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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 25.

FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 24, 1866.

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By Mrs. J. V. NOEL.

## SHAKESPEARE AN ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

BY AN ATTORNEY.

PSHAW! what an idea! what nonsense! to fancy that the bewitching author of *Romeo and Juliet*, of *Hamlet*, of *Macbeth*, was an attorney's clerk: one whose business it was to deal with old musty parchments and folios, to talk and write of fee-simple and fee-tail, of tenures in frankalmoign and of eleemosynary corporations; to compose pleas puis darrein continuance and replications de injuria, in some dingy, becobwebbed office, in some out of the way corner, of the antiquated town of Stratford-on-Avon." Thus, no doubt, many a fair creature, who has laughed at the adventures of *Falstaff*, slithered at the deeds of *Macbeth*, and sighed and cried over the misfortunes of *Hamlet* and *Ophelia* and the loves of *Romeo* and *Juliet*,—will pooh-poo the idea suggested in the title of this article. But not so fast, my dear friend; stop a moment, and let us see if law and poetry are so utterly incompatible, that a student of the one cannot be a writer of the other. Was not the soul-stirring *Milton* once a student of law? Was not the meek and gentle *Cowper* a barrister, and did he not for eleven long years live in the Middle Temple, surrounded on all sides with law and lawyers? Did *Bailey*, the author of *Festus* find the cultivation of the poetic art inconsistent with the active duties of the legal profession? Was not *Sir Walter Scott*—The Wizard of the North—a Writer to the Signet, a Scotch advocate? The dusty documents in the Courts of Edinburgh did not damp his poetic fire, nor prevent his fancy from soaring high in the regions of poetry. And *Lord Erskine*, one of the most famous members of the English bar, was so well posted in the works of this same Shakespeare, that for hour after hour he could carry on a conversation in the *ipsissima verba* of this illustrious bard.

No, my fair friend, poetry and law may be followed and beloved by the same man: while we acknowledge the goddess *Justitia* to be our queen, we may bend the knee in worship and adoration to the *Muses*.

The practice of the law calls into play some of the faculties of the mind, which are the most exercised in the cultivation of poetry. The poet's most essential qualification—invention—is also necessary for the lawyer; he employs it in preparing his cases and pleadings, while in his speeches he gives full swing to his imagination and fancy. Eloquence is near akin to poetry—in fact, it is poetry in prose—and in every age and country the gentlemen of the

long robe have numbered among their ranks the most eloquent orators of the day.

We trust we have now satisfied the reader that Poetry and Law may go hand in hand, and that it is not absolutely impossible that *William Shakespeare* was an attorney's clerk.

*Stevens* says, "all that we know with certainty of Shakespeare is, that he was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there; went to London, where he became an actor, and wrote poems and plays; returned to Stratford, made his will, and died." It is strange that we should know so very little of one of the greatest ornaments and men of genius of our father-land; we scarce know more of him than we do of the old Blind Poet of Greece, who lived thousands of years ago. Yet, perhaps, it is an advantage that our knowledge of him is so limited, for thus a vast field for speculation to revel in is opened up, and we may indulge our fancies with pleasing ideas as to what this great man did, and how he lived, knowing only what he thought and what he wrote.

Literary men are much at variance as to the way in which he passed his time between his leaving school and his going to seek his fortune in London, i. e. between the years 1579 and 1586. By some, he is supposed to have been a schoolmaster; by others, a butcher: while a third party claim him as an attorney's clerk. There is no positive or direct evidence as to what he was during this period; therefore we will have to resort to negative evidence to prove that he was neither a schoolmaster, supplying food for the minds of the youthful generation of Stratford—nor yet a butcher, supplying food for the bodies of the inhabitants of his native town.

At that time there was but one school in Stratford, and that an endowed grammar school, there is at the present day a record of all the masters of this school, and the name of Shakespeare does not figure in this list of pedagogues: nor is there the slightest trace of his ever having been an under-master or an usher there. Before this he had attended the school as a pupil, and that is the only connection he seems to have had with it.

As to the butcher theory, it seems to have originated in the excited fancy of some of those imaginative creatures who are ever seeking after the marvellous, and delight in the improbable; for what agreement is there between this trade and the writing of the love ditties of *Julia* and *Silvia*; besides as his father was an alderman of the town, and rather well to do, it is not likely that he would have suffered his son to engage in such a business.

As to the evidence which tends to prove that Shakespeare was in an attorney's office, it is internal,—consisting of the descriptions of law proceedings, the legal phraseology, and the reference to legal principles, which lie thickly scattered through all his productions, and of his will, drawn by himself, in a very professional style.

It would fill pages to quote all the instances in which Shakespeare shows his knowledge of legal terms and practice; we can only refer to a few of the most striking.

Take that passage in *Hamlet*, where the Prince of Denmark speaks as follows: "Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? where he his quiddets (subtilities) now, his quillets (frivolous distinctions), his tenures and his tricks? why does he suffer this rade knave (i. e. the grave-digger) now to knock him about the scones with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his

fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate filled with fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyance of his land will hardly lie in this box; and must the inventor himself have no more? ha?"

Surely one who was so familiar with the technical terms of real estate law, with the processes by which lands were conveyed and estates in fee-tail barred, must have had something to do practically with such things. Although "nature hath formed strange fellows in her time," yet she never, we think, formed such a strange fellow as a butcher who, after the labours of the day, would solely and purely, for his own amusement, sit down and study the law of real property, which in those days was even more involved and obscured by the quiddets and the quillets of the feudal law, than it is now: he would, we are sure, find it more indigestible and more unpalatable than the good people of Stratford his beef-steaks and mutton-chops. The study of some branches of the law, such as the criminal law and the law of evidence, is attractive, and a person fond of reading, although not in any way connected with the profession, might acquire a slight knowledge of them; but who, for the gratification of his own fancy would read about and learn about *formuleon in descender, remainder or reverter*, or about *writs of aiel, besaieil tresaieil*? Not even one—

"of such vinegar aspect,  
That he'll not show his teeth by way of smile,  
Tho' Nestor swore the jest be laughable."

Shakespeare is so imbued with the technicalities of the law of Realty, that he occasionally makes his female characters speak like an old conveyancer; for example: *Mistress Ford*, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," thus speaks of her naughty admirer, *Falstaff*, "If the devil have him not in fee-simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again." And in "As you Like It," he puts into the mouth of the fair *Rosalind* the phrase, "Be it known to all men by these presents," which is the ordinary form, even in the present day, of commencing a deed poll.

In *King Henry IV.* occurs the passage,

"And our indentures tripartite are drawn,  
Which being sealed interchangeably, &c."

Here the use of the word *interchangeably* shows that Shakespeare understood the nature of a deed tripartite, i. e. an instrument where each party is both grantee and grantor.

Although our Bard was so much more familiar with real property law, as to lead one to suppose that he was engaged chiefly in the conveying part of his master's business, still he makes many references to the other branches of the profession. In the fourth act of the *Comedy of Errors*, he gives a vivid description of the bailiff of that day. And in one of his sonnets he describes a trial by jury of a case brought by the Heart against the Eye to decide which had a right to a certain beautiful young lady.

Notwithstanding he is so well versed in the meaning and use of legal terminology, Shakespeare often makes great mistakes in regard to the fundamental principles of Jurisprudence. Of these blunders space will allow us to mention but one, in "The Merchant of Venice," Antonio, the Merchant, gives a bond, to the Jew, *Slylock*, with a condition that if he does not repay the money lent by the Jew, "on such a day, in such a place," then the forfeit or penalty is to be a pound of flesh to be cut and taken from whatever part of the body of the Merchant the Jew might desire. The money is not paid and judgment is given that

the Jew shall have the pound of flesh: but the Jew is told that the bond does not give him one drop of blood and—

"In the cutting of it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws, of Venice, consecrate  
Unto the state of Venice."

The Jew is utterly foiled; he has a right to a pound of flesh, but he is afraid to take it, as he cannot get it without shedding Christian blood, and thus forfeiting his property to the state; and to make the matter worse for poor Shylock, he is accused of having broken the law in seeking the life of a citizen. Now if there was such a law, making it illegal to seek the life of a citizen, then the bond given by Antonio was void *ab initio* and the question as to whether the penalty could be enforced would never have been entertained for one moment by the Court; and if there was no such statute, and

"Lawfully the Jew might claim  
"A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
"Nearest the Merchant's heart,"

then he would have been entitled to shed blood in getting it; for where anything is granted, everything requisite for the proper enjoyment of it is also granted; so that the right to shed blood being a necessary appurtenance to the right to take the flesh, would have been necessarily included in it.

From this and other instances, we conclude, that although the Bard of Avon did in his youth spend some time in the office of an attorney, and did acquire some knowledge of law there, still that he was very like the majority of "the young limbs of the law" of the present day, and paid more attention to, and thought more of, the fairer portion of the children of men than of the productions of Glanvil, Bracton or Fleta; and delighted more in the chase than in the dry and ponderous volumes of statutes and text-books.

KINGSTON, C.W.

V.

#### CHURCH OF ENGLAND MONTHLY.

The Prospectus of a Church of England monthly, to be published in this city, under the title of "The Church of Old England," has been issued by Mr. John P. McMillin, a Southern gentleman now residing in Montreal. The proposed monthly will contain thirty-two pages royal 8vo. Subscription one dollar per annum. We believe the first number will be issued in March, if in the meantime subscribers can be procured to cover expenses.

We have received two useful little works from Mr. C. Hill: "Day's American Ready Reckoner," which contains many useful tables, adapted to the country merchant, the mechanic, the lumberman, and, in fact, to all who are called upon to deal with figures and are not specially expert; also, "Martinez' Letter Writer," which is replete with models—and, as far as we can see, judicious ones—for correspondence on every possible aspect of social and mercantile life.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

GOOD WORDS. Strahan & Co., Montreal.

SUNDAY AT HOME. Strahan & Co., Montreal.

The magazines for February are beginning to arrive. In "Good Words" the "Madonna Mary" is continued, and the scene of the story transferred to England. "The Old Yeomanry Weeks" is a pleasant sketch of the days which preceded volunteer reviews. "A Frenchman's Impression of England a Century ago," by Dean Alford, will be specially interesting to those who know something of London as it is. There are several articles of a more thoughtful character, and an amusing poetical sketch concludes the number. "The Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," which are told with great ability, constitute, to us, the chief attraction of "The Sunday at Home." "Millicia of Prague" is an interesting sketch of the days when religious persecution was rife in Old England. Among the other articles we notice an interesting sketch of Frederick W. Robertson, whose "Life" was reviewed in the READER a few weeks since.

#### CANADIAN LITERATURE.

We recently announced the forthcoming publication, from the Canadian press, of a new work from the pen of Mr. Morgan, and the probable issuing of a second edition of Mr. Sangster's "St. Lawrence and the Saguenay;" and we now have much pleasure in giving our readers some further intelligence with regard to literary movements in the Province. Messrs. Chewett & Co., of Toronto, have in press a work on Trigonometry, by Professor Cherriman, of University College; and the same enterprising publishers will soon commence the publication of a second edition of the Common Law Procedure Act, by Mr. Harrison, the able Western law writer. Messrs. Rollo & Adam, of the same city, will shortly produce a work on the Canadian Oil Fields, by Mr. Edgar, a Barrister of the "Queen City." We also hear of a Life of the late estimable Chief Justice Robinson as being nearly ready for the printer's hands; and of a well-known Canadian journalist and author as being engaged on a Life of the late Honourable Robert Baldwin, with Memoirs of his time. We learn, too, that Mrs. Somerville, of Dundas, has in contemplation the issuing of a collected edition of her poems; that Mr. Isidore G. Ascher, one of the best of our Canadian poets, who is now residing in London, and contributes to *Coburn* and *Bentley*, is to bring out a new volume in verse during the summer season; that a young gentleman in Upper Canada, who lately graduated with high distinction at one of our universities, is also preparing a series of tales and sketches for the London market; and that a former well-known contributor to the *Reader* is busily engaged on a work which will see print in a short time. We bespeak for all these efforts the highest success. By the way, what has become of the novel which it was said the late Mr. Cyrille Boucher had nearly got ready at the time of his death?

#### LITERATURE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.\*

Two works have lately come to us from our cousins in the Maritime Provinces, which claim more than a mere passing notice. The first, a valuable addition to the historical literature of British America, and one which must have cost more than the ordinary labour and research which such a literary undertaking requires, is from the pen of Mr. Beamish Murdock, Q. C., a name well known in Nova Scotia, not only for his services in the cause of our youthful literature, which we are all so desirous of fostering and serving, but from his having held various offices of importance under the crown, and being now one of the oldest living members at the Halifax bar. The other—a volume of poems—the production of a young lady, Miss Lockerby, who is now first introduced to the literary public.

Mr. Murdock's work (so far as published) commences with the history of French discovery, colonization and adventures in Acadie in 1604, and the 1st vol. brings the narrative down to 1739. Of the 2nd vol. four numbers have appeared, bringing it down to a later date—1756. The theme is a most romantic and inviting one, well worthy of engaging the pen of a Prescott or an Irving. Mr. Murdock has brought one good quality to his task necessary in a historian, a determination to write from history and documentary evidence, and not from vague, uncertain and often false tradition. The array of authorities which he quotes quite appals us. His style is clear and comprehensive, and free from any laboured effort. The "Wild Brier" is a model of excellence, coming as it does from our "tight little island," on the seaboard. The printing and binding is neatly if not elegantly done, and the work has been stereotyped too, and all on the Island! The contents of the volume compare favourably with many of the same class which emanate from the American or Colonial press. The descriptive powers of Miss L. are considerable, and,

\* "History of Nova Scotia or Acadia." By Beamish Murdock, Esquire, Q. C. Halifax, N. S.: A. & W. Mackinlay, vol. 1, 1865, pp. 643.

"The Wild Brier: or Lays by an untaught Minstrel." By E. N. L., Charlottetown, P. E. I. G. Bremner, 1866, pp. 196.

if properly cultivated, will bear good fruit. Her versification is pleasant and smooth. The book breathes a spirit of religious quiet and contentment throughout. We cannot do more in the present instance than announce the appearance of these two meritorious productions, which are really entitled to more extended notice, apart from the fact that anything written in the Lower Provinces, at the present time, when we are probably on the point of being united with them, ought to receive superior consideration and welcome.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

The second volume of the "Life of Cæsar," by the Emperor Napoleon, will not be issued yet. Several cancels and alterations in the text have, we hear, been made by the Imperial author during its progress through the press.

The *Paris Patrie*, in its survey of the events of 1865—the year of the conclusion of the American war, of the death of Lincoln and Palmerston, and of sundry other events—finds nothing in it worth remembering hereafter save the Emperor's "Vie de Jules Cæsar."

The friends of William Carleton, the Irish novelist, who is now seventy years old and in failing health, are exerting themselves to procure for him an increase of 50*l.* to his literary pension.

M. du Chaillu announces that he is about to give another volume of Travels and African experiences to the world. In it will be contained a full account of the small and peculiar tribes of natives met with by him in the mountains of Western Equatorial Africa between 1° and 2° north latitude, and 12° east longitude. This tribe of pigmies, termed "Obougo," may, M. Chaillu thinks, be considered the gipsies of the region. They are of migratory habits, and find a temporary shelter under trees or in caverns, and steal and then decamp. In the proposed work, besides other details concerning these little people, a short vocabulary of the language will be given.

The recent extraordinary articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, entitled "A night in a Workhouse," are said to be from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope. They have been reprinted in pamphlet form.

A new feature has been introduced into Shakespearean criticisms. We have heard much about the various subjects mentioned by him, but we are now threatened with notices of the things which he did not mention. In the current number of *Notes and Queries*, Mr. Walter Thornbury has an article on "Shakespeare's Silence concerning Smoking," and he promises others on "Shakespeare's Silence about Scotchmen and Silver Forks."

Literature and science are gradually becoming recognized as entitled to honours, as yet but sparingly apportioned to them. Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, has had a baronetcy conferred upon him by the Queen.

The corporation of London have voted the use of the Guildhall for the purposes of an Industrial Exhibition to be inaugurated on the 1st of March next. In return the committee of the Industrial Exhibition have determined to devote the surplus funds, if any, to the establishment of a Free Public Library for the City of London. Why should we not have a Free Public Library in Montreal and other Canadian cities?

M. Sayers has recently discovered a substitute for the magnesium light, which promises to be of much service to photographers. Twenty-four parts by weight of nitrate of potash, seven parts of flowers of sulphur, and six parts of red sulphide of arsenic, are thoroughly mixed. This composition, when set on fire, affords a most brilliant light, and the negatives produced with it give excellent positives. The contrast between the lights and shades, which, with artificial light, is apt to be very great, may be easily softened down by igniting at once two portions of the mixture; one, the more powerful, to light up the subject, and the other to modify the tones. It has been found that about half a pound of the mixture will afford light for half a minute,

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published, this day, "The *Diglow Papers*. By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Just published, Second edition of "The Advocate" a novel. By Charles Henrysso, author of "Saul," "Jophthah's Daughter," &c. Cheap Paper Cover edition, 60 cents, Cloth, \$1.25; Gilt, \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. By Professor C. Piazzi Smyth F.R.S.S.L. & E. & Co. With Photograph, Map, and Plates. London edition, \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Words, for February. Price 12½ cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Sunday Magazine, for February. Price 15 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Millets Illustrations. A collection of eighty beautiful engravings on wood. By John Everett Millets, R.A. 1 vol., large 4to. London: Strahan & Co. 25 00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Shepherd and His Flock; or, The Keeper of Israel and the Sheep of His Pasture. By J. R. McDuff, D.D. 12mo. \$1.00. Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 St. James Street.

The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millets. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumtree, M.A., London. 16mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.

Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. 12mo. A new English Edition. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Angels Song. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 32mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Words for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Sunday Magazine for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "Do Profoundly," &c., with eighty-four Illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Wordsworth's Poems for the Young, with fifty Illustrations. By John MacWhirter and John Pettie. A new edition. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. 85c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Downing on Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture. A new edition. Edited by Henry Winthrop Sargent. 8vo. Beautifully illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The North-west Passage by Land. Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Viscount Milton, M.P., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Cheadle, M.A., M.D., Camb., F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Pater and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully illustrated. \$5.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Words for 1865. In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Sunday Magazine for 1865. One large octavo volume with numerous illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Jameson. The Complete Works of Mrs. Jameson in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Life of Lord Palmerston. With an account of his Death and Funeral. London. Routledges. 1865. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Student's English Dictionary. One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1865. \$2.63.

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

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

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

Kingsley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," etc. 12mo. pp. iv., 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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

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

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## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 358.

