these comparisons.

"I mean, that every woman would sell her soul for a handful of diamonds and an ounce of wrought gold, and that our fair friend is no exception to the rule. What put it into your head, Trefalden, to give her a bracelet?"

"It was Mr. Greatorex's idea."

"Humph! Just like him. Greatorex has such generous impulses—at other people's expense!"

"I was very much obliged to him for thinking of it," said Saxon, somewhat warmly, "as I am to any friend who is kind enough to tell me what the customs of society are," he added, more gently.

"They are very beautiful bracelets, all three of them," said Lord Castletowers.

"That's right. Which shall I take?"

"The garter set with rubies," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"The snake with the diamond head," said the Earl.

"The opals and diamonds," said William Trefalden.

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"If you each give me different advice," said he, "what am I to do?"

"Choose for yourself," replied his cousin.

And so Saxon, very diffidently and hesitatingly, chose for himself, and took the one his cousin had preferred.

"And pray what may be the cost of this magnificent trifle?" asked Mr. Trefalden, when the choice was made, and the messengers had made their bows, and vanished.

"I have no idea," replied Saxon.

"Do you mean that you have bought it without having made any inquiry as to its price?"

"Of course."

"Pray do you never inquire before you purchase?"

"Never. Why do you smile?"

"Because I fear your tradesmen will charge you at any fabulous rate they please."

"Why, so they could in any case! What do I know, for instance, of opals and diamonds, except that the opal is a hydrate of silica, and the diamond a compound of charcoal and oxygen? They might ask me what price they pleased for this bracelet, and I, in my ignorance of its value, should buy it, just the same."

"It is well for you, Trefalden, that you have the purse of Fortunatus to dip your hand into," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"But even Fortunatus must take care that his purse has no hole in the bottom of it," added Mr. Trefalden. "You are a bad financier, my dear Saxon, and you and I must have a little practical conversation some day on these matters. By the way, I have really some business points to discuss with you. When can you give up an hour or two to pure and unmixed boredom?"

"When you please, cousin William."

"Well—this evening?"

"This evening, unfortunately, I have promised to dine at the club with Greatorex, and two or three others, and we are going afterwards to the opera."

"To-morrow evening, then?"

"And to-morrow my new phaeton is coming home, and we are going in it to Blackwall—Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne, I mean."

"Then on Saturday——"

"On Saturday, I hope you will join us at Richmond. Don't forget it, cousin William. You have the note, you know, in your pocket."

Mr. Trefalden smiled somewhat gravely.

"Are you already such an epicurean that you want the traditional skeleton at your feast?" said he. "No, no, Saxon. I am a man of business, and have no leisure for such symposia. You must dispense with my grim presence—and I, apparently, must dispense with yours. I had no notion that you were such a man of fashion as to have all your evenings engaged in this manner."

"I can't think how it is," replied Saxon, in some confusion. "I certainly have made more appointments than I was aware of. My friends are so kind to me, and plan so many things to give me pleasure, that—will Sunday do, cousin William? You might come up here and dine with me, or we might——"

"I am always engaged on Sundays," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"Then on Monday?"

"Yes, I can see you on Monday, if you will really be at leisure."

"Of course I will be at leisure."

"But you must come to me. I shall be very busy, and can only see you after office hours."

"I will come to you, cousin, at any time you please," said Saxon earnestly.

"At eight in the evening?"

"At eight."

Mr. Trefalden entered the hour and date in his pocket book, and rose to take his leave.

"I had hoped that you would spare me a day or two next week, Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, as they shook hands at parting. "Your cousin has promised to come down, and we have a meet, and some evening parties coming off; and a breath of country air would do you good before the summer sets in."

But Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"I thank you, Lord Castletowers," he replied; "but it is impossible. I am as firmly chained to Chancery-lane for the next five months as any galley-slave to his oar."

"But, my dear sir, is it worth any man's while to be a galley-slave, if he can help it?" asked the Earl.

"Perhaps. It depends on the motive; and self-imposed chains are never very heavy to the wearer."

And with this, Mr. Trefalden bowed to both gentlemen, and left the room, followed by his cousin.

"That's a quiet, deep fellow," said Burgoyne.

"He is a very gentlemanly, pleasant, clever

man," replied the Earl, "and has been our solicitor for years."

"I don't like him."

"You don't know him."

"True—do you?"

Lord Castletowers hesitated.

"Well, upon my soul," laughed he, "I cannot say that I do, personally. But, as I tell you, he is my solicitor, and I like him. I only speak from my impressions."

"And I from mine. He is not my solicitor, and I don't like him. He thinks too much, and says too little."

In the meanwhile, Saxon was warmly wringing his cousin's hand at the door of the ante-room, and saying, in a low, earnest tone,

"Indeed you must not suppose I have become a man of fashion, or an epicurean, cousin William; or that I would not rather—far rather—spend an evening with you than at any of these fine places. I am so very sorry I cannot come to you before Monday."

"Monday will be quite soon enough, my dear Saxon," replied Mr. Trefalden, kindly; "and I am glad to see you so well amused. At eight o'clock, then?"

"Yes, at eight. You will see how punctual I shall be—and you must give me some good advice, cousin William, and always tell me of my faults—won't you?"

"Humph! That will depend on circumstances, and yourself. In the mean while, don't buy any more diamond bracelets without first inquiring the price."

CHAPTER XVIII. TIMON.

"It is good to be merry and wise," saith an old song; but every man cannot be a laughing philosopher, and though it is comparatively easy to be either merry or wise "upon occasion," it is extremely difficult to be both at the same time. The two conditions mix almost as reluctantly as oil and water, and youth seldom makes even an effort to combine them. Happy youth, whose best wisdom it is, after all, to be merry while it may! Which of us would not gladly barter this bitter wisdom of later years for but a single season—nay, a single day—of that happy thoughtless time when the simplest jest provoked a laugh, and the commonest wayside flower had a beauty long since faded, and all life was a pleasant carnival? What would we not give to believe once more in the eternity of college friendships, and the immortality of prize poems?—to feel our hearts beat high over the pages of Plutarch and Livy?—to weep delicious tears for the woes of Mrs. Haller, and to devour the old romances with the old omnivorous relish?

Alas! the college friend and the prize poem are alike forgotten; Sir George Cornwall Lewis has laid his ruthless hand upon our favourite heroes; our souls abhor the very name of Kotzebue; and we could no more revive our interest in those two mounted cavaliers who might have been seen spurring by twilight across a lonely heath in the west of England some two hundred and odd years ago, than we could undertake to enjoy the thirteen thousand pages of Mademoiselle Scudéry's Grand Cyrus. Ay, that pleasant dream is indeed over; but its joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate, and of the remembrance of them no man can disinherit us. Have we not all lived in Arcadia?

Wisdom apart, however, what more commendable merriment may there be than a dinner at Richmond when the year and the guests are young, and the broad landscape lies steeped in sunshine, and the afternoon air is sweet with new-mown hay, and the laugh follows the jest as quickly and gaily as the frothing champagne follows the popping of the corks? Now and then, a tiny skiff with one white sail skims down the molten gold of the broad river. The plummy islands and the wooded flats look hazy in the tender mist of sunset. A pleasant sound of gay voices and chinking glasses finds its way now and then from the open window below, or the adjoining balcony; and, perhaps, the music of a brass band comes to us from the lower town, harmonised by distance.

Thus bright and propitious was it on the eventful day of Saxon's "little dinner;" and

care had been taken by his friends that every detail of the entertainment should be as faultless as the weather itself. The guests had all been driven down in open carriages; the costliest dinner that money could ensure, or taste devise, was placed before them; and the best room in the famous hotel was pre-engaged for the occasion. It had seldom held a more joyous party.

