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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 30.

FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 31, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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CARRIE MORTON.

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE
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AND HOW I GOT
MARRIED.
PERPETUAL MOTION.
PASTIMES.
CHESS.
TO CORRESPONDENTS.
MISCELLANEA.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,

"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

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

A FEW STRAY NOTES ON ENTOMOLOGY.

IN a few short weeks the gloomy winter will have passed away: and blustering Boreas, with his snow and his hail, causing shivering limbs and chattering teeth to the sons of Adam, will have departed to revel among the icebergs and frozen waters of the Northern Seas, and have given place to the mild and gentle Zephyr, with its soft and genial showers. Our rivers and streams, which now appear bound with iron fetters will be loosened, and will again slip and slide, and gleam and glance among the water lilies. The trees now apparently withered and dead will burst forth into leaves and flowers; and all nature will awake and put on her most glorious attire, and all the tribes of the animal kingdom will rejoice, and among the first and the loveliest to shake off dull slough will be the insect hosts.

Ere long the butterflies will be flitting gaily and joyfully over the green fields: the bee will be bustling among the early flowers, buzzing and humming, as if anxious to make up for lost time, and redeem the golden moments it has wasted during its long winter nap; the beetle will be crawling and flying along the sunny roads, or lurking under stones and sticks and the bark of trees; and the cruel and ferocious mosquito, of the feminine gender, like an Amazonian warrior in days of yore, will be fashioning and burnishing her weapons for active service, while her gentler and less blood-thirsty husband is peacefully dancing over the swamps and creeks of our glorious Canada, lifting its tiny voice to sing the Great Creator's praise: Therefore I crave the liberty of taking up a little space of the Reader with a few stray notes concerning insects, hoping, thereby to attract the attention of some of my readers to the wonders of nature, as exhibited in these little creatures. No one need imagine that he is here to have a long article concerning the number of joints in the hind leg of a beetle, or tedious enquiry as to where the organ of hearing is placed, nor yet any other learned or deep disquisition or discussion on some such knotty and important point, for I will confine myself to a few stray notes of a very rambling, unconnected and simple character.

"Exceeding in amount of species all the other subjects of zoology; unrivalled in dazzling brilliancy of their colours, which combine the clearness and decision of tint possessed by flowers, with the exquisitely varied markings of the feathered races, and the metallic splendour of the mineral kingdom; surpassed by no other work of creation in the wonderful structure of their parts, and certainly surpassing all in the adaptation of that structure to the perfect fulfilment of those natural, but to us still mysterious instincts, which in every age have excited the admiration of man-

kind," is it to be wondered that many in all ages have become so enamoured of these fairy and elfish creatures as to make them their study and delight, catching them by day, and setting them by night; that such men as Swammerdam, Huber and Reaumer should devote their lifetime to the investigation of their natures and structures; that Madame Merian should travel to distant and tropical climes to copy with her magic pencil their graceful shapes and gorgeous colours, and that others should spend their time and money in making collections of

"the painted populace
That live in fields and lead ambrosial lives?"

Is it not rather a matter of surprise and astonishment that many more do not turn entomologists, and seek to learn more about the formation, habits and doings of these our fellow creatures? Sometimes, no doubt, whether we will or no, we are forced to take an interest in these creatures, as when we find our fruit destroyed by the curculio, our wheat blighted by the midge and fly; and as a punishment for our transgressions the Creator has spoken the word "and the grasshoppers come and caterpillars innumerable, and eat up all the grass in the land and devour the fruit of the ground." Often we are compelled to listen at the dead of night to the dread war-whoop of some ferocious mosquito, who like a bloodthirsty savage performs the most hideous and fantastic dance around our couch ere it plunges its sharp knife into our unprotected bodies: and sometimes, too, much to our disgust, we make some such interesting discoveries as did Douglas Jerrold who, after having been kept awake all night at a country inn by hosts of little black bandits, and being told the next morning by the indignant landlady that she had "not got a single flea in the house," instantly retorted, fatigued with his entomological pursuits and captures, "a single flea—perhaps not, for I am sure they are all married, and have large families too." From a close and attentive study of the nature and habits of these fairy and bewitching creatures, I am sure that every one will derive much of instruction and profit, as well as of amusement.

The insect hosts far exceed in number those of all the rest of the tribes of animated nature. It is supposed that not fewer than one hundred thousand are preserved in the different collections; and as on every tree and flower, under every stone and stump, in every puddle and stream, and creeping on every road, and dancing and waltzing over every field throughout this world, there are to be found insects of different kinds, natures, and shapes, it is computed that the number of species actually existing in nature is not greatly short of four hundred thousand. Of these, about a third are beetles, and a quarter flies. Far more attention has been given to the study of the butterflies and beetles, than to the other insect tribes; their beautiful and brilliant colours have always rendered these insects objects of peculiar delight and interest to entomologists. General Count De Jean, one of Napoleon's aide-camps, had about twenty-three thousand different species of beetles in his collection; and, so anxious was he to increase his cabinet, that even in his military campaigns he was continually occupied in capturing, and pinning these insects to the outside of his military cap, which was generally covered with them. The General was accustomed to rush into the midst of battle with his head thus singularly adorned with the trophies of his entomological victories. At the battle of Wagram he was hit on the hat by a cannon-ball, and knocked head over heels off his charger. After remaining stunned for some time, he opened his eyes, and the Emperor asked him if he was much hurt; "I am still alive," replied the gallant General, "but, alas! my in-

sects are all gone," and so, indeed, they were, for his hat was shivered to a thousand atoms.

Some insects are extremely prolific; for instance, according to calculations based upon actual observation, the whole brood, from a single aphid or plant louse, in a season, will amount to the immense number of 1,000,000,000,000,000,000. (For fear the reader should imagine the printer has added in a few extra cyphers, I had better state that eighteen is the proper number!) Were it not that these insects are extremely feeble, so that the slightest touch destroys them, and the winds, rains, and cold sweep them off by hundreds of thousands, and that myriads form the daily food of higher and larger creatures, in a short time vegetation would be totally destroyed by these mites—the empire of Flora completely annihilated, and chaos again reign supreme. Another insect, which enjoys among the scientific few the high-sounding and euphonious name of *Cimex lectularia*, but among the ignorant many may bear a shorter and less agreeable appellation, lays its eggs four times a year, and fifty of them at a time; and as its young arrive at maturity, and are ready to become parents in eleven weeks, it will appear from a little simple cyphering that about twenty-two millions will be the offspring of a single pair in one year. No wonder, then, that careful housewives are occasionally horrified by finding swarms of these light-footed but not sweet-scented gentry in places whence they can easily make forays and attacks upon weary mortals, who wish to court

"Tried nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

The female white ant lays about forty millions of eggs in a year; the queen bee sometimes fifty thousand, but generally not more than five or six thousand; but luckily for man, in the vast majority of cases, the number of eggs laid by a single insect in a year is less than an hundred.

Did you, my reader, ever think why it is that man (called, by courtesy, "the monarch of all he surveys," is so continually harassed, annoyed, and tormented by little things, by flies, mosquitoes, fleas, and those creatures before referred to, which should not be mentioned by their English name to ears polite, when we have it on very good authority that into the blissful bower of Adam or Eve,

"Insect or worm, dare enter none."

such was their dread of man?

If you have never thought on this deep and abstruse question, or if you have exercised your powers of ratiocination without effect, come with me, and you will hear the reason why. We will have to journey far to the east, and near the foot of that mountain on whose summit the Ark probably still rests, imbedded in the ice and snow of more than forty centuries, we will find some venerable Turk surrounded by his family and dependants, by his flocks and his herds, living in the same primitive and happy style as did his ancestors thousands of years ago, and to him we will propound this query, and ask for a solution of the mystery. He, after he has in most courteous, though foreign accents, invited us to be seated, after he has lighted his hookah, stroked his long, snowy, venerable beard, and solemnly emitted several clouds of smoke, as fragrant as the summer breezes of Araby the Blest, will tell us that Allah is Great! that ages ago, long before the birth of the Prophet, when the righteous Noah was safely floating over the troubled waters of the angry flood in his "allotted ocean-tent," the ark, driven hither and thither by the fury of the winds, striking against a rock, sprung a leak: Noah in vain tried to repair the damage done, and avoid what seemed to be the destined fate of

the whole family of Adam, till the wise old serpent, who, after having caused the destruction of the world, had snugly placed himself in the ark, came to him, and promised to help him out of his mishap, if he would undertake to supply human flesh for his daily food when the flood had abated. The patriarch, urged on by dire necessity and the fear of being engulfed in the raging billows, made the unholy promise, whereupon the serpent coiling himself up, drove his body into the fracture, and stopped the leak. When, at length, the ark rested on dry land, and all were going out of the dark ship into the pleasant sunshine, the serpent, wearied and worn, crawled out of the hole, and demanded of Noah the fulfilment of his promise; but the Antediluvian, by the advice of the Archangel Gabriel, refused to fulfill the pledge to his benefactor, and seizing him, committed him ruthlessly to the flames, and afterwards scattered his ashes in the air; but heaven, being unwilling that the serpent should be thus deprived of his promised reward, immediately caused to arise from these ashes flies, fleas, lice, bugs, and all such vermin as feed upon the flesh of living man.

My friend, are you satisfied with this answer to your question? If you are not, you must go elsewhere; I know no better. Speaking of what the serpent wished to eat, and of what insects feed on man, leads me very naturally to speak of some of the insects that man,

Of half that live the butcher and the tomb,

devours; and this may truly be considered a topic of practical interest, now that the rinderpest is carrying off the cattle by hundreds and thousands, and pigs are forbidden our Canadian cities, and to supply the wants of the people is becoming a matter of serious consideration, and of such considerable difficulty that the Parisian butchers are getting bears weekly from Siberia for the hungry frog-eating Frenchmen. The sluggard is told to go to the ant, but the gourmand goes to her of his own free-will, for this industrious little creature is eaten in many countries. In Brazil, the largest species are prepared in a way known only to the Soyers of that empire, with a most delicious (that is, to those who like such things) sauce of resin; in Africa they are stewed with butter; while in the East, they are caught in pits, carefully roasted like coffee, and eaten by the natives with as much gusto and relish as Parisian belles devour bon-bons. Smeathman says, "I have eaten them several times, dressed in this way, and I think them delicate, nourishing, and wholesome. They are something sweeter, though not so fat and clogging, as the caterpillars and maggots of the palm-tree snout beetle, which is served up at the luxurious tables of West Indian epicures as the greatest dainty of the western world." A curry of ant's eggs is an extremely costly luxury in Siam, and perhaps is not much worse than the soup made out of Chinese bird's nests. The Ceylonese, ungrateful wretches, and disgusting creatures, never having read Æsop's fable of the countryman who was a greater goose than his goose who laid golden eggs, eat the bees after robbing them of their honey.

The African bushmen devour all the caterpillars they find, and so do the Australians. What an acquisition a few little live bushmen would be to a market gardener's cabbage field? Would it not be well for the Bureau of Immigration to draw the attention of the Imperial Government to the fact that these subjects of Queen Victoria could live well and grow fat in Canada very cheaply; so that when there is a scarcity of food and the natives are troublesome at the Cape or at the diggings, they might be sent over here. I am sure farmers and gardeners would find it a much less expensive as well as a much surer and more philanthropic way to destroy the grubs and maggots in their fruit and other trees, by turning in a few young bushmen or Australian aborigines, than by using the various newspaper remedies which generally are more efficacious in destroying the trees than the caterpillars. But I must cease from these reflections in political economy, and return to facts.

The inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, im-

pelled by that spirit of economy which ever actuates them, eat the chrysalis of the silk-worm after they have wound off the silk from the cocoon; doubtless this would be very good (for everything in this world, is good or bad but by comparison,) when eaten with ivory chop-sticks after a cup of bird-nest soup, a slice of a carefully fattened and delicately cooked rat, and a ragout of green, viscous and slippery sea-snails, or a dish of shark's fins mixed with slices of fat pork. Locusts, which the Arabs describe as having the head of a horse, the eye of the elephant, the neck of the ox, the breast of the lion, the body of the scorpion, the hips of the camel, the legs of the stork, the wings of the eagle and the tail of the dragon—are very much used as an article of food in those eastern countries where they abound; the natives gather them in bags, roast them and grind them into flour, of which they make bread. Dr. Shaw says, that when locusts are sprinkled with salt and fried they are not unlike fresh water cray-fish in taste. The mode of preparing these creatures for the table varies in different countries. The Arabs salt them down and eat them as a delicacy; the Bedouins roast them alive on coals; the inhabitants of Morocco dry them on the roofs and terraces of their houses, and eat them either smoked or broiled—they esteem them so highly that the price of provisions falls when the locusts visit the neighbourhood. The markets and shops in many places are supplied with them. The Calmucks not only eat them themselves, but feed their sheep, antelopes and other animals with them, and pigs eat them eagerly and become unusually fat upon them. This is a very old article of food; indeed Moses, when telling the Israelites what animals it was lawful for them to eat, and what they were to refrain from eating, says, "These may ye eat of every flying creeping thing that goeth upon all four, which have legs above their feet, to leap withal upon the earth: even these of them ye may eat; the locust after his kind, and the bald locust after his kind, and the beetle after his kind, and the grasshopper after his kind." Many learned commentators (among whom are Job Ludolph, Bishop Patrick and Schencher) are of the opinion that the animal food by which the children of Israel were twice fed in their journeying through the wilderness, were not quails but locusts, and that the original word *silavin* ought to be so translated. John the Baptist, also, during his ministry, lived on locusts and wild honey.

In Vienna, the ladies, dear delicate creatures! make sweet-meat out of cockroaches, by encasing them in white sugar; while in America quantities of these insects are put into the wine manufactured there to give it a body and a flavour. The African bushman and the savages of New Caledonia are particularly fond of roasted spiders, and this singular taste is not unknown even in civilized Europe, for Reamur tells of a young lady, who when walking in her garden would eat all the unfortunate spiders she could lay her hands upon; Lalande, the famous French astronomer, was equally fond of them, and a German, immortalized by Rosel, used to spread them on bread instead of butter. But this list of horrors is quite long enough, to shew that what is one man's meat, is another man's poison; and notwithstanding the delicacy of these various insects and the great gusto with which they are devoured by some, I for one, most devoutly hope that dire necessity and cruel poverty will never compel me to partake of any of them, but that there will always be some roast beef and plum pudding for me.

But perhaps we ought not to be too particular with regard to what we eat or drink, nor yet too vain of our place in the scale of creation, especially when we consider and ponder well the lines of the poet who says,

"We are all creeping worms of earth,
Some are silk-worms, great by birth;
Glow-worms some that shine by night;
Slow-worms others, apt to bite;
Some are muck-worms, slaves to wealth;
Maw-worms some that wrong the health;
Some to the world, no good willers,
Canker-worms and caterpillars,
Found about the earth we're crawling,
And for a sorry life we're sprawling;
Putrid stuff we suck which fills us,
Death then sets his foot and kill us."

V.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MRS. HENRY WOOD has a prolific pen, and is about to publish a new novel, entitled, "St. Martin's Eve."

MR. JAMES GREENWOOD—the Lambeth Amateur "Casual"—is about to contribute a series of "Starlight Readings" to the *Evening Star*; descriptions of queer spots and strange phases of life in the dark places of London.

IN the whole of Great Britain and Ireland there are only seventy-eight daily papers issued for the supply of some thirty millions of readers. This small number is claimed as a great advance on the numbers ten years ago, under the old stamp law, when, in 1856, only thirty-two daily papers were in existence. The list now is divided thus: of dailies fifty-two are published in England, one in Wales, twelve in Scotland, twelve in Ireland, and one in the Channel Islands. The total number of newspapers for the United Kingdom of every kind is twelve hundred and fifty-seven. Of magazines the number and variety is comparatively much larger, as, including the quarterly reviews, they amount to two hundred and thirty-seven; of these, one hundred and ninety-six are of decidedly religious character, representing the views of almost every shade of denominational peculiarity.

THE third report from Capt. Wilson (who, our readers will remember, was sent out at the head of a party to make explorations in Palestine) adds to the evidence in favour of Tel Hum being the actual site of Capernaum. The White Synagogue has been dug about, and its plan and ornaments have been copied: there is scarcely any doubt that this edifice is the identical Greek synagogue built by the Roman officer. If so, it is one of the structures in which Christ actually prayed and taught—the only one now to be traced. The interest attaching to it is therefore of the most solemn kind. Khan Minyeh proves to be a modern mound.

THE Bishop of St. Andrew's, Scotland, a nephew of Wordsworth the poet, has furnished the following new and interesting contribution to literary history: "When Scott was on the point of setting out as an invalid for the Continent in 1831, he was anxious that Wordsworth should pay him a farewell visit, which he did; and as I happened to be staying at Rydal Mount at the time, I had the honour of accompanying my uncle to Abbotsford. After remaining there three days—a son of Burns, by-the-bye, had left the house only a day or two before we arrived, and had expressed his regret that he could not wait to meet my uncle—on the morning of our departure (which, if I remember rightly, was the same on which our host himself also started for Italy), he was so good-natured as to compose and write in the album of my cousin (afterwards Mrs. Quilnam) four original stanzas, which were, I believe—as he himself said at the time they probably would be—the last verses he ever wrote. I do not think they have ever been published. The first stanza, I recollect, was as follows:

'Tis well the gifted eye which saw
The first faint sparks of fancy burn,
Should mark its latest beam with awe,
Low glimmering from the funeral urn!

A touching record not only of the satisfaction felt by Sir Walter at Wordsworth's coming to see him at such a time, but of the fact that the MSS. of Scott's earliest poetry were submitted to my uncle's criticism, a fact of which I am otherwise assured, and received, as I believe, his warm encouragement."

WE have received from the authoress, a small volume, entitled "Household Receipts, or Domestic Cookery, by a Montreal Lady." From the Preface, we learn, that these receipts, nearly three hundred in number, have been urgently commended by many ladies in the fashionable circles of Montreal. The authoress, in preparing this little work for the press, has endeavoured to supply a want which has been long experienced by Canadian Housekeepers, and we have no doubt, her efforts will be appreciated by the public.

STRAHAN & Co., PUBLISHERS.

IT is now pretty widely known that Messrs. Strahan & Co., Publishers, of London, (Eng.) have opened a branch in Montreal, at 121 Great St. James street (lately 50 St. Peter street), for the purpose of supplying the whole of British North America with their periodical and general publications. As workers in the same field of industry—the dissemination of reading that is really calculated to elevate the mind—we heartily welcome, and bid them God-speed with their enterprise in our infant country.

