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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 26.

FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 3, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

CONTENTS.

OUR UNDERTAKING.
LOGOMACHY.
BRITISH AMERICAN
LITERATURE.
QUEBEC LITERARY AND
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
LITERARY GOSSIP.
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.
THE FAMILY HONOUR.
LONDON FIRES.
THREE EPOCHS (Poetry).
EMILIE VERNON.
BULL-FIGHTING IN
VENEZUELA.

TO A FRIEND ON HER
BIRTHDAY (Poetry).
THE GYPSIES' SONG
(Poetry.)
KATTIE AND THE DEIL.
IN JEOPARDY.
CAROLINEAL DISTRESS.
PASTIMS.
CHESS.
TO CORRESPONDENTS.
HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

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

By Mrs. J. V. NOEL.

OUR UNDERTAKING.

THE present number completes the first volume of the READER. Six months ago, after much hesitation and many doubts, the first number of our paper was offered to the public. Although feeling then that a periodical of the class we proposed to publish was an acknowledged want in Canada, we had still before us the grim warning which the fate of our predecessors furnished. Since the *Literary Garland*, published for several years by Mr. John Lovell, was discontinued, no purely literary paper, although several have appeared, had succeeded in gaining any hold upon the affections of the public. One by one they had been issued—had dragged on for a brief space an unappreciated existence—and then ignominiously died the death. Our own experience convinces us that they failed,—not because Canadians were unprepared to sustain a Canadian literary paper—but because the conductors of the several journals were unhappy in their efforts to cater for the public. They did not interest any large class of readers in their success; in fact, they failed to meet the wants of the public, and consequently were allowed to pass away, with but here and there a feeble expression of regret.

Although the READER is not yet all we desire it should be, nor all we hope to make it, still we are able to say that its success, so far, has exceeded our most sanguine anticipations. It is now established on a firm basis, and we pledge ourselves that no effort shall be wanting on our part to make it an ever-welcome guest at the family fireside. We desire to extend our circulation beyond the cities and towns, and to reach the people. Our hope is that our paper will find its way into thousands of the homes of our brave, toiling backwoodsmen, and there cheer the hardy "bone and sinew" of our country with its weekly feast of good things. It has ever been our aim that the moral tone of the SATURDAY READER should be unexceptionable, and that the articles admitted into its columns should be healthy, varied and interesting—mingling with the more substantial and thoughtful papers a good proportion of light and pleasant reading.

We felt that it was only by giving prominence to fiction that we could hope to displace the class

of American periodicals that have so long deluged Canada. We must fight the enemy with his own weapons, but with this difference—the temper of our steel should be purer. The heroes who walk across our mimic stage should not be gentlemen who delight in the sensational—belauded scoundrels who revel in murder and seduction—but creations of a purer fancy, living in a purer atmosphere. And we may add that, although our labours have extended over but six short months, still we have been frequently gratified by receiving warm commendations, and expressions of sympathy with our efforts, from all parts of Canada. We do not think the SATURDAY READER could pass away without leaving a void that would be felt.

And now a word or two as to the future. We do not propose changing to any extent either the character or arrangement of the READER. To some departments we hope to give greater prominence; and in this connexion we may state that it is our intention to devote more space to music and musical items. We hope to place this department of our paper under the care of a gentleman whose name alone will be a sufficient guarantee that whatever is done will be well done. In fiction we think we have a goodly feast prepared. Next week we shall commence the publication of a tale, entitled: "How I made Money in Wall Street, and how I Married." It will extend through about six numbers of the READER; and we direct the special attention of our friends to this tale, as perhaps the best of the shorter tales we have yet offered to them. "The Secret of Stanley Hall" will be completed in our next issue, and in number twenty-eight we shall give the first instalment of one of Paul Ferval's celebrated novels, entitled: "The Two Wives of the King." A translation of this work is being specially prepared for the READER by a gentleman in every way competent to do justice to the original. "The Two Wives of the King" is a historical romance of the 13th century—of surpassing interest—and like Sir Walter Scott's historical novels, will be found to throw much light upon the manners and customs of the far away and little understood age of which it treats. Short tales and sketches, either original, or selected from the best English publications, will be given in each number of the READER; and carefully written articles upon political or literary subjects will be prepared by the editorial staff.

We cannot conclude this article without expressing our sincere thanks to numerous friends, who have voluntarily come forward to render us their assistance in carrying on our work. Most of them are personally unknown to the Editor, many of them, as represented in their contributions, have become frequent and welcome visitors to his sanctum. It is probable that he may never enjoy the opportunity of thanking many of them face to face, yet at least in imagination he can—and gladly does—extend to one and all the right hand of fellowship. Fellowship in sentiment and fellowship in effort.

LOGOMACHY.

WORD fighting has brought plenty of grist to the printer's mill, or rather must have well nigh exhausted the stock of many a paper mill. So much pamphletting by learned Deans and Dons has it provoked; so many pleaders, special and general, has it retained on behalf of the Queen's English, so many "pros and cons" in re letter "h" in humble and hospital, that it is high time the printers, publishers, postmasters, and paper manufacturers of Canada should share in a profit hitherto monopolised by their brethren of like craft in London and Edinburgh. "Good Words" told us some two years ago that the number of letters received on this subject well nigh "overwhelmed the editor." Such was the flood of ink poured into his sanctum; the interference of the Royal Humane Society seemed requisite to save him from actual drowning. The annual overflow of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa, and the spring "freshets" of Canada scarcely bring more work to the plate layers and navvies of the Grand Trunk Railway, than did this literary flood to the printer's devils and proof readers of Edinburgh—with this substantial difference that while the Canadian flood lessened the railroad traffic and receipts, this flood of correspondence increased the circulation of magazines and pamphlets and repaid all the actual cost three-fold.

We were just going to write "Now to begin," but we forgot where we were. In Canada we must drop the Anglo-Saxon "begin," and out of respect to the first settlers of our Province, use the French word "commence." "When at Rome, do as Rome," is a motto drilled into every schoolboy; and we should be despising its moral if we uttered the word "begin" in Canada, much more if we deliberately wrote it. It may be fairly questioned if any boy educated in a common school in Canada ever heard of another word having the same meaning as "commence." If the Bible translation had been left to Canadian divines, the first three words would not have been "in the beginning," but "in the commencement." Everything commences, nothing begins. No one perhaps can find actual fault with "commence," but why invariably use eight letters of the alphabet, when five would suffice. "Brevis esse laboro" is utterly set at naught, when mamma says, "now baby don't commence to cry," when "don't cry" is all that is requisite; and cooks tell their mistresses "the water is commencing to boil," when "on the boil" would suffice. These are no far-fetched instances of the useless introduction of this mouthful of a word, for I have not only been told "that horse will commence to kick," instead of simply "he will kick," but actually that a man in *extremis* would "commence to die" unless a doctor was fetched.

Whether the letter H should or should not be sounded in "hospital" and "humble" is, after all, it seems a vexed question, but perhaps it is not too much to say whoever drops the aspirate in either of these words, does so at the peril of being set down as "pedantic" which Johnson defines to be "awkwardly ostentatious of learning." Canada, as a rule, is far in advance of England in pronunciation generally, and especially in the correct use of the aspirate. This is one of the first things that strikes the ear of the new arriver from the old country. Let any American or Canadian travel through England from John O'Groat's house to the Land's End, and he will be fruitfully puzzled by its numerous provincialisms, as station after station, the name of each is intended to be hallooed out, to prevent the passengers from overrunning their respective journeys. There is scarcely one he can recognise, until after a severe study of his "Bradshaw," he

finds out that "Ampton" means Wolverhampton, that "Caster" means Doncaster or Lancaster, and at his journey's end, that "Lunnon" means London. Now there is nothing so slovenly as this on the Grand Trunk; the names of all the stations are intelligibly sounded from Sarnia to Toronto, and Toronto to Montreal, if we except "Vaudreuil," and certainly that is a puzzler. No slight acquaintance with French caught at school, and renewed by an occasional trip to Paris would ever help you, and you would never dream of "Foudroy," meaning "Vaudreuil" any more than the *habitant* in Bonsecour's market would believe you wanted to buy his potatoes if you asked for "Pommes de terre" instead of "Patates."

An English cockney, too, just set down in Canada does not get on well, until he mends his elocution. We recollect a conceited individual who had just landed as he said from the "Hango Saxon," who thought no small beer of himself, and therefore asked for a "glass of hail." The puzzled look of the sprightly hostess of a country inn was a good subject for Wilkie. We had half a mind to tell her to fetch some iced water, as the nearest approach to "hail" that could be suggested, when her husband, formerly a White-chapel butcher, came to the rescue, and quickly brought a foaming glass of beer, remarking that Lachino beer was equal to "Lunnon hail." He had not quite forgotten all his own cockneyism, but our new acquaintance soon floored him, with "Do you know where I could find a 'Collage Horny,' with a nice little farm attached?" After a considerable ransacking of our brains we guessed he meant *cottage ornée*, and we guessed right. Alas! a plain shanty was the real want, and the cockney and his *cottage horny* came to grief for lack of funds to keep up his notion of cheap colonial life.

It would be easy to deal with words coined in America, but the subject is rather trite, nor do such words as "Goaleadateness" and the like take deep root in Canada; most of them are already weeded out of our vocabulary, and, now the reciprocity treaty is at an end, we would take every newspaper heavily that used them. Word-making is nevertheless a trade, and if we may judge by the advertisers, the demand exceeds the supply. The poets who write for Warren's blacking, or for Moses in the Minorities, have in the long run been remunerated as well as was the poet laureate by the publishers of "Cornhill." The renowned George Robins, the immortal knight of the hammer, it was stated, employed a double first class man to compose his advertisements—many of which are worthy of preservation as "curiosities of literature;" they were unique and inimitable—take for instance the description of Fonthill Abbey printed as an introduction to the particulars of the sale of that magnificent property. It was the best specimen of advertising ever issued before or since, and proved so successful that it was used as a precedent for similar sales ever after. These poets were also entrusted with the manufacture of new words for quack medicines; and Rowland paid handsomely for his famous word "Kalydor," which has proved an inimitable trademark for upwards of fifty years. The ingredients may have been imitated, but the name could not be, and that was just what was wanted. Almost all other trade words are mongrels half Greek, half Latin, with some French and English compounds, but a classic can find no fault with "Kalydor." What would he say to "Hydropult," manufactured to mean "an engine to throw water?" The word-coiner had "catapult" probably in his head, which is "an engine anciently used to throw stones." But as catapults is a Latin word, he did not help himself by affixing a bit of Greek. Probably he thought a catapult was "an engine to throw cats," and he might just as well have said "waterpult" at once. Then we have Eccaleobions, "I call out life," Antigrapelos "skin against wet," the North American Penetanguishene "shifting sand," "Tyndinaga," "Orilia," &c., being just as intelligible and far more euphonious. Then we have compounds of French and Latin to please your fair readers, "sanslectum crinolines," and "pompadour japons, and a host of others, clos-

ing with "opponax," which used to mean "a stinking gum with an acrid taste," now advertised as a modern perfume.

If we are to have new words, let us make them of dry well-seasoned material from the dead languages, as "viaduct," a word admissible anywhere; and yet only co-eval with railroad engineering, at any rate unknown to Johnson. But when we go to living language, we make a mongrel, take "reliable" for instance. How the press, the legislature, and the clergy came to countenance this word (and in Canada they all have), we know not—it was not wanted. Of course by "reliable" is meant "worthy of reliance," just as by "pitiable" is meant "worthy of pity," but there is no substantive *rely* but *reliance*, and it should be "relianceable." Admit "reliable," and a litter of mongrels would soon follow, as "defiable," "repliable," &c., &c.

The Saturday Readers will begin to say:

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;"

just as if Shakespere had a contempt for words and names. At all events, this hackneyed quotation is often used for that end. The reverse is the fact. Upon the force of names (and names are but words), upon "Montague and Capulet" hangs the whole drama of Romeo and Juliet.

BLASÉ.

BRITISH AMERICAN LITERATURE.

We understand that the Rev. J. D. B. has been for some time engaged in an extensive and useful work, the idea of which was originated some years ago by the highest of our Lower Canadian educationists—viz., "The Battles of the World in Ancient and Modern Times," arranged in alphabetical order, and forming a dictionary of reliable information, drawn in *extenso* from the best of histories and despatches. It is also intended to give a chronological appendix of the battles and principal events connected with the different countries of the ancient and modern world. The book will consist of at least 500 pages, and be clearly printed and neatly bound.

PROFESSOR BELL, F.G.S., the able young Canadian geologist, of Queen's College, Kingston, is preparing for the press a scientific treatise on petroleum, having special reference to Canada.

MR. FENERTY, of Sackville, Nova Scotia, has in contemplation the publication of a collection of his miscellaneous pieces in verse; and L'ABBE CASGRAIN, of Quebec, who has already made important contributions to our rising and growing literature, is engaged in writing a life of the late Mr. F. X. GARNEAU, the historian of Canada.

QUEBEC LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Society, the following gentlemen were elected to conduct the business of the Society for 1866:—

President—E. D. Ashe, Esq., Capt. R.N.
Vice-Presidents—Rev. J. Douglas, Wm. Jas. Anderson, Esq., M.D., James M. Lemoine, Esq., and Hector Fabre, Esq.

Treasurer—Henry Fry, Esq.
Corresponding Secretary—W. D. Campbell, Esq.

Council Secretary—C. L. J. Fitzgerald, Esq.
Librarian—J. W. Cook, Esq.
Curator of Museum—S. Sturton, Esq.
Curator of Apparatus—Theophile Bedard, Esq.
Additional Members of Council—C. G. Holt, Esq., Jas. Stevenson, Esq., Thelesphore Fournier, Esq., and Dr. Marsden.

Assistant Secretary—Wm. Couper.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Temple Bar has, we understand, been sold to Mr. Bentley for the sum of £2,500 sterling.

Yet another translation of Homer. It is said that King Otho is employing his leisure in translating the Iliad.

A New Weekly Journal, similar in character to the *Field*, has just made its appearance in London. It is entitled "Land and Water: a Journal of Field Sports," and the department of Fisheries and practical Natural History will be conducted by Mr. Frank Buckland.

We see it stated that a vast collection of letters, notes, and memoranda, said to fill 10 chests, illustrative of the literary life and labours of Walter Savage Landor, has been handed over to Mr. John Forster as the materials from which to write the poet's life.

A London publishing firm has been recently trying to prevail on the Poet Laureate to permit the introduction into England of the American editions of his works, alleging as a reason that they are quite as well if not better printed, and that they are so very much cheaper, than the English editions. Another reason adduced for their introduction there, we believe, was the desirability of circulating Mr. Tennyson's writings amongst the working classes. Notwithstanding these representations, the Laureate has declined to permit American reprints of his poems to circulate in England.

Mr. Charles Knight is about to re-issue, in cheap weekly numbers, his excellent "English Cyclopædia." It is to commence with the division of "Arts and Sciences," and will be followed immediately by "Biography," "Geography," and "Natural History;" all increased in value by means of supplements now being prepared. We read in the prospectus:—"To the members of mechanics' and literary and scientific institutions, working men's clubs, and other associations for the purchase and common use of otherwise inaccessible works of research and reference, this mode of re-issue seems particularly well adapted; whilst there are, doubtless many individuals who, unable to pay large sums at once, would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity, by easy payments at short intervals, of possessing so useful and extensive a work as "The English Cyclopædia."

An enterprising dealer in London announces a volume elegantly "got up," with beautiful vignette monograms, colored engravings, etc., entitled "Essay and Essence," containing a poem, "Odor of Hybla; or, Floral Sprites," and says that "the volume, besides its literary and artistic attractions, contains within it a casket of new and choice perfumes appropriately called "Floral Sprites." This is an unusual combination of the intellectual with the material, but not altogether an unpleasant one.

An "Annotated Book of Common Prayer" is announced for speedy publication in London. It is to be produced on an enlarged scale of critical research and comment, more thorough than any previous work of the kind, and worthy of the present state of liturgical knowledge, useful alike to the clergy and the laity. It is edited by the Rev. John Blunt, assisted by various writers of eminence. It will be carefully printed from the "Sealed Book." The original texts of all parts that have been derived from ancient sources, both Latin and old English, will be set side by side with the English of the Prayer Book. It will also contain historical ritual and expository foot-notes, separate essays on important subjects, historical introductions to each division of the Prayer Book, and illustrations of the last revision from the MSS. of Bishop Cosin and Archbishop Sancroft.

The Irish "Literary Man" has come with other things to the surface, during the Fenian trials in Dublin. The chief of these, named O'Keefe, put in a plea for mitigation of punishment, on the ground that he only wrote what he could get paid for, and he was especially paid for asserting that the country was oppressed and discontented. Further, this projector of a republic complained that the Government did not interfere with the Fenian press, and prevent the writers getting into trouble, by a process of *warnings*, such as are employed by the Imperial Government of France. To an advocate of the liberty of the press, this complaint assumes a comic aspect. We must add, that the *Dublin Evening Mail* properly protests against O'Keefe being considered as a type of the "Literary Man" in Ireland.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Just published, this day, "The Biglow Papers. By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Just published, Second edition of "The Advocate" a novel. By Charles Heavey, author of "Saul," "Jephthah's Daughter," &c. Cheap Paper Cover edition, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.25; Gilt, \$1.60. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. By Professor C. Piazzi Smyth F.R.S.S.L. & E. &c. With Photograph, Map, and Plates. London edition, \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words, for February. Price 12½ cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine, for February. Price 16 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Millais's Illustrations. A collection of eighty beautiful engravings on wood. By John Everett Millais, R.A. 1 vol., large 4to. London: Strahan & Co. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Shepherd and His Flock; or, The Keeper of Israel and the Sheep of his Pasture. By J. H. McDuff, D.D. 12mo. \$1.00. Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 St. James Street.
- The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millais. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumtre, M.A., London. 16mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice. Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. 12mo. A new English Edition. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Angels' Song. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 32mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "Do Profoundly," &c., with eighty-four Illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The North-west Passage by Land. Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Viscount Mitton, M.P., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Cheddle, M.A., M.D., Cantab, F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Pether and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully Illustrated. \$5.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for 1865. In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous Illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Sunday Magazine for 1865. One large octavo volume with numerous Illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jamieson. The Complete Works of Mrs. Jamieson in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Life of Lord Palmerston. With an account of his Death and Funeral. London. Routledges. 1865. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Student's English Dictionary. One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1865. \$2.63.
- Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Robertson. Sermons and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monroeth. 12mo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Kingsley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," etc. 12mo. pp. iv., 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half Calf Extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward. "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic Illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c.
- This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50.
- The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,
Wholesale and Retail Album Depot,
30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. DALFOUR.

