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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 46.

FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 21, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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

## FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

ALL of us have heard of the "March of Intellect"—a phenomenon of mental pedestrianism which it is much more pleasant to believe than easy to witness. The phrase is one of those pieces of oratorical clap-trap which, by a lucky accident, passed into use as a fitting philosophical description of the diffusion of knowledge in our own times. At popular lectures, in educational publications, and at most literary entertainments, we are informed that at no other period in the world's history has the human mind possessed the same opportunities for expanding its faculties, and adding to its store of knowledge. And, to clinch the assertion, we are told to look at the vast number of books and periodicals that flow unceasingly from the press—to look at the immense circulation of cheap newspapers, the establishment of mechanics' institutes in almost every village, the multiplicity of schools, and the countless myriads of schoolmasters.

These facts may be said to be all comprised under the phrase, "The March of Intellect." Well, suppose we admit the appropriateness of the expression, we may be allowed to inquire, not in any spirit of cavil—whither is intellect marching? Is the march irresistible like that of the Roman legions—a march which shall hold its conquering way through the regions of ignorance and vice, until every citadel of inhumanity and injustice shall be overthrown, and temples of philanthropy and liberty be raised in the places they polluted? Or is the march like that of Attila, who, unlike the Romans, did not conquer that he might civilize and consolidate, but that he might reduce to barbarism, and utterly destroy.

The question we have raised is one which embraces much that may afford food for reflection. No one can doubt that the educational advantages of the present day are unparalleled; while, on the other hand, we are afraid it cannot be denied that the result is very disproportionate to what might reasonably be expected.

The aim after which most men strive, in our day, is to know a little of everything. The result in such a case invariably is, that they know nothing thoroughly. People of this stamp seem to forget the deep meaning conveyed in the old Latin maxim—"Beware of the man of one book." But it is not, perhaps, the fault of this age that our information is diffusive rather than concentrative. The number of periodicals that issue from the press; the necessity of keeping abreast with the current public topics of our own countries, and the events that transpire in others,

and above all, our utter absorption in the sublime science of money-making, prevent us from giving to one or more important studies that persistent attention which is requisite to fathom and comprehend them in all their details. And, further, if any one of us incline to devote ourselves to the study of any subject, we would require—so wide and interesting are such topics, as history and geography, political economy and statistics, etc.—a whole library of reference; and this is a something which men who live by their pen cannot obtain, and men of other professions care not to procure.

Why, then, should every city in British North America, every town and large village, remain without the possession of a free public library? This is a necessity of the times, and as a boon to every class of the population—the judge, the member of parliament, the professional man, the business man, and last but not least, the artizan, would be equally beneficial and acceptable.

It may be humiliating to a nation who can claim the greatest names in modern literature—but it is nevertheless true, that even in the British Islands, the number of public libraries falls scandalously short of those of the continent. Now for our proof.

From evidence laid before a committee of the Imperial Parliament some years ago, and the facts adduced as well as the figures, would bear, perhaps, the same relative proportions to-day—the position of the continental libraries was as follows:—

France contained 186 public libraries, 107 of which comprised 10,000 volumes or upwards, each. Belgium possessed 14; the Prussian States 53; or 44 possessing above 10,000 volumes; Austria, with Lombardy and Venice, 49; Saxony, 9; Bavaria, 18; Denmark, 5; Tuscany, 10; Hanover, 5; Naples and Sicily, 8; Papal States, 16; Portugal, 7; Spain 27, or 17 comprising 10,000 volumes; Switzerland, 13; Russian Empire, 12. Now at the time the above evidence was elicited, Great Britain and Ireland possessed only 34 such depositories of learning, the large majorities of which were accessible only to privileged individuals or corporations; while out of a total of 458 libraries in the Continental States, 53 were distinguished as Public Lending Libraries, and not one such institution was to be found in the United Kingdom. In the following table are given the number of libraries in some of the chief capitals and other distinguished places in Europe; the aggregate number of volumes in each town or city, and the proportion of volumes to every 100 of the inhabitants:

Name of town	No. of libraries.	Aggregate No. of vols.	No. of vols to every 100 persons.
Milan.....	2	250,000	146
Padua.....	3	177,000	393
Prague.....	3	198,000	184
Venice.....	4	137,000	141
Vienna.....	3	453,000	126
Heidelberg...	1	200,000	1500
Munich.....	2	800,000	751
Brussels.....	2	143,000	107
Copenhagen...	3	557,000	467
Montpelier...	3	100,000	295
Paris.....	9	1,474,000	160
Naples.....	4	290,000	82
Bologna.....	2	233,000	337
Rome.....	6	465,000	306
Berlin.....	2	460,000	158
Petersburg...	3	505,000	107
Dresden.....	4	340,500	490
Madrid.....	2	260,000	153
Upsal.....	1	150,000	3333
Florence.....	6	299,000	306

BRITISH.			
Aberdeen.....	2	46,000	71
Cambridge...	5	261,724	1046
Dublin.....	4	143,654	60
Edinburgh...	3	288,854	209
Glasgow.....	3	80,096	26
London.....	4	490,500	22
Manchester...	1	19,900	5½
Oxford.....	8	373,300	1547

By the above table it will be seen that, in comparison with the despotic States of the European continent, the United Kingdom falls far short in the intellectual resources supplied to its population. As to Oxford and Cambridge it is sufficient to say, that their libraries are in no respect "public," the books they contain being kept apart solely for the use of the literati and students connected with the universities. The following is a list of the principal national lending libraries of Europe, arranged as to the number of societies in each:

	Volumes.
Paris—National Library.....	824,000
Munich—Royal Library.....	600,000
Copenhagen—Royal Library.....	412,000
Berlin—Royal Library.....	410,000
Vienna—Imperial Library.....	313,000
Dresden—Royal Library.....	300,000
Milan—Brera Library.....	170,000
Paris—St. Geneviève Library.....	150,000
Darmstadt—Grand Ducal Library....	150,000
Naples—Royal Library.....	150,000
Paris—Mazarine Library.....	100,000
Parma—Ducal Library.....	100,000

If public libraries, such as the above, have no existence in Great Britain, it cannot be expected that Canada can lay claim to the possession of any such extensive depositories of information. The truth is, we in this Province have no library which can properly be called a public one. To be sure, we have the Parliamentary library, and a first-rate collection of books it contains; but it is not immediately available for reference, and it is not always convenient for a literary man in Quebec, Hamilton or Toronto, to proceed to Ottawa to consult a particular volume. This library of Parliament is open, while the House is in Session, to all who can procure a ticket of admission from the Speaker of either Chamber; and this favour is very seldom refused to persons of respectability. The library is under the management of Mr. Todd, and is admirably conducted by that gentleman. Still, this excellent Provincial collection is not open to the general public, for many reasons; and the same regulation characterizes the libraries of our Colleges and Mechanics' Institutes;—in the latter case, however, the payment of a small annual fee—necessary for the support of the institution—is all that is required to procure admittance, and the loan of books.

But Canada can show no city which possesses a free public library approximating, not in the number of books, but in principle, to the Astor in New York, and the free libraries of other United States cities. Is it not time that our large towns should set about making a beginning? An example once set, would be speedily followed, and the results would be found to be beneficial in the highest degree;—a desire for solid information would become more widely diffused; a taste for sterling literature would be developed; and, if a gymnasium were attached to such an institution, our youth would be weaned from pursuits which are too apt to work evil to their moral and physical, as well as their pecuniary well-being. The Canadian city that establishes the first free library, will lay the present and future generations of the Province under obligations that will be constantly and affectionately remembered, all time to come.

## THE DRAMA.

**THOMAS BETTERTON**, the great actor, used to say, that it was easy for any player to *rouse* the house, but to *subdue* it, render it rapt, and hushed to, at the most, a murmur, was work for an artist—and, if this assertion of the man, reported to have been the most perfect Hamlet that ever trod the boards, can be accepted as correct, Mr. Dillon's Hamlet was, eminently, that of an artist. The philosophic prince of Denmark was, in his hands, what Shakespeare drew him—a gentleman; there was none of that ranting or roaring about it, that is too often made the attribute of this character on the stage. In the scene with Ophelia, for instance, he did not bully her, as is often the case, by shouting like a madman at the top of the voice "Get thee to a nunnery!" but he was quiet and natural. The sorrowful manner in which he bade her "To a nunnery go!" seemed to indicate that it was the only way by which she could possibly escape that calamity, which by being "as chaste as ice, as pure as snow," she could not otherwise avoid. The coming back, after leaving her to kiss her hand, with seemingly repentant gentleness, as if to show that it was his deep love working on a mind half distracted, that made him give such advice, was a very artistic touch. In the ghost scene, Hamlet's anxiety to know the reason of his father's reappearance was very well rendered; and the way in which, as if suddenly recollecting it, he flung off his cap, when about to address "the majesty of buried Denmark," was very natural. In the closet scene with the Queen, Mr. Dillon introduced an entirely new style of illustrating the passage commencing "Look here upon this picture, and on this," where Hamlet compares the merits of his father and uncle; it is generally done by pointing to a picture on either wall, or by roughly dragging from poor Gertrude's bosom a miniature of her second husband with one of the late king carried by his son; but Mr. Dillon, very wisely, made the portraits air-drawn, and leaning over to his mother's chair, drew them in imagination, by which the effect was greatly increased. The death scene was very fine, and the whole performance was an original, poetical, and refined interpretation of, perhaps, the least understood of Shakespeare's heroes.

As Othello, Mr. Dillon's acting was magnificent; the Moor's modest consciousness of his felicity, in securing so great a prize as Desdemona, his tenderness towards her, so admirably contrasting with the severity of his deportment as the soldier best trusted by Venice, his jealousy, so evidently springing from his great love, and the horrid consequences of allowing his simple unsophisticated mind to be misled by the arts of "honest Iago," were admirably portrayed. The description before the senate, of how he wooed and won Desdemona, was a splendid bit of elocution. In the interviews with Iago, Mr. Dillon introduced some entirely new business; in ordinary performances of "Othello," Iago and the Moor deliver all their speeches standing before the footlights, after the fashion of school-boys giving melancholy "recitations," but Mr. Dillon went through most of the scenes seated naturally in his chair, with Iago leaning over the table, pouring his insidious hints into his unwilling ears, by which means his outbursts of rage and struggles against conviction, when he rose to his feet, told with much greater effect. After the murder of Desdemona, Othello's pathetic exclamation in answer to Emilia's enquiry as to his wife, of "My wife! my wife, what wife. I have no wife!" seemed wrung from his very heart and was terrible in the impression it conveyed of despair. Of King Lear we have but little space to speak. Mr. Dillon brought out the senile childishness of the old king, who thirsting for his daughters' love, could not discriminate between possession and sincerity, excellently well. The imprecations of the headstrong, loving, aged monarch, when his affection was met by such ingratitude as his elder daughter displayed, were sublime—and there was something frightful in the reality of his madness—the key-note

of his rambling exclamations being ever the unnatural conduct of his children. The interview with Cordelia, his much injured daughter, whom in his madness he takes for a spirit, was very affecting: the feebleness of the poor old man, quite subdued by the affection of the child he had wronged so much, and the eagerness with which he clung to the hope of her recovering, when in the last act, he brings her in dead in his arms, were very natural.

It will be long before Montreal again sees such a thoroughly original and natural actor as Charles Dillon, who in his impersonations of Shakespeare's heroes, entirely throws away the traditional modes of delivery, except so far as they are in evident accordance with common sense; and who, though a most accomplished master, is yet a loving student of the art "holding the mirror up to nature." JOHN QUILL.

## MUSICAL.

**MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.**—Without words, and without names even! Its music speaking for itself, or rather speaking for the human heart, disdaining any other interpreter. Each melody, with its accompaniment, is like a pure stream flowing through a rich scenery. The stream is the soul's consciousness, the scenery is the world of mingled associations through which it flows, time's shadow on its surface. Sometimes, however, the accompaniment suggests unearthly scenery, enchanted regions, and the song is like the life of a soul disembodied, or translated where it knows no more the fretting bounds of time. Several of these pieces, however, have a title, indicating merely their general character: there is one styled a "People's Song," and there are three "Venetian Gondola Songs." Let us look at these latter for the present. After being rocked by this music, till it haunts your thoughts, you feel that you know Venice, though you may never have been there.

"My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing."

The atmosphere, the limpid coolness of the water, the rhythm of its motion, and the soft, sad, yet voluptuous colouring of all things; in short, the very volatile essence of all that life, is, as it were, caught and perpetuated in these subtle accommodating forms of melody. What is the meaning of Venice in history, is a question which might perhaps be answered, if we could only tell what influence this music ministers to the mind. Hearing it, and losing yourself in it, you inhabit an ideal Venice, the soul, as it were, of the real one, without its sins and infirmities, its horrible suicidal contrasts.

The first of the three (Number Six of the First Set) is a sustained Andante, in six-eight measure. The accompaniment, by a very simple figure, gives the rocking sensation of a gondola, while "the oars keep time." The gentle key, G minor, indicates soft moonlight or starlight; and presently the song floats off, in loving thirds and sixths, full of tenderness and musing sadness, which has more of longing in it than of regret for actual suffering. It rises higher and louder at times, but never breaks through the gentle spell, always sinks back into the dreaminess of the hour. The sentiment is so pure, that one might dream himself in heaven; only the sadness makes it human. Far off in the smooth stream, the boat for a time seems fixed, suspended, and the voice alone, amid its natural accompaniments, informs the distance. Again the motion is resumed, but fainter and more remote, and as the sounds die away in the smooth shining distance, how magical the effect of those soft high octaves, ever and anon twice struck, as if to assure us that beyond it is as beautiful as here; and finally all the harmonies converge into a single note, just as broad spaces on the farthest verge and boundary of sight are represented by a single fine line. At the introduction, after the rocking accompaniment, so soft and dreamy, has proceeded a few measures, you seem suddenly to touch the water and have

a cold thrill of reality for a moment, as the harmonies brighten into the major key. The predominating expression of the Air, however, is more that of tranquil, childlike harmony and peace, than of any restless passion; an innocent delight just slightly tempered with the "still sad music of humanity." The coolness of the buoyant element allays all inward heat.

(To be Continued.)

**ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER.** By Colonel R. B. Marey, U. S. A., author of the "Prairie Traveler." New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This is one of those pleasant books of travel and adventure which possess so many charms to a large class of readers, and its value is greatly enhanced by the fact, that it deals with conditions of life and races of men which are fast passing away. Colonel Marey, we are told, has spent the greater part of thirty-years of his life on the prairies and among the far Western mountains, where he was the frequent companion of hardy trappers, the pioneers of civilization, and where he met, either on friendly or hostile terms, nearly all the aboriginal tribes of the prairies. In a comparatively few years, probably these prairies will have been transformed into farms, and the aboriginal races will have passed away for ever. The author offers these sketches as a contribution to the truthful history of a condition of men which can hardly again exist on this or any other continent.

The contents of the book are varied; several chapters are devoted to descriptions of various tribes of Indians—mode of Indian warfare—and Indian customs generally. There is also an account of a winter expedition over the Rocky Mountains, undertaken by the author with a company of United States troops, to obtain supplies; together with narratives of expeditions to Utah and the Red River. A chapter on the pioneers of the west is replete with anecdotes and curious sketches of frontier life; another on hunting, contains a description of the various modes of hunting practiced on the prairies.

On the whole, we consider the book a very readable one, and not without practical and scientific value.

**THE GREY WOMAN, AND OTHER TALES.** By Mrs. Gaskell, author of "Mary Barton," "Cranford," "Sylvia's Lovers," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

No writer of the present age has won more of the respect and admiration of the reading public than did the author of these tales. The evidences of her wide sympathy with suffering and sorrow, her love of truth, her gentle humour and the tenderness of her womanly heart, still live in her works; but it is sad to feel that the hand which guided her graceful pen is now mouldering in the dust. A few months since the literary journals of Britain and the United States teemed with admiring tributes to her memory, and expressions of regret that one who had so often delighted us with the purity and vigour of her genius, was called away for ever. Her works still retain their hold upon the public; and posterity, we are convinced, will not willingly let them die. The tales which compose the volume before us may be considered as the lighter efforts of Mrs. Gaskell's genius, but they all bear evidence of conscientious work, and that graphic power which characterize her larger volumes. The titles of the tales in addition to "The Grey Woman," are "The Doom of the Griffiths," and "The Half Brothers."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

**HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.** Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.  
**FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE.** By Colonel Harry Gilmor. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.  
**ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.** By Ambrose Spencer. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.  
**PHEMIE KELLER.** A novel by F. G. Trafford. Author of Maxwell Drewitt, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Armada.** A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. A new supply, just received. Price \$1.12. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos:** A Novel. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Held in Bondage," &c., Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages:** By W. Russell, LL.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Geological Sketches.** By Louis Agassiz. Just Published. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Poems of Home and Abroad.** By Wm. P. Tomlinson. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Roebuck.** A Novel. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Gilbert Ruge.** A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majoribanks.** A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- A New Novel** by Charles Dickens. Joseph Grimaldi: his Life and Adventures. By Charles Dickens. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Naval Lieutenant.** A Novel, by F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipman," &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 40c.
- The Toilers of the Sea.** A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household.** By Amanda M. Douglas. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Beyminstre:** A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Brave Old Salt; or, Life on the Quarter Deck.** A Story of the Great Rebellion. A Book for Boys. By Oliver Optic. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America,** &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family:** containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness.** A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart.** By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Essays, Philosophical and Theological.** By James Martineau. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- The Book of Roses.** A Treatise on the Culture of the Rose. By Francis Pookman. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Garden Vegetables and How to Cultivate Them.** By Fearing Burr, Jr. Beautifully Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Garden Flowers. How to Cultivate Them.** A Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous, and Bedding Plants. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Culture of the Grape.** By N. C. Strong. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America.** By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D.D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York: Virtue & Yorstan. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.
- Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.** R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goaks,** just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Letters of Life.** R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hidden Depths: a new novel.** R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jargal: a novel.** By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin.** By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment,** with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and hurried and Delayed Interments. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera.** A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure.** By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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## PHILIP ARKWRIGHT'S WAGER.

## A TALE OF THE TIMES.

BY GARDE.

## CHAPTER I.

MANY of the readers of the SATURDAY READER know more about King street, Toronto, than I can tell them. It is a very respectable street, and presents, to-day, I have no doubt, a striking contrast to the time—not so very far distant—when it was the principal thoroughfare of muddy Little York—innocent of the civilizing influences of MacAdam, and smacking strongly of corduroy. As I am not, however, a learned antiquarian, my purpose is to deal rather with the present than the past aspect of the favourite promenade of the western metropolis.