Lord Castletowers and Major Vaughan were there of course, having run up from Surrey for the day; Sir Charles Burgoyne, serenely insolent; the Hon. Edward Braudon, with his hair standing up like the wig of an electrified doll, from inward excitement and outward rubbing; Mr. Laurence Greatorex, looking, perhaps, somewhat abstracted from time to time, but talking fluently; two other Erectheum men, both very young and prone to laughter, and both highly creditable to their tailors and bootmakers; and last, though not least, the Graziana and her party. For actresses, like misfortunes, never come alone. Like Scottish chieftains, they travel with a "tail," and have an embarrassing aptitude for bringing their uninvited "tail" on all kinds of inconvenient occasions. In the present instance, the heroine of the day had contented herself with only two sisters and a brother; and her young host not only welcomed them with all his honest heart, but thought it very kind and condescending on her part to bring them at all. The brother was a gloomy youth, who said little, ate a great deal, and watched the company in a furtive manner over the rim of his wine-glass. The sisters were fat, black-eyed little souls, who chattered, flirted, and drank champagne incessantly. As for the prima donna herself, she was a fine, buxom, laughter-loving creature of about twenty years of age, as little like a Juno, and as much like a grown-up child as it is only possible for a Neapolitan woman to be. She could be majestic enough upon the stage, or in the green-room; but she never carried her dignity beyond the precincts of the Opera House. She put it on with her rouge, and left it in the dressing-room with the rest of her theatrical wardrobe, when the evening's work was over. She laughed at everything that was said, whether she understood it or not; and she was delighted with everything—with the drive, with the horses, with the mail phaeton, with the weather, with the dinner, with the guests, and with her host; and when the ice was brought to table—a magnificent, many-coloured triumph of art—she clapped her hands, like a child at sight of a twelfth-cake.

"Now's the time for the bracelet, Saxon," whispered Lord Castletowers, when the wreck of this triumph was removed, and the side-cloths were rolled away for dessert.

Saxon looked abashed.

"What shall I say?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know—something graceful, and not too long."

"But I can't. I haven't an idea."

"Never mind; she wouldn't understand it if you had. Say anything."

"Can't you say it for me?"

"Impossible, my dear fellow! You might as well ask me to kiss her for you."

Which was such a tremendous supposition, that Saxon blushed scarlet, and had not a word to say in reply.

"Ah, traitor! Why do you speak secrets?" said the prima donna, with a pout.

"Because he is a conspirator," replied the Earl.

"A conspirator? Ciclo!"

"It is quite true," said Burgoyne, promptly.

"There's a deadly mine of cracker bonbons in the room below, and Trefalden's presently going to say something so sparkling that it will fire the train, and we shall all be blown into the middle of the next century."

The prima donna sang a roulade expressive of terror.

"The worst is yet to come. This plot, signora, is entirely against yourself," said Castletowers. Then, dropping his voice, "Out with it, man," he added. "You couldn't have a better opening."

Saxon pulled the morocco-case out of his pocket, and presented it with as much confusion and incoherence as if it had been a warrant.

The signora screamed with rapture, invoked her brother and sisters, flew to the window with

her treasure, flashed it to and fro in every possible light, and for the first five minutes could talk nothing but her native patois.

"But, signora, you must be a great prince!" she exclaimed, when, at length, she returned to her place at the dinner-table.

"Indeed I am nothing of the sort," replied Saxon, laughing.

"E bellissimo, questo braccioletto! But why do you give him to me?"

"From no other reason than my desire to please you, bella donna," replied Saxon. "The Greeks believed that the opal had power to confer popularity on its wearer; but I do not offer you these opals with any such motive. Your talisman is your voice."

"Bravo, Trefalden!" laughed the Earl. "That was well said. Comme l'esprit vient aux fils!"

"A neat thing spoilt," muttered Greateorex, to his next neighbour. "He should have praised her eyes. She knows all about her voice."

"And do you suppose she doesn't know all about her eyes, too?" asked his neighbour, who chanced to be Major Vaughan.

"No doubt; but then a woman is never tired of being admired for her beauty. The smallest pastillo of praise is acceptable to her, in its way, as a holocaust of incense. But as to her voice, c'est autre chose. What is one compliment more or less after the nightly applauses of the finest audience in Europe?"

In the meanwhile, the two young Erectheum men, oppressed, apparently, by the consciousness of how much they owed to their boots and waistcoats, took refuge in each other's society, and talked about a horse. Neither of them kept a horse, nor hoped to keep a horse; yet the subject seemed bound up, in some occult way, with the inner consciousness of both. They discussed this mysterious animal in solemn whispers all the way down from London to Richmond; alluded to him despondingly during dinner; and exchanged bets upon him in a moody and portentous manner at dessert. Apart from this overwhelming topic, they were light-hearted young fellows enough; but the horse was their Nemesis, and rode them down continually.

As for the "tail," it went to work as vigorously upon the dessert as upon the twelve preceding courses. The plump sisters evidently looked upon Mœt as pure Pierian, and had taken Pope's advice to heart; while the gloomy brother, inaccessible as Fort Gibraltar, seemed only intent on provisioning himself against a long blockade. But even the best of dinners must end, and coffee came at last. Then one of the Erectheum young men, emboldened by sparkling drinks, asked the prima donna for a song. She laughed, and shook her head; but the assembled company looked aghast.

"I cannot," said she. "My voice is a bird in one little cage, and my impressario guards the key."

Sir Charles Burgoyne darted a dreadful glance at the offender.

"My dear lady," he said, "pray do not say a word. We all ought to know that your operatic contract forbids anything of the kind; and even if it were not so, we should not presume to ask so great a favour. It is a great mistake on the part of this young gentleman."

"I—I am very sorry," stammered the unlucky neophyte.

"And I am sorry," said the songstress, good naturedly. "I should sing for you if I dared."

"Thou must not think of it, sorellina," interposed her brother, in his rapid Neapolitan. "Remember this penalty."

"The Signora Graziana must do nothing to offend the manager," said Lord Castletowers, who was familiar with every dialect of the Italian.

"Certainly not," exclaimed Saxon. "Not for the world."

Then, turning to Burgoyne, he whispered, "What is it all about? Why should he be offended because she sang for us?"

"He would have no pay him one hundred pounds," said the prima donna, whose ears were quick.

"A hundred pounds fine, you know," explained Burgoyne. "'Tis in his bond, and the man's a very Shylock with his ducats."

Saxon laughed aloud.

"Is that all?" said he. "Oh, never mind, bella donna—I'll pay him his hundred pounds, and welcome."

And so a piano was brought in from another room, and the Graziana sang to them divinely, not one song but a dozen.

"Perhaps our friend the impressario may not hear of it, after all," said Mr. Greateorex, when the music was over, and they were preparing to return to town.

"Let us all take a solemn oath of secrecy," suggested Sir Charles Burgoyne.

But Saxon would not hear of it.

"No, no," said he. "The fine has been fairly forfeited, and shall be fairly paid. Let no man's soul be burthened with a secret on my account. I will send Shylock his cheque to-morrow morning. Ladies, the carriages are at the door."

"I had heard that our Amphitryon did not know the value of money," said Mr. Greateorex as they went down stairs, "and now I believe it."

"Why, this little affair, my lord, must have been set to the tune of at least five hundred pounds!"

"Well, I suppose it has," replied Castletowers, "including the bracelet."

"A modern Timon—eh?"

"Nay, I hope not. A modern Mæcenas, if you like. It is a name of better augury."

"I fear he dispenses his gold more after the fashion of Timon than of Mæcenas," replied the banker, dryly.

"He is a splendid fellow," said the Earl, with enthusiasm; "and his lavish generosity is by no means the noblest part of his character."

"But he behaved like a fool about that hundred pounds. Of course, we should all have kept the secret, and—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Greateorex," interrupted the Earl, stiffly. "In my opinion, Mr. Trefalden simply behaved like a man of honour."

CHAPTER XIX. MR. TREFALDEN ON THE DOMESTIC MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF LAWYERS.

"So, my young cousin, you have not yet lost all your primitive virtues," said Mr. Trefalden, as Saxon, heralded by Mr. Keeckritch, made his appearance on the threshold of the lawyer's private room at eight o'clock precisely on Monday evening.

"I hope I have parted from none that I ever possessed," replied Saxon; "but to what particular virtue do you allude?"

"To your punctuality, young man. You are as true to time as on that memorable morning when we breakfasted together at Reichenau, and you tasted Lafitte for the first time. You have become tolerably familiar with the flavour since then."

"Indeed I have," replied Saxon, with a smile and a sigh.