CHAPTER XXV. PITFALLS.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,  
As to be hated needs but to be seen;  
But seen too oft—familiar with her face—  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A sudden shock acts by intimacies, like fire on some materials—it either divides, or more firmly welds them together. The tidings that had stricken Miss Austwicke, and which had so immediately called Marian Hope's qualities as comforter into exercise, did more towards breaking down the barriers of reserve than months of mere conventional attendance on the one side, and patronage on the other. The touch of Marian's gentle hand, the soft utterances of her quiet voice, the unobtrusive manners that anticipated Miss Austwicke's wants, and met them without fuss or demonstration, the light footstep falling so mutely that she might have been the embodiment of silence—were all qualities that contrasted with the flutter and officiousness of Martin and the natural grief of Gertrude, and made their possessor the most efficient person at Miss Austwicke's couch; so that when she offered to withdraw, there was a plea both from aunt and niece that she should remain a few hours with them. And so it happened that this first visit of Marian's established her on a friendly footing in a dwelling that she had entered as a stranger that morning.

It was evening when she was sent home in a cab to her father's, with the understanding that she was to come the next day, and, indeed, to consider herself from that time regularly installed in her office not only with Gertrude, but, as it seemed likely, also as companion and household friend in the family generally. Even Martin, who was jealous of any new faces that came about her mistress, was so far propitiated by Miss Hope, that she condescended to say to her intimates below stairs, "If that pale young creature have agreed to make herself generally useful, as many teachers does, all I can say is, she'll be able to hact up to them terms; and that's more than a many can say—for it's generally useless, as all they are, which professes so much in advertisements; and if this here Miss Hope helps to keep Miss Honor in a good cue, and, gracious knows, that's not easy—specially since she've lost her brother, the capt'ing—why all I say is, good luck to her, says I."

The few following days confirmed the worst tidings in all particulars. Mr. Basil Austwicke went down to Deal, hoping for at least the recovery of the body, and was summoned thence, in about a fortnight, to the coast of France, between Calais and Dunkirk, to help to identify among some bodies washed on shore, that of his nephew, De Lacy Austwicke. The brother of Professor Rath met him there, and gave his assistance in the mournful task of recognition—which, as the accident happened in the night, when the passengers were undressed and sleeping in their berths, was very difficult in all cases except that of the professor, who it seemed went to rest in a dressing-gown with a deep pocket filled with papers and memoranda in his handwriting, and full of notes on subjects connected with physical geography—a topic that was a speciality with him. Nor was there any doubt as to a tall, slender frame, much disfigured, but on one of the hands of which was a diamond ring, known to belong to the unfortunate De Lacy; and tied with a thin string round the neck was a picture of the mother he had lost in infancy. Professor Rath's brother identified both these bodies; and Mr. Basil Austwicke took possession of the body of his nephew, and brought it to England for interment in the family vault, that had only a few months before received the remains of Captain Austwicke.

But though the young De Lacy was even less known in the neighbourhood than his late uncle, it behoved the family, at least so the successor to the estates thought, to have a splendid funeral; and therefore, though the ladies remained

in town in strict retirement, Mr. Basil and his son Allan issued invitations to all the neighbourhood and tenantry; and the poor youth who had come to so sad a death was carried in great pomp to the vault in Wick church, his uncle and successor remarking to his son Allan, "It is all we can do to show our respect for the poor fellow, and to honour his memory; and therefore no expense shall be spared."

Certain it was, also, that from old Gubbins, the butler, to the most prosperous and influential of the tenant farmers on the estate, there was, amid the natural regret at such a fate befalling the heir, some feeling of latent satisfaction that the property no longer belonged to a minor; that improvements needed need not be postponed, and that a gentleman of presumable ability—for was he not a lawyer? and would doubtless see to his own interests—inherited the estate. The difference between active administration and a tedious minority, was an obvious good. Neither had it escaped all parties concerned in the estate, and many village and local gossips besides, that a foreign-bred young gentleman might never be very acceptable to them as landlord or neighbour. He would know and care little about the old place and people, they had long argued, and therefore some rustic minds, used to interpret providence in their own interests, were known to say, "It woz all along ov feather and zou a forzakin' the old ways of the Austwicke, and living beyond seas, whereby a judgment had overtook 'em."

While these funeral matters and certain investigations detained Mr. (or as the people at the Chace now called him Squire,—Austwicke in Hampshire, and his son Allan stayed with him, well content to gallop about over the grounds, and among the noble woods, and homesteads of the tenantry, making himself popular with them by his frank manners, fearless riding, pleasant words, and handsome person—while father and son were thus employed, Miss Honoria Austwicke had been passing through a sharp attack of illness. Anxiety of mind and neglected cold, quite as much as the shock to which, of course, her indisposition was attributed, had prostrated her. Mrs. Austwicke was busy receiving and replying to numerous letters of mingled condolence and congratulation, in which the difficult feat of laughing and crying in one sentence, was most ingeniously performed. She did not believe in Miss Austwicke's illness, but took it for granted it was a display of grief made expressly to annoy her. However, as there was no question that the death of young De Lacy had been a benefit to his uncle and cousins, Mrs. Basil could afford to be forbearing and sympathetic; and she therefore paid far more personal attention to her sister-in-law than at any previous time. Gertrude, of course, was always affectionate to her; there was something so very mournful in the fate of her cousin, that her grief was the genuine utterance of a young, fresh heart, as yet unsoftened by a worldly thought. Allan, too, though a gay, thoughtless fellow, had sent some letters to his sister so full of expressions of generous sorrow, that Gertrude picked out many passages to read to her aunt, and they lost nothing either by her voice in reading, or her comments. Allan had always been a favourite with Miss Honor. He had been a scholar at Winchester, and she had loved to predict his future eminence in the profession of his father. So that this English-reared Austwicke had to some extent comforted the proud woman for the disappointment she had suffered in the absence and foreign breeding of the heir. Now, when De Lacy had miserably perished, for some little time after the tidings had reached her, she was too much occupied with physical discomforts to think very clearly of anything but the one terrible fact of the youth's death. She was not accustomed to illness, and she thought herself drifting away on the waves of the dark river. Her depression and languor, the re-action from the tense state to which her nerves had been recently strung, was so complete, that she lay merely conscious of breathing, and, being attended to, during the day by her niece and Marian Hope, and during the night by her maid. Gradually, as she regained the power of con-

secutive thought, there came the remembrance of all that had preceded the incident of De Lacy's death—all that she was so personally involved in. The face of the man Burke haunted her dreams. She woke often trembling till the bed shook under her, and asking with a hurried gasp, "Who is that?" scarcely satisfied with the assurances, repeated again and again, in loving or soothing tones as Gertrude or Marian were the speakers, that no stranger was near.

Her letters she had placed under her pillow, and never was seen by either of her attendants to open them, though they both thought she looked at them when, for a few minutes, they left her chamber. It excited no comment of Gertrude's, that she kept her letters so rigorously, for she knew her aunt's reserve, and with the delicate tact of her fine nature, would not have liked by a word, however kind, to have increased Miss Austwick's sense of her own weakness by offering to read them for her. Of course, Marian had no remark to make on Miss Austwick's habits in this particular; though as she noticed them, she thought of her dear invalid father, and of the confidence so fully reciprocated in their dwelling, and rejoiced more than ever at the perfect love which united their spirits, and had done so much to lighten the burden of life. Indeed, she came to the conclusion that Miss Austwick would be a much happier woman if she were not so locked up in her reserve.

"She must have very deep feelings under that cold, proud exterior," Marian argued, "or why should she have thus sunk under the tidings of her nephew's death?" Little did she guess what was hidden in that aching heart—what inward sources of trouble kept up the fever that wasted her frame and retarded her recovery.

Miss Austwick's daily dread was that some letter requiring instant attention would come from Burke. It was this fear that made her clutch the letters that were brought her, and scrutinise the handwriting on each address with her eager, feverish eyes; then thrust them under her pillow, and read them hastily and fearfully during the brief absences of her young companions. It was this fear that made her keep writing materials in a little upright desk that could be wheeled to her bedside, and the flap of which, like a bedside table, turned across, so as to be level with her hands. It was this fear that induced her, in spite of all prohibition, and all weakness, to answer some of the notes that came, so that if one arrived on the topic that she dreaded, and yet anticipated, she might, unquestioned, reply to it. Indeed, now that De Lacy was dead, she shrunk more than ever from the outcast children of her brother Wilfred. To own their claims—to put them in a position so much better filled by her brother Basil and his children—and such children? Allan, a youth to be proud of; Gertrude, a creature so formed for love, that even her isolated heart yielded to the charm, and set up in its solitude the one only darling of a whole lifetime; would be unendurable. To this proud spirit and warped judgment, the claims of these children of a low mother seemed a treason against Allan and Gertrude; to aid them, a conspiracy. And yet in the depths of her soul there was an audible voice that said plainly—try to stifle it as she might—"If these, the rightful heir and his sister, are kept out of their position and inheritance, it is a crime." Yes, Miss Austwick's pride and irresolution had caused her to drift into crime.

In vain she uttered specious sophisms to silence the monitor within, such as, "They never can miss what they never had. I can help them, and I will do so; and they will gain—that is, they may if they choose—a better station than their most ambitious hopes now point to. Surely that is enough. If De Lacy, poor fellow, had lived, I meant to have done for them as much, or more, than Wilfred could have expected of me. Why should I provide for his penniless, unacknowledged children? I should not and need not have soiled the Austwick name by giving it to them; but as this death—this awful accident—has come, I'll do more. I'll impoverish myself, if need be, and that's what could never have been expected of me, so as to give a compensation to them. What would they know about an

ancient name and station? No, no; what I shall do will be enough—will be right, in fact."

In this way she tried to temporise and compound with conscience. Strangely enough, she still complimented herself as an honourable woman. Yet still the voice said, "They are defrauded; it is crime."

Notwithstanding all this tumult of feeling, a good constitution and good nursing triumphed over the illness. Miss Austwick rose from her bed more thin, pale, rigid, and stately than ever. She seemed to herself to have fought her battle on the bed of pain, and conquered. No more indecision now. Her course was taken; she was ready to meet Burke's demands about the children liberally.

"Of course," she said to herself, "he knows nothing of my family. He cannot know that my brother Wilfred was older than Basil. To him these family changes will mean just nothing." She was the more assured of this by hearing incidentally from Marian that a school had just been selected for Mysie Grant, where she was to be placed as an articled pupil.

Ah! Miss Austwick, while you trod a straight path you were safe: in crooked ways you are utterly helpless.

#### CHAPTER XXVI. UNEXPECTEDLY BAFFLED.

"The hawk darted down with sudden swoop,  
But his prey had hid in the eaves of the roof."

Mr. Burke had not been so tranquil, and was by no means so ill-informed of the particulars that we have recorded, as Miss Austwick supposed. His vigilance in observing Binfield Cottage soon made him acquainted with the hours of Marian's absence, and the place where those hours were passed. Moreover, at this time, his ally, or subordinate, Janet—or, as the family called her, Ruth—was at Austwick Chase, and he had from her due notice of the great change that the death of the heir had created in the family; moreover, he did not neglect his privilege of *entrée* into Mr. Hope's dwelling, in his character of delegate from some relative of the children. He suffered a week to elapse between his first and second visit, being somewhat surprised that on his various tours of inspection, though he saw Mysie walk out occasionally, and Marian go and return regularly, he saw nothing of the boy Norry—now, as no one knew better than he—become an important person. Indeed, the reason that Old Leathery laid quietly for a while on his oars was, that he wanted to observe the current of events, and see what tide would be most likely to carry him on to fortune. A young heir would, probably, as he reached manhood, pay more for any help that reinstated him in his position, than an old woman would to keep him out of his rights. Moreover, there was also the interest of the present possessors to be thought of; whether they, when they had become confirmed in possession, might not be willing to pay handsomely to suppress such evidence as Burke could give. No idea that rectitude of principle in the parties concerned would thwart any of his plans for a moment entered into Burke's calculations. It is the peculiarity of guilt that it is incredulous of goodness. This man, whose master-sin was not so much duplicity as avarice, who for years had pocketed an income—small indeed, but as large as he could make it—by filtering the stipend paid for the two children through his own purse, and keeping a residue which, to one of his habits, was precious, saw first through Miss Austwick's pride, and now, by the changes death had wrought, the means of augmenting his gains, and it took him some time to balance probabilities and calculate chances as to his own interests. The slight defect was that, while he was thus employed, and had, as he thought, the whole fairly before him, the principal personage in his little drama had, unknown to him, escaped. By the time that he had come to the conviction that, for the present, he would make as much as he could out of Miss Austwick, and then, in the event of anything happening to her, would, as he saw best ultimately, gain by helping the real heir to obtain his rights, or the false one to keep his position. Meanwhile it was necessary that he

should call again on Mr. Hope. On this occasion he chose noon, the time when Marian, he knew, would be absent. Already his keen eye detected signs of change in the dwelling: a young servant answered the door. He was shown into the little parlour, where the asthmatic piano was wheezing out an exercise, in obedience to Mysie's persevering fingers, and in outrage to her ear. She did not, amid the husky jingle, hear the stealthy tread of the old man as he approached her, and stood behind the music-stool, leaning at her. When she was conscious of some one behind her, and rose up in great confusion, certain that her practice, which was to her a duty, must be a torment to any hearer that she would not think of inflicting, she was by no means propitiated by the cringing bow, and the face, squeezed up into something meant for a smile, and the subdued sort of whisper into which the rasping voice fell, as he said—

"Don't, my dear young leddy—pray don't let me interrupt ye. Pray go on with them nimble fingers; I doat on music—perfectly doat on it."

"Our instrument is so out of time—that is, so old, sir, it's not fit to play on to any one. No, pray excuse me. I never play, except my lessons." The latter words she said shrinking from his hand, which he was reaching out to prevent her leaving her seat.

If Mysie had been accustomed to admiration, and fond of it, so as to have become what many girls of fifteen are, conscious of personal advantages, and full of tricks of vanity, it is not likely she would have looked one-half so well as she now did, standing upright, with the radiant blush rising on her cheek, and the light of something vastly like incipient anger gleaming in her eyes. This cringing old man, with his fulsome compliments and fawning whisper, was instinctively offensive to her, and roused the reserve which was a part of her nature, so that, with perfect self-possession, she said—

"You wish to see Mr. Hope? I do not know whether he can see any one. Have the goodness to take a seat while I inquire." And so speaking, she bowed herself out of the room.

Mysie returned, looking pale and grave, her eyelids cast down to hide the gathering tears. She had not at first recognised in the stranger the person who had called before, at night time—that very night when Norry fled;—the man who had to do with the future destiny of her brother and herself. She did not speak, but curtseying, showed him up-stairs to Mr. Hope's study.

The week that had intervened since Burke had seen Mr. Hope had, notwithstanding his anxieties, been one of progress to the invalid: he could move more freely about his little room with the help of his crutch. He was inspired, both by his fears and his hopes, with a strong desire to gain some mastery over his physical weakness, and had, therefore, paid more attention to his diet.

Notwithstanding his weakness, Mr. Hope had neglected no means of making inquiry for Norry. He had sent his description to the police-station, and employed a man to go to all the hospitals and infirmaries, in case of accident, and to such lodging-houses as were under the police surveillance; but, as yet, not a trace had been found. Nay, some inquiries had been attended of drowned persons, lest, by misadventure or—he dared not think—suicide, the boy he had reared as a son had thus perished. The only result of all these inquiries was to fill him with astonishment and awe at the number of stray waifs being sought for amid the social drift and *débris* that underlie the surface of mighty London. Still, he was not inclined to doubt of ultimate success. His own theory, and that adopted also by the family, was that the boy had gone to the Docks, and taken service on board ship. For, though by no means a lad mad after maritime adventure, he had been noted for the passionate zest with which he devoured books of travel; and in no other way than as a ship-boy, they concluded, could he remain away. Still, every knock at the door, every caller, was nervously expected by Mr. Hope to be the bearer of tidings; so that when Burke entered the room, there was no feigning in the surprise the former manifested. Forgetting that his visitor knew nothing of

Norry's departure, Mr. Hope said, in an agitated, eager voice—

"Well, sir, what tidings do you bring of my boy?"

"Tidings, Mr. Hope—what do you mean?"

"Surely you know—yes, you must have heard, that our poor lad—wilful fellow that he is!—has gone."

"Gone!" repeated Burke, in the loudest tone of his husky voice, and lifting up his hands in an attitude of dismay. There was no doubting the genuineness of his emotion, though Mr. Hope mistook its cause.

"What! then you didn't know it? You do not come to tell me where he is. I'm sorry it's a shock to you, as I see it is. He's been gone nine days to-night."

"Gone, Mr. Hope! and you ask me whether I know, and pretend you expected me to say where he is. That game won't do for me. How came you to let him go, eh? Come the truth, now."

The creeping manner and hissing croak of his voice were thrown off, in his surprise, and a coarse bluster, that revealed the savage, baffled ruffian, was displayed, so much to Mr. Hope's astonishment, that for a moment he was silent. Then he said, very gravely, fixing his large, melancholy eyes on his visitor's face—

"I have no wish, and no reason, to withhold the truth. I have made every effort that I could, from this room, to search for him. My daughter has written some dozens of letters. I want the boy—I weary for him."

"Oo, as to feelings, that's neither here nor there, Mr. Hope," said Burke, considerably modifying his tone. "What I want to know is, how he went, and where; what you have done, and who you have told. I must know it, and where he is."

"I'm glad to think you'll aid my search," said Mr. Hope, instantly repressing the natural anger that he had felt at Burke's rough words. He then entered minutely into all the particulars that he knew of Norry's flight; showed the pencilled letter the youth left, and explained what had been done in searching for him. In the course of his narrative, Mr. Hope incidentally mentioned that his daughter was engaged by a family near Belgrave Square: and Burke immediately said, insinuatingly—

"And has Miss Hope, then, told of the boys' flight?"

"Certainly not. We are not in the habit of publishing our private affairs."

"Quite right—mere prudence, Mr. Hope; for permit me to suggest that it would not be a recommendation to you, or your daughter, as teachers, that a pupil absconded from your roof. There might be nothing to blame, but people would be sure to think there was: it would either ruin you or the lad."

"For myself I do not care," said Mr. Hope, sadly. "My aim has been to do my duty before God, Mr. Burke, to these children, and to the best of my ability I have done it as to my own. I knew it might injure the lad if this escapade were known; and therefore, so far, my search has been secret."

"And your daughter," interposed Burke, "has not spoken—"

"Miss Hope is as anxious for the lad's welfare as I am. Besides, what does the family she is with know of these orphans?"

"They'll judge of you and her by the way you have succeeded with others, Mr. Hope. I've known folk called a bad set altogether when there's been runnings away, and awkward things of that sort; and as to the lad, why it—yes, it puts him into the criminal class."

"Stop there, sir. He may be ungrateful, but he is as honest and true as daylight. Most likely there is a mistaken sense of duty, taken up in the rashness of youth, that has caused this deed, that's the most reasonable solution. Therefore, next to finding him, the greatest kindness of his friends is not to expose him."

"That's right—that's quite right. And I may tell you, in confidence, Mr. Hope—in strict confidence—that if this escapade was to get to the ears of them who have provided for the lad and

his sister, and may do great things—far greater things yet—it's all over with them."