From four o'clock to six, the beauty and aristocracy of Toronto are wont to sun themselves in King street. Groups of well-dressed women saunter leisurely along, bent on shopping excursions, or modestly courting the admiration of the sterner sex; and it is due to the graceful forms and fair faces of the Toronto ladies to add, that the desired admiration is liberally bestowed. A man must be a veritable cynic to pass unscathed through the batteries of bright eyes he is sure to encounter on King street during the fashionable hours.

"Phil, do you know that young lady approaching us, in the stylish velvet mantle?"

"I haven't the honour."

"Then let me tell you I am sorry for you; she is acknowledged to be the belle of Toronto, and is every way worthy of being the wife of a millionaire."

"Haw! indeed!—introduce me, Harry!"

"Willingly, my Croesus, on the first favourable opportunity. I warn you, however, that you must not expect to walk over the course—for you will meet with plenty of rivals, if you enter the lists for *la belle Alice*."

The Croesus replied with a careless shrug, which intimated, as plainly as shrug could do, Phillip Arkwright's belief that he and his wealth were alike irresistible.

By this time they had neared the lady of the velvet mantle, who, in passing, acknowledged Harry's salute with a charming smile, and exquisitely graceful bow. Arkwright scrutinised her closely, and apparently the conclusions he arrived at were satisfactory.

"She is a regular clipper, Harry—that's certain. I'll bet you a thousand dollars that in six weeks she will have promised to be my wife!"

"Bravo! Phil—your modesty's uncommonly refreshing; but I think the chances are against you. However, I can't afford to bet."

"Then you needn't; but whether you do or not, I'll place a thousand dollars at your disposal, if your fair friend does not surrender at discretion before this day six weeks!"

"Well," laughed Harry,—"that's plucky, at any rate; and, as I run no risk, agreed. But, mind you, I expect to handle the thousand dollars; for Alice Weldon is not to be caught, however tempting the lure, unless you can make an impression upon her heart."

"That is my risk—bury up the introduction, and leave the rest to me. When shall I see her?"

"Why, as you have given yourself but scant time, I suppose I had better manage it to-night. Shall I call round at eight o'clock, and take you to Mrs. Sanborn's?"

"Capital! Don't fail—I will be ready to the minute."

"Very well; I must be off now—good bye."

"Good bye, Harry; and remember my motto is—'faint heart never won fair lady.'"

Politeness whispers that, before pursuing the thread of my story, it will be only proper to place my readers in possession of a few facts respecting the two gentlemen whose conversation we have overheard. I may dismiss Henry Bowker with a line or two. He is a promising young lawyer, working rapidly into a good practice; a general favourite in the best social circles of Toronto; and, report says, is to be married in August to a bright blue-eyed fairy, who very properly reposes implicit confidence in

the love and tenderness of her prospective lord. As to Philip Arkwright—well, I don't think he is naturally a bad sort of a fellow. It is his misfortune, perhaps, rather than his fault, that "he struck ile." I believe he would have made a better man, if he hadn't entered into speculations which, in a few months, ranked him amongst the millionaires; but, perhaps, people generally wouldn't agree with me. It is said, in fact, that mothers, with marriageable daughters, who, two years back, looked with coolness upon Philip Arkwright, son of Silas Arkwright, the commission merchant, have lately discovered many noble qualities in Philip Arkwright, the wealthy oil speculator. I know, for certain, that more than one such mother is in the habit of speaking of him as "that dear Philip!" And many are the daughters who listen, nothing loth, while the gamut of his praise is being sung by those who once passed him unnoticed upon the street. Of course, this is all as it should be; but some old-fashioned people can't see it—they mutter strangely about "mercenary fortune hunters," &c.; but where is the use of listening to such people?—the world never does.

Diffidence was never one of Philip Arkwright's failings; even when he was plain Philip, his faith in his own resources was unbounded. In fact, it was sheer audacity which led him into the series of operations which resulted so brilliantly in a pecuniary sense. It is not to be wondered at, then, that when he saw riches rolling in upon him, his estimate of his own importance increased with his wealth. He visited Europe—made the *grand tour*—and returned to Canada rather more of the dandy, and quite as much of the egotist as when he left. He was warmly received by money-worshippers generally, and by many others who admired what was good in him. Among the latter class was Harry Bowker, who cherished something more than a passing regard for the man of money. They were friends in spite of Phil's egotism.

The conversation related above was held on King street, some few weeks after Philip's return. Perhaps, after perusing these explanatory paragraphs, my readers will wonder less at the confident tone he adopted in it.

## CHAPTER II.

Will the reader kindly follow me to Mrs. Sanborn's. She is quite a favourite of mine—almost as much so, indeed, as her sister, Alice Weldon—*la belle Alice*—my charming heroine.

Mrs. Sanborn and Alice are orphans. Their parents both died within a few months after Mrs. Sanborn's marriage, and Alice had since, for the most part, resided with her sister. Mr. Sanborn occupied an important position in connexion with an English company, which had made Western Canada the basis of its operations. His duties not unfrequently called him to the old country, and at the date of my story he was absent on one of his periodical visits.

Having premised this, I will at once conduct the reader to a charming villa, on — street. It is surrounded with gardens, tastefully laid out, and as we tread the bright gravelled paths, and approach the house, we discover Mrs. Sanborn and Alice seated in the verandah. Apparently they are engaged in an interesting conversation; and, as I happen to know that it bears upon my story, we will avail ourselves of the privilege of overhearing it.

"I met Harry Bowker, on King street, this afternoon, Eva."

"Did you, Allie? I think I shall have to scold him when he visits us again. It must be ten days since he was here."

"Yes, quite—Mr. Arkwright was with him." "The man made of money; do you know him?"

"Yes, and no, dear; he has been pointed out to me, but has not had the honour of an introduction to your charming sister!"

"Indeed! is he good-looking?"

"Passably so; that is, for a *millionaire*!"

"Hum! Harry must introduce him. Heigho! Allie, what if poor Fred should find another rival in him?"

"Not at all probable, Eva; but at any rate it would make but little difference to Mr. Fleetwood."

"Why so, Allie; have you determined to be have better to Fred in future?"

"Not at all, dear—why should I? You know I have never given him the right to feel aggrieved at anything I may choose to do. I admire Fred very much; he is a noble fellow—but what then?"

"I wish you could love him, Allie; he is so good, so brave, and kind. Why does not my little sister see him as he is?"

"Perhaps I do, Eva; but I cannot make myself love him—that should come without effort. Some day it might. You know I like and respect him, but so I do others; and I could not give him any other answer than I already have."

"Poor fellow! have you seen him lately?"

"Yes; I met him this evening shortly after I passed Mr. Bowker. He was in uniform; I suppose the Queen's Own turns out to-night."

"Probably; what an interest he takes in his company. My favourite will make a brave soldier, Allie, should his services unfortunately be called for."

"Yes, that I am sure he will—a brave soldier and a noble one too; but Eva let us go inside—it is growing chilly, and, besides, yonder is Harry Bowker; and if I am not greatly mistaken, Mr. Arkwright is with him."

"Indeed! they are coming in at any rate—now for the introduction. Take care of your heart, Allie."

*La belle* Alice laughed gaily. "Never fear, Eva; it is all my own as yet, and likely to remain so—in spite of the fascination of the new Cræsus!"

It is probable that Philip Arkwright, had he overheard the above conversation, would have supposed that the Fates were propitious, and that he had at least a clear field in which to prosecute the task he had assigned himself. Certainly there appeared to be no serious obstacles to encounter at the outset; still, I think, if Alice Weldon had examined herself more closely, she would have found that far down in the depths of her heart were sown the seeds of a warmer feeling than respect for Fred Fleetwood. Whether these seeds shall wither and die, or spring into life and bloom, depends upon circumstances and Fleetwood himself.

Some men, no matter how noble their character, and kind and generous their disposition, are not successful wooers. My friend, Fred, was not; and, upon my word, I think it is a disgrace to him. He is a tall, handsome fellow; and Mrs. Sanborn only did him justice in the testimony she bore to his qualities of mind and heart. He had long loved *la belle* Alice, yet she still proved obdurate; and were it not that my heroine is capable of appreciating nobility of character I should say that his case is hopeless. As it is, I believe, notwithstanding her assertions, that he has a chance; but let him bestir himself, for a formidable rival, as we have seen, is about to enter the list.

My heroine was right—it was Philip Arkwright who accompanied Mr. Bowker, and the ladies had scarcely entered the drawing room ere the two gentlemen were announced. No sooner was the ceremony of introduction over, than Harry entered into conversation with Mrs. Sanborn, leaving Arkwright at liberty to devote himself to Miss Weldon, which he did with marked assiduity. He could talk well enough when he chose; and there was a species of fascination in his free and open manner, not without its charms to Alice. I don't think he knew much of Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Byron even, but he had brought with him a fund of anecdote and small talk from his European tour, of which he knew well how to avail himself. With a little skilful manœuvring the conversation drifted across the Atlantic, and Philip Arkwright felt himself upon firm ground.

"You have never been home, Miss Weldon?"

"Never; but I do hope some day to have the pleasure of standing upon English soil. My mother was an Englishwoman, Mr. Arkwright;

and I think I have inherited all her love for the dear old land."

"I cannot claim so immediate a descent, but still I do not think I would yield even unto you in admiration for England. It is a noble country, and to my mind, one of its greatest charms consists in the fact that almost every acre of its soil is historic."

"I should scarcely have expected that you would have been attracted by so intangible a charm, Mr. Arkwright."

"May I be permitted to ask why, Miss Weldon?"

"Certainly," answered Alice with a smile; "gentlemen generally regard what they see from a more prosaic point of view!" she might have added: but she did not—*millionaires* especially.

"Then I must be an exception, Miss Weldon; for England, separated from its glorious past, would be no longer England to me."

"I quite agree with you; but surely there must be much in the England of to-day to challenge our admiration."

"Undoubtedly; to one, for instance, accustomed to the wildness of Canadian scenery, there is an inexpressible charm in the garden-like aspect of England. How exquisitely golden corn fields contrast with parklike expanses of meadow land—whilst, ever and anon, peep out from embowering trees, mansions which date from the Tudors, or picturesque ruins of grim castles, or more peaceful abbeys."

"Did you travel much in England, Mr. Arkwright?"

"I think I may answer your question in the affirmative, Miss Weldon; for there is scarcely a place of any note that I have not seen."

"How delightful! I really feel disposed to envy you the pleasure you must have enjoyed."

"It was very great, certainly, Miss Weldon; but allow me to add that it did not equal the happiness I enjoy in being permitted to converse with one who loves old England so well."

"Thank you!" laughed Alice; "but I fear Mr. Arkwright is disposed to flatter."

"On my honour, no! It is an accomplishment I have yet to learn. When Miss Weldon knows me better, she will see that I am, at least, honest in any admiration I may express."

"I give no quarter to flattery, Mr. Arkwright."

"And I expect none, when proved guilty; but I am quite sure that Miss Weldon will never punish me until I am convicted."

"I do not know," answered Alice with a smile; "but let us talk of England—you visited the lakes of course?"

"I did, Miss Weldon, and was delighted with their calm loveliness—so different to the wide unpicturesque expanse of our own Ontario and Erie. I have at my room a fine series of views, not only of lake scenery, but of almost every point of interest visited by the tourist in England; and I shall be only too happy, if permitted the honour, to bring them over for Miss Weldon's inspection."

"Oh! thank you, Mr. Arkwright; it will give me much pleasure, I am sure, and Mrs. Sanborn also, for she shares all my love for our mother's native land."

The space at my command, as well, probably, as the reader's patience, forbid that I should chronicle more of this conversation. Let me add, however, that by degrees Arkwright drifted to Paris, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy, and succeeded, ere the conversation became general, in placing himself on an easy footing with Miss Weldon. When Harry Bowker gave the signal for departure, Philip received from Mrs. Sanborn an invitation to visit the villa whenever he could make it convenient to do so; and further, he intimated to *la belle* Alice his intention of bringing the views for her inspection on the following day. He had stripped to his work.

"How do you like Mr. Arkwright, Allie?"

"I can hardly tell you, dear; he seems agreeable enough—but I fancy he shares a failing common to most wealthy men."

"Rather egotistical, eh! Allie? I wish poor Fred were a little more so."

"Well, Phil, what do you think of your thousand dollars now?"

"Why, that I shall keep them in my purse, of course; but, by Jupiter, Harry, she is worth the winning. Congratulate me, old boy! for I can't fail, when pride and fancy are both interested."

#### CHAPTER III.

The following morning Philip Arkwright appeared at the Sanborn villa, with his portfolio of views. They were chiefly photographs, taken in the highest style of the art, and both Mrs. Sanborn and Alice felt really interested in looking through them; and I am bound to admit that the pleasure they experienced was heightened by Philip's animated remarks. He was, as our Yankee friends would say, "fully posted" as to the points of interest connected with each view, and made the most of what he conceived to be a favourable opportunity for displaying his superiority to his new friends. A more modest tone would undoubtedly have served him better, but my Cræsus was one of the last men in the world to see that. You know my opinion of him, and will not be surprised when I tell you, that I believe he thought it impossible to dwell at too much length upon the merits of Philip Arkwright, Esq. Neither will you be surprised, probably, when I say that dating from that morning he was a constant visitor at — street. I cannot affirm that Mrs. Sanborn encouraged him; for beyond the fact that she did not take very kindly to the man of money, she had Fred Fleetwood's interest too much at heart to wish him constantly near Alice.

And *la belle* Alice herself—what of her? Well; I don't know. If she was amused at Philip's egotism, she was far too amiable to permit her amusements to become apparent, and besides egotistical as Arkwright was, his attentions to herself were marked and persistent. All women, it is said, love admiration; and my heroine must be pardoned if she did feel somewhat flattered at the attention of a man so courted and caressed as was Philip Arkwright. Besides, there was that certain "*dash*" about the fellow, which is not generally without its influence upon ladies. And then there were the money bags—but if Philip expected much aid from them in his seige he was building upon the sandiest of sandy foundation; for Harry Bowker was quite right when he said that my heroine would never give her hand unless her heart went with it. I know that many of pretty Alice's maiden friends looked askance upon her about this time, and sneered at her privately as a heartless fortune-hunter. The poor immaculate dears might have spared their ill-natured remarks; for love of wealth, not that she undervalued it, was certainly not a sin with which my heroine could be charged. Not if Philip Arkwright is to win her it must be by earnest effort and true knightly devotion. He must emulate the gallantry of the soldier who carries a fortress by storm.

Will he win her? Upon my word, I think his chances are fair. He opened the campaign, as we know, in a spirit of reckless bravado; but I must do him the justice to say that as he warmed to his work, he was thoroughly in earnest. Ere a month had elapsed it was not chiefly his pride that was interested, he became more the lover than I believed his nature would have permitted him to be. Beyond his visits at — street, he was the constant attendant of Mrs. Sanborn and Alice, at the concerts, parties and balls they attended. He drove out with them—devised pleasant surprises, and earnestly strove to anticipate my heroine's every wish and thought. Decidedly he was becoming a dangerous rival was my "*hey*" *millionaire*!

I have purposely kept Fred Fleetwood where his unfortunate retiring disposition usually placed him—in the background.

A braver man does not live than he, and yet amongst women generally, and towards Alice Weldon particularly, he was an arrant coward. If the fellow had possessed one half of Philip Arkwright's self-assertion I verily believe his goddess would have surrendered months ago. I used to tell him, half bitterly sometimes—for Fred had no secrets from me—that I wondered how he

managed to propose to her at all; but that having done so, and not choosing to accept his defeat, he should take a manly stand, and act as though he believed that a woman's "no" is not always irrevocable. Why will some men sigh, and fret, and fume in their secret souls over the woman they love, when the exercise of manly dignity and independence is their only chance. I was thoroughly vexed with Fred, for the stupid way in which he brooded over the growing intimacy between Arkwright and Alice. Of course busy tongues were not slow to speak of this intimacy; and I fancy that one or two young ladies, who had an inkling how matters stood with Fred, felt an especial pleasure in dilating upon it in his presence. How those artless creatures, the ladies, do love mischief; and what fun it is to them to see a big fellow blush, as Fred did. Pshaw! I am ashamed of him when I think of it.

The weeks were rolling round—nearly five had passed since the opening of my story—and Philip Arkwright was pressing his siege with earnest vigour. If his success was not all he could wish, still it was sufficient to encourage a man of his stamp. He believed that he would win, and redoubled his exertions. Fred Fleetwood did nothing—Pshaw! again. If he had not been such a really good fellow, I should have said that he deserved to lose.

## CHAPTER IV.

Commend me to Toronto Bay, for a noble sheet of water. I have often gazed upon its placid bosom, sleeping under the summer sun, in untroubled calm, peaceful as an infant's slumbers, and clear as molten crystal. And yet its calm is fickle as a woman's smile, and treacherous as a fabled Syren. Nevertheless, the Torontonians are proud of their bay. It is a breathing place for the city, and numerous are the sail and row boats which dot its glassy surface in the cool of quiet summer evenings. Laughter and song float over the waves, as merry boating parties glide swiftly or lazily to and fro, drinking in happiness and health, till the pale moonlight silvers the still waters, and adds additional charms to the scene.

Of course, Philip Arkwright affected aquatic sports. He was a member of the Yacht Club, and contemplated building a yacht that should eclipse everything that sailed upon the lake. His pursuit of Miss Weldon, however, had kept his plans in abeyance, and as yet Philip was yacht-less. Not boat-less, though, for he owned a handsome boat—a fast sailer, in which he occasionally sported on the bay, and sometimes ventured out beyond the "Point." My Cressus was anxious to be esteemed a good sailor; for my part, however, I never thought much of his seamanship, but then I am quite too humble an individual for his worship to care much about my opinions.

Philip Arkwright had frequently intimated to Mrs. Sanborn and Alice that his boat was at their service, and begged the honour of their company for a sail on the Bay. Mrs. S. had, on some trifling pretext, invariably declined, until at length, won over by Philip's entreaties, she consented to accompany him on the following evening. *La belle* Alice was fond of boating, and hailed Mrs. Sanborn's consent with pleasure.

The end of May was at hand, and Mr. Philip had barely a week left in which to prosecute his suit, and bring it to a triumphant close. He began to feel the time sufficiently short; but, nevertheless, it did not comport with his self-love to admit the possibility of failure. Was not Miss Weldon always frank and kind? What more could he wish? His rivals, too, had all vanished from the field, and the prize was his own for the asking. In good sooth, Sir Philip, you and your money-bags are irresistible! So thought Arkwright, and he determined to make the most of the sail on the following evening, and afterwards seize the first favourable opportunity for proposing to Alice which presented itself.