"And with a good many other flavours as well, I imagine. Why, let me see, that was on the seventh of March, and here is the end of the third week in April—scarcely eight weeks ago, Saxon!"

"It seems like eight centuries."

"I dare say it does. You have crowded a vast number of impressions into a very short space of time. But then you are rich in the happy adaptability of youth, and can bear the shock of revolution."

"I try to bear it as well as I can," replied Saxon laughingly. "It isn't very difficult."

"No—the lessons of pleasure and power are soon learnt; and, by the way, the heart of dress also. You are quite a swell, Saxon."

The young fellow's face crimsoned. He could not get over that awkward habit of blushing.

"I hope not," he said. "I am what fate and my tailor have made me. Castletowers took me to his own man, and he has done as he liked with me."

"So that, to paraphrase the kingly state, your virtues are your own, and your short-comings are your tailor's? Nay, don't look uncomfortable. You are well dressed; but not too well dressed—which, to my thinking, is precisely as a gentleman should be."

"I don't wish to be a 'swell,'" said Saxon, "nor are you one. Now tell me something about yourself. How do you like this new life?"

"It bewilders me," said Saxon. "It dazzles

me. It takes my breath away. I feel as if London were a huge circus, all dust, and roar, and glitter, and I being carried round it, in a great chariot race. It frightens me sometimes—and yet I enjoy it. There is so much to enjoy!"

"But you thought it a 'dreary' place at first," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet smile.

"Because I was a stranger, and knew no one—because the very roar and flow of life along the streets only made my solitude the heavier. But that's all changed now, thanks to you."

"Thanks to me, Saxon?"

"Of course. Don't I owe that dear fellow Castletower's acquaintance to you? And if I hadn't known him, how should I have got into the Erectheum? How should I have known Burgoyne, and Greateorex, and Brandon, and Fitz-Hugh, and Dalton, and all the other fellows? And they are so kind to me—it's perfectly incredible how kind they are, and what trouble they take to oblige and please me!"

"Indeed?" said the lawyer, dryly.

"Yes, that they do; and I should be worse than ungrateful if I did not like a place where I have so many friends. Then, again, I have so much to do—so much to think of—so much to learn. Why, it should take half a lifetime only to see all the picture-galleries in London, and study the Etruscan vases in the British Museum!"

Mr. Trefalden could not help laughing.

"You droll boy!" said he. "Do you mean to tell me that you divide your attentions between pretty prima donnas and cinerary urns?"

"I mean that I was in the Etruscan room for three hours this morning, and that we have a tazza at Rotzberg of a kind of which you have not a single specimen in the collection—red, with red bassi relievi. What do you say to that?"

"That I would not give five farthings for all the old pottery in Europe."

"Yes you would, if you once learned to look upon it as history. Now the pottery of Etruria,—"

"My dear Saxon," interposed Mr. Trefalden, "as you are great, be merciful. Spare me the pottery of Etruria, and tell me a little more about yourself. You are learning to ride, are you not?"

"Yes, I can ride pretty well already; and I have a fencing lesson every other morning, and am learning to drive. But I don't get on quite so well with the whip as with the foils. I have an awkward habit of locking my wheels with other people's, and getting to the wrong side of the road."

"Awkward habits, indeed," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And—and I am learning to dance, also," said Saxon, with a shy laugh.

"In short, what with finishing your education, giving suburban dinners, and cultivating the fine arts, your time is tolerably well occupied."

"It is, indeed. I never seem to have a moment to spare."

"Humph! And pray may I ask how much money you have spent during these last three weeks?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"I suspected as much. Kept no accounts, I suppose?"

"None whatever."

Mr. Trefalden smiled significantly, but said nothing.

"I suppose it's very wrong?" said Saxon. "I suppose I ought to have put it all down in a book?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But then I know nothing of book-keeping; indeed, I scarcely yet know the real value of money. But if you will tell me what I ought to do, I will try. Gillingwater can help me, too. He knows."

"Gillingwater is your valet, is he not? Where did you hear of him?"

"Greateorex recommended him to me. He is a most invaluable fellow. I don't know what I should do without him."

"And you have a groom, I suppose?"

"I have two grooms."

"Two? My dear boy, what can you want with more than one?"

"I don't know. Burgoyne said I couldn't do

with less—but then, you know, I keep five horses."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; one for the cab, two for riding, and two for the mail phaeton."

"And you keep them at the livery, of course?"

"Yes; Burgoyne said it was the best way; and that the beasts were sure to be ill-fed if I hired stabling and left it to the men. He knows so much about horses."

"Evidently. It was he sold you that mare and cab, was it not?"

"To be sure it was; and then I have bought all the rest under his advice. I assure you, cousin William, I don't believe any fellow ever had such friends!"

Mr. Trefalden coughed and looked at his watch.

"Well," he said, "we must not forget that I have brought you down here to-night, Saxon, for a serious conference. Shall we have some coffee first, to filter the dust from our brains?"

Whereupon, Saxon assenting, the lawyer rang the bell, and coffee was brought. In the meanwhile, the young man had made the tour of the room, inspected the law books on the shelves, examined the door of the safe, peeped out of the window, and ascertained the date of the map hanging over the fire place. This done, he resumed his chair, and said, with more frankness than politeness:

"I'd as soon live in a family vault as in this dismal place! Is it possible, cousin William, that you have no other home?"

"The greater part of my life is passed here," replied Mr. Trefalden, sipping his coffee. "I admit that the decorations are not in the highest style of art; but they answer the purpose well enough."

"And you actually live here, day and night, summer and winter?"

"Why no—not altogether. I have a den—a mere den a few miles from town, in which I hide myself at night, like a beast of prey."

"It is a relief to my mind to know that," said Saxon. "I should like to see your den. Why didn't you let me come to you there to-night?"

"Because you are not fat enough."

"Not fat enough?" repeated Saxon, laughing.

"I admit no man, unless to devour him."

Lawyers are ogres, my dear young man—and that den of mine is paved with the bones of slaughtered clients."

Saying which, Mr. Trefalden put an end to the subject by ringing the bell, and sending for Mr. Keekwitch.

"You may close the office and go, Keekwitch," said he. "I do not want you any more this evening."

Mr. Keekwitch looked at his employer with eyes that had no more speculation in them than if they had been boiled.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, with husky placidity, "but you forget Rogers' case, I am bound to go through the papers to-night."

"Then you can take them home with you. I have private business with this gentleman, and wish to be alone—you understand? Alone."

A pale light flashed into Mr. Keekwitch's eyes—flashed and vanished. But it did not impart an agreeable expression to his countenance.

"And when you have put all straight, and turned off the gas, please to let me know, that I may lock the office door on the inside."

The head clerk retired without a word, followed by the keen eye of his employer.

"If I were to become a rich man to-morrow," said he, with a bitter smile, "the first elegant superfluity in which I should indulge, would be the kicking of that fellow all the way along Chancery lane. It is a luxury that would be cheap at any price the court might award."

"If you have so bad an opinion of him, why do you keep him?" asked Saxon.

"For the reason that one often keeps an aching tooth. He is a useful grinder, and helps me to polish off the bones that I was telling you about just now."

Mr. Trefalden then saw his head clerk off the premises, locked the outer door, made up the fire, put the shade on the lamp (he always liked, he said, to spare his eyes), and drew his chair to the table.

CHAPTER XX. TWO AND A HALF PER CENT.

Mr. Keekwitch banished, and the coffee-cups pushed aside, William Trefalden uttered a little preliminary cough, and said,

"Now, Saxon, to business"

Saxon was all attention.

"In the first place," he began, "you have a large fortune in money; and it is highly important that so weighty a sum should be advantageously placed. By advantageously placed, I mean laid out in the purchase of land, lent on mortgage, or otherwise employed in such a manner as to bring you large returns. And I assure you I have not ceased, since your affairs have been in my hands, to make inquiry in every quarter where inquiry was likely to lead to anything useful."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you," murmured Saxon, vaguely.

"The great difficulty," continued Mr. Trefalden, "is the largeness of the sum. It is comparatively easy to dispose of fifty, or a hundred, or even of five hundred thousand pounds; but nobody either wants to borrow, or could give security, for such a sum as four millions. Not that I should wish to see your all placed upon a single venture. Far from it. I would not advise such a step, though the Russian government were the borrower. But neither do I wish to spread your property over too large a surface. It is a course attended with great inconvenience and great expense. Do you quite follow me?"

