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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 34.

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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.

CHARACTER.

"As face answereth to face in the water, so doth the heart of man to man."—PROVERBS.

THESE words contain, no doubt, a great and indisputable truth, one of those truths which the wisdom of inspiration announces with comprehensive brevity, and the slow and progressive teaching of human history confirms. But what manifold complexities and apparent contradictions surround the surface of this statement. How unlike is one man to another. What different things, in short, are human nature and personal character. Both Agamemnon and Menelaus returned safe and sound from that costly expedition whose incidents, great and small, have such a hold upon our faith and fancy. But the one arrived at his palace door with a Trojan belle in the front seat of his chariot, while the other appears to have been content to regain a wife who, even in those tolerant days, could scarcely have been considered a model matron. What made the difference in the conduct of these two men? Simply character. The influences which go to make variety of character are altogether another thing. We might talk almost forever upon that subject, but we will not begin.

These shades and variations of character give each of us a certain personality which lends human intercourse its zest and charm, not to speak of the vast and important results which ensue in consequence of the world being made up of individuals. To what an extent this thought might be expanded, it is easy to perceive, but mental anatomy of this description is not attractive to everybody; and we familiarly illustrate what we mean, when we say that one man of no greater, perhaps less, intelligence than his friend, will, in the places where money is made, and the world mastered, come off conqueror, while the other, equally kind in feeling, and upright in thought, will "read the *New York Ledger*" and play onto a flute, and be at all times nowhere.

Women are often said to be characterless, and as a general thing the remark is borne out by the truth. Even Tennyson, usually so gallant where the sex is concerned, asserts that "woman is the lesser man, and all thy motions matched with mine, are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine." But to think only of two very familiar examples, it seems certain that Elizabeth and Mary Stuart had a good dash of wine in the water. And how distinct they were. In Elizabeth the queen was ever predominant; and in our imaginations that imperial figure will always outlive the woman. But Mary, unteach-

woman, and setting aside all controversy respecting her good or evil nature, ruled, not only able, and unconquerable, was still a thorough without the aid, but in defiance of the warnings of a good intellect, and swayed her fated sceptre with the white hand of "Aphrodite" alone. To this she owes the romantic charm which, in spite of reason, lingers around her name; and as we think of her turbulent days, that supreme and beautiful shape floats majestically along, invested with few of the glories of a queen, but regally enough indifferent to the tumult of human passion which seems to have made her atmosphere. Not only is personal character a thing apart from intellectual power, but the greatest intellect is enriched or impoverished according to the nobility or narrowness of the possessor's moral nature. I think that the splendour of even Milton's genius would have been enhanced, the grace and delicacy of his preceptions heightened, if he had been a man of tenderness of character. He had, no doubt, some grand qualities, but he had some very poor ones; and I have a fancy that there was a certain cold arrogance in his nature which, in the general estimate of him, has often done duty for dignity. I should like to know what the women with whom he lived and was familiar, really thought of him—for, despite the verdict of the whole world to the contrary, their decision would be the true one.

Charles Lamb is another instance. How the lovely and gracious character of the man adorned his genius and permeated every page he wrote. The sweet nature that won lasting love from cold stern men as well as from gentle women, enlightened and purified every region of his thought, and we constantly feel, in reading what he has left us, that his clear and delicate mind was largely indebted to what, for want of a better word, I call his personality.

Even the apparel of certain men and women express character. Can we fancy that famous red cloak of Sir Walter Raleigh, hanging idly upon its peg on days of disuse, without believing that every graceful fold bore the impress of its owner's gallant bearing? or do you suppose the puritan garments of the stern Oliver were not a good portrait of the man?

I have seen the festive drapery of peculiar women, thrown aside and faded past renovation, yet never quite losing some suggestive trace of the loveliness and distinction of the fair creature it once adorned; and I remember at this moment, the hat of a man who was rarely sober under any circumstances; and so strongly did that article of costume partake of and represent the usual condition of its owner, that it was very difficult to determine which of the two was most tipsy and demoralized.