A light and pleasant breeze ruffled the surface of the Bay, as the ladies entered Philip's boat; the sail speedily filled, and Alice was disposed to enjoy herself thoroughly. As for Philip, he was bent upon being agreeable; and as the *Flora* glided through the rippled water she talked of Winder-

mere, of Como, of Venice and its gondoliers—of the wondrous loveliness of Italian landscapes, and the glory of Italian skies. Of course the adventures of Philip Arkwright, Esq. in these old-world scenes, were touched upon and, that not lightly! but on this occasion I must admit that there was nothing nauseating in his egotism—for earnestness covered up vanity!

Pleasantly the *Flora* glided on; they had tacked several times, and stood out twice beyond the Point, and the Queen's wharf. The sun had sunk to rest, in its golden couch, and the softer light of the moon danced upon the Bay. Mrs. Sanborn urged the propriety of landing, but Philip begged for one more sail, and the boat was headed for the island. Now, however, they were about to experience something of the treachery of that beautiful Bay. Fatal treachery! for I question if, on this continent, any sheet of water of like extent, has been the grave of a greater number of brave men and fair women. Who shall count the hearts that have been riven—the tears that have been shed—for these who have looked their last upon earth and sky as they struggled in the pitiless waters of Toronto Bay?

Mrs. Sanborn had noticed, for some time, that clouds were gathering, and soon the face of the moon was obscured. She became alarmed, and at her request the boat was headed for the city. Gradually the breeze freshened into a stiff blow, and the now agitated waves beat roughly against the sprightly *Flora*. Mutterings of distant thunder were heard, and the ladies looked with some anxiety upon the space which separated them from the shore; nor was Arkwright more at his ease, or too confident of his ability to manage the boat, should the storm increase. The *Flora*, however, bounded swiftly through the water and rapidly neared the city; but it became evident to Philip that he could not reach the wharf without a short tack. Unfortunately, at this critical moment, the squall struck the *Flora* with all its fury, and in a moment her precious freight were struggling with the waves. The *Flora* was keel uppermost.

A frightened, yet half smothered shriek, startled a solitary rower, who was making for the shore in hot haste. One glance was sufficient, and with redoubled energy he altered his course, and rowed towards the hapless *Flora*. Would that his nerves were iron—his arms steel! For moments were precious—more precious than he could tell!

So sudden had been the accident that Arkwright found himself struggling with the waves ere he could tell how it happened. Luckily for Cressus, he grasped the boat as he rose, and supported himself until he could gain a more secure position. Nor was Mrs. Sanborn less fortunate; in struggling wildly she had clutched Philip, and maintained her hold until he was able to place her in comparative safety. But what of Allie, my pretty Allie? She had been thrown farther from the boat, and when she rose to the surface no aid was near. Oh! if that money-bags were a man, surely he might save her; but alas! and alas! Mr. Egotist, was too busy in providing for his own safety. Bravely if not wisely, my heroine struggled, supported for a time by the buoyancy of her clothing; but all her efforts were vain, and once more her beautiful head sank beneath the waves. Poor Allie!

By this time Mrs. Sanborn had regained her consciousness; and her first thought was for Alice. "Save her! save her! oh! my darling! my sister! save her!" and in her reckless despair Arkwright, with difficulty, prevented the poor woman from casting herself again into the sullen water.

Oh! it needed not that heartrending cry to nerve the arms of the brave man who was hastening to their assistance. That life was in danger was enough for him, and with herculean efforts he reached the scene of the accident, a few moments after Alice had sunk for the second time.

"Save her! save her! Great God! will no one save my sister?"

Ah! now the heart of that man thrilled with wildest emotion, for he had recognized the voice, and knew who was in danger. Frantic with despair he gazed wildly around: but God was

merciful, for through the dim light he saw, for an instant, something dark appear above the surface of the water. With a joyful cry he sprang from his boat and dived beneath the waves. Each moment now seemed an hour to Mrs. Sanborn; but oh! how fervently did she thank God when the rescuer appeared, bearing in his arms the body of Alice Weldon.

In a short time Fred Fleetwood—for who but he could it be?—had placed Alice in his boat with Mrs. Sanborn and Arkwright, and was rowing with desperate energy for the wharf. Mrs. Sanborn had, in her turn recognized him. But the only expression of her gratitude was a warm, loving, sisterly pressure of his hand.

Fortunately, when they landed, Fred found a carriage near the spot. He bade Arkwright enter with Mrs. Sanborn, and assist her to support Miss Weldon; then ordering the hackman to drive for dear life he himself rushed to Dr. J—'s residence, and hurrying him into a carriage drove rapidly to — street villa, which they reached a few moments after Mrs. Sanborn and Alice.

Long and weary seemed the time that Fred waited there, a prey to wild alternations of hope and fear. But happiness was in store for him; for in about an hour Mrs. Sanborn came down and informed him that Alice was restored to consciousness and out of danger.

"She shall know, Fred, who saved her; and oh! my dear, dear boy! how we shall all love you for what you have done. Now go, for I see you are still in your wet clothes," and—she kissed him.

Where was Philip Arkwright? He drove home immediately after he had assisted to carry Miss Weldon into the villa—of course money-bags could not remain in his wet clothes.

## CHAPTER V. AND LAST.

My story has already extended to a much greater length than I intended, and I begin to fear the editor will look askance at it. My concluding chapter must consequently be brief.

Who does not remember that on the first of June, the whole world of Canada was startled by the announcement that a body of Fenians had landed at Fort Erie. On the preceding day the "Queen's Own" had been called out for active service, and I have already intimated that Fred Fleetwood held a captain's commission in this gallant regiment. The conduct of this crack corps at Ridgeway is now a matter of history, and a source of just pride to all loyal men. The incidents of the encounter, however, are so fresh in the minds of my readers that I feel it to be quite unnecessary to go over them again. Let it suffice to state that Captain Fleetwood was conspicuous amongst the bravest there, and that when on that solemn Sunday evening the dead and wounded were brought back to Toronto—amidst mournful stillness, broken only by the solemn tolling of the City bells—he was numbered with the latter. He had received a severe wound from a rifle bullet, and was considered in great danger.

Let me take my readers to one more scene, and my task is ended.

It is at Mrs. Sanborn's villa; but this time we visit a sick chamber. Carefully the shutters are closed, to exclude the glare of the summer sun. Softly and lightly a fair and gentle nurse moves to and fro in the room. The patient is sleeping peacefully, and we scarcely recognise, in his pale and wasted cheeks, the face of our old friend, Fred Fleetwood. Do you not feel, my reader, that his nurse is none other than dear Alice Weldon—*la belle* Alice, my heroine? If you do not I would not give a fig for your feeling.

"Listen! the patient has awakened.

"Allie! dear Allie! do tell it to me again—tell me that you love me."

"How can I help it, darling? Did you not save my life, and is it not all your own? But oh! Fred, my love, my darling, I know you better now, and I know my own heart better. It was always yours, dearest." And the fair head drooped upon the sick man's bosom, and peace and calm and happiness unspeakable reigned in that sick room.

"Well, Phil, time's up! what about the thousand dollars?"

"Don't bother, Harry! I'll send you a check, but who the mischief could have told that that fellow would have gone and got himself shot?"

"He is a brave man and worthy of his good fortune. I say, Phil, I'll tell you what I'll do with your thousand dollars—I'll hand it over to the fund for the RELIEF OF OUR GALLANT VOLUNTEERS!"

### GOING TO SEE THE PANIC.

WE extract the following amusing article on the recent panic in London from *Chambers's Journal*.

What caviare is to the multitude, so is the City Article of my matutinal *Times* to me. It is less than nothing to me to read that Railways are 'steady,' or that Mines are 'firm'; both statements are contrary to my own experience as a Traveller and an Observer; but I am aware that the expressions are metaphorical, and I do not pry into their meaning. If, on the other hand, the market is pronounced to be 'flat,' which corroborates my knowledge of markets so far as it goes, I am not thereby puffed up to imagine that I understand the statement. When I possess myself of the fact that 'shoulders and offal' (in the Trade Report) are in larger supply, but not so much wanted, it excites no astonishment within me; it is true that I hate shoulders, and as for offal, I have never been reduced by shipwreck or other calamity to be in a position to give an opinion, but then I am aware that there are other people in the world—and especially in the world of commerce—about whose taste I know nothing; I simply say 'Very good,' with the same trusting acquiescence with which I learn that gutta-percha is 'depressed' or pig-iron 'lively.'

People with whom I mix do not talk of such things, and if they did, would only display their ignorance. Not one of my ordinary associates—no, not one—although many of them are very funded, can tell me what consols mean by being 'at 86½ for delivery, and 85½ ex div. for the account.' One would have thought 'ex div.' was Latin, but that it is not put in italic; and as for the fractions—really running matters so very fine as that seems to smack not a little of pedantry. Nevertheless, I do not affect that North American Indian indifference to all things out of my special sphere that is professed by some of my acquaintance; I have preserved, thank goodness, my natural curiosity; and when the newspaper informed me, in another place besides its ordinary commercial column, upon a certain Friday in May, that there was a panic in the City, I at once determined to go and see it. I could not prevail upon any of my West-end friends to accompany me; one had to meet a pair of sister-equestrians in Rotten Row, to neither of whom, being co-heiresses, he could make up his mind to propose, but was always wishing himself a Mormon; another was going to look at a chestnut at Tattersall's; a third would not have given up his daily rubber at the *Portland* to see St. Paul's lit up from vaults to cupola. If the Panic was anything worth seeing, they said, I might depend upon it that it would come to St. James's Hall, or the Hanover Square Rooms, in time.

This was annoying, because it necessitated the expense of conveyance, instead, as usual, of my using a friend's carriage. I am not rich myself, but I am thankful to say that I am the only person in that position among my associates; I could have had a hind-seat on a drag to Richmond, or have been accommodated (if I didn't mind sitting with my back to the horses) with a place in a barouche to Greenwich that very day; but since nobody could be prevailed upon to turn his horses' heads, for my sake, towards the Bank, I took a return-ticket to Farringdon Street by the Metropolitan Railway. A very curious affair is that under-ground line, and well worthy of a visit from persons of condition. It seems, however, to be exclusively used by the commercial classes, and by various old ladies, who keep their eyes shut long after they emerge from

the tunnels, and are entirely dependent upon their fellow-travellers for discriminating the ordinary stoppages of the train from alarming accidents. However, they and I had one little peculiarity in common—we had neither of us any distinct idea of where we were going to, or for what purpose.

"Mr. Brown," explained one, moved to do so by that incomprehensible instinct which goads unprotected females of a certain age to make confidants of the general public—"Mr. Brown is to meet me at Margate—no, Moorgate Street Station. If anything was to prevent him, gracious knows what I should do. We are going to the Royal Exchange, I believe, to draw my dividends, of which I have given them warning. He tells me there is not a moment to be lost. What terrible times we live in, gentlemen! Goodness, mercy on me, if here isn't another tunnel!" One ancient dame was good enough to attempt to explain to us, in detail, how her grandfather made his money in Bubbles; "Bubbles," she said, "which were of a very peculiar sort, and only to be procured in the South Seas." This lady very nearly put me in an embarrassing position by asking my opinion, as a man of business, of the pecuniary condition of her Joint-stock Bank, of which, however, she had fortunately forgotten the name. "Down at Bullock-Smithey," said she, "everybody is ready to swear by it. Lawyer Sharpshins always keeps an account there; and he's no fool, so you may know what is thought of it." "Perhaps," observed a sarcastic old gentleman upon my right, taking the handle of his umbrella out of his mouth, for the first time, in order to give point to the observation—perhaps he overdraws his account, ma'am.

"I dare say he does, sir," returned the lady earnestly, "for he is a very rich man; and yet I can't help wishing, for nothing seems safe in these times, that I was not a director."

At these words, all the old gentlemen in the carriage took the handles of their umbrellas out of their mouths with one consent.

"A director, ma'am—you surely are not on the direction," observed two or three.

"O yes, gentlemen; there's no mistake about that," replied the lady with dignity. "I don't know what you mean by 'on the direction,' because, as I say, I've forgotten the address; but Mr. Robinson, my brother-in-law's clerk, and a very respectable young man, who is to meet me at Alderman's Gate, he will tell you all about it. Why, I have a matter of eight hundred pounds—here's the exact sum written in my pocket-book, if you'd like to read it, for my eyes ain't equal to it by this light—talk of gas, give me candles say I any day of the week, or leastways after dark. Well, if I've got near upon a thousand pounds in a bank, I suppose you'll not deny that I'm a director."

"She's a depositor," observed the sarcastic old gentleman testily; "of course, she's a depositor."

"What's he saying?" inquired the female capitalist, addressing herself to me. "If he is saying anything disrespectful, I shall put the matter into the hands of my brother-in-law."

"I don't think he meant anything objectionable, madam," returned I soothingly.

"Certainly not, ma'am," added her involuntary detractor with a chuckle; "though if I had called you a shareholder you might have had some reason for objecting to it."

"If you had ventured to use any impertinence, sir, I should have complained to Mr. Robinson's clerk," replied the lady; and so, to my great relief, the matter dropped.

It was certainly strange enough to uninitiated ears to listen to the talk among the men during the intervals of suction. What was "going" and what was "likely to go;" what had "stopped" and what had "gone," which seemed to be convertible terms; and, in particular, with reference to these last misfortunes, how "every one with half an eye had been aware of the rottenness of the concern for these last six months." It was very like the conversation of good male society during the Derby week; only, instead of horses breaking down or getting "scratched," it was

concerning joint-stock banks and discount-houses. I ventured to inquire of one of these worthies where was the best place, in his opinion, from which to see the Panic.

"You will see it everywhere," said he, not without some symptoms of irritation: "but if you are so exceedingly anxious, you had better hire a window in Lombard Street."

I thanked him very much; but having once put that identical device into effect (with my Lord Tom Noddy and others) upon the occasion of a certain public exhibition in the old Bailey, and found it to be very expensive, I determined to take my chance upon the pavement; perhaps there would be cane-bottomed chairs on hire, or other temporary elevations to stand upon, from which the sight could be seen at a more reasonable figure. I regret to say, however, that neither by the authorities nor by private enterprise were any steps whatever taken to provide for the general advantage in this respect. The City is certainly centuries behind the West End in matters of civilisation. It is not generally known that the Lord Mayor's Feast is, with the exception of turtle-soup, a cold collation, yet such is the humiliating fact. Nay, if you feel the want of luncheon (as I did) while in this barbarous district, I am sure I don't know where a gentleman is to find it. However, I am anticipating my difficulties. The first time I caught sight of the Panic was in a place called Cheap-side, opposite a clockmaker's of the name of Bennett. It is true that the streets had been all inconveniently full, and the crossing of them attended with extreme peril; but that I have read is always the case. A French writer of the day has even founded a theory to account for the indomitable character of the British race—"nation of shopkeepers" although they be—upon the dangers to which they are daily exposed from wheel and hoof. He calculates also the pressure of the crowd in the neighbourhood of Threadneedle Street, on dividend-days, as so many pounds to the square inch, and thereby explains our marvellous powers of endurance. It is a great mistake, he goes on to say, to suppose that City-people are of sedentary habits: the stockbrokers keep their hats on even in their offices, so that they may be ready to rush out and purchase stock at discount, or sell it at a premium; while the rest of the commercial public amuse themselves at unequal but frequent intervals in running on the banks. That was what they were doing on that Friday when I went into the City. At first, as I have said, I thought that Mr. Bennett's was a bank; but the crowd had gathered in front of his establishment for no other purpose than to see the figures over his great clock—symbolising, as I was informed, "the snail-hours"—come forth and strike the quarters. No sooner had these proclaimed it two o'clock, than an echo within me replied, "And luncheon-time." But I am a person (when once roused) of an inflexible resolution, and I had as yet seen nothing of the Panic. I had heard, however, enough and to spare. Every other person who met or passed me was talking of that, and nothing else. The only countenances which were not serious were those of the crossing-sweepers, who keep all the money they possess where the monkeys hoard their gingerbread—in their mouths. It was a day of disgrace to Dives, and Lazarus, exempt from fear, was enjoying his rare advantage.

"Got a fourpenny left, sir? Got a copper, please, sir? Nothin' but Overend and Gurney's paper, eh? Dear me!" It was the world turned upside down, with a vengeance. Opposite the great house, with its closed doors—so frequent on their hinges a few hours ago—stood an enormous gathering of people of all ranks, looking at it with a strange sort of awe, as though it were the palace of their kin, and he was lying Dead there; and to many of them so it doubtless was.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar (or at least his bond) might have stood against the world; now lay he there, and none so poor that he would back his bill! "Ten millions! That's a hundred hundred thousand pounds," whispered one to his friend, in a hushed voice, as though he were speaking of the virtues of some great

man departed. "A thousand fortunes gone at a single blow."

"Ay, and the poor people it has ruined," returned the other; "that is still worse to think about! The widows and the unconscious orphans, on some of whom, perhaps, it were better that the house itself had fallen, like the walls of Jericho, and spared them the ills to come."

No wonder the crowd was sad and silent. It was looking upon the ruin of a hundred happy households, and on what would for the future be but a splendid monument to commemorate the "better days" that they had known. The very sight of it seemed to decide some who were debating about the propriety of letting their money lie where it was, for they walked hastily away to join the crowd that was besieging the neighbouring bank. Lombard Street itself was well-nigh impassable; not, indeed, from the Panic, so much as from the throng who, like myself, had come to look at it; and ever and anon, as some quiet brougham, with steady country coachman, drove up to the bank door, with a frightened-looking lady for its occupant, nervously clutching her cheque-book, the crowd would give a great cheer to reassure her, and another when she came out with her money and a beaming face. Once, too, a tremendous shout rang forth as a cab, guarded by policemen, drove slowly up, and certain heavy packages were carried into the threatened house, for we all knew that it was gold. That was what all such houses prayed for on that day. How the poor old lady in Threadneedle Street was importuned and worried for those four-and twenty hours by her prodigal children! How they begged of her autograph and miniature, and the watermark that never fails to cool the fever of impatient Demand; how they went down on their knees, and offered promises to pay—securities to which nobody would have had a word of objection two days ago—but at which she now shook her head, and wiping her spectacles, declined to have anything to do with, or, if consenting, tendered them but nine-tenths of what they asked, keeping the rest for usury; and even for that they were grateful, waiting in her parlour with beating heart—for even now the help might come too late—while she descended into her ample vaults and brought up, like Aladdin of old, her bags of treasure, and bade them make the most of it, for that she had not much more left than what she wanted for her own use. "A pretty thing," said the old lady, "if people should come to my door, and make a racket as they do at yours, asking for their own, and should find that it was not here. For my promises are not like pie-crust, I would have you know."