"Not in the least," said Saxon, to whom the language of the money-market was about as intelligible as a cuneiform inscription.

"Well, you understand that your money ought to be invested?"

"I thought it was invested. It's in Drummond's bank."

"Not so. The bulk of your fortune consists of government stock; but a very considerable sum which I had expected to invest for you before now, and which, if you remember, we sold out of the funds when you first came to London, is temporarily deposited at Drummond's, where at present it brings you no interest. My object, however, is to do with this what I hope to do in time with the whole of your money—namely, invest it safely at a high rate of interest. By these means you will enjoy an ample income, but leave your capital untouched."

"Shall I, indeed?" said Saxon, struggling to conceal a yawn. "That is very curious."

"Not curious at all, if one even understands the first principles of banking. Have you no idea of what interest is?"

"Oh dear, yes," replied Saxon, briskly, "I know all about that. Greatorex explained it to me. Interest means two and a half per cent."

Mr. Trefalden shifted the position of his chair, and turned the lamp in such a manner that the light fell more fully on Saxon's face, and left his own in shadow.

"Two and a half per cent!" he repeated. "That was a very limited statement on the part of Mr. Greatorex. Interest may mean anything, from one per cent up to a hundred, or a hundred thousand. He cannot have offered that assertion as an explanation of general facts. Do you remember the conversation that led to it?"

"Not clearly; but he was talking very much as you have just been talking, and he said they would give me two and a half per cent at their bank, if I liked to put my money in it."

"Humph! and your reply?"

"I said you managed everything of that sort for me, and that I would ask you to see to it."

"Meaning, that you would ask me to transfer your money from Drummond's to Greatorex's?"

"If you please."

"Then I certainly do not please; and as long as you continue to attach the slightest value to my opinion, you will not place a penny in their hands."

Saxon looked aghast.

"Oh, but—but I promised," said he.

"Precisely what I expected to hear you say. I felt sure you had been trapped into a promise of some kind."

"I can't break my word," said Saxon, resolutely.

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't let you ruin yourself," he replied. "Greatorex and Greatorex are on the verge of bankruptcy; and I have private information which leads me to believe they must stop payment before the week is out."

The young man stared at him in silence. He neither knew what to say, nor what to think.

"And now," said his cousin, "tell me all that took place, as nearly as you can remember it. First of all, I suppose, Mr. Laurence Greatorex kindly volunteered to explain the interest system to you; and, having shown you how it was part of the business of a banker to pay interest on deposits, he proposed to take your money, and allow you two and a half per cent?"

Saxon nodded.

"You referred the proposition to me; and Mr. Greatorex was not best pleased to find that you relied so much upon my judgment."

"How do you know that?" exclaimed Saxon.

"He then enlarged on the dangers of high interest, and the troublesome nature of hard security; pointed out the advantages of the deposit system, and ended by extracting your promise for—how much?"

"Who can have told you all this?"

"Tell me first whether I am correct?"

"Word for word."

Mr. Trefalden leaned back in his chair and laughed—a little soft, satisfied laugh, like an audible smile.

"I have a familiar demon, Saxon," said he. "His name is Experience; and he tells me a great many more things than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But you have not yet answered my first question—how much?"

"He said it was a very bad plan to lock up one's money—'lock up' was the phrase, I am sure—and that I should find it so convenient to be able to draw out whenever I chose. And then—"

"And then you agreed with him, of course. Go on."

"And then he said he supposed I would not mind going to the extent of five hundred thousand with their house, and—"

"Five hundred thousand! Had he the incredible impudence to ask you for five hundred thousand?"

"Indeed, cousin William, it seemed to me, from the way in which he put it, that Mr. Greatorex had only my interest in view."

"How probable?"

"He said that it could make no difference to them; and that one person's thousands were no more to them, in the way of business, than another's."

"And you believed him?"

"Of course I believed him."

"And promised him the five hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

"Then it is a promise that will have to be broken, young man, that is all. Nay, don't look so unhappy. I will take all the burden from your shoulders. A lawyer can do these things easily enough, and offend no one. Besides, no man is bound to fling his money away with his eyes open. If you were to pay in that five hundred thousand pounds to-morrow morning, it would all be in the pockets of Sir Samuel's creditors before night. It would help the firm to stave off the evil day, and you would most likely get your two and a half per cent; but I know that you would never see one farthing of the principal again—and Laurence Greatorex knows that I know it."

"But—but I have not told you quite all yet," stammered Saxon, whose face had been getting graver and graver with every word that Mr. Trefalden uttered. "I have given him a cheque for half."

It was well for Mr. Trefalden that the shade fell on him where he sat, and concealed the storm that swept across his features at this announcement. It came and went like a swift shadow; but, practised master of himself as he was, he could no more have controlled the expression of his face at that moment than he could have controlled a thunder-cloud up in the heavens.

"You have given Mr. Greatorex a cheque for

To be continued.

COMFORT.

By ALICE CAREY.

"Boatman, boatman! my brain is wild—
As wild as the rainy seas;
My poor little child, my sweet little child
Is a corpse upon my knees

"No holy choir to sing so low—
No priest to kneel in prayer—
No tire-woman to help me sew
A cap for his golden hair."

Dropping his oars in the rainy sea,
The pious boatman cried,
"Not without Him, who is life to thee,
Could the little child have died.

"His grace the same, and the same His power
Demanding our love and trust,
Whether He makes of the dust a flower,
Or changes a flower to dust.

"On the land and the water, all in all—
The strength to be still or pray,
To blight the leaves in their time to fall,
Or light up the hills with May."

MY TRIP TO CACOUNA.

CROOKS, Jinks & Co. had hesitated some time when I laid before them my humble request for a three weeks' leave of absence, but their ingenuity failed to devise a satisfactory reason for refusing me, and they finally consented. My mind had dwelt on a trip to Cacouna so persistently for the last two weeks that a sight of that bleak summer resort was an event absolutely necessary to restore my thoughts to their proper channels again. Besides, several of my young lady acquaintances were already revelling in its cool breezes, and I looked forward to many pleasant flirtations with them. Full of the most delightful anticipations, therefore, I embarked on the "Montreal," and was soon steaming down the river.

Young Crooks had promised to accompany me, but his inexorable papa had packed him off to New York to see after some goods that had not come forward according to promise. Every one knows that travelling alone is not always very pleasant, and where one is in that peculiar state, when a second person is needed to share the overcharged feelings, the want of a friend is a serious evil; but although I scoured the boat from end to end for a companion, my search proved vain. I was beginning to get very lonely, when my eyes rested upon one who appeared to me the most enchanting creature that ever greeted mortal vision. She was sitting at the piano playing that most charming of waltzes "Her bright smile haunts me still," and as the liquid notes floated through the saloon, I almost felt transported to that visionary land which some imaginations have described as the abode of elfin beauty and happiness. Quite a number of the passengers had collected to listen to the music, and a buzz of admiration flew from lip to lip as she gracefully arose, and retreated to a lounge. She was unaccompanied by any one except a sour visaged old lady whom she addressed as Auntie, and who, no doubt, acted in the capacity of chaperone to the beautiful musician.

My worldly possessions are not extensive, but I would have given all, even the showy charm that adorned my watch guard, and which contained an infinitesimal lock of Anna Maria's hair, for the pleasure of her acquaintance. That desirable result achieved, I felt certain a fair share of good looks, and a persuasive tongue would go far towards ensuring me a deep conquest. I haunted her like a shadow, and made several attempts to attract her attention, but the cross-looking duenna returned my modest efforts with such threatening glances that I finally desisted, and retired to my stateroom. I threw myself on a berth, and in a few minutes was dreaming that my hopes were realized—that already the brown eyes grew softer, the smile more radiant in my presence.

I might have been asleep an hour when I was

suddenly awakened by some one shaking me, and the words, "Lizzie! Lizzie! where did you leave the light?"