The books published by Messrs. Strahan are chiefly religious, by such writers as the Dean of Canterbury, A. K. H. B. (the "Country Parson"), Dr. Guthrie—who edits their "Sunday Magazine," Dr. McLeod, editor of "Good Words,"—another of Messrs. Strahan's magazines, Professor Plumtre, Alexander Smith, Jean Ingelow, Countess de Gasparin, Duke of Argyle, Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Isa Craig, and many others of greater or lesser brilliancy in the galaxy of the world of letters. Amongst them are many books which we should find, well thumbed, on the tables and on the shelves—and which should be in the closet—of every Christian householder throughout the length and breadth of the land—books on woman's work, for young ladies, for students, for young men, and for children—all delightfully illustrated, combined with beauty in printing, good quality in paper, excellence and neatness in binding, and, above all, cheapness—for which Messrs. Strahan have gained a reputation at home and abroad.

We cannot close this necessarily brief notice without expressing our admiration of one book we observed—Mr. Millais's Book of Pictures. John Everett Millais, who stands in the first rank of his profession, has here collected eighty of his drawings on wood; and when we consider the high character and charming elegance of the drawings, the thick tinted paper on which they are printed, and the binding—which is an excellent specimen of what a London binder can produce—we are astonished at the price (\$5) at which it is offered to the public. We shall soon see it in the drawing-rooms of many of our friends.

In order to give our readers some idea of the class of books which are published by Messrs. Strahan, we shall make a few extracts from their catalogue, adding short descriptions.

SIMPLE TRUTH FOR EARNEST MINDS, by the Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod, is a volume of discourses which we have read, felt the better of, and will be sure to return to it in the quiet of a Sabbath afternoon. Dr. McLeod has the rare faculty of speaking to people in their own language. The price of the book (75c) places it within the reach of all.

THE GOLD THREAD, is another book from the pen of Dr. McLeod; this time he writes for the children. It is an allegory, in which he records little Eric's mishaps through losing his Gold Thread, which he had been told to hold firm, and which would have guided him through the woods. It is nicely and plentifully illustrated; and, if our advice is taken, wherever there are children there will be a Gold Thread.

BEGINNING LIFE: a book for young men on Religious Study, and Business. By Principal Tulloch. We know no book which we would more heartily recommend to the young of our country than this: its great charm is that principal Tulloch speaks as a friend. The price of the book is 85c.

We shall give a larger list in our next week's issue.

Two Irishmen, in crossing a field, came in contact with a donkey, who was making "day hideous" with his unearthly braying. Jemmy stood a moment in astonishment; but turning to Pat, who seemed as much enraptured with the song as himself, remarked: "It's a fine large ear that bird has for music, Pat, but sure he's got an awful cowl."

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 19

CHAPTER XXXIV. PROGRESS.

'Though losses and crosses be lessons right severe,
There's wit there ye'll get there ye'll find no
otherwhere.'

BURNS.

There was such an expression of grief and dismay in Norman's face, that the good-natured tollman, looking hard at him, said, "You're not up to any tricks, are you? No nonsense about making a hole in the water—which is the way with some youngers in their tantrums—eh?"

What answer the youth might have returned to a question that, while it shocked him, showed how wretched he must look, was interrupted by a woman, who, carrying a clothes-basket, came panting to the bridge. She put down her load as she dived her hand into her pocket for the copper; and the toll-keeper, who knew her, said, "That's a heavy load for you." "Yes," she answered: "it ought have gone home last night, but my lazy lout never came home; and however I shall get it to Grosvenor Place is much more nor I can tell."

"Can I help you?" said Norman, in a trembling voice that was both timid and eager.

"You, sir! lor! you're very good. If you wouldn't mind, now, I'd take it kindly if you give a hand to it," pointing to the basket; "but you ain't used to—"

"He's hard up a bit—can't pay the toll," interrupted the man; "and so I should think ain't above earning an honest penny."

"No, that I am not," rejoined the youth. Without another word the woman put an extra coin in the toll-keeper's hand, and Norman, taking a handle of the basket, trudged at her side. Every now and then the woman, as they passed the dimly-burning lamps, glanced at him curiously, and coming to a coffee-stall, where early breakfasts were served, she set down the basket, and saying, "We'll rest a bit," called for two cups of coffee and two penny loaves of bread. Our famished Norman as he partook with her of this needful refreshment, heard a man passing call the street "Paradise Row." His notions of bliss just then were very humble, for he thought it was indeed paradise to him. It may be that the remembrance of many times that he had sat moodily at his meals rose to his mind, for, with a pang, he admitted, "Marian was right; I was ungrateful." As the barrier self-esteem, in which it had been his nature to entrench himself was loosened, there came a wholesome resolution to try to correct the pride and impatience of his character. The discipline of life was moulding him to better things. As soon as the hasty meal was swallowed, the basket was resumed, and passing the college in their road, they trudged on till they entered a part of the town that Norman knew, leading to Grosvenor Place. A few minutes before they reached their destination his companion grew confidential, and told him she worked for a laundress at Battersea, and that she was anxious to take home this particular basket herself, because the Dowager Lady Pentreal, who was going out of town that day, was very charitable, and had done no end of kind things for her. "Her ladyship's a widdler like me—lor! I not like me, neither, for I've to fight for five children, and all hers be gentlemen and ladies. But you see if life ain't the same, death is; and a kind lady as grieves over a grave, thinks of them as ha'n't no time to grieve, only innardly."

By this time they were at the area gate, and Norman, to whom both the name and the place were suggestive, looked up curiously at the house, thinking of the charity that had been bestowed from that house on the impostures he had left, and of his own innocent shares in the deception. The guilt which, by impostures, diverts the channel of benevolence from the virtuous poor to a set of luxurious swindlers, appeared in all its enormity to Norman, and the wish to see Lady Pentreal, was strong in his mind. He knew his illness had been made a plea to obtain her help. She had meant to do him a kindness, and he was grateful for her intention; but as to any method of getting to see her, coming as he did, as the as-

sistant porter of the laundress's basket, it was impossible. Indeed, he drew off from the area gate to the kerbstone, pulled his cap over his face, and, with a flush on his thin cheek, was bidding his companion good morning, when she pulled out fourpence and handed it to him. He had breakfasted, humbly it is true, but yet sufficiently, and no longer goaded by the pangs of hunger, he felt he could not take the money. "No no," he said, putting her hand back, "you've paid me already quite enough—no, no."

"Now, don't you go to be a tossing your head like a horse, until you knows where your oats is to come from, young man. I'm a mother, and I knows what's what. You hadn't a blessed copper at that there bridge, as is a imposing nuisance, no doubt, but you fairly earned sixpence two pence is spent for—"

"Oh, don't reckon it; you are very kind; thank you."

At that moment the gate was unlocked by a cross-looking serving-man, who rushed down again in a great hurry, leaving the laundress to descend the steps with her burden as best she could. Pulling his cap still lower, Norman, went to her aid, and when they reached the lower hall the woman put her on his arm. "You stop here," she said, and was disappearing, when the footman, they had already seen, darted out of a pantry, and said—

"Could your boy, Mrs. Riley, go a message for me? What with my lady going away to-day, and all the bustle, I don't know which way to turn."

"Certainly, leastways I think so," said Mrs. Riley rather confused, looking at Norman, who involuntarily added—

"I can go. What is it to do?"

"Only to take a letter. There's a pretty go come to light. I could ha' told how it 'ud be, my lady a raking in gutters among the scum of the earth."

"Mr. Jenkins, the scum mostly rises far away from the gutters," said the Widow Riley, offended; "but," checking herself, "no doubt, he'll carry the letter. Is he to wait an answer?"

"Yes, he must wait, and be back sharp."

As he spoke, Norman recognized his voice. It was the bringer of the basket to Mrs. Fitzwalter's. Norman took the note, which are addressed to Dr. Griesbach, Gloucester Place. As he set off on his new mission, his way lying through Hyde Park, Norman began to fear least he might be met or recognized. He need not have feared. Mr. Hope was not likely to be out; and except Marian or his sister, there was no one sufficiently interested in the gaunt lad to notice him as he sped along with closely buttoned jacket and slouched cap. He was soon at his destination, and found the hall of Dr. Griesbach's house filled with poor patients waiting their turn to see him. The servant who opened the door did not ask Norman's business, but, looking in his face, at once pointed him to a bench in the hall, and saying, "Just in time, young man," retreated so suddenly, that our youth found himself with the letter in his hand, amid a throng, and, unacquainted with what was going on, sat down to wait patiently for further inquiries, little deeming what would arise from that visit.

CHAPTER XXXV. CATECHETICAL.

'Keen as a razor was both glance and speech;
And yet, like oil, kindness oft tempered each.'

We left our poor wandering Norman, by a mistake of the servant, seated in the physician's hall, waiting for an audience.

"It's your turn now," and Norman, rather wondering, went in, as he had seen others do, and found behind the baize door a lobby leading into a small room, where at a desk sat a gentleman, whose keen eyes and vigorous look contrasted with his white hair.

"Well, my man, and what ails you?" he said, in a quick voice, with the slightest foreign accent.

"I've brought a letter from Lady Pentreal." "I don't read letters while my patients wait." Norman was retreating, when he ventured to say, "I am the only person left in the hall." "You! What, have you been waiting with the patients, eh? What a dolt you must be!"

The very unflattering words were spoken in a good-natured tone, and Norman stammered out—
“I did not understand her.”

“No, I see you did not. Well, well; you're a patient, in a sense, I see, or without sense, eh?”

Laughing, he opened the letter, which contained an enclosed note, and ran it through commenting, in an under-tone—

“Exactly—just as I've told her, again and again. These fools of women!—well-meaning, but soon hood-winked. Well, sir,” suddenly addressing Norman, whose eyes were fastened on the enclosure, “and you're to take my answer, eh? Tell Lady Pentreal I know nothing of the jade and her accomplices. She'd better, as I before told her, send to the Mendicity Society's office. They'll rout them out. It's, no doubt, a nest of begging-letter impostors. This precious concern”—shaking the note enclosed—“has done duty before. I was shown a similar letter yesterday, at my countrywoman's Madame Rudersdorf's.”

The doctor held, as he spoke, the letter enclosed, which Norman instantly recognized as one of the many he had been set to copy; and, without knowing, in his confusion, what he was doing, with his face in a flame, he cried, involuntarily—

“I copied it.”

He stopped abruptly.

“You! What do you mean?” said Dr. Griesbach, fastening his eyes on him, and his manner changing from half satirical banter to earnestness.

Abashed and silent, Norman stood.

“Come, sir, you're staggered by the kick of your own gun. Explain. Where did you copy this, and who set you to do it?”

“I did not know that I was writing lies.”

“Mem! that's pretty plain speaking. Go on, and let me hear how you came to so popular an employment. Only, I warn you, that if you attempt anything in that line on your own account, you had better not have come to me. I fancy you're as badly off as a live rat in a trap, with a terrier just at hand, if you're lying.”

“I'm no liar, sir,” said Norman, looking up frankly at Dr. Griesbach. And immediately he related the outline of what our readers know, from the time he saw the fire; not omitting the cause of his being obliged to remain, to his great annoyance.

The doctor laughed heartily at his dilemma as to clothes. “Poor, featherless biped! I fancy that you've had a lesson on the worth of clothes you'll not soon forget. But how, pray, came you first of all on Westminister Bridge at four o'clock in the morning? In short, what's your name? and who are you? Come, the unities, if you please: a story is nothing without them. Name time—place.”

Norman was silent and confused.

“Ha! you've not told me lies; but you've concealed the truth: that's nearly as bad.”

“I have only concealed what concerns myself.”

“Exactly; and that I must know. You did not drop from the skies on to Westminister Bridge, eh?”

“I was seeking employment.”

“Run away from your father and mother?”

“I have no father and mother,” said the boy earnestly. There was a moment's pause, and he added—“I'm willing to work. All I want is work—honest work.”

The doctor, with a curl of his lip, looked at the letter, and said the one word, “Honest!” in a significant tone that further roused Norman.

“Yes, honest. When I found, or, rather, fancied, it was not honest work they set me to, I ran away.”

“Aye, true; that's your way, Mr. Nobody, of settling difficulties I see. But, come; you'd better go with me to a magistrate and tell this story.”

“What, against them?”

“Of course, a couple of impostors.”

“I'd rather not.”

“And why, pray?”

“Because I was certainly ill there, and they sheltered me. I have eaten their bread. No; I'd rather not.”

“Why, you have told me.”

“I told you in confidence, as one gentleman might tell another.”

“Upon my word you honour me. Your name, I think, must be Don Loftus Umbra.” But as he spoke his mood changed, and, checking his laughter, he said—“How do I know every word you have uttered—your coming from Lady Pentreal's, and this fanfaronade you have told me—is not all a lie? Do you know I can send for a policeman, and compel you to unmask these people you have written lies for, and also to give an account of yourself?”

“You could, sir; but you would not. I need not have said one word. Is the truth to be fatal to me?”

The poor lad spoke the last words as if to himself, and in such a tone of depression, that Dr. Griesbach rose from his chair, and held out his hand—

“No, my boy, no; never distrust truth. It is the salt that keeps the world from rottenness. You haven't told me all the truth, by a long way; but I trust you, for the sake of what you have spoken. You're rather poor to pretend to keep a conscience; but as you have some scruples about telling any one but me—an ancient and remarkably well-known comrade certainly—even so. They'll find their way, those impostors, to their master, the father of lies, quickly enough, without your help, doubtless. I shouldn't wonder but your decamping will cause them to unearth in that quarter; so I'll write a line to Lady Pentreal. Bless me! her ladyship has been forgotten,” looking at his watch. “We shall keep her waiting. But you did not tell me how you came to have her note in your possession.”

Norman had left off his narrative with the account of regaining his clothes, and escaping. With sad galling to his pride, he related the helping to carry the basket, and the footman's mission.

“Upon my word! Then, which am I to consider you—the washerwoman's assistant, or the footman's messenger?”

“I could not choose my work,” replied Norman, doggedly.

“Exactly; and I fancy that the old home, wherever it was, would employ you better, my fine fellow. Try to eat a little of that wholesome dish—humble pie—and go back again.”

No, sir; I was a burden. I want to earn my living.”

“So—so—” He scratched a hasty line, and as he was writing, a servant brought in a tray with a pot of chocolate.

“Bring another cup,” said Dr. Griesbach. When the man returned, with the cup and an extra supply of dry toast, the note was finished. Before giving it to Norman, the Doctor poured out two cups of chocolate, and pointing to the youth to help himself, seemed to sink into a reverie so deep as to be unconscious of his presence. Norman did not interrupt him, but took the refreshment in silence, wondering where and how his next meal would be obtained. Suddenly, with a start that told how completely he had been lost in thought, Dr. Griesbach said, as if continuing a conversation—

“And you really want work, and wouldn't mind that it was hard, constant, many hours, and little pay? You are proud, I see; are you idle also?”

What prompted Norman's words he knew not, but he made an answer that pleased the doctor.

“I hope I'm too proud to be idle.”

“Indeed! that'll do; the idiots who are too proud to work ought to starve. But mind, fine words don't deceive me, still less the man I shall send you to.”

“Oh, sir, will you try me?” interrupted Norman, enthusiastically; then his voice fell, at hearing the words, “the man I shall send you to.”

“I've nothing for you to do; but a relation of mine, a man of genius, if you know what that is you'll find out to your cost, perhaps”—this was said in an undertone, as if to himself—“wants help in his laboratory; he's a chemist. If you're content to work hard and live hard, you may learn something there; if not, he'll soon turn you adrift, and serve you right.”

“Yes,” said Norman, naively.

“And now I'll send the answer to Lady Pentreal, and you can go to this address.”

“But, sir, as I was trusted, hadn't I better go at once back to Grosvenor Place with your reply, and from thence to this place?” looking as he spoke, at an address scrawled, in a large hand, on a letter—“Gustave Griesbach, Woodford, Essex.”

“Why? it's so out of your way, my lad.”

“I was trusted, sir.”

“Oh, very well. And how do you go to Woodford? Have you any money?”

“I can walk,” said Norman, taking the note for Lady Pentreal.

“It will do you no harm. Good morning.”

“Good morning, sir; and—and—I cannot thank you as I should, sir.”

He was at the door of the room, and his heart was full. Just as he was stammering, Dr. Griesbach called him back, and said—

“I've saved you telling any lies about your name; I've told my relative that I call you Don Umbra. He knows I like giving titles.”

“Sir, if you please—”

“Well, what now?”

“That's a nickname.”

“Upon my word, nothing suits you. Ah, lad, your own name is best.”

“I know it; but I don't want to be found out.”

“Well, perhaps, if it's an honest name, you should not bear it until you deserve it, and win it back. So, come, you're Driftwood; and, let's see, what first name?”

“Norman, sir.”

Dr. Griesbach laughed. “Oh, certainly; that sounds well. Norman Driftwood let it be.” And, taking the Woodford letter from the youth's hand, he unfastened it, and added a line, replaced in the envelope, and put a large seal on it, saying, “Now, go, Norman le Grand: I've wasted too much time on you.”

It was evident that the doctor's penetration was at fault in the last particular, and that he thought the name of Norman a fabrication. In the letter he sent to his relative, he said—

I sent you a stray waif, that may stick with you, and do your work. He has no character, or a doubtful one; but as you never have kept one of the young gentlemen, with highest testimonials and connections, that have come to you, try this fellow, whom I call (after an erasure was written) “Norman Driftwood.”

It was while the emotions of a grateful heart sent a flush to the thin cheek, and dilated the large lustrous, dark eyes of the youth, that the door opened, and a young girl came running in, displaying a pair of handkerchiefs. She did not see Norman. “Papa! papa, do see what little True has sent me.” Then, noticing the youth, and knowing she had no right to be in that room, “Oh, I beg pardon, papa. Jarvis said the patients were all gone.” Her pause and flush and retreating step had a timid, fawn-like grace; and the doctor laid his hand on her head, and said, in a low tone, shaking his head—

“Ella the Effervescent, as usual.”

Norman was sufficiently prompt to bow and hasten off, but that momentary glimpse, something of a ray of mingled inquiry and pity that gleamed from those bright eyes, darted into his soul, and photographed a likeness there which was destined to remain for many days. He considered that the reason of his emotion was because the young lady was about Mysie's age. “My poor dear sister!” he sighed; and then he thought, “Ella is that sweet girl's name.”

With wonderfully revived spirits the youth made his way back to Grosvenor Place. He seemed so different, that the footman, who was looking out anxiously for his messenger, scarcely recognised him, and drew out, with considerable hesitation, a sixpence as the recompense. Norman put it aside. Just then a cab came up, and the driver jumped down to speak to the footman, who was his brother.

“Do you want a lift? said the footman. Which way are you going?”

“To Woodford,” replied Norman.

With a long “whe-w!” the man added—
“Well, my brother Bob, here, is a-going to the City. Jump up on the box.”