Continued from page 389.

CHAPTER XXVII. MYSIE'S DESTINATION.

"Yes, yes, we know his weapon
Plays about that low-roofed house
Free and familiar as the light of day."
AMERICAN.

We left Burke craftily eyeing Mr. Hope, while he was no match for his visitor in cunning, was depressed in spirit by prolonged anxiety on Norry's account, and felt, as the conscientious officer do, inclined to blame himself for all that had happened unfortunately. Neither was the good man entirely free from suspicions as to Burke. He listened to the specious words repeated often—

"All I want is the children's good."
"It may be so, but I don't know, Mr. Burke, that I do right in allowing your interference until I know more."

"Are you then prepared, my gude sir, to take the responsibility of the lassie—the sister, and also of the brother, when he turns up? and that'll be soon enough, I warrant, when I'm on his track. I'm not, like you, in a sick room thinking; I'm about everywhere. I am acting, sir, and that's worth all the thinking. I'll soon drop upon my young sprig, and no mistake. But I was saying, Mr. Hope, are ye prepared to reject all assistance, and take the responsibilities on yourself, eh? or would you like to give them both up entirely?"

"I certainly should not do that without the fullest knowledge of the right of the parties who claimed them."

"Well, ye'll not be asked, I'll venture to say." Mr. Hope, as the man spoke, revolved again the whole matter. He could not undertake the charge involved in the future education and care of the children; not even of one. However he might rally, it would not be to health. He should be, he feared, a sore tax on the energies of his daughter. Never had he felt the bitterness of poverty more than now that this man sat before him, relentlessly pressing his alternative, saying, with an implied taunt—

"Oh, does you like; but remember, you prevent the girl getting education, and the boy a profession—that's all."

"I would prevent neither, but further both," said Mr. Hope, wearily.

"Then may I ask what you have done as to inquiries about a school for the young lady?"

Mr. Hope pointed to a little pile of slips of paper, advertisements copied out of the papers, and several open letters on the table, adding—

"These would have been decided on, but for the distress and confusion we have been in about Norman."

"Well, now I know all the particulars, I'll take upon myself all further search; and suppose that now, my gude sir, ye just vent over the letters and chose?"

"My daughter prefers this," said Mr. Hope, handing the circular of a lady near Winchester, "because the school is kept by a relation of Miss Webb's, and also because it is just possible that Marian may go into the neighbourhood sometimes—that is, if she accompanies her new pupil into Hampshire. The family have an estate there."

"Hampshire!" muttered Burke; "as well there as anywhere. Then decide, Mr. Hope; the schules are gathering sun. I say, Decide: Elmescroft, near Winchester, is—I'll answer for it—healthy. Decide at once, or may be you'll have another runaway."

A tap at the door told of Mysie's approach. She entered, with her face all aglow with excitement, and a letter in her hand, directed in the well-known hand-writing of a friend of Norry's.

Every incident was eagerly caught at in the hope of supplying some clue to the whereabouts of the fugitive.

Mr. Hope tore it open with trembling fingers. It contained only a few lines of invitation to some juvenile gathering, and was, in its careless ease and manifest ignorance of all that had happened, so jarring to Mr. Hope's feeling, that he threw it down with a hopeless sigh, and Mysie proved her disappointment by bursting into tears.

Burke looked at them with a sneer, and soon after left, with the understanding that Mysie, on the 18th of January, would be sent to Elmescroft. One little incident occurred just before his departure.

Mysie, who attended him to the door, paused a moment in the passage, and said, looking full at him—

"Pray, sir, did you know my parents?"
The directness of the question, and the earnest gaze of her innocent eyes, disconcerted the man. He hesitated a moment, and then said—

"No—o, miss! Why?"
"Oh, nothing, only I'm glad of it."
With a relieved look, as if she could not bear to recognize him as their friend, she opened the door, and he departed.

CHAPTER XXVIII. ALLAN AND GERTRUDE.

"Young Is she, scarcely passed from childhood's years,
With grave, soft face, where thoughts and smiles
May play,
And, unalarmed by guilty aims or fears,
Serene as meadow flowers may meet the day."
JOHN STIRLING.

"How is it, little Truc, that you are so altered?" said Allan Austwick, leaning over the back of his sister's chair, as they found themselves alone one morning in the drawing-room of Wilton Place, shortly after the funeral of their cousin, De Lacy.

"Tell me, how is it?"
To this question the young lady, who was seated at an embroidery frame, and apparently closely occupied with watching wools, replied by another question—

"Am I altered, Allan? How?"
"Why, you're melancholy. You used to be a jolly little thing, always laughing, and saying or doing something to make others laugh; but either Aunt Honor's illness, or Aunt Honor in a normal state, which may well be, for, I'm sure, she bothers me—"

"Allan, Allan!"
"Or," he continued, not heeding the interruption, "our being now at the top of the Austwick tree—which is no such grand elevation, after all—has changed you into the gravest little mumblechoo thing."

"Well, I've not being able to help thinking how sad and strange was the death of poor De Lacy. It seems to me every day sadder that we should in a manner seem to rejoice, or—"

"As to rejoicing, we were all shocked at his death, and never, I'm sure, during his or his father's life time grudged them their rights. But we young ones did not know them, neither did manana; and as to Paterfamilias, you would not have him to mourn over a nephew he was estranged from, as to be unmindful of the interests of his own children. You are romantic, little Truc."

"I am thoughtful."
"And it does not become you. A little insect like you should be bright and fluttering; then you are delightful. And do you know, I think that Miss Hope, who went out just as I came in, is just a little too grave."

"Poor Marian! she has a sick father; and tomorrow she parts from one who has been as a sister—an only sister—to her. Is there so much love in the world, Allan, that we should be angry with her sadness? I like her the better for it."

"What do you know of the world, little wise-acre? It's a very good world, as far as I see. Books and tutors, short holidays and shorter cash, have been my greatest troubles, so far; and they're not likely to be over these three years."

"You think, then, when you're of age, all your troubles will end?"

"I'm not such a noodle; but it's something to be reckoned a man, particularly when one feels oneself to be one for so many years beforehand."

A merry laugh rang out from Gertrude in answer to her brother, who joined heartily in it, saying—

"That's right; I wanted to hear your laugh again; and now I've something to tell you. I'm to read with Mr. Nugent for a year, and then hurrah for Oxford!"

"What, the clergyman of Wicke Church?" Allan nodded.

Gertrude continued—
"Aunt Honor does not like him."

"What's that got to do with it if the Pater and I like him? We saw a great deal of him at the Chaco these last few days. He dined with us frequently."

"And, pray, is he a mere jovial—"

"No, Truo; I should not like him if he were. I am, I know, as you sometimes superciliously call me, a rattlepate, a lazy-bones, and all sorts of disparaging names, but I know what a clergyman should be; and it's because this one is a good man, and a ripe scholar—one whom I can respect—that I like him. There's a grave speech for you, Truo."

"You're my dear, good brother; and you're not the less to be a wise man, and a great lawyer in the good times coming, because, as Aunt Honor would say, you're now the heir of Austwicke."

"The old girl will be disappointed if she thinks I'm going to be like her fox-hunting father, and the heavy old graziers and Nimrods before him. No, no. Austwicke acres are all very well to plant one's foot on; but I must stretch my head into another region, Truo. Only I wish—I do wish—I could stick at work alone, but I can't; though, fortunately, young Griesbach is to come to Austwicke, and read at the Parsonage. He's a decent fellow. I've had a long confab with our Pater this morning, and that's the upshot; and when our lady mother has done all her junketing and shopping, and is tired with London, then, Truo, we shall all assemble in the old Hall and be merry."

"Mamma said she disliked the Hall."

"Ah! it's very different when a place is your own; besides, there's to be no end of improvements. There's a strong detachment of workmen there transmogrifying already."

"And Aunt Honor's rooms?"

"They're still to be hers, of course. I heard my father give orders that, unless she desired it, no change was to be made; but he means to alter the wing next to the east porch, so as to detach her rooms, and make them like a separate house. Two queens would be as maddening as two moons, little Truo; so it's all arranged."

"And will papa be very rich? I thought Aunt Honor always sighed over the estate, and said it was—what do you call it?—encumbered."

"Not very rich, Truo; and the big legal word you have uttered signifies the truth as to the Austwicke lands, estates, hereditaments, &c., &c.; but it so happens there's a railway to be made through those particularly fertile heaths and glens in Scotland that were mamma's dower; and that which hitherto never produced anything but a crop of stones, will yield a harvest of guineas; and so, child, the bleak, hard, cold north will be made to fertilise the sunny south. There's many such miracles now-a-days. It's a romantic age."

"Now, Allan, that's absurd. Romance died out with chivalry; now, it's all matter of fact."

"No such thing, Truo. No flying griffin or pushing unicorn, of the old times, was anything like such an animal as the fire-eating, steam-snorting horse of our days; and as to seven-league boots and enchanters, why they're awfully slow, compared with our slogs over the iron road, and our words along the wire. Why, St. George himself, and his dragon to boot, was nothing to George Stephenson! No, no, girl. The wonderful—that is the romantic—never ceases."

"Really, Allan, this is too bad," said an angry voice. "I've been sending after you everywhere. I thought you would call at the Pentreals, and I've been waiting as long as I decently could there for you; and here you are idling away your time with Gertrude."

Mrs. Basil Austwicke it was who spoke. She had come in, tired and a little cross, from a round of morning calls. Her son, Allan, whose handsome person and merry humour made him a general favourite, was more than ever an object of importance in his mother's eyes now that the sun of prosperity had risen on the family. She liked, whenever he was at home, to have him as her escort; for though scarcely eighteen, he looked some two or three years older, and she had quite the full amount of maternal pride in him. "My son Allen" was in quite a different tone from the

contemptuous pity of the words, "That poor, little, tiny Truo."

Indeed, if Allan's charge had been really true—that his sister was becoming melancholy, it could scarcely be wondered at; for the tone of disparagement was daily becoming more marked since the changes in the family prospects. Mrs. Austwicke would have liked to have had growing up a stately daughter, who embodied her own ideas of beauty. She was just the mere worldling that would have angled in the matrimonial market for a good match. Her theory was, that daughters well managed and catered for, far more than sons, strengthened the family interest, and gave a mother great personal influence. And here she was disappointed. Gertrude was so *petite*, she looked a mere child, and the other children were sons, whose education would cost, to use her own vague phraseology, "no one knew what." To be sure, they were all well-grown, comely boys, the heir especially. Allan was certainly a prize, though a little crotchety and wayward, and with rather dangerous ideas of generosity, and so forth; but she had nothing really to object to him. He satisfied her pride, though not enough to compensate for her annoyance in Gertrude. Whether Mrs. Austwicke had taken more pains to hide her chagrin, not to call it dislike, when her daughter was younger, or that Gertrude, as she grew out of childhood, being singularly sensitive and observant, had penetrated her mother's shallow heart and found herself depreciated, certain it was that this winter the poor girl's spirits had been greatly weighed down. A mother's love is such a priceless blessing, that it must be a cold heart which can easily dispense with it; and Gertrude was formed to love and be loved. In her childhood her parents were to her an ideal to be cherished with all tender reverence; it was a slow and most painful process that had removed the illusion as to her mother, and given her a blank instead. Her father was an active man, of necessity devoted to his professional pursuits. His time for relaxation was very brief; and though Gertrude clung tenaciously to the belief that he at all events loved her, she had seen but little of him. In their vacation rambles and continental trips they had rarely taken her. She had been transferred from Miss Morris, the nursery governess's care, to a school; and this winter was the first for many years that she had been at home, and had realised, to her bitter grief, that she was unloved by her mother, and that the tenderness of her father and aunt for her was shadowed by some disappointment. Her brother Allan alone—yes, one other, a recent friend, Marian Hope—gave her, she felt, an appreciative, and not a pitying love. "Why, oh! why, does not my mother love me so?" was the secret plaint of the little, tender heart.

How hard had she toiled to make herself worthy of parental love; and she had the consciousness that she had gained mental—yes, and, in all humility she might say, spiritual growth in thus striving. But she had failed in her filial hope. Her talents were faintly commended as a kind of inadequate compensation, or smiled at as an eccentricity, while her religious feelings, so far as they were known to Mrs. Austwicke, were disapproved.

"Gertrude is likely to be peculiar enough with her dwarfish stature. She needn't be making herself out a saint," was the sarcastic sentence uttered in her hearing—thrown at her rather than spoken to her. If it had not been for the secret sustaining power of a spirit soothed by reliance on a never-failing love, Gertrude knew she must have become peevish and petulant, or utterly cast down under her trials. As it was, she was able to struggle against angry or jealous feelings, to pray for a patient, truthful, gentle spirit. And if something of the gay carelessness of childhood had departed, and the tears she shed in secret had a little dimmed the laughing ray in her lambent eyes, yet she was cheerful, active, sympathetic, and her influence in the house was felt by all, none the less that it was unseen and unacknowledged.

Marian Hope came, as we have seen, prepared to love Gertrude; but she had no idea how thoroughly she would esteem and admire her: how

completely their natures would blend and make them friends. Marian, trained in the school of positive adversity, had not known the sorrows that had tried Gertrude in the midst of apparent prosperity. For Marian had been beloved in her lowly home; yet for that very reason she was quick to discern and to feel Gertrude's hidden trouble. Not that a word had been spoken between them on the subject. Both were unlike the ordinary class of suddenly-confiding, demonstrative young girls. To no mortal ear would Gertrude have breathed a complaint of her mother. Even in her prayers she asked to be taught how worthily to win the love she coveted. And Marian, silent about her own home troubles, in obedience to her father, understood that reserve did not cause interplay of sympathy. It is only shallow natures that reveal all.

Marian, though she did not actually blame herself, never ceased to regret the part that she had in Norry's flight. As day followed day, and there were no tidings, her anxiety settled into a deep sorrow. When she bade farewell to Mysie, who was duly sent to Elmscroft, there was a sting in their parting, for neither ventured to name the youth who was scarcely less a brother to Marian than to his sister—but they both thought of him: both felt that the old home had been broken up and scattered.

Indeed, this feeling, as the spring advanced, was so present to Mr. Hope, that he wished to leave a place which constantly reminded him of the boy whom he had loved so tenderly, and been deserted by, as he thought so ungratefully.

But we will reserve for the present our notice of Mr. Hope's change of abode.

CHAPTER XXIX. GOING AWAY.

"Say, shall my troubles cease,
In this little home of peace?
Shall I, like the brooding dove
Nestle in a home of love?"

We left Miss Austwicke the inmate of a sick chamber, to which it was supposed the shock of her nephew Do Lacy's sudden death had consigned her. She, however, knew that it was the perplexity and harass of mind into which she had been plunged by the deathbed confession of her brother Wilfred, and the temptations that she had yielded to. In the obliquities into which she had strayed, she thought never presented itself to her mind that nothing would have been easier than to have told the truth; that a few words to the lawyer, at Captain Austwicke's funeral, would have prevented all that had followed, and done the tardy justice that the dead father contemplated on behalf of his children. All tampering with truth, whether by suppression or addition, has this effect: it tends to confuse the moral perceptions. On her sick bed Miss Austwicke kept saying to herself—

"How could I possibly know that this would happen: that Do Lacy would be drowned, and Basil come into the estate? I never meant to defraud these wretched orphans of Wilfred's—certainly not; I meant to do them a service. Am I not, as it is, actually impoverishing myself for them?"

Of course, also, it seemed to her the most fitting that her brother Basil and his son, "that dear, handsome Allan, whom every one admired," should inherit. In the confused chancery of her mind, whatever the law might say, the present succession seemed equitable, and she half-excused her sister-in-law's sarcastic saying:—

"I did not think, Honoria, that you were so very fond of Do Lacy, or that his father had been so particularly grateful for your attention to him in years gone by, that you should exactly have fretted yourself ill about him. I should have supposed that one brother and one nephew were as much to you as another."

To which Miss Austwicke answered, with unwonted gentleness—

"It was the shock, nothing else, made me ill. I congratulated Basil and you; and wish that the estate was less encumbered."

"Oh, as to that, my property in the North will pay off the most pressing mortgages, and help Mr. Austwicke in his improvements," said the lady, with intense satisfaction; and then, of course,

the explanation followed about the sale of land for the new railway, and some little sentimentalism was appended—

"The old house, dear Glowor O'er, and the grounds, the place where my youth passed, must go; but there, it's no use grieving."

"Grieving! certainly not. You will have a fine English estate. You know the Austwicko property is—"

"Oh, I know, my dear Honoria, it has been in the family since the flood, of course; but I can't stay now."

And it was as well abruptly to end the conversation, for once let Miss Austwicko get on the topic of family antiquity, and both time and temper of all hearers would be sure to be heavily taxed.

However, if her sister-in-law irritated her, she was soothed by her brother. He came to her room as soon as she could sit up, and told her all the particulars about De Lacy's fate and funeral. Thence he diverged into the history of his plans at Chance Hall; how he meant to make an opening to the inner quadrangle, where the stables were, and build an arch to connect the eastern wing, under which would be the door to the range of apartments Miss Austwicko inhabited; these would retain their contiguity, and yet be partially detached, so that, as he said—

"You can have your own establishment, and see as much or as little of us as you like, Honor."

"Thank you, brother, thank you very much; it is most considerate of you. I've been so used to live alone, that society troubles me. I shall like my old quarters. And yet Gertrude—poor little thing—I could not part with her, if she will give me a little of her time. Miss Hope, too, I trust, will come down with the family. She is, I think, indispensable to our little True."

"Well, the little puss has been coaxing me for that cottage near the river—by the boat-house, I mean—for Miss Hope's father. It's a mere toy of a place; he might as well have it as to let it go to decay. The gardener's people all live at the other end of the grounds, and, as they attend to the boat-house, it will displace no one."

"It's the very thing, Basil."

"And there's only father and daughter of those Hopes," he resumed; "no other encumbrances, I'm told."

"No, no," faltered Miss Austwicko, her heart beating quickly, and adding, rather unnecessarily—

"They took pupils, I believe, but have parted from them."

"You're very weak still, Honor; you must take care of yourself a long time yet, I fancy."

He looked rather earnestly at her as he spoke.

"Oh! the Austwicko air will soon restore me. It's London makes me ill. London never did agree with me. You're going. Good-bye, Basil, and thanks."

As her brother left the room there was actually something self-laudatory in the thoughts of Miss Austwicko.

