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THE SATURDAY READER.

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FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 9, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

CONTENTS.

PASSING EVENTS.
A TRIP TO DUBLIN.
REVIEWS.
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.
THE DIAMOND BROOCH.
THE YOUNG CHEMIST.
BABBLING WATERFALLS
(Poetry).
THE VIRGIN SHOP.
OUR DICTIONARY OF
PHRASES.
GESTURE-LANGUAGE.
THE SCARLET FEVER
(Poetry).
FANCY (Distry).
ADDRESSES NOT RE-
CEIVED.

STEEL PENS.
HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.
PASTIMES.
DECAPITATIONS.
RIBS.
TRANSDISPOSITIONS.
CHARADES.
ENIGMA.
ACROSTIC.
ANSWERS TO RIDDLES,
&c., &c., &c.
CHESS.
ANSWERS TO CORRE-
SPONDENTS.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

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

PASSING EVENTS.

THE intelligence from Europe is not of an exciting character. In England the formation of Lord Russell's ministry is not regarded with much interest, it being generally understood that some of the appointments are provisional, and that new blood must be introduced to secure to the administration the support of the country and of Parliament. Earl Russell's chief difficulty will probably be the question of Parliamentary reform, for the Peelite section of his supporters in the cabinet and the Legislature will scarcely go so far as their chief, Mr. Gladstone, in advocating an increased representation of the people, while the old whigs are inclined to "rest and be thankful" with things as they are. Altogether, we should suppose that the Russell ministry is not destined to enjoy a long life, in its present form, at all events. The famous Count Bismarck, the Prussian minister, has been at Paris, and all sorts of rumours are afloat as to the objects of his visit; but whether he came to concoct a plan with Napoleon for the partition of Belgium at King Leopold's decease, or to arrange about the French frontier on the Rhine, the *quidnuncs* are unable to decide. It is now ascertained that the late Italian elections give a large majority to the Liberals, by which several contemplated measures of reform will be advanced. The rumour of King Victor Emmanuel's early abdication is once more in circulation, and it is supposed that his successor would be more likely to come to terms with Rome than it would be possible for him to do. If not a very brilliant man, it must be admitted that he has on the whole been a good King, and his retirement from public life would be a loss to his country. At Rome, Monsignor Merode has been succeeded by General Kartzeley, a friend of Cardinal Antonelli's. Garibaldi was elected to Parliament by the radicals of Naples, contrary to his wishes. At Genoa, Mazzini, although an exile from the kingdom, obtained a large vote, his opponent having only been returned by a majority of fifteen. The policy of Russia is again creating some apprehension in Europe, but we think without reason. That country swarms with secret conspirators, ever on the watch to overturn the Government, if an opportunity should occur; and a foreign war would be the best of opportunities for them. They are supposed to have caused the death of Alexander the First by poison, and nearly succeeded in getting up a rebellion when Nicholas ascended the throne. The present Czar holds them in great dread, and is not at all likely to seek external enemies while he has so many domestic foes to keep down.

General Grant's recent utterances at New York,

combined with the fact of Gen. John A. Logan's appointment as Minister to the Juarez Government, has led to much speculation concerning future troubles between the United States and France on the Mexican question. This is certainly the most important question of the day. When the honour of the nation is concerned, all France thinks and acts as one man. Under the old kings, the republic, the consulate and the empire, the glory of France was the first consideration with all Frenchmen, from the conscript to the General. If war were to occur between France and the United States, it would not be confined to this continent. England would likely be involved in it; Austria, finding France devoting her energies to Mexico, might attempt to recover her Italian provinces; the Italians would make a dash at Rome and Venetia; Hungary would be up in arms; Poland would be up; and the whole civilized world would be in commotion. We have no doubt that the statesmen at Washington have well considered the step they have taken in sending an accredited agent to Juarez. That they have the right to send him no sensible person will deny. But was it wise to do so under the circumstances? The reciprocity treaty has again become a subject of discussion in the American press, in consequence of the immense traffic in smuggled goods from Canada and the British Provinces; and it is not impossible that out of this evil good may come. Some arrangement must be made, or mischief will ensue.

A TRIP TO DUBLIN,

HAVING the good fortune to know an Irish landlord of a farm of forty acres, and having time to cross over to Dublin, I preferred doing so, to joining the good ship *Belgian* at Liverpool, in order that I might pay a visit to my Irish friend, not knowing whether the Fenians may have had a pop at him or not. Fortunately I found him quite hearty, which will always be a satisfaction; for had I not seen him, and he had been popped off, I should always have experienced a melancholy. Again, I wished to satisfy myself with the memorials and the things of fame that do renown the ancient city of Dublin. The city of Cork I am familiar with; the groves of Blarney I have spent many happy hours in, and once that happiness received its climax, when a good lass named Kate, seeing me hesitate whether I would or not be hung over the parapet of the old castle for the purpose of kissing the stone, exclaimed, "Sure, if you don't kiss the stone, you won't be allowed to kiss the girls." My rejoinder was: "Faith, I will; here's the stone first and you afterwards." "With all my heart" was the reply, and we both melted. For many years she has been the "Sweet Kate" of my consolation, and the said landlord has been my brother-in-law during the same term. Not having seen him for many years, he met me at the steamboat wharf, when we were accosted.

"Ca-ar, your honour want a ca-ar, Sir?" shouted out the proprietor of a very dilapidated conveyance.

"And d'ye call that a ca-ar—faith, its only the carcass of one d'ye think the jittleman would ride in such a thing as that, an' he going direct to the Castle?" "Here ye are, Sir," says a rival Jehu—"thoroughbred, your honour, and no mistake, will take ye to His Excellencies in ten minutes: the d—l can't bato him."

But as my brother-in-law's motto, was, "First come, first served," and as he had hailed the carcass, upon the carcass we rode safely to "our inn."

I am not going to give a description of Dublin. In these times, when people are perpetually run-

ning to and fro on the earth, and every one appears to be everywhere else but at home—moreover when we all have our Murray and other "Tourist guides" at our fingers' ends, it would be stupid and superfluous in one to endeavour to describe the Irish capital.

Suffice it to say I was fortunate in having an excellent cicerone,—though why, every loquacious hireling who shews strangers about the picture galleries, palaces and ruins of Italy should be called after Cicero I stop not to enquire,—and that I saw everything that was worth seeing.

I think few could visit Dublin without pronouncing it a very fine city: I should esteem but lightly the judgment of any man who would express a contrary opinion. Its spacious streets and squares, handsome public buildings and noble park, all constructed on a scale of metropolitan magnificence, cannot, I should say, fail to strike those who see them for the first time, as they did me with admiration. But for the jaunting cars—an "institution" peculiar to Ireland—and which dashing rapidly along, nearly run over you at every corner, you may readily suppose yourself to be strolling in the west end of London; whilst viewed from some points—standing on one of the principal bridges for instance—the city presents quite a Parisian aspect, and with a trifling sketch of the imagination, you may easily fancy yourself looking down on the waters of the Seine—I say then, as poor Maginn sang:

"Shure Dublin is a splendid city."

But whilst owing to this, one is also constrained to admit that it is a city in which pomp and poverty are strangely intermingled. Other places have their particular aristocratic districts, their best ends, where the splendour of Dives may shine forth undiminished by the chilling clouds of Lazarus. But it is not so here. Close to any of its wide and spacious streets, adjoining its handsome and commanding squares, and in the familiar proximity to viceregalty itself, you come upon narrow ill ventilated courts and alleys, the haunts of poverty, wretchedness and vice.

The inhabitants of these grimy regions, however, appear to bear their lot philosophically—Mrs. O'Brien, with shawl slung over her head, sits on a door step, nursing the last little addition to the household of Mr. O'Brien, and gossiping cozily with her fellow lodger Mrs. Maloney, whilst the juveniles of both houses—the O'Brien's, and the M.'s—sprawl, scream and scramble in the adjoining gutter. The tattered condition of their habiliments indisputably shew that neither of their respective mammas are particularly partial to needlework. No—they evidently prefer an hour's active chat, to an hour's silent sewing; so the little O'Brien's and M.'s present an appearance scarcely presentable.

Nor is the worthy paterfamilias of the O'Brien household a whit better off. There he is at yonder corner, evidently a character, worthy of a few moments' quiet study. An itinerant vendor of books has spread out a score or two of his wares on the ground hoping to obtain a few customers; and Mr. O'Brien, with "spectacles on nose," is kneeling down scanning a volume with the eye of a critic. Like his celebrated countryman, Brian O'Lyn, Mr. O'Brien has scarcely any "breccies to wear." Certainly those he has on are well ventilated, and that, too, on the most primitive principles. Moreover his coat covered with streaks, of lunc, proclaiming Mr. O'Brien to be a mason's assistant or hod man, is minus a tail—not a freemason's entered apprentice or an odd fellow; these secret societies, he dare not enter—in fact, he is a mere thing of "shreds and patches," but no, we do Mrs. O'Brien an injus-

tico here—there are no patches. She has again preferred to ply her tongue to her needle, and her husband suffers accordingly. But squalid and miserable as many of these localities are, they possess "one touch of nature," which leads, to a certain extent to enliven them. The air resounds with singing birds, for these feathered pets are great favourites with the lower orders, and there is scarcely a window you pass, from whence you do not catch

"The jubilate of the caged lark,
The thrush or the gregarious linnnet."

On my way one Sunday to St. Patrick's Cathedral I counted outside one dismal-looking building about a dozen cages, and, turning a corner, came upon a crowd assembled to witness a bird show. There were about fifty cages, hung up against the railings of the Four Courts, and the spectators were critically discussing the respective merits of the imprisoned songsters.

I have mentioned the Cathedral of St. Patrick. It has, as all the world knows by this time, been rebuilt by the munificence and at sole cost of Mr. Guinness, the celebrated porter brewer, who expended upon it no less a sum than £200,000 sterling. The late Thomas Molson, a brewer of Montreal, also built a church and an university or college at his sole expense, and a brother of the same firm built the new wing of McGill College; and has agreed to build the spire of Trinity Church.

The Cathedral of St. Patrick stands on the site of the old building, which is said to very near the well in which St. Patrick first baptized his converts. In carrying out his magnificent work, it was Mr. Guinness's wish to produce a *fac simile* of the old building without curtailment or addition. This, I am told, has been accurately accomplished. The Cathedral, which is cruciform, consists of a nave, transepts, choir and Lady's chapel, for which piece of architectural information I am indebted to my guide book. It is a handsome and imposing edifice, but it is situated in one of the poorest quarters of the city, and the approach to it is equally unfortunate. In fact, it may be pronounced a splendid jewel in a miserable setting.

Returning from the Cathedral I had the opportunity of witnessing an Irish funeral, or rather, a funeral procession. A hearse and four, decorated with some dirty white plumes, was going along full trot, followed by upwards of fifty jingling cars, six people in each, all dressed in the height of fashion, the ladies, especially coming out strong in all the colours of the rainbow, and both men and women gaily talking as if the melancholy business they were about was a decidedly pleasant affair. "Ah, Lord rest ye," was an Irish beggar's retort to a well known miser, who had refused him assistance, "Lord rest ye, sir, sure there'll be many a dry eye when ye lave as." There were plenty of "dry eyes" upon the present occasion, but I was informed that I should not regard the fact as evincing any want of respect for the deceased. On the contrary, the long procession of cars that followed told that he or she was held in high esteem, as no invitations are issued to these funerals; but those who choose, come of their own free will and at their own expense—a very sensible arrangement.

I mentioned just now that some of the streets of Dublin reminded me of the west end of London, and I think this is an idea that will strike most strangers as they walk up Sackville street, or through St. Stephen's green, or Merrion square—the latter, by the way, famous as containing the former residence of the Liberator Daniel O'Connell. But there is one particular element lacking in Dublin which is observable in the "Great Metropolis"—an evidence of wealth.

You may fancy yourself in Bond st., St. James' street, or Grosvenor square; but where are the gay equipages, the showy, highly trained horses, the smart, trim coachman, nicely balanced on his hammer cloth, his wig neatly curled, his ribbons well in hand; and where, oh! where is the inimitable "Jeames" with his hair well plastered and powdered, and his gorgeous calves, of which he is so proud, set off by resplendent plush and silk? All are lacking. In truth it appeared to me that well appointed equipages in Dublin

were the exception not the rule. Indeed I saw but few really fine horses during my week's sojourn in Ireland. Those that came under my notice were small in size, seldom reaching above fifteen hands, but full of fire as a match, and not altogether free from vice, owing, I expect, a good deal to inefficient training; they were exceedingly restless. Perhaps they were four-legged Fenians.

The visitor to Dublin, if he has, as I had, but a short time to stay there, should hail a jaunting-car—the fares are cheap, the drivers are civil, and he can ride a good distance for a "quarter,"—let him drive round Phoenix-Park through the leading streets and squares—so as to obtain a general idea of the place—and then run through the principal buildings, which mostly lie pretty close together. By all means let him see that beautiful Ionic structure the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Irish Parliament House, where the fiery eloquence of Grattan, Plunkett, Curran, and other famous men once reverberated.—Let him visit, too, the Trinity College, with its fine quadrangle and noble spacious pleasure grounds;—not there, as in our McGill acres, sold to pay Professors' salaries—the Four Courts, still the focus of Irish oratory, wisdom and wit; the castle where so many state plots have been hatched, and plots against the state frustrated,—let him see all this, and a good deal more if he have time, and having, satiated himself with sights, let him return to his hotel, as I did (my quarters being the Hibernian), and dine sumptuously off a fresh delicate Dublin Bay herring, exquisitely cooked, with a cutlet and tomato sauce to follow;—then, having sipped his modicum of port, sherry, or claret, and smoked just one well flavoured old Havannah, he may retire to bed, in the full assurance that he has cause to be grateful to the gods that, unlike Titus, he has not lost a day.

This paper, I might if I were a member of the Montreal Literary Club, have given there, not in rivalry to our great Irish orators paper on Oxford; but if your readers think it possesses any merit and should any of them be a member, and will propose me (I enclose my card), I shall not consider the compliment a slender one. R.E.X.

VOICES OF NATURE.*

WHEN the glorious sun sends forth his brilliant rays on a fair May morning, and all the earth and heavens are clad in magnificent grandeur, we are furnished with ample, satisfactory and conclusive proof of one thing at least. It is then a self-evident truth that the sun is not obscured by great black hazy clouds, and that the earth is not being saturated with rain. Is not this a ridiculous thing to write—ridiculous because of its simplicity, because everybody knows it? And yet we meet with little sayings and big sayings put forth in big print and in little print, trumpeted forth by little orators and big orators every week day, and sometimes on a Sunday, equally ridiculous because equally simple, self-evident and well known. If this is true,—we mean the sentiment,—and it would be bordering on the ridiculous to cover a page in demonstrating it, then we surely are not without precedent—a most excellent thing—for writing down another simple, self-evident truth. Critics have said that Shakespeare was a great poet. We say, quite right. Other critics have said that Dryden, Pope, Byron, Moore, Scott, &c., were all great poets in their respective ways. Again we say, quite right. Critics now say that Tennyson is a great sweet singer, and there can be little doubt of it. These are all self-evident truths which everybody should know. Let us make another statement of a similar kind. We say William Cullen Bryant is a sweet poet; and who will dispute it? Who can read over the following verses on a scene on the banks of the Hudson, and not be convinced that their author is a Poet?

Cool shades and dews are rounding way,
And silence of the early day;
And the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glisten the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

* Voices of Nature. By William Cullen Bryant. Montreal: Richard Worthington.

All, save this little nook of land,
Clothed with trees, on which I stand;
All save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go;
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

It does not require any extraordinary stretch of imagination to form a pretty accurate conception of the scene here described. Then, can anything be more exquisite than this beautifully poetic idea?

Lovellest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away,
The rose that live: its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save

River! In this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose;
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shall turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

We will make one more extract of four little stanzas from the little book before us, which, by the way, is one of a series of cheap; octavo works (fifty cents each) now publishing by A. Appleton & Co., of New York, under the title "Companion Poets for the People." These little books are printed in the very best style on ruled paper, and beautifully illustrated. It is surprising that they can be sold at such a low price.

These four verses are from a short poem entitled "A Summer Ramble." The poet is speaking of the month of August.

Oh, how unlike these merry hours,
In early June when earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout;
When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of thy music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nautilus blossom a bell.
But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Flushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessing of supreme repose.
Away! I will not be, to day,
The only slave of toil and care.
Away from desk and dust! away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.*

By the courtesy of the publisher we have been furnished with the advance proof sheets of Heavysege's new book—*The Advocate of Montreal*—now in press. We scarcely know in what terms to speak of this work. It is a novel, but a novel, both in design and execution, of a wholly original order. The author has called forth an entirely new set of characters, and has succeeded admirably in making each act his part with perfect ease and readiness.

The advocate himself is the character of the book; in him we have a man of extraordinary abilities, "the credit of a noble English house," but in whom early acquired habits of dissipation had uprooted the great principles of morality, and prostituted talents of the rarest order from the great purposes of life,—talents which if rightly applied, would have elevated the man to the very foremost position amongst his fellows. In this successful, clever, dissipated lawyer—a man of most generous impulses, a man of most enlarged ideas, but a man of woefully loose principles, Mr. Heavysege finds full scope for those fine dramatic powers of which he is possessed in no ordinary degree.

The other characters of the book are all more or less interesting, and, contrary to our experience of the majority of modern novels, are well sustained throughout the work, never being placed in unnatural situations, or made to speak or act differently to what we would expect. The plot itself is one of sterling interest, and most skillfully and artistically worked out. *The Advocate* ought to become, and we doubt not will become, a very popular work of fiction, not only in Montreal, where its local interest will undoubtedly secure it a very large sale, but with novel readers all over the continent.

* *The Advocate*. By Charles Heavysege. In press. R. Worthington, Montreal.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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- Christie's History of Canada. In 6 vols. 12mo. Uniform in November. \$6.00.
- The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,

30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

THE DIAMOND BROOCH.

"HUGH'S come home! Uncle Hugh's come home!" shouted the merry children of Carleton Grango.

"Master Hugh's come back safe and sound, God bless him!" repeated the old servants one to another.

Yes, Hugh the hero, the brave, consistent, Christian soldier, whose name had been trumpeted from end to end of our Queen's domains, had at last availed himself of a time of peace to resign the honourable duties he had so faithfully fulfilled, and enjoy a season of well-earned repose in the old home of his childhood.