I sprang to my feet, and recognized as well as the uncertain light would allow me, the form of the ogress who chaperoned the beautiful stranger. The next moment two or three piercing shrieks reverberated through the saloon, and a motley crowd flew to ascertain the cause. Here was a dilemma. The old lady in an excited state, and with a spasmodic scream between every word, pointing me out as a midnight burglar, who had invaded the sanctity of her room, and the passengers in all shades of costume vociferously advising an impromptu cold bath or a coating of tar.

I defended myself manfully against the base insinuations, and attempted to explain, but the crowd grew more and more violent until I was on the point of giving myself up for lost, when the fair Lizzie made her appearance.

"Oh, Auntie! hush—not another word," she exclaimed, taking the hysterical lady by the arm, and shaking her into a standing position; "you have made a great blunder. Our room is opposite, and you have subjected this gentleman to much inconvenience, but I hope he will," turning to me, "allow us in the morning an opportunity of expressing our regrets for this unfortunate occurrence."

I bowed low, and, dragging the repentant aunt with her, she disappeared.

The crowd sneaked away, and, re-entering my state-room, I locked the door. What had seemed an impossibility was within my reach. How could I regret an occurrence that opened an avenue for making the acquaintance of this charming young lady. Sleep was a stranger to me for the remainder of that night. I racked my brain to find suitable words to express my forgiveness, and built castles in the air without number.

A long time was expended at my toilet in the morning, but when I emerged from my room, I was, I flatter myself, irresistible. The boat had reached Quebec, and a great number of the passengers were making preparations to transfer themselves and luggage to the Magnet, which was moored alongside, when, smiling and radiant, Lizzie Hoster made her appearance. In the most artless manner she apologised for the unintentional mistake of the previous evening, and hoped it had not interfered with my night's rest. They were going to Cacouna for a few weeks, and how glad they were that it was also my destination.

The ice thus happily broken, I succeeded by a chivalrous offer to see after the transhipment of their baggage in installing myself securely in Miss Hoster's good graces. The time flew quickly as seated by her side I basked in her sunny smile and listened to her merry laugh. I was in love—desperately, in love—with her, and forgot completely the tender vows I had breathed into Anna Maria's ears but a week or two previous.

At Rivière du Loup, I secured the best conveyance, I could find to take us to our destination. It was but a lumbering affair at the best, but in her sweet company I could not find fault with the very primitive condition in which the intervening few miles were accomplished.

The reader may infer that at Cacouna the many young ladies who had the pleasure of my acquaintance were greatly astonished when they perceived that my attentions were wholly monopolized by Lizzie Hoster. The means of enjoying one's self were not many two years ago, but I exerted myself strenuously to provide amusements for her. She was fond of driving, and the services of every Jean-Baptiste who had a horse and cart for hire was brought into requisition to gratify her taste. Their exorbitant charges made fearful inroads into my half-year's salary, but I was amply repaid by the many smiles with which Lizzie rewarded my efforts.

Two weeks flew by, and I had had no opportunity of declaring my love. The trembling words had been on my lips several times, but ere they found an exit, something was sure to occur to distract our attention. The old aunt (by the way, how I detested her) seemed to make it her especial business to prevent such a disclosure, and it was therefore with a very small amount of grief indeed that I heard one evening that a severe cold confined her to her room. The favorable moment had come, and full of the most delightful anticipations

I hurried to grasp it. I had no doubt of the result, for in Lizzie's artless manner I had witnessed sufficient to convince me that she would listen favourably to my suit.

The door was closed when I reached the house, and the voices of two persons reached my ears. I could not distinguish the words, but one of the two was undoubtedly Lizzie. I did not stop to listen, however, but with the freedom of a lover I entered unannounced. A quick change of position ensued, but not before I had seen her head reclining affectionately on a masculine shoulder, and an arm belonging to the said masculine clasping her waist.

I stood petrified with astonishment, and alternately gazing at the startled pair, whose confusion would have been ludicrous in the extreme had I been merely a spectator instead of a sharer in the general amazement. Lizzie, however, was the first to recover her composure, and laughingly rebuked my boldness for interrupting so suddenly a delicious tête-à-tête.

"You see," she said pointing to the stranger, "this gentleman is my affianced husband. I have not seen him for several months, and it was natural that our meeting should be an affec—"

I waited to hear no more, but dashed out of the house. Her "affianced husband," and the deceitful coquette had never informed me that such a person was in existence. I felt desperate, but an hour's reflection cooled me, and the next morning I was on my way to Montreal. If Anna Maria was pleased at my return she no doubt went into ecstasies at the devoted attention bestowed upon her for the next few weeks.

Montreal, September, 1865.

G. H. H.

MAGGIE AND THE ALBUM.

HOW lovely!"

"Do you really think so?"

"Think so, Bob! How in the world can you ask such a question? Is it not beautiful? Are they not all surpassingly beautiful?"

"They look very pretty indeed. Will you step into the post office, Mag? I want to enquire about a letter."

Ungallant Bob! how could you have the heart to tear away your sweet Mag from that enchanting window of Worthington's, to enquire about a stupid letter? Dull fellow! could you not see why that pretty album looked so amazingly pretty in those pretty blue eyes of pretty Maggie's?

Deep down in Maggie's warm little heart,—so deep that no eyes, not even her own pretty blues, could catch a glimpse of it,—lay snugly and securely the life-like portrait of Bob. Was it strange, then, that she should covet—ay, covet, gentle reader—ono of those magnificent albums which Worthington has piled up in such a soundly tempting way in his window? Was it strange that she should wish to give Bob's portrait the place of honour in it? Maggie, though poor, was rich enough to buy an album; and Bob, why he was rich as a Jew,—so the world said,—and could buy a million albums, and yet both of them walked away from the dazzling window without the album.

Bob did not buy it because he was so wrapt up in his own self-importance that he would not "waste his precious time" thinking about such trifles, and indeed he was rather annoyed at Maggie for taking any notice of the window, or the albums it contained. Maggie did not buy it because she wanted it. This may seem paradoxical; it is true nevertheless. She wished to possess the album as much as ever she wished for a new dress. She left that window without the album as reluctantly as ever she left her milliner's without a bonnet that didn't please her mamma, and for which, of course, she would almost have—well, married a man she didn't like. She wouldn't buy the album, because she wanted to put Bob's portrait in it. The album would be a second heart to her; it would contain another likeness of Bob. How could she purchase a heart? No, no, it must be given to her, and by him.

Well, Bob and Mag stepped into the Post Office, he to enquire for the letter, and she to think about the album.

The English mail had arrived, and brought

with it a letter for Bob. There it lay, a large square business-letter, in box 27.—With the friendly assistance of the obliging box-clerk, Bob was soon in possession of the square business-letter. He did not examine the post-mark to learn what town or city it came from. The writing on the cover was sufficient. It was from Liverpool. It was from his father. Bob read the letter, closed it, and quietly remarked, "It's from my father, Mag; I must leave for England on Friday."

"Leave for England on Friday; leave for England on Friday."

What a strange place the Post Office appeared to Maggie. How strange looked Great St. James Street. How strange looked the St. Lawrence Hall over the way; and there was La Banque Jacques Cartier turning right over on top of the Hall; and there were the horses and carriages running over La Banque Jacques Cartier. All was buzz, buzz, buzz.

Poor Maggie, how could she have fallen in love with such a stupid, unfeeling fellow as Bob? There he stood, as unconcerned as a jurymen on a case of manslaughter, while the true and loving heart of that sweet creature by his side was almost rent in twain.

They passed out of the Post Office, and turned towards McGill Street, but almost as soon as they reached the pavement, a crowd of persons, all going to the Post Office to enquire about letters, brought them to a stand-still. Maggie looked up, and there was Worthington's window and the pretty album. She turned her eyes upon Bob, and Bob looked into those eyes, and he read thus,—or, if he didn't, his stupidity was unpardonable,—"Dearest Bob, will you get me that album?" and Bob was on the point of saying yes, when, glancing at the window, his eye caught the words, "BREACH OR PROMISE CASE," in neat gold letters on the back of a neat little book which stood side by side with the pretty album.

This decided prudent Bob. "A gift is strong collateral evidence," mused he, "I shan't commit myself." And so Bob and Maggie went away from the tempting window a second time, without the album.