The proposition was accepted, and Norman

mounted, just as one of the maid-servants, in charge of a large parcel, entered the cab.

Certainly, Dr. Griesbach might have paid the lad's expenses to Woodford; but he was just the man to test Norman's assertion, that he wanted work, by making the task hard at the outset. His real purpose was to drive the boy to disclose his name and return to his friends. If so, he little knew the power of endurance that was his, and that would stand him in good stead at the abode to which Dr. Griesbach's strange note introduced him, and which he reached, footsore, and weary too, for want of sleep, about night-fall.

To be continued.

FENIANPHOBIA;

OR SOMEWHAT FRIGHTENED.

LIZZIE CROFTON was one of the brightest, pleasantest lassies you would meet with in a day's march. Most people thought her pretty; for my part, I do not believe you ever saw more beautiful eyes than smiled and blinked beneath her arched brows; and as for her mouth, I may tell you confidentially that I never saw a more inviting, rosy, kissable little mouth in my life. I have told Annie Maria so more than once (she is in the next room busy with the baby); and I don't care in the least if she should come in and read what I have written.

Now, at the particular time of which I am about to treat, my little friend Lizzie had two serious things to contend with. The first was a lover, and the second a severe attack of the "scare," a disease which has seized numbers of both sexes recently, and indeed is still quite prevalent. Which of these two sources of anxiety preyed most heavily upon Lizzie it would be difficult to tell. In fact the two were so commingled that it would not be easy to analyze them, for the "scare" was more serious on account of the lover, and the lover more provoking on account of the "scare."

What brave volunteer has not heard of Captain Clubbuck and his crack company?

Ruddy with the flush of health, tall and well formed, with a firm and stately tread; a moustache, which I fully believe many a budding ensign and lieutenant of the regulars would give five years' pay to equal; merry hazel eyes, a well shaped mouth, and slightly aquiline nose;—there, that is Captain Clubbuck of the — Volunteers, and what is of more consequence to our story, that is—as nearly as I can photograph him—dear little Lizzie Crofton's troublesome lover.

Now, I do not wish my readers to suppose that Captain Clubbuck was not as loyal to his lady love, and as ready to die for her if need be, as he was for his queen; because that would be doing a man I respect very much a great injustice. At the same time I must confess that the Captain was what the ladies impressively denominate "a tease." I could tell you of some pretty fencing matches I have witnessed between the two lovers, in which, although Lizzie is no mean antagonist, I am free to confess that in my opinion the Captain came off with flying colours. But I am not going to tell tales out of school, at least not any which are unconnected with my story; and as that dates only a very few days back, I am not likely to gratify any idle curiosity the readers of the "SATURDAY" may feel upon the subject. I like to be frank; and should this declaration be deemed unmanly, let the gentle reader revenge himself by passing on to the next article.

On a certain night in this present month of March—I really do not remember the date—the whole world of Montreal retired to its feather beds and mattresses in peace. If I am not mistaken Captain Clubbuck and Lizzie had been to the Victoria rink during the evening, and I believe they had a very confidential chat on the way home. The Captain had discarded his customary role; and if you had heard the persuasive tones of the brave fellow's voice you would have believed that he was very much in earnest. And rightly so, for was he not pressing my little friend Lizzie to name the day which was, as he

said, to render him the happiest man in Canada? I do not like to play the eaves-dropper, but I could tell you if I would a great deal that passed. I might throw out sundry hints about clasped hands and—and—but there I won't; you must be satisfied with knowing that the Captain did not succeed in his purpose. His repulse, however, was so faint and wavering, that, like a true soldier, he determined to seize the first favourable opportunity for renewing the attack.

I have said that on this particular night the world of Montreal retired to rest in peace. It is true that our respectable friends the Fenians may have formed the subject of conversation amongst a score or so of grandmamas and venerable maiden aunts, but I am not disposed on that account to retract the statement. Lizzie Crofton's heart, too, fluttered somewhat more than usual as her graceful head drooped upon the pillow, but then her sensations were altogether pleasant; and as for the Captain, he felt, on the whole, quite satisfied with the results of his conversation with Lizzie, and soon dropped into a dreamless slumber.

But morning follows hard upon the longest night—at least my experience leads me to suppose so—and certainly it was the case with the night referred to above. And as the light which came at first faintly and by stealth, grew more saucy, and took possession of Captain Clubbuck's room, the noble fellow opened his eyes, rose, dressed, shaved, and, thinking of Lizzie, descended to his solitary breakfast.

Now the Captain had a very bad habit—at least Annie Maria assures me it is—of reading at his meals, and his first glance as he entered his breakfast room was for the morning paper. There it lay nicely folded and invitingly near the ham and toast. Settling himself comfortably in his chair he opened the paper—and—well what was it that made the Captain start, and sent the flash to his eyes and the colour to his cheeks? Suppose we peep over his shoulders, and see what he is devouring so eagerly. Ah this is it of course.

GENERAL ORDERS.

"10,000 volunteers to be called out."

In order to be prepared for any eventualities that may arise from threatened attacks upon our frontier by marauding bands, the Government have determined to call for ten thousand volunteers," &c., &c.

Now this was glorious news to Captain Clubbuck, for he had chafed consumedly over the tall talk and braggadocio we have been treated to, by our friends the Fenians from across the lines. Sweeny's obtrusive kindness manifested in telling us that he and a number of his comrades intend paying us an indefinitely long visit *sans invitation*, was regarded by the Captain as a piece of intolerable impertinence, and he was rejoiced to find that the Government looked upon the matter in the same light. Scant attention was given to the good things before him, and in a few minutes he was on his way down town to seek further information. But eager as he was, he could not, as he passed Lizzie Crofton's door, resist the temptation to step in and tell her the news.

Lizzie met him with a playful curtsey, "Good morning, Mr. Clubbuck; you have indeed honoured us with an early visit."

Now I am ashamed to say that our friend the Captain thought this salutation much too ceremonious, and endeavoured to claim a certain privilege—but there, I need not enter into particulars—the reader, if I have one, must be satisfied with knowing that Miss Lizzie gracefully eluded him, and provokingly kept the big Captain at bay.

"I wonder you dare attempt such unwarrantable liberties, Mr. Clubbuck, at this early hour of the morning."

I have more than once told you that the Captain is a brave fellow and I feel convinced he would not have shrunk from renewing the attack, but that he thought discretion, for the moment, the better part of valour. He contented himself with saying "I came in to tell you of an important announcement in the morning papers, Miss Crofton, but, on second thought, I think I had better leave it until the evening.

Your ladyship may feel inclined to be less ceremonious then. Good morning, Lizzie."

Miss Crofton had not expected this bold flank movement, and it compelled her to change front slightly.

"But, Harry—there, you may come a little nearer—what is it? Have those horrid Fenians been doing anything dreadful?"

Captain Clubbuck was a wise man, and did not avail himself of the permission.

"Oh! no, it certainly is connected with the Fenians, but it is of no consequence; I will tell you in the evening. Good bye, Lizzie."

Signs of capitulation manifested themselves on the part of my little friend.

"Oh stop! Harry, you must tell me now—I am sure something terrible has happened—do tell me, Harry, dear."

And now if the Captain did not "come a little nearer," the lady certainly did, and I need only record the fact that victory perched on the banners of the Captain, and in due time Lizzie learned that the Government had called for volunteers, and that Capt. Clubbuck was on his way to report for orders.

Now I wish you to believe that Lizzie Crofton is a sensible young lady. I give you my word of honour that I think her the prettiest, sensiblest, nicest little girl I know (always excepting Annie Maria). But I have told you that she has suffered from a terrible tttack of the "scare" or "Fenianphobia," whichever you please to term it. The disease had manifested itself long before Capt. Clubbuck made the announcement as recorded above, but no more serious symptoms were apparent, and, to sum up in a few words, it was a very bad case indeed.

I do not wish to write a long story; in fact when I sat down I did not intend to fill more than one column of the SATURDAY READER, and I fear I have already exceeded that space considerably, so I must condense into as short a space as possible what I have got to write.

During the few days which followed the calling out of the volunteers, what with the lying dispatches telegraphed from Feniandom and published in the daily journals, which I am sorry to say Lizzie devoured whenever she could obtain a paper; what with the excitement of drilling, marching and patrolling there was quite enough to feed the disease which had seized upon my poor Lizzie. But the worst had not yet come, as you will presently see.

Some Silly Goose—I could almost find it in my heart to take off one of the slippers which at this present moment grace my delicate feet, and beat her—if I could catch her—from one end of Little St. James Street to the other. N. B. I select a short street because active exertion does not agree with my sixteen stone. Well some Silly Goose industriously instilled into Lizzie's mind the idea that an attack was to be made on Montreal on St. Patrick's day. Silly Goose was sure of it—she had heard it from scores of persons, and Mr. Bumble Blatherchin, who knew everything, had assured her that he had private information of the Fenian plans, and there could be no mistake at all about it.

I am half inclined to be angry with Lizzie that she did not at once see that Silly Goose was Silly Goose. I am sure she would have done so had not this inveterate "scare" taken such fast hold upon her. Jolly Captain Clubbuck industriously strove to cure her. He teased her, laughed at her, made fun of her (which by the way Lizzie thought very unkind), but all was of no avail, and there was nothing left the Captain but to wait and hope.

At last, as we all know, the seventeenth of March dawned upon Montreal. But stay! let me tell you first that Captain Clubbuck spent some part of the previous evening with Lizzie. He was amazingly provoking, and persisted in urging Lizzie to promise that if nothing terrible happened on the morrow she would at once capitulate in due form. But Lizzie was in no humour for promising. The "scare" was coming to a crisis, and Captain Clubbuck had to retire baffled and half chagrined.

Well, as I have said, the seventeenth of March dawned upon the world, and Lizzie Crofton awoke with terrible anticipations of coming evil. I

need not stop to tell you about her breakfast, because, if I am rightly informed, she did not eat any. I will not, because I cannot, tell you how much she suffered during the morning from that terrible Fenianphobia. How she strained her ears to listen for the rattle of musquetry. How she pictured to herself her brave Harry engaged in conflict—perhaps wounded and dying. I pass all this over, principally because by so doing I shall best consult my own convenience, and I do not ask for a better reason.

Let me hasten to the *denouement*—it came about four o'clock.

Poor Lizzie—you know she lives in one of those pretty cottages hid among the trees somewhere above Sherbrooke Street—was worn out with watching and waiting, and had thrown herself upon a sofa in her pretty drawing room. Would you believe it that presently her dear little head drooped upon her breast, and for a time trouble was banished!

I said "for a time" advisedly, because even in sleep terrible dreams will come, and in Lizzie's case they did. The horrors of the day were repeated with increased intensity, and what had been only a dread became for the time a terrible reality. Notre Dame and Great St. James Street loomed up filled with excited crowds. There was the rush of angry men, the shrill shrieks of frightened women, the trampling of children under feet, men falling wounded and dying, and suddenly the terrible peel of the alarm bell boomed upon her ear; rapid discharges of musquetry followed, and then with a piercing cry Lizzie Crofton sprang to her feet and there—right before her stood Harry Clubback brave and noble as ever.

"Oh Harry, is it all a terrible dream? I have been so frightened."

"Poor child, when will you get rid of these phantoms? Come and rest here, and tell me what has troubled you."

And Lizzie Crofton did. Her head resting upon his breast, she told him how anxious she had been through the day, how, finally, she must have fallen asleep, and then how that terrible dream came.

"And you heard the pealing of bells and the discharge of musquetry in your dream, did you, Lizzie?"

"Yes, Harry, don't laugh at me, for I did indeed, all too plainly."

"And will you promise me you will throw all these silly fancies to the winds, if I tell you that the day has passed as peaceably as any 17th March that ever dawned upon Montreal, and that I can account quite easily for at least a portion of your dream? You must have heard the vigorous peal I rang upon your bell when I reached the door; and when I entered the hall, in my anxiety to see you, I managed to drop my sword upon the floor. It fell with quite a respectable crash, and I don't wonder that your excited fancy, roaming in dream land, likened it to the roar of musquetry. But, darling, it is all over now, and my own Lizzie must be like herself again."

And now, reader, if you wish to pry any further into the conversation which passed between these two, I assure you I don't intend to assist you to do so. I draw the veil here. Cosily and happily they sit upon that sofa—the curtain falls and leaves them there.

Hist! a word in your ear. I don't mind telling you that Captain Clubback induced Lizzie to name a day for the wedding. I expect he will have to procure the license next week, and with all my heart I wish them much happiness—Don't you?

GARDNER.

PRESERVED MILK.—All the essential parts of milk may be preserved by evaporating the water, and bottling the white powder which remains. The essential parts of gallons of milk are thus stored away in a single bottle; and the aliment has been found, when watered into milk again, as sweet, and as nutritious, as good in every way, at the end of a year or more, and after having sailed round the world, as when taken from the cow.

WAGER OF BATTLE

ON the 17th November, 1817, Abraham Thornton was placed by the Sheriff of Warwickshire upon the floor of the criminal side of the Court of King's Bench to answer to an appeal of murder brought against him by William Ashford, brother and heir-at-law to Mary Ashford, for whose murder Thornton had been tried and acquitted at the previous Warwick Assizes.

Any one who reads the report of that trial will see that it was peculiarly a case of circumstantial evidence, with much to be said on both sides, and the jury had to strike the balance between counterpoising evidence. The presiding judge was satisfied with the verdict, although he would have been as content if it had gone the other way.

Popular opinion took the opposite view. The fate of the young woman (who was no doubt brutally murdered) was at the time made the subject of more than one sensational drama. Even now it is commonly supposed that Thornton was never tried at all, and escaped scot free, because, in the first instance, he availed himself of the fact that he was a bigger man than Ashford.

As a first step, Thornton was moved into the civil side of the Court, and given into the custody of the Marshal. He was then called upon to plead to the appeal that was read to him, and pleaded "Not guilty." He was next asked how he would be tried, and no doubt was expected to answer as usual—"By God and my country." Luckily for him he had retained a counsel really learned in the law, and under his advice electrified the Court and audience. From the depths of his counsel's bag (wherein for the sake of concealment they had been brought into Court) were produced a pair of horseman's leathern gloves. One of these did the prisoner put on his left hand, the other did he throw on the floor. He then held up his gloved hand, and said that he was "Not guilty, and ready to defend the same with his body."

The counsel for the appellant actually did not know what to do. The last occasion that wager of battle had ever been appealed to, was in 1638. Sir Henry Spelman records an earlier case, and adds that, even then, this method of procedure caused great "perturbation," to the lawyers.

In 1815 Irish ingenuity had exhumed this fossil species of trial from the cobwebbed depths of black-letter law. One Clancy murdered one Reilly, in open day, before many witnesses. The murderer made no attempt to escape or deny his crime. On the contrary he signed a full confession of his guilt before the committing magistrates. His trial came on at Mullingar summer assizes, and he pleaded "Not guilty." The counsel for the prosecution proposed to put his confession in evidence, but it was rejected on technical grounds. In expectation that the confession would be sufficient, no witnesses had been summoned on behalf of the Crown. As the prisoner had been given in charge to the jury, the trial could not be postponed, and he was therefore acquitted from want of evidence. The brother of the murdered man brought an appeal of murder, and Clancy demanded the combat. The matter was, however, compromised by his withdrawing his demand, and pleading guilty to the appeal, upon condition that he was only to be transported for life.

In such a dilemma Ashford's counsel appealed "ad misericordiam" of the Court, stating that he was surprised that the charge against the prisoner should be put in issue that way. The trial by battle was an obsolete practice, which had been long out of use, and it would be extraordinary that the person who was accused of murdering the sister should be allowed to prove his innocence by attempting to murder the brother. If the combat was allowed, next-of-kin would be unwilling to risk their own lives in furtherance of the ends of justice, which would be against public policy. If the Court would look at the person of their appellant (for he was obliged to be personally present in Court) the judges would see that he was young in years

weak of body, and in other respects by no means capable of combating in battle with the appellee. Perhaps therefore the Court would not permit the issue to be decided by personal strength and brute force.

The appeal of murder had never been favourably regarded by the Court. It was virtually an infraction of the maxim "that no man should be vexed twice for the same cause," which maxim is a leading principle of English jurisprudence. It was not brought for the benefit of the public, but the private interest of the appellant, and the proceedings were in the nature of a civil suit entirely under his control. It might be brought after trial and acquittal at the suit of the King, whilst execution under it was entirely at the discretion of the party suing it out, whose object might not be the just punishment of an evil-doer, but the extortion of something for his own personal advantage. It is true that Justice Holt did on one occasion say that "he wondered that any Englishman should brand an appeal with the name of an odious prosecution, as he for his part looked upon it as a noble institution and one of the badges of English liberty." This was, however, provoked, by a previous dictum of Chief Justice Treby, who on the same occasion said, that "it was a wrongful odious prosecution, and by no means deserved encouragement." More than once had the propriety of abolishing such a method of legal procedure been brought under the notice of Parliament, but the point had always been blended with matters of a political nature which prevented a calm discussion of the subject.

Under the circumstances, Ashford was only likely to get such favour as the strict letter of the law allowed him. His counsel was told that the wager of battle was an usual and constitutional mode of trial, and that the combat was the right of the appellee, and that the law of the land favoured his demand of it, and that the appellant had for his own purposes brought the risk, if any, upon himself.

The appellant was therefore obliged to counterplead or show to the Court reasons why the appellee should be ousted of his right. If the appellant had been a woman, an infant under the age of fourteen, a man above the age of sixty, a priest or a citizen of London, the combat would not have been allowed. If the appellee had broken his prison, thereby showing his fears of consequences, or had been taken in the fact, or if the evidence showed no reasonable presumption in his favour, his claim to the combat would not have been allowed.

The combat was refused when the evidence against the prisoner was such as not to admit of denial or proof to the contrary. When, however, there was anything in his favour which rendered it too uncertain for a jury of the country to decide, the omniscience of the Almighty was invoked by the lively faith of those who in this particular case mistrusted the wisdom of man. The very gist of this method of trial was that it left to Providence, to whom all secrets are known, to give the verdict in such a case by assigning the victory or vanquishment to the one party or the other, as might be just and known to Him alone. The notion of the special but constant interposition of the Deity, in order to detect a criminal, had been and is an article of belief in all ages and climes. The Hebrews, the Greeks, the Saxons did; the Hindus and Maoris do, use some species of ordeal. The book entitled "God's Revenge Against Murder," is but a catalogue of instances in which this interposition has been manifested. The vulgar opinion at this day, that a corpse will burst out bleeding at the approach of the murderer, is also based upon the idea that the usual laws of Nature would be interrupted to prevent the escape of so guilty a man.