And character is almost, if not quite unchangeable. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots." "Though thou bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." The peculiar cast of each man and woman is fashioned by a hand that never varies or works in vain, and he or she will retain forever, with unflinching tenacity, the grand privilege of being themselves and no other. Identical conditions and pursuits never affect this truth. Paul was Paul, and not Peter, while the two walked this lower world; and the development of the highest heaven will not merge their distinctive individualities into one likeness. The man of fifty, with every faculty and passion matured, is only an advance upon the youth of seventeen, and is made up of precisely the same elements which, in their embryo condition, were perhaps so faintly marked; and a true thought found felicitous expression when Wordsworth said

"The boy is father to the man."

But are we contradicting Solomon? No. The "heart of man" is another thing. That is still the awful realm of good and evil—the kingdom of changeful passion and universal identity. The wise man's own experience illuminated for himself the whole moral world, and his profound precepts and warnings stand like luminous beacons along the dark and rugged paths of human life. But even he gave himself to "folly and madness," and learned only from the wholesome bitterness of retribution and adversity, the perfect lessons he has bequeathed to us; who continue to do as he did, and regardless of his counsel only recognize its inevitable truth when the avenger overtakes us, and every hour verifies, that "As face answereth to face in the water, so doth the heart of man to man." M. J.

THE LOST TALES OF MILETUS. By the Right Hon. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. M.P. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The poems contained in this volume are eight in number; and are constructed from hints of the plots of Milesian tales of which only fragments have come down to us. The titles are "The Secret Way," "Death and Sisyphus," "Corinna; or the Grotto of Pan at Ephesus," "The Fate of Calchas," "The Oread's Son; a Legend of Sicily," "The Wife of Miletus," "Bridals in the Spirit Land," and "Cydippe; or the Apple." The author in his preface says: "I have adopted for the stories contained in this volume, forms of poetic rhythm, and the nature of the subjects treated seemed to me favourable for an experiment which I have long desired to adventure, viz, that of new combinations of blank or rhymeless metre, composed not in lines of arbitrary length and modulation, (of which we have a few illustrious examples) but in the regularity and compactness of uniform stanza, constructed upon principles of rhythm very simple in themselves, but which, so far as I am aware, have not been hitherto adopted for narrative purposes."

We do not think the Right Hon. Baronet has been happy in his originality, if the facility with which these poems may be turned into prose is to be accepted as a test. Here are two stanzas from "The Secret Way" which we have selected at a glance; and will write out exactly as they are given, but in prose form, and leave the reader to make the best poetry of them he can. "So he dismissed them, if with churlish words, with royal presents, and to festal pomps. But one, by Median law nearest his throne, the chief priest of the magi, having heard all, with not unprecient fears followed the Prince and urged recall of words which, sent from King to King, are fraught with dragon seeds whose growth is armies."

We think the reader will admit that there is no very musical ring in the above quotation, or it would be impossible to reduce it to anything so much like prose without altering the construction of the sentences. Nor would it be difficult to multiply quotations tending to show the prosaic nature of the combination of metre and rhythm adopted by the author in this poem. The same remark will apply to the series, if we except "Bridals in the Spirit Land," the rhythm of which is very similar to that of Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

We do not attempt to deny that there are passages in these tales which breathe the true spirit of poesy, but Sir Bulwer Lytton's fame will undoubtedly rest upon his prose works. His poems will be unread and perhaps forgotten when thousands in succeeding generations will still be fascinated with the genius displayed in his admirable novels.

WALTER GORING. A Story. By Annie Thomas, author of "Dennis Donne," "Our Guard," &c. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

"And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still."

These lines are a key to the author's purpose in writing this book; and of course with this couplet on the title page, she has not attempted to claim as perfect either of the female actors in the story. The three principal characters are carefully studied creations, representatives of widely distinct classes, each exhibiting in their career the contradictory aspects of character we meet with in real life.

A few retrospective sentences at the opening of the story tell the tale of Walter Goring's past life. As brother with sister, he had been brought up with his cousin Horatia Leane. When arrived at years of discretion the two had fallen in love with each other, but the passion had not prospered, for eventually the lady "had taken fright at matrimony on nothing a year, and had released her cousin lover with a great deal of affected magnanimity and real affection." Shortly after, she married a Mr. Walsh, who was a merchant by profession, but an artist by taste. As Mrs. Walsh she becomes one of the foremost and most interesting characters in the book.