There was nothing in the least like pie-crust to be seen in Lombard Street, nor anything eatable whatever. Even the London Tavern, which is said to be open to rich and poor alike, might just as well have been closed, for I found nothing in it but auctions. Everything was "going going" in the City on that fatal day. There were some oyster-shops, it is true, but who eats oysters in the month of May? And there were a good many public-houses with swing-doors, upon which was written Luncheon Bar; but I cannot feed standing like a stalled ox. Then I suddenly remembered that I had once met a merchant-prince, who had impressed me favourably with his class by hinting, that if ever I came by his little place in the City, I would look in and lunch. If it had not been for the Panic, I should certainly never have reaped any benefit from the invitation; but he had given it in all good faith. The wing of a chicken, and a tumbler of iced hock and Seitzer water, was all that I meant to trouble him for, and then I would light my cigar, and go home in a Hansom. I had no difficulty in finding the establishment over which Fortunatus Fipps presided—he was called Fortunatus because, although he had been connected with trade on a large scale for more than a quarter of a century, he had only been twice in the Gazette—but it was not so easy to find the gentleman himself. On my first arrival, there was quite a commotion among his clerks, who were all looking very white and idle, and one of them was running off with my card into the private sanctum of his proprietor;

but upon my letting them know, in answer to inquiries, that I was *not* the accommodating gentleman momentarily expected from the Bank of England, he said he didn't think Mr Fipps could see me that day, unless I came by special appointment.

"That is just my case," said I decisively: "my compliments to Fortu—Mr Fipps, I mean—and I am come to lunch."

The card was accordingly taken in, and after a little delay I was admitted into the sanctuary.

Fipps was not looking by any means so brilliant as when I had seen him last, which was in the smoking-room of a great ex-minister: his hair was dishevelled, as though recently combed with the fingers; his face was very pale, and he wore an anxious and distracted air, as though he were listening for something—such as the fall in the Bank rate of discount; but I was so full of my luncheon, or rather of the want of it, that I failed to notice little peculiarities, although I remembered them afterwards.

"Well, Mr Fipps," said I with gaiety, "you see I am come for my bond."

"I am not aware, sir, that we have anything of yours," replied Fortunatus tartly, who was evidently in total ignorance as to my identity.

"My very dear sir," said I in soothing tones, "I do not refer to any business transaction. When I say my bond, I mean my pound of flesh (if cold chicken can be so denominated), the luncheon you promised me, when I had the pleasure of meeting you at Lord Tadpole's."

"Yes, yes," returned Fortunatus, forcing a smile; "I remember now quite well: a charming dinner; no such thing as tightness anywhere; no symptom of a crisis. But I beg your pardon. Lunch, lunch. What will you have for lunch? [He was talking like a man in a dream.] We have got some first-rate bills on Liverpool; names you can have no possible objection to."

"Ahem," said I, purposely sneezing with great violence, for I did not want to hear about Fipps's financial position. "If you'd only give me a glass of sherry; but don't let me hurry you, pray."

"Sherry?" echoed he gravely, "and don't let me hurry you, pray. Spanish Passives. No. East del Rey—the sacrifice is enormous."

"Then let me have some cheaper wine," replied I, cheerfully.

"It's all locked up," returned he in mysterious tones. "Four hundred and eighty-five thousand"—

"Dozen?" cried I, making a rapid estimate of the possible extent of cellarage under the establishment. "I don't believe it."

"Hush," said he, mysteriously, "nobody does: but for Heaven's sake don't talk so loud."

"Chicken!" ejaculated I, with resolution.

"No, sir," returned Fipps, simply; "I have no apprehension of the result, I do assure you—that is, of the eventual result. In that iron chest"—

"Ay, the Refrigerator!" exclaimed I; "why the deuce did you not mention that at first?" and I chapped my hands together for very joy. The unaccustomed noise seemed to awake Fortunatus from his lethargy.

"I beg your pardon," said he, frankly, and passing his hand across his forehead; "but I have been immersed in calculations all the morning; and I thought I was talking to—a gentleman connected with another banking establishment with which we are—or at least hope to be—connected. Lunch! certainly; the hospitalities of the City must be dispensed with—I mean must be dispensed. You have no shares in any joint-stock bank, I presume."

"Not that I know of," replied I; "oh no, I'm sure I'm not—that is, so sure as a man can be who has got no head for business. No; I've nothing but a running account with the north-west branch of the Imperial Adamantine."

"What!" exclaimed Fortunatus, in alarm.

"Have you money in that bank?"

"Yes," said I, "I think I've got one hundred and twenty pounds in it: that's all."

"My dear sir," returned Mr Fipps, with solemnity, and laying his hand upon my arm; "that is one of the banks that people are talking about: it is true," added he hastily, "that all of us—

even the most solvent firms—are subject, upon occasions of this kind, to groundless suspicion; but the Imperial Adamantine—I suppose you have your chequebook with you."

"Gracious goodness!" replied I, "should just as soon think of coming out with my boot-jack: it's in my desk, of course."

"Then take my advice, and go home at once and draw the money. Not a moment is to be lost; your bank will be closed at four, perhaps for ever. The nearest Metropolitan station is the fourth turning on the left. I am so glad to have had this opportunity of—giving you this timely warning—if indeed you are so fortunate as to be in time. This is your umbrella, I think"—

I didn't know whether it was or not, but I snatched up the one that happened to be the nearest, and ran out of the house with a speed that astonished myself almost as much as it seemed to surprise other people. "He's a-running on his bank!" cried one of those unfeeling crossing sweepers, who, in my judgment, since they have no property qualification, should not be permitted to express their opinions, even though they chance to be correct.

In the very nick of time I caught a train—though not, of course, in motion—and arrived at my own lodgings at 3.10, or, in other words, with fifty minutes to spare. But it was not that which caused me to hesitate in my proposed financial operation. I had met an old gentleman in the train, to whom I had confided the cause of my excitement, and not only had he greatly reassured me in the matter of the Imperial Adamantine, but he had informed me that it was thoughtless people like myself who caused the Panic. To think that I, who had gone into the City merely to look at it, should be accused of such a terrible thing! At the same time, if everybody drew their money out, as I was about to do, he proved to me that every bank in the country must needs collapse. Altogether I was so ashamed of my intention—it seemed such an ungentlemanly sort of thing to do—that I determined to send my landlady to transact the matter instead of myself. Moreover, since even then I had my scruples, I only drew the cheque for a hundred and fifteen guineas, leaving the Imperial Adamantine Banking Company exactly four pounds five to break upon, if they were resolutely determined so to do. Never, surely, were generosity and security more happily combined than by this ingenious device. But the Imperial Adamantine did not break after all; nor, according to the Commercial Intelligence (which, now that I know what a panic is, I peruse with avidity), has it been in the least danger of breaking. I read, however, that there was a severe run on that Friday afternoon upon the great house of Fipps and Company; and I have my suspicions that, Fortunatus's mind being a little preoccupied, he may have inoculated me with his own panic, simply and solely for the purpose of getting me out of the way.

In the French Minister's Report upon the Universal Exhibition which it is proposed to hold in Paris in the year 1867, there occurs the following sentence: "International Exhibitions promise to become perfect representations of modern society, in its various forms of activity." And an intention is announced of causing various historical reports to be compiled in France showing its present state of progress. In order that the principle thus set forth may be illustrated as far as England is concerned, the Committee of Council on Education have determined to exhibit a collection of the periodical literature of the day, containing one specimen which may be of any date in the year 1866, of each newspaper, review, literary, artistic, or scientific journal, magazine, tract, or pamphlet, play, &c, street-ballad, and the like, published in the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or in any of the British colonies, in the course of the year 1866. It is proposed to send this collection, when completed, to the Paris Exhibition of 1867, with the view of conveying to foreign nations some idea of the enormous amount of periodical literature for which there is a demand in England and its dependencies.



## FORTITUDE.

"If thou faintest in the day of adversity, thy strength is small."—*Proverbs.*

THE day of adversity is common to us all, but its dreary aspects differ, as we differ from one another. In wild tempestuous gloom it breaks suddenly upon one, while his fellow has it down under the sullen pall of unalleviated misery. The phases of calamity are as various as our characters, nor is it a random arrow which reaches the vulnerable part. The unbroken lowering stillness and monotony of the long dark day of trial, is, perhaps, harder to endure than the sharp strife of more passionate woe. Sordid pangs, unemployed faculties, the humanizing culture of gentle tastes and pleasant feelings, almost wholly restricted; sorrow without love, pain without dignity,—are not these things hard to bear? To the haughty and impatient spirit such griefs are terrible. It is not easy to learn that submission is the only wise remedy. We go to broken cisterns, and drink of waters in which lies no healing power. We rebel against our suffering. We say—"I have done no evil." "I am not worse than those who sport in the sunshine; I will throw down my burden, and be as happy as they. I do well to be angry? Why should my gourd wither in a night? I have no leisure for grief." We forget that "he who lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;" and lose sight of the fact, that where there is no sin, there is no sorrow. But to take to heart the lessons of adversity, and submit to learn that "it is good for us to be afflicted," it is not necessary that we should be abject and faint-hearted in our extremity. Lord Byron, so often shallow in philosophy and flippant in speech, saw the truth, and spoke it nobly, when he said—"I knew my fault, and feel my punishment not less, because I suffer it unbenet." And the serene and gracious Horace had discovered long before that—

"To endure,  
Alleviates the pang we may nor crush, nor cure."

The spirit that rises to meet disaster, the grand fortitude which accepts silently the blow no struggle can avert, the repentant heart which acknowledges "I have sinned;" this is the proof-armour which guards us in the conflict—these the weapons whose true temper secures us victory. How great was David, when, after vainly imploring the life of the beloved child, he arose, and washed, and anointed himself, and ate bread. No rebellious nuisance, no frantic complaint issues from the lips of late so eloquent with the passionate entreaties of a stricken heart. Only that lofty reply to his astonished servants: "While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept, for I said, who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," as he once more renews the business of life, and remembers the cares and duties of a king.

And when our misfortunes are traceable to the malignity of a foe, how well would it be for us to weed out the bitterness from our hearts, and strive to emulate the magnanimity of that royal nature. There is nothing grander in the records of humanity than David's appeal to Saul, when, with the severed skirt in his hand, he followed the unstable and treacherous monarch from the cave which might have been his tomb. Even the jealous and vacillating tyrant is forced to exclaim, "Thou art more righteous than I."

In what contrast to this noble faith stands the piteous agony of the ruined Saul, when, with the lingering credulity of a weak and superstitious mind, he resorts for aid to those whom, in his more prosperous days, he had punished and despised. As the imagination recalls that sublime scene, the solemn phantom rises, and we seem to listen to the reproachful question, "Why hast thou disquieted me?" and hear the awful reply, "God is departed from me, and answereth me no more." Who can read even now the fateful story, without feeling for the desolate king a thrill of that tenderness and compassion which filled the heart of the woman of Endor, when she said, "Let me set a morsel of bread before thee,

and eat, that thou mayest have strength when thou goest upon thy way," though no brave man can give him sympathy.

Despair never ennobled sorrow, nor purified the sufferer. No man is entitled to say, "I am forsaken," until he has forsaken himself, and the forlorn heart never appealed to the great Comforter and came empty away. By what process that heavenly balm descends, the mourner has no knowledge; about the mystery of that result of humble faith, his reason will not enlighten him; but he knows that he is comforted, and no more alone.

It is not to John Bunyan's day of ease and freedom that we owe the immortal allegory which has since strengthened so many fainting souls. The star of that serene mind shone steadily through dungeon gloom, and the ray of its bright example is still shed over the dark domain of captivity and oppression. And what a fine tranquillity pervaded his thoughts, who, in great misfortune, sang—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage;  
Minds innocent and quiet take  
That for a heritage."

But the calm philosopher of the temperate heathen, and the simple reliance of the Christian, alike differ from that rude insensibility manifested by some natures. There is no merit in dogged endurance, no renovating power in the calamity which falls upon an obdurate heart. It was not thus that our sinless Pattern encountered distress and pain. He was not ashamed to be "acquainted with grief" and familiar with the pangs which chasten humanity. His soul was sorrowful even unto death, yet we, poor sinners, are often too stubborn for regret—too proud to pass through the furnace of affliction. Such as these need not be envied. They may escape the cup of bitterness, but with it they renounce the sweet compensations of nature.

Think of the lofty courage of "Tasso" sustaining his soul, in a dark and cruel age, by the light and beauty of a pure imagination. Resolutely turning from the strife of an agonized heart, he escaped to the vivid scenes of his glorious fable, and peopled his solitude with a company of martial men, and lonely women, transfigured into superhuman beauty by the atmosphere of heroic deeds.

And if the exiled "Dante" did not always preserve the unshaken composure of a great soul, if he ate the bread, and drank the bitter waters of affliction in wrath, rather than in humility, he nevertheless turned pain to grand uses, and we are the inheritors of the sublime fruit of his tribulation.

Nor should we ever forget that we are in righteous hands—hands that inflict no needless pang. Of justice we are sure, and happily for the best of us, not justice alone. Let us be thankful that He reigns, who, in wrath, always remembers mercy, and rejoice that we have such an one to rule over us. Who cannot trust Him? Which of us cannot have proof, if he will, of His unwearied compassion, His faithful promises, His omnipotent hand? If treacherous friends wound us, He will send truer and dearer ones to fill the vacant place in our hearts, and soothe and sustain the shattered mind. In like manner will He atone to the brave and humble spirit for all its griefs and all its privations, and the sun of His love will enliven the gloom of our adversity, even though our "strength be small."

Halifax, N.S.

Io.

## ABOUT HANDS.

THERE is a significance in the different modes of shaking hands, which indicates, so far as a single act can do, the character of the person. The reader who has observed may recall the peculiarities of different persons with whom he has shaken hands, and thus note how characteristic was this simple act.

How much do we learn of a man or a woman by the shake of the hand? Who would expect to get a handsome donation—or a donation at all—from one who puts out two fingers to be

shaken, and keeps the others bent, as upon an "itching palm?" The hand coldly held out to be shaken, and drawn away again as soon as it decently may be, indicates a cold, if not a selfish and heartless character; while the hand which seeks yours and unwillingly relinquishes its warm, hearty clasp, belongs to a person with a genial disposition and a ready sympathy with his fellow-men.

In a momentary squeeze of the hand how much of the heart often oozes through the fingers! Who, that ever experienced it, has ever forgotten the feeling conveyed by the eloquent pressure of the hand of a dying friend, when the tongue has ceased to speak.

A right hearty grasp of the hand indicates warmth, ardor, executiveness, and strength of character; while a soft, lax touch, without the grasp, indicates the opposite characteristics. In the grasp of persons with large-hearted, generous minds, there is a kind of whole "soul" expression, most refreshing and acceptable to kindred spirits.

But when Miss Weakness presents you with a few cold, clammy, lifeless fingers for you to shake, you will naturally think of a hospital, an infirmary, or the tomb. There are foolish persons who think it pretty to have soft, wet, cold hands when the fact is, it is only an evidence that they are sick; or that, inasmuch as the circulation of the blood is partial and feeble, they are not well; and unless they bring about a change, and induce warm hands and warm feet, by the necessary bodily exercises, they are on the road to the grave—cold hands, cold feet, and a hot head are indications of anything but health.

Time was, in the old country, when aristocracy deigned to extend a single finger, or, at most two, to be shaken by humble democracy. Even now we hear of instances in which "my noble lady" repeats the offence when saluted by a more humble individual. This is an indignity which no true man or woman will either offer or receive. Refinement and true gentility give the whole hand, and respond cordially, if at all. This is equivalent to saying, "You are welcome;" or, when parting, "Adieu! God be with you!"

There is a habit, among a rude class, growing out of an over-ardent temperament on the part of those who are more strong and vigorous than delicate or refined, who give your hand a crushing grasp, which is often most painful. In these cases there may be great kindness and "strong" affection, but it is as crude as it is hearty.

Another gives you a cold, flabby hand, with no temperature or warmth in it, and you feel chilled or repelled by the negative influence imparted, and you are expected to shake the inanimate appendage of a spiritless body.

Is the grasp warm, ardent, and vigorous? so is the disposition. Is it cool, formal, and without emotion? so is the character. Is it magnetic, electrical, and animating? the disposition is the same. As we shake hands, so we feel, and so we are. Much of our true character is revealed in shaking hands.

But why do we shake hands at all? It is a very old-fashioned way of indicating friendship. We read in the Book of books that Jehu said to Jehonadab:—"Is thy heart right as my heart is with thine heart? If it be, give me thine hand." And it is not merely an old-fashioned custom. It is a natural one as well. It is the contact of sensitive and magnetic surfaces through which there is, in something more than merely a figurative sense, an interchange of feeling. The same principle is illustrated in another of our modes of greeting. When we wish to reciprocate the warmer feelings, we are not content with the contact of the hands—we bring the lips into service. A shake of the hands suffices for friendship, among undemonstrative Anglo-Saxons, at least, but a kiss is a token of a more tender affection.

*Music.*—The winds caught and tamed.

*Plough.*—Man's title deed to the earth.

*Memory.*—A look thrown back on the road we have travelled.

*Time.*—The scene-shifter to the world's drama.

## MEMENTOES.

Two little shoes—a curl of golden hair  
A childish toy—a tiny vacant chair;—  
What memories they bring!  
I feel again her kisses warm and sweet,  
I hear once more the noise of little feet,  
And merry laughter ring

Through this still room, just as it did of old  
Until I almost fancy I behold  
Her just about to spring  
To my embrace, forgetting, in my joy,  
That in a fairer home beyond the sky  
Our pet bird now doth sing.

They say they buried her where wild flowers blow;  
Our darling buried! Ah, it can't be so—  
Things are not what they seem;  
And yet yon little grave with grass o'ergrown,  
Her sweet name "Annie," carved upon a stone,  
Dispel my foolish dream.

Heaven's ways are wise—yet on her vacant chair  
Whene'er I look and see e is not there,  
My sad heart will rebe.  
Oh, Father! with thy peace my spirit fill;  
Teach me to bow submissive to thy will—  
Thou doest all things well.

Kingston, C.W. MARY J McCOLL.

## THE

## TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 299.

Among the archers of the convent and the lay brothers the belief gained ground that that sham patient, who had entered the infirmary by fraud, was the great enemy of mankind in person, and that the queen had been carried off by the fallen archangel, who had assumed the features of Jean Cadour.

The good prior Anselme wished to direct these searches himself. Full of sorrow he had gone through all the vaults under the cloisters, and when he returned, broken-hearted, to his cell, he had visited every cellar of the establishment. We must, however, except one, for nobody had a key to the private cellar of the abbot. That was a retreat made in the farthest extremities of the underground premises. Father Anselme had tried it, but had found it secured.

"There is nobody there," he said to himself; and the monks who accompanied him withdrew, leaving the underground premises, as they supposed, a solitude.