Until this counterplea was decided, the glove remained in the custody of the officer of the Court, as the counterplea was a denial that the appellant was bound to take it up, and he called upon the Court to decide the question. In this case Ashford counterpleaded that the guilt of Thornton was so manifest as to deprive him of his right to the combat. This was denied by the appellee, and the Court decided in his favour.

The appellant, thinking that discretion was the better part of valour, withdrew from any further prosecution of the appeal. Thornton was then remitted to the Crown side of the Court, and indicted upon the appeal at the suit of the King. He pleaded that he had been tried previously and acquitted upon the same charge. The Attorney-General confessed this to be true on the part of the Crown, whereupon the Court acquitted the prisoner.

In a short time an Act of Parliament was passed, abolishing this method of procedure. One instance still remains wherein the absurd ceremony of throwing down a glove may be still resorted to. When her present Majesty was crowned, a clergyman claimed to act as her Champion, and to challenge the world on her behalf. When her grandfather was crowned, the glove thrown down by the Champion was taken up by a partizan of the unfortunate Stuarts.

As in Thornton's case the right to the combat was not proceeded with, references must be made to older authorities for the ceremonies attendant upon a grant of the battle; and it must be remembered that such a grant was made both in civil and criminal cases, but there were divers important differences in the method of procedure.

In the 13th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one Love and others brought a writ of right to recover lands in Kent from one Paramour, who selected the trial by battle, and brought before the Justices of the Common Pleas as his champion one Thorne, a strong man and square (*quadratus* is the very word), for his champion. The defendant brought one Naylor, a master of defence, as his representative. Had it been a criminal matter, the parties could not have engaged substitutes,—they must have fought themselves in person.

The Court approved of the champions, and awarded the battle. Thorne then threw down a glove on behalf of the defendant, which Naylor picked up and took home with him, after that they had both been duly sworn to perform the combat at Tuthill, in Westminster, upon an appointed day, in the presence of the entire Court.

At the appointed day and place a list had been prepared at Tuthill upon an even and level piece of ground, sixty feet square, set out according to the points of the compass and surrounded by a double palisade,—the one to keep the mob out, the other to keep the combatants in.

Outside the barriers on the west side was erected a seat for the Judges, looking down upon the lists, and covered with the very furniture used in Westminster Hall, and brought thence for this occasion. Behind this tribunal were pitched two tents, one for each champion. Seats were placed for the Sergeants on the platform, at the feet of the Judges.

On the other three sides of the square were erected tiers of seats for the spectators, of whom four thousand were present. Properly speaking no woman or male child under fourteen ought to have formed one of the crowd.

The champion for the plaintiff, Naylor, had been during all the early morn parading the City, preceded by drums and trumpets. The gauntlet of challenge was borne before him on the point of a sword. One of the twenty-four royal yeomen carried the ell-long staff, tipped with horn, and the target of double leather with which he was to do battle. The champion was arrayed in a wadded coat of a martial colour (whatever that might be), loose trousers made of a stuff (moserica) with a silken wool and a woollen warp, and a silk cap adorned with a red plume and ribands. Thus adorned he proceeded to Tuthill, where a knight, Sir Jerome Brown (afterwards an ambassador of good repute to the Czar of Muscovy,) was waiting to receive him in his tent. Thorne had arrived there previously, and was "waited upon," as the Fancy would say, by Sir Henry Cheney.

Had the combat arisen upon a criminal matter, the parties themselves would have been given into the custody of the marshal on the previous night, who would have had them armed and present in the lists before sunrise—as they would

have had to fight without intermission from the rising to the setting of the sun, unless one of them had uttered the word "Craven," which would have ended the fight. If the appellee could maintain the fight until after sunset, he gained the day.

As in reality a civil matter was in dispute, the Judges met in Westminster Hall about 10 A.M., arrayed in their coifs, scarlet robes, and apparences, accompanied by the Sergeants, similarly dressed. The Judges (except one detained at home by illness) then adjourned to Tuthill.

The proceedings began by a proclamation for silence, and the spectators were warned not to cry out, nor make any sign to the combatants, nor strike a blow in their behalf. The plaintiff was then summoned before the Court, and upon his non-appearance, his champion, Naylor, was summoned. He came into the lists, on the left hand side of the Bench. His head was uncovered, his arms bare to the elbow, his legs exposed from the knees downwards, with red sandals on his feet. He was accompanied by his knight, carrying his ell-long staff, and his yeoman, carrying the buckler. The two went round the lists to the side fronting the Judges, where Naylor knelt down and made obeisance to the Court. He then rose, advanced to the centre of the lists and did the same. He next proceeded to the bar in front of the Judges. Having knelt again, he was ordered to rise and take his standing-place on the right-hand side of the Court. Thorne, after similar proceedings, was ordered to stand on the left-hand side. Two Sergeants, being of counsel for each party, then took up their position between the combatants. After all this prelude the plaintiffs were again summoned, and as, by arrangement, they did not appear, judgment was given against them. The champions and spectators were then ordered to depart in the peace of the Queen, and the farce was played out.

There is no doubt that prize-fights, which take place in a square ring, ranging with the points of the compass, are a mimic representation of such a combat as above. To render the similitude more perfect, the "second" and the "bottle-holder" of the pugilist are the successors of the sergeant-at-law and the worthy knight.

When the combat really took place, if it was for life and death, a hearse was in readiness to take off the party killed. If the murderer had cried "Craven," he would have been dragged off to instant execution. The blood of the murdered man would have drawn him by a long rope to the gallows.

This usage was said to be founded upon the loss which all the kindred had suffered by the murder of one of themselves, and for their *revenge and the love* which they bore to the person killed.* If the suspected murderer gained the day, his accuser was liable to imprisonment for a year and a day; to a fine, at the discretion of the Court; became infamous, and forfeited the privileges of a freeman.

The party or his champion would have been compelled, if the combat had proceeded, to take an oath before entering the lists, that he had not eaten or drunk anything to charm himself; and that he had not caused anything to be done to the prejudice of his adversary whereby he might be charmed. Convincing proof this, that the combat was the relic of an ignorant and superstitious age.

RAT-KILLING BY ELECTRICITY.—In the Paris sewers the rats swarm by millions. Wires insulated by glass feet from the ground, and connected with a strong galvanic battery, are spread through these subterranean walks. Little pieces of roast meat are attached to these wires at short distances, and the rats, by nibbling at the bait, bring down the galvanic shock with terrific power upon their bodies. Death is instantaneous, the morsels remaining almost intact, ready to lure other victims to destruction.

*This is very like the Corsican vendetta, where the duty of revenging the murdered man is imposed upon his nearest relative.

THE UNINVITED GUEST

"I think," said my husband, one day, "that we really should do something about Georgina's education. She is really too old now to idle her time as she does."

"Yes," I agreed; "but unless we settle in a town, I do not see how we can improve her. I really dread bringing a governess to this desolate spot; she would not stay above a month."

This was by no means the first conversation my husband and I had had about our only child and spoiled pet; but it is a fair specimen of many, and ended, like the others, by letting the subject drop. However, as winter approached we decided on moving into E—, and took apartments for a short time.

My husband soon became restless; he "hated lodgings," he said, and thought Georgina, accustomed to run about the country, would fall ill if confined to our small rooms. He would take a house: then she could play where she chose, and run up and down stairs to her heart's content, especially on wet days.

Taking a house, however, is more easily accomplished in word than deed. Winter in the season in E—, and this, it was predicted, would be an unusually good one. Rents rose in proportion. Our means were then rather straitened; not so our ideas, however. We were both fastidious, and I fear the house-agent found us rather unreasonably.

I got so tired of walking up and down stairs in empty houses, and also felt so chilled, that at last I allowed George to take all the trouble of visiting and viewing those in the list sent us by Mr. Letts. When he came home, and reported what he had seen, I listened with due attention; but on considering carefully, there was generally some drawback.

One day, George came in with a radiant countenance, and said:—

"My dear, I am sure I have found the exact house to suit us."

"Where?" was my first question.

He named a dull, but aristocratic part of the city. I listened with great deference while he expatiated on the merits of this habitation, and described it from "garret to basement." It certainly seemed unobjectionable. The rent was the next point; that also was in our favour. So it was arranged that I should accompany George next day to see it; and he politely said that my decision should be final.

"La nuit porte conseil." In the wakeful moments of night I resolved that, if the new house was one where I could make my family at all comfortable, I would not discourage the evident desire of George to take it.

In this mood I accompanied my husband next morning. When we reached our destination I thought its appearance unexceptionable. When we had traversed it all, I said:—

"I think we may decide on settling ourselves here."

"I quite agree with you," said my husband. "I knew what your opinion would be."

"We are at last fortunate," we agreed.

The house-agent was silent.

Signing and sealing were accomplished without delay. Next day we had large fires lighted, and the house, which gave us the idea of having been long unoccupied, was thoroughly aired. In a few days we took possession. The morning of our arrival we contrived to settle our furniture, and the pretty little articles of "bigotry and virtue," as Mrs. Caudle has it, from our old house, to look as home-like as possible. In the afternoon, George went out for his customary ramble; I was too busy to accompany him, and Georgina appeared to think I could not arrange things without her assistance, so she would not leave me.

We had placed our books on their shelves; this was the finishing touch. I still had the last in my hand, but had opened it, and was glancing over its contents. Georgina was at the centre table, taking off the bonnet and cloak in which her doll had accomplished her journey. In a moment, however, I felt my gown pulled; I turned, and saw that my child had crept to my side; she whispered stealthily:—

"Look THERE, mamma!"

I looked in the direction my darling pointed, and saw an old gentleman seated in one of the arm-chairs. He seemed about seventy; his head was slightly bowed, his hands clasped, and he was apparently absorbed in thought. I gazed earnestly at him, but could not recall his features; in fact, he was to me perfectly a stranger.

Some moments passed thus. I then thought he must be a friend of the former tenants of our new abode, and that it was time, if he had thought to find them there, to acquaint him with his mistake.

With this resolution I approached and addressed him. He, however, neither looked at me, nor appeared to have heard me speak. Thinking he might be deaf, I repeated my observation in a higher key.

All in vain; he did not raise his head or pay me the slightest attention. I tried again, but was equally unsuccessful.

I now thought that my visitor must have lost his senses, and recalled all I had heard of lunatics eluding the vigilance of their keepers, and entering the quite haven of a family unexpectedly. With this idea I took my child's hand, and we left the room.

We entered the dining-room, and I rang the bell.

"MacTavish," I asked, when the butler came in, "has any one called to-day to see me?"

"No, ma'am."

"Or to inquire for the last occupants of this house?"

"No, ma'am."

"You are quite certain?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you inquire if any of the maids have opened the front door to any one?"

"I know they have not, ma'am, as I have been about here all the afternoon."

"I wish you to inquire," I said.

MacTavish went off with an injured air; but presently returned with ill-concealed triumph to say that no one except himself had opened the hall-door that day.

I returned to the drawing-room. Our unexpected visitor was still there. It was now about four o'clock. I did not expect my husband till five; but oh! how I wished some magnetic power could bring him home.

Presently I was struck with the recollection that I had neither seen nor heard the drawing-room door open; this determined me on watching for our guest's departure. With this view, I seated myself near the door, and beguiled the time with my crochet. In about an hour, however, just as I had done counting a few stitches, I glanced towards the armchair—it was unoccupied!

"How could he have gone?" was my first thought, when I began to think; for I was wonder-stricken at first.

He certainly could not have gone to the door, or I must have seen him. I hastened to ring the bell; but when MacTavish appeared, I hardly knew what to say, feeling reluctant to let him know the strange incident till I had told my husband, so I asked:

"Has your master returned?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did you not open the front door just now?"

"No, ma'am; no one has passed in or out since."

I was puzzled, but at that moment George knocked, and MacTavish hastened down stairs. I felt relieved on seeing my husband, and soon told him all that had happened.

When I saw his air of wonder, and I may say doubt, I felt sorry that, in my anxiety to avoid any foundation for exaggerated stories, I had not called one of the servants to witness the stranger's visit; for though George did not absolutely refuse to believe me, he asked so many questions, that I almost began to doubt the evidence of my eyes.

Next morning passed as usual; but in the afternoon, George insisted on remaining at home with me, but he did not do so with a good grace; on the contrary, he was most restless, paced up and down the room, took the books from their shelves, opened them, but instead of reading, threw them about, examined every little article

on the chiffoniers and tables as though he had never seen them before, and fidgeted as if he was expecting some one to keep an appointment.

I laughingly reminded him that our friend had made no promise. Evening closed in, and our party was not increased. Next morning, George went out early. The cold just at this season was so intense, I was kept a prisoner at home. In the afternoon he stayed with me; no old gentleman appeared, and George was as impatient as before.

Three or four days passed in like manner. At last George, seemingly convinced that Georgina and I had been mistaken, left us one afternoon for his customary walk.

About four o'clock that day, habit induced me to glance at the arm-chair. The uninvited guest was THERE!

Knowing that he had not entered the room in any ordinary way, I did not like to approach him this time. Georgina, perceiving him also, crept close to me, and we left the room. I rang the dining-room bell for MacTavish, and he called the other servants. I was first to enter the drawing-room, and was slowly followed by a wondering train. Our old visitor did not move even to raise his head; we stood about him in silence: then, dismissing the rest, I kept my own maid with me. MacTavish waited in the entrance-hall for the departure of the old gentleman; however, our watch was useless—he disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

When my husband returned, he found the household in great agitation: no one now doubted of an unearthly visitor. George, however, ridiculed that idea, laughed at my pale face, and said it would never do to encourage or even allow our servants to believe such nonsense, or we should become the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood. I begged him not to leave me of an afternoon till he was convinced that this was no illusion. He said he would sooner stay at home till the expiration of our lease than miss seeing the "old gentleman," who was now our "household word."

However, his patience was not long tried this time; for the following afternoon, we were all three in the drawing-room. I was working, Georgina seated at my feet, my husband pacing up and down the room, sweeping unconsciously the anti-macassars off the chairs and sofas, catching his foot occasionally in my dress, and stopping his promenade only to examine the books and china, and lay them down again, but either upside down or in the wrong place; however, the mischief was not irreparable. That inspection over, George walked to the window and whistled.

Meantime my nerves were becoming strung to their utmost. It was almost four o'clock. I watched the time-piece, and when it pointed to four, I glanced at the chair: there was our guest! George, however, appeared to have forgotten all about him, and kept his back to us while he gazed from the window. My child took my hand, but remained where she was; I dared not move, but counted the moments till George should turn. At last he did so. Words cannot describe the amazement pictured in his countenance: he seemed thunder-stricken; but, soon recovering his self-possession, he walked up to and addressed our visitor. He, however, was not more successful than I had been; for the old gentleman neither raised his head even to glance at him, nor made the slightest movement, but appeared, as usual, absorbed in thought.

MacTavish found some excuse to enter the room to see the result of his master's vigil; he approached also; the other servants in a short time followed, as if guessing something was wrong. An astonished circle formed round the chair, and an agreement was made in whispers that none should stir till its occupant should go.

But how that came to pass was incomprehensible. He disappeared with the eyes of all our circle still fixed on him. How can I describe it? I can only say he was and he was not. In order to certify himself of this absence, my husband was going to seat himself in the chair; but Georgina interposed and would not suffer it, evidently in the fear that the chair might sink through the lowest depths of the earth.

My husband's next proceeding was to call on Mr. Letts, the house-agent, who seemed so overwhelmed with astonishment, that more simple people might have believed, that he had never heard of such a thing before.

However, in the evening my maid went out, and in some of the shops near inquired about the house as if she had been a stranger to it; and heard that no one stayed very long in it; some of the less cautious of these usual gossip-retailers told of an old gentleman who had been seen in it for many years, but who never "did any harm."

Next morning I had a severe attack of neuralgia, an occasional tormentor, then brought on by the agitation of the preceding days. George fetched a doctor, and we related to him the extraordinary incident that had befallen us. He readily admitted that he had often heard the story, and strongly advised our breaking our lease, and added that I must have a complete change of air and scene. My husband called again on Mr. Letts, who, after much pressure, allowed that, because there were some rumours, which of course he did not believe, afloat about this house, he had let us have it as favourably for ourselves as possible, and sooner than have anything said about it, or, as he put it, have any disagreement, he would take it off our hands. We moved into an hotel till our packing was accomplished. My maid requested MacTavish's presence as a protection while she removed from the drawing-room all that I had placed in it. When all was ended, we sent our servants to our old home; and my husband, my child, and I came abroad to divert our minds, rather overstrained hitherto, and endeavour to forget our "uninvited guest of E."

PSYCHE.

SONNET I.

SHE sat on a low bank, where wild flowers wreathed
Their rich and varied blooms beneath her feet,
And the light zephyrs, fluttering o'er them, breathed
Upon her cheek, her lip, each stolen sweet—
On its gay painted wings, around her flies
Her beauteous emblem: now upon her head
It rests, and now like a wing'd flower lies
Amid her clustering hair—can she understand
The playful mute appeal—what doth she there,
Regardless of the flowers, the perfumed air,
And her bright playmate? All things round her make
An atmosphere of beauty. She the queen,
Where all is lovely; will she not awake
And be the fair and living spirit of the scene?

SONNET II.

PSYCHE TEMPTED TO OPEN PANDORA'S BOX.
She stirs not from her trance; her head aside
Is turned; her lips apart, as if she sought
To speak, yet feared to hear her uttered thought.
Why is her cheek with deeper blushes dyed?
Deeper yet varying; her hands unfold
A casket docked with orient gems and gold;
Perhaps some spell to stay her lover's flight,
And bind the boy god in his own sweet chain;
Why (being such) doth she avert her sight,
Yet still with firmer clasp her prize retain?
Like the white feathers of the gentle dove
Stirred by the breeze, her trembling fingers move
Above the lid she fears, yet fain would lift—
Resist the impulse, Psyche, 'tis Pandora's gift!

SONNET III.

THE ESCAPE OF THE ILLS OF LIFE.
'Tis done; she faints; she falls in deathlike swoon—
Her nerveless hand resigns the fatal boon;
And whilst in blest unconsciousness she lies,
Forth from the opened lid dark forms arise
In vapour confusion; sorrow now
Takes from the day its brightness; want shall bow
The frame and wring the heart; suspicion find
Her whispering voice; from disappointment's hand
The rose receives its thorn; contention's brand
Glow with undying flame; revenge shall bind
The murderer to his oath—but see there springs
From the dark mass a form with azure wings;
Roll o'er the earth, ye waves of woe and ill,
Revive, fair Psyche! Hope is left us still.

* The butterfly.

A. W. A.

"ALL'S WELL."