"You tell me in confidence," reiterated Mr. Hope: "allow me to say that, since I last saw you, I have been struck with your want of confidence. You speak of parties in the background. Who are they?"

"Oo, there's nothing to tell—just nothing. If these children were anything to anybody, they would not have been bandied about the world, from Scotland, or from Great Britain, we'll say, to Canada and back, and left here for years. No; I'm only an agent; I've nothing to unfold. My principals are lawyers, and I've many similar things to see to."

(To be continued.)

## THE ART OF TYING THE CRAVAT.

A VERY absurd but amusing old book fell into our hands the other day, and recalled a thousand recollections of the fantastic extravagance of fashion in the days when George IV. filled the throne.

It was a little volume, with a pink enamelled cover, and bore on one side a steel engraving of a Cupid seated, and holding over a large ledger the head of a most immaculate dandy, the neck encircled with an unwrinkled cravat, the ends of which, still untied, depended with exquisite grace. This remarkable work was entitled *The Art of Tying the Cravat*. It was the seventh edition, and contained explanatory plates of eighteen modes of putting on the cravat, and a portrait representing a dandy with black curly hair, and pink and white complexion, like a Bond Street barber's dummy, and a neck bound up in a deep swath of spotless white muslin, highly starched. In such a garb, Romeo Coates rehearsed the Italian lover's passion.

The preface professes that the book contains demonstrations and lessons of the art of tying the neckcloth, coupled with a *résumé* of the latest Parisian improvements and amplifications, together with a history of the cravat from the time of Adam to the present day. The motto from Addison is chosen with exquisite tact: "Nothing is more laudable than an inquiry after truth." This high key-note being struck, the author goes on to assert boldly, that although foreigners are slow to give us credit for any invention that has dignified and elevated the human race, they are forced to confess that we have at least led the way in the art of *tying the cravat*. The invention is ours; the merit of perfecting it and tracing it to further uses and developments belongs to the French.

This book has, we should mention, a history of its own. It was found under a pile of unworn waistcoats in the chambers of an old ex-dandy, who had degenerated into a forlorn, eccentric, miserly old bachelor, a hermit only to be seen at sale-rooms and in print-shops. He was a man of enormous fortune: but the disappointment of some hope, the frustration of some whim, had soured his blood, and turned his heart from a jar of honey to a pot of vinegar. Old and neglected, he died, untended and unwept, surrounded by stacks of unhung pictures, litters of unread books, heaps of unused clothes, tins of preserved food, and mouldy pieces of bacon.

From such a treasure-house of good intentions, such a Lazar-house of defeated purposes, came this pert little book, the memorial of the indelible follies of fashion.

Fashion shakes off its slough, but it never ceases to be foolish. The ruff of starched cambric, large as the wheel of a perambulator, gave way, but only to be replaced by huge bows of coloured ribbon. The broad-laced collar of the Cavaliers changed into the Puritanic-looking falling bands and bone-lace strings of Charles II.'s age. In 1660, the year of the Restoration, the huge lace-collar and the plain falling band both yielded to a new fantasy. A regiment of Croats arrived in Paris, and brought with them a new way of adorning the neck, which soon became the rage. The common soldiers wore neckcloths of common cloth, taffeta, or cotton;

the officers, of lace, muslin, or silk, the ends of which were arranged in rosettes, or were ornamented with buttons or tufts, which fell gracefully on the chest. The officers wore Mechlin lace at the end of their neckcloths, which were fastened at first by strings, and at a later period by clasps or buckles. This neckcloth soon became known as the *Croat* or the *Cravat*.

But fashion cannot remain satisfied for any length of time with any article of dress that is merely useful. Grand people spend half their life trying to run away from their humble imitators, and endeavouring to dress like a distinct and superior species.

The cravat soon ceased to be that mere elegant soft fold of pierced and honeycombed lace that had enveloped the throats of the stanch men who fought at Steenkerke and the Boyne. It was thickened with stiffeners, buckramed with starch, and increased fold by fold till it grew into a bolster that made the neck as large or larger than the head. Just before the French Revolution, the cravat had in fact become the crowning absurdity of dress. The "Gilded Youth," after Robespierre's fall, when ladies tried to dress like Greek statues, and almost succeeded, wore cravats that covered the mouth and part of the nose. The whiskers, of enormous size, rose to the hair, which was combed down straight over the eyes. The shirt-collars rose halfway up the ear, and then the head could not be turned without the consent of the whole body.

But as crinoline, though detestable, is light and adapted for the display of dress, and as Hessian boots, though ludicrous, were good to show off a neat leg, so cravats, even of the bolster species, had their advantages. A certain Dr. Pizis, writing of the French wars in Germany, says: "I was laughing at General Lepale on account of his enormous cravat. At the moment of entering into action, his regiment charged. There was a roar of cannon, a fiery flash of sabres, a stormy gallop of horses; and after dispersing the enemy's cavalry, some men of the regiment returning to the bivouac informed me, to my great distress, that the general had been struck by a pistol-shot in the throat. I immediately hastened to his assistance, and was shown a bullet which has been stopped in its career by the very cravat I had just been ridiculing. Two officers and several privates had also received sabre-cuts on the cravat, and escaped without injury; so that I was obliged to confess that these immense bandages were not always useless." To wear a bolster round one's neck is, however, paying rather a heavy insurance against such exceptional dangers.

Stocks came into use early in the eighteenth century. Choiseul, the Minister of War under Louis XV., first presented them to the French troops in place of cravats. Military pedants soon turned this article of dress into an instrument of torture. The cravat, now called a stock, became an iron ligature, excellent to produce apoplexy, vertigoes, and fainting-fits; and, judiciously used in India by martinets, it has much encouraged *coup de soleil*.

The French colonels who cheated their men out of their food, and half starved them to increase their own profits, obliged the men to drive the blood up into their faces and heads, to give them the appearance of florid and irreproachable health. Ingenious pedantry—to ease a soldier in tight inelastic dress, to bind up his limbs, to make him a machine of mere routine, when he should be lithe as a panther, as full of self-resource as an Indian trapper, as vigorous as a backwoodsman, and as nimble as Leotard. In Luttrell's elegant and gay poem, *The Advice to Julia*, the fit of the cravat is regarded as the great work of the day. Old anecdote-tellers rejoice to relate how that accomplished master of folly, Brummel, being once found knee-deep in rumpled white cravats, remarked that "those were his failures." The French marshals wore black-silk neck-handkerchiefs, twice round, and tied in a neat crisp bow in front. Napoleon wore such a cravat at Wagram, Lodi, and Marengo; but at Waterloo he appeared, contrary to his usual custom, in a white cravat with flowing bow.

The cravat was the mark of a less republican and leveling age than ours; it was for exclusives who dreaded the march of intellect, reforms, and the removal of rotten boroughs. The cravat that took one hour to tie served to distinguish the man of fashion, the man of the "Row," of the Four-in-hand Club, and of Boodles, the patron of the ring, the indulger in rouge-et-noir, chicken hazard, and cock-fighting, from the Pretender of Bloomsbury, who used plated forks, and hired green-grocers to wait at dinner-parties.

Many pages of this great work are devoted to preliminary instructions.

When the laundress brought home the cravats, they had to be carefully examined by the valet, to see whether they had been properly washed, ironed, and folded, and to study the exact style in which each might be worn to the best advantage. If badly got up, the cravat became faded and yellow. The quality of starch was also of infinite value, remarks the profound author, as it gave substance, elasticity, and suppleness to the muslin, and in summer possesses this incalculable advantage, that it prevents the cravat from adhering too closely and warmly to the neck. When arranged, it was necessary to pass the fingers lightly along the top, to smooth and trim it, and make it coincide with the shirt-collar.

It was requisite to have, and carry everywhere with one, a small iron, made for the purpose, to smooth the tie, and to produce a thin and equal edge. To prevent a bunch at the back of the neck, it was necessary to fold the cravat of the requisite height, and to remember to fold the one end down and the other up. "No gentleman, with the least respect for his appearance," says the author of this volume, "could travel without a box, eighteen inches long, and divided into compartments;" and this box was to contain a dozen plain, a dozen spotted and striped, and a dozen coloured cravats, three dozen collars, two whalebone stiffeners, two black silk cravats, and a small flat iron.

Our talented author insists especially on the following great laws. In whatever style the cravat is put on, the knot once formed, good or bad, is irrevocable, and must on no pretence whatever be changed. As in the *sauces blanches* in cooking, so in the cravat, the smallest error is fatal to the whole. A new tie must be produced by a fresh cravat, as a new sauce must be prepared with fresh ingredients.

There were also medical rules to be observed with respect to the cravat, which was a high-pressure sort of decoration, and required to be handled with scientific prudence. It required to be loosened in cases of fainting and apoplexy, before study or business, and during a heavy dinner. Apoplectic, short-necked men were adjured to wear it loose, and to remove it during sleep.

Coloured cravats could only be used for undress. The white cravat, with spots or squares, was received as half-dress; but the plain white, as at present, was indispensable at balls or soirées. The black stock was restricted to military men, when in plain clothes, and not on service.

There were eighteen methods of putting on the cravat, and it required sixteen lessons to obtain any mastery over them. The *chef-d'œuvre* of cravat ties was the *Nœud Gordien*. This was so intricate that it was usual with impatient dandies to remove the *Nœud Gordien* by cutting the cravat off their necks. This tie, the key to all the others, could only be worn once. The slightest error in its first fold vitiated its whole construction. The author explains its form, in five diagrams, which are more difficult to comprehend than the most puzzling problem of Euclid's. You passed the point *a* inside the point *z*, and so on, till the mind became a labyrinth of confusion. It was usual with the dandies to practice first on a block.

We shall now sum up some of the names and characteristics of the more celebrated cravat-ties, for the amusement of those who are fond of old prints and caricatures, to which such fashions serve as notes and comments.

The *Cravate à la Turque* was shaped like a turban; the starched ends formed a crescent under

the chin. This cravat was made of the purest white muslin or cashmere. The *Cravate à la Washington* was sea-green, striped blue, or red and white, and the ends fell in front en cascade, and were pinned to the shirt. This tie, the author observes, when correctly formed, presented the appearance of a column, such was its smoothness and height. The *Cravate Collier de Cheval*, greatly admired by the fair sex, required no starch, and was generally striped or spotted, or of a Russian-leather colour: the ends were fastened at the back of the neck. The *Cravate Sentimentale* was not to be worn by the most agreeable after the age of twenty-seven. It required a face with 'a sympathetic charm,' and a physiognomy 'that inspired sensations of love and passion.' It was especially hideous, and was fastened by a single rosette or small bow immediately under the chin.

The *Cravate à la Byron* was adopted by the poet from whom it derived its name, because a tight stock cramped his imagination, and suffocated his thoughts. The *Byron cravat* was really a sailor's tie, fastened in a large careless bow, six inches in length, and four in circumference. It only turned once round the neck, and was thought comfortable for summer or during a journey. In the *Cravate à la Bergami* the ends were not tied, but crossed on the breast, and tied to the braces. The *Cravate de Bal* was a spotless bandage of uncrumpled muslin, with the ends pinned to the shirt. The *Cravate Mathématique* was black, the ends crossing each other athwart the throat with the most geometrical exactitude.

The *Cravate à la Gastronomo* was a cravat planned by the wise and philanthropic. It was seldom worn by men under forty. It was only three fingers broad, and fastened with a very elastic knot, that slackened with the slightest movement of the neck, the faintest vacillation of the jaws, the most imperceptible swelling of the throat. It possessed this great and inestimable advantage, that it loosened itself in cases of indigestion, apoplexy, or fainting. The *Cravate de Chasse* was of a deep-green or deal-leaf colour, while the *Cravate à la Dane* was white. The *Cravate à l'Anglais* was never starched, the *Cravate à l'Indépendance* was always striped with red, blue, and white.

This book must have been invaluable to the dandies. 'Persons,' as the phrase went, 'who were ambitious of mixing in polite society' could not surely have done without it.

In his final chapter, 'On the Importance of the Cravat in Society,' our author rises almost into inspiration. He says that when a man of rank makes his *entrée* into a circle of taste and elegance, he will see, after the usual compliments, that his coat attracts small attention compared to the critical and scrutinising examination that will be made 'on the set of his cravat.' If this be not correctly and elegantly put on thought, his coat be of the reigning fashion, and *Sauvages* most exquisite performance, all eyes will be coldly turned on the folds of the fatal cravat, his reception will be icy; his name goes down for ever branded as that of a bad dresser; he will be considered an ignorant pretender; he will be compelled to suffer the impertinence of every contemptuous fop; he will have to bear in silence the perpetual jeering whisper: 'He cannot even put on a cravat properly.'

But, on the other hand, the fortunate wearer of a scientific cravat, a cravat *savamment* and elegantly formed, even although his coat may not be of the last cut, will meet with a very different reception. Every one will rise and receive him with marks of distinguished respect. They will cheerfully resign their seats to him; their delighted eyes will be fixed upon his well-covered throat; even though he talks downright nonsense, he will be applauded to the skies, and the remark will be certain to be made by the best qualified person present: 'That man has critically studied the thirty-two lessons on the art of tying the cravat.'

The author concludes his volume with a hint for persons entering polite society for the first time, and it is worthy their treasuring up: 'The greatest insult that can be offered to a man *comme il faut* is to seize him by the cravat. In this case, blood only can wash off the stain upon the honour of either party.'

Without puffing ourselves about the advanced

civilization of our age, we can at least, even from such a small landmark as this book, see that in some things we have at least grown wiser than our ancestors. Fashion is still frivolous, fickle, and irrational; but its aberrations are certainly fewer and less absurd; while we have ceased to try and make mere dress a mark of exclusiveness and social distinction.

## THE AQUAMARINES.

BY J. G\*\*\*, MONTREAL.

Continued from page 376.

Mrs. Ayton was greatly surprised, when Lucy, upon her return, gave her a recital of the circumstances connected with the handsome gift which she had so unexpectedly received, and of course could not object to her retaining the ornaments, as it was impossible to return them to the giver. She soon dismissed the affair from her mind, merely thinking of it as the caprice of a young man who possessed more money than discretion in disposing of it. On Lucy's sensitive and more youthful heart, the occurrence left a much deeper impression; one indeed which was destined to change the current of her future life. The jewels seemed to possess a talismanic influence, for henceforth Lucy was no longer the careless, merry girl of yore. A shade of deeper thought now rested on her fair brow, and at times a pensive expression lent a softened beauty to her dark blue eyes. When alone, her work would frequently drop from her hands, and, musing, she would recall the stranger's looks, and wonder if they should ever behold each other again. Often, at night, when she sought her silent chamber, Lucy would draw forth the morocco case, and, opening it, would sit gazing upon its contents. She heeded not their value, but they came from one who had paid involuntary homage to her beauty, and, womanlike, she could not avoid feeling an interest in one who so evidently had admired her. Who was he? What his name? Had his life been gilded by the sunshine of domestic happiness, or had the storms and clouds of a wayward fate swept over the horizon of his existence? Too much she feared the latter had been his lot! Would he never revisit these shores again? Were they fated to meet again? Such were the questions Lucy asked in vain, and many were the conjectures which arose in her mind regarding the quiet foreigner, whom she had seen for a short moment, and whose brief message seemed to crave her sympathy for some early grief which had left its shadow in those expressive dark eyes. The only answer to them all was contained in the bright jewels which she held in her hand; and as she continued to look at them, the pale sea-green gems whispered to her of the dangers of the stormy deep, and in fancy she beheld the huge billows, and heard the loud winds roaring as they tossed about the vessel which bore him away, further and further, and fervent prayers for his safety rose in her heart. Nor was this all. There was one who had for many years been devoutly attached to Lucy. Frank Selden, the cousin of her friend Margaret, a young lawyer, fast rising to eminence, only waited till it was in his power to provide a home suitable to his wishes, and then he intended to declare his love and ask Lucy to share it with him. At the approaching marriage, Lucy was to be bridesmaid, and Margaret had arranged it so that Frank should be groomsman. "You know, dear Lucy, one wedding brings another," she archly remarked when apprising her of this arrangement. That they were intended for each other was the general remark; and Lucy, perhaps unconsciously to herself, had acquiesced in the opinion of her friends. Selden had been a visitor at their house for many years, and Lucy could not but acknowledge that her lover possessed all those qualities calculated to ensure domestic happiness to her who consented to share his lot. Frank Selden could not fail to observe the alteration which had taken place in Lucy's manner; and with a lover's watchful eye, he noticed with pain that his society no longer afforded her the same pleasure as formerly, and he tried in vain to ascertain the cause of that thoughtful expression which so suddenly replaced

the air of girlish gaiety which her youthful face had hitherto worn.

## CHAPTER III.

It was a lovely moonlight summer evening, and Frank Selden and Lucy walked together in the garden. They were about to re-enter the house when Frank, in an earnest tone of voice, exclaimed, "Lucy stay one moment longer. I came hither to-night to learn my fate. Will you be my wife, dear Lucy, and it will be the endeavour of my future life to make you happy?" Though Lucy's mind might have been prepared for the avowal which Frank now made, she felt startled and surprised, and conflicting emotions filled her heart, among which, as seem for the sterling qualities of her lover, and admiration of his talents, were conspicuous. But did she love him with that depth of affection which alone could insure happiness in wedded life? Alas for Lucy! A pair of earnest dark eyes met hers, but they were not those of Frank Selden. The deep tones of a well remembered voice rang in her ears, and a form only once seen, but unforgettably, rose phantasmalike between her and the lover who pleaded his cause with such manly sincerity. Overcome by contending emotions, Lucy, pale and trembling, leant against the pillar of the portico for support.

"Frank," she at length exclaimed, "I esteem, I admire you, but I fear I do not love you as you deserve."

"I shall be perfectly content with that degree of affection you can bestow upon me, dear Lucy, provided no other shares your love. That I could not endure. But I shall not hurry you; at another time I shall hear your decision, and oh! remember that the future weal or woe of one who loves you dearly depends upon your answer."

Lucy bowed her head in silence, and Frank, after bidding her an affectionate good night, took his departure. Lucy sought her quiet chamber, and in its solitude tried to regain her composure. A few short weeks ago, had Frank asked her to become his wife it is probable that her answer would have been unhesitatingly given. She had esteemed and admired, perhaps she also thought that she had loved him; but there were depths in fair Lucy's heart which had till lately been unknown, and which a romantic—and Lucy to herself confessed a foolish—attachment for an utter stranger with whom she had never exchanged a single word had awakened, and whom in all probability she might never again behold. What a strange riddle is a woman's heart! She remains cold and insensible to the faithful tried affection of years, which has endured through sunshine and storm, through joy and sorrow, and yields her undying love to one who comes suddenly across her path and to whose keeping she entrusts her future happiness without a doubt or fear. Long sat Lucy, silent and absorbed, and the tears dropped fast and unheeded upon the pale gems which she held in her hand and dimmed their lustre.