"It would have been dreadful," she argued, "to have deprived Basil of the estate. I'd suffer any anxiety, do anything, rather than see him deprived of it now De Lacy, poor fellow, is gone."

Then her mind reverted to the man Burke. She thought, with peculiar satisfaction, of his utter ignorance of the legality of that marriage. That shameful deed of her brother's, which, when she first heard of its concealment, had made her almost turn from him with indignation on his dying bed, now assumed a very different aspect. Her former integrity had no deeper basis than the creed of worldly honour. Christian principle was, in reality, unknown to her; and now that the trial had come, her vaunted pride degenerated into meanness, her honour was laid in the dust.

(To be continued.)

"WHAT A-KURD MAY OCCUR AGAIN."—We see a story-book advertised, bearing the title "Mehemet the Kurd." It will doubtless prove a welcome addition to our somewhat scanty knowledge of the manners and customs of the semi-Turkish, semi-Persian region in which the scene is laid. In fact we expect it will tell us all about the country—its *Kurds and Ways*.

LONDON FIRES.

THERE is good reason why the 'devouring element' (as newspaper writers call it) should so often reign supreme in the neighbourhood of the London wharves and docks. Let the visitor ferret out for himself, and he will see what there is to feed the flames there. Passing the London Bridge station, which has been in course of building and enlarging for these thirty years, and is not finished yet, he will plunge at once into Tooley Street. But Tooley Street is for the main part a street of shops, not more likely to catch fire, nor more likely to burn quickly when they do catch, than similar houses elsewhere. The little crooked turnings out of Tooley Street, the streets beyond it towards the east, and those between it and the river, are those which contain the warehouses, bonded stores, and wharfs towards which the fire-engines are so often summoned in haste. The timber docks and wharfs are down further east but the region round about the streets and wharfs above named is crammed with wholesale stores of valuable things to an extent almost incredible. Here is a granary-keeper, then an Irish provision-merchant, then a wharfinger, then an alum-dealer, then a lead-merchant; just at hand are ham-factors, cheese-agents, paper-agents, tarpaulin-dealers, oil and colour merchants, seed and hop dealers, ship-biscuit bakers, shunc-dealers, drug-merchants, sail-makers, tallow-merchants, sack-manufacturers, rice-mills, flour-factors, chicory-manufacturers, and other storekeepers, literally 'too numerous to mention.' Besides the establishments which contain certain definite kinds of merchandise, the general wharfs, as the great commission and deposit warehouses are usually designated, are filled from cellar to roof, over acres of area and in numerous ranges of stories, with goods from every clime under heaven—mostly deposited here until the merchant finds the state of the market suitable for sales, or (in the case of bonded warehouses) until he finds it convenient to pay the customs' duty.

Now, imagine a fire to burst forth in such a district. What a temptation to the flames to lick up all around them! The streets are so narrow that galleries run across to connect huge granaries on the one side, with equally huge granaries on the other. The corn in thousands or perhaps millions of bushels parches up, and charra and burns; the flour clogs together, making a hideous kind of dough when the water from the fire-engines mixes with the heat from the flames, and smells like overbaked bread. The cheese in the provision-stores becomes toasted cheese of a most unwelcome kind; the butter melts out of the casks, and the lard out of the skins, and feed the flames; the bacon and ham frizzle in their own fat; the tongues send out an effluvia still more offensive, from having less fat to frizzle in. In the tallow-stores, the white enemy melts out of the casks in such quantity as to form literally pools of tallow in the lower ranges of warehouses, which give forth a body of flame most difficult to deal with. The vast stores of oil and turpentine, of camphire and petroleum, are still more rapid in their destructive propensities. The gunpowder stored thereabouts may possibly not be very large in quantity; but two of the ingredients, saltpetre and sulphur, are in immense store, ready to give forth their thunderous reports and lurid flames on the smallest provocation. The drugs and chemicals, the dyes and colours, are exceedingly numerous in kind; and as many of them are highly inflammable, they do not fail to take their part in the dread display of fireworks, especially as some of them give forth vivid colours, and others brilliant sparks, when burning. The atmosphere is sometimes filled with a strange medley of odours, that would singly, and in other circumstances, be pleasant—coffee, cocoa, chocolate, mace, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, perfumes, all burning at once. Then, ginger and pepper, rice and sago, mustard and salt, macaroni and vermicelli, liquorice, jams, preserves, pickles, sweetmeats, dates, figs, raisins, currants, all tend to produce that strange compound of colours and odours so often noticeable at a Tooley Street fire. We once stood upon a heap of half-charred flour,

still hot underneath, with this indescribable conglomerate of smells around us, on the *forty-ninth* day after the breaking out of the greatest of these fires—so long continued is the smouldering of some of the commodities thus heaped up in incalculable quantities.

When Southwark was a pleasant country suburb, to which Londoners were wont to take boat across the water, to see the bull-baiting and bear-baiting at the small theatres thereabouts, there were, of course, no very large stores of merchandize in the district—London north of the Thames being then not too crowded to warehouse its own goods; consequently, the fires in bygone centuries were not largely associated with warehouses and granaries. There was one in 1212, in the reign of King John, by far the most awful fire ever recorded in the annals of the country, not for the property, but for the human life sacrificed. The fire broke out at the Southwark end of the London Bridge of those days. The bridge had a double row of houses from end to end; and there happened to be some pageant or show, which caused the bridge to be crowded with people at the time. The flames leaped along from one wooden house to another, caught both ends of the bridge, and enclosed a crowd of frightened persons between them. Maddened by the obstacles at both ends, the surging multitude pressed those before them into the very flames, and all was wild horror. "There came to their aid," says Stow, "many ships and vessels, into which the multitude so unadvisedly rushed, that the ships were thereby sunk, and they all perished. It was said, through the fire and shipwreck, there were destroyed about three thousand persons, whose bodies were found in part or half burned, besides those who were wholly burned to ashes, and could not be found."

One of the fires which affected the strange jumble of houses on the bridge, rather than those on the south side of the river, was that of 1632 (or, as we should now call it 1633, for the year began on Lady Day in those times). A maid-servant "set fire to a tub of hot sea-coal ashes under a pair of stairs," in the house of one Mr. Briggs, a needle maker on the bridge. During one night, the fire consumed all the buildings from the north end of the bridge southwards, until forty-two were in ruins. Water being very scarce, and the Thames nearly frozen over, the fire continued smouldering in the cellars and underground rooms, (if such there could be on a bridge) for a whole week. Wallington the Puritan, a friend of Prynne and Bastwick, speaking of this fire, said: "All the conduits near were opened, and the pipes that carried the water through the streets were cut open, and the water swept down with brooms with help enough; but it was the will of God: it would not prevail. For the three engines' (fire engines had been only just then introduced), 'which are such excellent things that nothing that ever was devised could do so much good, yet none of them did prosper, for they were all broken, and the tide was very low that they could get no water, and the pipes that were cut yielded but little. Some ladders were broke to the hurt of many; for several had their legges broke, some their armes; and some their ribes, and many lost their lives.' The names of seventeen shopkeepers on the bridge, mostly in the mercery line, are recorded as among those who suffered by this fire.

The most celebrated of all fires in England, the fire of London beyond all comparison—that which, in 1666, filled up the cup of horror which had almost overflowed during the plague-year of 1665—did not immediately touch the south side of the river. Evelyn, in his *Diary*, describes in vivid language what he saw when he crossed the river to Bankside some hours after the fire commenced: "The whole city was in dreadful flames near the waterside; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapside, and down to the three Cranes, were now consumed. The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about) after a dreadful manner, conspiring with a fierce east wind in a very dry season, I went on foot to the same place, and saw the whole of the south part of the city burning. Here we saw the

Thames crowded with goods, floating all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as on the other side the carts carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewn with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof! All the sky was of fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles thereabout. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking, and thunder of impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day." Such was the fire which swept away everything that covered 436 acres of ground, including 89 churches and 13,200 houses.

There was a fire in Southwark in 1676, that brought down sixty houses; and another in 1725, commencing near St. Olave's Church, which also swept away sixty houses, and reduced to a tottering state the "Traitors' Gate," which in those days spanned the south end of London Bridge. It was, however, towards the end of the last century that the great warehouses began to be built, which have fed the flames so profusely. The year 1780 witnessed a fire at Horsleydown that speedily lapped in its embrace granaries, provision-warehouses, ships' stores, boat-houses, cordage and sails, lighters and barges, and a ship under repair. Eleven years afterwards, in 1791, Rotherhithe lost several vessels and sixty houses by a great conflagration. In 1814, a fire broke out at some mustard-mills near St. Saviour's Church, on a Sunday evening. London Bridge was thronged with spectators, in carriages and on foot; and as night came on, they saw all the buildings on the north bank of the river magnificently lighted up by the reflection of flames from an extensive range of warehouses; and boats so thickly studded the river that "the water could hardly be seen." Corn, flour, and hops were destroyed to a vast amount. In 1820, nearly sixty houses, besides warehouses and vessels, were consumed during a great fire at Rotherhithe. The year 1836 was marked by that vast conflagration at Fenning's Wharf, not far from London Bridge, which consumed warehouses and merchandise to the value of L.250,000. There came, in 1851, a fire that swept away L.50,000 worth of property in Tooley Street; and afterwards, in the same year, another that figured for L.150,000. In these fires, hops (Southwark is the head-quarters of the hop-trade) were consumed in enormous quantity; and in one of them, at Humphrey's Wharf, it was only by flooding whole acres of premises for several days that the flames could be kept away from enormous stores of butter, cheese, and bacon. In 1852, a fire took place at Rotherhithe, the flames from which, fed by corn, casks, boats, and timber, sent up a glare into the sky to such a height as to be visible all the way from Gravesend in the east to Windsor in the west. A rope-factory at Bermondsey in 1854; four large warehouses at Bermondsey wall in 1855; a provision dépôt at Rotherhithe in 1856, containing millions of bottles of ale, wine, and beer, intended for the Crimea; a flour-mill at Shad Thames, containing L.100,000 of stock, in the same year; cooperages and paper-warehouses, in 1860—all went. At the Bermondsey Wall fire, in 1854, after thousands of quarters of corn had been burnt, five thousands barrels of tar, tallow, and oil burst, smoke flamed, and flowed out into the street in a liquid blaze. At Hartloy's Wharf, in 1860, a two-days' fire burned two great blocks of warehouses, crammed with grain, hops, bacon, cheese, butter, oil, lard, seeds, feathers, jute, and wool, to the value of L.200,000.

The great fire of 1861 was far the most disastrous, in regard to the value of the property destroyed, ever known in Southwark, and had had few parallels in any part of the metropolis since the great event of Charles II.'s reign. How it burst out at four in the afternoon on the longest day; how it spread to eight large warehouses in two hours; how the firemen in vain attempted to stop it; how it leaped across an opening, and caught another stack of warehouses—this was known half over London before bedtime. And then Mr. Braidwood, the able and courageous man who had formed the Fire Brigade thirty years before, and had managed it ever since: how deep was the regret when the news spread abroad that a tottering wall had fallen upon him and killed him! And what a night followed! London Bridge was choked with spectators all night; the avenues by the side of the steam-packet piers, Billingsgate, and the Custom-house, on the other side of the river, were equally thronged; and a heat and smoke, accompanied by that strange mixture of odours which we have already noticed, almost insufferable, were wafted across the river. The Dépôt Wharf caught, then Chamberlain's Wharf, and then Messrs. Irons' granary. Then, several schooners laden with oil, tar, and tallow were seized hold of by the flames; and in a few minutes the Thames was literally on fire along a space a quarter of a mile long by a hundred yards broad, hemming in and greatly imperiling some boatmen who ventured thither to see what they could pick up. The wind saved old St. Olave's Church from ignition; but the same wind carried destruction successively to several wharfs. By three o'clock on Sunday morning, the firemen, who fought on bravely, though deprived of their chief, were able to mark out the probable limit beyond which the flames would not extend; and they were right. But, oh, the time that it took to consume all that those valuable warehouses contained! There were thousands of casks of tallow; and the inflammable substance, melting out from the casks, flowed into cellars, lanes, and open quadrangles, where some of it was speedily licked up by flames, while the rest was deluged with water from the powerful steam fire-engines. After seven days of burning, a new explosion and a new burst of flame showed how far the conflagration was from being ended. There was a depth of two feet of melted palm-oil and tallow, covering the whole floor of nine vaults, each a hundred feet long by twenty wide; and this immense quantity all went to feed the flames. Before the last heap of ruin was cold, there had been consumed, 23,000 bales of cotton, 300 tons of olive-oil, 30,000 packages of tea, 2000 packages of bacon, 900 tons of sugar, 400 cases of castor-oil, 9000 casks of tallow (this was the terrible item), and stores of other merchandise almost incredible in quantity. The total loss did not fall far short of L.2,000,000. And yet all has been rebuilt—larger, higher, stronger, handsomer, and fuller than ever.

One of the most noticeable features in connection with these great fires is the power which the insurance companies manifest of bearing up against the consequences. A loss varying from one hundred thousand to two millions of pounds suddenly occurs, and those on whom the blow mainly falls scarcely stagger under it. They make what they can of the salvage or damaged wreck of buildings and merchandise, and give cheques on their bankers for the remainder. The truth is, that the companies rather like these things once now and then. A rush of new insurers always comes immediately after a great fire, largely increasing the receipt of steady annual premiums, and more than compensating for the sudden outlay in reference to the fire that produced the rush.

Tobacco—The only weed which people go through the trouble of burning for no useful purpose.

Emigration—One country's draft upon another.

Coal—A letter of credit written with a needle upon broadcloth.

Theatre—A homoeopathic hospital, where small doses of society are given to cure society.

Jokey—A few drops on the leaves of imagination.

THREE EPOCHS.

ALONE at night! Alone at night!
With candle dimly burning,
In brooding thought I sit depressed,
O'er many a lost hope mourning.
Of such mornings long ago,
When radiant was the sky,
And glad I met the morning's smile
With cloudless brow and eye.
I felt the world a paradise—
The flowers were wondrous fair;
The mountain's blue beyond the town
Seemed painted on the air.
Along the path the hawthorn bloom'd
By Bennett's glancing river;
Ah me! ah me! who walked with me
Is lost to me for ever!

Old ocean! how I loved your wave,
Its wild tumultuous roar—
When western gales blow high the spray
On Barna's rocky shore.
To see the hills of distant Clare,
Or Arran's guardian isles,
Half hid in stormy mist and cloud
Or lit in summer's smiles.
And all the scenes that memory wakes
Of that old storied city,
Where Walter Lyuch grim justice did,
Unmoved by human pity!

The Chaudière's leap before me gleamed
That glorious noon in May,
As shrouded in umbragous nook
Upon the banks we lay;
And converso of the land we left,
And dear friends far away,
Made halcyon in my heart of hearts
That joyous meeting day.
O joys since then have stirred my heart!
Sweet joys may come again;
But I would give—what would I not?
To feel as I felt then!

February 6, 1866.

OTTAWA.

EMILIE VERNON.

BY ELLEN VAVASOUR.

CHAPTER I.

THIS story I have extracted from some old letters, which I received, when a girl, from a young friend, who was spending the winter in St. Louis, with a widowed cousin; and it was there the incidents related occurred. In the letter in which she first mentioned Emilie Vernon, she wrote:

I have told you, my dear Ethel, how good and charitable my sweet cousin Alice is. I went with her, the other day, to visit a poor woman, who has interested me so much that I must tell you about her. On driving to the street to which we had been directed, we found that she lived in a large gloomy-looking old brick building. The door was open, and a little boy carrying a tin of water was going in. We learned from him that Mrs. Vernon, for that is her name, occupied a room up-stairs, next to theirs, he said it was, and that he would show us the way. We had to go up three flights of a narrow dark staircase. Here and there, through an open door, we caught a glimpse of the poverty and wretchedness which exists in that house. To judge from the looks, and exclamations of wonder from those we encountered, our appearance in that miserable place created no small surprise. The boy stopped before one of the doors in the third story, and, opening it, ushered us in. It was a large room, and the sun was shining brightly through the curtainless windows. A table, a few chairs, an old cupboard, and two miserable beds composed the furniture. It was a bitter cold day, yet in the large fireplace scarcely a spark of fire burned, and over those few coals a woman was trying to warm herself. Bare and cheerless as the apartment was, still it was clean, and as the boy's mother, Mrs. Watson, I believe, is her

• Galway, Ireland.

name, arose and came forward, I was prepossessed at once in her favour. On making inquiries, Alice found that Mrs. Vernon had, a few weeks before rented the room adjoining theirs, from Mrs. Watson.

"I do not know where she came from, or why she is so poor," remarked Mrs. Watson; "but she is a real lady, any one to look at her could tell that. She has never told me anything about herself, except that she is a widow, and both herself and baby are in black."

"Her baby—has she one?" said Alice.

"Yes, ma'am—a fine little boy, about a year and a half old. See, there he is."

We looked towards the part of the room to which she directed our attention, and there, from one of the beds, two or three little ones were peeping curiously at us.

"We have no wood; the last stick was burned this morning, so, to try and keep them warm, I put him and the children in bed. His mother," she continued, "has, until the last week, been sewing for some great store in the city; but now she is so sick that she can't work. Poor young creature, there she lies, more like death than anything else. She has not a cent in the world. I do what I can for her, but this cold, bare room," and she glanced sadly around, "tells you, ma'am, that it is not much. Would you believe it," she continued, in an earnest, sorrowful tone, "that some of the neighbours told me I ought to turn her out, as she could not pay her rent—that we were too poor to keep her; but could I ever look my innocent children in the face, or teach them again to pray to the merciful God, after such an act! No, ma'am, little as we have, she has less. Oh, that it were only more that I could do for her!"

On asking if we might see her, Mrs. Watson led us into the adjoining apartment. On a low cot, in one corner of the small chamber, lay a girl of about nineteen or twenty. She was asleep, and in silence we gazed upon her wan, young face. She was, indeed, no common person; and how lovely she must have been once! That pure white brow, from which the soft brown hair was pushed back, exposing the small exquisitely-formed ear! even now sorrow and suffering has not robbed her of all her beauty. The little white hand, also, which lay on the coarse dark coverlet, showed that she had never been used to any menial service.

"I don't like to see her sleeping so much," said Mrs. Watson, anxiously; "it is a bad sign, I am afraid."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Alice.