But they were sadly deceived—for there was some one in sire abbot's private cellar; and when their steps denoted that they were at a sufficient distance, a merry laugh broke forth through the grating of the door, which proved to demonstration that those within were not feeding upon melancholy. Let us do what father Anselme was not able to do—let us set the door of that noble cellar ajar, and take a peep at the joyous companions who had selected that strange place for their orgies.

It is as dark and stifling as in an oven; but hark! you can hear the noise of a pitcher as it touches the stone floor, and you may see the end of a lighted torch shooting its smoky rays through the darkness. The torch lit up three red and satisfied faces, and these belonged to our old friends Ezekiel, Trefouilloux, and pauvre Louise.

"What! our old pauvre Louise, who had received the dagger of Eric the Dane full in the breast?" It was indeed the same.

There are some beautiful and pure sentiments which may be regarded as the flowers of human life—such as friendship, love, and honour. Poets have always admitted that these holy feelings were capable of acting as talismans for the protection of those who bore them. We have seen brave men upon the field of battle, saved from the bullet which was destined for them by the star of honour. We have seen, especially in romances, simple medallions containing the

portrait of the loved one—or even a simple ringlet of blonde or brown hair, breaking the point of a weapon which was about to pierce the heart defended by them. But we must be permitted in this instance to supersede friendship, love, and honour, by a much more modest attribute.

The life of pauvre Louise had been saved by his natural love of linen; the sheets and shirts that he had stolen had parried the dagger so vigorously handled by Eric—and pauvre Louise was there drinking like a fish, near the bundle of linen which had saved his life.

These three thirsty rogues, in the well-furnished wine cellar of my lord abbot of St. Martin-hors-des-Murs, were indeed three rats in a cheese—they had already made acquaintance with every corner and every bin; and Trefouilloux, who was but lightly versed in the science of arithmetic, had calculated that they could drink there, without choking, for two years to come.

The misfortune was, they had nothing to eat—that, however, did not as yet disturb them; for they had come to the conclusion that if they kept themselves drunk all the time they would not experience the pangs of hunger.

"Oh! my brothers!" exclaimed the grateful Trefouilloux, "what a different life this is from that which we led upon the liberties of Notre Dame!"

"No sun here to burn our skulls," added Ezekiel.

"And no rain," exclaimed pauvre Louise; "that cold rain which pierces to the marrow!" and they all raised the flagons, which served them as drinking cups, to their lips, fraternally drinking to each other's good health.

They were all seated round the lamp on their casks—the dark depths of the cellar absorbed most of the light, leaving nothing visible but their three illuminated faces. And yet they could not avoid a certain gravity in their joy; they felt, indeed, that they were in possession of such extreme delights as could scarcely have been imagined in their wildest dreams. Wine from morn to night—from night till morning—an inexhaustible source of warmth and intoxication—a very paradise!

"When they come to draw the abbot's wine," resumed Trefouilloux, "we must hide behind the empty casks."

"Ah! that's true," groaned pauvre Louise, in a bad humour; "that rogue of an abbot will be sending for a little of our wine every day."

The other two found nothing to laugh at in that, and were seriously thinking of some means of preventing the abbot from broaching their nectar.

"Bah!" cried Ezekiel, "everybody must drink."

"And besides," said Trefouilloux, with an air of reflection, "when we return to the liberties of Notre Dame, it will be no time to be fabricating tales. We must say that we have been beyond sea, and have visited the Holy Land, and we may as well concoct these stories now, we are at leisure."

"When we return to the liberties of Notre Dame . . . .," said Ezekiel, in his turn—

But here pauvre Louise, with his hands pressed on his stomach, interrupted with—"Have you not an old crust of bread in your pockets, my brothers?"

"Bread!" cried Ezekiel and Trefouilloux, shrugging their shoulders, "what do you want with bread?"

"I want to eat it," replied pauvre Louise, naively.

Ezekiel and Trefouilloux could find no words to express their contempt.

"Listen, brothers," resumed pauvre Louise, already bending double with his arms crossed upon his breast, "if your stomach has not yet warned you, it is because you supped later than me—perhaps as late as the night before last—but patience. You will not have to wait long!"

"If thou art so hungry, canst thou not drink?" cried Trefouilloux.

"The fool!" added Ezekiel, "to be talking of an empty stomach in the middle of a sea of hypocras!"

Pauvre Louise, wishing to fortify himself

against the first attack, followed the counsel of his brothers, and drank off a large bowl of wine; but he had scarcely followed it when a deep groan escaped his breast.

"I am burning! I am burning!" said he.

Ezekiel and Trefouilloux, never very brave, were seized with fear, and sickness soon followed on the heels of fear. They looked at each other anxiously.

"In fact," muttered Ezekiel, touching the pit of his stomach, "I have a hell raging here."

"I don't perceive it," said Trefouilloux; "but one would think you were touching a hot plate of iron."

"I am burning! I am burning!" repeated pauvre Louise, in pitiful accents.

The whole scene was now changed; our three friends, pale as death, cast their terrified eyes around them—regarding with horror the empty bottles, demi-johns, and casks that lay around them, and which had so lately inspired them with nothing but gaiety.

Ezekiel and Trefouilloux now joined pauvre Louise in his lamentations; but exceeded him in the misery of their tones.

"I am burning! I am burning!" they cried. They would have given ten tuns of the best wine for one mouthful of water.

"Oh!" said Trefouilloux, "how dark it is here. I am suffocated. What would I give for one ray of that fine sun that we enjoyed in the purlieus of Notre Dame!"

"And God's blessed rain, that I have sucked drop by drop!" added pauvre Louise.

"I was saying just now," resumed Trefouilloux, in a voice which betrayed much emotion,—"I was saying—when we return to the purlieus of Notre Dame,—but oh! my good brother!" added he, bursting into tears, "who can tell if we shall ever return there?"

Upon this they rose from their seats on the barrels, as by one impulse, and rushed towards the door; but the door was as secure as the doors of a prison.

They returned and gathered round the torch, which was about its end, while their groans filled the cellar. One final flare of the torch before its total extinction, transfixed their agonised eyes, and seemed to foretell the fate of their own lives, which were to be extinguished in that dreadful darkness; the torch went out and nothing more was heard, through the night, but their heavy and indistinct groaning.

Towards dinner hour, the good old sleepy monk, who had been put to watch Mahmoud-el-Reis in his cell before the arrival of the queen, came to the abbot's cellar to procure a flagon of wine. He turned the great key without fear or suspicion.

At the spectacle that met his view—he thought he was still asleep and dreaming. The casks had all been rolled out of their places, broken demi-johns lay about in confusion, while, crouched upon the ground, he observed three men who were snoring with all the unconsciousness of innocence. The poor sleepy monk thought all this was the effect of witchcraft, and being now wide awake began to scream like a peacock. That was not the wisest thing which he could have done; for he woke up the three bandits, who, leaping to their feet, refreshed, but still preserving some idea of the agony they had experienced on the former evening, took the good monk and his lamp for a sign-post pointing to the purlieus of Notre Dame, which had been miraculously opened to them; there was the glorious sun—the refreshing rain—the open air and liberty, that they had been bemoaning.

Oh yes! the poor sleepy monk had committed a great error in screaming. But that was his last scream. The bandits strangled him and took to their heels, Ezekiel and Trefouilloux, as though the evil one was at their heels—and pauvre Louise more leisurely—for he had to open his bundle of linen and add thereto the shirt of the poor sleepy monk—which was still in good condition.

And the gossips of Paris were now in their glory. All the dark schemes of the king's

assassins—the war with the English—the tales of the Holy Land—and the sittings of the council were laid aside as things of the past.

Paris never gossips but of one subject at a time, and the absorbing subject now was queen Ingeburge. That name was now in all mouths—to the facts of the late riot were added a thousand embellishments, and every one was enquiring who was the leader and promoter of the quarrel.

The students of the universities protested that they had nothing to do with it—the grand master of the freemasons swore upon the gospels that his fraternity had taken no part in the sacrilegious proceedings.

Some mischievous tongues had endeavoured to show that the disappearance of Madam Ingeburge was in accordance with the cherished plans of Phillip Augustus. But how could that be, when it was the archers of king Phillip who had laid their heavy hands upon the rioters and dispersed them?

It is true that page Albret and the king's archers had arrived very late, and that the queen had disappeared.

Then the question arose, "Where was she? Had they put her to death? or had they plunged her into some dark prison?"

The people of Paris—the true people this time—that rough and honest crowd, who are so apt to judge correctly, when all sophistry is laid aside, took a decided interest in the fate of that poor unhappy young maiden, whose arrival they had one day witnessed, so full of happiness and so beautiful—to be Queen of France; but who, instead of a palace, had found the cheerless cell of a monastery—then a prison—and then, perhaps, a tomb. And the poor queen had done nothing to deserve such a fate; her only crime was that of adoration for the king, who hated her. They, therefore, began to grumble around the Louvre; and it is certain, that if the gentle queen had been capable of heading a party, she would soon have found an army to support her. But Queen Angel only knew how to pray, and how to love; and besides that, no trace of her could be discovered—though she was sought for by all the ardent hearts of Paris.

There was Eve—adroit as a fairy—old Christian, and Eric, whose wound did not prevent his being constantly on foot; then there was the handsome page Albret, whose wound, given also by the hand of Mahmoud, did not prevent him from commanding the king's forces, and also of disposing of the king's favours.

All these friends of the queen were exhausted by their useless efforts—neither the queen nor Jean Cadore, the image-cutter, were any where to be found.

One night in the large corridors of the Louvre, which were lit up by wax-tapers, suspended from the arched ceilings, Albret thought he saw, in the shade, the sharp features of the Syrian. He sprang forward to seize him, but he must have been grasping at a vision, for his hand had only clutched at emptiness. Albret's heart and soul were feverish, and fever produces phantoms. How had Mahmoud been able to clear the wide and deep ditches which surrounded the Louvre? how have scaled the walls of the tower and eluded the vigilance of the watch?

Albret was obliged to confess that his head was all wrong. All those who were seeking the queen, were asking whether the mysterious story spread abroad by the lay brothers of the abbey St. Martin might not be true, and if the dark enemy of the human race had not really carried off the queen on that unfortunate night.

Four days had now passed over since the assault was given to the House of God, and Phillip Augustus was engaged in a low and tender conversation with Agnes de Meranie, in his bedchamber.

"Alas! my well-beloved lord," said Agnes, passing her fingers through the hair of Phillip Augustus caressingly, "may I not know why I never feel quiet and safe? Why my love for you increases a thousand-fold each day? And why that love, lately so full of delights, is now changed into martyrdom?"

She looked at the king, and her beautiful eyes were full of a sorrowful inquietude?

"The heart judges aright," she murmured, "and tells me that if I suffer, it is because my lord loves me no longer."

Those who knew with what passion the king had loved Agnes de Meranie, and those who knew the magic powers which the accents of that enchantress had hitherto exercised over her royal lover, would have concluded from the foregoing scene that Phillip Augustus was still under the charm of Agnes de Meranie, for he still looked upon her with ravished eyes.

And who is ignorant of the rare beauty exhibited by those daughters of the gipsy race in their hours of dalliance. Their bizarre physiognomy—so striking at first sight—is now all illuminated, and a radiance spreads over that low brow—between the audacious eyes and the luxuriant tresses—and the ardent and almost masculine expression of strength, is subdued by the all-conquering passion. Agnes de Meranie was as beautiful that night as could be desired—beautiful with the soft melancholy of regret.

I repeat it, these women have enchantments; and if in open day the radiant and calm beauty of more holy women puts their blandishments to flight, they rise again at night, with the light of conscious triumph sparkling in their eye.

"Foolish woman," murmured Phillip drawing the hand of Agnes to his lips, "knowest thou not thine empire over me?"

Agnes, on feeling the lips of the king touching her hand, experienced something of the sensation of one suffering from some dangerous malady, and whose pulse is being felt by a physician; but she shivered, for the king's lips were cold. Her eyes glanced towards a mirror hanging opposite to her, and though it satisfied her about her admirable beauty, it could not completely reassure her. "Ah! of what account is beauty, when one is no longer loved?"

"I believe you—I believe you," my lord, she said, "for if I believed it not, I should die."

The king kissed her hand again. The magnificent Agnes was acting this comedy superbly; but she had some experience and some knowledge of the king's skill in that line. She knew that Phillip Augustus could give her some points, and still win the game. What rendered her more foolish and bold, was her belief that the king was ignorant of her secret ways; but, ever and anon, her heart would sink within her, when she called to mind that threatening voice that she had heard at the brigand's tavern, repeating those ominous words—

"The king knows all!"

It was something in Agnes' favor that a perfect calm reigned around the place—leaving the king's bed-chamber quite undisturbed—and Agnes wished to profit by it, for she had still another battle to fight there, and something told her that upon the result of that battle depended her whole destiny.

"I thank you, my lord," murmured she,—"you are very kind; and you re-assure me, because I observe that you have some pity for your poor wife. But you must know that anxious love sees everywhere symptoms of abandonment, and I have been neglected so long. Shall we not be happy to-night as formerly, when, with a smile on your face, you would fall asleep to the sound of my voice and my lute?"

Just as Phillip was about to reply, the clock of the Louvre struck eleven.

"My adored lady," said he, rising abruptly, "I have been fighting all day for love of you—not with my sword, but with my tongue—not against men-at-arms, covered with steel, but against churchmen, carrying under their surplices a whole arsenal of texts and arguments, which have quite overwhelmed me. In former times, when I was engaged in fighting with the English, I had more leisure, but now that I am engaged in debating with the council, I am obliged to excuse myself, and cannot listen either to your lute or your songs!"

Here was a *congé*. Agnes rose immediately, and did her best to conceal her chagrin.

"I must thank you again, my lord," said she, trying to assume a tone of gaiety; "if you gain the victory, and the council allows me to be with you, I shall only be too happy. But when

will that tedious council ever deliver its judgment?"

Phillip Augustus gave her his hand, and led her towards the door.

"To-morrow, at this same hour," replied the king, "the council of bishops will hold their last sitting—no longer in a hall of the palace, but in the choir of Notre Dame, the key-stone of which was placed yesterday. When the hour of midnight strikes, the mass *d'action de graces* will be pronounced, and the prelates will then proclaim the name of the queen."

Thus saying, Phillip Augustus, for the third time, kissed the hand of Agnes. These last words were pronounced with such an accent of affectionate gallantry, that any one hearing them might have put the name of Agnes in the place of the queen, without fearing to have it struck out again.

Madame Agnes, who had half opened the door by which she was about to leave, understood the king's words in that sense, and pressed Phillip's hands with gratitude.

Outside the door stood Amaury, armed at all points, and fulfilling the duties of his charge. He bowed low and respectfully to Agnes, who returned his salute.

"Good evening, Amaury," said the king, kindly.

"May God preserve you, my dreaded sire," replied Montreuil, "and give you peaceful slumbers!"

The king said, "thank you," and re-entered his bed-chamber.

Montreuil laid down, all armed as he was, across the closed door.

*To be continued.*

## A FEMALE FIEND.

ELIZABETH—was wont to dress well, in order to please her husband, and she spent half the day over her toilet. On one occasion, a lady's-maid saw something wrong in her head-dress, and, as a recompense for observing it, received such a severe box on the ears that the blood gushed from her nose, and spirted on her mistress's face. When the blood drops were washed from off her face, her skin appeared much more beautiful—whiter and more transparent on the spots where the blood had been. Elizabeth formed the resolution to bathe her face and her whole body in human blood so as to enhance her beauty. Two old women and a certain Fitzko assisted her in her undertaking. This monster used to kill the luckless victim, and the old women caught the blood, in which Elizabeth was wont to bathe at the hour of four in the morning. After the bath she appeared more beautiful than before. She continued this habit after the death of her husband (1604,) in the hopes of gaining new suitors. The unhappy girls who were allured to the castle, under the plea that they were to be taken into service there, were locked up in a cellar. Here they were beaten till their bodies were swollen. Elizabeth not infrequently tortured the victims herself; often she changed their clothes which dripped with blood, and then renewed her cruelties. The swollen bodies were then cut up with razors. Occasionally she had the girls burned, and then cut up, but the great majority were beaten to death. At last her cruelty became so great, that she would stick needles into those who sat with her in a carriage, especially if they were of her own sex. One of her servant-girls she stripped naked, smeared her with honey, and so drove her out of the house. When she was ill, and could not indulge her cruelty, she bit a person who came near her sick bed, as though she were a wild beast. She caused, in all, the death of 650 girls; some in Tscheita, on the neutral ground, where she had a cellar constructed for the purpose; others in different localities; for murder and bloodshed became with her a necessity. When at last the parents of the lost children could no longer be cajoled, the castle was seized, and the traces of the murders were discovered. Her accomplices were executed, and she was imprisoned for life. *Book of Were-Wolves, by S. Barring Gould.*

## SCIPIO'S DIVE.

"WHAT'S a queer-looking ring you have on," I said to my friend Gerald Marston, as we sat smoking in his little snuggery a few weeks after his marriage. "Looks old, too."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it did. Have you noticed it?" and he took it off and handed it to me.

It did look old; it was an amethyst, heavily set in solid gold, with a sphynx trampling on a man, and some Egyptian symbols engraved on it. The stone was a good deal scratched and worn, and the ring bent a little out of shape.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "What do the symbols stand for? Do you know?"

"The sphynx means the king, and the man means his foe, on whom he is trampling after the manner of kings of his date. The legend is, 'Good God, Lord of the World.'"

"And how came you by it? Took it from some mummied Pharaoh's fingers?"

"Not exactly. It's rather a long story, but if you're inclined to hear it I'll call Scipio, get the glasses filled, and tell you it."

He called Scipio, a stout intelligent-looking negre, who was the major-domo of the establishment, told him to get a fresh bottle, and then said to him—

"I am going to tell my friend about this ring, and how you saw Old Nick."

"Yes, massa, I thought I see the debil himself that time, anyhow, I did. That very good story, massa, anyhow. If massa'd only let me stay, I'd freshen up his memory a bit, perhaps."

I joined in the request, and the black sat down in a corner of the room, grinning from ear to ear.

"You know of course," began my friend, "how I went out to Egypt to make my fortune, when I found that there were more engineers here than profitable work to employ them; and you know, also, that I was then engaged to your cousin Kate. Well, I was pretty successful. In two months I got an appointment to superintend the erection and working of some large irrigation works. The owner was an old Turk who had served the Government, made some money, and proposed to make more by this scheme. It took some little time and some little trouble to get the machinery that came from England fitted up so to enable us to commence operations; and if it hadn't been for 'Scipio Africanus' (as we christened him) it would have taken as long again. The people out there have no idea of work. They don't do half as much in a week as a navy does here in a day. The proprietor left everything to me, and I left all the labour to Scipio."