"No, it is impossible," she at length exclaimed, "I cannot, must not wed Frank Selden. A short time ago, I know not what my answer might have been. But ah! how foolish, how vain am I to dream for a single moment that we shall ever behold each other again! That he will ever return from his distant home to make me his bride. Strange delusion! But I can never become the wife of one man while my heart is filled with the image of another."

## CHAPTER IV.

Fifteen years have sped away and with their joys and sorrows have passed over fair Lucy's head, and she is still unwedded. Many besides Frank Selden have wooed, but no one as yet has won her. She is no longer the fair young girl we last beheld her, but she is still a lovely woman, for she belongs to a land where the rose blooms on the cheek at an age when it has fled forever the more fragile beauties of less temperate climes. She is now a dignified woman, though her manner yet retains much of its girlish simplicity united to the quiet self-possession of mature years. Her blue eyes beam as kindly as ever, and her sunny ringlets are as luxuriant as when we last saw her. Many wonder why Lucy is still un-

married, but she laughingly evades the *badinage* of her intimate friends who rally her on this subject. Her society is sought as eagerly as ever, and a legacy unexpectedly bequeathed by a distant relative has placed the mother and daughter in affluent circumstances, and reinstated them in their former position in the world. Margaret is now as sincere a friend as of old. Some half dozen archins cluster round her table, and her husband, Mr. Seymour has secured by industry a handsome competence. Their mansion is stately and furnished in costly style, and Mrs. Seymour's fêtes are distinguished for their elegance and the agreeable society to be met there. Mr. Seymour is now seated at the breakfast-table and holds a letter in his hand which bears a foreign post-mark, and from which, as he leisurely reads and sips his coffee, we shall take the liberty of making an extract.

"Many thanks, dear Seymour, for your friendly epistle which reached me lately, and which has had the effect of hastening me to take a step which I have long had in contemplation. I am weary of this life of exile from my native country and long to inhale its fresh breezes as ardently as ever Swiss sighed to behold his mountain home again. This eastern land, gorgeous though its scenery may be, has become distasteful, and I desire to mingle among my own countrymen, for here I lead the life of a solitary, and often for weeks at a time, do not even hear the accents of my native tongue. I possess wealth sufficient to gratify my moderate wishes; and I would return to my own country before this enervating climate has rendered me incapable of enjoying the fruits of my industry and self-denial. For, Seymour, you must recollect that I am no longer a young man, though at forty I can hardly consent to be termed old. Blessed as you are with the society of a wife and children, you can hardly sympathise in the loneliness of my lot, or understand how ardently I desire to possess a home, a domestic hearth,—and a vision comes across my sight of one who, I fondly fancy, might have rendered that abode an earthly paradise. My dear friend, we have each had our dream of happiness, and yours, fortunately for yourself, has been realized. Do not smile, and I shall tell you mine, dim and shadowy though it may be. Do you remember the last time I visited England for a short time, now fifteen years ago? The very day upon which I sailed for India, by the merest chance I met a fair girl, whose memory still haunts me, and whose lovely face, blooming and youthful as it then was, beamed upon my mental vision like that of an angel, estranged as I have lived from the charms of female society and surrounded only by the dusky natives of this eastern country. I learnt her name, but that was all; and had not my word been pledged that I should sail that very day, I would have learnt more of one who so deeply interested me, and, if I can read aright the expression of woman's eye the prepossession was mutual. Never shall I forget the embarrassed air, the bright blush which suffused her modest face as she encountered my too admiring gaze, for I could not conceal the sudden feeling with which I was inspired. Her name was—But not I shall not even write. When I see you I shall tell you more, and you will assist me to realise this dream which I have cherished for so many years; though faint and shadowy is the hope that I shall find her unwedded, for she was not one to remain unsought; and the unknown stranger who passed from her sight like the shifting form of a kaleidoscope must quickly have faded from her memory. Five years after my return to India, I endeavoured again to obtain leave of absence, but death had been busy among my superiors in office and I was compelled to remain. Besides I feared to encounter the almost certain disappointment, which would await my enquiries, and I almost preferred to linger on in uncertainty to braving the alternative of having my hopes annihilated. Had I seen other faces, many perhaps as fair but none so attractive to me, perhaps the impression then made might have gradually been effaced, or another might have taken its place; but solitary and unloved as I have lived, that chance meeting is the brightest incident of my past life, and

one which memory never tires of recalling. I think I see you smile, Seymour, at your friend thus rearing a superstructure of happiness upon such an aerial foundation, but nevertheless I cling to hope. At all events I shall purchase an estate in your immediate neighbourhood, and settle down, at least as a solitary old bachelor, if not as a Benedict, and we shall talk over those days we spent together in boyhood. Before this reaches you, I shall have sailed for England, so adieu till we meet there."

"My dear," said Mr. Seymour, as he concluded the epistle and his coffee at the same time, "Desborough, whom you have so frequently heard mention is on his way to England. He is a splendid fellow, if fifteen years have not greatly altered him. I am delighted to think that we shall have him for neighbour. He is wealthy, and hints at the possibility of marrying and settling down beside us. He cherishes some romantic recollections concerning a lady whom he met many years ago, but of whom he has not since heard. Pity that his affections are engaged. Desborough is precisely the man that I would have chosen for our fastidious friend Lucy Ayton, both in respect to years and excellence of disposition. But I am no matchmaker. I leave such affairs to you ladies. When he arrives, I trust you will invite some of our friends to meet him, and we must give him a cordial welcome home again. Poor Desborough, the history of his earlier years is very sad. A rebellion suddenly broke out in the remote province of which his father held the military command, and the whole family were barbarously murdered with the exception of Charlie who was in England at the time, receiving his education at the same college I attended. The sudden and awful bereavement which left him alone in the world wrought a great change in the hitherto bright and cheerful boy; and I well remember how clumsily I tried every stratagem, but in vain, to steal him away from brooding over his deep seated grief. Since then, a shade of melancholy has rested on his fine, expressive countenance. Since his early loss he has never had the happiness of possessing a cheerful home, for he received an appointment as soon as his studies were completed, and by his own account since then must have led a sadly isolated life. I hope he may at length meet some one worthy of his affections, and that we may resume the friendly intercourse which has been interrupted for so many years."

## CHAPTER V.

Lucy Ayton stood before the large mirror in her dressing room, attired for a *fête* which was to take place that evening at the residence of Mrs. Seymour. She looked very lovely. Her robe of mauve broadened silk, whose rich folds swept the floor, harmonised well with her fair complexion and displayed to advantage the faultless symmetry of her arms and shoulders. Her light brown hair fell in luxuriant ringlets, and was unadorned by flower or gem. A casket of jewels lay upon the table beside her, and she opened it to select some ornament with which to complete her toilet. One trinket after another was looked at, then carelessly cast aside, till her hand came in contact with a crimson morocco case, and opening it, Lucy remained standing, silently gazing upon the contents, while an absent, dreamy expression stole into her dark blue eyes. Some event of the past appeared to be suddenly conjured up by a sight of the jewels. The recollection, whatever it might be, was sad yet pleasing, for she sighed softly and then a smile flitted over her face.

"'Tis a long, long time," she exclaimed, "since I have worn these ornaments; but I shall wear them once more to-night. Oh! much would I give to know what has been the fate of the donor. 'Tis now certain that we shall never meet again. So many years have fled away since that day, and yet the personal appearance of the stranger is as vivid in my recollection, as if I had seen him but yesterday. Alas! those pale gems are all that remain to me of that sweet dream of my youth, and Lucy clasped the bracelet on her arm and placed the jewelled drops in her small ears. The carriage was announced, and entering it



Lucy soon arrived at her destination. Mrs. Seymour's handsome suite of apartments were brilliantly illuminated, and Lucy was among the first arrivals. For a time she conversed with her friend till the numerous guests who poured in demanded the attention of the hostess. The children, with whom Lucy was an especial favourite, were waiting an opportunity to steal her away in order to display to her some new toys they had lately received; and surrounded by the merry troupe, she passed onward to Mrs. Seymour's boudoir, which was as yet uninvaded. Lucy seated herself on a couch, while the children gathered around her, and her little namesake climbed up beside her, and laid her curly head upon Lucy's shoulder.

Eagred with the children, the time passed unheeded, till Mrs. Seymour's voice at the door enquiring for Miss Ayton aroused her.

"Yes, Margaret," I am here, "and those children must plead my excuse for running away, and deserting you." Lucy now observed that a gentleman followed Mrs. Seymour into the room.

"Miss Ayton, allow me to present a particular friend of my husband's, Mr. Desborough, who has lately returned from India," said Mrs. Seymour. As Lucy, disengaging herself from the children, rose from the sofa, for the first time she raised her eyes to the stranger's face, and a bewildered, startled look of recognition instantly followed, while as she silently bent her head in return to his salutation, the eloquent colour mounted to her fair brow, and then receding as quickly, left her face as pale as marble. If Lucy was thus strangely agitated at the introduction, Mr. Desborough was not less so. The sunburnt hue of his complexion became of a deeper tint, while his quick eye, with a lightning glance recognised and rested for a moment, upon the bracelet which encircled her arm, and a proud and joyous smile lit up his countenance.

"I was not aware that you and Miss Ayton had been previously acquainted," said Mrs. Seymour, greatly astonished at the very evident though dumb signs of recognition which had followed the introduction.

"Miss Ayton and I have seen each other only once before this evening," replied Mr. Desborough, for Lucy had lost the power of speech. "Tis many years ago," he added, in a voice of emotion, "but I trust that sufficient time has elapsed, to enable Miss Ayton to forgive the presumption of which I was then guilty."

"Miss Ayton is of a very forgiving disposition," replied Mrs. Seymour, for Lucy continued silent, "and your offence must have been very grave indeed if it has not long ere now been pardoned. So, as this little affair is now amicably settled, we shall return to the company, and Miss Ayton in token of entire forgiveness will honour you with her hand for the next dance."

No matter how gently time deals with us, fifteen years will have made some changes upon the handsomest form and the most attractive face, and to other eyes than those of Lucy, the recognition might not have been so instantaneous. Charles Desborough was still a fine looking man, in the prime of life with his raven locks unmingled with grey and his dark eyes as expressive as ever. But to Lucy, as she ventured a second glance, the figure had grown more commanding, and the mouth had acquired a firmer, more decided expression than belonged to the hero of her youthful dreams.

As, in obedience to Mrs. Seymour's request, they proceeded down stairs, Desborough felt the hand tremble which rested so lightly on his arm, and when he addressed Miss Ayton her timid eyes dropped beneath the long lashes, and her voice when she answered was low and tremulous. They did not seek to join the dancers, for neither were in a mood to participate in the gay scene within. Feelings that had lain buried in their hearts for years were suddenly re-awakened, and both felt that this meeting would decide their future destinies. A door stood open which conducted to the lawn. It was a mild summer evening, and Desborough and Lucy passed out into the silent night.

The fête was over, the guests had departed, and Mrs. Seymour and Lucy remained the sole occupants of the deserted ball room.

They were seated together on a couch, and Lucy looked very happy though her face was pale, and bore evident traces of recent emotion.

"How wonderfully events come about in this changeable world," said Mrs. Seymour. "Dear Lucy, you deserve all your present happiness as the reward of your unparalleled constancy. I little imagined that the unknown stranger who took your heart off with him to foreign lands, and Charles Desborough, my husband's friend from boyhood, and whom he never tires praising, were the same. So, after all you are the heroine of quite a romance of your own, and I sincerely congratulate you upon its happy conclusion. Strange, that under your calm exterior and placid manner feelings so strong and unchangeable should be concealed. Strange that the silent chance meeting of a few moments should influence the current of a whole life, and stranger still that I never suspected the cause of poor Selden's refusal, when my mind was so set upon the match. You will be a handsome couple, and as Mr. Desborough has decided to remain in this neighborhood we shall still continue near each other.

Lucy Ayton is now Mrs. Desborough, happy and beloved as one so good and fair deserves to be. Her husband adores her, and all the luxuries that wealth can procure are hers; but though Desborough has lavished upon his wife gems of Oriental splendour, she possesses jewels linked with dear memories of the past which she prizes above them all; and when she wishes to look loveliest in her husband's eyes and desires to recall the day upon which they first met, she casts all others aside and decks herself with the long treasured and much prized Aquamarines.

#### "A SCRIMMAGE WITH A TIGER."

**E**ARLY one morning during February last, as I sat in my verandah at early tea, I received a hasty note from my friend Captain, H., intimating that a "kill" having taken place at Telowlie, some four miles off, he proposed looking up the tiger, and gave me due notice, in case I wished to share the fun.

Of course I was soon ready to be off, and dispatched my servants, with a small battery of breech and barrel loaders, to H.'s bungalow, waiting his arrival with what patience I might. At ten o'clock he rode up, bringing a camel for my use; and the elephants and beaters having gone on ahead, we cantered on leisurely.

An hour's easy riding brought us to the rendezvous, where a pretty and exciting scene greeted us.

Under the mango-trees were grouped about eighty-six beaters, elephants, Sowars, belonging to H.'s regiment, and volunteers from the village, all eager for the work, and breathing out death and destruction to the tiger, which they affirmed to be one I had followed and lost two years before. After some talk and difference of opinion as to the best way of working the jungle, H. and I started on foot for the "mool," where we arranged to post ourselves as the likeliest place for the tiger breaking cover, I clambered up one tree and another, and when conveniently seated, sent back word for the beaters to commence proceedings; which they speedily did in their usual fashion, kicking up noise enough to rouse the manes of every defunct cow in the district. Shouting, beating tom-toms, blowing horns, and, in short, making such hullabaloo as only natives can make, and which was calculated to drive even a tiger from its lair, is strangely exciting.

In a short time the noise begins to take effect: deer of various sorts break and gallop past, now one of the pretty Shelul, or spotted deer, now a lordly Sambar, now a Nilgaa, now a couple of peafowl, the last runs close to the ground. Sometimes, if a jungle is a little open, the tiger can be seen for a considerable time before coming within shot, and then, as with straining eyes you watch him stealthily cat-like creep, how the nerves tingle, and what speculation as to whether the first chance will be yours crowd on the brain! Man is a selfish animal at all times, but never more

so than when hunting. "Every man for himself" is surely the hunter's motto; and the best temper in the world would show a rough side when the chances of a good shot are balked.

Our first "draw" was a blank, so we held counsel with our ally, the village kadoor, as to the next move, and finally elected to try another patch of jungle.

H. and I scrambled to our new trees, and I was busily employed lighting my pipe when I heard a whisper below me, and looking down descried H., gesticulating violently. Slipping down, I heard,—

"Look sharp, the tiger's a foot; we must get back."

Back we went, scrambling into the best trees we could find; mine was a miserable sapling, the effort to perch on which gave me cramp, and nearly upset me in more ways than one.

Bang, jingle, roar, shriek, went the beaters; and then I forgot my misery. Suddenly I heard the firing of a rifle-shot near, followed by a low whistle, the signal that the tiger was hit. Down H. and I jumped, making for the elephant, to follow up the wounded animal. But the first shot, fired by one of the Sowars, had been mortal; and so, having put a couple of barrels into her to make certain, we lugged a fine full-grown tigress out of the scrub. This was not bad. But we knew the male was near somewhere, so another beat was arranged; and the coolies had scarcely cleared their throats, when out bounded a splendid tiger. H. had the first chance but could not get a shot; and before the brute was within my range, a Sowar fired a snap shot that hit him hard, though too far back to be fatal. He was then just under my tree, and the challenge he roared back actually seemed to shako me; on he crashed through the bushes, disappearing from our sight.

Stealthily descending, we gave him time to lie down, and then, mounting the elephants, followed him. My luck was in the ascendant now, as before we had gone a couple hundred yards, I caught sight of the tiger crouching under the thick foliage of a corrunchur bush. Pointing him out to H., I fired right and left, and as he made no sign, I concluded I had finished him off; but H., thinking not, and that he was only sulking, gave an ounce ball with one of Jacob's shells; the effect was startling, to say the least of it: with a roar like thunder, he made at us. There was no use firing; he was desperate,—mad with rage and pain. Before we knew well what we might expect, he was on the elephant, and, though too badly wounded to make a spring, was clinging round the animal's off fore-leg with no loving embrace. Then began a struggle I can never forget: the elephant trying to kneel upon his antagonist, both roaring, bellowing, and writhing together, while H. and I, holding on to the grim death, were making frantic efforts to get a shot at him under the elephant's belly.

At last, gathering strength for a death-spring, the tiger pulled the elephant over, and down we all came. I was stunned, but have a faint remembrance of the horrible heap rolling in the dust together, and H. pulling me up after he had fired a finishing shot. Then we rolled behind some bushes, while the elephant dashed off straight for home, trumpeting furiously.

Not caring to risk a closer acquaintance with our gallant friend until sure that he was not only stunned or stupefied, which is sometimes the case, we made a long circuit, and, coming up with the beaters, brought back a party to secure the tiger.

Our precaution was unnecessary; he was quite dead, and a finer fellow I never saw,—measuring ten feet eleven inches, and with a hide like a thoroughbred's.

We returned to our bungalows to discuss pale ale and sandwich, of course, and to smoke a pipe in honour of our safe return, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, and thanking God for having spared our lives in so dangerous an encounter.

Our elephant was most frightfully mauled in the scrimmage: it was after six months of most careful nursing that we got her well; and I dare say she is ready now to meet another tiger.

## TO CANADA.

DEAR land of the lake and the forest,  
Green valley and pine covered hill;  
The land of the broad rolling river,  
And softly meandering rill!

Thou beautiful land of the maple,  
Thy love is enshrined in each heart;  
And tender and fond are the feelings  
Thy grandeur and beauty impart.

Yes! strong are the links of affection  
That bind thy brave children to thee;  
And bold are the spirits, and fearless,  
That guard thee, fair land of the free!

O, long may thou prosper and flourish,  
And bloom with the vigour of youth;  
May thy shores be the bulwark of freedom—  
The shrine of religion and truth.

And long may the flag of our fathers  
Float proudly o'er forest and drome—  
The glory, the pride and the joys  
Of every Canadian home.

And over may peace and contentment  
Within thy green borders abide;  
While the streams of thy commerce expanding  
Flow on in a rich, golden tide.

But should the stern trumpet of battle  
Awake thee to warfare again,  
Then woe to the ruthless invader  
That dares thy free soil to profane.

Then the flag of our fathers unfolding,  
We'll meet the rash foe on the strand,  
To combat and conquer like freemen,  
Or die for our beautiful land!

C. W., Feb. 1st., 1860.

S. M.

THE  
**SECRET OF STANLEY HALL.**

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL,

AUTHOR OF THE "CROSS OF BIDE," "PASSION AND PRINCIPLE," "THE ABBEY OF BATHMORE," ETC.

Continued from page 379.

## CHAPTER VIII. THE DISCOVERY.

"What do you think of that portrait, Miss Carlyle? it seems to possess some very great attraction for you," was a remark which Guy Stanley addressed to Gertrude, as one day he sat watching her while she was reading to the young Baronet, and saw her glance frequently up at the full-length picture of the late Lady Stanley, which was hung opposite the invalid's couch.