Walter Goring is a true representative of the Bohemian, poor, talented, idle, yet capable of sustained exertion; the author of two or three successful novels, and, in the general acceptance of the word, "a good fellow." He is an ever welcome guest at the Walsh's villa, at Roehampton, for the rupture of his engagement with his cousin had led to no reproaches or revilings on his part, and he still bowed at her shrine with a pure, if at times—as we conceive—a too outspoken devotion. And "the grand looking woman, fair and large, but not tall—with a wealth of golden hair—a pair of haughty blue eyes—a good head and sound heart," still retained a never-flagging interest in the boy who had been brought up with her—the lover whom she had rejected, and the man whose good she most earnestly desired.

Early in the story, through the death of an uncle, Walter Goring comes into the possession of a large estate, coupled, however, with certain conditions which we need not specify. He also finds himself appointed guardian to Daisy, the daughter of his late uncle, but over whose birth the purity of wedded love smiled not. This not over-scrupulous young lady—gifted with great dramatic power and eager for admiration, exercises no inconsiderable influence over Mr. Walter Goring's career.

In addition to the characters indicated above there are two others who will be favourites with the reader. Frank St. John, a lieutenant in the navy, and his sister, Charlotte St. John, a truthful, high-spirited, clever woman, little understood in her sister's home—ill-matched as a wife—falling occasionally into errors of judgment and conduct, yet striving to be dutiful and true whilst rebelling in her heart against the selfishness and blindness which surround her.

We will not mar the pleasure our readers may feel in the perusal of this novel by giving further details of the plot, but refer those interested to the book itself. The story is well told, and the incidents are sufficiently interesting, but in her eagerness to carry out her plan we think the author has occasionally permitted her characters to act in a manner which would be deemed remarkably inconsistent in real life.

TEXT BOOK ON CHEMISTRY. By H. Draper. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This work, intended for the use of schools and colleges, embodies the valuable parts of a work on the same subject published by the author's father in 1846, and which rapidly passed through over forty editions. In preparing the present issue a free use has been made of all the recent authorities both in the English and other languages; and in order to bring the subject fully up to the present time one hundred pages and a

considerable number of new illustrations have been added. The private student of the mysteries of this interesting science will find Mr. Draper's text book valuable, as the various subjects are treated in a practical way and all needless technicalities are avoided. At the bottom of each page a number of questions will be found which are intended to assist pointing out the more essential facts.

"THE CHURCH OF OLD ENGLAND."

The first number of a new monthly has just been issued from the press; it is entitled, "The Church of Old England," and proposes to devote its space to "the interests of the Church in Canada, the advancement of education and temperance." We know and respect the editor and proprietor, Mr. John Poynter McMillin, and for his own sake we wish he had issued three-fourths of the matter which appears in the first number of his magazine in the form of a prospectus, and not as a part of the periodical. Mr. McMillin is a gentleman of education and talent, who has held many honourable positions in the Southern States, both previous to the war and during the days of the Confederacy. He was judge advocate of a military court at the time of the collapse. In the front pages of the magazine he prints a number of very flattering testimonials from such men as Generals Price, Harris, Pemberton, &c., all of which speak of him in such high terms that we are reminded of those expressive words of the poet—

"A man more pure and bold and just
Was never born into the world."

Judge McMillin is a stranger in Canada, but it does not follow that he is a stranger in the church, and if he were well supported (editorially) by the clergy, as he expects, he would have a very fair chance of success. There can be little doubt that such a magazine as the "Church of Old England" ought to be, would be of great usefulness to the church, and at the low price (\$1 a year) which it is proposed to issue it, should be well supported. But in all friendliness to Mr. McMillin, and with much respect to the clergy, we would urge him not to place too much reliance on their support. It is a flattering unctious we should not like to lay to our own soul. If the "Church of Old England" has to depend for matter upon the unpaid services of the 400 accomplished divines about whom its editor speaks,—God help its readers. The clergy of the Church in Canada, however able and willing to write for a magazine, cannot do it; their labours are too arduous and too ill-paid to admit of writing for amusement. There are some who will write, some few wranglers to whom a theological discussion is a more pleasing duty than the salvation of souls. But the writings of such men are worthless, if not something worse. If the publisher of "The Church of Old England" wants to make his paper successful he must secure and pay for the services of one accomplished divine, who will do for it what Dr. Macleod has done for "Good Words," give it tone and character. The number before us is very neatly printed (by M. Longmore & Co.) in Antique Roman type, same style as the "Atlantic Monthly," but a couple of sizes larger. It is done up in a coloured cover, and altogether presents a very respectable appearance.