"Dat's true, massa. You left it to dis child, and dis child showed the black men how to work. He made them fly round; he did so, massa!" And Scipio chuckled in his corner.

"Scipio did; persuading some and beating others, he used to get something like a fair day's work out of them. We had been at it some two years, digging and trenching to get the water to our machinery, when one day the old Turk came down to see how we were getting on, and told me he was going to have a pleasure-trip on the sea—of course the Red Sea. I asked him to let me go; and so it was arranged that, as we should be all ready in another week, the people should have a couple of days' holiday, and we should go and recruit a little. We ran down by the rail to Suez, and then took a boat to take us down for a trip. Of course you never sailed on the Red Sea; but I can assure you it's not the most unpleasant sensation in the world to glide along over its waters. Here and there the water is clear enough to see in that dazzling light the bottom some six or eight fathoms deep, and deliciously cool and inviting it looks. We sailed about for the two days, and on the evening of the second returned to Suez. Here, as ill-luck would have it, some mismanagement on the part of the boatmen as we landed turned us all into the water, fortunately without danger or more hurt than a wetting.

"We were congratulating ourselves when the old Turk exclaimed with an expression of despair,—

"Allah is great; but I have lost it! Allah is great!"

"Lost what?" said I.

"My preserver, my fortune, my ring and chain."

"I soon found out that the old man had lost a heavy gold chain, and with it an iron ring which he believed to possess most fabulous virtues. He had it all his life; it was his father's and his father's father's before him; and his luck was gone, he said; while he had it he could not help being fortunate: but now he was doomed to misfortune and, accursed; he had lost his talisman. I could hardly help laughing at this fuss over an old iron ring; but I found in a day or two that it was no laughing matter. We went home, and day after day the old fellow did nothing but, in his quiet way, curse the boatmen and bewail his loss, with a perpetual chorus of 'Allah is great! Allah is good!'"

"The loss became known, and the fellahs about refused to work. In vain I consoled the Turk; he had but one reply—that it was lost, and that Allah was great. I didn't know what to do, the work was within a few days of completion, and he would give no orders, pay no money, think of nothing but his loss, perfectly indifferent to all else. I waited on him day after day till I was weary of my life; for I depended on the money I should get on the completion of this work to pay for a share which Beverington had offered me, since I'd been out there, in a capital engineer's business; and I also wanted to get home for another reason which you may guess; two years and a half is a long time, you know, to wait. Well, as I said, I didn't know what to do; I couldn't leave, and I couldn't stay unless he altered his ways.

"One day during this time, Scipio there came to me to talk over what was to be done.

"What'll massa give me if I get dat ring back again?"

"Give," said I; "I'd give anything!"

"Give promise of Englishman to take me home?" said Scipio.

"Yes, willingly."

"Then, massa, you take me to old gentleman, and if he promise to let me have the girl dat makes him coffee, I'll get the darn old ting."

"Get it; how?"

"I'll dive under the water for it."

"By Jove! and so you shall, Scipio."

"Dat's dis child," broke in Scipio.

"I took him up to the house, and told the old man our plan, and he began to hope, made promise of half he possessed, 'And the gal dat makes him coffee?' said Scipio. Any number of girls, all if he liked. So we agreed, and getting a few camels, prepared for the expedition, the old man insisting on going too.

"We reached the place where we landed, as nearly as we could tell, and then commenced our labours, at least Scipio commenced his."

"Yes, he did," was chanted from the corner; "Scipio did dat same."

"The plan was to get a boat and row over the course till we came to the spot where we were upset, and there Scipio took a couple of stones in his hands and dived down; the water was about eighteen feet deep, I should think, and you could see almost to the bottom. Well, we kept moving the boat about, and Scipio kept diving till it began to get dark—he must have gone down some twenty times I should think."

"Dat is so, massa; twenty-two times dat blessed day dis child made hole in do water."

"Of course after dark it was useless to continue; so we made ourselves comfortable for the night, and went at it again in the morning; and now, Scipio, you can tell the rest."

"Well, massa," said Scipio, drawing his chair nearer to mine at every word or two, "I went down again next day, and second time I see something glittering like, but I was too spent to see what it was, so I dropped the stones, and came up, and, says I, 'Massa, I see something; you keep the boat jist where she is, and I go down again presently. So dis time I find two great stones to take me down quick, and give me some time to look about me. Well, massa, dis time I dive right on to it, jist close by a black rock. I was just a-going to catch him with my

toe, massa, when the black rock changed into de debil, and opened his eyes—dere no mistake—I drop dem stones and up I come like sky-rocket, and tumble into de boat. By Golly, massa I thought I see de debil, and he not nice to see down in eighteen feet of water, and he lashing at you wid his tail, and he hit me, too, and bring de blood."

"He came into the boat," said my friend, "looking as pale as his colour would let him, and with the blood streaming from a sort of cut in his thigh, crying, 'Massa, massa, I see de debil! I no go down any more. Don't wonder the old gentleman wants his ring when de debil wants it too.' I got him at last to describe what he had seen, and evidently beside the chain he had seen something, what I could not tell. From his description, I made out that it was something black on the top, white underneath, and had a long lash with a sting at the end of it. I asked him how big. As big as the boat, and as wide, and the tail as long as twice the oars. I tried to think what monster of the deep this might be; that it was rather a dangerous monster, the blood flowing from his thigh showed clearly. At last, I remembered having read that Le Vaillant, a French traveller, had seen in his second voyage to Africa a fish that was thirty feet wide and twenty-five feet long. Now, was it possible that this might be some descendant of this king of flat fish? I determined to have a look, and undressed for that purpose."

"You did, massa; I tink I never see more bully man than massa dat time," I said. "Ah, massa, don't go! let the darned old ring and chain go; don't go to de debil for such trumpery tings as dat."

"However, I went, and after the first smart of opening my eyes under the water was over, could see clearly the chain, and, close to it, one of the ugliest specimens of the fish tribe I had ever seen. It didn't see me for about a second, and then lashed out at me with its long whip-like tail. I saw the motion commence at the root just in time, and, dropping the stones, came up at the double double, if there is such a pace. I got into the boat, and, dressing myself, proceeded to consider the best thing to be done. There was the chain on which hung all my hopes, but guarded by a worse dragon than ever was found prowling round the apples of the Hesperides. I finally resolved that the dragon should be killed, and arranged accordingly. I loaded all the fire-arms we had with the heaviest charges they would bear—that is, two large bore-rifles used for rhinoceroses shooting, with a double charge of powder and two iron bolts each, and four horse-pistols, almost to the muzzle; and then, taking one rifle myself and giving one to Scipio, I armed two men with a pair of pistols each; the others I made lift a large stone, about two hundred weight, on to the stern of the boat and to keep her balanced. We all, except the rowers, went to the head. When all was prepared, I pointed the muzzles perpendicular to the water at about nine inches from the surface, and gave the word 'Ready! fire!' Down went the stone, down went the bullets, and then we waited for the smoke to clear away, and watched the water intently. Presently a red blot rose to the surface, and slowly diffused itself through the water. We had hit him, it was certain. Another charge, this time without the stone. We loaded. 'Ready again? Fire!' And then, after a few minutes, saw three red patches slowly rising and dispersing as before. We waited about half-an-hour, and then I asked Scipio to go down again. He refused.

"You see I didn't know dat de debil was dead. You see, massa, dat wasn't sure."

"Well, he wouldn't, so I would; and down I went through the water, which was coloured a pale pink, and I saw the thing was as dead as could be, with four thin lines of reddish fluid rising through the water from the wounds, and the tail—that awful whip—lying inert and useless. I didn't care to go too near, and I couldn't see the chain. So I came up, and we let go the boat's anchor, with a couple of daggers tied to the flukes, and dragged for him. We soon caught him, and rowed slowly to the shore, pulling the weight after us; and when the water was too

shallow for the boat, we threw the rope ashore, and pulled away, and at last landed our prize. It was a most horrible-looking wretch—one of the skate kind. A fellow who has seen the tail, and is up in that sort of thing, calls it a fine specimen of the 'Raia Myliobatis.' Fine or not, it was a beast, and I don't wonder at Scipio's mistake. Scipio, however, was quite agreeable to pull away with a will at the tail that had given him such an ugly cut; but I pulled his ear, and told him that now the devil was gone he must get the chain up; and sending him off with the boat, he managed to find it at the fourth dive, and brought it up between his toes."

"Dat's so, massa. Dis ere foot bring dat chain up."

"The old fellow, when he got his chain and ring back, embraced me, embraced Scipio, swore by the Prophet he was our slave for ever, and acted like a man possessed; and then we went home rejoicing. He quite regained his spirits and energies, and in less than a month all was done: the machinery worked splendidly, and the land was under water in less than ten days. The old Turk gave Scipio his wife, whose curry you took such a liking to at dinner: he gave me, too, just twice the sum I had bargained for, and enabled me to come home here and make those arrangements I spoke of."

"But the ring, my dear boy; the ring!"

"Oh! ah! the ring. I forgot. We cut open the stomach of the monster, and there, mixed up with broken shells, and fish-bones, and gravel, we found this ring, which, of course, I appropriated to my own especial use. It might have been one of the rings that was worn by a pursuing prince when Israel fled, or it might have been the ring of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, for all that I know. How it came there I can't tell any more than you can; but there it was—and here it is. And now, if you like, we'll go and taste Kate's coffee." FRAXINUS.

### SENT TO GRAN MORFEW.

*Concluded.*

WE slept in a mighty room, attended by Emma, who roused us at six next morning, with the news that a post-chaise was already at the door, and the Principal stamping about in a fury at our delay. He was indeed in a horrible humour—scolding and muttering; and though he had breakfasted himself, hardly allowed us time to take a mouthful of milk and water. But his worst behaviour was when Emma, with her bonnet on, and a bundle in her hand, offered to accompany us. He actually stormed at her "officiousness," as he called it; and it was only when the stiff butler condescended to beg that she might be allowed to go with us the first stage, that the Principal sullenly gave away.

Once past the lodge, and in the high-road, Mr. Pinkerton withdrew, and Pigwiggin returned. Out came a little basket of choice provisions. Emma was invited in to breakfast, and with many blushes, came. Considering whither we were proceeding, it was as merry a party as you could wish to see—but there was no resisting the Principal's fun. The butler's "first stage" was wholly forgotten, and Mr. Pigwiggin seemed to have paid about twenty post-boys, in jackets of every hue, when he suddenly called out: "As I'm a living creature, here we are!"

We dashed through a little village—up by a by-road—through a grove—across a lawn—up to the door of a large red building, matted with creepers, and looking more like a comfortable farm, than "The Misses Hollabone and Skimpin's Seminary for Young Ladies." A fat spaniel lay in the porch, and did not rise, but uttered a lazy bark, which, being accompanied by a wag of the tail, might be taken as a welcome. As we drove up, a pyramid of faces—all on the broad grin—appeared in one of the windows.

"Ha! she hasn't starved 'em all!" said the Principal gravely, as he got out of the chaise.

"Mith' Pigwiggin! Mith' Pigwiggin!" cried Gracie, scrambling out hastily at the risk of her neck.

He turned.

"Now, mind, 'ou don't run away, as 'ou did yesterday," continued Gracie, lifting her small finger, with a grave cautioning expression.

"Pigwiggin will stay as long as you want him," replied the Principal with twinkling eyes. "Here's Miss Hollabone."

Before our hearts had time to throb at the approach of the terrible schoolmistress, there hopped into the room (for she was slightly lame) a rosy little dame, as broad as she was long—which was probably about four feet two. Her face won us on the instant; and when she clasped us both together in her kind soft arms, the tears of pity standing in her eyes, all misgiving vanished at once and for ever.

"Well, Cousin Dorcas—you terrible ogress—here's another brace of victims for you," said our conductor. "Gobble them up as soon as you please; they're in fine condition, eh?"

Miss Hollabone laughed merrily.

"Well, pretty fair," and she took Gracie on what she called her knee.—"Oh, come in, Sally."

A neat, plump maiden, who had been hesitating at the door, now entered, bearing a tray, on which were tea, hot cakes, and sandwiches.

"Hallo, cousin *already*? This won't do, you know, said the Principal, as if uneasily. "If Gran Morf—"

"I can't help it, cousin," replied our mistress humbly; "Miss Skimpin would never forgive me. Tea and toast are *her* department—Sally knows it. I never pamper the children" ["Ahem!" said Mr. Pinkerton.]; "but Miss Skimpin insists that, coming off a journey, food, instant food, is essential. So, dears, as the things *are* here—"

And truly, if all three of us did not carry out Miss Skimpin's views, it was not the fault of Dorcas Hollabone.

Just as we had finished tea, Mrs. Skimpin made her appearance. She was tall and thin; and evidently the manner model of the establishment—the responsibilities of that office imparting a slight restraint and stiffness to her movements and conversation. After greeting us kindly she added: "The children, my dear, are getting so impatient, that, after fruitlessly entreating them to observe a more tranquil and becoming demeanour, I withdrew from a scene that threatened to become unseemly.—Your cousin, sir," she continued, turning to Mr. Pinkerton, "has lately inaugurated a custom, which she considers conducive to the general health and well-being of the school—an hour's blind-man's-buff before retiring to rest. I, as she is aware, entertain different views on this—Hark, my dear," added the good lady hastily, as a buzz from the distant schoolroom reached our ears. "Do run, I entreat you; and, Dorcas—Dorcas, dear!" (calling after) remember, they have lost a good ten minutes already. That must be remembered!"

Although too fatigued to join in the sports, Gracie and I were introduced for a few minutes to the mirthful scene, and made acquainted with many of our future schoolmates. These appeared to number about thirty—all, without an exception, plump, good-humoured, and happy.

Emma undressed us, as usual, and we were on the point of getting into bed, in the cozy little chamber allotted to us, when Miss Hollabone hopped in, followed by Sally, carrying a warming-pan.

"Stop, dears. Let Sally—humph!—I never coddle children; but if Miss Skimpin knew that this wasn't—that's right, Sally—and the night is chill. Comforts their tiny toes."

She gave us each a warm and comfortable kiss, and bustled away.

Everybody—the Principal and all—was up early next morning, and out on the sunny lawn. This was an institution of Miss Hollabone's (who held that, after prayer, the first moments of the day should be devoted to the enjoyment of its Creator's best gifts), and was opposed in theory, but carried out in practice, by Miss Skimpin, with all the zeal with which those good souls loved to shift upon each other the responsibility of indulgences in which they took an equal delight.

Then followed an hour's quiet schooling, when the sound of a deep mellifluous bell announced breakfast. The Principal met and led us in.

Poor Gracie began to look a little grave, for the chaise was already seen coming to the door. To lose her Pigwiggin was bad enough; but Emma—our own dear faithful nurse, companion, friend! We were both crying bitterly, as Mr. Pinkerton led us up to a table, behind which two maids were dispensing tea, cakes, muffins, &c., to the hungry multitude. My eyes being blurred with tears, I did not notice who gave the breakfast into my hand, till a familiar voice whispered: "My sweet Miss Milly, don't you see?"

Emma, our own Emma! dressed the very counterpart of Sally; and working away among the cups and plates, as if she had been in the service of Misses Hollabone and Skimpin twenty years, instead of as many minutes!

This was Pigwiggin's doing. Gracie's look gave him eloquent thanks.

And now this kind friend prepared to take his leave.

"Be good, darlings," he said, as he walked towards the carriage: "I shall hear of you often: watch over you always. Never write to Gran; she does not deserve—desire it, I mean—but to Pigwiggin as often as you please. God bless you, my Mildred—you also, my Gracie. I had a Gracie once; you shall surely see her, one blessed day." He paused, then, with his pleasant smile, called out: "Farewell, Cousin Dorcas; lots of pupils to you! But twelve pounds a year; board, washing, education, masters, books, feasting, frolic, and blindman's-buff—how can it pay?"

"It pays us very well!" returned Miss Hollabone, with a beaming smile, as she waved adieu.

And so it did; but the profit made by those dear ladies was treasured in a safe no thief can injure.

It is needless to describe the happy period (nearly five years) passed in this house of peace. As Gracie and I became acquainted with our companions, we soon discovered that one and all of them were, like ourselves, either devoid of a home at all, or dependent upon harsh, unloving relatives, whose only object was to keep them in existence, upon terms as moderate as nature could possibly be prevailed on to accept.

Twelve pounds per annum was the price demanded by the Misses Hollabone and Skimpin, and exacted with an inflexibility that would have surprised their debtors less, could the latter have dreamed that every child of us stood this covetous firm in four times the amount! Miss Hollabone, perhaps, had her own secret reasons for insisting upon her rights in certain cases (I know she never allowed Gran Morfew a day), yet I have known her forget such debts altogether! All I can say is, it was lucky for Misses Hollabone and Skimpin that they had each an independent fortune of their own!

In spite of the indulgence shewn us you must not suppose that either idleness or insubordination was allowed to prevail. Under the quiet mastery of love, education in all that was needful for an active useful life went steadily forward, and gave true zest to the innocent pleasures Miss Hollabone (in deference to Miss Skimpin) and Miss Skimpin (in consideration of Miss Hollabone) were never weary of providing.

One only event is worth recording. It was in the third year of our school-life that a gentleman, who stated, incidentally, that he had become resident in a neighbouring town, sent in his card, and begged permission to renew a former acquaintance with Gracie and myself.

"Shew the gentleman into the parlor, Sally," said our mistress. "Mr. Septimus Slithers, *Sol.*"—You know him, my dears?"

Know him! That we did. After Pigwiggin, who but Mr. Slithers filled the most honoured place, beside the donkey, in memory's hall? In another minute, we were exchanging cordial congratulations, and the frankest expressions of surprise at the liberties time had taken with our personal appearances, since we last met.

Mr. Slithers looked sleek and well, and hastened to inform us that he had settled in the coun-

try, and was now his own principal. Seeing Gracie glance at his boot-heels, he casually remarked that his business entirely prevented indulgence in horse-exercise. He then inquired if we had heard lately from—from "Emma," was it?—our nurse, we knew?

Being informed that she was in the service of Miss Hollabone—"Dear me!" said Mr Slithers. "Upon your word now? You don't say so! Why, how incredibly remarkable! I really should—if Miss Hollabone will permit—like to avail myself of this very extraordinary circumstance, and say how-de-do to Emma."

Our mistress recognising nothing objectionable in the proposed observation, Emma made her appearance, blushing like a rose—her brown rings of curls vibrating in all directions, as if they were ringing a peal of welcome to our friend.

The five-minute bell before dinner, at this instant, compelled Gracie and me to skip away. What Emma replied to "How-de-do?" was never distinctly reported. I only know that she waited at dinner with the traces of tears visible upon a very happy face—and that, three months later, Emma Rusbridger—certain that Providence had raised up for us friends as true and loving as herself—resigned office with many tears, and became Mrs Septimus Slithers, solicitor, of Newton Collop.