THE night is dark, the drift is deep, the wolf is from his lair,
The sad wind sighs amid the pines with melancholy air;
The hemlock, mantled deep with snow, droops downward in the dell,
And ever and anon are heard those cheering words "All's well!"

"All's well, all's well!" those sounds are borne across the snow-clad land,
The farmer sleeps with unlatched door, and scorns the hostile band;
The maiden, in her humble cot, lies tranquil by the spell
Those words can bring, and breathes a prayer for him who cries "All's well."

"All's well, all's well!" though keen the air, and blinding is the snow,
That stalwart form, erect and proud, still paces to and fro;
Fit type of her the mother-land,—who through each danger fell,
Would scatheless bring her children out, and whisper "All is well."

"All's well, all's well!" though dark's the hour, and anxious thoughts assail,
Cheer up, faint heart, when brave men dare, there's no such word as *fail*;
From Gaspé to the Essex coast liege men are to the fore,
Resolved to guard their native land or dye it with their gore.

"All's well, all's well, all's very well!" when 'neath Britannia's wing
The timid heart may nestle safe and dare oppression's sting;
When conscious might proclaims her right the tyrant to repel,
And sheltered by her *ægis* broad the weak can feel "All's well."

And, as the brilliant orb of day ascends his golden throne,
So that "All's well" is taken up in echoes round the zone;
Each evening gun, each morning drum, the diapason swell,
As England girdles round the world with might, and cries "All's well."

HENRY MARTEN GILES.

St. Catharines, March 13th, 1886.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 43.

At the moment when the Chevalier Dieudonné and his page drew up before the great door of the Hotel de Nesle, there was a large reunion in the Hall of Honor of the Hotel. This was a building quite new, and Jean II, one of the richest Seigneurs of that time had built it with much magnificence. The Hall of Honor, an enormous apartment, in full arch to the centre, and pierced with windows, which affected the thickest Roman style, was ornamented with draperies and *faisceaux d'armes*, mingled with escutcheons already regularly blazoned. In the centre stood an octagon table, supporting the famous lamp of gold, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the goldsmiths of Bruges. Around the table were assembled a dozen great lords, under the presidency of the Duc de Burgogne, seated by the side of his host, Jean de Nesle, who had before him a pitcher of wine and a large rude goblet.

Among the other lords might be distinguished William des Roches, seneschal of Anjou, a renowned warrior; Henry Clement, marshal of France, Count Perche, Duc de Berri, Count Thouars, and the Counts of Nevers, Flanders, and Aumale. Opposite Jean de Nesle, and separated from the thick of the assembly, was a man of arms, handsome and still young, who bore no titles and was called simply Cadocu. This man,

however, was not the least important personage of the reunion, for he had the honor of commanding all the highwaymen of the fine kingdom of France. After the King, I believe, indeed, that Caduco's was the heaviest arm in the Kingdom, between the Rhine and the sea. But the worthy young man did not seem any the prouder for that; for he civilly assisted the Lord of Nesle to empty his pitcher of Burgundy wine. Lastly, under the mantelpiece of the vast chimney were two men—the one standing and the other carelessly seated with his feet to the fire.

The latter has already been presented to you in company with the Saracen, Mason Mahmoud el Reis, who came from a great distance. It was Amaury Montreul, Lord of Anet, friend of the King, who came to Paris to kill a woman.

The other bore the sacerdotal costume. His name was Gratien Florent, he was Bishop of Orvieto, and legate of his Holiness Pope Innocent III. It was he who was speaking when we entered into the Hall of Honor of the Hotel de Nesle.

"My lords," said he, "though my voice is already exhausted, I do not flatter myself with having enumerated all the dangers which threaten the King of France; it would require a miracle to save him, and who can dare to think that God would work a miracle in favour of a Prince, who has incurred the Major Excommunication. My last word is this: Phillip Augustus is lost!"

He made a pause—during which the vassals of the King looked at him with anxiety and indecision. "The fact is," murmured the Duke of Burgundy, with a touch of timidity, "that the people are complaining since they were deprived of the sacraments."

"Pardieu!" exclaimed William des Roches, seneschal of Anjou. "I heard a clown saying the other day, *I also want two or three wives, since henceforth we are no longer to be cursed for that.*"

Jean de Nesle took a draught from his great goblet! "There, there," said he, "let my Lord, the King send this Agnes to the Evil One, and then we shall have peace."

"Why Madame Agnes?" asked sharply Amaury Montreul, "why not Ingeburge?"

Jean de Nesle took a second draught, "Because," muttered he, "because, Madame Ingeburge is the Queen."

Jean de Nesle was neither for Ingeburge nor for Agnes; but it is necessary to note this strange circumstance—for in spite of her marriage, the Bohemian was not accepted as Queen seriously by any body: she was the mistress of the King. Ingeburge, on the contrary—outraged and deserted—Ingeburge was the Queen. The power of Phillip Augustus had not been able to undo that which God had done. Ingeburge was so superior to her rival, that public opinion would not allow Agnes to be called a rival.

"Phillip of France will not drive his concubine away," said the legate, "the spirit of hardness and impenitence is in him. Be ye sure that he will be obstinate in his criminal existence."

"But," interrupted Amaury Montreul, answering his own thoughts, "if Ingeburge should happen to die, would not the Pope leave us at peace?"

Gratien Florent cast upon him a piercing look. "Pardieu!" exclaimed, roughly, Jean de Nesle, "I had the same idea as thee, mon compère Amour, "if that Agnes could only be passed from life to death, we should all be like so many little saints!"

Amaury Montreul shrugged his shoulders and growled out some unintelligible words.

"My lord," said Gratien Florent, the legate, "these are vain suppositions; let us reason upon the future. Do you intend to be lost with Phillip of France, or will you save yourselves with the church?"

The question was skillfully put. However the vassals of the King still hesitated—those who were the most forward against Phillip, undertaking to clear the road for others.

"I will go with the church," said d'Aumale, from whom the King had recently taken his two countries of Boulogne and Dammartin.

"I will go with the church, also," said Nevers Du Perche, and De Thouars said the same thing. Henri Clement, marshal of France, and the

seneschal of Anjou, William des Roches, replied in their turn.

"If the King, summoned in due form, rejects the authority of the church, we will side with the church."

"I will follow the others," murmured Montreul.

"Good!" exclaimed Jean de Nesle, "me also! me also! Pardieu! but I should like to know, what mon compère Antoine says—he seems to have put his tongue in his pocket this evening."

That compère Antoine was Cadocu, and Cadocu, in fact, had not opened his mouth during the whole sitting. The chief of the highwaymen, thus addressed, raised his head a little, and began by yawning impudently, while regarding, turn by turn, each member of the assembly.

"Me," replied he, at last, "I say, compère Jean, that there is no more wine in thy pitcher, and I am choking."

Eudes III., Duke of Burgundy, lowered his brow. "Are we in a tavern?" murmured he.

"Thank God!" replied Cadocu, without in the least disconcerting himself, "I have never regretted the time I have passed at the tavern; but this I call lost time—but," said he, in a good-tempered way, "the Duke of Burgundy has forgotten to tell us what may be his intentions."

"I am a Christian," said Eudes, in a firm voice, "and my sword is for the church."

"Ah! well then, mon compère Jean," resumed Cadocu, "fill the pitcher; for I am about to make a speech upon three points: for as I have the smallest title of any of you, my lords, I think it my duty to show myself the greatest gossip." Blowing his nose, and coughing gently, after the manner of a licentiate about to unravel his thesis.

Among all these noble barons, Antoine Cadocu, son of a vilian, was not so small a seigneur as he wished to appear. He was a very powerful man, and much dreaded. A moment ago, the Duke of Burgundy desired to send him away—but the Duke of Burgundy dared not. As to the moral side the chief of the highwaymen had scarcely any faith, and no law; but he was what they called a good fellow, and in short was worth more to the King of France than all those great unquiet vassals—jealous and directly interested in lowering the influence of the crown.

"Sire legate," said he, saluting Gratien Florent, "in sending you over the Alps, did the Holy Father think at all of poor Cadocu?"

"Doubtless," replied quickly the Bishop of Orvieto, "his Holiness expressly told me that my mission would not be fulfilled as it should be, if I did not conciliate to the cause of Rome the brave and illustrious captain of whom all Europe speaks."

"As to that, sire legate, Europe must needs talk of something, but we do not hear it ourselves. Did the Holy Father add nothing?"

"The Holy Father said that he held you in high esteem."

"Good, good—and what sum has he charged you to propose for me, sire legate?"

The Bishop of Orvieto paled with anger. Jean de Nesle burst out laughing with all his heart, and his hilarity was shared by nearly all the members of the reunion. Cadocu alone kept his grand seriousness.

"Holy Cross, my good lords!" said he, "I am much honored by your laughter, but I joke not. You have lands, fields, mills, tilled lands, great woods, and all that fills your pockets annually; but I have nothing but an army of great gourmands, who earn nothing, and eat all day, only stopping to drink—and think you that I could persuade them that they carry a sword by their side only to play at Easter holidays?"

"But," replied the legate, "those are not the considerations—"

"What considerations would you have?" exclaimed Cadocu, "I will furnish you some—if Jean de Nesle will pour me out a bumper, for I am stifled!"

Jean de Nesle passed him the pitcher, and he swallowed an heroic draught.

"Now here are some considerations," said he, "and famous ones. In the first place, if I was Phillip Augustus, King of France, it would not be two poor Queens that I would have. Twenty-

four would be necessary to me at least—since, as simple Cadocu, I have already a dozen; and if the Pope had anything to say about it, I would turn Musselman to vex him."

"Thou blasphemest," said the legate.

"Yes, indeed, sire Bishop, I blaspheme," replied quietly the highwayman, "that is my manner; and if the church has any thunders left, and if it can afford them any diversion, let them try to excommunicate me; my hide is hard and my back is broad. We shall see which is worth most, the parchment of your bulls or my skin!"

"My lords," exclaimed the Bishop of Ovieto, "will you allow the Holy See to be thus insulted before you?"

"Abroad and in open day, perhaps not, sire legate," said Cadocu, "but here in the secure den of Jean, mon compère, that can be attended by no consequences, besides I am about to argue. I promised a speech on three points."

"Master Antoine," observed the Duke of Burgundy, "perhaps you may abuse the liberty which is given you."

"Do you find it so, my lord; ah! well, then, I will abridge my matter—if such is your good pleasure, I only wish to say this—Treason for treason; I prefer paid treason!"

"Do you intend to accuse us?" exclaimed the Duke, putting his hand to his sword.

"Not at all, my lord, not at all. If you ask nothing for yourself, there will be more ducats for remunerating my humble abilities. After these loyal explanations I shall repeat my question, and I will ask the sire legate what sum he is able to propose for me?"

Gratien Florent was about to give vent to all his indignation, when John de Nesle rose.

"Sire Bishop," said he, "take care; you cannot have compère Antoine for nothing, and if you have him not, so much the worse for you!"

The eyes of the legate passed round the table and he observed more than one face full of indecision and reflection—the Count d'Aumale made him a sign from a distance, which counselled him to capitulate.

"If ten thousand golden crowns," murmured he, while the blush of shame mounted to his forehead, "if ten thousand crowns will suffice you."

"Not at all, sire legate," interrupted Cadocu, "that will not suffice me."

"Twenty thousand."

"Are we going to proceed like the tricky people, who are selling old furniture at auction? Put down one hundred thousand crowns at once and the business is closed!"

"One hundred thousand crowns!" exclaimed the Bishop, "that is an enormous sum!"

Cadocu frowned in his turn. "The brave man does not like to be cheapened." Count d'Aumale made a second sign to the Legate.

"One hundred thousand golden crowns, then," said the Bishop, with a sigh, "this is an interdict that will cost us dear!"

Cadocu pushed back his chair and approached the legate—shaking his white and delicate hand roughly. "Sire Bishop," said he, "I am yours. To prove it to you I recommend you to write it down here on the spot, and at this table, in a little agreement that all these illustrious lords may sign. I remember a clerk of great judgment, who said in latin, 'Words fly, writing remains.' As for the hundred thousand crowns, sire Bishop, I will give you credit with pleasure, till I accompany you to your dwelling!" He resumed his seat, filled his goblet, and concerned himself no more with what was passing around him.

The legate did not require the counsel of Master Antoine, for he produced the draft of an agreement from his pocket.

"Since all difficulties are smoothed between us, my dear lords," said he, unfolding a great parchment, "nobody here, will, I am sure, refuse to engage, by his signature or by his seal, to sustain, against all comers, the interests of the Holy Apostolic See."

"The word of a gentleman is sufficient," replied Eudes.

And every one of them shewed more or less explicitly the repugnance that he had. But the

legate prevailed easier over Eudes and his peers than over the highwayman, Cadocu.

"Will you risk nothing my dear lords," murmured he, "to be independent and succorains?"

"Who will answer to us for the price attached to our consent?" asked Count de Nevers.

"This," replied the Bishop of Orvieto raising his parchment above his head.

"Read us your charter, then, sire Bishop," said the Duke of Burgundy.

Gratien Florent immediately commenced: "In presence of the most Holy Trinity, the first day of March, 1202, I, Gratien Florent, by the grace of God and the holy Apostolic See, bishop of Orvieto, lateral legate of his holiness our Father, Pope Innocent the Third, I have received the engagement and oath of the undersigned noblemen, who promise, upon their honour, in this life, and upon their salvation in the other, to succour their said Father in Jesus Christ, against all comers, Christian or Pagan, and especially against Phillip of France."

"For inasmuch as that I have relieved the said noblemen of their faith and allegiance towards the said Phillip of France, their Sovereign Lord, declaring him hereby deprived of all his rights and royal privileges, heretofore recognized by the Holy See, in consequence of rebellion, sacrilege and forfeiture.

"In such a way that the said dukes, counts, and noblemen—"

Gratien Florent, bishop of Orvieto had got thus far with his reading, which he had performed in a loud and intelligible voice, when Amaury Montruel shook him strongly by the arm, and the astonished bishop paused.

There was a noise in the adjoining chamber, on the pavement of which they heard a short and firm step.

Amaury turned pale.

"What is that?" said Jean de Nesle, half rising.

"What signifies it to us," said Gratien Florent, wishing to recommence.

But he could not proceed, for Montruel, seizing him by the body, without ceremony, carried him off his legs and ran with him out of the hall, through an opening in the tapestry which led to the private apartment of the Lord de Nesle. The heavy drapery closed over them and they disappeared. The duke and counts were endeavouring to account for the motive of that unexpected and bizarre action, when the folding doors opened and an usher in the livery of de Nesle appeared upon the threshold, and uttered in a clear voice that single word:

"The King!"

CHAPTER VI.

We have already described the man who entered into the hall, where the vassals of the crown were assembled, when we pointed him out to the reader upon the road which led from the tower of the Louvre to the Porte St. Honoré. It was the Chevalier Dieudonné, the second person met on horseback by Eric and his sister, Eve, under the walks of Paris; and consequently, according to the sorceress, Mila, "Destiny." And you see that the sorceress was not much deceived; for was not Phillip Augustus "Destiny" for Ingeburge, who adored him from the depths of her prison?

The King entered alone, leaving his handsome page, Albert, in the neighbouring room. We have already said that he dressed with extreme simplicity; but this simplicity could not be merely a precaution at a time when all the world knew that he was threatened by the assassins of John Plantagenet—by the assassins of Canute—of Othon, and of the Old Man of the Mountain. But in the midst of these titled soldiers—coarse, shrewd, selfish, and cowardly, as they were, if not on the field of battle, at least in the council—in the midst of these great vassals—restless traitors, who rounded their vulgar foreheads with their golden coronets, Phillip Augustus, in spite of his grey livery, had alone the air of a gentleman.

We remember hearing, in our childhood, a beautiful story of this King. It was said that on the eve of the battle of Brivines, Phillip Augustus assembled his jealous vassals at the church,

and depositing his crown upon the altar, before them, exclaimed, "if there is any one here present who believes himself more worthy of wearing that crown than me, I freely give it him." This speech has been immortalized by poets and painters. But some *savants*, having nothing better to do, quarrelled with that speech and put it to death; and not contented with that murder, instead of allowing it to rest in peace after having assassinated it, the merciless creatures inflicted upon it the last outrage, that of burying it in a dissertation of their own belief. Phillip Augustus, say they, never said any such thing. No, never, never, never!

For our part we believe religiously in the words imputed to the chivalrous Cambronne, and even in the forty ages of Napoleon the 1st, perched, though badly at ease, on the Apex of the Pyramids, we shall always remember the beautiful speech of Phillip Augustus. And all the better, if some baron had put forth his hand to take the crown, for Phillip would certainly have left him one-handed. It is thus at least that we understand the thing, and to interpret that speech differently, whether apocryphal or not, would be an insipid platitude. For a King never surrenders his crown but to God.

Phillip Augustus crossed the great hall of the Hotel de Nesle, with a firm and decided step. The lords assembled round the table were very deferential, as would have been said in the days of the Fronde; they scarcely knew what kind of a face to put upon the matter, for Phillip was the last person they had expected to meet them that night. The master of the house blushed, stammered, and was seeking something to say. The others tried hard to keep a good countenance.

All rose—the King saluted them, and seated himself in the Duke of Burgundy's place.

"God keep you, my lords," said he, "I have long promised to visit the palace of my cousin de Nesle, which puts our poor Louvre to shame; and though it is a little late, I have fortunately fixed upon this evening to find all my faithful companions assembled."

"What!" muttered Jean de Nesle, "did the king know?" Phillip smiled.

"The king knows everything," said he. Then casting his eyes round the table, they encountered those of Cadocu, to whom he gave an imperceptible movement of the head, but to which the highwayman replied with a wink of his eye.

"We are assembled, sire," said the Duke of Burgundy, "not for serious matters, but for our common pleasure."

"I see! I see!" replied Phillip, "when you heard the king announced you sent away your dice and false cards."

Cadocu burst out laughing, and Phillip addressing him especially, added—

"Were they, then, snaring birds, Captain Antoine?"

Cadocu cast a look towards the door, hidden by the folds of the tapestry, and through which the legate and Montruel had disappeared.

"My faith, very dreaded lord," replied, he "I know not; but perhaps they may have been."

"Come," said the king, without losing the smile on his face "you will excuse me, gentlemen, for putting an end to your diversion. But seeing around me so many brave and loyal barons, I should not like to lose this opportunity of treating for my estate of France. The whole of Europe, and I believe other parts of the world, are against us at this moment. But it is my opinion that we shall have our rights from Europe and the whole world."

We should not conclude that all the lords assembled on this occasion at the house of Jean de Nesle were all equally deep in the thought of treason. Henry Clement, marshal of France, and William des Roches, were both ancient warriors, and ready to die for Phillip—but for Christian Phillip, and not for Phillip, excommunicated.