"I think it is very lovely; the expression of the face is charming. It does, as you say, attract my eyes, insensibly; the interest I feel in it is unaccountable."

"I will tell you why you like to look at it, Miss Carlyle; it is because it is so like yourself," remarked Sir Alfred, gayly. "It almost answers the purpose of a mirror, in which you can see your own fair image reflected. Have you never observed the likeness, Uncle Guy?"

"I cannot say that I have," replied Captain Stanley, slowly looking alternately at the governess and the portrait; "but certainly there is a resemblance; I wonder it never struck me before; probably because I so seldom look at Lady Stanley's portrait."

"If you were lying here all day long with it hanging just opposite to you, you could not help looking at it," remarked the young heir petulantly. "I saw the resemblance between that portrait and Miss Carlyle the very day she came to the Hall; Bertha also observed it, and spoke to me of it. Suppose she should be the lost child of Sir Rowland! she would then be our cousin. Would not you like that, Uncle Guy? I should immensely; then I might call her Cousin Gertrude, instead of Miss Carlyle; it would be less formal."

The lost child of Sir Rowland! What a startling interest these words possessed for the governess! What bright hopes they suddenly awaken-

ed! "When did Sir Rowland Stanley lose a child?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh, a long time since; when I was about two years old."

"And how old are you now?"

"Past seventeen."

"Just one year younger than I am; now strange!"

Guy Stanley was earnestly watching the varying expression of Gertrude's face, which betrayed every passing thought.

"What seems strange, Miss Carlyle," he asked with interest.

"That the age of this child and mine seem to agree, and I, too, am a lost child," she replied, smiling.

"Were you also stolen away from your parents?" asked Sir Alfred, in surprise.

"Perhaps I should not say stolen. I do not rightly understand how it was, but I have lately learned that the person with whom I lived for several years was not my mother. This she revealed to me on her death-bed. She also said that my parents lived in England."

"A very singular coincidence indeed!" observed Guy Stanley, a deeper interest growing into his handsome face. "Sir Rowland's little daughter was just three years old when she disappeared; she would be about eighteen now."

"Mamma, mamma, come here!" cried Sir Alfred, eagerly calling to his stately mother, who was engaged writing at the other end of the gallery. "Only think," he continued as she approached his couch, "Miss Carlyle was stolen away from England when she was quite young. She must certainly be the missing child of Sir Rowland Stanley; don't you think so, Mamma?"

A mingled expression of anger and apprehension clouded the face of Lady Stanley as she observed haughtily, "What an absurd assertion, Alfred! Miss Carlyle has heard the story of the lost child from some of the servants, and she likes to imagine herself that child."

The flush of resentment rose to the brow of Gertrude at this impudent remark, and an indignant reply trembled on her lips, but she felt her dependent situation and was silent.

"What reason have you to suppose you are the late Baronet's daughter?" asked the Mistress of Stanley Hall, in no pleasant accents, addressing the governess.

"Because there is a strange similarity between between her fate and mine."

"In what respect? pray explain."

Gertrude related the death-bed disclosure of Mrs. Elwood.

The Italian listened attentively, a deeper interest expressed in her face than she was herself aware of.

"But there is no reason to suppose that this woman—this Mrs. Elwood—stole you from your parents; your mother might have been obliged to desert you, for reasons best known to herself."

"The crimson of shame flooded the face of Gertrude at this coarse insinuation, and, unable to contain her indignation, she remained silent a few moments, not daring to trust her voice in reply. At length the words "Mrs. Elwood assured me that I had no reason to blush for my mother," broke haughtily from her.

"But there is no proof that you are Gertrude Stanley, and in a court of justice proof is everything to establish your claim."

"I lay no claim to be Gertrude Stanley; and yet I assert that between the two cases there is a singular coincidence," said Gertrude, quietly.

"So there is," broke in Sir Alfred, "even your name is the same as my lost cousin's. Don't you think that is, in itself, remarkable, Mamma?"

"Not at all, there are many persons called Gertrude in the world," was his mother's curt reply. "What sort of person was Mrs. Elwood," she asked, turning to the governess.

"I have her likeness; would you wish to see it?"

Guy Stanley was silently watching his sister-in-law during this conversation, and he saw a look of the deepest interest on her dark stern face at this information.

"I should like to see it," she replied eagerly, "in order to find out whether it agrees with the

description given of the woman who was supposed to have stolen the child from the Hall."

Gertrude now, in compliance with Lady Stanley's wishes, went to her own room to get Mrs. Elwood's likeness.

"This is rather a singular affair, Guy," her Ladyship resumed, as Gertrude left the picture-gallery.

"Very; there seems little doubt that Miss Carlyle is our lost relative."

"You come to that conclusion too readily; for my part I think it is a wretched tale invented by this designing girl," Lady Stanley observed angrily.

"I do not agree with you," said her brother-in-law indignantly; "I believe Miss Carlyle is incapable of such artifice as you attribute to her."

"She has won you over to her cause, I perceive, but whatever she may choose to assert, or whatever you or others may believe, there is no proof; this Mrs. Elwood is dead, and dead people tell no tales," and Lady Stanley laughed unpleasantly, while there was an irrepressible gleam of triumph in her eyes as they defiantly met Captain Stanley's.

Gertrude now returned to say she could not find the likeness; she was afraid she had left it in Montreal.

"It is of no consequence," remarked Lady Stanley, looking evidently relieved. "Even if Mrs. Elwood's likeness did resemble the description of the woman, what proof is there in that—strangers so often look like each other."

"But to me there is a very strong proof in the resemblance Miss Carlyle bears to the late Lady Stanley," observed Guy, pointing to the portrait. "Has it escaped your observation?"

"I cannot see any likeness; Miss Carlyle's features are not so finely cut, her eyes are not the same colour."

"But the expression is the same," persisted Guy, "the longer you look at the two faces, the stronger grows the resemblance between them."

"I cannot see it," and Lady Stanley spoke in a cold decided manner which seemed intended to check all further remarks of her brother-in-law's.

"There are none so blind as those who will not see," thought the young officer, as he withdrew to a window and stood there for some time apparently looking out upon the ocean, but lost in thought.

An hour afterwards Gertrude was walking along the beach with her young pupils, when, to her surprise, Captain Stanley joined her.

"Here, Bel and Cora, you scamp off and gather me some pretty shells near that white sand-bank yonder," and, having thus got rid of his little grand-nieces, Guy, eagerly addressing the governess, asked if she could get Mrs. Elwood's likeness from Montreal.

"I do not know whether Mr. Elwood is there now; I fear a letter would not reach him, as I do not know his address."

"Was the likeness taken when Mrs. Elwood was young?"

"Yes, before she was married."

"So much the better. You can, I suppose, describe what she looked like. The woman who stole the little Gertrude was pretty, with fair hair, blue eyes, and petite figure. Would that description correspond with Mrs. Elwood's?"

"Exactly with the likeness, which was taken some years since."

"It seems to me that my haughty sister-in-law is unwilling to admit that there really is good reason to believe you are the daughter of Sir Rowland Stanley. It is to her interest to prevent, if possible, any investigation of the affair. The large fortune belonging to the late Baronet's daughter would have to be given up should that daughter come to claim it. But I am also deeply interested in the matter, for if it can be proved that you are Gertrude Stanley, it will give me another, and a very dear cousin," and Guy's eyes met Gertrude's with an expression that sent a thrill of delight glancing through her frame.

"Here may be some letter in Elwood's possession," he continued, after a moment's silence, "which might throw some light upon this affair. I will go to London by the night-train, and see

Ruthvin, the late Baronet's solicitor. He will advise what is best to be done."

"How very kind of you to take so much trouble!" said Gertrude, gratefully.

"Don't thank me; did I not say I was acting from selfish motives. A steamer leaves for Quebec to-morrow. If Ruthvin thinks it best, I will go myself across the Atlantic in search of this Elwood. In an interview I could learn more than by letter."

Gertrude did not again thank Captain Stanley, but her bright eyes expressed gratitude, and, it might be, something more tender, for the young man took her hand, and kissed it passionately.

At this moment, Bel and Cora came running back quite out of breath, the sea-breeze blowing their golden curls about their pretty faces, which wore a disappointed and vexed look.

"There were no shells where you sent us, Uncle Guy, not one—not even a single shell!" exclaimed Cora, the youngest little one, shaking her curly head positively.

"Oh, you didn't look well—you didn't take time to find them, Cora. Better luck next time. Run away, and try again."

"What do you want the shells for Uncle Guy?" gravely inquired Bel.

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps to take away with me when I join my ship next month. They would help to ornament my cabin in the *Ariadne*," he replied laughing.

"I don't believe you want the shells, Uncle Guy, and I know why you sent us to look for them," continued Bel, looking very wise; "you just wanted to get us away so that you might speak to Miss Carlyle, and kiss her hand! ah! we saw you, Uncle Guy! didn't we Bel?" broke in little Cora, with a merry laugh.

"Yes," responded Bel, "and when Grand-mamma again asks if Uncle Guy joined us in our walks, I know what I shall tell her. I cannot say no again, can I Miss Carlyle?" and the little lady looked archly at her governess.

"You can tell her what you like, Miss Bel," said Captain Stanley, angrily, for he felt annoyed at finding that his sister-in-law kept a surveillance over his actions.

"Well, if it vexes you, I shall not say a word about it, dear Uncle Guy; but, then, what shall I do if Grandma asks me," remarked Bel, with a puzzled look. "It wouldn't be right to tell a lie I am sure, would it, Miss Carlyle," and the child looked appealingly at her governess.

"Certainly not, Bel; you can tell your Grand-mamma that Captain Stanley joined us in our walk this evening."

"And only this evening," joined in Cora, very gravely; "and it was not much harm, I think. Did it make you angry, Miss Carlyle," she asked innocently.

"No," replied Gertrude, smiling, as she met the laughing glance of Captain Stanley.

"You like Uncle Guy, don't you, Miss Carlyle," asked Bel, who thought it was now her turn to join in the conversation.

There was no answer to this question, but Guy Stanley saw the answer he desired in the conscious look and downcast eyes of the governess.

"What a beautiful sunset!" she exclaimed, wishing to change the conversation. "In what bold relief the Hall stands out against that gorgeous sky, the dazzling rays glancing on its pointed pinnacles and high ivy-covered chimneys, and glittering with crimson light on its numerous windows."

"Oh, there is Rover barking at those poor boys gathering shell-fish!"

"Come, Cora, let us run and call him off! See how frightened they look!" and away ran both children, relieving their uncle and governess once more of their presence.

For a few minutes, Gertrude and her companion stood silently admiring the picturesque appearance of Stanley Hall, flooded by the glorious sunset.

"What a fine old building it is! Now that I begin to look upon it as the home of my infancy, it possesses a new interest for me! Has it been long in the Stanley family?"

"Oh, since the time of the Tudors, I believe. It is a very ancient edifice."

"Is there no legend—no tale of superstition—connected with it," inquired Gertrude, smiling. "It seems to me that such a very old place should have some legendary tale clinging to it, like the ivy clustering about its massive walls."

"I never heard of any except a foolish story about one Sir Cutlbert Stanley, who committed suicide in the east tower, and whose ghost is said to haunt the eastern wing of the building."

"The very part where my apartment is situated!" said Gertrude, with affected terror. "And, now I remember that, in the silent hours of the night, I have heard ghostly footsteps treading along the corridors."

"And have you never had the curiosity to open your door, and try to find out who the nocturnal perambulator was," asked Guy, smiling. "You might have seen Sir Cutlbert himself, in his antique cavalier costume—he lived in the time of the first Charles."

"No, for I supposed the stealthy footsteps I heard were those of some servant."

"And very probably they were. I have no belief in those ghost stories, although sailors are said to be very superstitious. However, old Burton assured me the other day, when the subject was laughingly mentioned by Alfred, that he had himself seen Sir Cutlbert, in his old-fashioned dress, entering the east tower, which has been shut up for years. I do not sleep in the haunted part of the Hall. If I did, I think I should be tempted to watch for a sight of my ghostly ancestor," added Captain Stanley, laughing.

"Do you remember Sir Rowland and Lady Stanley," asked Gertrude, after a short pause, anxious to lead the conversation back to the subject which now possessed such engrossing interest for her.

"Yes, imperfectly. I was then only a boy of ten years old, and was not very often at the Hall. I resided with my widowed mother at our family estate in Cumberland. Sir Rowland—always kind and generous—I loved with the affection of a son, and the gentle Lady Stanley—so frail, so fair, so lovely—seemed to my boyish fancy more like an angel than an inhabitant of earth. What a contrast between her and the present mistress of the Hall! My poor brother made a fatal mistake in choosing her for a companion for life."

"She was singularly beautiful, I have heard."

"Yes, it was this dazzling beauty which blinded him to the glaring faults in her character. Love is often an infatuation—a bewilderment of the senses—a kind of dream, in which reason and judgment are quiescent, and fancy alone is active. I regretted my brother's death when it occurred, but I have learned to regard it as a merciful providence, inasmuch as it spared him years of wedded misery. My affection for Bertha and Alfred have alone induced me visit the Hall—hitherto," he hastily added. "Another and more powerful attraction has, for several weeks, detained me a willing inmate within its walls."

These words, so full of deep meaning, again thrilled with joy the heart of Gertrude. The hopes she had for some time indulged seemed about to be realized. The deep interest Guy Stanley took in her affairs, the tenderness of his manner, his impassioned looks, all spoke of that devotion, which, seen in the object beloved, is capable of imparting inexpressible happiness. For a few minutes they walked on in silence, each occupied in pleasant thought.

"How strangely things do happen?" Captain Stanley at length resumed. "Singular, was it not, that you should come to the very place where you are likely to unravel the mystery about your parents. But how was it you became acquainted with that handsome clergyman, Trevyllian? I think Lady Stanley said you accompanied him from New York. Is he related to the Elwoods?"

"Oh, no! I first met him on board the steamer, and Mr. Elwood placed me under his care. On landing in England, as I was a stranger and friendless, he took me to his mother's protection. Very kind, was it not?"

"Yes, I shall ever feel grateful to him for this kindness to you. But do you know I have been very jealous of this handsome curate, because of

of the affection you evidently feel for him. How your eye has brightened, and your face flushed with pleasure whenever he made his appearance at the Hall. I was dreadfully jealous, I assure you. Was there any just cause?" and Guy Stanley turned an anxious, enquiring look at the governess.

"I feel for Philip Trevyllian only a sister's affection, heightened by gratitude."

There was no coquetry in Gertrude's nature or she would not have given a reply so well calculated to allay the jealous fears of her lover.

"And how did you escape falling in love with him; he is so remarkably handsome?"

"He is better than that—he is one of the noblest of human beings—his whole life is governed by the pure principles of Christianity."

"Ah! have I not reason to be jealous! Fortunate fellow to possess so high a place in your esteem!"

There was some irritation in Guy's voice, and a shadow of envy clouded his usually pleasant face. There was enough of woman's weakness in Gertrude's character to make her feel pleasure at seeing the effect her praise of Philip Trevyllian produced. She regarded it as a proof of Guy's devotion; for the green-eyed monster is ever seen closely following the steps of love.

"May we not admire and esteem a person highly without loving him," she observed, and, as her eye met Guy's, its calm expression and her unembarrassed manner convinced him his jealousy was groundless. "Yes, you are right," he replied, in altered tones. "Beauty does not always create love. Now, there is Lady Rosalie Gascoigne; she is, I think, the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and yet she has never captivated me. Love is not only an arbitrary, but a capricious deity. What strange attachments people often form; how many wives the blind god employs to lead us captive in his chains? When beauty, or wit, or intellect fails, then some nameless fascination—some indescribable, or it may be imaginary charm, is potent to ensnare. It seems to me that we have no power over our own affections; and this powerful passion, like an insidious foe, stealthily invades the sanctuary of our heart, and retains possession of it, alas! too often in spite of ourselves—aye, in spite of the dictates of reason and conscience."

The young man spoke with grave earnestness. Was it painful experience of their truth which prompted these remarks. Had he himself been the victim of such a passion as he had described? How the thought pained Gertrude! How her woman's heart grieved to think she was not the first object of Guy Stanley's love? How much she wished to question him on the subject, but she could not do so now; at some future time she might win his confidence—and perhaps, after all, there was nothing to reveal. He might have spoken from observation, not experience.

"Is the report correct that Lady Rosalie Gascoigne will marry the handsome Viscount, who was at Templemore last Christmas?" she asked, to change the conversation.

"I believe so; her aunt wishes for the alliance. Viscount Waldegrave is very rich."

"Poor Philip!" murmured Gertrude, almost unconsciously.

"Ah! is the curate an admirer of Lady Rosalie—deeply smitten, perhaps?"

"I am afraid so."

"Then, I pity him, his case is hopeless; and what deep anguish an unrequited affection must cause!"

"You speak from experience, perhaps," and again a feeling akin to jealousy oppressed the heart of Gertrude.

"No, thank heaven, I do not! I merely imagine what it must be to love without return. I picture to myself how I should suffer if—I—" he paused for a few moments, then suddenly stopping, he turned with impassioned earnestness in his manner towards his fair companion, and speaking in the husky voice of powerful emotion, added, "Oh, Gertrude! let me hear from your own lips the assurance that I am not deceiving myself in thinking I possess an interest in your heart—that you do, indeed, regard me with affection—that you will be my wife—my own."

The suddenness of this passionate appeal startled Gertrude, although a formal declaration of his love after what had occurred was not entirely unexpected. But Gertrude was young, and quite unaccustomed to listen to protestations of love—this being her first experience in such matters. It was, therefore, with trembling confusion, and in faltering accents, that she gave Guy Stanley the assurance he required; but the meaning of the low, murmured words was caught by him, for the language of love even though it may be voiceless is easily understood.

The return of Bel and Cora interrupted this interesting tête-à-tête between their uncle and the governess, and shortly afterwards the deepening twilight warned Gertrude it was time to return with her pupils to the Hall. Captain Stanley, lost in a delightful reverie, prolonged his walk along the beach.

#### CHAPTER IX. SIR CUTHBERT'S GHOST.

That night, on returning to her apartment, Gertrude felt no inclination to sleep. She was glad to be alone, to indulge, undisturbed, the delightful train of thought the events of the day had awakened. The prospect of being acknowledged the daughter of Sir Rowland Stanley—of being restored to all the advantages which rank and fortune could bestow, was in itself an amount of happiness sufficient to banish sleep from her pillow; but there was still more—a thrilling consciousness of a new-found joy, which had lit up her sombre path of life with sudden light—Guy Stanley loved her! No longer could doubt on this subject torture her mind, the delicious hope secretly cherished was realized. How his impassioned words recurred again and again—how the low tender tones of his voice lingered on her ear! Loving and being loved, Gertrude was experiencing, for the first time, the greatest earthly happiness, and unreservedly she gave herself up to its enjoyment.