A hearty welcome was his, from the fraternal greeting of his elder brother—now, alas! the sole representative of the fond father, whose dying blessings had been wafted to him on an Indian battle-field—to the relatives and dependants who thronged the Grango to pay due honour to his coming. There was a banquet to preside at, a ball to open, speeches to make, hands to shake, old friendships to renew, fresh acquaintances to be introduced to, and such a whirl of pleasurable business to be got through, that it was long after midnight when the weary Hugh found himself quietly seated on one side of the fire place in Mrs. Carlton's dressing-room, with his brother on the other, and his brother's wife, a pretty, piquante, little woman, nestling on a low stool at her husband's knee, enjoying the reunion with a loving woman's sympathy in their fraternal affection.

"And, now," said Fred Carlton, when a multiplicity of questions had been asked and answered, "you must tell us if you find us all as much changed as you expected."

"Changed, certainly," Hugh replied, with an amused glance at his sister-in-law, "but not for the worse."

"Merci, monsieur," laughed Eda; "but don't think too well of me because you have seen me on my best behaviour to-day. If I have thrown aside the teasing tricks upon which you used to lecture me so gravely, and in a foolish fit of repentance married Master Fred, don't imagine me grown quite a reformed character like the *belles dames* in novels. I am still lady paramount, and like my own way best."

The hand that was thrown caressingly over her shoulder administered to her a little playful shake. "Don't believe it, Hugh; that one dreadful fright I gave her, when I threatened to join you at Scinde, worked a lasting reformation. She's inclined to rebel sometimes, but I always keep the reins in my own hands."

Hugh laughed at both, and enjoyed the warfare of merry words between them, until Eda again repeated the inquiry, "Do you find us much changed?"

"My time has been short as yet, and my senses almost bewildered by the succession of faces and reminiscences presented to my eyes and ears. Aunt Sandford has aged much. She is still the dignified, resolute-looking, quick-tempered lady of whom we used to stand in some awe as boys; but now she seems querulous and shaken to a degree which her age and excellent health scarcely warrant."

"You are right," said his brother, "she has altered lately."

"She has never been herself," murmured Eda, "since—and a meaning glance was exchanged by the husband and wife."

"I wonder you did not mention it in your letters," mused Hugh. "And Laura, too—what ails Laura? she has grown wondrously lovely, but I fancied that her manner is haughty and reserved. It is true that I have seen but little of her this evening, but she would neither dance nor sing, and Aunt Sandford, when I appealed to her, said with a frown, 'That it was as well she should not!' What does this mean? has her pretty favourite offended her?"

"Laura is no longer Aunt Sandford's adopted daughter and heiress," Eda replied reluctantly. "She has given her protectress some cause of offence, with which none of us are acquainted; and Mrs. Sandford has openly proclaimed her resolution to leave her nothing more than a small annuity."

"What a scandalous piece of injustice!" exclaimed Hugh indignantly, "is it not?" for his hearers remained silent and looked doubtful.

"Pon my word," was Fred's reply, "I do not know what to say about it. When I attempted to intercede with Mrs. Sandford, she appeared seriously troubled, and solemnly answered me that it was in Laura's power to make her reverse her decision at any moment. The fault which has so deeply angered her, she would not reveal; but declared that on the first expression of penitence, she would again take her adopted child to her bosom, and love her as before."

"That was two years ago," interjected Eda. "And Laura," asked Hugh, eagerly, "what does she say? how does she bear this?"

Fred looked perplexed, and left his wife to reply; but even she hesitated.

"I scarcely know what to say, dear Hugh. Mrs. Sandford's decision, and the mystery which surrounds the whole affair, has raised a barrier between Laura and all of us. Many, believing her guilty of some crime, avoid her altogether; and others, while they pity, know not what to say or do in such a peculiar case. To this, perhaps, the change in Laura herself is in a degree owing. From a vivacious, frank, affectionate girl, she has become a reserved and silent woman, seeking no sympathy, and making no confidants."

"But why does she remain with her aunt? Such a life is a martyrdom to both."

"Mrs. Sandford's infirmities are the reason of this," Eda hastened to explain. "No irritability or unkindness on her part can induce Laura to delegate to other hands the duties of nursing and waiting upon her; while aunt, beneath her anger—whether just or unjust—retains too much affection for the young girl whom she has so long regarded as her own child to be willing to deprive her of her protection."

"But you have not told me why you never mentioned this when you wrote," repeated Hugh thoughtfully.

"I always leave such gossiping details to Eda," said Fred; and to her they both looked for an explanation.

"I will tell you. Some short time after these unpleasant circumstances occurred, aunt was staying here, and one day when I was scribbling you a volume, dear Hugh, Laura came into the room. Without a thought of distressing her, I mentioned to whom I was writing, and asked what I should say to you for her. She burst into such a passion of tears, and seemed so disturbed, that I determined not to be the first to tell her old friend that she was in dis—in trouble, I mean."

"Don't you think we have kept Hugh out of bed long enough?" asked Fred, as a shadow stole over the party. "Come, my boy, leave the world to fight its own battles; you have done your share of the turmoil. Go to rest and forget it all!"

But still Hugh lingered. "And you, Eda," he asked, holding the hand his sister-in-law put into his with her parting salutation, "have you, too, forsaken this poor Laura?"

"Do you not know me better?" and a reproachful tear glistened on Mrs. Carlton's eyelid. "I would be her faithful friend if she would let me. Fred thinks her reserve a spice of womanly obstinacy; but for my part, I believe it to be dictated by a dread of embroiling any of us with Aunt Sandford."

"Good night, and God bless you, dear Eda! It is quite refreshing to meet with a woman who is not afraid to espouse the cause of one who is in trouble." And then, colouring at his own vehemence, Hugh went away.

Despite fatigue and late hours, his soldierly habits made him an early riser, and he was in the garden visiting old nooks and commenting upon recent improvements, when Mrs. Sandford, leaning upon Laura Vivian's arm, came slowly down a sunny walk near the house.

The young man hastened to her. She was pleased by the respectful attention he showed her, and, seated on a garden chair, chatted cheerfully, until a gust of cold wind made her shiver and draw closely around her the shawl Laura hastened to put on her shoulders.

"I must go in," she said, "the morning air is almost too keen for me now. I am sinking into the decrepid old woman, Hugh."

"I do not find you as strong as I expected," he replied; "but there are so few symptoms of the decrepitude of old age, that I should think you might avert its terrors a few years longer. But take my arm; I am of stouter stuff than my cousin Laura."

Mrs. Sandford sighed. "Thank you, I will. Laura is no support to me now."

Hugh could not resist stealing a glance at Miss Vivian as these words—pointed by a tone of sorrowful meaning—were slowly uttered. Her eyes were apparently fixed on some distant object, and her lips closely compressed; but the colour that came and went on her cheek, and the impatient tapping of her foot on the gravel, revealed that the shaft went home.

Mrs. Sandford breakfasted alone, so at the door of her own apartments Hugh left her.

"And you, Laura," he said, "are you also an exclusive, or do you wait for these idle people?"

Laura coldly replied in the negative. She had taken a cup of coffee in her own room an hour ago. And with a bow she was quietly gliding away, when Major Carlton gently detained her.

"Are you very much engaged? Does Mrs. Sandford exact your attendance at her own breakfast table? No? Then take my arm and let us be children once more, and have a stroll across the Park to nurse Grayby's. Nay, Laura, you will not refuse my first request, will you?"

Taken by surprise, she hesitated, blushed, and finally suffering her hand to be slipped through Hugh's arm, forgot for a brief and delightful interval everything but the enjoyment of the present. Half-running to keep pace with the quick strides of her military companion, and laughing, in spite of herself, at his gay speeches, she was ere long in the midst of a scene of the heartiest mirth and hospitality; for nurse Grayby, her stalwart husband, and her five strong sons, all trooped out into the farm-yard to welcome "Maister Hugh," who was taken in triumph into the great farm kitchen, where, in their joy and pride at his visit, "the vary day after he coomed whoam too," they feasted him and his fair cousin so royally, that it was not an easy matter to get away from them at all.

"We will go home by the brook," said Hugh, "and look at the wild roses and honeysuckles. Here they are, as sweet and fresh as if eight years had not passed since I clambered after them! Do you remember how Fred and I tried to weave wreaths for your hat? and how you laughed at our clumsiness?" and as he spoke, he broke off spray after spray of the sweetest and fairest, and put them into her hands.

Laura sighed.

"Those were very happy days, but they will never return."

"Of course not; any more than the tall young lady beside me will dwindle back into the saucy elf who used to plague me with her impish tricks. Do not wish them back, Laura."

"I cannot help it," and her voice became lower and sadder.

"Try," said Hugh earnestly. "I can see in those eyes, my cousin, that some great sorrow has visited you since we parted. I wish that our kinship gave me the privilege to ask what it is."

She was silent, a look of indescribable pain stealing over her features, and so he went on.

"But whatever the hidden grief may be, dear Laura, rise above it; let it not master you!"

"Can I do this? Have I the strength that should sustain an aching heart in such a long and wearying contest?" she asked this of herself more than of him. "Do you know, Major Carlton—and now she looked steadily at him—"that the trouble you bid me shake off has blighted my life?—that one word from Aunt Sandford's lips would make you—yes, even you—shun and despise me?"

He returned the gaze with an earnest scrutiny, which she met fearlessly: her full blue orbs never shrinking, nor a feature stirring, until his mouth expanded into a smile, irresistibly sweet and tender, and he uttered an emphatic—

"Never, Laura—never!"

Then her eyelashes swept her crimsoning cheeks, and her averted face drooped upon her bosom.

Mutely they went through the flower-garden. From the open windows of the breakfast room came the sound of voices, and the clatter of cups and plates, so at the first door they parted.

In the evening, when the party were united, Laura sat with her embroidery at a distant window, as wholly unnoticed as if she were some beautiful but despised statue; and when Hugh, who saw that her eyes were heavy with weeping, made his way to her side, the old repulsive manner had returned, and left no trace of the gentle companion of his walk; and so it was every day during the remainder of Mrs. Sandford's stay at the Grange. It was only when on rare occasions he won her to a solitary stroll, or no one was by but the gay and kindhearted Eda, that Laura Vivian yielded to the charm of his delicate and brotherly attentions, and was herself again.

Mrs. Sandford returned home to her pretty cottage at Hastings, and thither Hugh followed her. At his first visit she looked gratified, at his second uneasy, and on the third morning, when she saw him sauntering up from the beach by the side of Laura, in whose ear he was whispering something which made her smile in spite of herself, she was annoyed, and on his entrance curtly and half-angrily asked him what he had come for?

With manly straightforwardness Major Carlton replied:

"For Laura. My dear, dear cousin, I did not mean to be so abrupt"—for Miss Vivian sank upon a chair in pitiable confusion—"but why should I hesitate, or beat about the bush? If you cannot love me, one word will rid you of my presence; but if you can"—and he took her unresisting hand and bent his knee beside her—"O Laura, what will I not endeavour to repay you for the precious trust!"

"My poor, poor Hugh," said Mrs. Sandford remorsefully, "why have I been so blind? Come away from her! she cannot be yours; she is not worthy."

Hugh laughed fearlessly, and looked into the sweet face, whose shy and conscious blushes were half-hidden by one of the hands which had struggled from his grasp. But Laura, aroused from her trance of bliss, grew deathly pale; and with a piteous, half-frightened air of entreaty extended her arms to her aunt, then dropped listlessly by her sides.

"I would fain spare you," Mrs. Sandford replied to that beseeching gesture, "but I dare not. Stand away from her, Hugh Carlton; stand away, I say, she is a thief!"

Still Hugh knelt there, and his arm stole round the waist of the slight figure beside him.

"Say on, madam."

"I loved and trusted her as my own child!" Mrs. Sandford passionately exclaimed. "God knows that I did until that day. You remember sending me a pair of Indian bracelets? I was ill when the packet arrived, and they were laid in the drawer where I kept all such things until I was able to sit up and find room for them in my jewel-case. It was then that, in replacing its contents, I discovered that a valuable diamond brooch which Laura had always coveted—she averred because it had been her dead mother's—was missing. I knew that the last time the box was in my hands the brooch was safe; and I also knew that no one had access to that drawer but Laura. You look incredulous. You think I have accused her on slight grounds, but it is not so. I had no maid, and my keys were never from under my pillow except when intrusted to Laura, whom I had seen surreptitiously opening this drawer when she thought me asleep. Why, she evaded telling me at the time, and has since refused to confess. I believe that she yielded to a momentary temptation, and painful as it has been to discover that my confidence is misplaced, I have repeatedly promised to bury the past in oblivion if she will but whisper one word of regret for her fault. Oh, Laura, Laura, it is not yet too late—speak! speak!"

"I am innocent, Hugh! Aunt, I am innocent! But why do I repeat this!" wailed Laura; "who

will believe me?" and she strove to rise, but was imprisoned in Hugh's embrace.

"And you persist in marrying her?" said Mrs. Sandford, half-angrily, half-sorrowfully; "you know that she will have nothing from me."

"I only want Laura," was the quiet reply.

"This is madness, Hugh Carlton. When you have looked at the affair in all its bearings you will repent it."

Laura shuddered and tried to withdraw herself, but in vain.

"I have looked in Laura's eyes, madam, and I believe in what I saw there."

"Bless you, dear Hugh," sobbed Laura, "bless you for your faith in me! Aunt Sandford, he does rightly in refusing to hear your predictions, for he will never repent it! Your betrothed promises you this, Hugh Carlton"—and she drew herself up with dignity, her eyes sparkling with happiness—"she, Laura Vivian, who would not put her hand in yours if it were sullied by a theft!"

And so Hugh Carlton and Laura Vivian were married, although somehow the story of Mrs. Sandford's brooch oozed out, and many a one shook their heads, and pitied the infatuated young man who had made so rash a venture. But as the happy pair were affectionate and domesticated enough to find their own society and that of a very few chosen friends sufficient, what the world said never reached their ears, and what it thought they did not trouble themselves to inquire.

Within a year of their marriage a beautiful boy blessed their union, and at his birth Mrs. Sandford, who had hitherto kept aloof, wrote a letter of congratulation. And when she heard that Laura's health continued so delicate that the physician recommended a change to a milder air, affection predominated, and she sent such a pressing invitation to Major and Mrs. Carlton to come to Hastings, that her adopted child persuaded Hugh to accept it.

At first Mrs. Sandford was so cool and constrained that Major Carlton—who was touched on any point which concerned his lovely young wife—regretted that he had been coaxed into coming; but when the baby was brought in and exhibited with all the pride and fondness of a young mother, the good lady thawed, and in the course of twenty-four hours became positively genial, and as deeply interested in nursery topics as Laura herself.

Like all elderly matrons, she was horrified at the departure from the muffings and robings inflicted on babies in olden times; and when baby's mamma proceeded to carry the young gentleman into the garden without any covering but a light hood, her alarm broke out into words.

"That dear child will catch its death!—it will, I am sure. Don't tell me, Mrs. Carlton; it is madness, positive madness! Ring for Brett! Brett!"—when that damsel made her appearance, "here are the keys of my wardrobe; on the top shelf you will find a small Indian shawl. Bring it here to wrap round Master Carlton."

The shawl accordingly was brought, but not used without some faint resistance on Laura's part.

"Indeed, dear aunt, it is too good. I remember it used to be a favourite wrap of your own when you were unwell."

"I have not worn it for some time—the bright colours seem to fatigue my eyes; and if I do not begrudge it to Master Fred, you need not."

So Mrs. Sandford herself carefully folded the soft light fabric, and was enveloping the young gentleman in its folds, when an exclamation from Laura made her pause.

"What is the matter?"

"I do not know," said Mrs. Carlton, exhibiting her white arm with a small stream of blood trickling down it. "There must be a pin somewhere here."

Mrs. Sandford carefully examined the shawl, and ere long drew a glittering article of jewellery from the long, heavy fringe. With a look it would be difficult to describe, she held it up, and Laura screamed loudly to her husband, who was discussing a cigar in the conservatory—

"Hugh! Hugh, my own dear love, it is found! The brooch—the diamond brooch! See, see! it is here!"

"May God forgive me!" exclaimed the penitent and awe-stricken Mrs. Sandford. "I well remember that I wore this shawl the day I turned over the contents of my jewel-case. How cruelly I have wronged you, my poor, poor girl! What amends shall I ever be able to make for my injustice?"

"Not another word, dear aunt," cried her niece, kissing her affectionately; "not another word. It was a time of chastening and many mortifications, yet I do not regret it. But for that I should never have known half my dearest Hugh's goodness. And now I will tell you," and she blushed prettily, "why I opened your drawer when I thought you sleeping. I had always cherished a species of hero-worship for this gallant gentleman, and there was something exquisitely delightful in touching and kissing the bracelet he had sent, and the letter he wrote with them. Very foolish and very romantic, baby darling, was it not? We don't do such silly things now, do we?" and the rejoicing young mother, with her child on her bosom, nestled closely to the faithful heart which had never mistrusted her integrity.

Louisa Crow.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON X—Concluded.

HAVING demonstrated the effect of protochloride of tin upon a solution of bichloride of mercury, repeat the experiment with a solution of protonitrate, and with the insoluble protochloride, remarking that in either case metallic mercury results. Various other means exist of throwing down metallic mercury from its salts, the following of which is one.

Pour a drop of any soluble compound of mercury, proto or per, upon a plate of gold—a sovereign will do,—and touch both the drop and plate with a bit of iron wire. By virtue of a galvanic action set up, the mercury will be deposited on the gold and will form an amalgam. The sovereign will lose its yellow tint and seem like silver coin. By holding it for a few instants, however, in the flame of a spirit lamp, all the quicksilver will be driven off; or by immersing it in nitric acid the quicksilver will be dissolved leaving the gold untouched. Thus the fact will have been casually imparted that gold is insoluble in nitric acid. The common plan had recourse to by jewellers for testing the genuineness of rings, bracelets, &c., supposed to be gold, is as follows:—

A drop of nitric acid (aqua fortis) is let drop upon the article, and if no little bubbles appear, or action result, the ornament is presumed to be gold. The test, however, is practically fallacious:—articles of jewellery being frequently made of copper or brass over which is a sheathing of gold sufficiently thick to prevent the acid acting on the base metal; such articles are technically known to the jewellery trade by the name of *duffers*. The facility with which mercury is thrown down from its soluble salts by galvanic action is of great use in cases of investigation, for the bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) in case it may have been administered as a poison. Now the chief difficulty experienced in the chemistry of poisons, is that of getting rid of organic matters, which, by their presence embarrass the operations of tests; but the galvanic action not only acts in a pure aqueous solution of bichloride of mercury, but also when that salt is mixed with animal and vegetable matters.