"I do not know," she replied. "Since she came here, she has not been well; she has a bad cough, and two or three times she has gone off in a dead faint. My heart has ached for her many a time, when I awoke in the night and saw, by the faint glimmer of light through the crack in the door, that she was still sewing—ill and weary as I knew she was—and then that dreadful cough of hers grew worse, and it is no wonder that it did, sitting up at night in the cold—for she could not always keep a fire burning—till it was long past midnight, and then, with aching eyes, and limbs numb with cold, she would go to bed, and lie, perhaps, nearly the rest of the night awake, coughing."

Just think, Ethel, what that poor young creature must have endured. Alice has, as far as she can, relieved her sufferings, and Dr. Marsden her physician, is attending Mrs. Vernon; but he says there is no hope for her; that she is in a rapid decline, and cannot live many weeks.

CHAPTER II.

Three weeks have passed since I wrote to you, Ethel. Three weeks to me of happiness and gaiety, while to the young and lovely one, from whose dying couch I have just returned they have been full of suffering and lonely sorrow. Emilio Vernon knows that her days are numbered—that she is quickly passing from this earth; but is she not afraid to die, for she is at peace with God, and the weary are at rest in the home to which she is going. Oh! if she could only take her child with her—her year old little darling. With what passionate tenderness she clasped him to her breast to-day when she spoke

of leaving him, and that wailing cry of anguish, "My baby, Oh! my baby." When she was aware there was no hope for her, she wrote a letter, and gave it to Alice to post. It was directed to a Mrs. Beaumont, New Orleans. She did not say to whom she had written; not a word of her past life has ever escaped her lips, but no answer has yet been received to her letter. Day after day has passed in anxious, weary suspense, and still there is no reply. It is grieving her very much, troubling even her dreams, for Mrs. Watson has heard her murmuring in her sleep the words, "Is there no answer? I will die without knowing. O pity me, and come!" To whom has she written, and who is it she wants to come to her? There seems to be some mystery about her fate, or why would she be so silent on the subject? Alice has obtained employment for Mrs. Watson's husband. Poor woman, how grateful and happy it has made her! It takes very little sometimes to cheer the heart of others—to bring back the glad light to grieving eyes, or the cheerful smile to pale lips, to which it has long been a stranger; and yet out of our abundance we too often withhold that little, and look with indifference on the sorrows or trials of others. They are nothing to us. We do not feel them, and self is all we care for.

In her next letter to me, not very long afterwards, she wrote:—No answer has come to Mrs. Vernon's letter. She said to us to-day, "I can no longer hope for one. I shall go to my grave unforgiven—unmourned—and my baby will be left alone in this cold, wide world." Alice took the little fellow in her arms, and bringing him to the bedside asked her, as she told me she intended to do, to give him to her care. "I am rich," said Alice, in a sorrowful tone, "but am lonely. I have no children, and will soon learn to love him dearly; and shall endeavour, as far as I can, to supply your place to him, if you will trust him to me."

It was a scene for a painter! That lowly chamber, with its rude couch, on which the young dying mother lay, with her hands clasped and her wan, lovely face turned with an earnest enquiring gaze on the beautiful, richly clad lady, against whose velvet cloak her little one had nestled his curly head! Mrs. Vernon looked at him and then into Alice's face.

"Take him, he already clings to you," she murmured in low touching accents. "Gladly do I commit him to your care, for there is goodness in your sweet face, and you know what sorrow is; for it has left its impress on your pale brow, and those who have suffered are seldom indifferent to the sufferings of others. I give my darling to you; and God grant that in that blessed home to which I am fast hastening, I may again meet both him and you."

A week later, she said:—I have just returned from Mrs. Watson's, but the sick room there is silent and deserted; and another grave bearing the simple record, "Emilio Vernon, aged twenty," has been added to the many in the crowded grave-yard. All is now over, and she is at peace; for God has wiped away the sad tears from her eyes in that home where there is no more sorrow or pain. Alice was with her when she died, and has taken the baby home, and is quite delighted with her charge. A handsomely bound bible, with his mother's name beautifully written in it, and her wedding ring, is all the poor child has to tell him of his young, unhappy mother, whose beauty, misfortunes and early death have impressed us so deeply.

CHAPTER III.

It is a warm starlight night, dear Ethel,—she wrote to me in the spring—and as it is yet early, the city is still alive, and the noisy rolling of carriages, the sound of hurrying footsteps, and the hum of voices comes to me in my lonely room, and from the clear far-off heavens the quiet stars, in all their brilliant beauty are looking down on the crowded streets, with their bright lights and busy throng. Old and young, rich and poor are there. Gay ones seeking pleasure—starving ones bread—the wicked their haunts of vice—the wealthy their princely homes; but all are not so full of the cares of this earth that they cannot look up to those beautiful heavens.

Many a glance of wonder and praise is raised to them, eye of longing too many eyes; for there is rest there, but, alas! too many pass on without one thought of what is beyond—without realizing that this life, which engrosses all their attention, must end some day. Others have trodden those same streets, whose places are now vacant and their familiar faces no more seen. Where have they gone? Have they sought new homes in strange cities? Many have silent homes in the quiet cities of the dead, where the hurrying of footsteps, and the bustle of life is hushed. Mournful silence reigns there, and all that tells us they have lived and passed away, is a slab of sculptured marble, or a wooden cross, marking their last resting place, while above the same calm, stars on which they so often gazed, are keeping watch over their lonely graves. A card, with the name Mrs. Beaumont, was handed to me this afternoon. I remembered that that was the name of the person in New Orleans, to whom Mrs. Vernon had written. Alice was not at home, so I descended to the drawing room to see her. A stately, elegantly dressed lady threw back her veil, and rose to meet me. I started, for the handsome features I beheld were so like Emilio Vernon's.

"Are you Miss Lawton?" she asked in an agitated voice.

As I replied to her question, my heart sank within me, for I dreaded what would follow.

"Oh! where is my child?" she said, "my Emilio; is she yet alive?"

Her child! I could not answer. How could I look into her eager, anxious face, and tell her? From my silence, she learned the sad truth; and with a low, thrilling cry of bitter anguish she sank back upon the couch beside her.

"Oh God!" she cried, "am I, then, too late; my child, my darling Emilio, shall I never more see you?"

Her grief was terrible to witness. She could not weep; but, in wild tearless agony, paced the apartment—calling on her daughter, and saying her punishment was just. She enquired where she had been buried, and if I would go there with her. I could not tell her where her daughter had been interred, but I thought if we went to Mr. Howard, the clergyman who performed the burial service, he would inform us, or perhaps accompany us to the burying ground. In a few moments I was ready. Mrs. Beaumont drew her veil closely over her face, and passed down the steps. General Trumbull's carriage stood at the door, and wonderingly I followed her into it. It was so strange that that proud lady, clothed in velvet and ermine, sitting opposite to me was Emilio Vernon's mother, and we going to seek her grave in some humble burying ground. Mrs. Beaumont leant back in a corner of the carriage in silent grief. The only questions she asked me during our drive to Mr. Howard's were, how long her daughter had been dead, and where her child was. Mr. Howard was fortunately at home, and immediately went with us to the graveyard. In a remote corner of one of the crowded cemeteries of the poor we found Mrs. Vernon's grave. In wild anguish Mrs. Beaumont bent over—but in vain were those agonizing cries for her child. In her dark narrow bed she slept—slept on—only the chill breath of spring echoed back the wailing cry.

When we parted from Mr. Howard, on leaving the cemetery, Mrs. Beaumont asked him if he would visit her on the following day. I then took her to see her little grandson. At the sight of the lovely child, asleep in his pretty crib, in Alice's room, she wept long and bitterly. They were the first tears she had shed since she heard of her daughter's death.

CHAPTER IV.

In the next letter, she said, "Mrs. Beaumont has returned to her proud home in New Orleans, bringing with her a rich gilded coffin, enclosing the remains of her beautiful, unhappy daughter—who, in her pride and anger, she had about three years before sent from those stately halls, because she had dared to love and marry one whose only fault was poverty, but, this in the proud mother's eyes was looked upon as a disgrace—nay a crime; and so she shut her heart

and home against her only child. Mrs. Vernon, despairing of ever receiving her mother's forgiveness, had a short time before I saw her, gone with her husband to St. Louis. He became a clerk in some office, where his salary, though small, was enough to support them comfortably; but sad to relate, he was taken sick, and after a few days' illness died—leaving his poor wife and child alone, and almost penniless in a strange city. Mrs. Vernon, as Mrs. Watson told us, had tried to support herself and baby by sewing, but her delicate frame was not able to bear up against the hardships she had to endure. Grief and suffering did their work, and not very long after her husband's death she followed him to the grave. On the death of her husband, she wrote to her mother, but received the letter again unopened. As I have already stated, when she knew she could not live long she wrote again to her proud unforgiving parent, imploring her to come to her before she died. Mrs. Beaumont was from home when that letter arrived, and the servant who received it forgot to give it to her on her return the next day. It was not until weeks afterwards that Mrs. Beaumont found the letter, and full of remorse and sorrow for her harshness, yet hoping to find her daughter still alive, she sought her—out alas! too late—and now she has returned, a changed sorrow-stricken woman, to that home where everything must remind her of the sad, irrecoverable past. It will be long before even the innocent prattle of her lovely little grandson, in whom her heart seems bound up, will be able to bring the smiles back to her pale, mournful countenance.

A few days before Mrs. Beaumont left, I took her, at her request, to Mrs. Watson's, as she wished to see the room in which her daughter had died. I shall never forget the expression of her face as she gazed around the miserable apartment, and at the small window through which her luxuriously-reared daughter's weary eyes had looked out in her loneliness and sorrow at the bright blue sky above—thinking no doubt of her beautiful childhood's home, and of that mother's love for which she pined so sadly in her last hours. The room had not been occupied since Mrs. Vernon's death. The wretched mother sat down on the humble bed where her child had died, and leaning against the pillow which her head had pressed, remained for some time with closed eyes in silent anguish, as if she longed to die there also. Then, and in that hour, when she knelt beside her child's unknown grave, her pride was punished.

In a letter, written some years later, she said: "While in New Orleans, last summer, wishing to see Mrs. Beaumont and poor Emilio Vernon's child, I drove out to Mrs. Beaumont's beautiful residence, which is a few miles from the city. Mrs. Beaumont received me very kindly. She was still in mourning, and a grave sad expression rested on her face. Her grandson I also saw. He would have grown quite out of my recollection were it not for the striking likeness to his lovely young mother. Before I left, Mrs. Beaumont conducted me to a room near the top of the mansion. With deep concern I gazed around at its contents. The bed with its coarse dark coverlet, in which Mrs. Vernon had died, the small cracked stove, the old table, a brass candlestick and every article which had furnished her daughter's room at Mrs. Watson's, was there, while on the wall there hung a splendid portrait of Emilio Vernon, clad in costly robes, and adorned with jewels, her lovely countenance lighted up with a bright smile. It had been taken when she was Emilio Beaumont, before grief and poverty had claimed her as their own. A handsome altar stood at one end of the apartment, and daily at that shrine the repentant mourning mother prayed, as she told me, for forgiveness.

Kingston, C. W.

Child—The ever renewed hope of the world.
Duel—A game of chance for two persons, in which it is possible for both to be losers.

Coquette—A woman without heart, who dupes men without head.

Love—The only religion which realizes its heaven upon earth.

BULL-FIGHTING IN VENEZUELA.

I HAD been staying sometime in Caracas but I had never seen a bull-fight; my friend C. one day reminded me of this, and suggested that we should stroll down to the Corrida.

Before we could reach the eastern outskirts of the town, where the building stands in which the bull-fights are held, a mass of clouds came drifting from the Avila, and a light rain began, in earnest of a more pelting shower. Looking about for shelter, and seeing at a window some ladies whom we knew slightly, we went in to talk to them. I said to one of them, a slim girl with immense dark eyes, and singularly long eyelashes, "We are going to the Corrida; does the senorita ever go?"

"No, senor, I never go. The ladies of Venezuela think bull-fights very barbarous. As for me, I cannot understand how any one can take pleasure in such odious cruelty."

"Indeed?" said I, rather astonished. "But surely in Spain ladies think differently. At Madrid it is quite the fashion for them to attend."

"That may be; we do not follow the fashions of Spain. Perhaps we are more tender-hearted here."

After this dialogue, I was not surprised, on entering the Cirque in which the bull-fight was to be held, to find that the spectators were nearly all men, and that the few women who were present were of the lower orders. The building was of wood, open to the sky in the centre, and anything but substantial. Several tiers of seats, each a foot or so higher than the other, had been erected round a circular area about a hundred and twenty feet in diameter. These seats accommodated perhaps fifteen hundred people, and there seemed but little room to spare. In front of the lowest seat, which was not much raised from the ground, were strong palisades, between which a man could slip with ease, and thus they afforded the toreros a secure retreat from the fury of the bulls. Close to where I took my place there was a large gate, which was thrown open to admit the bulls one by one. First of all, however, a squeaking band struck up, and eight toreros, or pedestrian bull-fighters, entered, and saluted some person of note who sat opposite the large gate. Just at that moment, the thunder-shower which had been gathering, descended in torrents, and the people shouted to the toreros, "No moja se"—"Don't get wet!" on which they slipped in between the palisades, and so put themselves under cover. They were very well-made active fellows, with extremely good legs, which were seen to advantage, as they wore white silk stockings and knee-breeches embroidered with gold.

As soon as the rain stopped there was a loud shout, and presently the large gate opened and in rushed a bull. He was a dark animal, almost black, and had evidently been goaded to madness, for he came charging in, tossing his head, and with his tail erect. I could see, however, that the sharp points of his horns had been sawn off. One of the toreros now ran nimbly up to the bull and threw his red cloak on the ground before him, on which the animal made a furious charge, attempting to gore—not the man, of whom he at first took no notice, but the cloak. The torero dragged this along rapidly, and adroitly whisking it from side to side, fatigued the bull by causing him to make fruitless rushes, now in this direction, now in that. This was repeated again and again, until the animal seemed quite tired. The most active of the toreros then advanced with a banderilla, or javelin entwined with fireworks in one hand, and his cloak in the other. He came so close to the bull that the animal charged him headlong. In a moment the torero glided to one side, and drove the dart into the bull, pinning the wretched animal's ear to his neck. Immediately the fireworks around the dart began to explode, and the terrified bull turned and rushed madly across the arena. In half a minute or so the fire had reached the flesh, and began to burn into it. The bull then reared straight up, bellowing piteously, while its poor flanks heaved with the torture. Anon it dashed its head against the ground,

driving the dart further into its flesh, and so continued to gallop round the ring in a succession of rearings and plungings. This seemed to be a moment of exquisite delight to the spectators, who yelled out applause, and some in their excitement stood up clapping and shouting. I was heartily disgusted, and would have gone out at once had it been possible, but I was too tightly wedged in. Meantime, the large gate opened again, and the poor bull fled through it, to be slaughtered and sold with all despatch. After ten minutes' pause another bull was admitted, and was similarly tortured. And so it tared with four more bulls.

The sixth bull was a very tall gaunt animal, whose tactics were quite different from those of the others. He came in without a rush, looked warily about, and could hardly be induced to follow the torero. In short, he was so sluggish, that the people, enraged at his showing so little sport, shouted for a matador to kill him in the arena. Hereupon, one of the toreros darted up to stick a banderilla into the sluggish. But the bull, being quite fresh, not only defeated this attempt by a tremendous sweep of his horns, but almost struck down his assailant, who was taken by surprise at this unlooked-for vigour on the part of an animal which seemed spiritless. However, by a desperate effort the torero escaped for a moment, but the bull followed him like lightning, and, as ill luck would have it, before the man could reach the shelter of the palisades his foot slipped in a puddle and he fell back. Expecting that the charge would end as all previous ones had ended, I had got up with the intention of leaving, and I was thus able to see more clearly what followed. As the man fell backward, the bull struck him on the lower part of the spine with such force that the blow sounded all over the building. The unfortunate torero was hurled into the air, and came down with his head against the palisades, and there lay, apparently dead, in a pool of blood. A sickening feeling of horror crept over me; the bull was rushing upon the poor fellow again, and would no doubt have crushed him as he lay motionless, but, just in the nick of time, one of the toreros threw his cloak so cleverly that it fell exactly over the bull's head and blinded him. While the brute was trampling and tossing to free himself, the matador came up and drove a short sword into the vertebrae of his neck, and down he went headlong. At one moment full of mad fury, the next he was a quivering mass of lifeless flesh. A few minutes more, and the dead bull, and seemingly lifeless man, were removed from the arena, and another bull was called for. I, however, had witnessed enough, and gladly made my exit.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

By J. R. Clerk.

TWELVE months ago, this summer morn,
I prayed a blessing on thy head;
Another year for thee was born—
Another year for thee was dead.
The year we greeted fondly then
Has joined her sisters of the Past;
I count her days from first to last—
Not one can ever come again.

Still all they had of bright and good
Is ours in memory to keep;
And all of chill and dark and rude,
Be hushed in death's profoundest sleep.
And if sad, gloomy days arise
In this young year we hail to-day,
Past auns may shed a joyous ray
Through the thick clouds of futuro skies.

My earnest prayer from day to day,
Through this, through all the coming years,
Till thee or I am called away
From Earth's joys, sorrows, hopes and fears,
Shall be around thy path, my friend,
That God may take thee by the hand,
And lead thee to the Better Land;
There may I meet thee in the End.

THE GYPSIES' SONG.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.)

We are two maidens
With black eyes glowing;
We are two gypsies
With black locks flowing:

O yo's blackness the fire sparkles gladly,
O heart's fountain the fire burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly.

Hot boils the blood there,
All is on fire!
Loving is life: let us
Love or expire!

In the yo's blackness the fire sparkles gladly
In the heart's fountain the fire burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly.

Know ye what danger
Lurks in our kisses?
Leave us—and bloodshed's
Our dearest of blisses!

In the yo's blackness the fire sparkles gladly,
In the heart's fountain the fire burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly.

J. B.

THE

SECRET OF STANLEY HALL.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,

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

(Continued from page 335.)

CHAPTER IX. LADY ROSALIE'S BRIDAL.