On the first day of May, 1865, Bob was in the great commercial city of Liverpool, and closeted with his father, Robert Wisacre, the head of the richest Liverpool firm in the Colonial trade, the firm of Wisacre, Spendall & Co., of which Bob himself was the junior partner.

"It can't be possible," exclaimed Bob.

"It is true, you are a beggar boy," replied his father.

It was true Mr. Spendall had "left;" the firm was bankrupt, Bob was a beggar.

On the first day of May, 1865, Maggie was seated in a lawyer's office in Little St. James Street, Montreal. The lawyer was Mr. Philio Goodfellow.

"Impossible!" cried Maggie.

"It is quite true" replied Mr. Goodfellow, "you are an heiress, Miss."

It was true; Maggie's rich, eccentric old uncle had died, and left his "beloved niece, Maggie Somebody, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, Halifax currency." Maggie was a great heiress.

Turn up the *Gazette* of July 16th, and among the list of passengers by the Nova Scotian you will find the name of Robert (Bob) Wisacre. He had come out to wind up the Canadian accounts of his insolvent firm.

That same evening a little bird—it was Cupid's messenger—was seen hopping on the sill of a window through which could be seen the interior of a cosy little parlour of a house in St. Catherine Street. The tea-things were still on the table; one branch only of the handsome gasolier was lighted, and it was half turned off, its feeble blaze giving a dreamy appearance to the apartment. At one end of the parlour, with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece,—for the cosy little parlour is furnished with a mantel-piece,—stood a young and rather gentlemanly looking man; his face bore a thoughtful and slightly careworn expression, and as he stood there, looking earnestly down at his neat foot with his well-fitting, well-polished boot,—he presented the appearance of a man ill at ease with all the world, save and except his bootmaker.

By his side stood a lovely maiden of nineteen or twenty, or, perhaps, twenty-one. Her handsome young face was radiant with smiles—smiles peeping through the joyous tears which bathed her pretty eyes as the kindly sunbeam peeps through the April shower.

Within her delicate little hands she clasped the stout arm of her companion; her eyes were fixed steadfastly upon his face, and she seemed to read his features as though it were a book in which was written down her fate. She gazed upon his unchanging countenance as the mariner gazes upon the sky when the forked lightning flashes through the air, and the lowering clouds thunder forth tales of shipwreck, destruction and death.

At length she exclaimed:

"Oh! Bob, how glad I am to see you again. I have quite forgiven you for not buying that album at Worthington's."

"You never asked me to buy it," Bob replied.

"Never asked you to buy it!" and she looked straight into his eyes as though she would see his heart through them, "never asked you to buy it, Bob?"

Bob's eye gave away before her steady gaze; he looked straight down on the carpet, and appeared intent upon counting the number of threads to the square foot, or perhaps he was speculating on the colours used in dyeing it; he felt ashamed.

"It's no matter Bob, you will buy it now."

Bob raised his head quickly, looked straight at the lovely girl before him, and, with that honourable frankness peculiar to English merchants, exclaimed, "I cannot afford it, I am a beggar."

"A beggar, a beggar, THANK HEAVEN!" and she clasped her pretty hands, and looked upwards.

It is a strange instinct that prompts us all to look upwards when we offer thanks to the Almighty. Good or bad, religious or irreligious, Christian or heathen, we are unconsciously impelled to regard that which is above as the good and great, and that which is below as the bad and wicked.

"Bob, I am an heiress now."

"You are an heiress," cried Bob.

"Yes, Bob, my dear old uncle Jack died about two months ago, and left me two hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

Bob was silent.

"Bob, will you—will you—dear Bob, will you not speak to me?" and she laid her dainty little hand upon his shoulder.

"I am a beggar now," granted Bob.

"Oh, how can you say that, Bob, when I love you so dearly?"

"My father's a beggar."

"Oh! Bob, Bob, have pity on me, and ask me to—oh Bob," and she began to sob aloud.

Dear Miss Prude, gentle Miss Prude, kind Miss Prude, pretty Miss Prude, don't condemn poor Maggie overmuch. Please remember that when Bob was rich and herself poor she would not ask him to buy her an album of the value of a paltry pound; and if she all but asks him to marry her now, it is because their respective positions have undergone a very complete change. She is now heiress, and Bob is a beggar; so please, Miss Prude, don't be too severe on poor Maggie, or if you do, I'll never call you dear, gentle, kind and pretty any more.

And you, generous reader, you will not ask me to tell you the sequel of this little love scene: to lay it open to your gentle gaze would be sinful and cruel; suffice it to say that Miss Somebody is now Miss Nobody, or no Miss at all, and that the last mail from England, so says *The Trade Review*, brings the gratifying intelligence that the embarrassments of the old and respectable house of Wisacre, Spendall and Co., were only temporary; that they were caused by the withdrawal of Mr. Spendall from the concern, whose place is now filled by Somebody else, and that the affairs of the new firm of R. Wisacre and Son are in a highly satisfactory state.

W. B. C.

MISTRUST the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES ONLY.

AMONG Parisian novelties may be mentioned a singular "hurling costume." It is composed of plain sailor-blue casimere; the skirt and *casaque* are trimmed with large black velvet horseshoes, crossed with a branch of laurel. The horseshoes are nailed and edged with small steel beads, and still smaller beads are worked upon the laurel branches. The *casaque* is adjusted to the figure, at the back, and the revers in front appear as though they were fastened back with a steel horseshoe. A straw hat bound with black velvet, and a long blue veil, fastened at the side with a horseshoe, complete the costume. The *demi-saison* mantles are beginning to appear. They are very short, and they generally fit the figure, and are fastened with large balls of either jet, rock crystal, mother-of-pearl, or silver. These large balls are likewise used for decorating the *busques* at the back. A bow, composed of loops and ends of either black velvet or *noire* ribbon, is always fastened to the top of the centre of the back. Hats are worn taller than they were at the commencement of the season, and, when the crowns lengthen, the brims are always made round. The newest autumn hats are exactly like those worn during the Renaissance; they describe a Marie Antoinette point both at the front and back, and the sides are turned up. If made of straw, they are bound with velvet; but a great many felt hats have appeared lately in this form. Those require very little trimming; a tuft or a cockade of feathers, a bird, or simply a veil fastened at the side will suffice. When the veil is fastened at the side, a steel *agrafe*, a mother-of-pearl or jet butterfly, or a ribbon cockade, appears to hold the veil in its place. These *agrafes* are generally placed on the turned-up brim of the hat. A blue velvet cockade on a light gray felt with a *crêpe* veil of the same colour as the felt, forms a very lady-like travelling hat. Straw hats turned up with almond-coloured velvet, are also very fashionable for the same purpose. Although morning dresses are conspicuous for their simplicity, the same cannot be said of evening *toilettes* which are as rich and costly as it is possible to make them. This is the season of the year when French ladies wear light silk evening dresses. Light pink, blue, lilac, straw, and especially white silks are now in great request; they must be fresh and tastily trimmed, and the quality must be irreproachable, and then they are considered the thing for a ball. Slight silks appear to be going out of favour. The greatest novelties in silks are striped, with a shaded border, the same colour as the stripe, round the edge of the skirt. For young ladies the trimmings are very simple; a plain skirt, a narrow *berthe*, edged with silk fringe, tipped with either small jet or pearl beads, a long sash at the back cut from the same piece as the dress, and fringed to match the *berthe*, is the most appropriate make.

ANECDOTE OF GOETHE.—The celebrated poet was once sent to the Prussian head-quarters as a commissary for Weimar,—a tall, handsome man, always dressed in court suit, powdered, with a hair-bag and dress-word, who looked like a minister. Goethe was only a 'fellow' in the sight of the old Prussian Junkers. An old corpulent major, who marched with his battalion into Weimar, joined a party at a wine-house. A young officer asked him whether he had good quarters. "Well, well, decent. I am with one Goethe or Gothe.—deuce take me if I know the fellow's name.—Ah it must be the celebrated Gothe.—It may be so; yes, it may be. I felt the fellow's teeth, and he seems to me to have flies in his head."