The operator, however, will bear in mind the fact that the poison to be sought for was not quicksilver, but quicksilver in combination with chlorine, and not the chloride of mercury (calomel), which is harmless, but the bichloride of mercury. The result of our operation, however, yields quicksilver only in the metallic state. Hence the train of reasoning is inferential, but it is nevertheless satisfactory.

In the first place it is quite evident that the iron wire and sovereign made use of in the preceding experiment could not have been acting on an insoluble compound such as calomel. It therefore follows that mercury being deposited, a soluble form of that metal must have existed in

the solution, and all soluble salts of mercury are poisonous.

To the remaining portion of aqueous solution of bichloride of mercury add ether, and agitate in a flask. Now pour the mixed fluids into a long test tube which having corked to prevent the evaporation of the ether, place it to stand upright and at rest in a test tube stand.

Presently the ether will be seen to have risen above the water, forming a definite layer, and this layer being carefully decanted off or drawn away by suction into a glass tube made to end in a tapering point, will be found on evaporation to yield the bichloride bodily, tangibly. A watch glass is perhaps the best instrument in which to perform this evaporation. No artificial heat is required, the natural volatility of the ether being sufficient to ensure evaporation.

For the purpose of avoiding accidents, pour all the solutions of bichloride into a basin, stir the mixture up with white of egg, and throw it away. J. W. F.

BABBLING WATERFALLS.

O Bijou! you slowest of girls!

I'm afraid I'll be late for the ball!
Have you finished arranging those curls?
Do you think you are dressing a doll?

Do they answer my hair to a shade,
As fair, and as glossy and fine?
'Twould be hard with the price that I paid,
If nobody thought they were mine!

Whose were they, I wonder? Bijou!
Though what does it matter to me,
If the false be but taken for true,
That, like Venus, they rose from the sea!

Yet the sea, we know, has its dead
In its "vast and wandering grave,"—
That's Tennyson—Bijou! my head!
Is it any wonder I rave?

I have heard of a trade—never mind!—
It's the fashion;—who goes without curls?
And to-night they shall fly like the wind
In the most delicious of whirls!

Whose were they? Why, bless me! what stuff?
Bijou! will you never be done?
They are mine now, and that is enough.
—Perhaps—they belonged to some nun,—

Some nun, who now by the bed
Of the sick, may be speaking of God—
While I am donning my head
With her curls! Well, isn't it odd?

What fancy! who knows whose they were?
—Perhaps some German *Baronne*
Went mad, and the doctors took care
To shave her as bald as a stone.

They're not Spanish, Italian, or French,
For blondes in these countries are few;
And such hair! why no southern wench
Would sell it, (now, finished, Bijou!)

Are they English! some girls who—oh, no—
Some beautiful sisters of love,
Who by labours of mercy below
Look meekly for mercy above.

Was she like me, I wonder? It's queer—
(Bijou, have you finished, I mean?)
Do they match? I am glad; they're not dear!
Oh! there is a head for a queen!

Now, bring me my dress, the blue *tulle*;
I may yet be in time for the ball,
And dance into frenzy some fool,
With love for a *falsetto waterfall*.

Oh! charming! I glory in *blue*,
With my *red* and *white*, like the song—
And these curls—(oh? thank you Bijou!
I forgive you for being so long.)

J. R. CLERK.

A hanatul of good life is better than a bushel of learning.

Humble hearts have humble desires,
A cheerful look makes a dish a feast,

THE WISHES SHOP.

Continued from page 198.

Another applicant succeeded, who wore the appearance of rich poverty, in other words of a poor gentleman. The collar of his coat was greasy, his shirt was tumbled, and his gloves dirty. He came up to the counter with a brave look, as much as to say he should have preferred talking over his affairs in private; but, as it was, the opinion of the world was nothing to him. He began,—

"Sir, I have seven sons and one daughter, and have nothing wherewith to educate them."

"Just the opposite to the rich man, who must have met you at the door; what a pity you and he could not have made a bargain! Well, sir?"

"I wish for money."

"Very natural; you have other advantages, no doubt. What equal value have you to spare? Suppose you give up your health?"

"I have not very much of that, sir."

"That's unlucky: will you make a sacrifice of your principles?"

"Of course I will not. How can you venture to ask?"

"I did no harm. Your answer proves that in your honesty you are rich in something which is very valuable in your own opinion, as well as in that of others. Will you give your talents? I know who you are, and the mental power you possess."

"And be an ass like those I despise? No; I should do the boys no good by that exchange."

"You are in want of a very valuable thing—a means of freedom to do and have and go and come; a means to leave sordid cares behind; to be of use—so that it requires a great equivalent. You have eight children you say; people are very happy with two or four or even one; suppose you give up one child? It would be to the advantage of the rest."

"It certainly would. If one of them had not been born, I should not have been unhappy because I had only seven."

"Well said. It remains then only to fix on the one. Can you part with the eldest?"

"Impossible. He is just eleven, and so clever! He is full of talent and application. With a book in his hand, he does not know whether one speaks to him or is silent."

"I should be inclined to punch his head for that; however, it will all go right at school. The second?"

"No, not the second, because he is one of twins, and to separate them would be to destroy both; they are twin cherries on one stalk. I can't part with two."

"That settles three, then. And the fourth?"

"A little fellow of eight. The most beautiful child; like my own mother—and as gentle as an angel. He meets me every day when I come home, and flings himself into my arms. I could not be such a heartless brute."

"I don't want to press you. But you have a girl. Let her go. Women are both useless and a heavy weight when you have to push them on in life."

"Useless! how you mistake. Though she is but six, you should see her help her mother. She knows where everybody's everything is to be found, and has run for it and back almost before you know you want it. And when I or when anybody is ill, the little, helpful, considerate creature! is moving noiselessly, sitting to watch and wait; the very baby likes to be on her knees."

"A baby, too, oh, let the baby go."

"Poor little baby. I could let it go for my own part. No doubt it cries and keeps one awake. But my wife, who has nursed it for seven months at her breast, loves it better than all the others. Its slightest ailment puts her in misery; what would become of her if it died?"

"I should recommend parting with the baby; but it is for you to decide. And indeed I don't know that the value of the baby if exchanged would be very great. There remain two more. Surely they are superfluous?"

"No, no, they are not, dear children? One can but just speak—and the first word was my name. He asks when I shall come home, and

bring something for him. Could I bear that what I brought him was death? And the other, among so many clever and healthy children, is the only one sick, and less intelligent than they; he depends upon us altogether; he is always holding by his mother's finger or carried in my arms. Besides, perhaps he will grow stronger; and then how happy we shall be!"

"In short, sir, of all the things you possess you will give up nothing in exchange for riches."

"But I wish to be rich; other people are rich. My neighbour, Mr. Hemp, has twelve children, yet he is very rich."

"Would you change with him altogether?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"That's no matter; but, for instance, his children are very inferior to mine. I should like to be in his situation, but not to be himself."

"Well, I see you are like other people. You want to keep what you have got and to add something more. But that's not the bargain. You may have something else, but not something more."

"Then I must bear my cross as I can. There's no help. Farewell, sir."

And now there appeared at the entrance a presence more splendid and more imposing than any of the former. Her carriage, for it was a lady, was seen at the door; her footmen officiously put aside the crowd at the entrance, and she came forward, richly dressed, beautiful and graceful, and with the conscious ease of one who attracted all eyes and disappointed none. Everybody made way; a chair was set for her by the officious attendants, and she placed herself, with a slight pleasant movement of acknowledgment, beside the counter. What could that adorned and favoured being wish for more? With health, wealth, beauty, liberty, and a kindly nature such as she showed, was it possible that she could covet anything further? Mr. Destiny seemed to have these ideas in his head, for he inquired,

"Is there anything, madam, for which you can form a wish?"

"I wish to be happy," said the lady.

"Alas!" said Destiny, "if you are not happy, who can be so?"

"I don't come to argue on the fact," said the lady, "I only state what I wish."

"True, madam, I beg your pardon," answered Mr. Destiny. "I have only to ascertain which among your many advantages you will resign for the attainment of it. Now, you must allow me to observe that if a person who has every external means which creates happiness is not happy, the sacrifice of all those means is worth while to become so."

"Most true," said the lady.

"The sacrifice of all advantages may be required in exchange for happiness."

"It is worth them all," answered the lady.

"At the same time," continued Destiny, "there is a sort of happiness derived from external things which has its attractions. It is pleasant to have a habitation upon which everybody congratulates you, to have unbounded means of moving whithersoever you will, to carry such a figure into society as shall make "many a sudden friend," to be able to give largely, spend without control, and so on."

"Yes," said the lady, "they are things to be enjoyed when one is happy. They add to happiness, but they don't give it."

"Well said," answered Mr. Destiny. "Then let us proceed to business—"

"But, first, I must observe," said the lady, "that the possession of external advantage, such as you have enumerated, does not by any means exclude happiness. What numbers possess them in a greater or less degree who are happy into the bargain!"

"Yes; there are numbers not desirous of coming to me at all," answered Mr. Destiny. "They may have certain wishes, but on the whole they are content; or their wishes may be such as they themselves are in the way to gratify. Those wishes belong to their profession or their natural state in life, and they are using their own means to obtain them. On the other hand, it is too true that some people who would seem to be

best off are not endowed with happiness; and, as I said, they may well part with everything to obtain it."

"And would, with everything," said the lady, wiping her eyes (which had moistened while he spoke) with a handkerchief trimmed with lace at a guinea a yard.

"If that is your conviction, madam, I will lay an exchange before you, I don't mean an exchange with any one else, but with yourself. I will describe an existence which is very happy, and for a similar one you may change yours. To exchange with another, both parties must agree, and I don't think the person I propose to describe would consent to want happiness even if she could gain your advantages. The position is this:—A little plain woman, who is devoutly loved by her husband."

"Ha!" murmured the lady.

"She has a dutiful son, but he's dull enough; on the other hand, she does not perceive it, for her time is occupied with the care of her family, visiting the cottagers, and what is called doing plain work. But she has a book which she reads on Sundays, and makes a dog's-ear to find the place where she left off. She and her husband and son sometimes pay a visit to a neighbour in their little shawtravan. She has some pleasure in putting on her silk gown, and a great deal in the friendly gossip; she is busy all day, sleeps all night; murmurs an old song for lightness of heart."

"It's all very well," said the lady, interrupting him; "but it is not possible I could be happy under those circumstances."

"Only she is happy. That you should be happy is the bargain; and that you are not happy is the complaint."

"Better be miserable than so ignorantly happy," said the lady, suddenly rising.

"You are quite wrong, madam."

"May be so, but I can't help it." And with a graceful and gracious bend of her head she rustled through the shop, and mounting her well-appointed carriage, drove off amid the delight of a certain number of boys assembled at the door.

There were many more applicants who came with their wishes. Few accomplished a bargain, but some did; and of the latter I thought the most part made but disadvantageous terms.

One good-looking young fellow's wish was to marry an heiress; he had no other clear idea on the subject, the mere fact of an heiress was his desire. Mr. Destiny was rather hard upon him.

"It is all fair you should marry," said he; "and so that your wife has money, what will you consent she shall be without? Money you are to have, that's settled. Will you give up beauty?"

"Yes."

"Sense?"

"Yes."

"Good temper?"

"Yes."

"Your own way?"

"Oh! I'll manage to get that."

"No; it is in the bargain that you shall not have it; will you give it up?"

"Well, yes; but I'll try."

"You are to fail. What do you say?"

"I'll give all up for money."

"Well, you deserve a very rich bride. Have your wish then."

Another applicant desired that her daughter should marry; and Mr. Destiny thought the wish deserved accomplishment at the price of the daughter's society, her utility at home, the pleasure and grace she had given to her native place, the seven-eighths of her heart bestowed on her husband, while the parents kept only one-eighth.

Again one came, and said a legacy had been left him, and he wished it was more. Mr. Destiny laughed, and said he regretted he could do nothing for him. Another, who was an old man, certainly midway between seventy and eighty, wished he had a knowledge of entomology; and Mr. Destiny, praising his energy, proposed to him to give away one of his remaining years in exchange for the knowledge. In like manner a young man who wished he understood

German, was told to give for it three hours out of the four-and-twenty for half a year. "You will still have twenty-one hours," said Mr. Destiny.

And now, as the interest in others began to slacken, I bethought me that it would be as well if I went up and expressed my own wishes; and accordingly I approached the counter and told Mr. Destiny that I wished for health.

"Indeed," said he; "you look as if you needed that possession. What ails a young fellow like you to be so sick?"

"Hard work, I think," said I. "I am obliged to be in my chambers at the call of my clients, the attorneys, ten hours a day, and to work five hours more to get through the business they give me."

"In short, you are a successful lawyer?"

"Very much so; but a miserable invalid."

"Had you ever health and spirits?"

"Yes, I had. In my university days I was so very happy and so very glad, that my companions named me Festive."

"Then, my dear sir, let me observe that you have already made one of those exchanges for that for which men come to me. You have exchanged health for success; and now you want both health and success; but it seems you can't have both. Give up at least a portion of the last. Work half your time, and get back half your health and lightness of heart."

"How is that possible? If I refuse any business I shall probably lose it all."

"Nay; there is a limit to business somewhere. Nobody can work more than three hundred and sixty-five days, of twenty-four hours each, during the year; therefore you can, if you will, cut off even the half."

"Not so easily; I must work in proportion to other people; some of whom can bear employment for eighteen hours a day."

"If so, they are able to do it, by being originally endowed with health, such as does not come into your destiny."

"But it would be hard to fall behind those whom I have surpassed. Nobody can work more hours than there are in the year; but for success they must work in proportion to other people."

"Harder, I should think, to bear the restless anguish which is in your face."

"That's bad enough, indeed."

"Besides the probability of being unable to do no work whatever."

"That's much worse."

"Take my advice: give half your success for half your time; and give that time for your wish—Health."

"Sir, I must think about it."

"Don't think too long, for fear the opportunity should pass."

"Well, I dare say you're right; and to-morrow I will let you know."

I returned home, and next morning when I woke in my bed I found I was in the shivers of a nervous fever. Ideas raced through my brain with a rapidity which defied my efforts to catch them; I talked, but I knew not what I said; sometimes I cried, sometimes I laughed, and I remember but little till complete exhaustion seemed to sink me into a profound sleep, from which I woke, and heard some one say, "He will live."

And live I did. I was frightened at what had happened, and I took measures to exchange my wealth for health. I steadily refused to plead for Jennings *versus* The Plausible Insurance Office; and I bought a horse, which I kept last winter at Dunchurch, and hunted from London twice a week. I soon got better; and what is remarkable, though I went several times in search of Newstreet, beyond the Tower, and Mr. Destiny's Wishes Shop, I never could find either.

SPAKING ENGLISH.—Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each one contending that he could command the best. They made a bet at length, and appointed a judge to decide between them, and accordingly they began:—"Vell, Chon," said the first, "did it rain to-morrow?"—"I shall tink it vash," said John.—"Wasn't that judge in a quandary?"

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

Allez vous coucher, (*Fr.*), go to bed.
 Allegro, (*It.*), merry, cheerful. *In music*, denoting a brisk movement.
 Allegretto, (*It.*), diminutive of *allegro*. *In music* not so quick as *allegro*.
 Allocatur, (*Lat.*), (*law term*), a certificate of allowance of costs.
 A l'improviste, (*Fr.*), suddenly, unawares.
 Alma mater, (*Lat.*), (*Lit.*) a benign mother; (commonly), the University at which one has studied.
 Alternis horis, (*Lat.*), every other hour.
 Altissima fluvium minimo sono labuntur, (*Lat.*), the deepest rivers flow with the least sound; (commonly) smooth waters run deep.
 A merveille, (*Fr.*), admirably well, marvelously.
 Amende honorable, (*Fr.*), an honourable recompense, an apology.
 Amicus humani generis, (*Lat.*), a friend of the human race.
 Amicus certus in re incerta, (*Lat.*), a friend in need is a friend indeed.
 Amicus curiæ, (*Lat.*), (*law term*), a friend of the court.
 Amor patriæ, (*Lat.*), love of country.
 Amoto quæramus serâ ludæ, (*Lat.*), setting jesting aside, let us now attend to serious matters.
 Anglice, (*Lat.*), in English.
 Anguis in herbâ, (*Lat.*), a snake in the grass.
 Animo furandi, (*Lat.*), (*law term*), with the intention of stealing.
 Animus novitate tenebo, (*Lat.*), I will enchain their minds with novelty.
 Anno Domini, (*A.D.*), (*Lat.*), in the year of our Lord.
 Anno Mundi, (*A.M.*), (*Lat.*), in the year of the world.
 Annus mirabilis, (*Lat.*), a year of wonders.
 Ante Christum, (*A.C.*), (*Lat.*), before Christ; (used in chronology.)
 Ante hos sex menses, (*Lat.*), six months ago.
 A priori, (*Lat.*), from the cause to the effect. (*law term*).
 A posteriori, (*Lat.*), from the effect to the cause. (*law term*).
 Après demain, (*Fr.*), the day after to-morrow.
 A propos, (*Fr.*), to the purpose, opportunely.
 A quelque chose malheur est bon, (*Fr.*), misfortune is good for something, (commonly) it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.
 Arcades ambo, (*Lat.*), Greeks both; (*vulgo*), two rogues together.
 Arcana imperii, (*Lat.*), State secrets.
 Arcanum, (*Lat.*), a secret.
 Ardentia verba, (*Lat.*), glowing words.
 Argent comptant, (*Fr.*), ready money.
 Argumentum ad hominem, (*Lat.*), an argument strong from personal application, hence a fist argument.
 Arma verumque cano, (*Virgil*) (*Lat.*), arms and the man I sing!
 Ars est celare artem, (*Lat.*), it is art to conceal art.
 Assumpsit, (*Lat.*), (*law term*), an action on a verbal process.
 Au commencement, (*Fr.*), in the beginning.
 Audentes fortuna juvat, (*Lat.*), fortune favours the brave.
 Audi alteram partem, (*Lat.*), hear the other party; that is, hear both sides of a question.
 Audita querela, (*Lat.*), the complaint being heard.
 Au fond, (*Fr.*), to the bottom.
 Aune, (*Fr.*), a measure in Switzerland equal to 14 yard English.
 Au pis aller, (*Fr.*), at the worst.
 Aura popularis, (*Lat.*), the gale of popular favour.
 Aurea mediocritas, (*Lat.*), the golden mean.
 Aura sacra fames, (*Lat.*), the accursed thirst for gold.
 Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait, (*Fr.*), no sooner said than done.
 Autant de têtes, autant d'opinions, (*Fr.*), so many men, so many opinions.
 Aut Cæsar aut nullus, (*Lat.*), he will either be Cæsar or nobody.
 Auto da fé, (*Sp.*), an act of faith; the burning of a heretic.