My story must have its end. Out of the warm red sunshine to the gloomy winter of Goldstone Towers.

You will find Gran Morfew and Mr Pinkerton sitting in council, before a mighty fire—Gran folded in shawls and furs; Mr Pinkerton, with his cravat loosed and his waistcoat opened as far as punctilio permits, in a condition of incipient broil. Mrs Morfew is older than she was nearly five years since, and no warmer; but the heart, accustomed from birth to the lowest temperature, holds out bravely against outward rigours, and throbs fiercely with hate and disappointed rage.

There is an open letter in her hand, and she beats it with fury, to emphasise her bitter words.

"It comes to *this*—either this woman has lied to me, or you. You need not start, man. I shall not mince words with you—you, my clerk, my hired servant, who, but for me, would be starving in your clientless chamber, or rotting in jail! Look, you! I will read again: "Florence Lowe, the little orphan whom, at my dear husband's express desire, we have taken to our home, could hardly reconcile herself to parting with her generous protectors. These people must be a marvel! Their school-keeping, it seems, is a mere pretext for obtaining the care of friendless and neglected little ones, their own means being ample for this and other benevolent purposes. Their names are strange, but they are written, notwithstanding, in the book of life, and should be musical in every Christian's ear. I enclose them."—Cant! Sickening humbug! The woman is as great an idiot as themselves!"

She crumpled up the letter, and flung it into the fire.

"Marvels," she calls them. Marvels of lying and swindling! I sent those brats to a place where, you taught me to believe, they would be trained to the duties and the hardships of the station in which I have sworn to keep them. They should have learned to starve—to freeze, as I do—to endure blows and buffets, and heavy toil; and, thanks to your treachery, they have been bred in luxury—pitied, pampered—But my madam shall feel the difference; henceforth, *this* shall be their home!"

Mr Pinkerton noticed the boding snarl, and his heart swelled, but he temporised. "I will take measures," he said, rising, "for their removal—but!"

"I will not trust you," retorted Gran, hissing it through her great false teeth. "You have lied to me—lied to me in a thing nearest my—my heart." Her voice failed, and she pressed her hand on the organ named, as if the mention of it had brought a spasm. "I have sent for them myself. A solicitor, lately settled in that neighbourhood, has been instructed to pay the women,

and prevent the further exercise of their uninvited charity. I sent for you, because I knew it would gratify you to witness their reception. But I trust you no more. You may know something of the law—you have been a decent agent and steward of my property, and may continue to act for me in that capacity, at least for the present—but in other matters, Pinkerton, it strikes me you are a fool—not such a fool, however, as to forfeit five hundred a year. So take warning."

"I will, madam," replied Mr Pinkerton very quietly; "and, since you have done me the honour to speak frankly, I will do the like. I have been a decent agent, inasmuch as my attention to your interests has added to your annual income no less than four thousand pounds. All that you have bestowed on me has been fairly, faithfully earned. My chambers, however, are no longer "clientless." My professional income is thrice the amount I hold at your pleasure; but for thrice *that*, I would not serve you for another day. Yes, you unhappy lady, these wages, as your pride would call them, that I now resign, leaves still an account unsettled between us. I will pay myself *thus*: maltreat these innocent children of the daughter your brutality drove from her home, and I will give them shelter; cast them off, and I will adopt them."

He rose. Mrs Morfew turned her white spectral face, distorted with pain and malice, towards the speaker, and lifted a bony finger. "Hark!" she said listening. "The wheels! At least remain to see me embrace our darlings."

She neither stirred nor spoke again, until the double doors swung open, and Gracie and I, attended by Mr and Mrs Slithers, entered the room. I saw the bony hand fly to her heart, as if to quiet some convulsive action, as she gasped out: "I—I cannot—bear your presence—but for this—for this!"

She clutched at a paper on the table. Mr Pinkerton placed it in her hand. She thanked him with a malignant smile.

"When you—fools—made me believe I was dying—and that—for my soul's health—if nothing else, I should not leave those creatures to beg their bread—I, weaker fool than any, bequeathed them each one hundred pounds. I am—well—now, and wiser—and thus I—I pay—the legacy." She tore the will across and across. "Take notice all: I cancel!"

Again the hand went to her heart. A frightful stare came upon her face, and her mouth opened, like one uttering a prolonged scream, but there was no sound at all. For half a minute, we watched the appalling figure, sitting there, motionless, as if changed to stone; then Mr Pinkerton made a step forward, but instantly turning, caught our hands, and led us away.

"Gran Morfew is gone," he said solemnly. "God help and pardon all. He has cared for the orphan. *All this is now yours.*"

## STAGE THUNDER.

IT must have been an early task of the theatrical machinist to devise a method of simulating the sounds of rain, and wind, and tempest. Audiences have always suffered themselves to be impressed by storm-effects, however inadequately represented. Thunder and lightning, like Mr Puff's favourite expedient of a clock striking, have seldom failed to "beget an awful attention in the audience." Shakspeare himself, though he reprobated the groundlings who for the most part, were "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise," was fond of enlisting the strife of the elements in the service of his plays; probably following the example of elder dramatists in his frequent recourse to the functionary behind the scenes, whose duty it was to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." Thus the "Tempest" and "Macbeth" both open with thunder and lightning; there is "loud weather" in the "Winter's Tale;" there is thunder in the "First Part of King Henry the Sixth," when *La Pucelle* invokes the fiends to aid her enterprise; thunder and lightning in the "Second part of King

Henry the sixth," when *Marjery Jourdain* conjures up the Spirit; thunder and lightning in "Julius Cæsar;" a sea storm in "Pericles," and a marvellous hurricane in "King Lear." The post-Shaksperian play-wrights introduced storms into their dramas with a frequency that drew upon them Pope's memorable rebuke in the "Dunciad:"

Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)  
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.  
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart,  
With Shakspeare's nature or with Jonson's art,  
Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul  
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.

Further esteemed stage tricks being censured in the subsequent lines—

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell;  
Now sink in sorrow with a tolling bell!  
Such happy arts attention can command  
When fancy flags and sense is at a stand!

A note to Warburton's edition of the "Dunciad" explains that the old ways of making thunder and mustard by means of grinding and pounding in a bowl, were the same, but that of late the noise had been more advantageously represented by troughs of wood with stops in them; doubt being expressed as to whether this was the improved thunder of which Mr. Dennis claimed to be the inventor. In our days John Dennis is more remembered by the well-known story about his thunder, and by the stupid virulence of his attacks upon the great men of his epoch, than by anything else. His thunder first made itself heard on the production, at Drury Lane, in 1709, of his "Appius and Virginia," a dull tragedy, which not even the combined talents of Booth, Wilks, and Betterton (in the last season of that great actor's performance) could keep alive for longer than four nights. But although the play died, the thunder survived, a favourite appliance of the theatre; and upon its peals resounding on a later occasion,—some say at a performance of "Macbeth;" others, at the production of a play of a rival author,—Dennis, who was present, rose from his seat in a violent passion, exclaiming with an oath,—"See how these villains use me! They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!" The "Dunciad" did not appear until nearly twenty years after the performance of Mr. Dennis's tragedy. Pope either purposely ignored the merits and method of Mr. Dennis's thunder, or did not really know that the old mustard-bowl style of storm had gone out of fashion.

When Do Louthembourg, who was for a time scene-painter at Drury Lane under Mr. Garrick's management, opened his dioramic exhibition, which he called the "Eidophusicon," we learn that the imitation of thunder with which he accompanied some of his pictures was very natural and grand. A large sheet of thin copper was suspended by a chain, and being shaken by one of the lower corners, produced the sound as of a distant rumbling, seemingly below the horizon; and as the clouds rolled over the scene, approaching nearer and nearer, the thunder increased, peal by peal, "until," says an enthusiastic eye-witness, "following rapidly the lightning's zigzag flash, which was admirably vivid and sudden, it burst in a tremendous crash immediately overhead." Tubes charged with peas, and gradually turned and returned on end, represented the fall and patter of hail and rain; and two hoops, covered with silk tightly strained, tambourine fashion, and pressed against each other with a quick motion, emitted hollow whistling sounds in imitation of gusts of wind.

Appliances something similar to these are still in use at the modern theatres when a storm has to be represented. The noise of storm has been simulated, however, by other methods: notably by rolling to and fro a large empty cask on the floor of the room above the ceiling of the theatre; a plan rather calculated to excite the anxiety of the spectators lest the thunder should come down bodily, crashing through the roof into the pit. Another ingenious device, once adopted at the Edinburgh Theatre, brought with it rather ludicrous results. The manager, bent on improving the tone and volume of his storms, procured a parcel of nine-pound cannon-balls; these were placed in a strong wheel-barrow, and

ledges being placed here and there along the back of the stage, a carpenter was instructed to wheel the loaded barrow to and fro over the ledges. The play was "Lear," and the rumbling upon the hollow stage as the heavy barrow jolted along its uneven path, did duty efficiently as the storm in the third act. Unfortunately, however, while the King was braving in front of the scene the pelting of the pitiless storm at the back, the carpenter-thunderer's foot slipped, and down he fell, wheel-barrow, cannon-balls, and all. Straight-way the nine-pounders came rolling quickly and noisily down the slope of the stage, gathering force as they rolled, struck down the scene, laying it flat, and made their way towards the footlights and the orchestra, amidst the amusement and surprise of the audience, and the amazement and alarm of the *Lear* of the night. He had been prepared for the thunder, but not for the thunder-bolts, which rolled towards him from all directions, compelling him to skip about to avoid them, with activity singularly inappropriate to his years, until he was said to resemble a dancer accomplishing the feat known as the egg-hornpipe. Presently, too, the musicians had to scale with their instruments the spiked partition dividing them from the pit; the cannon-balls were upon them dropping heavily into the orchestra; there was real reason for their consternation. Meanwhile, at the back of the stage lay prostrate beside his barrow, the innocent invoker of the tempest he could not allay: not at all hurt, but very much frightened and bewildered.

After this catastrophe the cannon-ball and wheel-barrow style of storm was abandoned in favour of safer and more approved patterns.

DUTTON COOK.

### THE ENGLISH PEAR.

AN English orchard's boughs among  
Fragrant and golden-ripe it hung,  
The autumn sun looked warmly down,  
And changed its yellow tints to brown.  
Plucked from its native shade away,  
It brings, this dark December day,  
A glimpse of rural light and bloom,  
To fit across this shrouded room.

It came by kindly hands supplied,  
By gentle words accompanied;  
And faint wan lips on this far shore  
Oped for its cool delicious store.  
For no vain destiny it grew—  
Nor sped the Atlantic waters through;  
Long may the bounteous branches bear,  
That waved beside this English pear.

Unknown, the spot of parent soil,  
The nurturing hand of skilful toil,  
The sheltered homestead who can tell,  
Near which its transient blossom fell.  
Perhaps on Devon's sunlit air,  
Came wafting down the petals fair,  
Where children gay in youths' unreat,  
Sported upon her emerald breast.

Or flourished long the gracious tree,  
Bending her laden boughs to see,  
Their mellow fruitage pictured nigh,  
In thy clear wave (romantic Wyo).  
Stream of a wild historic land—  
Now murmuring down a softer strand—  
Thy gleaming waters blithely sound  
Through famous Hereford's orchard-ground.

We know, its devious travel past,  
The perfect fruit is ours at last.  
Its growth, its progress, never heed,  
It reached us in our day of need,  
So give it welcome. Honour due  
Award to flavour shape, and hue,  
And grateful sing to who will hear,  
The virtues of the English pear.

Halifax, N. S.

Io.

*Slave*.—A human epitaph on human feelings.  
*Marriage*.—Going home by daylight after courtship's masquerade.

*Labour*.—The wooing by which nature is won.  
*Alchemy*.—A rosy cloud at the dawn of science.

### THE INDIAN'S SACRIFICE.

Translated from the French for the Saturday Reader.

IT was on one of those evenings when the rich as well as the poor gather round the home-stead fire; when the wind roars outside the dwelling, and the oak log burns slowly in the large fire-place.

In a comfortable old Norman house was an old man seated at the fire; around him were collected his children and grand-children, who looked up to him with mingled love and respect. The evening was fast advancing in silence and pensiveness—none opened their lips—all seemed wrapped up in thought. To the young, the prevailing silence was oppressive—they wished for the tumult of conversation to enliven them: they longed to hear some marvellous tale of by-gone days. Presently a young girl, with keen bright eyes, over whose head sixteen springs had scarcely passed, approached the old man—"Father," said she, "amusement has flown with the summer season; the hoar frost has iced the ground; there are no longer romps upon the grass—no strolling beneath the great poplar trees in the garden. My dear father, if you would only tell us something of your long travels through Canada—you have assisted in its discovery—you have witnessed terrible warfare, tell us of the wonders you have seen."

So spoke the maiden, patting her venerable grandfather with her white hand. The old man smiled at her amiable playfulness.

"Child," said he, "your voice is sweet and your words touching—you shall not be refused. Draw near me, my children, and listen to a page from my long journey through the paths of this world."

The group gathered more closely around their beloved head, who forthwith commenced thus without further preamble:

"You know my children that a long time ago I lived in a distant part of Canada, and that for many years my arm was at the service of our king. There, a thousand events passed under my eyes—one, above all others, is impressed on my memory too strongly for time to efface.

"I had left the French fort and withdrawn to the forest crowning Cape Diamond; and in order to escape the observation of the vindictive savages in the neighbourhood, I had covered my shoulders with a bearskin and carried a hunter's spear in my hand. The incident I am about to relate occurred upon one of those tranquil and passive nights when everything looms forth in melancholy and the mind settles into a state of profound thoughtfulness; the lunar rays emitted with difficulty their soft light, and the silence of the forest was broken only by the cries of nocturnal birds startled from their resting places by the sound of my footsteps. I loved walking and thinking in these vast solitudes, where the venerable oak recalled to my mind the glory of God; and where love of country was awakened with fullest force in my heart. I dreamed of the beautiful skies of my native Normandy—where, when young, I had tasted life's sweetest enjoyments, and reflecting upon my present position—an exile in a strange wild place. My eyes have often filled with tears; but on this night I was suddenly aroused from my meditations by the footsteps of a band of Indians who were gradually approaching me.

"Excited by curiosity, I cautiously followed them; we marched on quietly for a considerable time, at last we arrived at the very highest point of Cape Diamond, where a flourishing town is now arising, which Heaven, I doubt not, will reserve for a great future—then, there was only a steep rock, overlooking the river, from which the eye plunged into the deep abyss beneath, and discovered the falls of Montmorency rolling forth its clear waters into the basin of the St. Lawrence. The deep silence of the night, the calmness of the water, the brilliancy of the stars, all seemed united to give greater contrast to the deed of horror about to be committed.

"Arrived upon the promontory the Indians formed a circle, in the centre of which appeared

a diviner or prophet. He was an aged man of venerable aspect, a long thick beard flowed over his chest, and in his hand he held a lighted brand; for a moment he remained perfectly still in the middle of his companions, then, in a strong sonorous voice, he broke forth in these terrible words:

"Brave children of Stadacona! will you never awake from your sleep of shame? Will you never oppose the cruel designs of your enemies; you are the timid fawn who allows the hunter to approach and destroy him. The French, impious and sacrilegious, have trodden down your faith; chains of servitude bind your arms—yours—children of freedom!

"Listen to the proud inhabitants of the other world—they promise you prosperity and peace. As numerous as the clouds of the tempest, they come to us as waves of the sea; hence say they, your forests belong to us; for us live the swift deer and the thickly furred bear—take up your cabins, and say to the ashes of your fathers, follow us. Brave children of Stadacona! Awake from your sleep of shame—arise against the designs of your oppressors—arouse yourselves, warriors. Brandish your war clubs; consult the manito, the oracle of your councils; then fly to your enemies—your perfidious rulers—you shall drink their blood, and their scalps shall be for ornaments in your dwellings!"

"At these words the barbarians shook with anger and rage; they pressed their arms against their teeth, and uttered a low, wailing sound, resembling the noise of the sea during a storm; but this was only the prelude to a scene of horror.

"Hurriedly they constructed a tent upon the rocks; it was gloomy in appearance, and a black flag floated from the top; the diviner withdrew into the interior, and the warriors of the tribe gathered around it with an air of mystery. Suddenly a rumbling and prolonged noise was heard; it sounded like the rolling of distant thunder approaching insensibly the spot. At last the diviner muttered aloud some unintelligible sentence; the hut shook, and the flag on the summit became violently agitated, but the warriors without preserved a calm demeanour; they sat without moving a muscle. A long time elapsed before the diviner appeared, and when he did, he was pale as death, and shook in every limb; his long hair, whitened by age, waved in wild disorder around his head.

"Brave warriors," said he, "Areskoni, the god of war, has listened to our voice. He demands the sacrifice of an innocent virgin, and at this price only will he deliver our perfidious enemies to our vengeance. Warriors! may your hearts experience no wavering, like the hearts of cowards. Above all, let the love you bear your country animate you in your resolve."

"The savages applauded these horrid words with ferocious joy, and shook their glistening tomahawks under the rays of the moon.

"A moment afterwards, the chief of the tribe advanced upon the summit of the rock; he held his young daughter by the hand, and declared his intention to sacrifice her to the prosperity of her race. Alas! the poor victim had scarcely seen fifteen springs; her mind seemed divided between superstition and love of life; tears coursed down her cheeks, and at times she cast supplicating glances on those around her; resting her head sometimes upon her father, she appeared to seek refuge in him, her murderer, from the fears that were agitating her bosom. But at this instant the diviner approached her; I saw him whispering in her ear, and such is the power of fanaticism, that the young girl's sentiments seemed suddenly to experience a complete change; her face became animated; she advanced towards the precipice with a firm step, and, in a melancholy and plaintive voice, bid farewell to her existence in words like these:

"I was the tender vine, clinging to the parent stem; life was opening before me like a beautiful flower—like the dawn of a glorious day—and now I must leave it—forever. Kondiaronk, of the lovely hair, said to me: 'Darthula, my sister, my swift canoe reposes on the border of the river; the sky is calm, and the moon shines brightly upon the forest trees; come, sister, let us fly together on the surface of the waters.'

'Weep, Kondiaronk, weep; thy sister is to die. Oh, thou who lovest me more than the light of day, listen to the prayer of thy sister. When Dartlula is nothing more than a shadow, go then to the foaming cataract, and rest thyself upon the moist rock, and my spirit, light as the rays of the night-star, will mingle with the sound of the waters, and converse once more with her brother.' Thus sang the sweet poetess of the woods, soon to become the prey of death.