It was a glorious morning in July; the bright sun had gained considerable altitude in the clear, blue depths of the summer sky, and was shedding his glowing effulgence on the green earth, now beautiful in its luxuriant vegetation—its brilliant flowers and fragrant shrubs loading the pure balmy zephyrs with grateful fragrance. Around the Church of the Ascension a large crowd was gathered, shaded from the warm sunshine by its lofty walls. A wedding was about to take place—an aristocratic bridal; and the good people of C— were on the *qui vive* about it. From an early hour the church doors had been besieged by this expectant crowd, and when, as the appointed time approached, they were thrown open, such numbers rushed in that every seat in the sacred building was soon occupied—even the aisles were filled. Among the rest a lady, fashionably dressed and closely veiled, was seen to enter, and take her seat in a pew near the altar, where she could command a good view of the approaching ceremony. Two other strangers were also observed among the crowd, one an elderly gentleman in a clerical dress—the other apparently belonging to an humbler rank in life. As the town clock struck the hour of ten, the church bells rang out a joyous peal; and now the excitement of the crowd increased as a rumour spread that the wedding party was in sight; a line of carriages, the horses with white rosettes, the servants with bridal favours,—being seen driving towards C—. From the door of the vestry a few aristocratic strangers now issued, and took their places on the right side of the altar, outside the communion-rails. These were the Viscount Waldegrave, the bridegroom, and his friends. Within the railing sat the expectant clergyman, the Rev. Philip Trevelyllian, in his surplice—his face almost rivaling its whiteness; but save his extreme pallor, Philip's countenance betrayed no other sign of the anguish he experienced waiting there, to perform that ceremony which was to give to another the woman he fondly loved. Around the finely-moulded mouth was expressed a determination to keep down suffering, and in the depths of the lazel eye was that calmness which the extinguishing of hope often imparts. Lady Rosalie Gascoigne was about to be led to the hymeneal altar, by the Viscount Waldegrave, on this beautiful July morning, when the face of nature itself was

bright with smiles, and all around were beauty and sunshine. Since their short *de-d-ite* in the conservatory at Templemore, Lady Rosalie and the curate had not met. He had seen her only at church, on Sundays; and a few weeks after Christmas her aunt had taken her to visit a relative in Scotland, where they remained until the beginning of the fashionable winter in London, when they proceeded to Lady Templemore's house in Hanover square.

Viscount Waldegrave was then a constant visitor at Lady Templemore's, and his marked attentions to her niece became the general topic of conversation in fashionable circles. Lady Rosalie neither encouraged nor discouraged these attentions. She was left so entirely dependent on her aunt that she could scarcely be considered free to act in the matter. Her father, a nobleman of dissipated habits, had ruined himself and family at the gaming-table, and had died, leaving his son a heavily mortgaged estate, and his daughter portionless, consoling himself with the idea that her singular beauty would procure her a handsome settlement for life. Knowing this, and knowing also Lady Templemore's wish that she should accept the first good offer she received this season—Lady Rosalie having the preceding winter refused more than one noble suitor—she did not dare follow the promptings of her heart. Had she been independent, mistress of the fortune which ought to have been hers, but which Lord Redcliffe, in his mad passion for play, had squandered, she never would have married—her love for Philip Trevelyllian would have prevented this. Poor Lady Rosalie! notwithstanding her marvellous beauty—beauty which made her the envy of her own select set, and the admiration of all classes—yet carried about with her, into the gay scenes she nightly visited, and where she shone a meteor, a secret grief—a skeleton in the veiled recess of her heart; and little did the world think that the radiant smile, the light musical laugh, and the gay manner were often assumed to hide that bitterness which her woman's heart knew, and which she must keep shut up within its innermost chamber from every eye.

The London winter closed, and the Viscount Waldegrave laid himself and large fortune at the feet of the cynosure of the season—Lady Rosalie Gascoigne. This offer was accepted; she did not dare refuse so good a *parti*, for to leave the protection of Lady Templemore's roof was her only alternative, and this the young girl shrank from doing. Nobly born and delicately nurtured, accustomed to look upon all the luxuries of life as hers by inheritance, how could she go out into the world to seek a home? From London, Lady Templemore proceeded to her country residence, near C—, and there her niece's marriage was to take place. It was a whim of Lady Rosalie to have Philip Trevelyllian perform the marriage ceremony. Was it that she wished to test his love for her—to discover at the last hour whether her affection was requited or not? It is true she suspected the curate's attachment, but his lips had never confessed it. Now she would know: she would see it in his look, his manner during the ordeal to which she was about to subject him. And if he did really love her, what then? Could she at the altar break off her marriage with the Viscount?—refuse to utter the vows her heart rejected? It might be so; in her passionate love and sorrow she hardly yet knew what she might do.

Whilst we are giving this explanation, the wedding cortège having left Templemore, the spirited horses have borne it swiftly towards C—, and now the excitement of the crowd outside the church doors conveys to those within its walls the information that the string of carriages has drawn up before the gate. The procession of young girls from the Templemore estate, dressed in white, is slowly entering the church, strewing flowers in the pathway of the bride. Every eye is turned to catch the first sight of the beautiful girl, as she alights from the carriage, and ascends the steps at the entrance. Now she is moving with queenly grace up the aisle leaning on the arm of her brother, the young Earl of Redcliffe. How resplendent she looks, glittering in the costly array of an aristocratic bride! Her dress of Brussels lace,

worn over rich white silk, and caught up in festoons by bunches of white-moss-roses and orange flowers. Her luxuriant hair, braided and arranged in glossy coils round her classic head, was confined by a bandeau of opals, and round her slender throat, and on her delicate arms, gleamed the same costly gems, while floating around her graceful form, like a white cloud, was the bridal veil, of delicate lace, half shading her beautiful face, whose marble paleness rivalled its whiteness.

As the wedding party advanced up the aisle, the veiled stranger rose hastily and remained standing, her eager gaze fixed on the Lady Rosalie. Philip Trevelyllian, too, had risen, and advancing a few steps, stood with the Prayer Book open in his hand, inside the communion-rails. And his eyes! they were riveted on the radiant being advancing towards him—his pulse beating wildly, and a strong agony crushing his heart. One look at that pallid and yet beautiful face revealed to the curate that this marriage was not likely to ensure the happiness of Lady Rosalie, and that she was led to the altar an unwilling bride. The wedding party stood before the altar, the bride, bridegroom, and bridal attendants were in their respective places. A deep hush followed the excitement attending Lady Rosalie's entrance; and now through the sacred building rose the voice of the Rev. Philip Trevelyllian, quivering and hoarse from intense emotion. At the sound of that voice the white lids of the bride rose slowly, and she fixed one searching look on the pale face of the curate. Suddenly he looked up, still repeating the words of the marriage ceremony, and feeling like one in a dream. Their eyes met, and that one look revealed to each the love and despair that filled their hearts. Still the ceremony proceeded; wild thoughts were rushing through the brain of the Lady Rosalie, and her chiselled lips were drawn into a resolute expression, whilst immovable she stood, looking more like an exquisite statue than a living, loving, suffering woman. The eye of Lady Templemore was fixed upon her with an anxious expression. She dreaded an *exposé*. She feared her unhappy niece would refuse the noble bridegroom, even at the altar. She was, however, spared this trial. An interruption to the marriage did come, but from an unlooked-for source.

At the words of the ceremony, "I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it," the curate paused for a moment, as it is customary for the clergyman to do, not in expectation of receiving any response to this solemn appeal—an interruption to the ceremony at such a time being of rare occurrence. With what startling effect, then, did the words, "There is an impediment; I forbid the marriage to proceed," pronounced in a loud and distinct voice, break upon that silent assembly! What a commotion did this strange interruption cause? Every person turned towards the place from whence the words proceeded, and the strange clergyman, already mentioned, became the cynosure of every eye. A cry of delight rose to the lips of Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, but she suppressed it, as she met the stern glance of Lady Templemore. Viscount Waldegrave started as if a thunder peal had burst over his head. Surprise and indignation, mingling with vague apprehension, were depicted in his dark, handsome face. Fiercely and haughtily he demanded the meaning of this impertinent interruption. The startling answer came distinctly, in the deep hush which reigned through that astonished crowd.

"To prevent bigamy; your Lordship is already married."

The Viscount laughed scornfully, and looking defiantly at the stranger, demanded his proof of this assertion.

The clergyman quietly produced a paper, and read what he alleged to be a copy of the registry of the marriage of Major Hastings, — regiment of Lancers, to Maud Trevelyllian—the ceremony having been performed privately by himself about

four years previously; the Major's valet, who was now in the church, being the only witness. The noble Viscount had been plain Major Hastings, until the last year, when, by the death of a relative, he came into the possession of his present title and estate.

This announcement, which filled the heart of Viscount Waldegrave with rage, and overwhelmed him with disappointment and shame, thrilled with delight the frame of Philip Trevyllian. Maud Trevyllian—his sister Maud—was publicly declared to be the wife of this nobleman; and from her reputation was removed, at once and forever, the cloud of dishonour which had rested upon it so long. The recollection that the Viscount's want of principle, in deceiving Maud by a false marriage, as was evidently the case, proved him to be one not calculated to make a wife happy, was for the moment lost sight of in the gratification Philip experienced at finding that his sister had not erred from the path of virtue, and that she was restored to the possession of an unblemished name.

What peace and joy would this news restore to the heart of his mother? And Rosalie too! she was restored to him; he might still love her—the agony of giving her up had passed from him. How different was the expression of her face now? the soft flush of happiness colouring her cheek—its light beaming from her violet eyes; as if attracted by the gaze of Philip, they met his for a moment; and in that rapid look he saw an expression which convinced him that the heart of the woman he loved was all his own—a possession of which no one could ever deprive him; the varied emotions of that hour had revealed what years had before concealed.

As this train of thought passed rapidly through the mind of Philip, a commotion in the crowd, near the altar, attracted his attention. A lady had fainted, and was being carried into the vestry insensible. Some one had officiously thrown aside her veil and the curate recognised, with a start of joyful surprise, his sister Maud. Hastily he followed, forgetting at the moment everything, even Lady Rosalie, in his joy at seeing her again. There were other loving eyes, also, in that assembly which caught sight of that lovely inanimate face. Trevyllian's mother, with a cry of joy, recognised her daughter, and when the veiled stranger recovered from her swoon in the vestry, she saw two well-known faces bending over her, beaming with happiness; and it was thus so unexpectedly that their lost and loved one was restored to the curate and his mother.

CHAPTER X. MAUD TREVYLLIAN.

When Philip Trevyllian re-entered the church he found the crowd dispersing, and the bridal party gone.

Lady Templemore, overwhelmed with mortification at the very unpleasant notoriety of this affair—for it found its way into all the papers, and was the subject of conversation in all classes—left England immediately for the continent, and spent the rest of the summer wandering, with her niece, through Switzerland. From the church, Maud accompanied Mrs Trevyllian to the Parsonage, while her brother, at her request, went to the hotel where she had left her infant son with his nurse, and brought him again to the arms of his now happy mother. That was a happy family party, which gathered around the dinner table at the Parsonage, on this eventful day. Mrs. Trevyllian's face, bright with happiness, as her eyes wandered incessantly from her daughter to her little grandson, as if she could never weary of looking at them. During the day, Maud gave her mother a short detail of her acquaintance with Major Hastings, and what had occurred since her elopement with him; and the fond mother, in her joy, forgot to chide her erring daughter who had caused her so much anxiety and grief.

While Philip Trevyllian was living as tutor in Lord Redclyff's family, his mother and sister resided in Bath, Maud being employed as visiting governess by a few families in the city. One night she was invited to a small party, by one of the ladies, whose children she taught, the lady's object, in this apparent kindness to Miss Trevyllian, being to secure her services at the piano, to

contribute to her guests' amusement. It was on this night Maud first saw Major Hastings. The extreme beauty of the governess attracted the fashionable lancer; he hovered about the piano, and contrived to get an introduction to her. The elegant appearance of the Major—his silent homage of respectful admiration—his polite attentions made a deep impression on the heart of the youthful Maud; and she went home, her thoughts filled with the image of the handsome officer. The next day he met her designedly as she was returning home, and walked part of the way with her. Very frequently these meetings occurred—Maud trying to persuade herself there could be no harm in keeping up an acquaintance with one whose manner was so respectful. However, she concealed this acquaintance from her mother—afraid that she might not quite approve of her daily meetings with this stranger. This frequent intercourse went on for some weeks; at length Major Hastings was reluctantly obliged to give up his delightful flirtation with the governess. His regiment left Bath, and for a time Maud lost sight of her captivating admirer. The young girl's spirits drooped, and she secretly mourned over her disappointed hopes. Her health was beginning to suffer, and on this account her mother gladly accepted for her the offer of a situation as governess in a gentleman's family residing near Brighton—hoping that change of air and the sea breezes would restore her former health and spirits. After she had been in this new abode a few months, one day as she was walking on the beach she again met Major Hastings; he was paying a short visit to a friend in Brighton. Maud's agitation and evident pleasure at seeing him again, revealed to the Major the interest he possessed in her affections; and taking advantage of this attachment, he persuaded the unexperienced girl to elope with him and consent to a private marriage. Immediately after the ceremony, which was performed in Bristol, at an hotel, the Major's servant being the only witness, Maud accompanied her husband to Ireland, where his regiment then was. She fully believed him to be her husband, never for a moment doubting his honour, although his strict injunctions to conceal her marriage, even her place of residence, from her family, ought to have awakened suspicion in her mind; but she was so young, so guileless, and trusted so implicitly in her confiding affection to the unprincipled man in whose power she had placed her happiness. Major Hastings' excuse for this concealment was, that he could not acknowledge the marriage until after the death of an invalid aunt, from whom he had great expectations, least she should disinherit him, for marrying without her consent.

Three years passed away—Maud living with Major Hastings, but not acknowledged as his wife. This caused her much mortification and secret unhappiness. Her separation from her family was also keenly felt; for Maud was not wanting in affection for her mother and brother; although sadly deficient in prudence and worldly wisdom. Frequently she implored permission to write to her mother, and relieve her mind of the anxiety she knew Mrs. Trevyllian was suffering on her account; but this the Major sternly denied, knowing that the cruel deception he was practising on her would then be discovered, and that an indignant brother would snatch from him the innocent victim of his wiles. At length an event occurred which rendered it impossible for Major Hastings to carry on any longer his wicked deception towards the young creature who considered herself his wife. The sudden death of a relative put him unexpectedly in possession of a title, and large fortune. He went immediately to England, to enter upon the inviting walk open to him in life—leaving Maud, with their infant son, in Ireland. Some weeks passed—weeks of intolerable anxiety and suspense for Maud, who could not account for his sudden departure, and subsequent long silence. If she had mixed with the world she would soon have heard of the Major's good fortune, but she lived in the strictest seclusion. At length the explanation came in a cruel letter from her husband, now the Viscount Waldegrave. He informed her that their marriage was a false one, only intended to remove

her moral scruples to an elopement; that if she were unwilling that their *liaison* should continue she might choose a future place of residence—return to her family if she wished, and that a handsome allowance would be granted for the support of herself and child. What a crushing blow was this heartless letter to the young mother? We will gladly draw a veil over the anguish which the knowledge of her betrayal, and the villany of one she had loved and trusted, caused. A low nervous fever, brought on by intense grief, confined her for some time to a bed of suffering. With returning health came the earnest wish to return to her mother, to tell her all her sorrows, and confess her deeply-repentant error in forsaking her, who ought to have been the guide of her youth. Now came home to the unhappy girl's heart the conviction that her first step towards her present degraded position was concealing from her kind parent her acquaintance with Major Hastings. That Mrs. Trevyllian would receive and pardon her Maud did not doubt; for though erring she was guiltless—more sinned against than sinning. As soon, therefore, as she was strong enough to undertake the journey she returned to England.

On arriving at C—, leaving her child and nurse at an hotel, she was proceeding alone to the Parsonage, when, perceiving the crowd around the church, she enquired the cause of the excitement, and was informed that a marriage was about to take place—the Viscount Waldegrave was going to be united to the Lady Rosalie Gascoigne. An irrepressible desire to witness the ceremony, and see the lady who was about to become the wife of him she had so long considered her husband. She entered the church, and took her place among the crowd, little dreaming what a singular interruption to the Viscount's marriage would take place—publishing the fact, that in trying to deceive her he had himself been deceived. The valet, who had been his confidant in this intrigue, having been induced to practice this deception in order to procure money from his master, whenever he chooses to demand it. When Major Hastings became Lord Waldegrave, this valet was dismissed to make room for a more fashionable one; and it was partly in revenge for this insult—for such he thought it—and partly for conscience sake, that the valet summoned the clergyman who had united Major Hastings and Miss Trevyllian, to C—, in order to remind the Viscount of his former marriage, and interrupt so opportunely the bridal of Lady Rosalie Gascoigne.

The proof of Lord Waldegrave's marriage with Maud Trevyllian was incontrovertible; therefore he did not dispute it, but sullenly yielded to her the fortune which the law allowed to his wife and child, at the same time declaring his wish that they should live separate the rest of their lives—to which Maud willingly assented, for love for him was dead within her heart, crushed suddenly and for ever by his cruel and unprincipled conduct. One of the Viscount's estates was given up for Lady Waldegrave's residence; there she lived in retirement, with her son, cheered by the society of her mother and occasional visits from her brother Philip.

CHAPTER XI. THE PRISONER OF THE EAST TOWER.

Four weeks passed away, and Captain Stanley had not yet returned to Stanley Hall. Gertrude saw his name among the arrivals by the last steamer from New York, and she was looking hourly for his appearance. Her impatience for his return was increased by her anxiety for the prisoner in the East tower. Burton was very ill, confined to his bed, his life despaired of; and who was now to visit the tower and attend to the captive's wants? He might die for want of food, unless Burton deputed some one else to supply his place as jailer. If Lady Stanley were acquainted with the butler's secret, then the prisoner would not be neglected; but in Gertrude's ignorance of this fact she suffered considerable anxiety on his account, and waited impatiently for Guy's return. It was the third night of Burton's illness, Captain Stanley had not yet made his appearance, and Gertrude's anxiety impelled her to watch through the midnight hours to discover, if possible, whether any

one would visit the East tower. Having extinguished the light in her room, she sat with her door partly open, the better to hear any sounds in the corridor or hall below. It was about two o'clock; Gertrude, wearied and sleepy, was thinking of retiring to repose, when the faint sound of distant footsteps fell on her ear. In a moment eager curiosity banished sleep and standing inside her door she listened as the steps approached. They were light and stealthy, soon they had passed the door, and now Gertrude cautiously peered forth. The tall figure of a woman was passing swiftly along the corridor. A moment afterwards she was descending the stairs, and now the light from the lamp falling on her showed the face of Lady Stanley. Gliding from her apartment, Gertrude silently followed at some distance. Crossing the hall below, Lady Stanley entered the winding passage, never stopping or looking back, until she reached the door opening into the East tower. Then she put down her light and took from a small basket, which she carried, a large key. Before applying it to the lock she looked nervously around, Gertrude's heart stood still with sudden fear, but she was fortunately at some distance. She drew herself up close to the wall, hoping that the heavy shadows which hung about it and the dark dress she wore would prevent her being seen. After a rapid glance through the gloom Lady Stanley unlocked the heavy door with some difficulty, and entering the tower, ascended to the apartment above. Again Gertrude moved forward and ventured to follow to the foot of the stairs. The night was stormy; a heavy gale was sweeping over the ocean and coming up in wild gusts from the shore below, it howled mournfully round the tower. In the wild noise without, might not the sound of Gertrude's footstep, on the stairs pass unnoticed? Impelled by curiosity to discover who the inmate of the tower was, she ventured cautiously to ascend, and reached the door opening on the first landing, a few minutes after Lady Stanley had passed through it. It was slightly ajar, and Gertrude looked eagerly into the prison chamber. What a sight presented itself one which excited in the young girl's mind the deepest commiseration. The apartment was similar to the one below, and unfurnished, save an old chair and a miserable pallet in one corner, on which the prisoner was reclining, chained to a huge iron ring, fastened in the massive wall. He was apparently about sixty, judging from the white hair which fell in matted locks about his haggard face. Suffering and confinement had done the work of time, and stamped on his countenance lines and furrows which years had not made.