The story reminds us of the military man who passed through Weimar at the time of Goethe's funeral, and said afterwards, "A certain Herr von Goethe was being buried. They really made as much noise about it as if the man had been a major."

TO BE WELL BELOVED.—If we are loved by those around us, we can bear the hostility of all the rest of the world, just as, if we are before a warm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the polar regions.

SINGULAR WILLS.

A HUNDRED odd fancies and conceits, illustrative of the truth of the foreign dictum, that "England is the home of eccentricity," are constantly appearing in English wills.

"I also request that my executors have engraven on a plate on a tombstone, 'To the memory of Thomas B., gentleman, for several years an officer in the P. Volunteers, and steward to many gentlemen in the county. He was a man respected and beloved.'"

There is a will, duly attested and proved, scribbled on the back of a publican's card, in the following terms:—"Dear Polly, wan i have gon, hall i av belongs to you, my dear Polly."

Another, the testamentary disposition of a devoted stenographer, is written in short hand and contained in a little box. Whilst a third is contained in these three words, "All to wife."

Here is the will of Monica Swiney, widow, who was of so Ovidian a turn of mind that even her will ran into rhyme—

For this I never will repent, 'Tis my last will and testament, If much or little, nay, my all, I give my brother, Matthew Gail.

John Hodges, whose will was proved July 13, 1847, also indulged in a poetical vein as follows:

This 5th day of May, Being airy and gay, To Lipp not inclined, But of vigorous mind, And my body in health,

These extraordinary directions occur in the will of a surgeon, R.N., proved in 18—

"Dear Molly,—When I die you must keep my body eight or nine days, until it begins to get putrid. A plain coffin, without any ornaments or name upon it.

"Get some hay, put it into the coffin, one of my sheets over it—my night-cap put on my head. Enclose my body in one of my sheets, and then you must send my coffin and one of your carts at ten o'clock at night.

"Yours affectionately, R. W."

The head of a turtle, for some time after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensations. An Irishman decapitated one, and afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit with violence.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

1. I have one dollar to divide amongst a number of lads. Some receive 3/4d. each, the balance 7/4d. I manage to divide the dollar exactly between them. How many lads were there, and what number received 3/4d., and what number 7/4d?

2. A farmer has \$100 which he wishes to lay out in turkeys at 50c. each; sheep at \$3 each, and cows at \$10 each, and to buy such a number of each kind as to get in all just one hundred for his hundred dollars. How many of each must he buy?

3. Put four fires in such a manner that they shall make 64.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. Apollo pushed Pan into the Egean sea, When he came out what was he? 2. Why is a drunken man like a medium? 3. If the roofless walls of a building could speak, what historical characters would they be likely to name?

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- 1. OSSSPES. To hold. 2. UAAFYRRRDDSEEA. A welcome guest. 3. AAHVOS. A town in Canada. 4. TLLAAFERW. May be either natural or artificial.

CHARADES.

'Twas night, and o'er the tented field A solemn silence fell, Save when the weary sentinel Proclaimed that all was well.

'Tis early morn, and through the camp The trumpet loudly calls; When, lo! a flag of truce is raised Upon the city's walls.

He rides within the victors' lines— But bent with care and sorrow— And stipulates that he'll resign The vanquished place to-morrow.

RIDDLE.

I much am prized by all mankind, With most a ready welcome find, Yet, strange to say—oft, when they meet me, My so-called friends quite coolly cut me;

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, &c. No. 4.

PUZZLES.

- 1. Colenso. 2. Mrs. Smith, 14 eggs; Betsy Jones, 10.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 1. Because it is the grub which makes the butter fly. 2. Riddle. 3. Because it supports everything by its beams, and 4. Because it possesses only one organ.

RIDDLES.

- 1. Because he is generally leaf. 2. A M.P. 3. Because it is always lightning. 4. Because you play at chess with two bishops, and at cards with four knaves. 5. Because he is a simple ton (simpleton). 6. Time.

RHYME WANTED.

ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Saturday Reader. 2. Toronto. 3. Trade Review. 4. O stop eat. 5. I stir men. 6. Lo men dig. 7. The law. 8. Best in prayer. 9. Partial men. 11. Keep a crow. 12. Can I lead on.

CHARADES.

- 1. Hum-bug. 2. Pur-chase.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Prussia. 2. Spain. 3. Flute. 4. Fowl. 5. Flint.

PROBLEMS.

1. In one day A does 1/4 and B 1/5 of the work; therefore both together, in one day, would do 3/20 of it.

Hence, as 1/20 : 1 : : 1.5 1/3 days, the time required.

2. There a=104, the 32nd power of which is 3,508,059. Dividing 1 by this, we get 0.286-058; the difference between which and 1, is 0.714-249; and by dividing this 0.04, we obtain 17,87356, which is the present value of £1 of the annuity. Multiplying it by 75, we get £1340 10s. 4d., the required price.

3. Time 60 2/3 seconds. Distance the bare ran, 490 yards.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Puzzles.—1st, H. H. V.; 2nd, Chas. H. H.; W. G.

Conundrums.—All, H. H. V.; W. G.; 1st and 2nd, Jano P.

Riddles.—1st and 4th, W. G.; 6th, H. H. V.; A. N.; W. P.

Anagrams.—1st, 2nd, 3rd, Alice B.; E. P.; D. H.; 2nd, 7th, 9th, W. G.; H. H. V.; 3rd, Martinus Scriblerus.

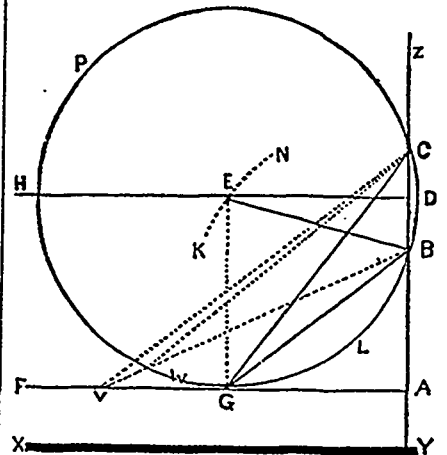
Rhyme Wanted.—W. O.; H. T.; Alfred C.

Charades.—1st, Martinus Scriblerus; W. O.; 2nd, Alice B.

Decapitations.—All, W. G.; E. P.; Alice B. Problems.—1st, J. P.; Henry C.; 2nd, Student; A. H. R.; (J. P., you have mistaken the question;) 3, Henry C.; Student.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 1. No 3.

Solved and demonstrated by F. H. Andrews.



Let XY represent the ground line. At the point Y raise the indefinite perpendicular YZ. Mark off YA=5 feet; also YB=95, and BO=12 feet. Next, through the point A draw AF indefinitely, and parallel to YX. Bisect BO in D, and through D draw DH indefinitely, and parallel to YX or AF.

At the point B, with the distance DA, describe the arc KN, cutting DH in I. Drop the perpendicular IG, and AG is the required distance. Join CG and BG, and the angle CGB is the maximum angle. For, if not, suppose a larger angle to be found at any other point, as V. Then at I, as a centre with the distance IB or IG, describe the circle GLBCP. Next, join OV and BV, and from the point W, where BV cuts the circle, draw the line CW.

Now the angle CWB is equal to angle CGB, being in the same segment of the circle, but it is larger than the interior and opposite angle CVW. The angle CGB may in some way be proved to be the greatest possible, if the required point be supposed to be between the points G and A.

For arithmetical calculation of distance GA (or ID). Subtract square of (DB) half the statue, from the square of IB or (AB+BD) and extract the root of the remainder for the answer. From the above diagram, the measure of the maximum angle (CGB) may be readily found, being demonstrably equal to the angle DIB.

Problem 3, No. 3, J. P. Solution received too late to be inserted in last number.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wolf.—We have read your manuscript, but cannot insert it in its present form. It is not without merit, but the story would read better if cut down to about half its present length, as too much prominence is given to details which are uninteresting to the reader. We throw out this hint for your guidance in the future contributions you promise us. Do you wish the MSS. returned?

Bella.—It is not pleasant to write disagreeable things to a lady, but editors are sometimes compelled to do so. "O'er the Glad Waters" is not suitable for the Reader.