One, two, three hours passed away in these delicious waking dreams. The large old clock in the hall struck two hours after midnight. All sounds had for sometime ceased within the mansion; its inmates were buried in repose, when suddenly, in the stillness of the night, steps were heard distinctly in the corridor, outside Gertrude's room. Instantly there flashed upon her the recollection of what Guy had told her in the evening, and a superstitious terror crept over her, stilling for a minute the throbbings of her heart. But this feeling passed away, for Gertrude was naturally courageous, she smiled at her fears, and feeling a strong curiosity to discover who this nightly wanderer was, she quietly opened her door, and looked out. The corridor was lighted by a lamp suspended from the lofty ceiling. It was now burning dimly, nearly dying out. By its flickering light, a tall figure was seen about to descend the stairs leading to the hall below. It was dressed in the costume of the time of Charles the First—the same in which the Ghost of Sir Cuthbert Stanley was said to appear. Gertrude was now really frightened, and her white face showed that the fear of the supernatural was again at her heart, chilling the life-blood in her veins. But she soon felt reassured, for the light of the lamp, gleaming on the features of the supposed specter as he was descending the stairs, discovered the face of Burton, the butler at Stanley Hall. Astonishment gave place to fear, and an unaccountable impulse impelled her to follow this man, thus singularly disguised. It was something more than mere curiosity, although this feeling was strong in the young girl's heart. It seemed as if some unseen irresistible influence was actuating her at the moment, and yielding to it, after a slight hesitation, she cautiously followed Burton, her frame still trembling from the fright she had sustained.

He was crossing the hall below as she descended the stairs. At the farthest end of the hall, which was spacious, a door opened into a narrow winding passage. This the light from the corridor did not reach, and Gertrude was unwilling to proceed any farther in the darkness. But this objection was removed, for Burton turned the shade of a dark lantern, which he carried, giving sufficient light to follow his steps. The passage

after some turnings ended in a ponderous arched door, opening into the East tower. This Burton unlocked, and passed through. Gertrude noiselessly approached and peered through the half open door. Burton was ascending the spiral oak stairs leading to the apartments above. The lower room of the tower was unfurnished—the walls massive and time-stained, the floor flagged, and damp—the stair-case partly dilapidated, so that it creaked harshly as the butler carefully ascended its narrow steps. At the first landing another door was seen. With noiseless tread Gertrude entered the tower and approached the foot of the stairs. Hidden by the thick gloom which the faint light from above failed to penetrate, she watched Burton as he unlocked the door and entered this upper room. What could be the butler's object in this midnight visit to the East tower, which Captain Stanley told her had been shut up for several years. There was some mystery here which Gertrude Carlyle desired earnestly to unravel. Curiosity prompted her to ascend the stairs, and look through the door which had been left ajar; but prudence suggested the fear that the creaking of the old steps would betray her.

Fearing she might be discovered if she remained any longer in the tower she was about to retire when the voice of Burton arrested her steps. He was speaking in loud, angry tones and—could she have heard aright? But in the stillness of the night she could not be mistaken—another voice was heard in reply. The mystery deepened. Who was the person confined in the East tower, evidently unknown to the family, for Captain Stanley seemed entirely ignorant of it. But Lady Stanley—might she not be aware of it? It hardly was possible that any person could be a prisoner in Stanley Hall, without her knowledge. Judging of her character from her countenance, which is said to be the index of the mind, Gertrude believed her capable of countenancing any act of oppression or cruelty. She thought it, therefore, best not to mention what she had seen or heard that night to her ladyship, she would communicate her discovery to Guy, and leave him to act as he thought best in the matter. For a few minutes longer she lingered trying to catch the meaning of the words she heard indistinctly, but soon the conversation between Burton and his prisoner ceased, and hearing the butler move towards the door of the room above she hastily left the tower. Slowly, in the darkness Gertrude retraced her way through the winding passage—her heart throbbing with fear lest she should be overtaken by Burton, whose heavy tread already echoed behind her. At length she regained the hall which was still dimly lighted from the lamp above, and the next minute running lightly up the stairs, she stood, breathless and panting in the corridor, thankful for having escaped detection. Leaning over the balustrades she watched Burton enter the hall. He had taken off his disguise, having probably left it in the tower. He did not ascend to the corridor; crossing the hall he disappeared through a door leading to the servants' apartments. Gertrude now re-entered her own room—her thoughts filled with this strange adventure.

The grey dawn was stealing through the closed shutters, mingling with the yellow glare of the candle, now dying out, which she had left burning on the dressing-table. Gertrude extinguished it, and opening the shutters watched for the coming sunrise. Quickly the shadows of twilight gathered themselves up from the wide-spread landscape of hill and dale which her window commanded, and the silvery mists of a summer morning rolled away over the distant hills skirting the horizon. Gradually the resplendent rays of the ascending luminary lit up the eastern sky, streaking it with gorgeous and varied tints. At length, the sun's disk was seen peering above a fleecy cloud of crimson radiance, as if watching for a moment the quiet earth before he burst upon its sleeping population in all the glory of a summer sunrise. From the window of Gertrude's room could be seen the east tower. What peculiar interest it now possessed, since the event of the night had thrown the veil of mystery around it! As the golden sunlight glittered upon its

high narrow windows, deep set in the massive walls, she thought of the captive within, upon whose miserable prison life another day had dawned. Ere long, however, she trusted that this imprisonment, whatever might be its cause, would be ended; for she knew Captain Stanley would investigate this singular affair and have justice done to the unknown sufferer. Through the day she watched anxiously for Guy's return; for during the night, he went as he had intended, to London. But several days had to elapse, before she had an opportunity of communicating her discovery to him. On consulting with Ruthvin, the lawyer advised him to go himself to Montreal, and see Elwood, hoping that some intelligence might be gained, or some letters found which might help to establish Miss Carlyle's claims to be the missing child of Sir Rowland Stanley. Therefore Guy sailed for Canada, without returning to Stanley Hall.

(To be continued.)

## A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

#### CHAPTER I.

**I**F we were only to seize our opportunities as they occur, from what mistakes should we not be saved! Alas! our mistakes prove our ruin: and I have been no exception to the rule. An opportunity of grasping what I now believe, to be happiness, was once presented to me, and I lost it,—lost it through my own hand and act.

I loved—alas! who has not?—but I did not realise my situation till too late. Many others have, I fancy, done the same, and spent their after-life in vain repentance. It is perhaps humiliating to have to reflect on the fact that, often during our lives, an over-estimation of ourselves gives us us a lower appreciation of others. Men are more apt to make this mistake than women, not that women are wanting in natural vanity, but their local position, as statistically viewed, must create a broader level.

I possessed a fortune, not too much, but enough to make me independent of a profession, had I so chosen, but after leaving college I made up my mind to read for the bar, and selected a retired village in Devonshire, where I intended to work hard and enjoy an out-door life. I took lodgings, I surrounded myself with books, fishing-rods, and sketching materials, I ordered a luxurious arm-chair, which I had placed in my sitting-room window, which overlooked a delightful prospect, I arranged my mantelpiece with meerschaums, cigar cases, and all the paraphernalia belonging to the bacchanalian world, I established a perfect understanding with my laudatory as to the impropriety of my solitude ever being disturbed unless I especially desired it, I gave her some of my mother's most appetising receipts, a general order that I died at seven, and I flattered myself that no hermit's life could ever be more free from cares than mine. Alas! I deluded mortals that we are, I only fluttered straight into the very jaws of my own destruction.

I was not exactly religious, but I prided myself on being decorous in my outward conduct, consequently I always, when I had the opportunity, attended service once every Sunday. I did this from the force of habit and early associations, and as I considered my mind had been well trained, I determined to keep it up. Besides, Sunday is a dull day in a country village, where all that goes on during the week is suddenly brought to a standstill, no plough, no sturdy horses' feet, no whirring of the mills, no sparks at the blacksmith's forge. St. Laurence Vale was particularly quiet, a few cottages, one or two small farms, a round tower, and a little ivy-covered church, nestling close to which was a tiny vicarage house, where the curate lived, completed the *mise-en-scène*. The vicar had a fat living in some other county, but he received his three hundred a-year for this, out of which he paid his curate, Mr. Moorsom, eighty pounds a year, allowing him the advantage of residing rent free at the vicarage.

The beginning of my acquaintance with Mr. Moorsom took place in this way. I was walking leisurely down the narrow gravel path that led through the churchyard, when he came up, and offered me his hand with all the simplicity of the

Vicar of Wakefield. I took it, and thanked him for his kind, but I then considered, rather officious, inquiries, as to my reason for becoming one of his parishioners; however, he was an old man, and of the old school, so I could not take offence, and besides that, I had been attracted in church by a pretty bent head that was sitting close by the pulpit stairs, in an old-fashioned high pew. I saw it, for I was in the gallery; the owner of it was standing by the curate's side at that moment. I turned to look at her, and Mr. Moorsom introduced his daughter.

She had kept her veil down in church, but it was thrown back then, and a face that poets dream of was raised to mine, whilst a bright colour rushed to her cheeks, on my account—yes, on my account. I forgot how unused she was to strangers, and I only saw her self-consciousness. By the side of those rustic villagers she was like a pearl among rough sea stones; her clothes were certainly not fashionable, nor was the material handsome, but there was in herself a certain native dignity that made her, in my eyes, as far apart from them, in her muslin dress and plain straw bonnet, as though she had been the greatest lady in the land.

Mr. Moorsom asked me if I would go back with them and dine; they dined at half-past one, and went to service again at three. I hesitated, for I considered anything earlier than seven an unauthorised encroachment on civilised habits; but I fancied the soft grey eyes, in a mute kind of way, echoed the invitation; so I accepted it, with a mental reservation in my own mind to consider it luncheon. I need not have demurred. There were no *entrées* to give a vicious stimulant to my pampered appetite. Some cold meat and a fresh salad were laid out in a little homely dining-room, that overlooked a whole range of distant hills. Some home-made wine and home-brewed beer completed the repast.

As soon as Carine—I had better call her so at once—had taken off her bonnet and cloak, we sat down. She did what honours were to be done in a sweet, graceful, unaffected manner, and was, I remarked, particularly attentive to her father. She talked very little, but the pretty brown head was bent down in the attitude of listening, whilst every now and then our eyes met. Dinner took only a short time, and there was very little sitting afterwards. Mr. Moorsom asked me if I meant to attend the afternoon service, and, on my instantly acquiescing, as if the possibility of remaining away had never suggested itself to my mind, he invited me to stay at his house during the short interval that was to elapse. We went into the garden together, he, Carine, and I; then he went back to overlook his sermon, and Carine and I were left alone.

It only seemed five minutes after that the church bells began ringing again. I thought they sounded almost discordant, for Carine left me at once to put on her bonnet. However, I sat in the pew with her, and watched her during all the service. We went home together afterwards, and had tea under a cedar tree in the garden. We sat there far into the summer evening, listening alternately to some excellent conversation from the good old curate, and a bubbling brook that ran at our feet.

When I returned home that night I felt an absolute longing for my books, my scientific researches, and my prospects of triumphant legal quibbles. Carine's voice, singing a hymn as she had sung it under the cedar tree, was the only thing that I cared to remember, and it haunted me all the night long.

That Sunday was only the beginning of my friendship with the curate of St. Laurence Vale, or rather with Carine. I went to the vicarage every day; I became a convert to altar-giving and sacred music, and, above all, early dinners, for the sake, I must say, of sitting during the long afternoons with Carine in the garden, reading aloud whilst she worked, or superintending her drawing. How long this kind of thing might have lasted I don't know. With no defined feelings about the future, I had given myself up to the enjoyment of the present, but no great length of time in any human life elapses without some change taking place, which either we make

ourselves, or are affected by, at least to some extent.

A friend came to stay with me, on his way, as he said, to more exciting scenes. He was one of my old gay college friends, and I decide at once to let him see as little of Carine as possible. He was only to remain two days; so the difficulty would not, I expected, be great; but it turned out unfortunately that the good old curate met us out walking, and insisted on my bringing my friend with me to spend the evening; so we went.

Carine always looked lovely, but she looked I thought particularly lovely that evening, and the presence of a stranger had given her a brighter colour than usual. Fred Armstrong professed to be a connoisseur of female beauty, and I saw at once that he admired Carine, but I determined not to give him an opportunity of extending his acquaintance. I decoyed Carine into the garden under some pretence, and courtesy prevented his quitting the host. I asked Carine her opinion of Mr. Armstrong, and she gave it in an artless way, just as I fancied she thought would please me best, speaking highly of him because he was my friend.

I took her hand; we were standing by the brook side on which the moon was shining.

"Carine," I whispered, "how dreary my life was before I knew you!"

I felt the flutter of her dress as she drew, I fancied, a little nearer; her hand certainly trembled in mine, but the face was turned away.

"Carine," I continued, bending down till one of her wavy curls rested on my shoulder, "Carine, living alone as I do is very dreary; when—"

"I did not finish; for at that very moment, Fred Armstrong sprang up the bank and made some ill-timed remark about our absence. Ill-timed! I thought the remark bearish; and I fancied that I saw something very like tears come into Carine's eyes as she turned hastily away and joined her father.

The next day my friend left me. I think he would have remained longer, only I did not ask him to do so; he said nothing about Carine, except that he admired her; but I felt annoyed with him, though I did not exactly know why. After he left I went to the vicarage as usual, but I did not renew my interrupted conversation with Carine. Perhaps an opportune moment did not present itself; perhaps I had cooled, not in my liking for her, but in my desire to express it: I had no longer a rival.

A few days after I received a letter from another of my old college friends, the contents of which annoyed me excessively. Fred Armstrong had carried all sorts of reports back with him about my village belle, and I was not only unmercifully bantered respecting my pretended reading seclusion, but hints were thrown out, that if I did not look out I should certainly be caught.

Caught!—how the word grated on my ear. Could it be possible that Carine and her father were scheming to secure me? I banished the notion, but even the suspicion had taken the bloom off my paradise. I thought I would not go to the vicarage so often. I bought a horse, and rode into the country every day, but I generally found, that going or returning, my way led past the walled church, and there I was sure to see either Carine or her father, and Carine would ask me to come and help her gather flowers, or read her some passage from the *Idylls of the King*; and I always acquiesced, regardless of the consequences.

In one of these rides I discovered that an old friend of our family had taken a house in the neighbourhood, and I went to call on him. He had heard that I was near them, and assured me I had only anticipated a visit from him. I was invited to remain and dine. During dinner the conversation turned upon St. Laurence Vale and Mr. Moorsom. I felt that Carine would be the next attack. It came at last; he heard of me from Fred Armstrong. My health was drunk, and I received congratulations—I and my rustic bride. I felt inclined to leave the room, but I believe I sat on and smiled—smiled as much as a man could do who is supposed to be on the very verge of a matrimonial sacrifice.

Good gracious! I had perhaps been on the eve

of throwing myself away on a girl who had no fortune, no position. I had done well not to be rash; my caution had doubtless saved me from a whole world of after consequences. What would be the best line to pursue? I reflected that night on my return home. I went less frequently to the vicarage. When I did go, I was sometimes, from force of habit, my old self, but more often absent and capricious; and my little solecism committed by Carine came upon me as a personal injury. She bore my conduct as a woman only could, and I felt convinced that she loved me. Sometimes I was inclined to sacrifice everything, and confess my love. Then the whole purpose of my mind would undergo a change—in consequence, perhaps, of fancying that the old curate was trying to throw us together.

I received another letter, and this time it was from my mother, telling me that rumours had reached her of my intimacy with some old curate and his daughter, and entreating me to beware, as doubtless the old man would consider me a very charming catch for his daughter, which necessitated discretion on my part. She hinted at the horror of our respectable ancestral tree being impaired by the grafting on of a vulgar branch, when, with my looks, etc. an Egerton Cavendish might aspire to anything.

Almost simultaneously with this letter I received an invitation to stay at a country house with some friends, about thirty miles away from St. Laurence Vale, and I accepted it. I was glad of anything that would give me time—time to make up my mind. There was to be a school fete at St. Laurence Vale, an annual celebration for which Carine and I had made most of the arrangement together. I was sure she would be very much disappointed at my absence, but this did not alter my determination. I parted from Carine at the garden gate, and as I saw the tears that came into her eyes as she watched me ride away, I felt inclined, out of pity to her, to turn again; but I did not; I rode away.

The party staying at Amscote Hall was tolerably large. The house was full of visitors, who were always disposed for enjoyment; consequently, amusement became the order of the day. We rode, and boated on the lake, and had impromptu dances and pic-nics. I sang duets, got up charades, and was, every one assured me, the life and soul of the party.

I did not forget Carine, but I tried to mentally drown her. Every now and then she would rise, and, like a mermaid, her fair white arms would seem to twine round me, and then I would tear them off, and try to drown her again.

#### CHAPTER II.

One day a pic-nic was arranged to a beautiful place called Riversleigh, the property of a young baronet of that name. He begged us to make what use of his grounds we liked, and promised to join us himself later in the day. Riversleigh was a fine old country seat, with large trees scattered over a wide extent of park.

Sir Arthur Riversleigh was unmarried, and life was all before him. He joined us, as he had promised, in the evening, and he looked worthy of his high position; tall, dark, and distinguished, with the courtly manners of a prince. There was a very pretty girl belonging to the Amscote party, to whom the baronet was slightly related, and when he began rambling about, he selected her as his companion. She was an earl's daughter, Lady Gwendoline Droyder, and I thought how well matched they would be. Perhaps he might marry her; for, as they sat together on a low green bank, I saw him take out a locket and show it to her, and she smiled up into his face. Alas! I had only guessed—divined whose portrait it was!

Later in the evening, some one told me that reports were circulating that I was likely soon to be married. My mind's eye immediately ran over the fair patrician girls who were staying at Amscote, but I was instantly assured that I was only bent on leading them astray. Then Carine flashed back upon me, and I almost hated her. I felt as if all the world were combining to marry me against my will, and every power of resistance in my nature was stirred up.

The remembrance of Carine came back—not

with her sweet loving face and clear truthful eyes, soft brown hair and flushing colour—but Carino in scanty muslin dresses and badly made shoes; Carino doing little household duties; Carino thinking to marry me.

I felt such hopes must be dashed at once. I remained away from St. Laurence Vale nearly a month, and for a week after my return, I did not go to the vicarage. I saw no one; I did not ask now how the school fête had gone off; but I devoted myself to my books.

At last, one day, I could bear it no longer. I was obliged to stroll down the village; and, almost involuntarily, I turned into the little vicarage garden. How the place comes back to my memory now as I saw it on that Summer evening—the sweet geraniums and heliotropes scenting the air with their balmy fragrance, and the distant song of the nightingale alone breaking the stillness!

"Is Mr. Moorsom in?" The servant, I fancied, looked at me curiously, as she hesitated in her reply; but a moment after, she led the way into the little drawing-room. Carino could but just have left it, as there were some gathered flowers strewn on the table, and a garden glove was lying beside them. I took up one of the flowers and put it into my waistcoat pocket. I have it still, all dead and crushed and mouldering as it is. A minute after, the door opened, and Mr. Moorsom came in.