Placing herself in the chair at a little distance from the bed, where the captive was slumbering quietly, Lady Stanley put down the lamp and the basket, filled with provisions, and silently regarded him. The light gleaming on his eyes, he awoke with a start. His wan face expressed considerable surprise at seeing Lady Stanley; she perceived it, and hastened to explain the reason of her visit.

"Burton is dying, and I have taken his place as jailer, being unwilling that Sir Rowland Stanley should suffer from lack of food or from any want of attention in his ancestral home." There was mockery in her tones, and a derisive smile playing over her stern features.

"You are very considerate" remarked the captive, with bitter irony, "but would it not be acting a more merciful part if you allowed me to die of starvation, and put an end to sufferings which time renders more intolerable?"

"And then I should be cheated of my revenge?"

"Is it not yet satisfied? have not twelve years of my miserable captivity served to satiate the fiendish passion which has influenced you to deprive me of all life's blessings, even of the fresh air of heaven—almost of its light?"

Lady Stanley only answered by a look of such malice that the captive turned from her with a shudder. A short silence ensued; it was broken by the lady.

"I received to-day a letter from Ruthvin, formerly your solicitor, containing the information that the lost daughter of Sir Rowland Stanley was found, and would make good her claim to

the large fortune belonging to her by inheritance."

The prisoner's haggard face flushed, and a momentary gleam of happiness lit up his hollow eyes.

"Found!" he repeated, "my child come back at last! Oh, my God! and must I never see her? Will she not even know that her father still lives? Why did you tell me this?" he asked harshly, "it will only render my confinement more bitter."

"I knew it, and that is precisely the reason I told you," and Lady Stanley laughed maliciously.

Sir Rowland—for it was he—bowed his head upon his hands, and groaned in anguish of spirit. Fond memories came back, with deep power to grieve, and the remembrance that his daughter, though living, would still be a stranger to his love—separated by the walls of his prison—poured a wave of intense hopeless sorrow over his soul. How little did he think that at that very moment this beloved daughter was near, watching him with the deepest sympathy, though cheered by the confidence that the return of Guy Stanley would soon put an end to his confinement, and rescue him from his cruel enemy.

"This daughter, this Gertrude Stanley, is now in the Hall—has been living here some months governess to my grand-children," Lady Stanley carelessly resumed. "I knew her at once by the strong likeness she bears your wife."

The Baronet looked up and listened with interest.

"Like her mother—like my dead Caroline! Oh, if I only could behold her it would be like seeing again the idol of my youth whose image haunts my dreams, and whose spirit is often with me here in my lonely prison, cheering my crushed heart, and beckoning me onward to that eternal home, where we shall live for ever united. Oh, Olivia!" he continued in sad appealing accents, "by the love you feel for your own children, allow me to see this long lost child, restore me to her and to happiness."

"And what would be my reward for this magnanimous act?" inquired Olivia, with a sneer, "to be deprived of rank and wealth—to be held up to the world as an object of scorn; nay, to be imprisoned, punished for the part I have taken in the incarceration of an English Baronet. Oh, no, Sir Rowland! I have no idea of giving up all the splendor of life, in order to conduce to your happiness."

"But the world need never know of the part you have taken in my captivity," pleaded the Baronet, with touching earnestness; "when Burton is dead, all the blame can rest on him; the truth, as far as you are concerned, need never be published."

"Still I would have to resign the title and fortune I now possess; my children would again be beggars. Your conduct to me in days gone by does not merit such a sacrifice."

"Olivia, I never treated you ill; all the kindness in my power I showed to you and your children," remonstrated Sir Rowland.

"I loved or rather worshipped you, and you scorned that passionate devotion. Even when in a moment of weakness my fond heart, forgetting its resentment, turned to you again, and I offered you liberty if you would make me your wife you refused. Call you that nothing? Can the remembrance of that scornful rejection of me ever die out of my heart? Never, years of suffering on your part would be insufficient to atone for the fierce agony—the maddening humiliation which I then felt. In that hour love was turned to hatred so intensified—fiendish, you may call it—that no anguish you endure can satisfy the wild desire for revenge which then took possession of my soul." Like a torrent these words burst from the excited Italian, whose fierce glittering eyes and face, white with passion, were fearful to look upon. Sir Rowland felt that all hope of moving her to pity was indeed in vain.

"Your daughter is in my power," she continued after a short silence, "how easy it would be to get rid of her—and then her fortune need not be refunded. I have a mind to try it! But no, it might awaken suspicion; her disappearance could not be so well accounted for as yours

—and in this country they have an ugly way of dealing with criminals—rank or wealth would avail nothing in such a case. Besides, it must be confessed," she resumed after a moment's pause, "I have done her sufficient ill already in snatching her from the arms of her parents and sending her from her ancestral home, to be brought up among the children of poverty and vice!"

Sir Rowland started, and an expression of astonishment and rage grew into his face.

"What do you mean?" he demanded angrily, "can it be possible that it was you who committed that act so fatal in its consequences to my beloved Caroline?"

"Yes, mine was the heart that contrived the plan for robbing you of your child, and the woman who carried it into execution was an humble friend of my theatrical life. She was hidden in my apartment, watching an opportunity to enter the nursery unobserved. One night this opportunity presented itself, and seizing your sleeping child, she made her escape by a private stairs, favoured by the darkness. Oh, it was well contrived and successfully executed!" and the Italian's eyes flashed with malicious triumph.

"And what was your motive for committing this evil act?"

"Can you be so dull of comprehension as not to see it was to get rid of Caroline? I knew the loss of the child would kill her."

"Good heavens! how desperately wicked is the human heart!" exclaimed the Baronet, raising his eyes in horror, "are you a woman or a fiend?" he added, with fierce indignation.

"I am what that love which you despised made me," she answered savagely.

Sir Rowland bowed his head upon his hand, to shut out that dark evil face, and the wild gleam of those passionate eyes.

"And now, I suppose, you think our interview has lasted long enough. I will, therefore, leave you to your repose. For the future I shall be your jailer; and I must occasionally repeat these nightly visits. Burton will never see another sunrise. Death will soon release you of one enemy, his last hour has come."

"And yours will come, too; has the thought no terrors for you Olivia?" observed Sir Rowland solemnly.

"Pshaw! you need not try to terrify me by such remarks. Death is certainly not desirable; but, then, when it comes, there is an end of us. Judgment and eternity are only bugbears used by a crafty priesthood to terrify the superstitious."

"Does Burton look upon them in such a light? has eternity no terrors for him now, when his soul is about to wing its flight to the unseen world?"

"He is afraid of death—a very coward at its approach—even counselling me to amend my life," and Olivia laughed scornfully. "He is desirous to release you from confinement, as some atonement for his sins; and implored me to do it. I was afraid that in his weakness he might make a discovery which would not be at all creditable, therefore I took the precaution to deny the servants access to him, leaving him a deaf old crone for an attendant. I shall be glad when he is gone; then my secret will be my own—shared by no one."

"Has Burton no physician? Are you allowing him to die without medical aid?"

"Not exactly; the doctor from the village was called in, but he gave him up at once; medical aid can do nothing. It was only when Burton found there was no hope for him that this fit of repentance seized him."

Gertrude waited to hear no more of this conversation, which had so much interest for her. Stealthily descending the stairs she hurried from the tower and regained her own room. The prisoner of the East tower was then her father. How much did the knowledge of this fact add to the compassion she felt for him and to her impatience for the return of Guy Stanley, who would at once liberate him from confinement.

To be continued.

Sword—A preparation of steel—for weak people.

KATTIE AND THE "DEIL."

IN a certain village of Bohemia, lived a peasant woman called Kattie. She possessed a little hut of her own, a garden, and a small income; but had she rolled in wealth, not a lad would have ventured to say,—“Kattie, will be mine?” for she was snappish as a cat of the woods, and owned a tongue which worked like a flail. She had an old mother, providentially as deaf as a log, and her she scolded from morning till night, so that her voice was audible half a mile off. If any neighbour entered her cottage, she spat, and set up her back, and hissed, so that the intruder was only too glad to escape without a scratched face. When any one passed her door, Kattie flung him a spiteful word; and was only too glad if the passer stopped to retaliate, for if he had an ugly expression to cast at her, she had a dozen to pelt him with in return.

By the time that she had reached the age of forty, without having found a lover, all the—milk of human kindness she never had, which might acidulate—but all the vinegar of her nature had become Concentrated Sulphuric Acid, ready to blacken and burn anything with which it came in contact.

It is the custom in Bohemia for young people to resort to the tavern on Sunday afternoon, for a dance. As soon as the fiddle or bagpipe is heard, the lads run into the streets, the girls appear at the cottage doors, and the children peep out of the windows. Young men and women then follow the musicians to the inn, and the dance begins.

Kattie was always the first to follow the fiddler, and to appear in the public-house; there she saw the lads whirling about with the lasses, but never in all her life had she been invited by any one to dance; Sunday after Sunday she tried her luck, and hoped against hope: no man solicited her hand as a partner. “Well!” said she impetuously one Sunday; “here am I getting an old woman, and I have never danced yet! never saw anything like the lads here! Such a set of clowns! This is provoking. I’d dance with any one, with the old Deil himself, if he were to ask me!” and she snapped her fingers, and stamped on the ground.

She bustled into the inn, sat down, and looked about her at the whirling, merry figures. Suddenly a gentleman in huntsman’s suit came into the room, seated himself at the table, called for beer, and had a tumbler filled. Running his eye over the assembly, it rested on Kattie: he sprang to his feet, walked across the room, and with the most graceful bow, and with the most courteous air, offered her the glass.

Kattie, delighted at the attention, drank the beer with avidity, and made room for the gentleman to seat himself at her side. After a few words had passed between them, the stranger flung some silver to the fiddler, and asked for a ‘solo.’ The dancers deserted the centre of the room, cleared the area, and the gentleman led Kattie forth to dance.

“Bless us all! it will rain to-morrow!” exclaimed the old people, opening their eyes wide with astonishment.

The lads bit their fingers, and the girls hid their faces, to conceal their laughter. But Kattie saw no one; she was radiant with joy, now that she had a chance of dancing; and danced she would have, in spite of the whole world laughing.

All that afternoon, and all that evening, the strange gentleman danced with Kattie, and with her alone. He bought her gingerbread, almond-rock, and lemon-drops, and she ate and sucked to her heart’s content.

As soon as the dancing came to an end, the stranger escorted her home.

“Oh dear!” exclaimed Kattie; “would that I might dance with you for ever!”

“That is quite within the range of possibility,” replied the stranger.

“Where do you live, sir?”

“Put your arms round my neck, and I will whisper to you.” Kattie did so, and presto! the stranger had become a devil, and was flying with her to his home, a place which need not be specified. In he came at the door, bathed in a pro-

fuse perspiration; for his necklace was a heavy one.

“Now then, Kattie, let go,” said he.

“Oh never! never!”

“Come, there’s a dear soul, take your arms off!”

“Dearest, never!”

“Why whom have you got here?” asked the Master of the spirit, in a voice of thunder which had in it a faint thrill of dismay.

“K-K-K-attie,” panted the unfortunate devil, struggling to shake his fair load off.

“Kattie!” echoed his Majesty, leaping off his throne, casting aside his bifurcated sceptre, and turning,—not exactly pale, but Oxford mixture; “Kattie! here’s an end to our quiet life, if that woman becomes an inmate of Pandemonium. She’ll bring the place down about our ears. Away with you, Moloch, and do not show your face in here till you have shaken off your dreadful encumbrance.”

So there was nothing for it, but that the quondam Jäger, should return to earth, and free himself from the embrace of Kattie, as best he might.

He flew back wearily and despondingly, with a decided crick in his neck. On reaching earth, he seated himself on a flowery bank, and putting on a solemn expression, said in a hollow voice,—

“Kattie, if you do not let go, I shall plunge you in molten brimstone!”

“Oh! replied she, with *empressment*, “I fear no pain so long as I am with you!” and she laid her head on his breast.

“Ahem!” Moloch looked vacantly at the landscape. “Kattie!” he resumed, as a brilliant idea entered his head, and illumined his countenance with a momentary gleam of ghastly joy: “Kattie, I am so rich; I will give you a mountain of solid gold, if you will only let go.”

“What! leave you for filthy lucre? Never, never, never!” and she buried her head in his breast.

“Here’s a pretty kettle of fish,” said the spirit; “what is to be done now?”

He rose, and wandered despairingly over a desolate moor, which lay stretched before him.

Presently, staggering under his load, he came upon a young shepherd, in a sheepskin with all its wool upon it. The evil spirit resumed his former human form, and the shepherd was consequently quite ignorant of who he was.

“Why, my good sir, whom are you carrying?” asked the shepherd in perplexity.

“Ah, good friend, I scarcely know I why look you: I was walking peacefully along my way, without thinking of anything in particular, when, with a hop, skip and jump, this woman fastened herself to my neck, and will on no account let me go. I want to carry her to the next village, and there obtain my liberation; but I am scarcely in a fit condition to do so, my knees are shivering under me.”

“Come now,” said the compassionate peasant, “I will help you; but I cannot carry her for long, as I have my sheep to attend to: half the way—will that suit you?”

“Ah! I shall be thankful!”

“Now then you! hang yourself to me!” cried the shepherd, addressing Kattie.

The woman looked round, observed that the shepherd was infinitely preferable to Moloch; he was good-looking and young. She let go her hold on the Deil, and click,—she was fast as a spring collar round the shepherd’s neck.

The man had now quite enough to carry, what with Kattie, and what with his immense sheepskin dress; and in a very short while he was tired, and strove to disengage himself from his encumbrance. In vain! Kattie would not listen to his remonstrances, and the more he struggled, the tighter she clung.

Presently he came near a pool. Oh! if he could but cast her in! But how? Could he manage to slip out of his sheepskin? No harm trying—but it must be done *v-e-r-y* cautiously—*v-e-r-y* gently. Hiss! he has slipped one arm out, and Kattie is none the wiser. Hiss! he has slipped the other arm out, and Kattie has not observed it. Now then! he slides his hand stealthily up his breast, and unbuttons the collar. He has undone one button, two, three—a bob of the head, a splash, and Kattie and the sheepskin are in the pond.

She sinks—she rises;—and her expiring eyes rest upon the shepherd and the evil spirit dancing in an ecstasy of delight on the bank.

“My best of friends!” exclaimed Moloch, enthusiastically, “you have laid me under a lasting obligation; you have imposed upon me a debt of gratitude which I never can adequately discharge. But for you, I might have had Kattie hanging round my neck through eternity; I might never have been able to shake that woman off; and never,” continued the spirit musingly, “never is a very long word! Now look you here, shepherd. I am!”—in fewer words than I could express it, the spirit had described his nature to the young man;—“Well, and being what I am, it lies in my power to repay you, in my poor way, for what you have done. I will forthwith proceed to the next town, and will enter into, and possess the Chancellor. As soon as all doctors and exorcists have failed to free the Chancellor from me, do you go to the town and offer, for the recompense of two bags of dollars, to liberate the Chancellor from the evil spirit which torments him. Then come up to the bedside, say “Hocus pocus!” and I will fly away out of the window, and enter into, and possess, the Prime Minister. When all other means of cure have failed, do you volunteer, at the price of two sacks of gold pieces, to free the Prime Minister. Come to him, say as before, “Hocus pocus!” and I will fly from him through the window, and possess the King. And now, I warn you, beware how you venture to attempt to expel me from the body of the King. Should you, notwithstanding this caution, risk the attempt, I shall infallibly tear you in pieces, limb from limb.”

The shepherd expressed his acknowledgment in the best and most appropriate terms of which he was master. “Ta, ta!” said the spirit, as he spread his wings and flew away.

“Ta, ta!” replied the shepherd, gravely, looking after him. Shortly after this, a rumour spread through the country, that the Chancellor was not quite—to put it mildly—what he should be. It was whispered aside that the Chancellor had been playing pretty pranks, and that it was asserted by professors of medicine and of theology, that he was possessed by a bad spirit. All medicines, allopathic and homœopathic, having failed to cure the Chancellor, the clergy took him in hand and tried the last approved forms of exorcism, but the Chancellor, or rather the Chancellor’s tenant, was proof against all ecclesiastical demonstrations.

The young shepherd now came to the town, and loudly proclaimed his power to cure any one of diabolical possession. All other resources having failed, the King determined to give the shepherd a try, and so ordered him to visit, and prescribe for, the Chancellor. As soon as the peasant entered the room, he saw that the condition of the highest law officer of the crown was critical. He was kicking his attendants, abusing them in language hardly consistent with the dignity of his position, and foaming at the mouth.

The shepherd demanded as his fee for curing him, two sacks of dollars, and they were readily promised. He now approached the unhappy man, whose convulsions became more terrible as he drew near.

“Hocus pocus!” said the shepherd *ore rotundo*, and with a solemn face, at the same time making various fanciful signs in the air with his hand. Away flew the spirit, shivering the panes of glass in the window into countless fragments on his way. The shepherd received his fee, and returned to his cottage.

But it was soon noised abroad that something had gone wrong with the Prime Minister, and it was surmised that the demon which had been expelled from the Chancellor, had entered into the keeper of the King’s conscience,—awkward, decidedly. What was to be done? Regular practitioners were applied to first, as a matter of course, the allopaths sapped the Minister’s constitution with violent medicines, without expelling the evil spirit. The homœopaths did nothing at all, and the divines sent the spirit to sleep. When all had failed, recourse was had to the quack, and at the price of two sacks of gold

pieces the shepherd agreed to perform a cure. The circumstances resembled those in the former case, with one exception, the window was prudentially opened, and a glazier's bill saved. But now the evil spirit struck at higher game, and he took full and undisturbed possession of the monarch.