"My friends, what shall I now say? I saw that a fearful crime was about to be committed; could I do, alone and unarmed, against a numerous horde of savages?"

"The victim, alas! was thrown into the billows, yet not a tear glistened in the eyes of her barbarous parent. Twice did her form appear upon the waves, her dark tresses floating upon the water; a third time—she disappeared—her last cries mingling with the voice of the surging element.

"The Indians now ranged themselves in order of the march, and descended the mountain, singing aloud the hymn of sacrifice: 'Areskoni wished for blood; he spoke in his sacred tent. Warriors encircled the diviner, tomahawks glistened in the light of the moon, the waters beat the side of the rock, virgins wept, and young wept. Areskoni wished for blood; he spoke in the sacred tent.'

"The chant sounded to me like a prolonged and monotonous noise, and for some time I remained unable to stir from the spot. From the point of rock I contemplated with horror the abyss which I had seen close over the interesting victim. At last I aroused myself to reflect upon my position, and took the road to the fort. I trembled at every pace, and thought I still heard the terrible Indian chant, and the last sighs of their victim."

An English author, who was present at the late Literary Fund dinner, thus describes Mr. Algeron Swinburne, in a letter to a foreign journal:—"After Mr. Kingsley arose Mr. Swinburne. He spoke in such a low voice that I could only see his lips move, and hear no word. But it was enough to see Swinburne's face—especially with his cheek and eye kindled—and I shall never forget it. A small young, even boyish man, with handsome, regular features and smooth skin; with eyes that glitter; with thin, flexible lips whose coldness is in strange contrast to the passionate intensity of his eyes; with a great deal of reddish hair that surrounds his face like a halo. He seemed to me like some wild bird, of rare and beautiful plumage, which has alighted in our uncongenial climate, and who is likely to die before it is acclimatized. No one who has ever looked upon his face would doubt for a moment that he is a man of genius."

**NAAROW ESCAPE FOR AN HEIR.**—General Cavaignac was very nearly being disinherited by a rich uncle, a general of brigade and peer of France. When Cavaignac was a colonel of Zouavés, the uncle, pleased at the lustre which his deeds shed over the family name, made him his heir. The revolution of February made Cavaignac a general of division and chief of the executive power, and the man's rapid rise made him enemies, who told old Cavaignac that he had been eclipsed by his nephew, and that when General Cavaignac was mentioned it was not the old general of brigade, but the young general of division, who was meant. The jealous peer, who had served in the Old Guard, determined to alter his will. The lawyer and witness were summoned. The old man sat down in an arm-chair to dictate, fell asleep, and never woke more.

**PASTIMES.**

**ENIGMA.**

Transpose the initials of the birth places of the following celebrities, and reveal the name of an English poet.

1. Dr. Johnson.
2. George Horne (Bishop of Norwich.)
3. Thomson (the poet.)

4. Jeremy Taylor.
5. Richard Porson.
6. Guizot (a French journalist of the time of Napoleon.
7. John Knox (the reformer.)
8. Peter the hermit.
9. Homberg (physician to the Duke of Orleans.)

**ARITHMOREM.**

1. 550 and fear = An English king.
  2. 50 " eago 51 = A great astronomer.
  3. 599 " arena E = A renowned general.
  4. 1552 " eats = A brave Athenian general.
  5. 1500 " nude = An English king.
  6. 1050 " rough boar = A famous English general.
  7. 1000 " cat = A king of Rome.
  8. 1000 " Cat sir so = A law among the Athenians.
  9. 1501 " nor = An ancient monarch.
- The initials will give the name of a person celebrated by Homer. A. PYNE.

**CHARADES.**

1. A word of letters two,  
A proposition reckoned,  
My first is; and you'll find  
Men always wear my second.  
My third stands for myself.  
My fourth prevents an entrance.  
My whole the judge does to a case,  
Before he passes sentence. F. J. P.
2. My first, in laurels deck'd, in days of yore,  
To Rome in triumph her Augustus bore.  
What Delia's in, when swains appear too bold,  
Or coxcombs tease, my second will unfold.  
Both parts will show when they in contact meet,  
What's much admired, yet trampled under feet.
3. I am composed of 11 letters.  
My 1, 10, 3, 4, 8, 11 is to neglect.  
My 3, 2, 7, 5 is a city.  
My 4, 5, 11, 8 is to measure.  
My 6, 8, 5, 7 is to abound.  
My 1, 2, 10, 6 is a part of the body.  
My 3, 10, 6, 11, 8, 9 is decayed.  
My 6, 8, 9, 10 is sometimes used by soldiers.  
And my whole is the name of a flower. META.

**TRANSPOSITIONS.**

- Canadian villages.
1. GGCHWNAEAEU.
  2. COAETUCUDLA.
  3. NBHEROUISAA.

**MIGNONNE.**

- Flowers.
4. OGRTEMFTNEO.
  5. ROLWNEFSU.
  6. FFDIOAL.

**BLANCHE.**

**ARITHMOREMS.**

- Eminent writers and poets.
1. 50 and Tom is hurt Jan 50.
  2. 500 " A mud hive.
  3. 1550 " Dan we rule.
  4. 500 " Or Jenny H. 500.
  5. 101 " Amy Ann Abbott has lumbago.

E. W. F.

**ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.**

4300 bushels of wheat are divided among four farmers in the following manner: as often as the first receives five bushel, the second receives six; as often as the first eight, the third nine, and as often as the second seven, the fourth three. What did each receive? A. PYNE.

**ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM, &c. No. 44.**

- Arithmorems.—1. Galilee. 1. Glasgow. 2. Amsterdam. 3. Leamington. 4. Ireland. 5. Lanark. 6. Edinburgh. 7. Orleans.
- No. 2. Brougham. 1. Blondin. 2. Richard. 3. Oxford. 4. Ulster. 5. Gladstone. 6. Ham-burgh. 7. Aberdeen. 8. Montreal.

Charades.—1. Farewell. 2. Our Volunteers.

Anagrams.—1. Diocletian. 2. Domitian.

3. Honorius. 4. Gordian.

Transpositions.—1. Mozart. 2. Beethoven.

3. Bach. 4. Handel. 5. Hayden.

Decapitations.—1. Crock-rock-cork. 2. Keel-eel-cil. 3. Stable-lable-able.

Arithmetical Problem.—Each man receives \$2251.50; each woman \$9020.60 and each child \$1961.00.

The following answers have been received:

Arithmorems.—Polly, J. H. W., Argus, Flora, Able W., H. H. V., Nellie.

Charades.—J. H. W., Argus, Nellie, Polly, Able W., Flora, Nestor, W. H.

Anagrams.—Nellie, Polly, Vesper, Able W., Flora, H. H. V.

Transpositions.—Measles, Nellie, J. H. W., Polly, Able W., H. H. V., Flora.

Decapitations.—Polly, Nellie, Vesper, Flora, Measles, H. H. V.,

Arithmetical Problem.—H. H. V., Cloud, Argus, Camp.

**CHESS.**

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**

**PROBLEM No. 32.**—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St., and Ralph, Montreal; M. J., Toronto; and J. C. N., Quebec.

J. G. A., MONTREAL.—The game appears below. Hope to hear from you again soon.

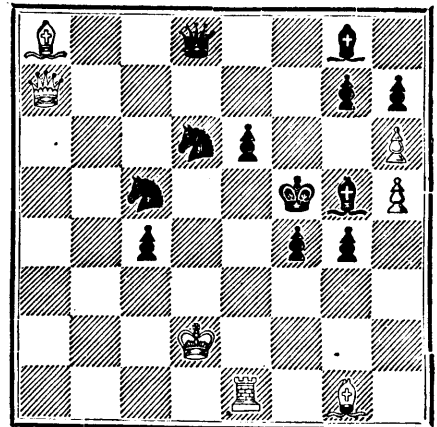
J. C. N., QUEBEC.—Your queries have been fully answered by mail.

ST. URBAIN ST., MONTREAL.—You may be correct respecting that Enigma, we have not had leisure however, to examine the position.

**PROBLEM No. 34.**

By H. R. A.; OF WEST POINT N. Y.

**BLACK.**



**WHITE.**

White to play and Mate in four moves.

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 32.**

- |                    |                 |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| <b>WHITE.</b>      | <b>BLACK.</b>   |
| 1. B to Q 3 (ch.)  | K to K 6 or (a) |
| 2. B to K 5.       | Anything.       |
| 3. Kt or Q Mates.  |                 |
| (a) 1.             | K to K 4.       |
| 2. Q to Kt 5 (ch.) | K moves.        |
| 3. Q Mates.        |                 |

A sparkling partie recently played at the Chess Divan, London, England, between Mr. Blackburne of England, (who some time ago contested twelve simultaneous games blindfold,) and Mr. J. G. Ascher, of this city.

**PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE.**

**WHITE. (Mr. A.)**

- 1 P to K 4.
- 2 K Kt to B 3.
- 3 P to Q 4.
- 4 Q P takes K P.
- 5 Kt to K Kt 5.
- 6 P to K 6.
- 7 Q Kt to B 3.
- 8 P to K B 3.
- 9 K Kt to B 7.
- 10 P takes Kt (ch.)
- 11 P takes P.
- 12 K B to Q 3.
- 13 Q to R 5 (ch.)
- 14 Q B to K Kt 5.
- 15 Castles Q K.
- 16 P takes P.
- 17 P takes P.
- 18 K B to B 4 (ch.)
- 19 R to Q 8 (ch.)
- 20 Q B to R 6 (b.)
- 21 Q takes R.
- 22 R takes R.
- 23 K R to B sq.
- 24 R takes B (d)

**BLACK. (Mr. R.)**

- 1 P to K 4.
- 2 P to Q 3.
- 3 P to K B 4.
- 4 K B P takes P.
- 5 P to Q 4.
- 6 K Kt to R 3.
- 7 P to Q B 3.
- 8 K B to K 2.
- 9 Kt takes Kt.
- 10 K takes P.
- 11 R to K sq.
- 12 K B to Q B 4.
- 13 K to Kt sq.
- 14 Q to Q 2.
- 15 K to K 4.
- 16 P to K Kt 3 (a.)
- 17 Q takes P.
- 18 Q B to K 3.
- 19 K B to B sq.
- 20 Q Kt to Q 2.
- 21 Kt takes Q.
- 22 Q Kt to Q 2.
- 23 Q B to K B 2 (c.)
- Black resigns.

- (a) Better have played P to K R 3.
- (b) Threatening Mate on the move.
- (c) Black is really helpless—he can do nothing.
- (d) The attack is very cleverly played, and in the terminating moves is pursued with great skill and vigor.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. N.—We cannot reply to your question without touching upon topics we would rather not discuss in the columns of the READER. We have more than once declined to be led into theological disquisitions.

JASON.—Chaucer assumed the title of poet-laureate in the fourteenth century, but we believe the first patent of office as poet-laureate was granted in 1630 to Ben. Jonson.

C. M. H.—David Hume was born in the year 1711, and died 1776. Matthew Henry was born in Shropshire in 1662, died 1714.

INQUIRER.—Cardinals acquired the exclusive power of electing the Popes in the time of Edward the Confessor. The red hat was worn as a token that they were to shed their blood for their religion, if necessary.

G. C. G.—Your note will receive our early attention.

A. M. T.—The reply shall be forwarded as requested in the course of a day or two.

LIZZIE.—It was in order to check any desires the Lacedemonians might cherish for riches, that Lycurgus, having banished the use of gold and silver, decreed that iron should pass as current coin.

MIGNONNE.—We are desirous that the interest of our Pastime column should be sustained, and welcome your contributions with pleasure.

MEAZLES.—The representations of Our Saviour but embody the conceptions of various artists; they are all alike imaginary. We would willingly give our opinion of the tale our correspondent refers to, but must confess that we have not read it. We do not know the author of "Petronilla's Fear."

FRANK.—"To Birdie" is respectfully declined.

SLANEY.—Reserved for insertion in an early issue.

FRED. BENGOUGH.—Please favour us with your address.

POLLY.—We were pleased to receive our correspondent's note, and to be assured that she retains all her interest in the READER. We venture to hope that the trip referred to will prove a very pleasant one.

F. B. D.—Both contributions are reserved for insertion. We are pleased to be able to say that we consider the verses possess more than average merit. Our reply to your question is this: we think the subject was one difficult to treat in a popular style.

TIPSTAFF.—We have not as yet been able to give our attention to your last communication—we will reply in our next issue.

ARTESIAN TUBES.—Received—thanks.

FESTUS.—Our own age has given birth to "The learned Blacksmith," but "The learned Tailor"—Henry Wild—was born in the latter part of the seventeenth century. He was a native of Norwich, England; and, while working at his trade, is said to have mastered the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, and Persian languages.

PHILIP.—It is impossible for us to express an opinion until we have had an opportunity of looking through the MS.

ALTON FORBES.—"How I lost Phebe" is respectfully declined.

META.—We will do so with much pleasure.

## MISCELLANEA.

REGAL CEMETERY.—An antiquarian gives us the following statement with regard to a regal cemetery. He says that "in the small island of Iona, on the coast of Scotland, sixty-one kings lie buried—forty-eight were Scotch, eight Norwegians, four Irish, and one French."

THE Rev. Paul Hamilton, on receiving the presentation to the church and parish of Broughton, near Edinburgh, preached a farewell sermon to the ladies of Ayr; and not a little to the sur-

prise of his fair auditory, gave out his text—"And they fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him."

THE TALMUD says that "there are three crowns—the crown of the law, the crown of priesthood, and the crown of royalty; but the crown of a good name is superior to all."

LIVERPOOL rejoices in the possession of two periodicals which are certainly unique in their titles, being called, respectively, the "Porcupine" and the "Tomahawk." The editor of the "Porcupine" is very fierce against the "Tomahawk," but the wit of both is of the shallowest kind.

ENGLAND began the present century with four acres of land for every person within her borders. When the century was half through, there were but two acres per inhabitant; and now they are upon a descending scale of fractions between two acres and one acre to each person. The estimate of the population of England in the middle of the year 1866 gives 1.78 acres to each person. In Scotland the tide of life rises more slowly, and there are still six acres to every head of population.

THE QUEEN NOT HURT.—At Portsmouth, on a day in June, three shots were fired at "the Royal Sovereign." Her turret was smashed, but the rotatory machinery is still quite perfect. The Lords of the Admiralty were present to witness the experiments.

A SMALL balloon made of goldbeater's skin, two feet in diameter, was lately sent up from London, and after a twelve hour's voyage landed in Bavaria, about 500 miles distant.

The famous cherry-stone of the collection Le-carpentier, which was so much admired at the Retrospective Exhibition in the Champs-Elysées, has recently been sold at the auction rooms of the Hotel Drouot, Paris. This microscopic marvel of arts and patience, which has beautifully carved on it a representation of a charge of cavalry, fetched nearly £40.

THERE is an international commission for the Exhibition of 1867, the object of which is the establishment of the same coinage, weights, and measures throughout Europe. England is represented by Mr. Leone Levi.

A SCARCITY of ivory is predicted; the demand for Sheffield alone kills twenty thousand elephants a year. In process of time no more elephants will remain to be killed, all the tusks will be used up, and then what shall we do for ivory handles to our knives?

CHINESE SIMILES.—Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are pointedly sarcastic enough. A blustering, harmless fellow they call a "paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale, and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to "a rocket" which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below.

THE horses of the Manchester Carriage Company, at Pendleton, are now cleaned by a steam-brushing machine. The idea has evidently been derived from the hair-dressers' revolving brushes.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE most immoral of musicians is the fiddler; he is always in a *scrape*!

THE lady who had a "spark" in her eye has kindled a "match" without trouble.

POOR Charles, who was lately splitting with laughter, has been spliced by the parson.

RATHER SLOW.—A man in New Orleans walks so slow that his shadow frequently falls asleep on the side-walk.

"WHAT blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said when he took the fee for christening them.

A PERT little girl boasted to one of her little friends that "her father kept a carriage." "Ah,

but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."

WANTED, for the ornithological department of the Museum, the beak and claws of a tomahawk.

A GOOD action is never thrown away; and perhaps that is the reason why we find so few of them.

AN American paper tells a story of a negro boy who fell into a hoghead of molasses, and wonders if the people *licked* him when they took him out.

MY son, if thou wilt wear tight boots, there are three bad things thou wilt inevitably suffer—namely, a bad corn, a bad gait, and a bad temper.

UPON the marriage of Miss *Wheat*, of Virginia, an editor hoped that her path might be *flowery*, and that she might never be *thrashed* by her husband.

THE following is a copy of a bill posted on the wall of a country village:—"A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

THE last case of indolence is related in one of our exchanges. It is that of a man named John Hole, who was so lazy that, in writing his name, he simply used the letter J, and then punched a hole through the paper.

HEARING a physician remark that a small blow will break the nose, a rustic exclaimed, "Well, I dunno 'bout that; I have blowed my nose a great many times, and I've never broke it."

"DEAR me, how fluidly he talks!" said Mrs. Partington, recently at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms in every cart-ridge of my body."

A THICK SKULL.—It is related, as an amusing incident, that a lad of a darkey fell from the second storey of a window, a distance of fifteen feet, lighting with his head on the flagstone of a sidewalk, in the town of Lynchburg, Va. One of the flags was shivered, and it was supposed the boy was killed. Several persons who heard the concussion repaired at once to the spot. The darkey was on his feet before they fairly reached him, with a broad grin overspreading his countenance. "Dem stones," he said, "if dey don't want to get hurt, must keep out of dis nigger's way!"

A LOOKER ON.—Somebody, describing the absurd appearance of a man dancing the polka, says, "He looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trousers."

A MUSICIAN by trade does not subsist quite so simply as a chameleon. The latter lives upon air, the former upon *airs*. And, by the way, a musician should enjoy good health, for he has a change of air whenever he wants it.

## VERY KEW-RIOUS.

["There was no marriage peal, there being only one little bell at Kew Church. . . . A shower of slippers was thrown after the carriage for luck."]

WELL, I never! did you ever?  
Such a thing I never knew.  
When the Princess Mary married,  
No big bells to ring at Kew!  
To be sure, it's something awful;  
Very funny I should feel  
If, when married, I had only  
Orange blossoms, and no *peal*.

If to marry he did ask me—  
Though it's hard to be refused—  
If at Kew he put the banns up,  
I would beg to be ex-Kew-sed.  
Many weddings I have read of,  
But never knew so wrong a thing;  
And not e'en to be a princess,  
Would I wed without a *ring*.

Princesses and Royal ladies  
Slippers by the dozen threw,  
For good luck to Princess Mary,  
When she rode away from Kew.  
Wedlock's path's a path of roses—  
At least to make it so I'd try—  
It wasn't right that Princess Mary's  
Should be made so *slippery*.  
A SINGLE YOUNG PERSON.