His shock my hand cordially, expressed his pleasure at seeing me again, and his regrets that I had been absent during their school fête, of which little event he seemed to think as much as though it had been an affair of world-wide interest.

I asked for Carine. She was well, he said; but I saw that a change had come over his face. He took off his spectacles, placed them on the table, and laid a hand upon my shoulder.

"I have something to say to you about Carine," he began, and his voice shook as he said it. "I have, Mr. Cavendish, so long looked upon you as our friend—"

He paused, and the thought flashed into my mind that he was going to question my intentions.

"I have always felt most friendly," I said, in a voice that was nearly as trembling as his own.

"I know it," he replied; "and her future happiness is very dear to me as her only parent. To see Carine provided for before I leave the world has always been my strongest hope. I am no longer young, and the summons for my departure may come any day. Knowing her as you do, you must feel, as well as I, how great a blessing she will be as a wife."

I did not know what to answer. I felt that I was being surrounded and taken without even a show of resistance.

"Any man who is in a position to marry," I said, "would doubtless secure all you say; but—"

"Money is, I know, to a certain extent necessary," interrupted Mr. Moorsom; "but I don't care for my little Carine to have too much. She has been very happy without it, and great changes are trying; but I trust all is well, and I am satisfied—grateful," he said, and he took my hand in his.

"There is some misunderstanding," I exclaimed, for I would not die without a struggle; "some light words have been taken too literally. Much as I—"

"My dear friend," again interrupted Mr. Moorsom, "there is no mistake. Sir Arthur Riversleigh proposed in form a week ago."

I thought the ground had opened at my feet, for a moment, everything swam in a mist, and out of the mist I heard Mr. Moorsom's voice.

"Lady Riversleigh and her son came over to our school fête," said he, "and Lady Riversleigh insisted on taking my little girl away with her to stay for a few days at Riversleigh. After that, Sir Arthur came here, much as you used to do, and the end of it is, that he has won my child."

Won his child!—rather, he had robbed me of my rightful possession—my Carine! I felt then that I would have married her had she been begging her bread—my Carine! and—lost to me for ever!

Would that I had followed my inclination, and remained when, like *Maud*, she had stood at the gate, and begged me to help her manage her school-children's gala-day. Too late—too late—too late!

I don't know what Mr. Moorsom thought; I believe he never guessed my secret, but fancied it was a brotherly interest I had for my lost Carino. I went out into the garden, and met Carino face to face. I had entered that garden a few minutes before, prepared to resist all claims that might be made upon me; I stood in it again utterly bankrupt—fraudulently robbed of Carine. I seized both Carine's hands, and I looked straight into her face.

"Is this true, Carine?" I said.

I felt her breath come quivering from her lips, and her cheeks were pale as she turned her face up to mine.

"Mr. Cavendish?" she said, "you are not angry? I thought you would be so glad."

I not angry, and she thinking I should be glad, standing before me, with her trusting eyes looking into mine!

"Carine," said I, "you have been false! You knew that I loved you."

"I never knew it," she faltered; "I thought once"—and here her hands trembled, and tears came into her eyes—"that you cared for me little, but that was long ago, before you changed."

She had loved me then! I could see it in her face. I flung her hands away; my traitor heart had signed my death-warrant. I leaned back against the root of an old tree, and if I could have died at that moment, I would willingly have done so. I covered my face, and turned it away.

"We shall be friends, Mr. Cavendish—friends always," said Carine, putting her hand gently on my arm.

Was it the voice of a mocking-bird—the bird that I had never fancied but as pining in its cage for me—on the wing now, and for ever beyond my reach! I shook her hand off.

"You pain me so," she said. "I have had so few friends; and, before I knew you, almost none. I should be so sorry to lose you. You cannot believe that I was ever ungrateful for all you kindnesses."

"I do not want your gratitude, Carine!" said I; "you never loved me."

She did not speak, and the pretty head was bent down lower.

"Carine," I said, passionately, "you know you never loved me."

I took her trembling hands again in mine, and forced her to reply:

"Whatever I did," she said, "or tried not to do, it is past; but we are to be friends, for the sake of old memories."

She had loved me, then. Involuntarily I let go her hands, and I heard her footsteps cross the gravel path, and enter the garden door. I turned also, and went away.

My feelings, that night, were not enviable. I, vain fool that I had been, believed that Carine was inferior to me, and so had stifled all my inclinations. I had used no judgment of my own, but had deliberately thrown away my happiness. I might have borne losing her once; in fact, I should probably have left her, had not another taken her, a man far above me, who had placed her out of my reach! Her scanty muslin dresses and little household duties had not hindered him. He knew better than I what he required to make him happy.

The wedding was arranged to take place immediately, and I was invited to be present, but of course I declined; indeed I left the village a few days after, without seeing any of them again. I say without seeing any of them again, but I mean not to speak to. I saw Carino once more. I crept round by the low church wall to the brook side of the garden in the dusk of the evening. Yes, there she was, in her old seat, where we had so often sat together, with Sir Arthur sitting at her side, the stern, handsome face and figure I had admired so much, bent down with a look of intense love, which softened and irradiated it. Carine's face was turned away, but the whole attitude was one of love and trust. Carine, whom I had thought inferior to me, would now be the mistress of broad lands and noble houses,

with that man always at her side. The village bells would send forth a joyous peal. Carino would no longer be the poor curate's daughter, but a baronet's bride. She would kneel, in her pure white dress, at the altar of that little ivy-covered church, and swear life-long faith to another—the faith that might have been mine—the faith which I had lost for ever.

#### CHAPTER III.

I left the village of St. Laurence Vale, and returned home. I flirted—I believe every one does during the reaction that follows a real heart disease. An insatiable longing to fill a void drove me to any resource, but time alone provides the remedy—time and absence; I have most faith in absence. At the end of three years I could think calmly of Carine; I had not forgotten her, but the delicate mist that always enshrouds departing objects was beginning to envelope her. I heard that she had been living principally abroad, and that very shortly after her marriage her father had died; consequently she had not been out much into the gay world, where I might have been likely to meet her.

As a rule, I did not really care for society, especially such society as is to be commanded during the spring months in over-crowded London, but my mother had always been in the habit of going to town for "the season," and would not give up a custom established during my father's lifetime. I was looked upon as a necessary escort, consequently I generally went.

It was getting towards the end of June, about three years after Carine's marriage, when one evening I found myself standing in the doorway of a crowded ball-room, gazing with great indifference into the fairy scene beyond; I generally stood in doorways, for I hated dancing; I felt, every time I returned a fair partner into the maternal arms, that the exact amount of my attentions had been commented on; and who knows what false hopes had been raised! My disappointment about Carine made me, I think, more cautious even than I had been before. I imagined my snare for the future might be—running into an opposite extreme; and this I was determined to guard against. I would bring judgment to bear on my choice, should I ever make one, and my idol must be without a flaw. "Discretion," said I, "is the better part of valour; discretion, at all events, will prevent irrevocable mistakes."

There was the usual crowd on the staircase during the early part of that evening, but it was getting late, and nearly every one had passed on to the ball and supper rooms; then some fresh arrivals were heralded forth. I did not catch the name, but I stood back to allow the new-comer room to pass. A beautiful woman, dressed in white, swept past me, leaning on the arm of a gentleman. Some of her lace caught in a flowering shrub, and I hastened to extricate it. She turned back to thank me as I stopped down, and our eyes met. It was Carine!

For a moment I felt dizzy and bewildered. I met her, as we often meet the people of whom we think most, when we least expect them, and are least prepared. She took my hand, and the old, well-remembered voice fell upon my ear. Yes, it was Carine; not my Carine, but Lady Riversleigh, calm, self-possessed, beautiful.

"I am so glad to meet you again," she exclaimed, "so glad to be able to talk over old times."

"May I take you in to supper?" I asked.

"I have already partaken of supper," she replied. "This is my second ball since I left the Opera."

"Then will you dance?" I urged, feeling that in another moment she might be gone, or that some one else might claim her.

She acquiesced, and the band struck up as she entered the ball-room leaning on my arm. Shall I ever forget the delicious dreamy happiness of that waltz with Carine, the wild music of "Faust" blending itself into all my thoughts! I tried to imagine there had been no interval, that Carine was my Carine still; but the delusion did not last.

When we stopped, I led her into an ante-room, and sat down beside her on a low crimson velvet couch. I don't know how long a time elapsed;

I only know that I felt in a dream—a dream of strangely mingled sensations, connecting, yet dividing, the past and present. Carine, with her jewels on her arms, was not the same Carino whose love I had rejected; but the soft, well-remembered voice stole over my senses, and swept away all recent barriers.

We talked about the "old days," of her father, of myself; yes, she spoke of my past, and inquired about my future, with the tones of her voice, I fancied, slightly lowered. I don't know what rash words I might have uttered, when we were interrupted by her husband. She introduced him; and Sir Arthur Riversleigh, my successful rival, and I, exchanged bows. He evidently did not remember that we had ever met before.

"Mr. Cavendish is a very old friend, Sir Arthur," said Carine, sweetly, as she rose and held out her hand to me. "I am going away now; but I hope we shall meet again."

"You might persuade him, Carine, to come to Riversleigh for a few days," said Sir Arthur, looking down on his fair young wife, who was now leaning on his arm.

She looked up to him with a grateful smile; then, turning to me, asked if I had any particular engagements, or if I would come.

I excused myself: that was an ordeal I could not bear,—to see Carino constantly happy, gay, brilliant—another man's wife,—and to think that she might have been mine.

"You have some attraction which keeps you in London?" she said, with an arch smile.—"I have no attraction," I replied hastily.

Lady Riversleigh turned to her husband, and asked him to see if the carriage had come, and I gave her my arm to take her up to say her adieu to the lady of the house. On our way down the stairs I said, "You wronged me, Lady Riversleigh, just now."

She looked up, and a surprised, puzzled expression swept across her face.

"I have no intention of marrying," I said.

"A confirmed old bachelor?" she smilingly remarked.

"Perhaps," said I, "years hence—when—"

At this moment, the crowd pressed on us so thickly that I could not finish my speech, even if I would. "Lady Riversleigh's carriage" came sounding up the stairs from servant to servant. She drew her opera cloak around her; we went out together, and I handed her in. For a moment ere she drove away, a little white-gloved hand rested in mine.

"Don't put anything off for too long, Mr. Cavendish," she said, "and remember there are such things in the world as lost opportunities."

I slipped back. I saw her smile, and the diamonds scintillating in her hair, as she bent forward, and the carriage drove away down the line of lights.

For a few moments I stood, bare-headed as I was, and all indifferent to what was going on around me; but I was at last recalled by another carriage and more people crowding up the way. I could not go back again to the gay scene I had just left, so I seized my hat and went out into the night, walking home by a circuitous route.

At breakfast the next morning my mother asked me what was the name of the lady I had danced with the night before.

"What lady?" I asked.

"Fie!" she exclaimed. "You know you only danced with one."

"Did you admire her?" I said, with pretended indifference.

"Exceedingly," she replied; "she was by far the handsomest woman in the room; so distinguished-looking too. I was glad to see you knew her, for it is always well to know the best people."

My mother's letter flashed across my memory, and a storm of bitterness came with it.

"Mother," I exclaimed, "the lady whose notice you thought would raise me last night was only a curate's daughter—the little girl against whom you once warned me—Carine Moorsom."

I did not wait to see how she took the information, but I think she guessed my feelings, for the subject was never again alluded to. I am still unmarried; for I think it less difficult to part

with a reality than an idea; and my idea is, that I could never be happy with any other woman but Carino. C. M. L.

### AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

I SHALL never forget it. If my wisdom teeth should make their appearance to-morrow, I would not be in the least surprised, but should feel indebted for their early use to my learned travelling companion, kindly provided for me by that dear, busy old lady Mrs. Podd!

Yes, it was a memorable ride; but I must tell you how it all came about. Uncle Jackson, of a neighbouring city, was seized one day with a fit of hospitality, and sent invitations to all his nephews and nieces of the rising generation, and I was included among the promising number.

The family council was hereupon called, where papa presided as judge, I as plaintiff, against whoever would take a position opposing me in the shape of defendant; mamma as my lawyer, and Mrs. Podd, who "dropped in to borrow the least little pinch of baking soda," as faithful reporter of the proceedings.

After a somewhat lengthy deliberation, in the course of which all the "whys" and "wherefores" of the case were ably analyzed and disposed of, the verdict was given in favour of plaintiff—she might go.

"Now," said Mrs. Podd, drawing a long breath, and raising the forefinger of her left hand (the soda was in the other, or I am confident she would have raised both), "Sally, my dear child, you are young" (I simply smiled in acknowledgment of the fact), "and it is wrong for you to think of going alone. When my Sarah Ann went to Kingston, it was at the time of the Prince's visit, and very warm weather indeed: she was older than you are now by six months, and a very sensible girl of her age. *Very prudent and sensible indeed!*" repeated Mrs. Podd with emphasis, "but for all that, her satchel was stolen, and the poor creature got so confused that she left her parasol and gloves in the cars." Not very prudent, I thought, but of course I would not hurt good Mrs. Podd's feelings by saying anything disparaging of her Sarah Ann. "And, Sally, my dear, it is the luckiest thing in the world that I am able to insure your safety by putting you under the charge of Mr. Prim. You've heard me speak of Mr. Prim, my dear. He is the only brother of my daughter's husband's cousin, so he is an intimate friend of the family, and the most learned gentlemen of my acquaintance. His conversation is so deep and interesting, that you will not feel the ride to Hamilton at all tedious; I'll arrange it all, my dear, before to-morrow," and Mrs. Podd gave me a beaming smile of satisfaction, and withdrew. That night I dreamed that the benevolent old lady was tying me up in a soda bag with the kindest intentions, and telling Mr. Prim to watch my satchel and keep my gloves in his own pocket: and to make me an intimate friend of his cousin's only brother when we arrived in Hamilton.

The next morning I was early at the railway station, congratulating myself upon my clever escape from Mrs. Podd and the intimate friend of the family, when, to my utter chagrin, I suddenly beheld that lady's good-natured visage quickly approaching me, closely followed by—"Miss Simple, this is Mr. Prim; Mr. Prim, Miss Simple, the lady you are to take care of."

Vexation must be concealed now, for rudeness is unpardonable! We are forced into little hypocrisies occasionally are we not? The faces of our acquaintances are enamelled with this deceit, and who will say that it is blameable? When Mr. Theodore Adolphus Somebody says to you, "how sweetly pretty my Angelina looks in that delicate blue silk!" you do not exclaim as your genuine feelings would prompt you to "Oh! dear me it is so tight I can scarcely breathe!" but you modestly hang your head, and look like "Patience on a monument." It is sometimes just as impossible for you to speak your thoughts, as it is for the poor child who gets credit for being the most troublesome of his kind, when Sis, who is obliged to nurse him instead of playing "Hide and Seek" with Polly and Jack, gives the

screamer a pinch, and no one can account for the dear little pet's crossness, and the dear little pet cannot tell that all Sis's soothing words are nonsense!

It is on the strength of arguments such as these, that I quiet my conscience, when I recall how pleasantly I smiled in answer to the pompous bow of Mr. Prim. Mrs. Podd immediately hurried away, doubtless intent upon bringing another intimate friend of the family into a useful position, while I stood there, under the guardianship of that black coat and stiff collar, surmounted by a head with eyes that looked daggers and blazes all in a wink! And a nose, a Roman nose; a nose that was decidedly Roman, even to its extreme point, which extreme point the eyes could see without the least difficulty, and which extreme point often proved an obstacle to the eyes beholding something of much greater importance; whereupon the daggers flew, and the blazes blew! Mr. Prim's fine figure gave me an indistinct idea, that tailors by the inches had wasted their midnight oil to clothe that fine figure; that jewellers had ransacked Christendom to procure gold, and silver, and precious stones, to deck that fine figure; that some unfortunate boot-black had disjoined his right arm in bringing such a startling polish to the boots that held that fine figure so majestically perpendicular! The bell rang, the whistle sounded;—and, distinct from all the noise of the rushing passengers, I remember that the lips below the extreme point parted, and the following remarkable words issued from the abyss, "Miss Simple—this way." I followed in awe, while the Roman bridge maintained unspeakable grandeur, and anon the daggers flew and the blazes blew!

Under such able pilotage it is no wonder that I obtained a seat immediately, with this notable personage beside me.

A warning movement of the ridges in the vicinity of the abyss preceded the question,

"Do you study Astronomy?" to which I meekly answered, "No, Sir."

We had gone a few miles farther, when I was again greeted with a question of no less importance than the former.

"Do you believe in Physiognomy?" This time I demurely answered, "Yes, Sir."

I drew a long sigh of relief for so much of the deep and interesting conversation was over, and what was better still, we were going over the ground at a tremendous rate. We had proceeded some miles farther, when my learned companion sagely remarked.

"This method of steam locomotion is wonderful."

I humbly acquiesced, and ventured to suggest the possibility of "still more wonderful things astonishing the world in the future."

Receiving no answer, I came to the conclusion that my remark was too trifling to effect any response in his gigantic mind, and resigned myself to silence; but Mr. Prim was merely collecting his forces of knowledge, and the result was another startling observation.

"I prefer Homer to Spenser; which is your choice, Miss Temple?"

I told him I preferred the *Fairie Queen* to the *Iliad* for opposition, in the vain endeavour to make Mr. Prim really talk, but he gave me a look that horrified me—the daggers at once implying superiority, and the blazes indicating unquenchable knowledge, so I moved uneasily for a moment, and nervously drew down the shutter.

No other words passed between us, interesting or otherwise; and no sooner did I leave him, than I experienced such a rush of indescribable sensations, which, according to the attraction of cohesion, formed a suspicious lump in my throat, that I could not imagine what the ticklish feeling portended, till, all at once I thought it must be what people call the "visibilities;" so I let them rise, peal after peal, till uncle Jackson wanted to know if I had ever travelled with the "Swiss Bell-Ringers." I told him "no," but I had just had a deep and interesting conversation with the only brother of Mrs. Podd's daughter's husband's cousin, who was also an intimate friend of the family!

SALLY SIMPLE.

London, February 6th, 1866.

MILTON.