GESTURE-LANGUAGE.

It is only the deaf-mute to whom pantomime comes as fluently as a mother-tongue. Many persons have a notion that gesture-language and the finger-alphabet are almost synonymous terms, but this is far from being the case; the latter is an art learned from a teacher; the former is an independent process, originating in the mind of the deaf-mute, and developing itself as his knowledge and power of reasoning expand under instruction. There is an admirable chapter upon this matter in Mr. Tylor's *Researches into the Early History of Mankind*, introduced therein in connection with the origin of language, but which has great interest in itself, independent of the larger subject. "It is not enough to say," writes he, "that the two things [natural gesture-language and the finger-alphabet] are distinct; they have nothing whatever to do with one another, and have no more resemblance than a picture has to a written description of it." The mother-tongue of the deaf and dumb is the faculty of drawing in the air the shape of objects suggested to their mind, or of indicating its character, use, or origin, by movements of the body. "It is not I," says the Abbé Sicard, one of the first who gave his attention to ameliorating the condition of the deaf and dumb, "who am to invent these signs. I have only to set forth the theory of them under the dictation of their true inventors, those whose language consists of these signs." And speaking of his deaf and dumb pupil, Massieu, he says: "Thus, by a happy exchange, as I taught him the written signs of our language, Massieu taught me the mimic signs of his."
 Mr. Tylor himself made a list of about five hundred of these natural signs current in the Berlin Deaf and Dumb Institution, taking them down from a teacher, himself deaf and dumb. But no less than five thousand are said to be in use at that establishment. "To express the pronouns 'I, thou, he,' I push my forefinger against the pit of my stomach for 'I,' push it towards the person addressed for 'thou,' and point with my thumb over my right shoulder for 'he.' Holding the right hand flat, with the palm down at the level of the wrist, and raising it towards the level of the shoulder, signifies 'great,' depressing it signifies 'little.' The sign 'man' is indicated by the motion of taking off the hat; 'woman' by laying the closed hand upon the heart; 'child,' by dandling the right elbow upon the left hand. The first two fingers held apart like the letter V, and darted from the eyes, signifies to 'see.' To touch the ear with the forefinger is to hear; the tongue, to taste. The outline of the shape of roof and walls done in the air with both hands is 'house;' with a flat roof it is 'room.' To smell as at a flower, and then to make a horizontal circle before one, is 'garden.' To pull up a piece of flesh from the back of the hand is 'meat;' and when steam is made curling up from it with the forefinger, it is 'roast meat.'
 "None of my teachers here, who can speak," said the director of the Berlin Institution, "are very strong in the gesture-language. It is difficult for an educated speaking man to get the proficiency in it which a deaf and dumb child attains to almost without effort. It is true that I can use it perfectly, but I have been here forty years. To be able to speak, is an impediment. The habit of thinking in words, and translating those words into signs, is most difficult to shake off; but until this is done, it is almost impossible to place the signs in the logical sequence in which they arrange themselves in the mind of the deaf-mute." That which the deaf and dumb considers most important in what he is about to state, is always placed first in his sentence; and that which seems to him superfluous, he leaves out. For instance, to say: "My father gave me an apple," he makes the sign for "apple," then that for "father," and that for "I," without adding that for "gave." Going upon one occasion into a deaf and dumb school, and setting a boy to write words upon the black-board, our author drew in the air the outline of a tent, and touched the inner part of

his under-lip to indicate red, and the boy wrote accordingly "a red tent;" whereupon the teacher justly remarked, that Mr. Tylor could not be a beginner in the gesture-language, or he would have translated his thought *verbatim*, and put the "red" first. A pupil to whom Abbé Sicard one day put the question: "Who made God?" replied: "God made nothing;" and the abbé was left in no doubt as to this kind of inversion when he went on to ask: "Who made the shoe?" and received for answer: "The shoe made the shoemaker."

A look of inquiry converts an assertion into a question, and fully serves to make the difference between "The master is come" and "Is the master come?" but it is difficult for a deaf-mute to render abstract remarks in symbol. Thus, such a common question as, "What is the matter with you?" would be put: "You crying? You been beaten?" He does not ask: "What did you have for dinner?" but, "Did you have soup? Did you have porridge?" It is only the certainty, says Professor Steintal, "which speech gives to a man's mind in holding fast ideas in all their relations, which brings him to the shorter course of expressing only the positive side of the idea, and dropping the negative."

At all deaf and dumb institutions, there are a number of signs in use, which, although quite natural, would not be understood beyond the limits of the circle in which they are used. Thus at Berlin, the royal residence at Charlottenburg was named by taking up the left knee and nursing it, in allusion to the late king having been laid up with gout there. England and Englishmen were aptly alluded to by the action of rowing a boat; while the signs of chopping off a head and strangling were used to describe France and Russia in allusion to the deaths of Louis XVI. and the Emperor Paul. A great deal of the gesture-language, however, is universal, and common to all who have a difficulty in expressing themselves in words, whether they be mutes or savages, and it is this portion of the subject which is doubtless the most interesting. Thus, the Indians use the self-same sign for expressing "to see" which is in vogue with the deaf and dumb at Berlin: thrusting the hand under the clothing of the left breast is "to hide" or "keep secret;" "fear" is typified by putting the hands to the lower ribs, and shewing how the heart flutters; and "book" by holding the palms together close to the face, and opening and reading. "Fire," too, is represented by North American savages exactly as by German mutes—namely, by imitating flames with the fingers; and "rain" by bringing the tip of the fingers of the partly-closed hand downwards. The sign for "a stag," too, is common to both—the thumbs to the temples, and the fingers spread widely out—but to indicate "the dog," the Indians have a very remarkable symbol: they trail the two first fingers of the right hand as if they were poles dragged on the ground; the reason being, that before they had horses, the dogs were trained to drag the lodge-poles on the march in that way; and even where this trailing is done now by horses, the old sign for "the dog" is still retained.

The true meaning of the few gesture-signs which still remain in use among ourselves is well worthy of examination. For example, "the sign of snapping one's fingers," says Mr. Tylor, "is not very intelligible, as we generally see it; but when we notice that the same sign, made quite gently, as if rolling some tiny object away with the thumb-nail and forefinger, are usual and well-understood deaf-and-dumb gestures, denoting anything tiny, insignificant, and contemptible, it seems as though we had exaggerated and conventionalised a perfectly natural action so as to lose sight of its original meaning. There is a curious mention of this gesture by Strabo. At Anchiale, he writes, "Aristobulus says there is a monument to Sardanapalus, and a stone statue of him as if snapping his fingers, and this inscription, in Assyrian letters: 'Sardanapalus the son of Anacyndaraxes, built in one day Anchiale and Tarsus. Eat, drink, play: the rest is not worth that!'" Shaking hands is not a universal sign of good-will. The Fijians, for example, smell and sniff at one another by way of salutation. The North American Indians rub each

other's arms and breasts, as well as their own. In Polynesia one strokes his face with the other's hand or foot. In New Zealand and Lapland they press noses—which perhaps in some measure accounts for those organs being so flat. The Andaman Islanders salute by blowing into one another's hands; Charlevoix speaks of an Indian tribe on the Gulf of Mexico who blow into one another's ears; and M. Du Chaillu was "blown upon"—literally, and without any allusion to what his enemies tried to do to him—by his friends in Africa. In East Africa, some tribes shake hands, but, Moslem-fashion, pressing the thumbs against one another as well. With regard to the position of our hands in prayer, Mr Taylor remarks that there is in it a confusion of two gestures, quite distinct in their origin. The upturned hands seem to expect some desired object to be thrown down, while, when clasped, they seem to ward off an impending blow; but the conventionalising process is carried to extremity when the hands clasped, or with the finger-tips set together, can be used not only to avert an injury—as seems their natural office—but also to ask for a benefit, which they cannot even catch hold of when it comes. There are a number of well-known gestures difficult to explain, such as lolling out the tongue for contempt; and the sign known as "taking a sight," which was as common in the days of Babel, as now. These are intelligible enough to all, although we know not why. Not the least evidence of the gesture-language is the case and certainty with which any savage from any country can understand and make himself understood in a deaf and dumb school. "A native of Hawaii is taken to an American institution, and begins at once to talk in signs with the children, and to tell about his voyage and the country he came from. A Chinese, who had fallen into a state of melancholy from long want of society is quite revived by being taken to the same place, where he can talk in gestures to his heart's content." A deaf and dumb lad, named Collins, is taken to see some Laplanders, who were carried about to be exhibited, and though frowning and undemonstrative to others, they immediately begin to speak "about reindeers and elks, and smile on him very much." A curious instance of the direct advantage of deaf and dumb establishments, is narrated by Kruso (himself a deaf-mute), as having occurred in the beginning of this century. An untalented deaf and dumb boy was found by the police wandering about Prague; they could make nothing of him, and so sent him to the Institution devoted to persons suffering under his misfortune, to be taught to tell his story. After a little education there, he managed to make it understood that his father had a mill; and of this mill, the furniture of the house, and the country round it, he gave a precise description. He gave a circumstantial account of his life there; how his mother and sister died, his father married again, his step-mother ill-treated him, and he ran away. He did not know his own name, nor what the mill was called, but he knew it lay away from Prague towards the morning. On inquiry being made, the boy's statement was confirmed. The police found his home, gave him his name, and secured his inheritance for him. Everybody who reads novels is acquainted with that wonderful scene in *Monte Christo* where the paralytic makes his will, without having the power of speech, or even of motion, with the exception of being able to wink his eyes. So late as 1864, it seems, a still more strange proceeding might have been witnessed at Yateley, England, in the case of John Geale, yeoman, deaf and dumb, and unable to read or write. This man executed a will by putting his mark to it; but probate was at first refused by Sir J. P. Wilde, on the ground that there was no evidence of the testator's understanding and assenting to its provisions. At a later date, however, the motion was renewed upon the following joint-affidavit of the widow and the attesting witnesses:

"The signs by which the deceased informed us that the will was the instrument which was to deal with his property upon his death, and that his wife was to have all his property after his death, in case she survived him, were in substance, so far as we are able to describe the same in writing, as follow: The said John Geale first

pointed to the will itself, then he pointed to himself, and then he laid the side of his head upon the palm of his right hand with his eyes closed, and then lowered his right hand towards the ground, the palm of the same hand being upwards. These latter signs were the usual signs by which he referred to his own death or the decease of some one else. He then touched his trousers-pocket (which was the usual sign by which he referred to his money), then he looked all around, and simultaneously raised his arms with a sweeping motion all round him (which were the usual signs by which he referred to all his property or all things). He then pointed to his wife, and afterwards touched the ring-finger of his left hand, and then placed his right arm across his left at the elbow; which latter signs were the usual signs by which he referred to his wife.

"The signs by which the said testator informed us that his property was to go to his wife's daughter, in case his wife died in his lifetime, were as follow: He first referred to his property as before; then touched himself, and pointed to the ring-finger of his left hand, crossed his arm as before (which indicated his wife); he then laid the side of his head on the palm of his right hand (with his eyes closed), which indicated her death; he then again, after pointing to his wife's daughter, who was present when the said will was executed, pointed to the right-finger of his left hand, and then placed his right hand across his left arm at the elbow, as before. He then put his forefinger to his mouth, and immediately touched his breast, and moved his arms in such a manner as to indicate a child, which were his usual signs for indicating his wife's daughter, &c." Eventually, he made it appear that if his wife's daughter's husband survived her, the property was to revert to him. The contents of the will were then explained by motions and signs understood by all present, to the testator, and the said John Geale expressed his satisfaction. Upon this representation, Sir J. P. Wilde granted probate. Upon the whole, this will-making was certainly a more extraordinary proceeding than that described by Dumas, inasmuch as, though not paralysed, the testator was deaf, and therefore the dumb-show had to be carried on on both sides. It is evident, however, that if John Geale had been educated at a deaf and dumb asylum, the matter would have been greatly simplified and shortened.

THE SCARLET FEVER.

ITS CAUSES, PATHOLOGY AND CURE.

LETTER II.

"Rouge gaine."—*Rouge et Noir.*

From Mr. Harry Tourinquet, medical student, at London, Canada West, to Mr. Robert Trepan, his fellow-student at Montreal.

July 12, 1864.

DEAR BOB,—Private business is like to compel my residence here for a pretty long spell—Did I tell you at Brantford, that pretty coy Fannio Was deeply in love, the poor dear little Nannie, And that I had prescrib'd, just to keep the joko jogging, For her case, pills and draughts, watching, fasting and flogging? But the saucy young monkey contriv'd to cajole us, To London came homo to call in Dr. Bolus! The villain has taken the case! I am sure Such irregular practice I cannot endure, Though, after a fashion, he's work'd out a cure. This may be humane, but it isn't professional; We punctilious should be, like the priests at confessional. And the times now are ticklish; for we Allopathies } Are like to be driven to shelter in attics, } By Quacks, Water-curers and Homoeopathies— } In practice, you know, I'm a strict *Martinet*, And rigid in all that concerns etiquette— No, who'd steal a man's patient, would steal a man's purse! Of the two I consider the first crime the worse.

If you read all your books through, you won't find a trace Of the way that old Bolus maltreated this case— Old Bolus I say, but it should be his wife, For we're sure to discover when mischief is rife, When there's "scum on the pot," that the meddling women Have always a great deal to do with the skimming.

Mrs. Bolus one evening invited a party, And gave us a welcome light courteous and hearty—

Of her Majesty's officers many were there, The elite of the town, the gay, wealthy and fair— And of all the assembly, you could not find any More gallant than Tremorne, or more lovely than Fannio.

Do you wish for her portrait? I'll call on the Museo— Invocations are rare—I don't think she'll refuse— If I win her good graces and those of Apollo, Some elegant verses are likely to follow.

"Ye nino! stately warblers on Parnassus' top, Whose musical eloquence never should stop, Ho pleas'd in my room for a minute to drop— And Phoebus Apollo! lend me your winged horse, I want him to convey me over the course. You have painted the beauties of Spencer's Belphebro— And those of Jove's Juvenio waiting-maid Hebe; Of Belinda, resplendent in bows of state, With dainties as lops on her toilet to wait; Of the shepherdess Verdita, veil'd in the shades; Of the courtly young Enfilio, sweetest of maids, Than the lily more fair in her delicate hue, And as rosy as May, when the blossoms are now— Now kindly assist me in sketching the many Fine points in the form and the features of Fannio."

There! Look at her seated by brave Tremorne's side, All radiant with pleasure, with love and with pride— She is speaking quite low of the last time they met, On his shoulder— are grouping her ringlets of jet; Watch her lips, as they open, her corals disclose Of the purest of pearls two symmetrical rows, And catch, if you can, her rich musical laugh, Of Hayden's sweet strains, just two bars and a half; See where deep in a dimple Don Cupid reposes On her cheek, that bright mixture of lilies and roses; Her dark falcon eye all her feelings displays, While long curling lashes make slender its rays; Note the nicely arch'd eyebrows; the fair swan-like neck. The shoulders her dark curls contrast with, and deck; And her white rounded chin, and her mouth's dainty pout; And her ears, through her ringlets, like birds peeping out— Then her dear taper waist and her elegant bust— I declare I could gaze on all day with great gusto.

Now they're dancing. What charms in each motion we trace, She scarce touches the floor, she's so buoyant with grace— Round her neck and her shoulders her loose tresses play, Like the vine's wind-toss'd tendrils on some breezy day; And daintily wreath'd on that raven-black hair Is of fuschias and roses a coronet fair— While her dress seems to suit her fine figure with pride, And her dear little feet now glance out and now hide— Though free as an antelope nimbly she bounds, Ev'ry step keeps true time to the band's merry sounds.

They are seated again. "My dear sir, if you're wise, You'll not gaze too long on those beautiful eyes; They change with each feeling; now radiant with joy, Or sparkling with fun at the wit they enjoy; Then smiling in kindness, then flashing with pride; You may look till your heart strings forever are tied; From the soft fascination you no more can break; Than the Dickey bird fly when 'tis charm'd by the snake."

But the Captain sat draining the dangerous cup, As if he would drink all the radiance up; Until as the party drew nigh to a close, I'll be hang'd if the poor fellow didn't propose!

Now we in the secret, all very well know She'd have been a great goose, if she'd answer'd him "No."

So when he implor'd her his passion to bless, She blush'd, dropp'd her eyelids, and softly sigh'd, "Yes!"

Some guests still remain'd, and the Captain before'em Show'd such rapture, it really quite outraged decorum;

While she sat demure, and so quietly blest, That I had not the courage to proffer a jest— So chasten'd by modesty's delicate grace Were the Love and the Happiness thron'd in her face.

Why Bob, I have written an awful long letter, And grown sentimental, perhaps I had better Just rein up my Pegasus. You'll not be vex'd. "For further particulars wait 'till my next—" For, as by this patient I once was consulted, Although I must own I feel greatly insulted, And professional etiquette's thrown in confusion; Of the case I shall certainly watch the conclusion.

Some years hence, my dear Bob, I am certain to marry; So I'll "get up my part—" I'm most truly yours,

HARRY.

Public Speaking.—The safety valve which lets off the surplus steam of society.

War.—Murder to music.

Melancholy.—Ingratitude to heaven.

Misanthrope.—One who is uncharitable enough to judge of others by himself.

Egotism.—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.

Courage.—The fear of being thought a coward.

FANCY.

WHAT is fancy? 'tis a fairy,
With the lightning's rapid wings;
With the poet's magic pencil
Painting many wondrous things.

Off, away, through boundless ether,
Quick as thought she swiftly flies,
Dashing scenes upon the canvas,
Never seen by mortal eyes.

I would be her gay companion,
Soaring, soaring, ev' more;
Dwelling 'mid eternal beauty,
Far from earth's sin-tainted shore.

JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Elora, C. W., Nov., 1865.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

(Continued from page 206.)

"What, the Colonnas?"

"Yes, the Colonnas."

"But not to-day?"

"This evening, immediately after dinner."

Saxon's countenance fell.