W. B. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

STONEWALL JACKSON. A Military Biography, with Portrait and Maps. By John Esten Cooke, formerly of Stuart's Staff. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA. A Novel. By Victor Hugo. New York: Harper and Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER. By James Greenwood, author of "Wild Sports of the World," &c. New York: Harper & Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

MAGAZINES FOR APRIL.

"LONDON SOCIETY," "Cornhill," "The English-woman's Domestic Magazine." Montreal: Dawson Bros.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A **UNIFORM** library edition of Miss Braddon's novels will be shortly issued, with the author's latest revision.

MR. WESTLAND MARSTON'S new comedy, "The Favourite of Fortune," has been produced by Mr. Sothorn at Glasgow, with complete success.

THE author of the "Misérables pour Rire" announces a "Parodie en Vers Comiques" of Victor Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer."

MRS. BROOKE publishes the last words of her late husband, Mr. G. V. Brooke, who was one of the passengers in the London. They were found in a bottle on the Brighton beach, and have been forwarded to Mrs. Brooke by Mr. C. A. Elliott, of Trinity College, Cambridge. The note is written in pencil on a torn envelope, and reads as follows; "11th of January, on board the London. We are just going down. No chance of safety. Please give this to Avonia Jones, Surrey Theatre.—GUSTAVUS VAUGHAN BROOKE."

MR. W. C. BENNETT proposes to collect into a single work "A Ballad History for the English People," to be composed, in the first place, of such metrical pieces as already exist in illustration of our national deeds; in the second place, of such pieces as he may either write himself, or induce other persons to write, in fulfilment of the general design. Many events in our history—most of them legendary, we fear—are already celebrated in such verses as "Chevy Chase" and the Robin Hood ballads. Mr. Bennett invites the poets of England and America to assist him in completing the series, so as to present a full history of the English race in metre.

"It is confidently reported," says the *Glasgow Morning Journal*, "that a libel will be prosecuted against the Rev. Dr. Macleod at the next meeting of the Presbytery of Glasgow," no doubt on account of the Doctor's views on the Sunday question.

THE Mitre Tavern, Mitre Court, Fleet Street, London, in the cozy corner of the coffee-room of which stood Dr. Johnson's easy chair, over which was placed a cast of Nolleken's bust of the moralist, has just been pulled down. It was here that "Johnson of that ilk," as he called himself, in allusion to his residence in Johnson's Court opposite, during his Scottish tour, planned that tour, as he sat at supper, enjoying his port wine, "of which," says Boswell, "he sometimes drank a bottle;" here, too, which his biographer calls their "old rendezvous," Johnson, Goldsmith, and Boswell frequently met at nine o'clock to partake of that social meal. On one occasion, Ogilvie was there expatiating in Johnson's company on "the great many noble prospects of Scotland." "True, Sir," replied the Doctor, "I believe you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble, wild prospects, and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious, noble, wild prospects; but, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England."

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—The office of the peace was established in England by Edward III. at the beginning of his reign. At that time the new monarch fearing that opposition might be offered to his accession to the crown, sent writs to every sheriff in England, commanding that peace should be maintained throughout his bailiwick on pain of severe penalties. A few weeks after the date of these writs, it was ordained in parliament that, for the better maintaining and keeping of the peace, in every county good men and lawful, which were no maintainers of evil or barrators in the county, should be assigned to keep the peace.

PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1867.—The number of intending exhibitors, exclusive of fine arts, is 2,280; in 1855 the number was 1,541. The space demanded exceeds 305,000 square feet, exclusive of space demanded in the park. The space for British exhibitors is 93,000 square feet, or considerably less than one-third of the space asked for. In 1855 the net space filled was 65,000 square feet.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Diarrhoea and Cholera: their origin, Proximate Cause and Cure.** By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Story of Gisli, the Outlaw, from the Icelandic.** By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., with Illustrations. By Chs. St. John Mildmay. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thurston. Mosaics of Human Life.** By Elizabeth A. Thurston. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Annandale. The Malformations, Diseases and Injuries of the Fingers and Toes, and their Surgical Treatment.** By Thomas Annandale, F.R.C.S., Edin, &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Principles of Education, drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes.** By the author of "Amy Herbert and other Stories," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Household Receipts, or Domestic Cookery, by a Montreal Lady.** Price 25c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mill. The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, by John Stuart Mill, in one 12mo. vol. uniform with his Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir Wm. Hamilton.** R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis, consisting of observations upon the causes, course and consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States.** By Henry S. Foote, with portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Across the Continent. A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with speaker Colfax.** By Samuel Bowles. Coloured maps. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mozart. The letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, (1769-1791.)** Translated by Lady Wallace, with portrait and fac-simile, 2 vols. 16mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Pilgrim's Wallet, or Scraps of Travel gathered in England, France, and Germany.** By Gilbert Haven, 16 mo. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- The Field and Garden Vegetables of America, containing full descriptions of nearly eleven hundred species and varieties; with directions for propagation, culture, and use. Illustrated.** By Fearing Burr, jr. A new edition on toned paper. Boston: Tilton & Co. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Art of Confectionary, with various methods of preserving fruits and juices, &c. &c. A new edition beautifully printed on toned paper.** R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mr. Dunn Browne's Experiences in the Army, a series of Letters, with portrait of author.** 1 vol., 12 mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Guthrie. Man and the Gospel.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c., &c. London: Strahan; Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 Gt. St. James Street.
- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen.** A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.
- Just published, this day, "The Biglow Papers.** By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millais. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Theology and Life.** Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumtre, M.A., London. 16mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- The Angels' Song.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 32mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young.** By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," &c., with eighty-four Illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hesperus and other Poems.** By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal.** As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half Cast Extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward, "His Book."** Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c.
- This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50.**

The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

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

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 101.

CHAPTER XLII. TWILIGHT AND MOONLIGHT.

"I would not pierce the mist that hides
Life's coming joy or sorrow;
If sweet content with me abides,
While onward still the present glides,
I think not of the morrow."

AMERICAN.

The young people soon fell into conversation that rapidly beguiled the twilight hour—that hour when of all others it is sweet to sit with dear friends, and feel their friendship precious—when to the young, life seems to spread out beautifully before them, and the mist that hides the future is so irradiated by hope, that it becomes a kind of dazzling haze, inspiring no fear, but rather prompting all ardent enthusiasm—when love and friendship seem both triumphant and unchangeable. Something of this was felt in the circle at the parsonage.

The bringing in of the lamps broke the sweet spell, and then Marian was for hastening home, and the rest all agreed to accompany her. Marian and Gertrude fell to the curate's care, and Harriet and Mysie had each an arm of Allan's. Somehow Mrs. Maynard and Elmscroft appeared to be a subject very interesting to Allan, to judge by the pertinacity with which he questioned and listened to Mysie. We are by no means prepared to say that there was anything very intellectual in the conversation of any of the young people. It must be admitted that occasionally folks are pleased they know not why, and so it was on that evening; for when the clock struck ten—a late hour at the Chace—as Allan and Gertrude returned, he said, half to himself, "Want me to go to Scarborough! No; I'm too fond of Austwicke."

"Is that duty or inclination speaks, Orson?" cried Gertrude, using a favourite nickname.

"Both, dear True—both."

"Well for you then; you're a great lucky Orson—they don't agree together very often."

As the brother and sister lingered, arm-in-arm, near the newly-made archway, through which the moonbeams were sending long shafts of silver light, now and then made tremulous by the passing of a thin, filmy cloud, both were thinking pleasantly of the present and gaily of the future.

"What a great joy to papa it will be, to find Allan so willing to adopt all his favourite plans for improving the property," thought Gertrude.