With the exception of the Count d'Aumale, the personal enemy of the King; Count d'Nevers, the evil tool of John Plantagenet, and the Duke of Burgundy, who was too powerful, and too near the throne not to look upon it with envy; the others were really neutral—and equally with the thunders of Rome the chances

would have been all on Phillip's side in that assembly. But under the interdict of Rome they believed Phillip Augustus crushed and lost.

"By the help of God," murmured the Duke of Burgundy, "the chevaliers of France can stand against the universe."

"By the help of God, my cousin, as you say, replied the King," drily, "for it is God who makes the hearts of men brave and faithful. Gentlemen," resumed he, suddenly raising his head and changing his tone, we require your loyal support, and we reckon firmly upon it. The Pope, unmindful of the services that we have rendered to Christianity in the holy wars of the Crusades, and mixing himself up too lightly in our domestic affairs, has given an iniquitous sentence against us.

"Very dreaded lord," interrupted d'Aumale, "the sentences of our Holy Father cannot be iniquitous."

The lips of the King turned pale, while a fugitive carnation mounted to his cheek.

"Count," murmured he, between his clenched teeth, "has he promised to give thee back Boulogne, Dampierre and Dammartin?"

And as D'Aumale was about to reply, he reduced him to silence by an imperious gesture.

To be continued.

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET, AND HOW I GOT MARRIED.

Continued from page 46.

CHAPTER XI.

Mary Worth!

Reader, you have these cabalistic (to me cabalistic) words placed at the head of this chapter, instead of the "figures" which were promised you of the magnificent scheme of the HOPE & ANCHOR MUTUAL COAL COMPANY!

In this connection you doubtless consider it quite out of place, just as you are seated at the table with Deams and myself, your wits sharpened for the trial, to have only these two words put on the programme!

"It satisfies me," you say pettishly, "that John Brant will never succeed." Besides, perhaps you feel that I am trifling with you; or, perhaps, you imagine, on consideration, I don't deem it prudent to let you into the affair, and you call it very shabby treatment after my holding out so many inducements to attract your attention.

Suppose this to be a fact; what have you to complain of? Are we not in Wall Street? Have we passed our words to each other? Jones, having taken up my enterprise *without* examination, while you, Robinson, are wasting precious time: in examining it, has secured the right to a "call" of the stock at a favourable rate, thus shutting you out from a participation in this magnificent and colossal enterprise.

After this, Robinson, think quick, and strike quick, or you will not do for the "street."

However, on this occasion only, I admit I am alarming you without cause. The matter is still "open." Let me say my say about Mary Worth, and then to business.

In the midst of these figures, how came her name interposed? I will tell you. It happened, just as I was settling myself to the work of investigation, that something whispered, "Succeed in this, and you will win her!"

And was it not possible for me to become her suitor without first acquiring a fortune, or at least a competency?

No, it was not possible, because not consistent with self-respect. I knew very well several young men about town, who were always on the look out for rich girls. There was Trovers, who had been, I was told, twenty years in search of a rich wife, [you know Trovers, lately a teller in this same bank of Mutual Safety,] and only last year accomplished his object—secured a young widow with half a million. But everybody points at Trovers, and calls him disagreeable names, and although he has quit the bank, and set up an establishment, and goes into "society," I doubt if any one respects him. Besides, although scarcely a year married, people say he and his wife

do not live happily together. He does not care, it is true, but I should care, and so I could never place myself in his position.

"If I make a strike, I shall feel satisfied in cultivating an acquaintance with Miss Worth, and attempting to win her. Otherwise not." So I said to myself after returning from Long Branch.

When, therefore, some spirit whispered in my ear the words I have just recorded, it made my pulse beat very quick, so that I breathed with difficulty, when I thought of what was possible to come of the morning's work which was before me.

"Now, Mr. Brant, I am going to act on the square with you," said Deams, with the courageous air of a man who has just adopted a virtuous resolution.

"So I suppose."

"Yes, you shall have the whole story. What I know, you shall know. We will work like brothers together, and divide even."

"Well?"

"Well," continued Deams, "this affair is all MINE. Those chaps in there (pointing to the other room) are mere—"

"Tools of yours; I thought as much," interrupted I.

"No, no, Mr. Brant, I was not going to say 'tools' but agents; they are my agents—well not exactly agents either; in fact, I got the affair up, and they do as I say."

"I think you had better let my application stand, Deams. Go on."

"You see," continued Deams, "I have known Pope for several years. He keeps a small hat and cap store in the Sixth Avenue, very honest fellow is Pope, very sung too, has laid by a couple of thousand, cash. He knows Grover P. Wilcox, the owner of the land, and one day was mentioning it to me, and how Wilcox would like to sell. I turned it over in my mind, and finally told Pope that if Wilcox would go to the expense of a map, and have the property reported on by Quartz and Silex, I would take it up, provided we could agree on the terms. We came to an agreement, which was (between us, Brant, only between us," exclaimed Deams, convulsively, as he grasped my hand in token of the confidence he was reposing in me), "which was, I say, that I should pay Wilcox sixty thousand dollars cash for the entire property."

"Sixty thousand dollars!" I said in amazement. "Why Deams, you go to the public with a statement that we pay a million and a half of dollars. Three hundred thousand dollars in cash, the balance in stock of the company at par."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Brant. I do not say we do any such thing. I say the Company pays that amount for the property, and so it does and so it will, or my name isn't Deams."

"That's what I call rascality," I said with emphasis.

"You are a fool, Brant, and nothing else," exclaimed Deams, thrown out of his sense of propriety by my rather startling proposition. "Hold on," he continued, seeing my face flush, "hold on and let me ask you a question or two. Suppose you had a chance to buy a lot up town for a thousand dollars, and you knew at the same time you could sell it in sixty days for two thousand, would you make the purchase?"

"Very likely."

"Then you see no objection to buying at one price and selling at a better one, provided you use no deception?"

"No."

"Well, then, where is the 'rascality' in this case? Wilcox has a very large tract of what is new to him wild land. It probably cost him a mere song twenty years ago, or he may have inherited it. He has no knowledge of the machinery of getting up a company to work his mines. We have. So he furnishes the raw material at a low figure. We buy, and get the price it should really command when properly developed. I don't suppose you are so very benevolent as to wish to work for the public exactly for nothing?"

"I admit, Deams, there is much in your argument," I said, a good deal softened, "but it is the

tremendous difference between the price we pay and the price it is put in at to the company that staggers me."

"Now stop just there," said Deams; "stick a pin there. You admit my principle is correct, only you fear I over-charge the company for the property? What if I show you by proper computations and by certificates of first-class men that we are *not* over-charging, it is all right, is it not?"

"Let the matter rest where it is, Deams, and go on with your explanations." I felt that he had the best of the argument, but I was not altogether convinced either.

"I will resume," said Deams pompously, "but I beg you, Mr. Brant, not to interrupt me again with objections until I am through; then raise as many as you please."

I was silent, and Deams proceeded.

"Let me see, where was I? oh, I was saying I had agreed to pay sixty thousand dollars cash for the property. So far so good. Then came the organization, where to begin and how to do it. That is, how to get the property honestly—mind you I say *honestly*—to the company at our price. Once deciding that it is worth all the company is asked to pay for it, the only question is, you perceive, the mere manipulation. Pope, you see, was acquainted with Coldbrook. They are first cousins. Coldbrook is in the hosiery line, and he too has some money. Neither of these gentlemen are very presentable, as you have doubtless observed, but they are straightforward honest fellows; they mean right, and will do just as they agree. Masterman I have known a good while. He used to be knocking about the street ten years ago; he went off to California, and turned up here about three months since. He knows the ropes, and will do as I say."

"Now Pope attends the same Church with Horatio J. Dempsey, and is quite a prominent person in what is going on. Helps look up orphan children, calls on the indigent families,—in fact does a great deal of good. Just as soon as I thought of the benevolent idea of furnishing coal to the poor at cost, without regard to their taking stock, I told Pope he must secure Mr. Dempsey for President, that he must urge it on him as matter of duty. Well, after he had carefully examined the certificates of Quartz and Silex, and had his own counsel, Mr. Phillips, certify as to the titles, he consented to act. Of course we asked him for no money, and donated two thousand shares."

"So far all was successful. Then I had my bargain to make with my three friends. I wanted them to open a 'banking house,' where the office of the Company should be located. It would cost at least a thousand dollars to furnish them; besides, the rent is fearfully high."

"At length we agreed on the following: Wilcox was to give Masterman, Coldbrook and Pope a contract for the sale of the property to *them*, which was to be laid before the Company, and for which contract the Company are to pay the aforesaid Masterman, Coldbrook and Pope the sum of twelve thousand dollars cash, and assume the entire responsibility of carrying it out. This twelve thousand our three friends are to divide; but in consideration of that they hire these offices and furnish them. They get besides a hundred thousand dollars apiece of the stock, after the Company is in full mining operation—not before."

Deams paused to take breath, and to see what effect his recital had on me.

"Go on," I said quietly.

Deams did not go on, but instead, he continued silent. He looked for a while very hard at me, as if trying to satisfy himself of the impression he had made.

At length broke out as follows: "Brant,—one word—we know each other well, or ought to. What I want to say is, if you are *not* willing to go into this with me, you will do nothing to my prejudice, will you?"

Deams looked so despondently unhappy that I felt sorry for him.

I answered at once—"Certainly not."

"I knew you wouldn't, my dear fellow, I knew you wouldn't. You are true as steel. I always felt you were. As to our Company, it is *right*."

You may depend on it, and if you will let me, I will make an independent fortune for you."

"Go on, Deams," I repeated. "I certainly shall not decide against the scheme until I have heard you through."

"Thank you, my boy, thank you," said Deams in a grateful tone. "Now let me have your attention to these figures."

Thereupon Deams placed a sheet of paper before me, and, drawing his chair near, pointed with his pencil to the schedule, which read as follows:

Capital stock\$2,750,000
Set aside for working capital..... 1,250,000

Remaining.....\$1,500,000
Masterman, C. and P., \$100,000
each.....\$300,000
Four other parties, \$10,000
each..... 40,000
For the press..... 100,000
Six benevolent clergymen... 60,000
Broker..... 100,000
Incidentals..... 100,000

700,000

To be divided between Deams and
Brant in stock..... \$800,000
To be received in cash in five instal-
ments..... 300,000
To be paid Wilcox..... 60,000

Cash to be divided between Deams and
Brant..... \$240,000

"What do you think of that? Say, now—what do you think of that, Brant?—Four hundred thousand dollars of the stock apiece! Eighty thousand shares! Why, I tell you they will go off like hot cakes at two dollars a share, which means a clear one hundred and sixty thousand dollars each, cash, besides our yearly cash receipt of sixty thousand dollars for four years, making—"

"What, Deams, do you wish me to do for being allowed to participate in this?"

"Always suspicious," said Deams, with entire good humour. "I have already explained that my name must not appear in this, because I am taboed financially. I want you to represent my interest and your own; besides, you are active, competent and can be trusted. There you have it."

I sat five minutes without making the least reply. Deams, meantime, was careful not to interrupt me.

My thoughts, if put into language, would run something in this way. "I have a sort of innate conviction that this affair is all wrong—I can't exactly argue it out either. I only feel it. Still, am I not too straight-laced in my notions—Deams' scheme is the ordinary one for speculative companies—which often pay well and do well, and finally become remunerative. I am sorry I have taken such a dislike to his three friends—I dare say, though, I do Pope and Coldbrook injustice. Deams says they are honest men. I hope they are. Masterman, I fear, is a hard case. I won't judge from appearances, at least not hastily. What is the necessity of judging at all? If such men as Dempsey, Peters, Stillhouse, and Brockaw have gone into this and endorsed the scheme to the public by consenting to act as trustees, why, John Brant, do you hesitate? Four first class New Yorkers lead the enterprise, not you. 'Be not righteous over much.' I don't exactly know what that means, but it must mean something. Doesn't it mean, John Brant, you can safely leave the morality of this scheme to those four excellent persons, and do your best to actively co-operate with them?..... Four hundred thousand dollars in stock..... One hundred and sixty thousand dollars in greenbacks..... Also, thirty thousand dollars a year cash for four years..... Wealth..... Commanding position..... Mary Worth!"

"Deams?"

"What?"

"I will go in!"

"Good. I knew you would when you thought it over."

"Very well, I have thought it over. Now let me know what your plan is for raising the money—that's the first point."

"Of course it is. I will tell you my difficulty, and why I introduced you as the capitalist. The twelve thousand dollars which I have promised to these people, they are getting a little restive about. The fact is, Pope and Coldbrook have furnished the offices, and the concern has rented them, and the whole will count up a pretty figure. I have told them you would advance the twelve thousand as soon as you were satisfied, and so forth. Now you have entered on the examination you can take a little time for it—eh?"

"Deams?"

"What?"

"How much of the twelve thousand dollars goes to you? Recollect you are on the square with me."

"One-fourth of it—three thousand dollars," responded Deams, with the contortion of a man undergoing the extraction of an eyetooth.

"One-half of which is mine."

"Certainly"—another tooth drawn.

"Well, Deams, that was very thoughtful in you to provide for a little ready money."

"Wasn't it though!" said Deams still wincing.

"How do you propose to procure this twelve thousand?"

"I am a little uncertain. I did think you would raise it through the Bank of Mutual Safety, but I suppose there is no use asking you to do that?"

I shook my head.

"Do you propose anything?" continued Deams.

"I do. Let us put the matter into the hands of a first-class broker, and raise what money we want through him. We will double the amount of stock he is to receive, if necessary. I will speak to Stokes myself about it."

"Will you?" said Deams brightening up. "That is just what I was going to ask you to do. The whole thing is clear. Now I think we may call in our friends from the other room."

CHAPTER XII.

Aaron Masterman, Elton Pope and Philo Coldbrook were anxiously awaiting in the counting-room of their showy "banking-house," the result of my examination into the affairs of the new company. Each had a particular interest in this. Masterman was impatient to handle his share of the twelve thousand dollars, while Pope and Coldbrook were beginning to tremble (and well they might) for their investment in so much fine furniture, and for their liability on account of so much rent and clerk hire.

Deams proceeded to open the door, and in a trice the firm of "Masterman, Coldbrook and Pope" entered.

"I am happy to announce to you, gentlemen," said Deams, in a pompous tone, "that my friend, Mr. Brant, has made very considerable progress in looking into our matters. He authorizes me to say that he has no doubt he will bring the examination to a favourable conclusion. That done, I am further instructed to observe that the little sum you require, on passing the contract, will be forthcoming."

Here Deams looked toward me as if seeking some token of acquiescence.

The "three friends," at the same time, turned their ardent gaze in my direction, while breathlessly waiting a confirmation of the welcome intelligence.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I am not very rapid in such matters, but I think I have seen enough of your scheme to warrant me in saying, I have no doubt I shall take it up, and you will find me prompt in whatever I do undertake. I hardly think you can expect more from me to-day."

"Perfectly satisfactory," exclaimed Mr. Masterman, who acted as a sort of *clacqueur* for the other two, "perfectly satisfactory. Speaks like a trump!"

"Very satisfactory, truly," said little Mr. Pope.

"Indeed it is," echoed Coldbrook.

"That being the case," said Deams, "suppose we have lunch, Masterman, let Abram order

some lamb-chops, and a tenderloin, with the et ceteras, from Hinckley's, and seeing it is Mr. Brant's first visit to our offices, why two or three bottles of champagne won't come amiss."

Masterman bustled out to give the order, while Pope and partner manifested a very amiable assent, certainly,—considering the disbursements for the repast were to come from their treasury.

Two of Hinckley's waiters speedily appeared, and very soon the table of the "Board of Trustees of the Hope and Anchor Mutual Coal Company" presented a very inviting appearance.

Deams was now in his element. Visions of a "splendid success" grew more and more vivid, as each successive bumper of champagne was tossed down. Masterman was no way behind Deams in his practical appreciation of the article. In fact these two worthies rather monopolized the three bottles. I think little Mr. Pope and lank Mr. Coldbrook were helped to a glass each only. For myself, I partook of the lunch and the wine with considerable relish. I had a good opportunity to judge of the company I was keeping. "In vino veritas," you know; and I was pleased to be able to reconsider the hasty judgment I had previously formed of Pope and Coldbrook. I was convinced they were honest fellows, who had been carried away with the hope of rapidly making a fortune, and who had really been made to believe, through the agency of Deams, that they were fitted for Wall Street operations.

As to Masterman and Deams, they simply developed, as they guzzled the wine, the characteristics I had given them previous credit for.

The hilarious occasion could not last forever. All things mundane must have an end. Our little company at length broke up. Every one, myself included, expressing the opinion that we were on the road to fortune, if not to fame.

"Possibly to *notoriety*," something whispered. I checked the mentor.

"I am in for it, and I will go through," I muttered, as I turned down the street.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next day, on coming down town, I stopped in to look at some offices which were to let in a central position in Wall street. These consisted of two small, but neat and handsomely furnished rooms, in the second story. The occupant had taken, originally, a five years' lease of them; and having been fortunate in business, was now going to Europe, leaving eighteen months of the term unexpired. I found the price reasonable, and I secured the rooms on the spot. I next proceeded to a sign painter, where I ordered a fine large sign, which should be placed over the room, running the whole width of the door. On this sign I directed to be painted in gilt letters:

JOHN BRANT.

Two or three small tin signs for the outside of the building and the passage-way completed the arrangements.

I made no specifications after my name, but stood before the public simply as "JOHN BRANT." It struck me that as long as I could claim no particular occupation, I had better let the name rest on its merits. "JOHN BRANT," standing by itself was rather imposing than otherwise. "John Brant, Stock and Note Broker," was altogether insignificant.

These arrangements concluded, I went to my old office, twisted off the tin sign—which was stuck on one side of the door, and in its place affixed a sheet of paper, on which was written:

"John Brant, removed to No.—Wall Street."

While I was inside collecting the few papers which belonged to me, Deams suddenly entered—consternation was pictured on his countenance—

"Good gracious! Mr Brant, what does this mean? What can it mean?"

"Deams, do you suppose that 'John Brant, Banker,' is going to take up with desk-room in this insignificant basement? Let me tell you, I change my office to suit my position—"

"For mercy's sake, no joking, but let me know, truly, the meaning of all this."

"Come with me, Deams, and I will explain."

Deams followed me in silence.

I led the way to my new office, and unlocking the door, ushered him in.

"By Jove!" said Deams, brightening up, "I think I understand it now; Delain left his office to be let, I knew. I wonder I had not thought of it myself. You have got it at a bargain, I dare say. The rooms will suit us splendidly."

"Me you mean, Deams. I do not propose that any one shall occupy the place but myself."

"How so?" said Deams.