"That is quick work," said he. "Where are they going?"

"To London."

"Is anything the matter?"

"Nothing—except that a Genoese deputy is hourly expected, and our friends are summoned to meet him."

"Then they will come back to you again?"

"Not a chance of it. The present is an important crisis, and we have a whole round of special committees and public meetings coming on in London and elsewhere. No—we shall not see them down again at Castletowers this year. They will have more than enough of active work on hand for the next week or two; and then, no doubt, they will be off to Italy."

Saxon was silent. Having once resolved on a course of action, it was not in him to be turned aside by small obstacles; and he was now thinking how, in the midst of all this hurry of departure, he should obtain his interview with Miss Colonna.

"This place will be as lively as a theatre by daylight when you are all gone," observed the Earl, presently.

"You must come up to town," replied Saxon.

"I had a note from Burgoyne this morning, in which he says that London is fuller than ever."

Lord Castletowers shook his head.

"I shall run up occasionally for a few hours at a time," said he, "while these meetings are being held; but I shall not be able to make any stay."

"Why not?"

"Because I cannot afford it."

"Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"Simply what I say. I am a poor man, my dear fellow—which fact, I believe, you have heard me state before—and although I look upon a good London hotel as the first stage on the road to Paradise, and upon a fortnight in town during the best of the season as pure beatitude, I can seldom afford to indulge my taste for either."

"But I should have thought, with a place like this—"

"That's just what it is!" replied the Earl, knocking off the ash from his cigar, and rocking himself dismally to and fro. "It's a dear old place, and I wouldn't exchange it for Aladdin's palace of jewels; but it costs me every farthing of my income merely to live in it. I was left, you see, with an encumbered estate; and, in order to clear it, I was obliged to sell three of the best little farms in the country. I even sold a slice of the old park, and that was the greatest sorrow of my life."

"I can well believe it," said Saxon

"Consequently, I am now obliged to do the best I can with a large house and a small income."

"Still you have cleared off the encumbrances?" The Earl nodded.

"All of them?"

"Yes, thank Heaven! all."

Saxon drew his chair a little nearer, and looked his friend earnestly in the face.

"Pray don't think me impertinent," said he; "but—but I've seen you looking anxious at times—and somehow I have fancied—"

Would you mind telling me, Castletowers, if you have really any trouble on your mind? Any outstanding claim, for instance, that—that—"

"That a generous fellow like yourself could help me to meet? No, Trefalden—not one. I thank you heartily for your kind thought, but I owe no man a penny."

Saxon drew a deep breath of satisfaction. He would scarcely have liked to confess, even to himself, with how keen a sense of relief he found his cousin's statement corroborated.

"I rejoice to hear it," he replied. "And now, Castletowers, you must promise that you will go up with me the day after to-morrow, and make my rooms your hotel. I have three there in St. James' street, and I can have a couple more if I like; and you don't know how lonely I feel in them."

"You are good nature itself," said the Earl; "but indeed—"

"It's not good nature—it's pure selfishness. I like London. I am intensely interested in its multitudinous life and intellectual activity; but it is a terrible place to live in all alone. If, however, I had a couple of rooms which I might call your rooms, and which I knew you would occupy whenever you were in town, the place would seem more like home to me."

"But, my dear fellow—"

"One moment, please! I know, of course, that it is, in one sense, a monstrous presumption on my part to ask you to do this. You are an English peer, and I am a Swiss peasant; but then you have received me here as your guest, and treated me as if I were your equal—"

"Trefalden, hear me," interrupted the Earl, vehemently. "You know my political creed—you know that, setting friendship, virtue, education aside, I hold all men to be literally and absolutely equal under heaven?"

"Yes, as an abstract principle—"

"Precisely so—as an abstract principle. But abstract and concrete are two very different things; and permit me to tell you that I have the honour and happiness of knowing two men who, so far as I am competent to judge myself and them, are as immeasurably superior to me in all that constitutes true nobility, as if there were no such principle as equality under the sun. And those two men are Giulio Colonna and Saxon Trefalden."

Saxon laughed and coloured up.

"What reply can I make to such a magnificent compliment?" said he.

"Beg my pardon, I should think, for the speech that provoked it."

"But do you really mean it?"

"Every word of it."

"Then I will go up to town a day sooner, and prepare your rooms at once. If that's your opinion of me, you can't refuse to grant the first favour I have ever asked at your hands."

The Earl smiled and shook his head.

"We will talk of that by-and-by," he said.

"If I have not acceded at once, it is through no want of confidence in your friendship."

"I should look upon it as a strong proof of yours," said Saxon.

"I came to your room to-day, Trefalden, to give you a much stronger proof of it," replied the Earl, gravely.

The words were simple enough, but something in the tone in which they were uttered arrested Saxon's attention.

"You may be sure that I shall value it, whatever it may be," said he; and waited for Lord Castletowers to proceed.

But the Earl was, apparently, in no haste to do so. Swaying idly to and fro, and watching the light smoke of his cigar, he remained for some

moments silent, as if hesitating how and where to begin. At length he said:

"I do believe, Trefalden, that you are the best fellow breathing."

"That I certainly am not," replied Saxon; "so pray don't think it."

"But I do think it; and it is just because I think it that I am here now. I want to tell you something."

Saxon bent his head, and listened.

"Something which I have been keeping to myself for years because—well, because I have never had a friend to whom I could confide in—I mean a really intimate friend whom I could trust, as I know I may trust you."

"Thank you," said Saxon, simply.

"I have felt the want of such an one, bitterly," continued the Earl. "It's hard to be for ever brooding over one idea, without being able to seek sympathy or counsel."

"I should think it must be," replied Saxon; "but I've never had a secret of my own."

"Then, my dear fellow," said the Earl, throwing away the end of his cigar with a very gloomy look, "you have never been in love."

Saxon made no reply. He had fully anticipated some confidence on the subject of money, and his friend's rejoinder took him by surprise.

Had he been asked, he could not have told why it was so; but the surprise, somehow, was not a pleasant one.

"The truth is, Trefalden," said the Earl, "I am a very unlucky, and a very miserable fellow. I love a woman whom I have no hope of marrying."

"How is that?"

"Because I am poor, and she has nothing—because I could not bear to act in opposition to my mother's wishes—because—in short, because the woman I love is Olimpia Colonna."

Saxon's heart gave one throb—just one—as Castletowers spoke the name; and then his breath seemed to come short, and he was afraid to speak, lest his voice should be unsteady.

"Had you guessed my secret?" asked the Earl.

Saxon shook his head.

"I feel sure my mother has guessed it, long since, but she has entire confidence in my honour, and has never breathed a syllable to me on the subject. All her hope is, that I may repair our shattered fortunes by a wealthy marriage. Proud as she is—and my mother is a very proud woman, Trefalden—she would rather see me marry that rich Miss Hatherton whose father was a common miner, than Olimpia Colonna with her eight hundred years of glorious ancestry!"

"Eight hundred years!" repeated Saxon, mechanically.

"It is one of the noblest families in Europe," continued the Earl. "The Colonnas were sovereign, Dukes and Princes when the Pierreponts were Norman Counts, and the Wynccliffes simple Esquires. They have given many Cardinals to Rome, and one Pope. They have repeatedly held the rank of Viceroys of Naples, Sicily, and Aragon; and they have numbered among them some of the greatest generals and noblest scholars of the middle ages. I tell you, Trefalden, it is incomprehensible to me how my mother, who attaches such profound importance to birth, should weigh gold against blood in such a question as this!"

He paused, beating the floor with his foot, and too much absorbed in his own story to pay much heed to his listener.

"But then, you see," he continued presently, "money is not the only obstacle. The man who marries Olimpia Colonna must go heart and soul, hand and fortune, into the Italian cause. I would do it, willingly. I would melt my last ounce of plate, cut down my last timber, mortgage the roof over my head, if I had only myself to consider. But how is it possible? I cannot reduce my mother to beggary."

"Of course not."

And then there was another pause. At length the Earl looked up suddenly, and said,

"Well now Trefalden, what is your advice?"

"Advice!" stammered Saxon. "You ask me for advice?"

"Undoubtedly,"

"But how can I advise you?"
 "Simply by telling me what you think I ought to do. Should I, for instance, talk it over with my mother, or speak to Colonna first? He is her oldest friend, and his opinion has great weight with her. There lies my chief hope. If he were with me, I do not think she would persist in any lengthened opposition. Besides, I would do anything to make up for Olympia's want of fortune. I know I could work my way in parliament, if I chose to read up facts, and study home-questions. Or I would cultivate my influential friends, and try to get some foreign diplomatic appointment. In short, give me but the motive, and I will do anything!"

"But these are matters of which I know nothing," said Saxon.

"I am not asking you how I shall push my way in the future, my dear fellow," replied the Earl, eagerly, "but how you think I ought to act in the present. What would you do yourself, if you were in my position?"

Saxon, sitting a little away from the light, with his elbow resting on the table and his head supported by his hand, looked down thoughtfully, and hesitated before replying. His friend had given him a hard problem to solve—a bitter task to perform.

"Are you sure that you love her?" he said, presently, speaking somewhat slowly.

"As sure as that yonder sun is now shining in the heavens! Why, Trefalden, she was the ideal of my boyhood: and for the last four years, since she has been staying with us so often, and for so many months at a time, I have loved her with the deepest love that man can give to woman."

"And do you think that—that she loves you?"
 Do what he would, Saxon could not quite keep down the tremor in his voice as he asked this question; but the Earl was too intensely preoccupied to observe it.

"A year ago—nay, three months ago," said he, "I was certain of it. Latterly, I cannot tell why, there has been a constraint—a coldness—as if she were trying to crush out the feeling from her own heart, and the hope from mine. And yet, somehow, I feel as if the change went no deeper than the surface."

"You believe, in short, that Miss Colonna loves you still?"

"By Heaven, Trefalden, I do!" replied the Earl, passionately.

"You have not asked her?"

"Certainly not. She was my guest."

Saxon covered his eyes for a moment with his hand, as if in profound thought. It was an eventful moment—a cruel moment—the first moment of acute suffering that he had ever known. No one but himself ever knew how sharp a fight he fought while it lasted—a fight from which he came out wounded and bleeding, but a conqueror. When he lifted up his face, it was pale to the very lips, but steady and resolved.

"Then, Castletowers," he said—and his voice had no faltering in it—"I will tell you what I would do if—if I were in your place. I would learn the truth from her own lips, first of all."

"But my mother—"

"Lady Castletowers will acquiesce when she knows that your happiness is involved. It is but a question of fortune, after all."

The Earl sprang to his feet, and began pacing to and fro.

"It is welcomed counsel," said he. "If I only dared—if I were but sure—and yet, is it not better to know the worst at once?"

"Far better," replied Saxon drearily.

Lord Castletowers went over to the window, and leaned out into the sunshine.

"Why should I not?" he mused, half aloud. "If I fail, I shall be no longer poorer than I am now—except in hope. Except in hope! But if I succeed—Ah! if I succeed!"

His face grew radiant at the thought.

"Yes, Trefalden," he exclaimed, "you are right. Why set myself to overcome so many obstacles if, when all is done, I am to find that I have had my toiling for nothing? I will ask her, I will ask her this very day—this very hour, if I can find her alone. It will be no breach of hospitality

to do so now. Thanks, my dear fellow—thanks a thousand times!"

Saxon shook his head.

"You have nothing to thank me for, Castletowers," he replied.

"For your counsel," said the Earl.

"Which may bring you sorrow, remember."

"Then for your friendship!"

"Well, yes—for my friendship. You have that, if it is worth your thanks."

"Time will show what value I place upon it," replied the Earl. "And now, for the present, adieu. I know you wish me success."

With this, he grasped Saxon warmly by the hand, and hurried from the room. When the last echo of his foot had died away on stair and corridor, the young man went over to the door, locked it, and sat quietly down, alone with his trouble.

And it was, in truth, no light or imaginary trouble. He saw, clearly enough, that he must accept one of two things—both equally bitter. Either Olympia Colonna had never loved him, or he had supplanted his friend in her affections. Which was it? His heart told him

CHAPTER LIV. HOW THE EARL SPED IN HIS WOOING.

It was a hurried, uncomfortable afternoon at Castletowers, and Signor Colonna's visitor had brought nothing but confusion to the house. The news was really important news to those whom it concerned; but there was nothing which Lady Castletowers disliked so much as excitement, nothing in her eyes so undignified as haste, and she was therefore not a little displeased by this sudden breaking up of her party. It was nothing to her that Garibaldi was in occupation of Palermo. It was nothing to her that an armistice had been concluded with the Neapolitan government, or that the army would be likely to march next in the direction of Messina. She only knew that the Walkingshaws and Miss Hatherton were coming to dine with her that very day; that Signor Montecuculi would make one too many at the table; and that the departure of the Colonnas immediately after dinner would spoil the evening.

In the meanwhile Signor Colonna was deep in consultation with the new comer; Olympia, assisted by one of the maids, was busy packing her father's books and papers; the Earl was wandering disconsolately to and fro, seeking his opportunity; and Saxon Trefalden, mounted on his swiftest thorough-bred, was galloping towards the hills, determined to leave a clear field for his friend, and not to come back till the first dinner-bell should be ringing.

At length, as the afternoon wore on, the Earl grew tired of waiting about the drawing-rooms and staircase, and sought Olympia in her father's quarters. There he found her, not in Colonna's own den, but in the room immediately beneath it, kneeling before a huge army trunk more than half filled with pamphlets, letters, despatches, maps, and documentary lumber of every description. More books and papers littered the floor and table, and these the servant was dusting previous to their being sorted and tied up by Miss Colonna.

"Can I be of any service?" asked the Earl, as he peeped in through the half-opened door.

Olympia looked up with a pleasant smile.

"Are you really in want of something to do?" said she.

"Greatly."

"Then you may help to sort these papers. Among them are some dozens of last year's reports. You can arrange those according to date, and tie them up in parcels of about eighteen or twenty."

The Earl set about his task with much seeming alacrity.

"We owe Montecuculi a grudge for this," he said presently. "Who would have thought this morning at breakfast that you would strike your tents and flee away into the great London desert before night?"

"Who would have thought that we should have such glorious cause for breaking up our camp?" retorted Olympia, with enthusiasm.

"No one, indeed. And yet I wish the news had not travelled quite so quickly."

"Good news cannot fly too fast," replied Olympia. "I scarcely dare trust myself to think what the next may be."

"At least, do not hope too much."

"Nay, I have desponded long enough. Hope has been for so many years a forbidden luxury, that I feel as if I could not now drink of it too deeply. I hope all things. I expect all things. I believe that the hour is come at last, and that miracles will be accomplished within the next few months."

The Earl, thinking more of his own hopes and fears at that moment than of Italy or the Italians, wished with all his heart that a miracle could be accomplished then and there for the translation of the housemaid to any convenient planet.

"I should not be surprised," continued Olympia, "if I heard to-morrow that Garibaldi was in Messina—or that he had crossed the straits, and carried Naples by a coup de main!"

"Nor I," replied Castletowers, abstractedly.

And then for a few moments they were both silent. In the midst of their silence, a bell rang long and loudly in some part of the offices below.

"What bell is that?" asked the Earl, who had heard it thousands of times in the course of his home-life, and knew its import perfectly.

"It's the servants' hall bell, my lord," replied the housemaid.

And what does it mean, then—the servants' tea?"

"Yes, my lord."

Olympia took the Earl's little bait immediately. "You need not mind the rest of those papers now, Jane," she said, good naturedly. "Go down at once, and come back when you have had tea."

Whereupon the housemaid, duly grateful, left the room.

And now Lord Castletowers had only to speak. The coveted opportunity was his at last; but it was no sooner his than he lost his presence of mind, and found himself without a word to say.

Presently Olympia looked up, and spoke again.

"How hard a thing it is," said she, "to be a woman—a mere woman! How hard to sit down tamely, day after day, listening to the echoes of the battle-field—listening and waiting!"

"I am very glad you are listening from so safe a distance."

"And I pray that that distance may soon be lessened," she retorted, quickly. "We shall undoubtedly go to Genoa in the course of the next fortnight; and if my father crosses to Sicily, I do not mean to be left behind."

"But the Mediterranean swarms with Neapolitan war-steainers!" exclaimed the Earl.

Olympia smiled.

"Besides, of what service could you be when there? You will perhaps say that you can do hospital work, but the hospitals do not want you. Ten per cent of our volunteers are medical men, and I will venture to say that every woman in Sicily is a willing nurse."

"I would do any work that my head or hands could be trusted to perform," said she; whether it were at the desk or the bedside. Oh, that I could give my blood for the cause!"

"Men give their blood," replied the Earl; but women the tears that make death sweet, and the smiles that make victory worth achieving."

Olympia's lip curled scornfully.

"Our soldiers have nobler ends at stake than woman's smiles!" said she.

The Earl was in despair. Nothing that he had said seemed to find favour with Miss Colonna, and all this time the minutes were slipping away—the precious minutes for which there would be no recall.

"True friend to the cause as I am, Olympia," said he, desperately, "if I were to go out, it would be as much for your sake as for the sake of your country; but I hope you would not scorn my sword for that reason."

Miss Colonna was taken by surprise. She had never been blind to the young man's admi-

ration, but, having tacitly discouraged it for so long, she had taken it for granted that he would not venture on a declaration. Even now, though he had spoken words which could bear no other interpretation, she determined to put the taunt aside, and prevent him, if possible, from speaking more plainly. And yet her heart stirred strangely when he called her by her name!

"Yours is almost the only sword we should decline to enlist on any terms, Lord Castletowers," she replied, gravely. "You are an only son, and the last inheritor of a noble name. Your duties lie here."

"You would not think thus if I were an Italian?"

"Certainly not. I should then say that your first duty was to your country."

The Earl came and stood before her, pale and earnest, and not to be turned from his purpose.

"Hear me, Olympia," he said, passionately. "I love you, and you know that I love you. I have loved you for more than four years. I will not say that I have dared to hope. If I had hoped, I should not, perhaps, have kept silence so long, but I may have thought that you read my secret, and that silence might plead for me more eloquently than words. I know how heavy the chances are against me—I have weighed them all, long since. I know that he who would aspire to your hand must love your Italy as if he were a son of the soil, must throw in his fortunes with her fortunes, and deserve you through his devotion to her cause. I also know that the man who had done all this would only have fulfilled those primary conditions without which the humblest red-shirt in Garibaldi's wake would stand a better chance than himself. Am I not right?"