As might be expected, people were not one half so wise for experience, and the usual allopathic, homœopathic, and ecclesiastical systems were tasked to recover the King, and proved, as every one knew would be the case, a failure. Then they sent for the shepherd, but he refused to come. They sent again, and offered a room full of gold dust, but he persisted in his refusal, remembering the spirit's warning. The Prime Minister now ordered out a regiment of horse, and had the shepherd-exorcist brought will-he-nill-he. In vain did the poor man protest his inability to cure the King; the Prime Minister insisted, and the Chancellor threatened to put the law in force, which required that the bird which could sing and wouldn't sing, should be made to sing. Cowed by this threat the shepherd determined to do his best.

He entered the regal apartment. The King was howling and frothing at the mouth, and looked desperate. "Halloo!" roared the spirit, within; "you here, shepherd? did not I warn you not to attempt to cast me out of his Majesty?"

"Steady," said the shepherd, putting on an expression of awe; and, stealing on tip-toe across the room, with his hand to his mouth, he whispered—"Do you think me such a fool as to attempt anything of the kind? I'm only come to tell you, dear friend, that—that—**KATTIE IS OUT OF THE POND, AND IS INQUIRING AFTER YOU!**"

"Kattie!" gasped the devil; "Then I'm off!" and away he flew. S. B. G.

IN JEOPARDY.

I'M a bricklayer, I am; and, what's more, down in the country, where people ain't so particular about keeping trades distinct as they are in the great towns. This may be seen any day in a general shop, where, as one might say, you can get anything, from half a quartem of butter up to a horn lantern; and down again to a hundred of short-cut brads—well, down in the country I've done a bit of a job now and then as a mason; and not so badly neither, I should suppose, for I got pretty well paid considering, and didn't hear more than the usual amount of growlin' arter it was done—which is saying a deal. Ours ain't the most agreeable of lives, and if it warn't for recollecting a little about the dignity of labour, and such-like, one would often grumble more than one does.

Some time ago, it don't matter to you, nor me, nor yet anybody else, just when it was, work was precious slack down our way—all things considered, I ain't a-going to tell you where our way is. A day's work a week had been all I'd been able to get for quite two months; so Mary, that's my wife, used to pinch and screw, and screw and pinch, and keep on squeezing shilling arter shilling out of the long stocking, till at last it got so light, that one morning she lets it fall upon the table, where, instead of coming down with a good hearty spang, it fell softly and just like a piece of cotton that was empty. And then, poor lass, she hangs on to my neck, and burst out a-crying that pitiful, that I'm blest if I didn't want my nose blowing about every quarter of a minute. I hadn't minded the screwing and pinching; not a bit of it. First week we went without our puddings. Well, that wasn't much. Second week we stopped my half-pints o' beer. Third week I put my pipe out. Mary kep' on saying that things must look up soon, and then I should have an ounce of the best to make up for it. But things didn't look up; and, in spite of all the screwing, we got down to the bottom of the stocking, as I said jest now.

I hadn't much cared for the pinching, but it was my poor lass as got pinched the most, and she was a-getting paler and thinner every day, till I couldn't bear to see it. I run out o' the house, and down to Jenkins's yard, where I'd

been at work last. I soon found Jenkins; and I says to him, "Governor," I says, "this won't do, you know; a man can't live upon wind."

"True for you, Bill Stock," he says.

"And a man can't keep his wife upon wind," I says.

"Right you are, Bill," he says; and he went on and spoke as fair as a man could speak; and said he hadn't a job he could put me on, or he would have done it in a minute. "I'm werry sorry, Bill," he says, "but if times don't mend, I tell you what I'm a-going to do."

"What's that?" I says.

"Go up to London," he says; "and if I was a young man like you, I wouldn't stop starvin' down here, when they're giving first class wages up there, and when there's building going on all round, as thick as thick, and good big jobs too: hotels, and railways, and bridges, and all sorts."

I faces round sharp, and walks off home; for when a feller's hungry and close up, it lays hold on his temper as well as his stomach, moresopecially when there's somebody belonging to him in the same fix. So I walks off home, where I finds Mary a lookin' werry red-eyed; and I makes no more ado but I gets my pipe, and empties the bit o' dust there was in the bottom o' the jar into it, lights up, and sits down aside o' Mary, and puts my arm round her, jest as I used in old courting times; and then begins smoking an' thinking. Werry slow as to the fust, and werry fast as to the second; as smokin' costs money, and the dust was dry; whereas thinking came cheap jest then—and it's sur-prising how yer can think on an empty inside. I suppose it is because there's plenty o' room for the thoughts to work in.

"Well, I hadn't been settin' above a minute like this, when my lass lays her head on my shoulder, and though she wouldn't let me see it, I knowed she was a-giving way; but I didn't take no notice. Perhaps I held her a little bit tighter; and there I sat thinking and watching the thin smoke, till I could see buildings, and scaffolds, and heaps o' bricks, and blocks o' stone, and could almost hear the ring o' the trowels, and the "sar-jar" o' the big stone saws, and there was the men a-running up and down the ladders, and the gangers a-giving their orders, and all seemed so plain, that I began to grow warm. And I keeps on smoking till it seemed as though I was one of a great crowd o' men standing round a little square wooden office place, and being called in one at a time; and there I could see them a-takin' their six-and-thirty shillings and two pounds apiece, as fast as a clerk could book it. And then all at once it seemed to fade away like a fog in the sun; and I kep' on drawing, but nothing come, and I found as my pipe was out, and there was nothing left to light agen. So I knocks the ashes out—what there was on 'em—and then I breaks the pipe up, bit by bit, and puts all the pieces in my pocket—right-hand trousers-pocket.

"What for?" says you.

Notthin' at all, as I knows on; but that's what I did; and I am a-telling you what happened. Perhaps it was because I felt uncomfortable with nothing to rattle in my pocket. Howsoever, my mind was made up, and brightening up, and looking as cheerful as if I'd six-and-thirty shillings to take on Saturday, I says to her as was by my side:

"Polly, my lass, I am a-going up to London?"

"Going where?" she says, lifting up her head.

"London," I says; and then I began to think about what going to London meant. For, mind yer, it didn't mean a chap in a rough jacket making up a bundle in a clean blue handkercher, and then shorin' his stick through the knot and sticking it over his shoulder, and then stuffing his hands in his pockets, and taking the road upwards, whistlin' like a blackbird. No; it meant something else. It meant breaking up a tidy little home as two young folks—common people, in course—had been a saving up for years, to make snug; it meant half breaking a poor simple lass's heart to part with this little thing and that little thing; tearing up the nest that took so long a-building, and was allus so snug arter a cold day's work. I looked at the clean little winders, and then at the bright kettle on the shiny black hob, and then at the werry small

fire as there was, and then fust at one thing, and then at another, all so clean and neat and homely, and all showing how proud my lass was of 'em all, and then I thought a little more of what going up to London really did mean, and I suppose it must have been through feeling low and faint and poorly, and I'm almost ashamed to tell it, for I'm such a big strong chap; but truth's truth. Well, somehow a blind seemed to come over my eyes, and my head went down upon my knees, and I cried like a schoolboy. But it went off, for my lass was kneeling aside me in a minute, and got my thick old head upon her shoulder, and began a-doing all she could to make believe it was all right, and she wouldn't mind a bit, but we'd get on wonderful well up there; and so we talked it over for long enough, while she made believe to be so cheerful, and knelt at my side, a-ciphering away—a putting down ought for herself, and a-carrying I don't know how much for me—till I glowed up, under the discovery that whether work was plenty, or whether work was slack, I, Bill Stock—christened William—was rich in my good wife.

That was something like a thought, that was, and seemed to stiffen me up, and put bone and muscle into a fellow till he felt strong as a lion; so we set to talking over the arrangements; and two days arter, Polly and I was in a lodging in London.

Nex' morning I was up at five, and made myself smart; not fine, but clean, and looking as if I war'n't afraid of work; and I finds my way to one o' the big workshops, where the bell was a-ringing for six o'clock, and the men was a-scuffling in; while a chap with a book was on the look-out to time the late ones, for stopping on pay-day out of their wages—which is but fair, yer know, for if two hundred men lost a quarter of an hour apiece in a week, it would come to something stiff in a year. Well, there was a couple more chaps like me standing at the gate, come to see if they could get took on, and one o' 'em slips in, and comes out again directly a-swearin' and growling like anything, and then t'other goes in, and he comes out a-swearin' too, and then I feels my heart go sinking down ever so low. So I says to the fust.

"Any chance of a job?"

"Go to—" somewhere, says, cutting up rough; so I asks t'other one.

"Any chance of a job?" I says.

"Not a ha'porth," he says, turning his back, and going off with the fust one; and I must say as they looked a pretty pair of blacks.

So I stood there for quite five minutes wondering what to do; whether I should go in and ask for myself, or go and try somewhere else. I didn't like to try, arter seeing two men refused. All at once a tall sharp-eyed man comes out of a side place and looks at me quite fierce.

"Now, my man," he says, "what's your business? What do you want?"

"Job, sir," says I.

"Then why didn't you come in and ask?" he says.

"Saw two turned back," I says.

"Oh! we don't want such as them here," he says, "but there's plenty of work for men who mean it;" and then he looks through me a'most.

"I suppose you do mean it, eh?"

"Give us hold of a trowel," says I spitting in both hands.

"Bricklayer?" says he smiling.

"Right," says I.

"From the country?" says he.

"Yes," says I.

"Work slack there?" says he.

"Awful," says I.

"You'll do," says he. "Here, Jones, put this fellow in number four lot."

If you'll believe me, I could have taken hold of him and hugged him; but I didn't, for I kep' it for Polly.

Well—I wonder how many times I've said well, since I begun—I was in work now, and I meant to keep it. Didn't I make the bricks and mortar fly! My hodman did his day's work that day, if he never did it afore. Then some of the men began to take it up, and got to chaffing; one says there'd soon be no work left; and another says, I'd better have a couple o' Paddies

to keep me going, one for bricks, and another for mortar; while one fellow makes himself precious unpleasant, by keeping on going "puff! puff!" like a steam-engin', because I worked so fast. But I let them chaff as long as they liked; and bime-by I comes to be working alongside of my steam-engin' friend, and jest as he'd been going it a little extra, I says to him quietly:

"Ever been out o' work, matey?"

"Not to signify," he says.

"Cause if ever you are, and come down werry close to ground, you'll be as glad to handle the trowel again as I am." He didn't puff any more that day, not as I heard.

London work was something fresh to me. I used to think that I'd been about some tidy buildings down our way, but what was the tidiest on 'em to the London jobs I was put on! Jobs where the scaffolding must have cost hundreds upon hundreds of pounds more than the house, land, and everything else put together, of the biggest place I had ever worked upon. I used, too, to think I was pretty strong in the head; but I soon began to sing small here—specially when I had been up about a week and was put on at a big hotel, right up so high, that one turned quite creepy, and used to get thinking of what would be the consequences if a sharp puff of wind come and upset one's balance. I could never have believed, neither, that such a Jacob's Ladder of scaffold-poles could have been built up to stand without crushing and snapping those at the bottom like so many reeds or tobacco-pipes; but I suppose them as builds them knows best what should be done, and what they'll bear. But though I did not like it much, I took good care not to mention it to my lass, for I knew she'd have been on the sidget all day if I had told her.

By degrees I got to stand it all pretty well; and we began to feel a bit settled in our one room. Not that we much liked it, but then it was werry pleasant to go in the crowd on pay day, and draw your week's wage, good wage too, just as I had seen it when settin' in my own place at home. We still called it home, for we couldn't get to feel that we were at home in London, and Polly she said she never should, after having a little house of her own; but as there was only our two selves, we made things pretty comfortable.

The big hotel was getting on at a tremendous rate, for there was a strong body on us at work, and it used to make me think and think of the loads upon loads of stuff the hotel swallowed up, and how much more it would take before it was finished. One day when I was bricklaying up at the top—I don't know how many feet from the ground, and I never used to care to look to see, for fear of turning giddy—one day it came on to blow a regular gale, and blew at last so hard, that the scaffold shook and quivered, while, wherever there was a loose rope, it rattled and beat against the poles, as if it is impatient of being tied there, and wanted to break loose and be off.

It blew at last so werry hard, that I should have been precious glad of an excuse to get down, but I couldn't well leave my work, and the old hands didn't seem to mind it much; so I kep' at it. Whenever the wind blows now, and I shut my eyes, I can call it all back again; the creaking and quivering of the poles, the rattling of the boards, the howling and whistling of the gale as it swept savagely by, in a rage because it could not sweep us away.

A high wind is pretty hard to deal with, sometimes, on the ground; and I have seen folks pretty hard driven to turn a corner. So it may be guessed what sort of fun it is right up on a spidery scaffold, where a man is expected to work with both hands, and hold on by nothing, and that, too, where a single step backwards would be—there, it's a thing as allus makes me nervous to talk about.

It was getting to be somewhere about half-past three, and I was working hard, so as to keep from thinking about the storm, when all at once I happened to turn my head, and see that the men was a-scuffling down the ladders as hard as they could go. And then, before I had time to think, there was a loud crash, and a large piece

of the scaffolding gave way, and swept with it poles, boards, and bricks, right into the open space below.

I leaped up at a pole which projected from the roof above me, just above my head, caught it, and hung suspended, just as the boards upon which I stood but an instant before gave way, and fell on to the next stage, some twenty feet below. Tightly clasping the rough fir pole, I clung for life.

Think? I did think. I thought hundreds of things in a few seconds, as I shut my eyes and began to pray, for I felt as I could not hold on long, and I knew as I should fall first on the stage below, when the boards would either give way, or shoot me off again with a spring, and then I knew there would be a crowd round something upon the ground, and the police coming with a stretcher.

"Creep out, mate, and come down the rope," cried a voice from below. I turned my head, so that I could just see that the pole I was hanging to had a block at the hand, through which ran a rope for drawing light things up and down to the scaffold. For an instant I dared not move; then, raising myself, I went hand over hand towards the pulley, and in another instant I should have grasped it, when I heard a rushing sound, and the creaking of a wheel, as the rope went spinning through, and was gone: the weight of the longer side having dragged the other through. As I hung, I distinctly heard it fall, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet.

As the rope fell, and I hung there, I could hear a regular shriek from those below; but nobody stirred to my assistance, for I was beyond help then; but I seemed to grow stronger with the danger, though my arms felt as if they were being wrenched out of their sockets, and my nerves as if they were torn with hot irons. Sobbing for breath, I crept in again till I was over the stage first; then close into the face of the building; and there I hung. Once I tried to get some hold with my feet, but the smooth bricks let my toes slip over them directly. Then I tried to get a leg over the pole, so as to climb up and sit there; but the time was gone by for that. I had hung too long, and was now growing weaker every moment.

I can't describe what I felt. All I know is, that it was horrible, and that long afterwards I used to jump up in bed with a scream; for so sure as I was a little out o' sorts, came a dream of hanging to that scaffold-pole, expecting every moment to be one's last.

I can't say, either, how long I hung; but feeling at length that I was going, I made one last try for it. I thought of my poor lass, and seemed to see her a-looking at me in a widder's cap; and then I clenched my teeth hard, and tried to get on to where the end of the pole was fastened. I got one hand over the hard bricks, and hooked my fingers, and held on: then I got the other hand over, and tried to climb up, as a cheer from below encouraged me; but my feet and knees slipped over the smooth bricks, and in spite of every effort they hung down straight at last, and I felt a sharp quiver run through me as slowly, slowly, my hands opened, my fingers straightened, and, with eyes blinded and blood-shot, I fell.

Fell what seemed to be an enormous distance, though it was only to the next stage, where boards, bricks, and tools, skaken by the concussion, went with a crash below. The deal planks upon which I lay, still kep' in their places, but with their ends jolted so near the edge that it seemed to me that the least motion on my part would make them slip, and send me off again. I was too exhausted and frightened to move, and lay there for some time, not knowing whether I was much hurt or not. The first thing as recalled me to myself was the voice of a man who came up a ladder close at hand; and I could see that he had a rope and pulley with him, which he soon had hooked on to the ladder.

"Hold on, mate," he says. "If I throw you the end of the rope, can you tie it round you?"

"I'll try," I says. So he makes a noose, and pulling enough rope through the block, he shies it to me, but it wasn't far enough. So he tries

again and again, and at last I manages to ketch hold on it. But now, as soon as I tried to move, it seemed as if something stabbed me in the side, and, what was more, the least thing, would, I found, send the boards down, and of course me with them.

"Tell them to hold tight by the rope," says I; and he passed the word, while I got both arms through the noose, and told him to tighten it, which he did by pulling, for I could not have got it over my head without making the boards slip.

"Now then," he says, "are you ready?"

"All right," I says, faintly, for I felt as if everything was a-swimming round me; but I heard him give a signal, and felt the snatch of the rope as it cut into my arms above the elbows, and then I swang backwards and forwards in the air; while, with a crash, away went the boards upon which I had been a-lying.

I couldn't see any more, nor hear any more, for I seemed to be sent to sleep; but I suppose I was lowered down and took to the hospital, where they put my broken ribs to rights in no time, and it wasn't so werry long before I was at work once more; though it took a precious while before I could get on to a high scaffold again without feeling creepy and slivery; but, you know, "use is second nature."

Polly showed me the stocking t'other day, and I must say it has improved wonderful, for wages keep good, and work's plenty; and as for those chaps who organise the strikes, it strikes me they don't know what being out of work is like. But, along o' that stocking, one feels tempted very much to go down in the country again, but don't like to, for fear o' things not turning out well; and Polly says, "Let well alone, Bill." So I keeps on, werry-well satisfied, and werry comfortable.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

THE cattle plague is not a pleasant subject for an article in a pleasant magazine; and the Editor is very wise in keeping it excluded from his columns, says an English writer.

Still I wish to say what happened to me lately through the plague, and it really was no joke, as I think, it will be granted.

For the benefit of his health, the other day I went to see a country friend of mine, whose brains required enlivening by my sprightly London small-talk. His reason for my visit was that I looked seedy, and required fresh air and quiet, which latter in his neighbour-hood is certainly abundant.

"Come and stay a week with us, and we'll soon set you up, and make quite a new man of you."

This was how he phrased his friendly invitation: and I mentally replied that, as an act of purest charity, I would tear myself away from London for a week, and devote my wits to keeping him from snoring after dinner.