"Just this—I have undertaken, as you know, to float this new company. To do this we must have separate offices."

"Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I do. Think a moment, Deams," I continued kindly, "and you will admit I am right; you yourself would not permit your name to be used on the prospectus, or as trustee because you thought it would injure the company. I appreciated your motive, and now I want you to appreciate mine."

"I do, my dear Brant, I do," replied Deams, almost with tears in his eyes. "Your course is the correct one. It is better for you to have a respectable place to hail from, disconnected from mine. We can meet at my place when you like, and here when you like, while carrying out our plans."

"Exactly," I replied, and Deams left in excellent spirits.

I will let you, reader, a little further into my motives for so abruptly changing my place of business. I had made a mistake in my connection with Deams, and determined in future to sail in company with the four first-class trustees, Messrs Dempsey, Peters, Stillhouse, and Brockaw, and not with the members of the other department of the concern. To do this I must cut loose from Deams, as well as from the associations of his office; and I must have a place where I should not be ashamed to ask my cotrustees to call on me.

I determined, further, if anything *should* go wrong in the affairs of the company, that the four gentlemen I have mentioned should bear their full share of the responsibility. Again, if I was to confer with Stokes, the large stock-broker, what could I expect hailing from that basement yonder? You see I had calculated all the advantages before incurring this additional expense.

The next day I called on Mr. Stokes. He received me cordially, but was, of course, full of business. He proposed, however, to give me an interview at his house that evening, when I was to open up the subject of the "HOPE AND ANCHOR MUTUAL COAL COMPANY."

Accordingly, about eight o'clock, I presented myself at an elegant mansion in West Twenty-third street. I was ushered into a small library room, where I found Mr. Stokes comfortably smoking a cigar, while reading the *Evening Post*.

He welcomed me cordially, and offered me a cigar, which I accepted, and which proved to be of the choicest description. After some general conversation about the war, the state of the country, and so forth, I commenced my explanation, and went minutely into the matter, and explained the "situation," without reserve or keeping back. I proposed to put the whole into the bounds of his house, with such favourable arrangements as he himself should consider adequate for the services rendered.

"First, you want twelve thousand dollars to pay for the contract?"

"Yes."

"Then sixty thousand dollars for the first instalment?"

"Yes."

"Then how much for opening and developing the mines, side tracks, cars, &c., &c., &c.?"

"A comparatively small sum would do at present," I replied, "besides the payments would be monthly."

"That makes little difference. We must count it as something to be raised now."

"Well, say fifty thousand dollars more."

"And the railroad through the property not yet finished?"

"Not quite. It will be in operation by the first of January. Quite as soon as we shall be able to avail ourselves of it."

"First of January means first of March or April," said Mr. Stokes.

"Possibly."

Thus far, the great broker had asked me questions with little or no comment. They were indeed not only proper but necessary. Still they produced the impression on me that I should not succeed in my application, and what is more, that I ought not to succeed in it.

There was a considerable pause. It was broken by Mr. Stokes.

"Mr. Brant, let me say, in a word, that your enterprise is not yet in a condition for us to take hold of it. The fact is, we have a good many constituents who depend very much on us in such an affair, and to whom we are in a measure morally responsible. You are not yet far enough along with the company. Let me advise you to go to Dempsey and his friends, and let them advance the twelve thousand dollars and get rid of that contract. Or, what may perhaps be better for you, advance the money yourself. Then contrive some way to clear the land of any lien by mortgage, and you will have a "case" we can act on. The stock is pretty severely "watered," but I don't mind that, if the property is *paid for*, so that stockholders really do own *something* when they hold shares."

"I was in hopes," I replied, "we might raise the twelve thousand and the sixty thousand through you. We can offer very great inducements. Indeed, I say frankly we expected to meet your views. We appreciate fully the advantages to come from your taking the matter up. Indeed," I continued, seeing Mr. Stokes remained provokingly silent, "excuse me for saying that I was induced to call on you from the few words you dropped the other day in the street."

"True, and I am glad you allude to them, for the circumstance had escaped my memory. You appear to me, sir, to be straightforward and ingenious. It is what I like. Let me tell you that open and plain dealing will help a man better in the "street" than any circumlocution. I had heard of this enterprise, and knew several of the trustees. I was told further that Mr. Worth was to be included in it. If it had been launched with no debt, as I supposed it would be, I was ready to take it up—not otherwise."

I began gradually to gather a better impression of Wall street men. "Not quite so unscrupulous," I said to myself, as I have been led to believe. At least, it seems there are some things they are not willing to do, even to make money. I know what Deams would have said—namely: "Stokes has too much at stake to risk any reputation in taking up a doubtful enterprise,—that's why he declines."

I sat quite silent for a moment or two, while Mr. Stokes continued at his cigar. At length I asked him if he could recommend any house to me, who would be likely to take the affair up.

"I do not think any first-class house will do it; and certainly, with those names, you do not want to expose the affair to second rate people. Follow my advice, Mr. Brant. Take your time, and get the whole affair well into shape. The property is very large, and the reports are good, and, as I have said, it will bear diluting. In the meantime, keep it clean—let none of the stock get out, and when you are all right come to me. I will put it on the board, and it shall *go!* But not as it is now, not in its present shape. Glad to see you here. Take another cigar as you go out. Stay, a glass of sherry? No? Good evening."

Here was my first failure. Never mind, I soliloquized, I have learned something at all events. I think better of Stokes than I did before. I called on him. If he is not more honest, he is, at least, more wise than many of his confères.

Notwithstanding my encomiums on the great broker, I felt sorely disappointed, and walked slowly homeward, in no enviable state of mind.

To be continued.

The man who "took a walk" the other day brought it back again; but the next day he took a ride, and has not since been heard of.

CARRIE MORTON.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY *** MONTREAL.

Continued from page 38.

CHAPTER III.

Six o'clock came and with it Mr. Hartley. The business of the day was completed, and they walked together to Mr. Morton's home, each little dreaming of the thoughts that occupied the other's mind as they neared one they both longed and yet half dreaded to see. As they entered the house, Carrie hastened to meet her husband, and was surprised to find a stranger with him. If Ben Hartley had admired her in her laughing girlhood, how much more so did he now as she stood before him in her more developed and matronly beauty. She greeted him cordially, and then glanced into Harry's face to see if the morning clouds had passed away. All was sunshine there, as he bent over her and begged her forgiveness, and the glad smile which beamed in the young wife's face showed him more plainly than ever before that she lived only in his love.

"Does Mary Forester still live in this part of the town?" inquired Mr. Hartley in the course of the evening.

"Yes! she is Mrs. Parsons now."

"Married, is she?—well I trust she is not as disagreeable now as we used to think her in our younger days."

"Some people admire her very much," replied Carrie, with a merry glance at her husband.

"I certainly am not one of them," said Mr. Morton.

Carrie could scarcely believe she heard aright, and quietly remarked, "You know she is a model housekeeper, Harry."

"Well, for my part, I have heard enough to-day to make me think but lightly of her model housekeeping. I pity poor Parsons from my soul."

Carrie's cup of bliss seemed full that night, for she felt convinced that her neighbour's manifold gifts were not likely again to create temporary shadows between her husband and herself.

"By the way," inquired Mr. Hartley, "is Mr. Warren still your pastor, and has he altered much?"

"Yes, he is still here, and looking scarcely older than when he used to enter so merrily into our boyish sports. I saw him a few hours since and told him you would be here to-night; he will probably look in."

"He is still a bachelor I suppose?"

"Yes."

"We used to think he would marry your sister Clara, but a coldness seemed suddenly to spring up between them, if I am not mistaken."

"They have both remained single," Carrie remarked, "and I often think they must have loved each other."

"Oh! no, you are quite mistaken," replied Harry; but his wife remembered many things which confirmed her in her opinion, and with that little spice of match-making which characterizes most ladies, was thinking how she could repair the breach between them, when Mr. Warren was shewn into the room.

The evening was occupied in pleasant gossip over by-gone days, and the time passed rapidly, until at length Mr. Warren, looking at his watch, declared it was full time to leave.

"You have some charm about your house, Mrs. Morton, which always keeps me here long after my usual hour for retiring. It is eleven o'clock."

"I wish the charm were sufficiently strong to induce you to visit us more frequently," replied Carrie. "You know you are always a welcome guest."

When Mr. Morton and his wife were left alone he related to her all he had heard respecting Mrs. Parsons and the failure. "I have learned," said he, "more fully to appreciate what a treasure my own dear wife is, and I—"

"Won't ask me to take lessons again, will you, Harry?"

A few weeks later as Harry Morton came home one evening, he said, "I have some news

for you, Carrie; but I am not sure that it will be quite agreeable."

"Nothing painful, I trust, Harry."

"No, only this. I had a letter from Clara this morning, and she says we may expect to see her to-morrow night."

"Well, Harry, that is too bad of you—I shall be delighted to see her."

"Will you? then I am glad too; but I always fancied you were happier when she was not here, and felt afraid you would not welcome her very cordially."

"Perhaps I might not have done so had she come two months earlier, but all is changed now; for the old troubles have passed away, I trust, never to return. You know, Harry, my housekeeping used to be a sensitive subject with me, and I am sure you thought Clara superior to me in that respect. I did think her cold and indifferent too, but since the night Ben Hartley was here she has appeared to me in a new light, and when she comes she shall find that she has a sister more and not a brother less."

We shall not gratify the reader by relating Harry Morton's exact response. Well, he did do something that brought Carrie's loving face closer to his own—but then—we positively won't add another word.

CHAPTER IV.

About a fortnight before the conversation, recorded at the end of our last chapter took place, Clara Morton sat lonely and sad in her luxuriantly furnished drawing room. It was evening, and stormy and cheerless as it was without, perhaps poor Clara felt more cheerless and wretched within. She was thinking of her bright young life, so full of hope and promise, and contrasting it with her present sorrow and loneliness. It was not often that she allowed herself thus to review the past, for she was too wise to indulge frequently in vain regrets; but as we are introduced to her in this mood, perhaps we may gather from her something of what her past life has been.

"How strange it all seems—why, if he did not love me, did he through so many years lead me by every look and action to suppose he did. I am sure he would not trifle with me—he is too good and noble for that. It is inexplicable; for even from my childhood he was ever by my side. If I could only feel indignant towards him perhaps I should not be so nearly heartbroken as I am to-night. Heartbroken! no, I must not say that, and for one who never could have loved me. But it is useless to dream over the dead past, I must arouse myself," and rising, she approached the piano and struck a few chords.

Just then, the furious ringing of the door bell startled her, and her surprise was increased when the housekeeper entered and said, "Oh Miss Morton, old Dearborn, whose wife washed for you some years ago is here; he says she is very ill, perhaps dying, but that she cannot die in peace until she has seen you. I told him it was impossible you could go out this stormy night, but he persists, and says you will always be sorry yourself if you do not go with him."

"I will see him," said Clara; but when he stood before her he would say nothing but "Come Miss Clara, do come, she is dying."

Clara at length determined to accompany the man, and ordering out the carriage, soon reached the home of the dying woman. As she neared her bedside the wretched creature exclaimed, "Oh Miss Clara, I have laboured for you and yours for many years and yet how have I repaid the kindness I have received from you all. How bitterly I have repented the wrong I have done you, you cannot tell; but, I am dying now and must reveal all."

"Are you quite sure you are not mistaken," Clara replied; "What injury can you have done me?"

"Too sure! only too sure, as you will see when I have told you all," and then the wretched woman made the confession, of which the following is the substance:

It seems that just ten years before Clara was residing with her brother at Colbrook, the town where we found Harry Morton at the opening of our story. She was happy then; for the bright

anticipations of youth had not been dimmed, and although Mr. Warren had never formally declared himself her lover, yet, as we have seen above, his every action led her to believe that she was beloved. That year a family from W— were spending the summer at Colbrook. The family included several daughters, one of whom had taken a violent dislike to Clara. Whether this dislike was occasioned by the evident admiration which Mr. Warren manifested for her we know not, but at any rate Miss Morris determined to create a breach between them. Mrs. Dearborn was employed by both families, and it was this woman that Miss Morris selected as the instrument to work out the object she had in view. She had discovered that a son of Mrs. Dearborn's frequently conveyed notes from Mr. Warren to Clara, and her first step was to bribe the mother to take these notes from her son and deliver them to herself, instead of to Clara. The miserable woman, as she lay there on her death bed, assured Miss Morton that she little knew the harm she was doing until one day she found one of the intercepted notes in the pocket of a white morning dress Miss Morris had sent to her to be washed. "I have that note still, Miss Clara; here it is and may God forgive me the harm I have done you as I trust you will."

Clara took the note with trembling hands and was about to leave, when Mrs. Dearborn exclaimed, "Do not go yet, Miss Clara, I must first tell you all about that note. Mr. Warren gave it to my son one morning and bade him be sure to place it in no hands but yours. You know how his directions were fulfilled; but I must tell you that about noon the same day, Miss Morris handed my son a beautiful ring and told him to take it to Mr. Warren; she also gave him a dollar to say that he had delivered the note to you, that you had read it, then torn it in pieces and sent back the ring to him without a word. Poor child, he never knew the harm he did; the sin was all mine, and you see how I am punished for it."

"If God can pardon you, Mrs. Dearborn," said Clara, "I, who am sinful too, will not withhold my forgiveness. I must leave you now, but oh! do not forget to pray for mercy to Him who can best bestow it."

Clara ordered the coachman to drive home rapidly, and very soon, in the solitude of her own room that precious note was opened and its contents devoured. It ran as follows:

MY DEAREST CLARA,

For so I know I may address you; for to-day I can tell you of the love I have felt for you from childhood. I cannot look back on the hour I did not love you, and every dream of my manhood has been blended with you. I have never in words told you of this love; but I knew you felt it, and I only waited for the hour when my studies finished and a prospect of future usefulness opened before me, I could come and claim you as my own. You remember, years ago, when I brought in this ring, that you and my sister Fanny both laughingly exclaimed, "It is for me." I said that I had bought it for Fanny, but that the next should be yours. We were young, then, Clara; but years after, when our darling Fanny, my only sister and your dearest friend, was dying, she called me nearer to her and said, "I have prized this ring, and very highly, dear James, as it always reminded me of you and Clara; and if you can ever claim her as your own, for I know she is very dear to you, give her this for your sake and mine." I have kept it till now, dear Clara, and to-day I send it. Trifling as it might be to others, to you I know it will be sacred. If you can love me, wear it as a pledge of your love; but if I am deceived return me the ring and I shall know all. I do not ask you to write one word, for if you do return it words are but idle. If you retain it I will be with you to-night. Good-bye, until we meet, and till then and evermore, believe me, as from childhood,

Your own,
JAMES WARREN.

How well Clara remembered, as she looked at the date of that letter, that, on that very evening she had anxiously expected him, but he

came not, and the next day she had heard that he had left for his charge, in Toronto, leaving only a formal "good bye" for her with a friend. She had waited months and years, hoping that the old kindness would return, until hope at length died out, but not love; for love never dies. She had frequently heard his eloquence lauded, and his piety and usefulness were the theme of many tongues. She rejoiced in this; but for herself, her lot had been lonely and sad—how sad none but herself knew. How had this letter brightened everything! Earth seemed more lovely, and heaven nearer; for the certainty that she had been beloved removed the load of sorrow that had almost weighed her down, and with something of the sweetness and serenity of earlier years, her head that night rested upon her pillow.

Need we pursue our story to the end? Does not every one know intuitively what is to happen? Of course, our Clara is made happy. The long divided, yet still green and ardent love the minister and maid have cherished for each other is at length rewarded. Let the reader exercise his imagination, and picture how, through the agency of Carrie Lawson, the breach was healed—the explanations made; but we fear imagination will fail when it endeavours to realize the pure and holy joy which filled the hearts of James Warren and Clara Morton, as hand in hand their troth was plighted, and the words were pronounced that made them one.

But we have for some time lost sight of Carrie Lawson. Does any one suppose her loving, gentle heart was not happy in the happiness of Clara and Mr. Warren; and further, does not every one see that the lesson Harry Morton learned through the agency of Mrs. Parsons, was just the very lesson he needed to learn? It taught him to prize his gentle wife as she deserved to be prized, and led him to feel that loveliness of character and purity of heart are of more value even than smart housekeeping or cleverly cooked dinners.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

ALCHEMICAL seekers after "the stone of the philosophers" had, at least, one simple, settled idea in their heads, however various may have been their ways of trying to work it out. Every one of them entertained the idea that a certain chemical agent combined with lead or other metal constituted gold, and that the sages or philosophers whose works they studied had actually found it to be so. What the one and all wanted to do was to make gold; that was, to imitate nature in her metallic processes, and produce artificially a thing—namely, gold—which stood before their eyes, and about the existence of which thing, at all events, there could be no mistake. But the seekers after perpetual motion had no one definite thing before their eyes, which they desired artificially to produce. Nature presents us with perpetual motion, certainly, in various aspects; but it has not one of these various exemplars of perpetual motion which any one of the projectors of perpetual motion wanted to produce, or imagined he had realized. In the tides we have perpetual motion, but no one wanted to produce the tides. So with the motions of the planets; no one desired artificially to produce planets. What they wanted, was perpetual motion in the abstract; and as to which, each set of projectors had their own idea.

One set, for example, wanted merely to have perpetual movement without any power applicable to machinery. What they desired to do was to obtain a movement which, from being perpetual, would enable them to discover the longitude. Others desired to keep a ball perpetually revolving, by means of magnetism. Others wished to have a water-wheel which would go perpetually by means of water, which it was perpetually pumping up for the purpose.

The ideas of perpetual-motion projectors, however were not always so preposterous as this. There were some who actually realized the idea they set out with. Thus a Mr. Coxe, an automaton-maker, produced a watch which he so applied to the mercury in a barometer, that the rise

and fall gave motion to the watch, or rather kept it in perpetual motion; for of itself alone the watch could go a year. Even here, nevertheless, the inventor was not necessarily nearer than before to the point he ultimately had in view, of constructing a perfect chronometer, or of thereby discovering the longitude; because, in fact, it was not perpetual motion at all which was really required to do this; a common watch wound up regularly, and never allowed to stop, is in perpetual motion. It was perfect regulation which was requisite; and although Coxe's watch is said to have had a self-regulator to let off or adjust all excess of power caused by the irregularities of the rise and fall in the barometer, there is no reason to believe that he had thus attained a perfect regulator; and even if he had, that at least was not "perpetual motion."

Again, another projector proposed to make a common clock to be a perpetual mover by means of the tides, so that in the rise a pipe communicated the water to a bucket, which thus descended by the increased weight; and in so doing, wound up the clock; when it was to be tipped over, by a projecting knob, or some other means and so allowed to re-ascend as the weights descended. Here, too, was a very feasible and practicable idea of perpetual motion; and a correspondent, some time ago, proposed some such means of keeping the Westminster Palace clock going.