"Perfectly; but—"

"Do not reply yet, I implore you! You say that I have duties here. It is true; and I am prepared to fulfil them to the uttermost. I will settle this house and half my income on my mother for her life. All else that is mine, land, revenue, strength of body and will, personal influence, life itself, shall be Italy's. Your country shall be my country—your people, my people—your God, my God. Can I say more, except that I love you? That, deeply and dearly as I love you now, I believe from my soul I shall love you better still in years to come. In my eyes you will never be less young or less beautiful. Should sorrow or sickness come upon you, I will do all that man may do to cherish and comfort you. If you are in peril, I will die defending you. The love of my youth will be the love of my age; and what you are to me now, Olympia, whether you reject or accept me, that you will be till my last hour!"

He paused. His manner, even more than his words, had been intense and eager, and now that his passionate appeal was all poured out, he waited for his sentence.

And Olympia? Did she listen unmoved? She strove hard to do so; but she could not quite control the colour that came and went, or the tears that would not be stayed. One by one, as his pleading grew more earnest, they had slipped slowly over the dark lashes and down the oval cheek; and the Earl, who had never seen her shed a tear before, believed it one wild moment that his cause was won.

Her first words undeceived him.

"I am very sorry for this, Lord Castletowers," she said; and her voice, which was a little tremulous at first, became steady as she went on. "I would have given much that these words had never been spoken, for they are spoken in vain. I believe that you love me sincerely. I believe that I have never been so well loved—that I shall never be so well loved again; but—I cannot marry you."

"You will, at least, give me a reason?"

"To what end? That, you might combat it? Do not ask it, my lord. Nothing that I could tell, nothing that you could say, would alter my decision."

The Earl turned his face aside.

"This is cruel," he said. "I have not deserved it."

"Heaven knows that I do not mean it so," replied Olympia, quickly. "I should be more or

less than woman if I did not regret the loss of such a heart as yours."

"You have not lost it, Olympia," he replied, brokenly. "You will never lose it. With me, once is always."

She clasped her hands together, like one in pain.

"Oh, that it were not so!" she exclaimed.

"Are you, then, sorry for me?"

"Bitterly—bitterly!"

"And yet you cannot love me?"

Olimpia was silent.

Again the hope flashed upon him—again he broke into passionate pleading.

"I used to think once—madly, presumptuously, if you will—that you were not quite so indifferent to me as you have been of late. Was I mistaken in so thinking? Or is it possible that I have done anything to lessen your regard? Have I ever offended you? Or pained you? Or manifested my admiration too openly?"

"Never—never."

"Then, did you never care for me? For heaven's sake, tell me this before we part."

Olimpia became ashy pale and leaned upon the table, as if her strength were failing her.

"Lord Castletowers," she said, slowly, "you have no right to press me thus."

"Not when the happiness of my whole life is at stake? Give me but the shadow of a hope, and I will be silent!"

"I cannot."

The Earl put his hand to his forehead in a bewildered way.

"I don't seem as if I could believe it," he said. "But—if I only knew why, perhaps it would not be so hard to bear."

Miss Colonna looked down, and for some moments neither spoke nor stirred. At length she said:

"I will tell you why, Lord Castletowers, if you must know. It is possible that I may never marry, but if I do, it must be to one who can do more for Italy than yourself. Are you satisfied?"

The young man could not trust himself to speak. He only looked at her; and a dark expression came into his face—such an expression as Olympia had never seen it wear till that moment.

"Farewell," she said, almost imploringly, and put out her hand.

"Farewell," he replied, and, having held it for a moment in his own, disengaged it gently, and said no more.

She remembered afterwards how cold her own hand was, and how dry and hot was the palm in which it rested.

But a few moments later, and she was kneeling by her bedside in her own far-away chamber, silent and self-reliant no longer, but wringing her hands with a woman's passionate sorrow, and crying aloud:

"Oh, that he could have looked into my heart—that he could only have known how I love him!"

CHAPTER LV. AT ARM'S LENGTH.

There was no superfluous guest at Lady Castletowers' table, after all; for Miss Colonna excused herself on the plea of severe headache, and Signor Montecuculi opportunely filled her place. But the dinner proved an *effete manqué* notwithstanding. The Earl, though as host he strove to do his best, played the part languidly, and was bitterly sad at heart. Saxon, who had come in covered with dust and foam about five minutes before the dinner was served, looked weary and thoughtful, and all unlike his own joyous self. Giulio Colonna, full of Italian politics, was indisposed for conversation. And so, what with Olympia's absence, and what with that vague sense of discomfort inseparable from any kind of parting or removal, a general dreariness pervaded the table.

Miss Hatherton, however, was lively and talkative, as usual. Finding Saxon unwontedly silent, she consoled herself with the stranger, and questioned Signor Montecuculi about Sicily and Naples, Calatafimi, Palermo, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, to her heart's content.

In the meanwhile, Colonna, sitting at Lady

Castletowers' left hand, had been lamenting the non-fulfilment of certain of his plans.

"I had hoped," he said, in a low tone, "that something would have come of it ere this."

"And I had hoped it too, dear friend—for your sake," replied Lady Castletowers, benevolently.

"I had made certain that, knowing how unexpectedly we are called away, he would have spoken to-day; but, on the contrary, he ordered out his horse quite early, and has been in the saddle all day."

"That looks strange."

"Very strange. I wish to heaven we could have remained with you one week longer."

"But it is not too late to reverse your plans."

Colonna shook his head.

"I can no more reverse them," he said, "than I can reverse the order of the planets."

"Then leave Olympia with me. She is not fit to go up to town this evening."

"Thanks—I had already thought of that; but she is determined to accompany me."

To which the Countess, who was much more deeply interested in procuring Miss Hatherton's fortune for her son than in securing a wealthy bridegroom for the daughter of her friend, replied, "I am sorry, amico," and transferred her conversation to Mr. Walkingshaw.

But Colonna had not yet played his last card. When the ladies retired, he took the vacant seat at Saxon's right hand, and said:

"Our's is an abrupt departure, Mr. Trefalden; but I trust we shall see you in London."

Saxon bowed, and murmured something about obligation and kindness.

"You are yourself returning to town, I understand, the day after to-morrow."

Saxon believed he was.

"Then you must promise to come and see us."

You will find us, for at least the next fortnight, at the Portland Hotel; but after that time we shall probably be bending our steps towards Italy.

Saxon bowed again, and passed the decanters. Colonna began to see that there was something wrong.

"When friends wish to ensure a meeting," said he,—"and we *are* friends, I trust, Mr. Trefalden—their best plan is to make some definite appointment. Will you dine with us on Thursday at our hotel?"

"I am afraid—" began Saxon.

"Nay, that is an ominous beginning."

"I have been so long away from town," continued the young man, somewhat confusedly, "and shall have so many claims upon my time for the next few weeks, that I fear I must make no engagements."

Giulio Colonna was utterly confounded. But yesterday, and this young millionaire would have grasped at any straw of an invitation that might have brought him nearer to Olympia; and now—was he drawing off? Was he offended? He laid his hand on Saxon's arm, and, bending his most gracious smile upon him, said:

"I will not part from you thus, my dear sir. Those who serve my country serve me, and you have been so munificent a benefactor to our cause, that you have made me your debtor for life. I will not, therefore, suffer you to drop away into the outer ranks of mere acquaintanceship. I look upon you as a friend, and as a friend you must promise to break bread with me before I leave England."

Saxon would have given the best thoroughbred in his stables—nay, every horse that he possessed, and the mail phaeton into the bargain!—only to know at that moment how the Earl had prospered in his wooing. Being ignorant, however, on this point, he made the best reply he could, under the circumstances.

"I will dine with you, if I can, Signor Colonna," he said, bluntly. "At all events, I will call upon you at your hotel, but, until I know how I am situated with—with regard to other friends—I can say nothing more positive."

"Then I suppose I must try to be content," replied the Italian, pleasantly; but he felt that Saxon Trefalden was on his guard, and holding him at arm's length, and, in his heart, he cursed

the adverse power that instinct told him was at work against him.

Later in the evening, when they were all gone, and Lady Castletowers had retired, and Saxon remained the only guest in the house, the two young men went down to the smoking-salon—a large, comfortable room adjoining the library, and opening upon the same quiet garden.

"Well?" exclaimed Saxon, eagerly. "What speed?"

The Earl closed the door before replying, and then his answer was significant enough.

"None."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Trefalden, that the sooner that yacht is found and we are on the high seas, the better pleased I shall be. She has refused me."

Despite the claims of friendship and his own generous resolves, Saxon's heart gave a joyous bound.

"Refused you!" he said. "On what grounds?" The Earl flung himself into a chair.

"On patriotic grounds," he replied, gloomily.

"Do you mean because you are English?"

"No—nor yet because she does not love me, but because if she ever gives her hand in marriage, it must be to a man who can 'do more for Italy' than Gervase Wynnecliffe."

"Do more for Italy?" repeated Saxon, slowly.

"Ay—do you know what that means? Why, man, it means that Olympia Colonna, with all her beauty, purity, and pride of birth, will some day sell herself—sell herself, wrong her husband, and sacrifice me—for her country's sake! If I were as rich as you are, she would marry me. If you were to propose to her to-morrow, she would marry you. If you were old, ugly, ignorant—anything, in short, save a Bourbon or a Hapsburg—she would probably marry you all the same. And yet she loves me!"

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am as certain of it as that she lives and breathes."

"Did—did she admit it?"

"No—but she could not deny it. Besides, I saw it—I felt it. There are times when all men are clairvoyant; and I was clairvoyant then."

Saxon was silent.

"And this is patriotism!" ejaculated Castletowers, bitterly. I have heard it said that virtues carried to excess, become vices; but till now I never believed it. As for the Italian cause—I have been a true friend to it, Trefalden—a true and earnest friend, as you well know; but now—I hate it."

And he ground the words out slowly between his teeth, as if he meant them.

After this, they sat together with books and maps before them, planning many things, and talking far into the night.

CHAPTER LXI. GOING TO NORWAY.

We are going to Norway—Castletowers and I!"

The words were in Saxon's mouth all day long, and Saxon himself was living in a fever of preparation. The men at the Lrectheum took a good deal of languid interest in his plans, and were lavish of advice in the matter of Norwegian travel—especially those who had never crossed the Skager Rack in their lives. And Saxon was grateful for it all, buying everything that everybody recommended, and stocking himself in the wildest way with meat-cans, hermetically preserved game and fish, solid soups, ship's biscuit, wines, spirits and liqueurs, fishing-tackle, wading boots, patent tents, polyglot washing-books, Swedish and Norwegian grammars, dictionaries and vocabularies, pocket telescopes, pocket microscopes, pocket revolvers, waterproof clothing, and a thousand other snares of the like nature. Then, besides all these, he ordered a couple of nautical suits, and a gorgeous log-book bound in scarlet morocco, and secured by a Chubb's lock; for Saxon had scorned to hire his yacht—he had bought it, paid for it, christened it, and now meant to play the part of captain and owner thereof, under the due jurisdiction of a competent master.

In all this, Mr. Laurence Greatorex had made himself particularly useful and obliging, having

taken the trouble to go down with Saxon to Portsmouth for the purpose of introducing him to a ship-building acquaintance who happened, luckily, to be able to help them to the very thing of which they were in search. It was an American yacht, slight and graceful as an American beauty; and as her owner was anxious to sell, and Saxon was eager to buy, the bargain was soon concluded.

Then came the hiring of a competent master and crew; the shipping of Saxon's multitudinous stores; the trial trip round the Isle of Wight; and all the rest of those delightfully business-like preliminaries which make the game of yachting seem so much like earnest. And throughout the whole of this time, Mr. Greatorex—who, to do him justice, was really grateful to his benefactor, and anxious to serve him in any way not involving the repayment of a certain modest loan—posted backwards and forwards between London and Portsmouth, helped Saxon through innumerable commercial difficulties, and proved himself an invaluable adviser.

It was a busy time for Saxon. He had no leisure for regrets, and perhaps no overwhelming inclination to indulge in them either. What was his disappointment, after all, compared with the Earl's? A mere scratch beside a deep and deadly wound. Castletowers had loved Olympia Colonna for four long years—Saxon had been her slave for about as many weeks. Castletowers had confessed to him, in a manly, quiet way, and without the slightest semblance of affectation, that he believed he should never love any other woman—Saxon had no such conviction; but felt, on the contrary, that the best love of his life was yet to come. All these things considered, he was so grieved for his friend that he came to be almost ashamed of his own trouble—may, was somewhat ashamed to regard his disappointment in the light of a trouble. Olympia had never cared for him. She had cared for nothing but his wealth; and only for that on account of Italy. Miss Hatherton was right. She had spoken only the literal truth that day, when she compared him to the goose that laid the golden eggs. It was a humiliating truth; but, after all, was it not well for the goose to have escaped with only the loss of an egg or two? So Saxon tried to be philosophic; kept his secret to himself; hurried on the yachting preparations with a will; and set himself to efface Olympia's beautiful image from his heart as rapidly as possible.

At last all was ready. The yacht rode lightly at anchor in Portsmouth harbour, only waiting for her lord and master to embark; and Saxon, having made his last round of inspection and seen that everything was in order, from the glittering swivel-gun on the foredeck to the no less brilliant pots and pans in the cabin, was speeding up to London, to spend his last evening with William Trefalden.

"Isn't she a little beauty, Greatorex?" said he. It was the first word that had been spoken since they left Portsmouth.

"I'll tell you what it is, my dear boy," replied the banker, with that engaging familiarity to which so many of his West-end acquaintances had the bad taste to object, "the Albulia is just the tautest and trimmest little craft that ever scudded under canvas. If she had been built for you, you could not have had a better fit."

"I wonder what Castletowers will say when he sees her?"

"If he has but half the taste I give him credit for, he will endorse my verdict. Do you meet in London or Portsmouth?"

"In London, and go down together. We hope to weigh anchor about three o'clock in the afternoon."

"And you will be away—how long?"

"From two to three months."

Mr. Greatorex looked thoughtful, and lit a cigar.

"If I can be useful to you while you are out there, Trefalden, you know you may command me," said he. "I mean, if you have any stocks or shares that you want looked after, or any interest got in."

"Thank you very much," replied Saxon; but my cousin manages all those things for me."

"Tump! And you have no other lawyer?"

"Of course not."

"Would you think it impertinent if I ask how he has disposed of your property? Understand, my dear boy, that I don't want you to tell me if you had rather not; but I should like to know that Mr. Trefalden of Chancery-lane has done the best he can for you."

"Oh, you may take that for granted," said Saxon, warmly.

"We take nothing for granted, east of Temple Bar," replied Greatorex, dryly.

But of this observation his companion took no notice.

"More than half my money was left in the Bank of England," said he, "in government stock."

"Safe; but only three per cent," remarked the banker.

"And the rest is invested in—in a company."

"In what company?" asked Greatorex, quickly.

"Ah, that I may not tell you. It's a secret at present."

The banker looked very grave.

"I am sorry for that," he said.

"Don't be sorry. It's a magnificent enterprise—the grandest thing of the present half century, and a certain success. You'll hear all about it before long."

"Not the South Australian diamond mines, I hope?"

"No, no."

"Did Mr. Trefalden advise the investment?"

"Yes; and has put all his own money into it as well."

"That looks as if he had some faith in it."

"He has perfect faith in it. He is the company's lawyer, you see, and knows all about it."

"And who are the directors?"

"Well, I believe I am one of them," laughed Saxon.

"And the rest?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"But you have met them on board-days?"

"Never. I don't think there have been any board-days at present."

The banker shook his head.

"I don't like it," said he. "I tell you frankly, my dear boy, I don't like it."

"I really see no reason why you should dislike it," replied Saxon.

Mr. Greatorex smoked for some time in silence, and made no reply. After that, the conversation went back to the yacht; and then they talked about Norway, and salmon-fishing, and a thousand other topics connected with the voyage, till they shook hands at parting, on the platform of the London terminus.

"I wish, upon my soul, Trefalden, that you would entrust me with the name of that company," said the banker, earnestly.

"I cannot."

"It would enable me to keep an eye on your interests while you are away."

"You are most kind," replied Saxon; but I have promised to keep the secret faithfully, and I mean to do so. Besides, I have absolute confidence in my cousin's discretion."

The city man shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"To tell you the blunt truth, my dear fellow," said he, "I would not trust William Trefalden one inch farther than I could see him. There—don't look at me as if I were proposing to blow up the Houses of Parliament. It is a rude thing to say, no doubt; but I am not the only man living who is of that opinion. I don't like William Trefalden. Perhaps you will say that I have good reason to dislike him—and so I have; but that is not it. I am not speaking now from my prejudice, but through my regard for you. You did a very friendly thing by us, in spite of your cousin; and I should rejoice to do something for you in return."

"Also in spite of my cousin, I suppose," replied Saxon, half in jest, and more than half in anger. "No, I thank you, Mr. Greatorex. You mean well, I am sure; but you cannot serve me in this matter—unless by dismissing an unjust prejudice from your mind."

"Wilful man—et cetera? Well, then, Trefalden, good-bye, and bon voyage."

"Good-bye, Mr. Greatorox."
And so they parted.

CHAPTER LVII. A DINNER TETE-A-TETE.

For the first time since he had come into his fortune, Telemachus had succeeded in persuading Mentor to take dinner with him. He had invited him to gorgeous club dinners, to Richmond dinners, to Blackwall dinners, to snug tête-à-tête dinners at the St. James's-street chambers, and Mentor had systematically and inflexibly declined them, one and all. So the present was quite an eventful occasion; and Telemachus, who had become rather famous for the way in which he entertained his friends, had provided a very recherché little dinner, in honour of his cousin's society.

They met at Saxon's chambers, in St. James's-street. There were flowers on the table, and various kinds of wine in and out of ice on the side-board, and a succession of the most delicate courses that the most fastidious gourmand could desire. These latter, being supplied by a first-rate house in the neighbourhood, kept continually arriving in cabs, so that the poet was literally right for once, on each dish came "not as a meat, but as a guest."

"Education is a wonderful thing, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, when the business of the meal was over, and they were amusing themselves with some peaches and a pine. "The last time you and I dined together, it was at Reichenu. You were then very much surprised because I would not let you drink Lafitte and water, and you had never tasted truffles. You called them "nasty black things," if I remember rightly."

"And now I can discriminate between white Hermitage and Château Yquem, and appreciate, as I ought, the genius of the Greeks, who made sixty-two kinds of bread!"

"I fear your newly acquired wisdom will be of little use to you in Norway. By the way, you owe me five hundred and sixty pounds."