"Gertrude is the same dear creature she ever was; surely she will not restrict her friendship to Marian Hope. Miss Grant is reckoned as a sister to Marian, surely Gertrude will like her as a friend quite as much." Then the young man tossed his head in a sort of audacious merriment, as if partly amused and partly surprised at his own thoughts, and began humming a tune.

At that moment both brother and sister were unaware that they were looked at by two persons from two opposite points of view. A small casement, high up within the side of the arch, lighted a little room near Miss Austwicke's chamber. She had watched from her drawing-room her niece and nephew, as in the full moonlight they had come up the open path from the shrubbery gate, and then she lost sight of them again as they came into the shadow of the arch. Something—she knew not what—prompted her to mount alone to her bedroom, and leaving her chamber-candlestick on her toilet, to go into the dark, and look through the old casement, which had been left when the alterations were made. How changed was the once upright mien, the firm step, the dauntless carriage of the head, which had been Miss Austwicke's cherished characteristics. Now she seemed shrunk and collapsed—the very shade of her former self—as she crept close to the wall of the room, and gazed hopelessly, as if under some horrible fascination, out of the window. Yes, there they were, the happy young creatures. Allan "a true, stalwart Austwicke," as his wretched kinswoman even now mechanically muttered to herself, and Gertrude looking up at him, a fond sisterly pride in her dark eyes, which the slant moonbeam

kissed, spiritualizing her delicate loveliness. "How like she is to the picture of Dame Maud Austwicke!"

The evident *abandon* of peaceful enjoyment of the two smote on the watcher's heart as a something she could feel no more, utterly put away from her for ever—a something she was able to estimate the loss of; for she had once known the honourable calm of a life blameless towards man; had practiced, at all events, worldly honour, and understood the cold dignity of its code. "*Bon sang ne ment pas!*" was once her creed, and so, while trusting in it, she had been, by her very pride, drawn into meshes of concealment that had come to involve fraud, and to place her innocent relatives in the condition of impostors.

"Oh, that they may never know!" she gasped, striking her thin, clenched hands on her bosom. "I could never survive it—never—never!"

Up to where she stood came the soft, ringing cadence of Gertrude's sweet, rippling laughter, and Allan's loud careless guffaw at something she had said. As if reeling from a blow, at that sound the wretched lady, moaning to herself, crept away to her bedroom.

Amid the ferns that filled a nook by the side of the arch nearest the domestic offices, lurked one who had been suddenly arrested as she was going towards Miss Austwicke's rooms, by hearing the voices of Gertrude and Allan, and who had involuntarily crept aside, thrust back by the sudden check of the avenger—Conscience. It was Ruth who slunk away out of the moonlight into the shadow, not to listen, but simply to avoid the brother and sister. She, too, from her nook amid the thick canopy of rock-plants and ferns, gazed, spell-bound, at the two, so radiant in their youth and happiness. When they parted for the night, her eyes watched most intently the receding form of Gertrude, and a sigh of something like satisfaction was breathed by Ruth as she kept muttering to herself—

"It's all come right; there's no harm done; they'll never know—never."

Thus there were two watchers that night, venturing impotently to utter the word of Omnipotence—*never!* Ah! little did they know that even then one secret was being unearthed, which, like the loosening of a beam in a tottering building, was to bring down the whole fabric. Who would escape being crushed?

CHAPTER XLIII. A CLEAR SKY—ALL BUT.

"A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear;
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear,
When skies are blue and earth is gay."

BYRON.

The coming home of Allan was a most pleasant thing for all at the Chace and the parsonage, except one person. His return had infused a flush of colour, so to speak, into the hitherto pale life of Gertrude and her friend. It stimulated the activity of servants and the cheerfulness of tenants. When from her bedroom window, early in the morning, Gertrude saw the young heir leaving the grounds, and riding over the Chace towards one of the upland farms, and knew how welcome he would be to bluff Farmer Hewitt, or how he would cheer up gloomy Farmer Wapshot, she felt proud as well as fond of her brother.