The following statements made by Professor Masson in a lecture on Milton delivered a few weeks since in Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh, to the Young Men's Association connected with that congregation, are interesting and in some particulars contradict generally received opinions concerning our great poet. At the period Milton began to write he found the authors and poets of his time a feeble, corrupt, and degenerate race, who could not realize the nobleness of literature; and he resolved that any work that occupied his genius should be totally different from the great run of poems and writings then produced. In those days, and for centuries before, it was difficult for a poet in any nation to decide whether he should write in Latin, which was the medium of communication among the learned all over Europe, or whether he should write in his native tongue; Milton, however, fortunately resolved to write in his own language. There is evidence to show that Milton read the Old Testament, at least the historical parts, and also portions of the New Testament, with a view to see what subjects out of these histories might afford the greatest capabilities for a poem; and it also is evident that he read British history for the same purpose. He had collected no fewer than 100 subjects from which to select one for the foundation of his great poem; and amongst those taken from Scottish history was Macbeth, which he thought a possible subject to be treated even after Shakespeare. Of all these hundred subjects, however, the one that struck Milton most was that of "Paradise Lost." His intention of writing a great poem was interrupted by the troubles of the period; and he became a pamphleteer on all the questions which were occupying the Long Parliament, wrote pamphlets against the bishops, against prelacy, and against this and against that, which the Long Parliament had determined to uproot. These pamphlets are among the most extraordinary things in our literature. There are passages in them that he could not dare to read now in a public audience. They are so powerful, so unsparring in language, so tremendously scurrilous; if he might say so, such words were used, that if he were to read them to an audience in which there were a few bishops, he would do so at the outside of the door, with a hold of the handle, bawling the passage in, and then running off. Some of the pamphlets were afterwards burned by the hangman. With regard to "Paradise Lost," it was dictated bit by bit, a few lines a day, to any person who might call on Milton. In some pictures of Milton he was represented as dictating the poem to his daughters, who seemed rapt and reverential; but these were pure fantasies, for the fact was that his daughters were undutiful. Instead of being rapt and reverential, they pawned his boots, and wished him dead, so that these pictures were imaginary.

In an article in the Popular Science Review Baron Liebig gives his opinion as to the best method of preparing coffee. He recommends boiling as the most efficacious mode of obtaining the valuable materials of the berry. "With three-fourths of the coffee to be employed, after being ground, the water is made to boil for ten or fifteen minutes. The one-quarter of coffee which has been kept back is then flung in and the vessel immediately withdrawn from the fire, covered over and allowed to stand for five or six minutes. In order that the powder on the surface may fall to the bottom it is stirred round; the deposit then takes place, and the coffee poured off is ready for use.

Printing Press.—The great general of the people, who has driven the enemy from the fortified heights of power, and compelled him to give battle in the open field of thought.  
Clock.—A dog we keep to bark at us.  
Pawnbroker.—A man who holds your coat while you fight.  
Marriage.—Harness for a pair.  
Experience.—The scars of our wounds.  
Luxury.—The hectic flush of a consumptive nation.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Behead a princess, and leave a species of vermin; again behead, and leave something much prized in summer time.
2. Behead a pair, and leave an amusement; behead again, and leave a unit.
3. Complete, I am frequently used in interrogations; behead me, and I am an article of wearing apparel; behead me again, and I am a preposition; transposed, I am an enemy to ice and snow.

CHARADES.

- 1. I am composed of 6 letters. My whole is a great crime. Transpose my last half, and I am what my whole is; transpose my first half, and I am frequently the cause of my whole.
2. Forwarded by a young lady.—I am composed of 23 letters; my 1, 10, 5, 23, 3 is a lake in Canada; my 6, 22, 23, 20, 4 was an ancient heathen goddess; my 19, 9, 7, 21, 23 is a street in Montreal; my 11, 16, 3, 15, 6, 15, 13 is the title of a little poem by my favourite author; my 15, 10, 2, 19, 20, 8, 15, 8 is the name of an Indian tribe that once inhabited Lower Canada; my 6, 15, 1, 7, 10, 18, 19, 17, 5, 10, 22 is where I sometimes walk with my little sister on a summer morning; my 15, 14, 22 is what we lassies of Montreal enjoy in winter; my 1, 7, 2, 12, 11, 21 is a name borne by several kings of England; and my whole is the prayer of every true-hearted Canadian.
3. My 12, 11, 5, 10 is a verb; my 6, 14, 2, 8 is a vehicle; my 3, 9, 11, 12, 13, 5 is one who buys and sells; my 5, 7, 3 is an animal; my 3, 11, 5 is a resinous substance; and with my whole the reader is more or less familiar.

ENIGMA.

Although I have no leg nor arm, I travel far and near; I tell of love, I tell of woe, And sometimes cause a tear. To many I have fortunes given, I fortunes have destroyed— A cause of merriment to some, But many I've annoyed. Invisible I sometimes am, But then can re-appear Gentle and docile as a lamb, Yet oft cause anxious fear. From humble peasant to the king I quite familiar am, And tractable to all who wish To use me if they can.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 1. Na tinsinct nife fo loby thbur Elvdt ni hte solmo fo het huoyt Hughlot sinsoap deimdm its realsences.
2. AAAACTM. Name of a desert.
3. MALARAENDS. A reptile.
4. OLETTINCAPNSON. A city in Europe.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

- 1. Two persons, A and B, lay out equal sums of money in trade. A gains £126, and B loses £87, and A's money is now double that of B's. What did each lay out?
2. What number is that from which if you sixty take, one sixth of the whole remains?

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c., No. 23.

- ANAGRAMS.—1. Adam Bede. 2. Pendennis. 3. Waverley. 4. 5. Ten thousand a year. 6. Great Expectations.

- CHARADES.—1. Pillow. 2. Ochotsk. 3. Boot-jack.

- TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. May their vices be as small as their bonnets, and their virtues as extended as their crinolines. 2. Serene, accomplished, cheerful but not loud; insinuating without insinuation. 3. Coquetting.

- DECAPITATIONS.—1. Attract-tract-act. 2. Warm-arm-mar. 3. Strain-train-rain.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—1st. The numbers are 3, 4, 6. 2nd. 24 doz. at 6d. per doz. 3rd. He remained 2 h. 45 min. Time he left 10 h. 33 m. 10 sec.

The following answers have been received. Anagrams.—H. H. V., Cloud, Camp, Head-corn, X. Y. Stratford, Festus. Charades.—All, Cloud, Festus, H. H. V., Camp, W. L. Hunter, X. Y. Stratford, Robin; 2nd and 3rd, Headcorn; 2nd, Bonum.

Transpositions.—All, X. Y. Stratford, H. H. V. Camp, Cloud, Festus; 1st, Headcorn, Bonum, Argus, H. L. V.

Decapitations.—X. Y. Stratford, Robin, W. Lewis Hunter, Headcorn, Festus, Cloud, H. H. V. Argus.

Arithmetical Problems.—All, Cloud, Argus, Festus, H. H. V.; 1st and 2nd, Headcorn; 1st, Robin, 3rd, W. Lewis Hunter; 1st and 3rd, X. Y. Stratford.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue. S. J. C., Ellen B., W. M. Ardour.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to Correspondents were unavoidably crowded out last week. "ST. URBAIN ST."—Thanks for your continued favours.

T. P. BULL.—Have you nothing to contribute in either Problems or Games? Surely the interest in the game is not flagging among your players!

PROBLEM No. 10.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St.; J. McL.; K., Hamilton; and M. N., Brighton.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 11.

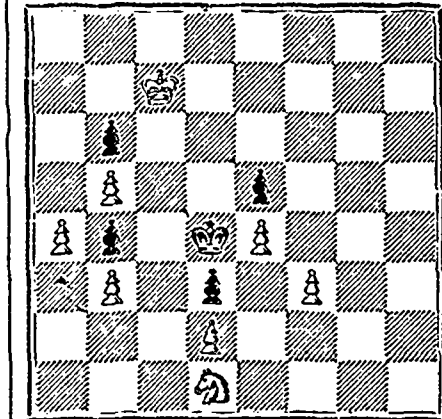
- WHITE. 1 R. to K. R. 6th. 2 Q. to Q. B. 3rd. 3 Q. to K. B. 6th. 4 R. to R. 4th. Mate.
BLACK. Kt. from Q. B. 3rd to Q. 4th (best) (a). Kt. to K. R. 4th. Kt. from Kt. 6th to Q. 6th.

(a) If Black plays 1 K. to Kt. 6th, White replies with 2 Q. to K. 2nd (ch.) and Mate next move. If 1 K. to K. 6th, White plays 2 Q. to Q. B. 3rd, Mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 13.

By T. P. BULL, SEAPORTH, C. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in four moves.

Game played last year in match between the Dundee and Glasgow Clubs.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

- WHITE. (Mr. Baxter.) 1 P. to K. 4th. 2 Kt. to K. B. 3rd. 3 B. to Q. B. 4th. 4 P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 5 P. to Q. B. 3rd. 6 Castles. 7 P. to Q. 4th. 8 P. takes P. 9 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. (a) 10 P. to K. 5th. 11 B. to Q. R. 3rd. 12 Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 13 Kt. to K. Kt. 5th. 14 Q. R. to Q. sq. 15 Kt. to K. B. 3rd. (c) 16 Kt. takes K. P. 17 Kt. takes K. B. P. 18 B. takes Kt. 19 R. to Q. 5th. (ch.) And White wins the game.
BLACK. (Pres. of Glasgow Club.) 1 P. to K. 4th. 2 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. 3 B. to Q. B. 4th. 4 B. takes P. 5 B. to Q. B. 4th. 6 B. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 7 P. takes P. 8 P. to Q. 3rd. 9 Kt. to K. B. 3rd. (b) 10 P. takes P. 11 B. takes Q. P. 12 Q. to Q. 2nd. 13 Q. Kt. to K. 3rd. 14 P. to Q. B. 3rd. (d) 15 Q. to Q. B. 2nd. 16 Kt. to Q. B. 4th. (e) 17 B. takes B.

(a) The Dundee players ought to be conversant with this phase of the Evans' Gambit, from the fact of Mr. Fraser (their champion player) having devoted much time and labour to the examination of the many beautiful variations springing from the branch of the attack.

(b) B. to K. Kt. 5th is generally played here, but we incline rather to Kt. to Q. Kt. 4th.

(c) If 15. Kt. takes Kt., 15. P. takes Kt., 16. Kt. to Q. Kt. 5th, and Black replies with 16. K. to B. 2nd, with a tolerably safe game.

(d) Had as this is, we really see nothing better. (e) K. takes Kt. is a much stronger move, the one made being immediately fatal.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OTAWA.—Yes, if really good. We like the ring of the first stanza, and were the rest equally good, we should be glad to publish your communication.

BOGGY WALLAH.—The MS. is laid aside for publication as soon as we can make room for it.

IONA, BELLEVILLE.—We do not make the slightest distinction, and shall be glad to receive any papers you may think proper to forward.

JANE.—Respectfully declined.

H. E. C.—We have not yet found time to read your article; if accepted, it will appear in our next issue.

ARDA DEBRYN.—Certainly, whenever you feel disposed to do so. Much oblige

ROBIN.—Quite acceptable.

X. Y., STRATFORD.—Your letter is laden with good things, and we shall not be slow to place them before the lovers of our Pastime Column.

S. J. C., OTTAWA.—Will you please explain your propositions respecting the parliamentary gentlemen.

CANADA.—Will give your communication our careful attention.

S. B. R., HAMILTON.—We are exceedingly obliged to you, both for your good wishes and the trouble you have taken, but do not think we could consistently publish your contribution.

S. G., QUESBEC.—Much obliged.—Will you be good enough to forward an explanation of the "letter?"

DUNCES.—It was held in Coventry, Warwickshire, in the reign of Henry IV, and called the "Parliament of Dunces" because lawyers were excluded from it. Judging from the complexion of our Legislative Assembly, one would think that the lawyers had determined that we shall not be blessed with a "Parliament of Dunces" in Canada.

T. H., OTTAWA.—Your contribution will appear in an early issue.

SCOTIA.—Respectfully declined.

W. O., CONROCK.—Messrs. Robert Hendery & Co., 590 Craig Street, are manufacturing silver-smiths of long standing, and would, we have no doubt, execute any orders you may give them to your satisfaction.

F. B. D.—The piece is longer than we care to publish, unless there are special inducements as to style or subject; but we will keep it near us, and if we find, upon further examination that we can insert it, we shall be happy to do so.

JAMES PROCTOR.—Please accept our thanks. The O. D's. were specially acceptable, and we shall be very glad to receive more. We answer your question in the affirmative—there is sometimes a sublimity in impertinence, is there not?

H. H. V.—Welcome as an old friend.

JAS. H.—Yes, if you wish us to do so.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

GLUE IMPERVIOUS TO WATER.—If a coating of glue or size be brushed over with a decoction of one part powdered nutgalls in twelve of water, reduced to eight parts, and strained, it becomes hard and solid. It makes a good coat for ceilings to whitewash on, and for lining walls for paper hangings.

HOW TO CURE SCALDS FROM STEAM.—Apply ordinary white lead, mixed to a thick cream with linseed oil. No danger exists from lead-poisoning, and if it did, sulphuric acid lemonade, which we take to mean water slightly acidulated with oil of vitriol, would be the only prophylactic needed.

CLARIFYING LIQUORS WITH BURNED CLAY.—Burnt clay is a very effective means of clarifying wine, liquors, beer, vinegar, and cider. You may use broken flower-pots, or any unglazed pottery-ware free from lime. These materials must be finely powdered in a mortar, and washed with water, let them rest for one hour, and decant the water containing the finely distributed dust-like particles of clay. Repeat the same operation with another portion of pure water, and afterwards dry the burnt clay. Two or three pounds of this material should be used for one

barrel; shake the fluid thoroughly with the clay, and allow it to rest. If necessary, the fluid should be finely filtered.

CLEANING RIBBONS.—Wet the ribbon in alcohol, and fasten one end of it to something that will hold it firm; hold the other in your hand, keeping the ribbon out straight and smooth; rub it with a piece of Castile soap until it looks decidedly soapy; then rub hard with a sponge, or, if much soiled, with the back of a knife, keeping the ribbon dripping wet with alcohol. When you have exhausted your patience, and think it clean, rinse thoroughly in alcohol, fold between cloths, and iron with a hot iron. Don't wring the ribbon; if you do, it will get creases in it that you cannot get out.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

Dr. Murchison believes, and the London *Lancet* endorses the belief, that rinderpest is virulent small-pox, shows that all the symptoms are identical, suspects that herds which have had the cow-pox are exempt and suggests the vaccination of all cattle.

RELATIVE WEIGHT. A weight which could only be three ounces on the moon would be one pound on the earth, and the same force would throw a body six and a half times farther or higher on the former body.

M. Gaudin, the eminent French chemist, has recently made a valuable discovery in the manufacture of iron. He finds that by adding to it, when in a state of fusion, peroxide of manganese and phosphate of iron, a degree of excessive hardness is acquired, which makes the metal especially valuable when used in machinery.

ELECTRICITY AS A MEANS OF TAKING CORRECT SOUNDINGS IN DEEP WATERS.—In taking deep-sea soundings, the great difficulty is to determine the exact moment at which the lead touches the bottom. It is now proposed that the sounding-line should be a kind of light telegraph cable, which, by means of the electric current, could be made either simply to give warning, by ringing a bell or otherwise, of the lead having touched the bottom, or to put in action an automatic brake, and so prevent any more line passing into the water.

Electro-telegraphy owes much to Prof. Wheatstone; but his latest achievement excels all we have yet heard of. With his improved automatic instrument, properly manipulated, he can transmit six hundred distinctly legible signs or letters in a minute.

At a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society, Mr. De La Rue, the President, stated that his hopes with regard to the use of photography in astronomical observations had been confirmed, and that the Lunar Committee of the British Association had resolved to make use of photographs to prepare an accurate outline map of the moon. Sections of these photographs are to be distributed among observers, who will occupy themselves with filling in the details of the several parts of the lunar surface. A series of zones being agreed on, each observer will have a zone assigned him, at which he will be expected to work whenever it may be visible. Amateur astronomers, willing to take part in this good work, should make known their willingness to the Secretary of the Astronomical Society.

In one of the French scientific journals a new method has been given for the preparation of modelling clay for sculptors. The clay at present employed dries very quickly, and is on that account objectionable. It is suggested to employ glycerine in moistening it. The product thus obtained will possess all the good qualities of wax, but will be considerably less expensive, and will be superior to it in retaining the same consistency whatever the temperature to which it is exposed. Before the glycerine is added to the clay, the latter must be well dried and pulverized. Any water left in it would subsequently destroy the plasticity, as it would pass off by evaporation, and thus leave the clay without the necessary amount of liquid for the preservation of its elasticity.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted?—Because it is an invisible force.

Mrs Partington is horrified to hear that French dancing girls execute their *grand pas* on the stage, with the people all looking at 'em, and applauding of 'em too.

A blind man, having walked the streets with a lighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed, in some surprise, "what is the use of that light to you? You know every street and turning—it does you no good. You can't see a bit the better." "No," replied the old man, "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."

Dr. Kitchener, who prided himself on his orderly dinner parties, had the following words written over his mantelpiece:—"Come at seven, go at eleven." The young Coleman, being one day the doctor's guest, inserted the word "it" in the last line, and made it read "go it at eleven."

When Henry Erskine was appointed to succeed Dundas as Lord Advocate, the latter offered him the loan of his silk gown, saying, "For the short time you'll want it, you had better borrow mine." "I have no doubt," replied Erskine, "that your gown is made 'to fit any party;' but however short my time may be in office, it shall never be said that Henry Erskine put on the 'abandoned habits' of his predecessor."

RESPECTABLE HUSBANDS WANTED.—An attorney who wished to show his smartness by quizzing an old farmer, began by asking him if there were many girls in his neighbourhood. "Yes," replied the old man, "there's a dreadful sight of 'em—so many that there ain't half enough respectable husbands for 'em all, and so some of 'em are beginning to take up with lawyers!"

An Irish gentleman entered a bookseller's shop in Dublin the other day, with a valuable work, which, he said, was to be bound in a superior style. "And how will you have it done?" said the bookbinder; "in Russia?"—"in Russia? certainly not!" was the reply.—"in Morocco, then?" continued the shopkeeper.—"No! neither in Russia nor Morocco," rejoined the patriot; "if you can't do it here, I'll take it to the bookbinder over the way!"

A MAN advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds "that it will be profitable to the undertaker!" No doubt of it.

There is a lady who has so entirely renounced the male sex that she will not wear a mantle, have a *boyler* in the kitchen grate; calls herself a good *womanager*, and scarcely thinks it right to use a *ladle*.

A CHINESE STORY. There were two short-sighted men who were always quarrelling as to which of them could see best; and, as they heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighbouring temple, they determined they would visit it together on a given day, and put the visual powers to the test. But, each desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple, and, looking quite close to the tablet, saw an inscription with the words, "To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also went prying yet closer, and in addition to the inscription "To the great man of the past and the future," he read from smaller characters, "This tablet was raised by the family of Ling, in honour of the great man."

On the day appointed, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed, "The inscription is, 'To the great man of the past and the future.'"

"True," said Chang: "but you have left out a part of the inscription, which I can read, but you cannot, and which is written in small characters—'Erected by the family of Ling, in honour of the great man.'"

"There is no such inscription," said Ching.

"There is," said Chang.

So they waxed wroth, and, after abusing one another, agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple.

After he heard their story, he quietly said, "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read: it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."