"What for?"

"For eight oil paintings worth about two pounds apiece."

And then Mr. Trefalden, laughing at his cousin's astonishment, told him that he had purchased these pictures from Mrs. Rivière.

"I have called upon them twice or thrice," he said, "and each time I have freely paid away your good coin of the realm. I bought four pictures the first time, two the second, and so forth. They seemed very poor, and very glad to get the money."

"They are not more glad than I am," said Saxon. "When did you see them last?"

"About four or five days ago. They were then just starting for Italy, and are by this time, I suppose, on the way upon the road. The mother looked ill. She is not in the least like our friend Lady Castletowers."

"To what part of Italy are they gone?"

"To Nice; where I am to write to them, in case I hear of a purchaser for any more of the paintings. Shall I hear of a purchaser, or do you conceive that you have thrown away enough money for the present?"

"Find the purchaser, by all means," replied Saxon. "Five hundred and sixty pounds are soon spent."

"Out of your purse—yes; but such a sum is a little fortune in theirs."

"I want them to have a hundred a year," said Saxon.

"Which means that our imaginary connoisseur is to spend two thousand pounds. My good fellow, they would never believe it!"

"Try them. It is so easy to believe in pleasant impossibilities."

"Well, I will see what I can do—after all, they are but women, and women are credulous."

"Don't you think they are very pretty?" asked Saxon, somewhat irrelevantly.

To which Mr. Trefalden, holding his wineglass to the light, replied, with great indifference:

"Why, no—not particularly."

"She is like a Raffaele Madonna!" said Saxon, indignantly.

"Perhaps—but I am no admirer of Madonnas. Olympia Colonna is ten times handsomer."

Saxon was silent.

"Have you seen the Colonnas since they left Castletowers?" asked Mr. Trefalden, looking at him somewhat curiously.

"No—I have not had time to call upon them. And now tell me something about the Company."

Mr. Trefalden had a great deal to tell about the Company—about the offices that were in course of erection at Alexandria and Sidon; about the engineers who were already at work upon the line; about the scientific party that had started for Hitt, in search of the hoped-for coal strata; about the deputation that was on its way to Bagdad; and, above all, about the wonderful returns that every shareholder might expect to receive in the course of some six or eight years more.

"If I were not bound for Norway," said Saxon, "I would take a trip up the Mediterranean, to inspect the works and report progress."

"It would scarcely repay you at present," replied his cousin. "A year hence there will be more to see. And now farewell to you."

Saxon saw his cousin to the door, and parted from him with reluctance. A few months back he would have kissed him on both cheeks, as on the evening when they first met in Switzerland; but civilisation had rubbed off the bloom of his Arcadianism by this time, and he refrained.

He had scarcely returned to his room, scarcely rung for lights and seated himself at his desk with the intention of writing a few leave-taking notes, and arranging his scattered papers, when he heard a cab dash up to the door, a hasty foot-step in the ante-room, and a familiar voice asking if he were at home. The next moment Lord Castletowers was in the room.

"You here to-night!" exclaimed Saxon. "Has anything happened?"

"Only this," replied his friend. "Colonna is summoned to Palermo, and must go. He had intended to cross to Sicily from Genoa; but some cabal is on foot, and he has been warned that he is liable to arrest if seen in any French or Sardinian port. Now I come to ask if you will take him over?"

"To Sicily?"

"Yes—round by Gibraltar. It is Colonna's only safe route; and we could steer northwards as soon as we had landed our man. Do you mind doing this?"

"Not in the least. I would as soon sail in one direction as another—nay, I had far sooner steer southward than northward, if that be all!"

"Then it is settled?"

"Quite—if Signor Colonna will meet us at Portsmouth to-morrow. But I thought you hated the cause, Castletowers, and would do no more for it!"

The Earl smiled sadly.

"One may quarrel with liberty as often as Horace with Lydia," said he; "but one can no more help coming back to her than one can help loving her."

CHAPTER LVIII. SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Day by day the Albuia spread her white wings and skimmed like a sea-bird over the face of the waters. The picturesque Channel Isles; the cloudy cliff of Finisterre; the rock of Gibraltar, blinding white in the glare of the midday sun; Mount Abyla, shadowy and stupendous, standing out from the faint line of the African coast; the far peaks of the Sierra Nevada; and the Spanish islands, green with groves of orange and citron, rose one by one out of the blue sea, glided past, and sank away again in the distance. Sometimes no land was visible on either side. Sometimes the little vessel sped along so close under the lee of the wooded headlands, that those on board could hear the chiming of the convent-bells, and the challenge of the sentinels pacing the ramparts of the sea-washed forts. But for the most part they kept well off the shore, steering direct for Sicily. And all this time the two friends mainly lived on deck acquiring nautical knowledge, growing daily more and more intimate, and leaving Signor Colonna to fill page after page of close and crabbed manuscript in the cabin below. It was a delicious time. The days were all splendour and the nights all stars, and the travellers slept to the pleasant music of the waves.

"Lend me your glass, Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers. "I want to look at that steam frigate. I can't make out her flag."

They had been several days at sea, and were within about eighteen hours' sail of Palermo. A faint blue headland far away to the left marked the southernmost point of the island of Sardinia; while straight ahead, trailing a banner of pale smoke behind her, came the frigate that had attracted Lord Castletowers' attention.

"She seems to be coming our way," said Saxon.

"She is bearing right down upon us," replied the Earl. "And she carries guns—I don't quite like the look of her."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do."

And Lord Castletowers went to the top of the cabin stairs and called to Colonna to come up.

"I want you just to glance at this steamer through Trefalden's glass," said he. "Will you mind giving your pen a moment's rest?"

"Not at all," replied the Italian; and came at once on deck.

His brow darkened at sight of the approaching steamer. He took the glass; adjusted the focus; looked for some ten seconds silently and steadily; and returned it with but a single word of comment.

"Neapolitan?"

"Good God!" exclaimed Castletowers, "what is to be done?"

Signor Colonna hesitated a moment before replying; but when his words came, they were quick and decisive.

"If the captain has a motive in bearing down upon us, I am the object of his search. But he cannot be alongside for at least ten minutes. I will hide my papers at once. If Mr. Trefalden will lend me one of his pilot coats, and you will both call me Sir Thomas Wyld, I have no fear of detection. I speak English quite well enough to deceive any Neapolitan. I have done it before, in worse emergencies than this. Remember—Sir Thomas Wyld. I have a passport made out in that name, in case it is asked for."

And with this he plunged back into the cabin; gathered his letters and papers into a handkerchief and hid them in a corner of the caboose; slipped on one of Saxon's blue over-coats gorgeous with anchor buttons; lit a short clay pipe; pulled his cap a little forward over his brow; lay down at full length on a sofa in the cabin; and waited patiently.

"She has signalled for us to lie to!" cried Lord Castletowers down the cabin stairs.

"Lie to, then, by all means."

"And her captain seems to be coming on board."

"He is very welcome."

Lord Castletowers smiled, in spite of his anxiety.

"That man is as cool as an iceberg," said he to Saxon. "And yet he knows he will be swinging from the topmost tower of St. Elmo within forty-eight hours, if these people recognise him!"

And now the great frigate towered alongside the tiny yacht, frowning down with all her port-holes, and crowded with armed men.

A ladder was then lowered over the ship's side, and the Neapolitan commander and one of his officers came on board.

The Neapolitan was perfectly polite, and apologised for his intrusion with the best-bred air in the world. He requested to know the name and destination of the yacht, the name of her owner, and the names of all persons on board.

Lord Castletowers, who assumed the office of spokesman, replied in fluent Italian. The name of the yacht was the Albuia; she was the property of Mr. Trefalden, who was cruising in the Mediterranean with his friends Lord Castletowers and Sir Thomas Wyld. They had no object whatever in view, save their own pleasure, and could not say in what direction they might be going. Probably to Athens. Quite as probably to Constantinople or Smyrna. Their passports were at the signor capitano's disposition, should he desire to see them.

The signor capitano bowed, and inquired if Milord Trefalden had any intention of landing in Sicily.

The Earl replied that Mr. Trefalden would probably put in at Marsala for fresh water.

"Milord carries no arms, no gunpowder, no munitions of war?"

"Only the brass swivel which the signor capitano perceives on deck, and its appurtenances."

The Neapolitan explained that he was under the necessity of requesting permission to glance into the hold, which was accordingly opened for his inspection. He then asked leave to see the cabin, and went down, accompanied by Trefalden and Castletowers, leaving his lieutenant on deck.

"Our friend Sir Thomas Wyld," said the Earl, with an introductory wave of the hand.

Colonna, who was still lying on the sofa, with his pipe in his mouth, and an "old Times" supplement in his hand, lifted up his head at these words, rose lazily, made a very stiff bow, and said nothing. The Neapolitan commander returned the bow, made some pleasant remark on the gentleness of the pretty little cabin, and again apologised for the trouble he had given.

The present insurrection, he explained, compelled his Majesty's government to keep strict watch upon all vessels sailing towards Sicily. It was not an agreeable service for the officers of his Majesty's navy; but it was a very necessary one. He believed that he had now but one duty left to perform. He must trouble milords to hear him read a little proclamation containing the description of one Giulio Colonna, a noted political offender, for whose apprehension his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies offered a reward of two thousand piastres. The said Giulio Colonna, he might add, was supposed to be even now on his way to Palermo.

He then drew a paper from his pocket-book, and, removing his hat, read aloud in the name of his sovereign a very minute and accurate inventory of Signor Colonna's outward man, describing his eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, hair, beard, moustache, height, and complexion; to all of which Signor Colonna listened with a placid composure that might have deceived Mephistopheles himself.

"What is all that about?" said he in English, when the officer had finished reading. "I do not understand Italian, you know."

Saxon could hardly forbear laughing outright, while Castletowers gravely translated the proclamation for the benefit of the supposed Sir Thomas.

Colonna smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. "Pshaw!" said he. "A hopeless quest. They might as well try to catch a swallow on the wing!"

Whereupon the Signor capitano, understanding the tone and gesture, though not the words, drew himself up, and replied, with some little assumption of dignity, that the man in question was a notorious traitor, and certain to fall into the hands of justice before long.

He then left the cabin somewhat less graciously than he had entered it, and Lord Castletowers, following him upon deck, took occasion to apologise for his friend.

"Sir Thomas is brusque," he said; "but then the English *are* brusque."

To which the Neapolitan replied by a well-turned compliment to himself, and took his leave. He then returned to his ship, followed by his lieutenant; the ladder was drawn up; final salutations were exchanged; the steam frigate hove off with a fiery panting at her heart; and in a few minutes the strip of blue sea between the two vessels had widened to the space of half a mile.

"Hurra!" shouted the Earl. "Come up, Sir Thomas Wyld, and join me in three cheers for Francesco Secondo! You are safely past Scylla this time."

"And Charybdis," replied Colonna, divesting himself of Saxon's blue coat, and answering from below. "Do you know why I did not come on deck?"

"No."

"Because I caught a glimpse of that lieutenant's face as he jumped on board."

"Do you know him?"

"Perfectly. His name is Galeotti. He used

to profess liberalism a dozen years ago; and he was my secretary in Rome in forty-eight."

CHAPTER LIX. PALERMO.

A gigantic curve of rippling blue sea—an irregular crescent of amber sand, like a golden scimitar laid down beside the waves—a vast area of cultivated slopes, rising terrace above terrace, plateau beyond plateau, all thick with vineyards, villas, and corn-slopes—here and there a solitary convent with its slender bell-tower peeping over the tree-tops—great belts of dusky olives, and, higher still, dense coverts of chestnut and ilex—around and above all, circling in the scene from point to point, an immense amphitheatre of mountains, all verdure below, all barrenness above, whose spurs strike their roots into the voluptuous sea, and whose purple peaks stand in serrated outline against the soft blue sky.

"The bay of Palermo!"

Such was the exclamation that burst from the lips of the two younger men as the Albula rounded the headland of St. Gallo about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following their encounter with the Neapolitan frigate. Colonna, who had been waiting on deck for the last hour, silent and expectant, held out his arms, as if he would fain have embraced the glorious panorama, and murmured something which might have been a salutation or a prayer.

"Yes, the bay of Palermo!" repeated Lord Castletowers, with enthusiasm. "The loveliest bay in Europe, let the Neapolitan say what he will! That furthest point is Cefala—here is the Monte Pellegrino, crowned with the shrine of Santo Rosalia—yonder, in that mountain gorge, lies Monreale; and this part which we are now passing is called the Colca d'Oro. See, there are the domes of Palermo already coming into sight!"

"And there," said Colonna, pointing to a flag flapping languidly from the battlements of a little tower close down upon the strand, "there, Heaven be praised, is the tricolor of Italy!"

To be continued.

ADDRESSES NOT REJECTED.

Odd addresses of letters passing through the Post Office have occasionally found publicity. We present our readers with a few that have not heretofore been in print; we should add that a district office in London, England, had the honour of sending them to their destination:—

"Guys hospital Charity
Ward day nurse from
No 6 with a bad ankle."

"Missis Carr to be left
at Mister Leshmar
sent telrs gersery."

We venture to assert that Mr. Leshmar *Saint Hiliers, Jersey*, may congratulate himself upon this missive reaching him:

"To Mrs. Dinis Mahony Grayhound
Fullum fields Vollum Green or There Abouts."
If any person amongst our readers knows anything of the extreme western portion of London, they may perhaps identify an old friend in *Fulham fields or Walham green*.

We hope the following did not go astray:

"For Henry Mercor
Queen Victoria Steem Ship
No 1 Transport Malt or
on Ealus ware."

We trust the "good ship" was at *Malta*, for we certainly despair of the letter having reached the "elsewhere."

It will be remembered that Sam Weller ended his valentine with a verse, and so we'll conclude with one poetical specimen; the writer, (it will be observed from the italics,) has taken great care to blend the useful with the ornamental:—

"To Miss Bayman at Romford this letter's consigned,
Mr. Postman make haste and convey it;
A confectioner's shop in the market you'll find,
So pray do no longer delay it;
But hasten with speed,
And bear it away;
The postage is settled,
There's nothing to pay."

STEEL PENS.

STEEL pens for writing were first made in England by Mr. Wise in 1803. For a considerable time they were manufactured with flat checks, and a patent was taken out for them in this form in 1812. Dr. Wollaston's rhodium pen, and the iridium pen of others, were both flat. About the year 1824, Mr. Perry began to make steel pens on an improved plan, and, six years after, they were manufactured in Birmingham, where some of the largest and finest steel pen establishments are now flourishing. At first they were neither good nor cheap. Pens very inferior to those we now buy at a shilling a gross, were displayed ostentatiously on cardboard squares, and sold at half a crown a dozen. Many large fortunes were made, and numberless patents were taken out. Every possible shape and quality became the subject of a patent, and not half of those proposed were ever manufactured. A pen-maker, who was fast becoming a millionaire, once showed a friend a collection of patented pens, which he had never made nor intended to make. "I buy the designs and models," he said, "of the designers. Then I patent them, and put them to bed. They are well worth manufacturing; indeed, many of them are better than anything in the market. But if I were to bring them out, they would only damage the sale of those I am producing by the million, while I should be at the cost of new machinery. So I let them sleep on; and if I do not wake them, no one else, you see, can." This was a trait of commercial policy well deserving consideration in connection with the subject of patents.

Swedish iron is said to be the best material for pens. It is converted into steel on the old plan in a furnace, or by the new process of Mr. Bessemer, and subsequently hardened by tilling, casting into ingots, and rolling it into thin sheets. The consumption of steel in this way is enormous. As much as four and twenty years ago, it amounted to 120 tons annually, and was equivalent to about two hundred millions of pens. This quantity is now greatly increased in consequence of the penny postage, and the improvements in steel pen manufacture. Some idea of it may be gathered from the fact, that pens may now be bought by the trade at fourpence a gross, the box included, and that there are houses which produce twenty, thirty, and even fifty thousand pens daily throughout the year. The art of pen-making has never been brought to greater perfection than in the manufacture of lithographic "crowquill" steel pens. They are very small, as the term indicates, and are adapted to the finest shading. Their chief use is in lithographic ink on "transfer paper," which has the remarkable property of discharging all its inked lines on the stone, so as to make a complete transfer of the writing or drawing.

The process by which steel pens are made is too long and complicated to be described in this place; but there is one step in it which particularly strikes every visitor of a Birmingham or Sheffield factory. After a great deal of hard treatment they have undergone in the rolling-mill and the cutting-press, in the punching, slitting, and curving, in the oven and the cylinder, the pens have acquired a disagreeable roughness, which must be removed. For this purpose they are put into huge tin cans with a quantity of sawdust. The cans are made to revolve rapidly by steam, and the pens cleanse and smooth each other by friction, while the sawdust takes up all the impurities disengaged. Thus Hallam used to say that the form and gloss, the picturesque of man and man, are merged and ground in the social mill of great cities, where we are all unconsciously employed in rubbing down each other's angles.

He that gets out of debt, grows rich.
When all sins grow old, covetousness is young.
A cool mouth and warm feet live long.
Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.
He loseth nothing, that loseth not God.
Quick believers need broad shoulders

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

APPLE JELLY.—Cut in quarters six dozen fall plppins, take out all the cores, put them in a pan, just cover them with cold water and place them on the fire. Let them boil until the apples become quite soft, when drain them upon a sieve, catching the liquor in a basin, which passes through a clean jelly bag. Then weigh out one pound of sugar to every pint of liquor. Boil the sugar separately until it is almost a candy; then mix the liquor with it and boil, keeping it skimmed until the jelly falls from the skimmer in thinsheets; then take it away from the fire, put it in small jars, and let it stand a day until quite cold, when tie paper over and put it by till wanted.

GRAPE JELLY.—Pluck the grapes from the bunches, choosing only such as are perfectly sound and ripe. Scald them slightly by heating in a porcelain or brass kettle, and place them in a jelly-bag to drain, first crushing the skin so as to allow the juice to exude. To make the best jelly the bag should not be pressed, but the juice allowed to drain slowly without pressure. To one pint of juice add a pint of white sugar, heat till dissolved, and the mixture comes to boil. Pour into tumblers, sealing them over with white paper smeared with the white of egg (which will make the paper stick to the glass,) and place in the sun till made.