Should any of our readers imagine that the search for perpetual motion must now be given up in this enlightened nineteenth century, they will find out their mistake when we tell them that, down to the year 1860 inclusive, there has been a perpetual dribble of patents taken out in various countries, each and every one of them professing to have discovered it. In the English records of patents alone, and most of them since the beginning of the present century, seventy-four patentees have obtained patents for perpetual motion,—not by that now hackneyed name, certainly, but in the less questionable and more scientific form of "improvements in obtaining motive power," and such like. Among the patentees were a prince, a baronet, two counts, a knight of the Tower and Sword, a general, a groom of the privy chamber, and the governor of Trinity Ground. Their patents cannot have cost much, if any, less than £4,000—a large amount to pay for the empty privilege of possessing letters-patent to so much moonshine.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead an exploit, and leave what all must do; transpose, and find a beverage.
2. Twice behead contention, and leave what is prevalent; transpose, and find what is welcome in winter.
3. Behead to wander, and leave an article which generally appears on the tea-table; behead again, and leave something lustrous.
4. Behead to raise up, and leave part of the head.
5. Behead a celebrated Scotch reformer, and leave a Latin noun; behead again, and leave an animal.

CHARADES.

1. While you're my *first*, improve my *last*, My meeting *whole* will soon be past.

GIRLS' NAMES.

2. A county in Europe and a consonant
3. A nickname for a boy and a girl's name.
4. A vehicle, a vowel, and a mark.
5. A girl's name and an article.

ENIGMA.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

I am found in the hand of the Queen,
In the hand of her maid I am seen;
I am found in the hand of the knave,
I am used by all sharers in trade;
I am seen in the garden and grove,
Where lovers in happiness rove;
For me will an Irishman fight,
To gain me his chiefest delight.

ARITHMOREMS.

TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

1. 100 lo gin 500 wool
2. 6 OK 50 ale.
3. 1001 bond.
4. Is 500 worn?
5. 1000 hot 500 safe R.
6. Lo 1000 O fie 550 B.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS

1. A person left a legacy of £700 among four persons, A, B, C, and D. One-fifth of A's share, one-fourth of B's, and one-third of C's, were each equal to one-half of D's share. What was the value of each person's share?

2. A certain number of men each contribute an equal sum to a fund, the total amount of which is £3 0s. 9d.; this sum is then divided in the following manner: for one purpose, as many pence are set aside as are equal to the square of the number of subscribers, and the remainder is retained for another purpose. Now, if the first sum be multiplied by the number of subscribers it will be equal to the total amount, £3 0s. 9d.; or if the first sum be multiplied by the number of subscribers, minus one, it would be equal to the second sum. Required, the number of subscribers, the amount of each subscription, and the amount devoted to each purpose.

SOLDIER.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c., No. 28.

ANAGRAMS.—1. F. W. Haultain. 2. James Cowan. 3. Amos Wright. 4. Walter Ross. ACROSTIC.—Ophelia, Oxford, Pichegru, Helvetia, Elizabeth, Leghorn, Iroquois, Adrian.

CHARADES.—1. Wyvant has furnished us with the following answer to this charade:

MORTUUS EST.

Midnight mass in the Abbey Chapel
The monks are hoarsely singing;
And slowly tolls the abbey bell
In the centre turret swinging.

A corpse lies pale in the middle aisle,
Where the moonbeams chilly fall;
And chanting slow for the dead, the while,
Are the choristers one and all.

The prayers are said for the mighty dead,
And they raise the chancel stone;
While the monks, seen dim, low chant the hymn
Of Χριστὴ ἐλεησον.

For the pilgrim so hoar, that lieth there,
Was known both far and wide;
In youth he had fought in the land of prayer,
By English Richard's side.

And in age he had watched by the holy tomb,
Each palmer's guide and page;
But now are his works and his labours done,
And closed his pilgrimage.

WYVANT.

2. Labrador.

RIDDLE.—Jonah.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Babe abe be. 2. Grave rave Eva.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Handkerchief. 2. Paraphrase.

The following answers have been received.

Anagrams—Cloud, Levi, W. L., E. H., Nemo, H. H. V., Martin, Leslie.

Acrostic.—Dot, Festus, E. H., Nemo, Nymph, H. H. V., Leslie.

Charades.—E. H., Wyvant, Dot, Nymph, W. L., Argus, H. H. V., Festus, Leslie, Arctic, L. L. Riddle.—Dot, Argus, L. L., Festus, H. H. V., Arctic, W. L.

Decapitations.—H. H. V., Arctic, E. H., Dot, Levi, A. H., Festus, J. F., Nymph.

Transpositions.—Dot, H. H. V., Levi, Festus, A. H., Nymph, L. L., Argus, J. F.

At the sale of the library of Mr. Joseph Parkes, lot 1,697, containing a series of secret service letters and papers, between 1790 and 1827, throwing much light on the secret expenditure of English Ambassadors abroad, was, at the instigation of Earl Russell, withdrawn by command of the Earl of Clarendon. These papers may probably have been sold at some time by the Foreign Office as waste.

CHESS

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. P. B., SEAFORTH.—You may rely upon our hearty co-operation if that contemplated arrangement is carried into effect.

E. H. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mr. Groves has forwarded us the Problems you sent him. We shall make early use of them, and hope they will not be the last you will contribute to our column.

G. G., ST. CATHARINES.—Again accept our thanks for your kindness. Wrote you last week; have you received the letter?

VICTOR.—Your "notes" have been duly noted. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

We clip the following from the Chess Column of the St. Catharines *Constitutional*:

"With this issue we close our chess column; the object we had in view when commencing it being realized—which was, that Canada might have a paper that devoted a small space to the interests of the numerous admirers of the noble game residing in the Province. The Montreal *Saturday Reader* now publishes a column weekly, which we sincerely trust may be a permanent one. We sincerely thank those friends and contributors who assisted us so freely during our short existence."

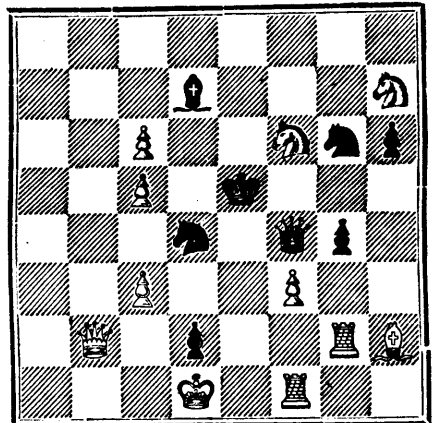
Many, with ourselves, will regret that Mr. Groves, its able and talented chess editor, should have come to this determination; for by his zeal and untiring efforts, he has done much to foster a love of the noble game in Canada; his services in its behalf can, therefore, ill be spared.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 16.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 B. to Q. Kt. 8th. | P. to K. 3rd. |
| 2 K. to Q. B. 2nd. | K. takes Kt. |
| 3 K. moves, discovering Mate. | |

PROBLEM No. 18.

BY S. L. MITCHELL, JR., NEW YORK.
BLACK.



White to play and Mate in three moves.

Game played at the odds of Pawn and two moves, in a recent match between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

Remove White's King's Bishop's Pawn.

BLACK. (J. W. Shaw.) WHITE. (Prof. Hicks.)

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1 P. to K. 4th. | P. to Q. 4th. (a) |
| 2 P. to Q. 4th. | B. to K. B. 4th. |
| 3 P. to K. 5th. | B. to Q. 2nd. |
| 4 P. to K. Kt. 4th. | P. to K. 3rd. |
| 5 B. to Q. 3rd. | P. to K. Kt. 3rd. |
| 6 P. to Kt. 5th. (b) | Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. |
| 7 P. to K. R. 4th. | Kt. to Kt. 5th. (c) |
| 8 P. to K. B. 4th. | Kt. takes B. (ch.) |
| 9 P. to E. 5th. | Q. to K. 2nd. |
| 10 Q. takes Kt. | P. to K. R. 3rd. |
| 11 P. takes P. | P. to Q. K. 3rd. (d) |
| 12 B. to K. 3rd. | Q. to Kt. 2nd |
| 13 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. | P. takes P. |
| 14 Castles. | R. takes R.* |
| 15 R. to E. 7th. (e) | Kt. to K. 2nd. |
| 16 P. takes R. | Kt. to B. 4th. |
| 17 Kt. to K. B. 3rd. | B. to K. 2nd. (f) |
| 18 Kt. takes Kt. P. | Q. to E. sq. |
| 19 E. to R. sq. | B. takes Kt. |
| 20 P. to Q. R. 3rd. | Castles. |
| 21 P. takes B. | R. to B. sq. (h) |
| 22 P. to Kt. 6th. (g) | Kt. to Kt. 2nd. |
| 23 B. to Kt. 5th. | B. to K. sq. |
| 24 B. to B. 6th. | B. to Q. Kt. 4th. |
| 25 Kt. to K. 2nd | White resigns. |
| 26 Q. to K. 3rd. | |

(a) The Book defence, when above odds are given, is P. to K. 3rd, followed by P. to Q. B. 4th.

(b) Threatening the annoying check with Q. at K. R. 5th.

(c) Had Kt. taken Q. P., Black would have played

(9) B. takes Kt. P. (ch.), taking Kt. next move.

(d) Losing time apparently.

(e) Much better than R. takes R.

(f) Had White Castled here, Black would have played (19) Kt. to B. 7th, winning the exchange at least.

(g) These two "passed" pawns look very terrible.

(h) He seems to have no better move.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DOR.—We will endeavour to give you the information you ask for in our next issue. Thanks!

R. M. B.—Will appear in an early issue.

A. B. C.—An old friend with a new name, or initials rather. Are we not right? We will find a place for your contribution.

B. B., HAMILTON.—There is a paper published in New Brunswick which we believe will afford you the information you require. We think it is called the "Stamp Collector's Guide" but are not quite sure. Address a letter to the Editor, George Stewart, jr., box 67 P. O., St. Johns, N. B., and he will forward you a copy of the paper.

M. M.—Please forward one of the MSS., and we will write you if accepted.

E. H.—We are sorry to be obliged to say that we cannot give you the information asked for. We only know the lady under the *nom de plume* you quote. To the other point we reply "not now," but if you will take the trouble to forward us something else we will try, and make room for it.

UMPH.—Not suited to the columns of the READER.

W. O.—Respectfully declined.

G. C. G.—We have not at present been able to look through the M.S., but we note your request and will carefully attend to it. Many thanks for your kindness, of which we will not hesitate to avail ourselves, should opportunity offer.

A. D., KINGSTON.—Perhaps not exactly the same, but we have met with a number of similar paragraphs. "Wich Street," near the Strand, London, is said to have been the occasion of a notable blunder of the kind referred to.

G.—The ideas are prettily expressed, but the incorrectness of the versification compels us to decline publishing the lines as we have them at present. Will not G. take the trouble to rewrite them?

G. H. H.—We are glad to have heard from you again, and will give your contribution a place in an early issue.

LOYALIST.—Should the Prince of Wales die before he becomes king, his eldest son would be the next heir to the throne.

ELLEN.—"Dieu et mon droit," was selected by Richard Cœur de Lion as the pass-word, at one of the battles fought by him in Palestine; the words have since been continued as the royal motto of England.

JOHN S.—Much obliged for your good wishes.

H. C. C.—We did not forward the numbers for the purpose you suggest, but supposed you would like a few extra copies of that issue. Many thanks, nevertheless, for your efforts to promote the circulation of the READER. We have not at present been able to give our attention to your last contribution.

ONE INTERESTED.—Until some special act be passed by Congress, animals will be admitted into the United States, free, notwithstanding the repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty.

G. W.—We are sorry that we cannot use your contribution.

MISCELLANEA.

A TERRIBLE illustration of the necessity for making the doors of all places where large assemblies are gathered to open outwards has just been afforded by the destruction, by fire, of fifty-four men in a wooden building at Cronstadt, of which the only means of egress opened inwards, so that when the imprisoned and imperilled creatures strove to escape, their own terror gathered them *en masse* against the door, and their weight kept it firmly closed.

A SCRAP of news received from the working party who are erecting the telegraph in Russian America makes known that large tracts of gold-bearing strata have been discovered in a high Northern latitude, better in quality than the auriferous deposits of California. Are we to hear of a rush to these bleak diggings? Russia already extracts gold from her Siberian provinces to the value of twenty-two million roubles annually.

THE eminent Sicilian archæologist, Signor Cavallari, is superintending the excavations which have been recommenced on the site of the old Phœnician town of Solunt. Three streets of the town, one of which appears to have been the principal street, have already been discovered. The glass utensils found during these excavations, many of which have Greek inscriptions, are now in the museum at Palermo.

THE SILENT COAL-SCUTTLE.—A very simple remedy has been suggested for the annoyance caused to invalids by the act of putting coals on the fire. It consists in rapping the coals in paper bags, and placing them quietly on the fire with the hand, when the bags quickly ignite, and leave the coals to be distributed noiselessly over the fire.

THERE has been a discovery of closely packed human remains at Milcote, near Stratford-on-Avon. It is supposed that altogether there are some 3,000 skeletons, and that the spot must have been a battle-field.

THE Emperor of the French will personally take part in the Universal Exhibition of 1867. His Majesty will appear in the list of exhibitors whose productions will specially interest the working classes, and intends sending specimens of habitations for artisans and mechanics, which will unite cheapness of construction with sanitary comfort. These houses are to be erected within the park of the Exhibition.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

WHEN ink is faded, the iron still remains in the paper, and the ink can be reproduced by the application of a solution containing tannic or gallic acid.

LIEBIG suggests that in close rooms and on ship-board deficient ventilation may be compensated for by the use of hydrate of lime. Eighteen or twenty pounds of slaked lime will absorb thirty-eight or thirty-nine cubic feet of carbonic acid gas, which would be immediately replaced by an equal volume of fresh air entering through the crevices.

FOSSIL REMAINS IN IRELAND.—Dr. E. P. Wright recently read a paper at the meeting of the Royal Irish Academy, by Professor Huxley and himself, on the fossil remains of some large Batrachian reptiles from the Irish coal measures. It was stated that these fossil remains rested on the very bottom of the coal basin at Castlecomer, 1,850 feet below the sea level. The reptiles were six Batrachians; there was one fossil fish and one fossil insect. Professor Haughton said he had Professor Huxley's authority for stating that the coalpit at Castlecomer had, within a few months, afforded more important discoveries than all the other coalpits of Europe.

A NEW propeller has been tried in the port of Algiers on a brig of 400 tons with complete success. It works under water, and by it a ship may be brought round almost instantly without the aid of wind or steam. This apparatus is, moreover, a valuable addition to the double screw.

STONE is now sawn in France with great rapidity and economy by means of a perforated disc of iron on which a coating of lead has been cast, the perforations serving to connect and bind the plates of lead thus formed on the two sides of the disc. The lead is kept well covered with emery, which falls on it from a reservoir above.

M. F. PLATEAU has been making some new experiments upon the muscular force exerted by insects. By attaching a wire to the legs of insects he ascertains the weight they draw on a given surface, and finds that a beetle, *drosophila*, can pull 42.7 of its own weight. If a horse were equally powerful he would be able to draw more than 50,000 lb. weight.

BRONZING TIN CASTINGS.—When clean, wash them with a mixture of one part each of sulphate of copper and sulphate of iron in twenty parts of water; dry and wash again with distilled vinegar eleven parts, and verdigris four parts. When dry, polish with colcothar.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

If your neighbour's offence is rank, don't let yours be rancour.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.—A vegetarian attending a cattle show.

A MISNOMER.—Calling a certain nether garment between four and five feet in diameter, "a pettycoat."

WOMAN'S MISSION.—Sub-mission.

In the window of a shop, in an obscure part of London, is this announcement:—"Goods removed, messages taken, carpets beaten, and poetry composed on any subject."

An accident which occurred on one of the railroads, caused by the axle of a tender giving way, detained the train several hours. A lady inquired of a gentleman passenger why it was so delayed; he gravely replied, "Madam, it was occasioned by what is often followed by serious consequences—the sudden breaking of a tender attachment."

BETTER THAN NOTHING.—A hungry friend said at Brummell's table, after the beau had fallen in fortune, that nothing was better than cold beef. "I beg your pardon," returned Brummell, "cold beef is better than nothing."

LIKELY TO LAST.—"I've raised a new pair of boots," said A to B, putting forward one as a sample; "a handsome fit? I bought them to wear in genteel society?"—"They will be likely to last your lifetime, then," rejoined B, "and be worth something to your heirs."

A GENTLEMAN whose attention at breakfast was apt to be monopolized by reading the morning papers, remonstrated with his wife for coming down to breakfast in curl papers, when the lady replied, "If you indulge in your papers, I don't see why I shouldn't enjoy mine."

It is said that Napoleon, when asked by Dr. O'Meara if he really thought he could have invaded England at the time he threatened to do so, replied in the following ingenious anagram:—"Able was I ere I saw Elba." The reader will observe that it reads the same backward or forward.

AN AWAKENING SERMON.—The late Bishop Bloomfield and been preaching himself morning and afternoon, and was rather drowsy during a lengthy evening discourse from another divine. A companion seeing the Bishop nodding, and fearing it was about to be succeeded by unepiscopal snoring, gave him an occasional nudge; and when the discourse was finished the Bishop shook his neighbour warmly by the hand, and said, "One of the most awakening sermons I ever heard."—Lord William Lennox.

ARMY CONTRACT.—A dragoon was accosted by one of the tribe with the usual salutation: "Black your boots, sir? make 'em shine?" Looking at his unpolished "gunboats" in a contemplative way, the war-worn veteran replied: "Well, I don't care if you do—fall in properly, though!" The urchin gazed a moment at the soldier, surveying him from his leathers upwards, and then, turning to a comrade near by, shouted out: "I say, Bill, lend us a hand, won't you, I've got an army contract!"

QUERIES.—Will any of our readers inform us whether a Bachelor of Music can be wedded to his art? Whether the author of "There and Back Again" returned by the same route that he went? And lastly, if they can tell us whether half the correspondents of Journals have the slightest idea what they are asking about when they write to "Dear Mr. Editor?"

IN THE MILKY WAY.—We know that Irishmen can make bulls; but we were not aware that Englishmen could make cows. And yet they must be able to do so; for the Bristol milkmen style themselves *milk-producers*. As Sambo would say, "Dey must be *udder* persons."

COLLIDE.—Josh Billings says, "I could never find the meaning of the word 'collide' in Webster. But riding the other day on the New York Central Railway I saw it all. It is the attempt of two trains to pass each other on a single track. If I remember correctly, it was a shocking failure."