Telegraph.—We believe that serious suspicions were entertained by several gentlemen on board the Great Eastern, that the injuries to the cable were not the result of accident, but design. It is stated that special care will be taken to guard against any malicious attempts to injure the cable about to be manufactured.

Martinez Scriblerus.—Don't you think "you was" would exercise the schoolmaster? The other is good but too generally known. Thanks.

John S.—If the statements in your paper are correct, perhaps some of our contemporaries across the lines, ready to do battle with the prevailing vices of the day, would publish it. We return the MSS. as we prefer to believe that none of our readers are amenable to the strictures it contains.

J. T. S.—Many thanks—shall be glad to hear from you again.

Soto.—As above.

D. P. D.—We are glad to find that our young friends are interested in the Reader. Keep on "trying a little," and please forward the "good one" you promise.

Con.—We do not care to publish articles of the style you forwarded. Our friends should emulate the healthy tone and vigorous style of the writers for the best English periodicals, rather than the insipid sentimentalism which is the stock in trade of so many journals published on this continent. You can if you choose forward the other article indicated, but we will not promise to insert it.

Geo. b.—The answers will be acknowledged in the proper place. We shall probably make use of "Soret" shortly.

X. Much obliged; such pages are very acceptable.

G. H. I.—We will look over the article again, but fear it is not sufficiently interesting for publication.

R. S.—We admit at once the importance of any suggestions which may lead men to greater earnestness in the examination of their own faith, rather than that of their neighbours; we also think that an enlightened liberality should be exercised in discussing the views of others, but it does not seem to us that these lessons are clearly brought out in the allegory sent. We confess, however to some difficulty in deciphering the MSS.

H. W., Guelph.—Probably in about six weeks.

Student.—Perseverance is all that is necessary.

Ellen T.—We must refer you to the notice respecting back numbers.

Masonic.—Yes. Please forward us the circulars regularly. The Secretaries of the various Lodges can aid us materially.

George H.—Advertise in the daily papers.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A piece of cold charcoal laid upon a burn is said to instantly subdue the pain.

Another New Planet.—No. 84 has been discovered by Dr. Luther, director of the observatory at Bilk, near Düsseldorf. It was first seen at half-past nine on August 25th, on which day, at 10h. 46m. 28s. Bilk mean time its A. R. was 323° 37' 49.1", and its declination N.—14° 20' 47.1".

Gunpowder.—Captain Schultze, of the Prussian Artillery, has patented a new kind of gunpowder, which possesses some remarkable peculiarities. It consists principally of wood reduced by a very ingenious process to very minute cylinders or grains, deprived of all their constituents other

than cellulose, and steeped in a solution of nitrate of potash and nitrate of barytes. The explosive effect of this new powder is stated to be as great as that of gun-cotton, while it does not possess the great disadvantages of the latter substance.

A Dwarf Engine.—One of the most curious articles of an exhibition, now being held in England, is a steam-engine and boiler, in miniature, and described as the "smallest steam-engine in the world." It stands scarcely two inches in height, and is covered with a glass shade. The fly-wheel is made of gold, with steel arms, and makes seven thousand revolutions per minute. The engine and boiler are fastened together with thirty-eight miniature screws and bolts, the whole weighing fourteen grains, or under one quarter of an ounce. The manufacturer says that the evaporation of six drops of water will drive the engine eight minutes. This dwarf piece of mechanism is designed and made by a clock manufacturer in Horsforth, England.

Beetle Trap.—A correspondent has sent us the following:—"I have caught a thousand beetles by placing a common white ginger-beer bottle, with a small quantity of ginger-beer in it, against the wall, or in a corner of the kitchen, in a slanting direction."

To Improve the Quality of Tea.—A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee, before hot water is put upon it, it will yield double the amount of exhilarating qualities. Another writer says that "if a piece of lump sugar, the size of a walnut, is put into the teapot, you will make the tea infuse in one-half the time."

Mahmud Bey, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, has issued an interesting treatise as to the date of the building of the Pyramids, tracing their connexion with Sirius, the dogstar. The late Viceroy, said Pasha, ordered him to work out this problem. He found the measurement of the largest to be 231 metres at the base, and 146.40 from the ground to the apex. Hence it follows, that the sides are at an angle 51° 45'. Mahmud Bey found that the angles of the other three pyramids, near Memphis, were on an average inclination of 52°. The fact that the sides of these monuments are placed exactly true to the four points of the compass, seemed to point to some connexion with the stars, and Mahmud Bey found Sirius send his rays nearly vertically upon the south side, when passing the meridian of Ghizeh. He then found on calculating back the exact positions the stars occupied in past centuries, that the rays of Sirius were exactly vertical to the south side of the Great Pyramid, 3,300 B.C. Sirius was dedicated to the god Sothis or Toth Anubis, and hence the astronomer deduces that the Pyramids were built about 3,300 B.C.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Why does a soldier wear a red coat?—To keep him warm.

The young lady who was fired with indignation, had her feelings damped by disappointment, and was afterwards put out about a trifle.

Wanted to Know.—If the ministerial organs in this city resemble those built by Warren?

If the man who threw light on a dark subject was fatigued by the exercise?

Of what kind of food the German Diet consists?

If the Diet of Worms is often served up at Dolly's?

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Ad-age.—To grow old.

A-diew.—A Hebrew.

Ad-mirc.—To get dirtier.

Al-lot.—A great deal.

Bagg-age.—The age of a bag.

Break-fast.—To break quickly.

Brig-ade.—Success for a brig.

The Advantage of Long Hair.—"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman to a dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they cannot see your ears."

A Signer Seer, on horseback meeting a lad not far from Edinburgh, asked him, "Am I half way to Edinburgh?" "Please sir," said the boy, "I dinna ken where ye cam' frae."

An old bachelor gives the following as a toast:—"The ladies, the only endurable aristocracy, who rule without laws, judge without jury, decide without appeal, and are never in the wrong."

At an evening party a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Jerrold, who was looking on, and said, "Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that elderly lady?" "One of the humane society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

On the door of the parish church, not a hundred miles from Montreal, was recently affixed the following notice:—"The churchwardens will hold their quarterly meeting every six weeks, instead of half-yearly, as formerly."

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the treacher, to Mark Supple. "I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it; for it would ruin him in a week."

A Guarded Answer.—In the Registration Court, Cupar Fife, a man was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and, with much emphasis, said, "My Lord, he's gone."—"Gone! gone!" said the sheriff, "where is he gone?"—"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman; "but he's dead."

The Freedmen's Bureau.—An aged female darkey is said to have presented herself at a certain office, when the following dialogue took place:—

Old Woman.—"Is dis de Freedmen's Bureau place?"

Answer.—"It is. What will you have?"

Old Woman.—"I wants my bureau, too. Ise told that all the freed folks is 'titled to one. I don't want to be put off with a little washstand, but I wants a big bureau, and a looking-glass tu it."

Our informant left without learning the result.

Admiral Lord Howe, when a captain was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning, exclaimed, "You need not, sir, be afraid, the fire is extinguished."—"Afraid!" exclaimed Howe, "what do you mean by that, sir! I never was afraid in my life;" and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, how does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? I need not ask how he looks."

Woman's Voice.—"The voice of women, gentlemen," said a swaggering individual, in an argument, "the voice of woman, no matter how much some of you may be inclined to sneer at the sentiment, exercises a soothing, an inspiring, a hallowing influence upon the ear of man; comforts him in affliction, encourages him in dismay, and banishes from his mind all these troubles which, when she is absent, conspire to sink him into the depths of despondency."—"Tom! you rascal!" exclaimed his wife, at this instant bursting into the room, "come home, you loitering scamp, and leave these worthless fellows to themselves. Oh! when I get you at home, won't you catch it!"

Many proverbs admit of contradiction, as witness the following:—"The more the merrier." Not so—one hand is enough in a purse. "It is a long way to the bottom of the sea." Not so—it is but a stone's cast. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so—a ring has none, for it is round.

A Jew called on to justify bail in the Court of Common Pleas, the opening counsel thus examined him:—"What is your name?"—"Jacob." "What are you?"—"General dealer." "Do you keep a shop?"—"No." "How, then, do you dispose of your goods?"—"To the best advantage, my good fellow."