USE OF BONES FOR SOUP.—If the stock meat happen to be devoid of bone, it is necessary to supply the deficiency; but, with the exercise of common forethought there ought to be plenty of bone liquor in every kitchen. It is not simply for its gelatinous quality that bone liquor is desirable, for neither is it merely economical, although in the latter view the saving is not inconsiderable. But bones contain mineral substances that are as essential to the strength of the frame as any other description of nourishment. In order to extract the full amount of value from bones, they should be broken into as many pieces as practicable, and boiled in a digester for nine hours.

Again, with regard to vegetables. Something beyond an agreeable flavour is given to soup by their addition. Carrots, turnips, &c., contain a large quantity of potash, by the exclusion of which from our food it would be easy to create unsightly skin complaints. On this account the water in which such vegetables are boiled should not be thrown down the sink.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Take a large fresh cabbage and cut out the heart. Fill the place with a stuffing made of cooked chicken or veal, chopped very fine and highly seasoned, rolled into balls with the yolk of an egg. Then tie the cabbage firmly together, and boil in a covered kettle for two hours. It makes a very delicious dish, and is often useful for using small pieces of cold meat.

OATMEAL CUSTARD.—Take two table-spoonsful of the finest Scotch oatmeal; beat it up into a sufficiency of cold water in a basin to allow it to run freely. Add to it the yolk of a fresh egg, well worked up, have a pint of scalding new milk on the fire, and pour the oatmeal mixture into it, stirring it round with a spoon, so as to incorporate the whole. Add sugar to your taste, and throw in a glass of sherry to the mixture with a little grated nutmeg. Pour it into a basin, and take it warm in bed. It will be found very grateful and soothing in cases of cold orchills. Some persons scald a little cinnamon in the milk they use for the occasion.

DELICIOUS DRESSING FOR ROAST FOWLS.—Spread pieces of stale but tender wheaten bread liberally with butter, and season rather high with salt and pepper, working them into the butter; then dip the bread in wine, and use it in as large pieces as is convenient to stuff the bird. The delicious flavour which the wine gives is very penetrating, and it gives the fowl a rich gamey character, which is very pleasant.

EGG SOUP.—Make a rich custard; instead of sweetening, season with salt, pepper and savory herbs. Melt a lump of butter—a piece as large as a walnut, to every quart.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behcad a valuable product of our fields, and leave something necessary to make it grow, which again behcaded leaves the action necessary to make use of it; behcad again, and a proposition is left.
2. Behcad a spicy production, and leave a young lady's day dream.
3. Behcad a tropical grain, and leave what navigators avoid.
4. Behcad a clear substance, and leave one not easily understood, which again behcaded, indicates one with little understanding.

REBUS.

1 Five letters compose me, a wonderful dame,
Read backwards or forwards, I still am the same.
Behcad me, and lo! you behold in one view,
A man we've all heard of, but none of us knew.
Then cut off my tail and again will remain,
A name which reads backwards and forwards the same.
Replacing my head and removing a tail,
Shows a state we would none of us choose, I'll go bail.
Remove my two heads, and replace my two ends,
And over my body the cataract tends.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

BGTAURRPAOOIEH, a person of some conceit.
GILLLEEB, a check upon curiosity.
QUEERRATSO, composed of solid and liquid.
DUNEARANILVIT, not celebrated for strength.

CHARADES.

- 1 My first will a type of stupidity name,
My second is only two-thirds of the same,
My third scorn and shun it,
For some who've begun it,
No'er stopped till my whole they became.
2. I am a word of ten letters. My 6, 7, 3, 9, 5, represents a town in any country; my 8, 2, 6, 7, is one of the twelve patriarchs; my 1, 10, 2, is an insect; my 2, 6, 5, is a portion of the day; my 7, 4, 3, is what no one desires to be; my 6, 10, 7, 3, is an article of dress worn by ladies; and my whole is the name of a town in British America.

ENIGMA.

With monks and with hermits I chiefly reside,
From courts and from camps at a distance:
The ladies, who no'er could my presence abide,
To banish me join their assistance.
I sometimes offend, yet oft show respect
To the patriot, preacher, or peer;
Yet sometimes, alas! a sad mark of neglect,
And a proof of contempt I appear.
I once, as an eminent poet records,
Was pleased with the nightingale's song;
Yet often am known to leave ladies and lords,
And wander with thieves all night long.
At the bed of the sick I'm frequently seen,
And I always attend on the dead;
With patient submission I sit on the ground,
And when talked of, am instantly fled.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., No. 12.

Acrostic.—Solon. 1. Stephen. 2. Orion. 3. Luther. 4. Otho. 5. Newton.
Puzzle.—1. Fill the 3 gallon measure and empty it in the 5 gal.—fill again the 3 gal., and fill up the 5 gal.—1 gallon will then remain in the 3 gal.—pour the 5 gal. back again into the cask, then empty the gallon in the 3 gal. into the 5 gal., and fill again the 3 gal.—it is then divided—4 gallons out and 1 in the cask.
2. From six take ix leaves s
" ix take x leaves t
" xi take L leaves x
Six remains
3. This proposition admits of several solutions; we give one of those forwarded by the propounder.
 $75 + 24 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} = 100.$

ENIGMA.—1. Hannab. 2. Live, Evil, Veil, Levi, Vile.
CHARADES.—1. Cab-man. 2. Bel-fry.
ANAGRAMS.—1. Charades. 2. Punishment. 3. Crinoline. 4. Universal suffrage. 5. Impatient. 6. Determination. 7. Ireland. 8. Do haste sell your wife.
TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Callisthenics. 2. Compass. 3. The Intercolonial Railway. 4. Brown's Bronchial Troches.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—1st 10 & 4. 2nd 84.

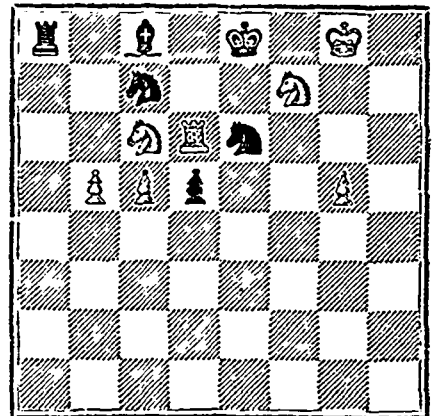
The following answers have been received:
Acrostic.—Ellen Amelia; Q. E. D.; H.; Nemo; Cloud; H. H. V.; Query; Fanny D.
Puzzles.—1st. Nemo; Grocer; H.; Ellen Amelia; W. H. B.; Bones. 2nd. D-v-s; Nemo; H. H. V.; Query; Fanny D. 3rd. H.; Clío; W. H. B.; D-v-s.
Enigma.—1st. Nemo; H.; Ellen Amelia; Q. E. D. 2nd. Q. E. D.; J. H. D.; Ellen Amelia; Artist; H.; Nemo; W. H. B.
Anagrams.—The whole or part; Q. E. D.; Ellen Amelia; H. H. V.; H.; Query; Fanny D.
Transpositions.—Nemo; Ellen Amelia; Q. E. D.; J. H. D.; H. H. V.; Cloud; Query.
Arithmetical Questions.—Both; W. H. B.; C. H. W.; Nemo; H. H. V. 2nd. Ellen Amelia; Artist; Q. E. D.; J. H. D.; Cloud.
The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last week's issue. Camp; Geo. Massey.

CHESS.

THE match between the Quebec and Montreal Chess Clubs, referred to in our last issue, has terminated largely in favour of the former Club. The score shewing Quebec 11; Montreal 6, and one game drawn.
We presume our readers will have observed that a misplacement of the type occurred in our last week's Problem. Kings should be substituted for Queens, and vice versa.

PROBLEM No. 2.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 4 moves.
We give below a game played by two Montreal amateurs. White giving the odds of Queens Rook.

KING'S GAMBIT.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 P. to K. 4th. | P. to K. 4th. |
| 2 P. to K. B. 4th. | Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 3 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. | P. to Q. 3rd. |
| 4 K. B. to Q. B. 4th. | Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th. |
| 5 Castles. | B. takes Kt. |
| 6 Q. takes B. | Q. Kt. to Q. 5th. |
| 7 Q. to K. 3rd. | Q. Kt. takes Q. B. P. |
| 8 Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. | K. Kt. to K. R. 3rd. |
| 9 Q. takes Kt. | Q. to K. R. 5th. |
| 10 B. to Kt. 6th. (ch.) | P. to Q. B. 3rd. |
| 11 B. takes P. (ch.) | K. to Q. sq. |
| 12 B. to Q. 4th. | K. to Q. B. sq. |
| 13 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. | Kt. to Kt. 5th. |
| 14 P. to K. R. 3rd. | Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 15 P. to Q. 3rd. | B. takes B. |
| 16 P. takes P. | B. takes P. |
| 17 B. takes P. | K. to K. 2nd. |
| 18 Q. to Q. 2nd. | K. R. to K. sq. |
| 19 Kt. to K. 4th.* | P. to K. R. 2nd. |
| 20 Q. to Q. R. 6th. (ch.) | R. to Q. R. 2nd. |
| 21 B. to K. Kt. 3rd. | P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. |
| 22 Q. to Q. R. 5th. | Q. to K. R. 4th. |
| 23 B. takes P. | B. takes B. |
| 24 Kt. takes B. | K. R. to K. 2nd. |
| 25 Kt. to K. B. 5th. | K. R. to K. 4th. |
| 26 Kt. to Q. 6th. | Q. R. to K. 2nd. |
| 27 Q. to Q. R. 6th. | Q. R. to Q. B. 2nd. |
| 28 Q. to Q. R. 5th. (ch.) | N. to K. 2nd. |
| 29 B. takes P. (ch.) | K. takes Kt. |
| 30 Q. to Q. 8th. (ch.) | K. to Q. 4th. |
| 31 Q. takes B. (ch.) | K. to Q. 5th. |
| 32 B. to K. B. 4th. (ch.) | K. takes P. at W. Q. 5th. |
| 33 Q. to Q. 7th. (ch.) | K. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 34 P. to Q. Kt. 4th. | |
- Mate.

*Threatening to win, exchange by Kt. takes P. then ch. with B., which would win Queen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTIST.—The article will appear in an early issue.

NEW.—We refer you to the present number.
 CHAS. H. S.—Did you receive our letter? Your communications are to hand. Please forward No. 3 at once.

S. J.—It is a matter of taste, but we much prefer the good old Saxon word "mother."

BLANK.—Is "Blank" a candidate for Beaufort? Had we supposed that the refusal to print his brilliant effusions in the READER would have been attended with such serious results, we might have hesitated ere committing his unmitigated doggerel to the flames. As it is, will Blank understand that any future communications of a similar character will be consigned unread to the waste basket? If he has anything to say, let him say it sensibly—if he can—for we have no taste for madness without a spice of "method" in it.

F. B. D.—We cannot decipher your first problem; the second appeared in one of our earliest issues. Will you be good enough to re-write the first, and forward it with the solution appended.

The verses are not carefully written, many of the lines being faulty in metre. We append two of the best stanzas.

A strange light illumines her sparkling blue eye,
 Death, and its terrors serenely defying;
 I've mark'd it of old when she gazed at the sky,
 As though she saw further—she does now she's dying.

The day is fast waning—the winds are at rest,
 The happy birds homeward are lazily flying;
 The sun will soon sink in the gold tinted west,
 And like the day—calmly—our darling is dying.

J. R. CLERE.—Please accept our thanks—will be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

H. J., QUEBEC.—Your communication is to hand—we trust an additional "s" will not be needed.

W. H.—To obtain the value in gold of, say \$500 in greenbacks, multiply by the gold value of \$1, which, supposing the current discount to be 32 per cent, will be .68. \$500 multiplied by .68 give \$340, the value in gold. To obtain the equivalent in greenbacks for any given sum in gold divide by the gold value of \$1.00, and the quotient will give the equivalent. Reversing the example above—\$340 gold, divided by .68 give \$500, value in greenbacks.

SERVICES.—You can obtain the information you require from any good Encyclopedia.

VERITAS.—Declined with thanks.

CANADA.—The Canadian National Song has yet to be written. Many, probably, will write patriotic verses worthy of a place in the literature of the country; but some day the happy inspiration will come, and the hearts of the people will thrill with a soul stirring song which they will instinctively claim as their own. Who would not be writer? We have only space for one stanza of the song you forward.

Ring forth the blessing of peace through our border,
 May demagogues cease to create false alarms;
 The star of our ancestors frowns on disorder,
 "God and right" is our watchword, our shield is his arm.

While the banner of freedom waves o'er our fathers,
 May their mantle encircle us, over the sea,
 And their valorous sons when the war cloud foregathers,

Be ready, eye ready to claim victory,
 Ready, eye ready! devoted and steady,
 Canadians will guard their honour with pride.
 We have wreathed many laurels around us already
 "God and right" is our watchword—in it we confide.

R. S.—If you have any doubt on the subject, you had better obtain legal advice.

ONE of Theodore Hook's friends was an enthusiast on the subject of grammar; a badly-constructed sentence, or a false quantity, inflicted as much pain on his sense of hearing as a false note in music does on the ear of a musician. Theodore Hook said of his grammatician, "If anything could cause his ghost to return after death, it would be a grammatical error in the inscription on his tombstone."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FROM a report on the subject we learn that the signals on an English railway forty miles long costs as much as £3,000, and that the complicated ones at the chief stations of a great railway cost about £2,000.

A curious invention has been provisionally patented by Mr. E. S. Jones, of Liverpool, according to which he proposes to compress air into suitable chambers, conveniently stored in various parts of ships. The compression may be effected when the ship is in port, in order that it may be available when required in cases of emergency.

It is stated in the *Lancet* that Mr. Bitot has proposed perchloride of iron as a cure for cancer. The French *savant* considers that this salt is a specific remedy, and that its action is somewhat similar to that of iodine in cases of scrofula.

LARGE discoveries of plumbago are stated to have been made in the inland districts of the Cape of Good Hope. A sample of eight bags has already been shipped to England, in order to test its value in the home market.

At the Birmingham Industrial Exhibition the first prize was awarded to Mr. Peter Gaskell, the inventor and patentee of the cab indicator, which shows the distance the cab goes, and the amount the passengers have to pay.

TO DESTROY RATS.—The appended method is said to be an excellent means of destroying rats in a house.—"Oil of amber and oxgall mixed in equal parts, added to thin oatmeal and flour sufficient to form a paste; divide into little balls, and lay in the middle of the apartment infested. These balls will form an irresistibly attractive bait for the rats: they will eat them ravenously, but will immediately be seized with intense thirst. Several vessels of water must be laid close by, at which the rats will drink till they die on the spot."

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WHY should a doctor never carry a new time-piece?—Because it is impossible to count a patient's pulse with any watch but a *second-hand* one.

WHEN is a steamboat like a witness in a trial?—When it is bound to a pier.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.—*Luxurious Party*: I say Bob, did you ever try a guinea razor?—*Less Pecunious Friend*: No; but to tell you the truth, old fellow, I came here to try to raise a guinea.

TIT FOR TAT.—Once upon a time an Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other the Irishman exclaimed, "You black rascal, cry enough! I'll fight till I die."—"So'll I," said the negro; "I always does."

HOLDING HIS OWN.—Colonel Bodens, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with "how d'ye?" answered, "pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own."—"Yes, sir," rejoined the man, "and mine, too, to my sorrow."

GRASS-WIDOWS.—A writer says that he has come to the conclusion that the term *grass-widows* arises from the fact that their husbands are always roving *blades*.

A LATE heavy fall of rain showed one ludicrous sight—an attempt to crowd two fashionably-dressed women under one umbrella.

A PARADOX.—When is a sailor not a sailor?—A sailor is not a sailor when he's *a-board*, nor when he's *a-shore*; and as he's always either aboard or ashore, of course he cannot be a sailor at all.

THE ONE.—When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is *the one*. Sometimes there's a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

NOT SO TALL.—Lord Chesterfield's physicians having informed him that he was "dying by inches," he thanked heaven that he was not so tall by a foot as Sir Thomas Robinson.

NEVER MISSED.—A fop asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the

party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

WISE IN HIS FOLLY.—In the North the "daft Jamie" of a parish got into the pulpit of the church one Sunday before the minister, who happened to be rather behind time that day. "Come down, Jamie," said the minister, "that is my place."—"Come ye up, sir," replied Jamie; "they are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, the people o' this place, and it will tak' us baith to manage them."

HOW TO SWEAT A PATIENT.—A young gentleman was undergoing an examination at the College of Surgeons, when the questions put were of a very searching character. After answering a number of queries, he was asked what he would prescribe to throw a patient into a profuse perspiration. "Why," exclaimed the youthful Galen, "I would send him here to be examined, and if that did not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

SHERIDAN was once talking to a friend about the Prince Regent, who took great credit to himself for various public measures, as if they had been directed by his political skill, or foreseen by his political sagacity. "But," said Sheridan, "what His Royal Highness more particularly prides himself in is the late excellent harvest."

In an election for the borough of Tallagh Councillor Egan, or "Bully Egan," as he was familiarly called, being an unsuccessful candidate, appealed to a Committee of the House of Commons. It was in the heat of a very warm summer; and Egan, who was an exceedingly stout man, was struggling through the crowd, his handkerchief in one hand, his bag in the other, and his countenance full of excitement, when he met Curran. "I'm sorry for you, my dear fellow," said Curran. "Sorry! why sorry, Jack—why so? I'm perfectly at my ease."—"Alas," said Curran, "it is but too visible that you're losing tallow (Tallagh) fast!"

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father to his delinquent son, "I am busy now, but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry, pa," replied the patient lad, "I can wait."

NO ADVANCING WITHOUT A GUARANTEE.—That miser, old Moneybags, who has lately joined the volunteers, has got into great disgrace, when commanded by the officer to "Advance," by positively refusing to do so, unless he was guaranteed his own rate of interest.

SMOKING.—A Boston paper says that a hasty pudding which had been set out to cool one morning in that city, was taken to the station-house, by a policeman, on a charge of *smoking in the street*—a practice which is not permitted in that tidy little city.

GOOD COMPANY.—Sir George Saville was remarkably fond of sailing, and, pursuing his favourite amusement on the Humber, with an old fisherman, the vessel admitted a great quantity of water. At last Sir George turned to the old man, and, with great composure, asked him how much more water the boat would hold before she would sink.—"Half a bucket-full, and please you, Sir George." On which the sails were unfurled, and they came safe on shore. The old man being asked why he did not sooner apprise Sir George of his danger, replied, "Why, marry, I see an auld man, and thought I could not die in better company."

PROSIC POETRY.—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods—tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a coquette and everything bad, I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like the sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and dear; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this year."