The artful fellow did not tell me, when he wrote, that the district where he lived had been especially infected, and that in consequence he drank his tea and coffee without cream, and let neither milk, nor beef, nor butter be seen upon his table. Now, like our Yankee cousin, I am vastly fond of "cowjuice," and I never have been able to acquire the Russian taste for tea with lemon sprinkled in it. Milk or cream of some sort is essential to my comfort, and in London I have never any trouble in procuring it. All throughout last summer, when the cows were at their worst, I had abundant cream for breakfast, and I never dreamed of asking if it were deleterious. One learns in London not to be too nice about one's food; and I should about as soon have analysed a sausage at a chop-house, as have thought of ascertaining if the sediment I noticed at the bottom of my creamjug were cow-born or calcareous.

I discovered these privations the first evening of my visit, for, as I had forgotten to say when I was coming, I found upon arrival that my friend, his wife, and daughters had all gone out to dinner. "The childing," said the servant, "were agoing to hev their tea," which I took as a broad hint that it was no use asking cook to serve a

solitary banquet for me. So I meekly replied that I should like to have some tea; "and a little dry toast, please," I added, with more boldness, resolving that I would not eat a meal without some cookery.

Ten minutes were allowed here for refreshment with a hair-brush and a bit of soap and towel, and I then in stately solitude proceeded to the Banquet Hall, with an appetite which even an Eton boy might envy. There I found a tea-tray—(how I do hate tea-trays! they remind me so of gruel, sago, broth, and being ill)—and on this tea-tray was a teapot, with the tea all ready made—(how I hate tea kitchen-madell they might have known I always like to make my tea myself)—and beside it were a slop-basin, a plate, a cup, a saucer, a spoon, and some dry toast. Humpf! I thought, a rather literal translation of my order. But, being in a friend's house, I restrained my indignation, and gently rang the bell, and mildly said that I felt rather hungry after my long journey, and should like a little something in the meat way—"a slice of cold roast beef or so," I suggested at a venture, thinking it the likeliest of dainties to demand. Said "the neat-headed Phillis" (her real name, I hear, is Victoria Matilda, but her employers call her Ann), "Please, sir, cook don't buy no beef now, master says it's bad; but there's a nice cold line o' pork, sir; leas'tways, the scrag end there is, for we had it for our dinners, and I'm feared it's most all eat."

Cold pork I nigh; she might as well have given me "cold pig!" Fancy a man fasting for nine hours and a quarter, and sitting down in cold blood to cold pork with his tea! From that scrag end of pork what dreams might come, did give me pause. I shuddered and declined; and endeavoured to console myself by pouring out some tea. "But, stop!" I cried, as Phillis was about to leave the presence; "you've forgotten to bring the milk."

"Master won't allow no milk to be took in now, sir, cos the cows is all so bad."

"Oh, very well," I sighed despairingly, and Phillis mutely fled. But the next moment almost I had to summon her again; for I discovered that there was not any butter on the table, and I hate eating dry toast unless there's lots of butter on it.

"Master's giv strict orders not to buy no butter, sir, cos he says at it's deceased!"

This was the servant's last reply. A voice replied, "It's all my eye!" But this the voice said inwardly; for base indeed is he who casteth ridicule upon a friend before a handmaid of the same. Still, when Phillis had departed, I could not help reflecting, as I sipped my creamless tea and crunched my too dry toast, that to keep oneself, and wife, and friends, and family, and servants, sans cream, sans milk, sans veal, sans butter, and sans beef, must certainly be somewhat of a saving to a man; and I did not so much wonder at Brown's friendly invitation "to come and stay a week" with him, seeing that he knew quite well to what a stunted larder my fine appetite would come.

Next morning he of course was profuse in his apologies for being out when I arrived: "But you know, you should have written, my dear fellow, and then we would have had all ready for your royal highness, and have killed our fatted calf."

"But isn't it deceased?" I could not help inquiring, casting a sly glance at Phillis as I spoke.

This little joke of mine restored me to good humour, for I own that my fine temper had been a little ruffled by my scant repast. So, instead of leaving by first train, as I had hungrily resolved in the still watches of the night, I heroically determined to stay the whole week through, and starve on creamless tea and butterless dry toast.

- Newton—An ant that climbed Olympus.
Taxes—Periodical bleeding, as prescribed by governments.
Miser—One who makes bricks that his heirs may build houses.
War—Murder to music.
Sloth—Crawling by the side of a railroad.
Pedantry—Intellectual tight-lacing.

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMS.

Members of the Legislative Assembly

- 1. Next raged at all.
2. Oh M was girl.
3. Joy hampers L.
4. U salt a mule.

CONUNDRUM.

Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat?

CHARADES.

- 1. A lady entering a friend's house was addressed thus: my first I hope you are, my last I see you are; my whole I am sure you are.
2. I am a word of 6 letters; my 5 is a thousand; my 4, 3, 2 and 4, 6, 5, 3, 2, 4, are the ruin of thousands; my 5, 1, 2, may signify thousands; my 4, 1, 5 is often worth thousands, and my whole has often puzzled thousands.
3. I am a word of eight letters. My 1, 2, 7, 4 is a vegetable; my 3, 6, 4, 7 is a ceremony; my 5, 2, 8 is a possessive pronoun; my 3, 6, 1 is a bone; my 6 is a pronoun; my 2, 3, 8 is what we all do at times; 1, 2, 7, 8 is a beverage, and my whole is a village in Lower Canada.
4. I am composed of 4 letters, my 3 is myself, my 2 although nearly connected with my 3 is often abused, my 1, 4, are the same; I form three syllables and am a river.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Behead one animal and leave ten.
2. Behead one person twice and leave another person.
3. Behead a pronoun and leave a first born son.
4. Behead an adjective and leave a prominent character in Shakespeare, behead again and leave a part of the body.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 1. Tease Arthur A Reddy. A candidate for public favour.
2. A am wonderen ofr reaterpe.
Liwl dolsem lurpsec to keam reef.
Whit hinder'sipsf isent ginlfice.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

How many shingles will it take to cover the roof of a building which is 60 feet long and 56 feet wide, allowing each shingle to be 4 inches wide and 18 inches long and to lie one third to the weather?

Answers to Anagrams, &c., No. 23.

Puzzle grid with numbers 0 0 0 0 0 0

ANAGRAMS.—1. Angus Morrison. 2. Thomas Scatterd. 3. Robert Bell. 4. William Pearce Howland.

CHARADE.—Amusements.
ACROSTIC.—Fontinbras.—Fabricius, Ontario, Ridley, Titian, Italy, Nankin, Bunyan, Rome, Alfred, Socrates.

TRANSPOSITION.—The key to the transposition is—use throughout the letter which precedes each letter given in the puzzle—we give one line as an example,

"Oh, lady dear I wish to tell."

The following answers have been received:
Puzzle.—X. Y., X. Y. Z., Arnprior, H. H. V., Cloud, Festus, Ellen.

Anagrams.—Festus, H. H. V., Cloud. X. Y. Nemo, X. Y. Z., Clara H., Beeston.

Charade.—X. Y. Z., H. H. V., Cloud, Ellen. Nemo, X. Y., Clara H., Festus, Beeston, Dot.

Acrostic.—X. Y., Nestor, H. H. V., Camp, Clara H., Luna, Violet, Festus, Cloud.

Transposition.—Dick Ellis, F. J. S., X. Y. Z., J. L. W., X. Y., Cloud, H. H. V., Festus, Clara H., Violet, Luna, Camp, David N.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue:

Double You, R. T. B., Querist, Alpha.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 11.—Correct solutions received from "St. Urban St.," J. McL.; R. B., Toronto; "Alma," Brantford; and R., Hamilton.

Mate cannot be given, as proposed by a Quebec correspondent, by 1. K. to Q. 6th, if Black replies with 1. Kt. from Q. Kt.'s 6th to Q. 6th, followed by 2. K. to K. 6th.

PROBLEM No. 12.—Correct solutions received from J. McL.; W. S.; and R. B., Toronto.

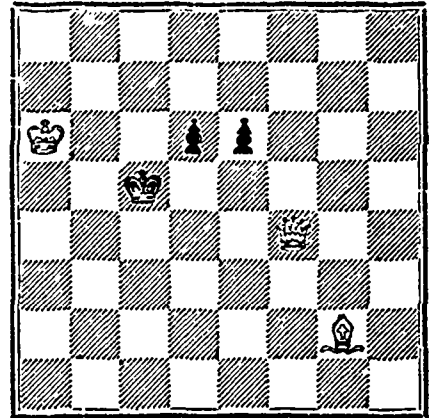
We omitted last week to acknowledge receipt of solution to Problem No. 10, from H. K. C., Quebec.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 12.

- WHITE. 1 Kt. to Q. R. 7th. 2 Q. to R. R. 8th. 3 Q. to R. 8th. Mate.
BLACK. B. to Q. 7th (best). D. to K. B. 6th.

PROBLEM No. 14.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

The following sprightly game was played some years since, by telegraph, between Dr. Raphael, at that time a resident of Louisville, Ky., and the Frankfort, Ky., Chess Club. The time occupied in playing the game was under three hours. Dr. R. won the move.

K. Kt.'s GAMBIT.

Chess game record table with columns for WHITE (Dr. R.) and BLACK (F. C. C.) and moves 1-27.

- (a) This move resolves the game into what is called the Cunningham defence of the Gambit.
(b) A very strong and attacking move.
(c) Much better than taking Kt. with B., as in that event White would have played Q. to K. R. 6th, and has a had an overwhelming attack.
(d) Probably as good as anything else.
(e) Much better than taking with B.
(f) Very beautifully played.

- Prison—An oven where society puts newly-made crime to harden.
Slave—One of God's children, kept out of his property by a brother.
Charity—Sunshine in Iceland.
History—The tombstone of the past.
Gun—An invention for arguing by chemistry.
Bank—A hospital for congested wealth.
Opinion—The focus of thought.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTIST.—We are glad to hear from you again, and beg to refer you to our next issue.

X. Y.—The letter was forwarded to us by a valued contributor with a request to publish it. He omitted to enclose the key, consequently we were unable to test the correctness of the "copy."

Dor.—Thanks! We have placed it aside for publication in an early issue.

J. M. LEM.—We are happy to accede to your request. Our columns will be always open to yourself or the "Society."

DOUBLE YOU.—We shall be glad to avail ourselves of your contributions as opportunity offers. Many thanks.

H. C. C.—We have placed your name upon our mail list, and will forward you the READER regularly.

JAS. R. L., TORONTO.—We have no recollection of the articles you refer to, and fear, if we received them, that they have been destroyed. We regret this since you wish them remailed, but you must be aware that, as a rule, we cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

AIM WELL.—We are unwillingly compelled to decline your contribution, but we think if you continue to "aim well" that you will be more successful next time.

ESTHER.—Please accept our thanks for your good wishes. We will publish your contribution, if you can furnish us with the word or words which constitutes the "whole." The answers you have given appear to us to be only parts or transpositions of the actual solution.

S. S., LONDON.—We hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you frequently, as we value your contributions.

JAS. H.—Respectfully declined.

V.—We owe you an apology for our omission to forward the numbers last week. We have now mailed them and placed your name upon our list. The READER will be forwarded to you regularly.

W. L.—Your letter is the reverse of respectful. We cannot recede from the position we have taken.

CLOUD.—Much obliged.

FESTUS.—We still believe the solution we have given to be correct.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS

TO CLEAN TARNISHED SILVER.—Wash the silver over with a strong solution of cyanide of potassium. Simultaneously with the development of a very disagreeable smelling gas, the metal becomes bright, and must be immediately washed with water, and dried.

HAM TOAST.—This is very convenient to hand round with chicken or with roast veal, and also makes a tasty breakfast or luncheon dish. Mince very finely the lean of a slice or two of boiled ham, beat the yolks of two eggs, and mix them with the ham, adding as much cream or stock as will make it soft: keep it long enough on the fire to warm it through—it may be allowed almost to boil, but should be stirred all the time. Have ready some buttered toast, cut it in round pieces about the size of a crown-piece, and lay the ham neatly on each piece.

CORN PUDDING.—Take eighteen ears of sweet corn, cut down lengthwise and scraped from the cobs; about a pint of milk, and three eggs; but in sugar and salt to the taste. Bake it three hours slowly.

TRIOY PUDDING.—One cup each of raisins, suet, treacle, milk; three cups and a half of flour; one teaspoonful of saleratus; stir it altogether; put it into a pudding cloth, and boil it three hours. Serve it with sweet sauce. 952437

WATER-PROOF PAPER.—Dissolve eight ounces of alum and three ounces and three-quarters of Castile soap in four pints of water, and two ounces of gum arabic and four ounces of glue in another half gallon of water. Mix both, heat, dip in the paper, then suspend until dry. M.K.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—Dr. Fallon, of St. Foy, publishes the following method of curing coryza,

or cold in the head. It consists of inhaling through the nose the emanations of ammonia contained in a smelling-bottle. If the sense of smell is completely obliterated, the bottle should be kept under the nose until the pungency of the volatile alkali is felt. The bottle is then removed, but only to be re-applied after a minute; the second application, however, should not be long, that the patient may bear it. This easy operation being repeated seven or eight times in the course of five minutes, but always very rapidly, except the first time, the nostrils become free, the sense of smell is restored, and the secretion of the irritating mucus is stopped. The remedy is peculiarly advantageous to singers.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

THE CAUROV CANAL, one of the greatest public works in Italy, is now completed. The waters of the Po have been admitted into the channel, and now fill its whole extent of fifty-three miles.

A PARIS ARCHITECT, borrowing the idea from the Romans, has invented a brick which hardens with time, completely resists humidity, and is said to realise an economy of forty per cent. in building. He has demonstrated these advantages in important works, and proposes giving further ample proofs at the approaching Paris Exhibition. This system is applicable to every kind of construction, but must be peculiarly interesting to those who occupy themselves with improved dwellings for the poor.

SPONGES are adulterated by being well kneaded in weak gum-water, with which very fine sand is mixed. They are then dried in the sun, and the excess of sand falls out of the pores, but sufficient is left largely to increase the original weight of sponge.

JAPANESE MATCHES.—Dr. Hofmann has exhibited to the London Chemical Society some small paper matches, which were lately given to him, and said to have been brought home from Japan. He lighted several of these matches, which burned with a small, scarcely luminous flame, a red-hot ball of glowing saline matter accumulating as the combustion proceeded. When about one-half of the match had been consumed, the glowing head began to send forth a succession of splendid sparks. The phenomenon gradually assumed the character of a brilliant scintillation very similar to that observed in burning a steel spring in oxygen, only much more delicate, the individual sparks branching out in beautiful dendritic ramifications. His first idea, Dr. Hofmann continued, had been to look for a finely-divided metal in the mixture. But when examined in his laboratory, it had been found quite free from metallic constituents, and to contain carbon, sulphur, and nitro only. These constituents were present in the following proportions:—Carbon, 17.32; sulphur, 29.14; nitre, 53.64. Each match contained about forty milligrammes of the mixture, which was folded up in fine paper. There had been no difficulty in imitating these matches.

WATER AS A LUBRICATOR.—For some four months past an improved water lubricator, the invention of Messrs. Acris Brothers, has been in use on the North-Eastern Railway, and in the *Mining Journal* of December 16 it was mentioned that the results obtained were highly satisfactory. The experiment in question has been under the superintendence of Mr. de Pelsevaire, of Gateshead, by whom a carriage for that company was fitted with two of Acris's boxes on September 4 last; since which date, with the exception of a few days, that carriage has been and is still running daily with excellent results. Up to the beginning of October it was in use between Newcastle and York, and since that date between Newcastle and Normanton. The boxes and bearings remain perfectly cold even when running express. The mileage run by the carriage with the water-box up to this date is about 23,500, and this without any grease having been added to the thinnest possible coating which was put on the bearings when the boxes were fixed.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

PEOPLE talk about making a clean sweep. Can they make a sweep clean?—*Punch.*

WHY are gentleman's love-letters liable to go astray?—Because they are generally miss-directed.

THE use of the comma is sometimes important. At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman—without her, man is a brute." It was printed "Woman, without her man, is a brute."

Mrs. Partington, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak paragonically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

A HANDSOME OFFER.—"I once had a very handsome offer made to me," said Lord Eldon. "I was pleading for the rights of the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Now I had been reading in Coke, and found there that the people of the Isle of Man were no beggars. Lord Coke's words are:—The inhabitants of this isle are religious, industrious, and true people, without begging or stealing"—so in my speech, I said, 'The people of the Isle of Man are no beggars; I therefore do not beg their rights, I demand them!' This so pleased an old smuggler who was present, that when the trial was over, he called me aside, and said, 'Young gentleman, I tell you what; you shall have my daughter, if you will marry her, and £100,000 for her fortune.' That was a very handsome offer; but I told him that I happened to have a wife, who had nothing for her fortune; therefore I must stick to her."—*Men who have Risen.*

Sir Richard Jebb being called to a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingeniously what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live—what I may eat, and what not?"—"My directions as to that point," said Sir Richard, who abominated this sort of question, "will be few and simple: you must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but anything else you please."

PARADOXICAL AND ANTE-PRANDIAL.—"No, sir!" said Alderman Gobble; "I never took to fox 'unting."—"Perhaps not," we replied, as we took our place at the well-spread table, where the waiters were in readiness to remove the covers from the various dishes. "Perhaps not; and yet you have always been fond of the meet at the coverside." The alderman said nothing: perhaps, like the monkeys, he thought the more.

A FRIEND once visiting an unworldly philosopher whose mind was his kingdom, expressed some surprise at the smallness of his apartment, "Why you have not room to swing a cat!" "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative answer, "I do not want to swing a cat."

KINDNESS OF A CARPENTER.—A carpenter, having neglected to make a gibbet (which was ordered by the executioner), on the ground that he had not been paid for the last that he had erected, gave so much offence, that the next time the judge came the circuit, he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge, in a stern voice, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?"—"I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter; "had I known it had been for your lordship, it should have been done immediately."

"THE GENTLEMAN IN THE COFFIN."—As a gentleman from somewhere deep down among the fields and trees, who was wholly unaccustomed to London crowds and processions, was passing along the Strand the other day, when the erection of a new building and piles of brick obstructed locomotion, he met a long drawn-out funeral, and supposing that the deceased must be no less personage than the Lord Mayor of London, he asked a hod-carrier who was standing near whose funeral it was. After gazing at him vacantly for a time, the hod-carrier replied, "I can't just exactly give you his name, but I think it's the gentleman in the coffin."