"Austwicke needs a young man like Allan to reknit the broken links of intercourse between landlord and tenant. Something of what Mr. Nugent talks of to Rupert Griesbach so anxiously, will now come to pass, I think if Allan settles down here like his ancestors. Papa and mamma are spoiled for a country life; the one with his duties and the other with her pleasures." She checked her soliloquy, and went to her writing-table, where often from a very early hour she was accustomed to employ herself. Gertrude was finishing a drawing on this particular morning, and Ruth, at seven o'clock, brought in a cup of coffee. She had become a privileged attendant, and her young mistress asked her—

"Have you seen my aunt yet yet? Was it illness, or low spirits merely, that prevented her seeing or dining with us yesterday?"

"What-like is worse, miss, than low spirits?" said Ruth rather evasively.

"To have a real cause for them, Ruth, as poverty or pain."

"Hech! that's just as the heart feels;" and, avoiding any other words, Ruth left the room.

At breakfast-time Allan returned with a wonderful appetite, and in great spirits. The brother and sister chatted over the small talk of the district—who was married, and who dead; until, having gone the circuit of the tenantry, they returned to the parsonage.

"The curate will, of course, have the living when the vicar dies."

"I should think papa intends it," answered Gertrude, "for I know he likes him, and thinks, as I do, that it is a great thing for the parish to have such a clergyman."

"How young his sister is, True; why, I did not recognise her. I thought she had been years older."

"Oh, it is another sister you have seen—Amelia, who is now married and settled at Winchester: she it was kept his house when you were here before. I don't think you ever saw Amelia with her bonnet off. Harriet is his youngest sister, who came from Mrs. Maynard's a year ago. She and Mysie Grant were school-fellows, and are great friends. He has a nervous old aunt, poor soul! who never appears to company, but who matronises the establishment since Amelia's marriage. Marian says she goes often to the parsonage to see her."

There was an arch look in Gertrude's eyes.

"She's fonder, then, of nervous old aunts than I am," laughed Allan.

"For shame, Allan. Aunt Honor was all that an aunt should be to us when we were children."

"Well, she's by no means all she should be now to us, or to anyone else."

"I can't think what has altered her."

"Having nothing to do: that is the ruin of you women."

"Upon my word! And what hard study or hard work, pray, have you, or hundreds like you?"

"Oh, I and others find or make a pursuit in life; but I can't think how ever women-folk, that is, those who haven't to work for their living—their lot is hard enough—get over their time. Berlin and crotchet, visiting and dressing, novel-reading, scandal, and doctoring, eh?"

"Exercising saintly patience with men's impertinence and self-laudation; oh, that's work for a lifetime."

"You forget Aunt Honor hasn't exercised herself in that way."

"She hasn't exhausted her energies, I grant, in the employments you name, Allan; for even Berlin wool, poor soul! has failed her of late. But I never expected you, Allan, to turn satirist. You absolutely provoke me to ask you whether the important pursuit of colouring a pipe, which I'm told is an engrossing work of art with many gentlemen of the present day, is really such an evidence of their loftier pursuits in life?"

"I could almost fancy, Gertrude, you had heard Rupert Griesbach's diatribes against tobacco. Confess now he was your authority for that speech."

Gertrude's face flushed crimson as she rose from the table hastily, saying—

"How intensely hot it is, Allan." Then returning, her manner of a sudden becoming very demure, she said, "And you know Mr. Griesbach, do you?"

"Of course I do—both at Winchester and Oxford. He was a sort of dry stick—not much pith or spring in him; but a good fellow, though terribly addicted to hard reading; fond, too, of silence, and all that sort of thing. Though that's no wonder, considering the queer family he belongs to."

"I have seen Dr. Griesbach at Lady Pentreal's. He's a dear, kind man. I owe it to him that I was released from Miss Webb's school three years ago. I might never have had Marian for my friend, or known half the happiness I have, but for his kind prescription. 'This little girl wants home comforts,' said he; and the little girl, grown bigger, thanks him, and wishes him

all joy in a clever son, even if that son is as dry as a stick."

"Faith, Rupert's uncle, or kinsman, a German Professor, is more likely than the Doctor, by all accounts, to be proud of a clever descendant. He is such a character!"

"Who—this kinsman?"

"Yes; a great chemist and electrician, mighty in gases and all the physical-ologies. A philosopher, who buries himself, like the necromancers of old, in a wood. But I must say agricultural chemistry owes a great deal to him. I wish he could be unearthed; but it's useless, I'm told, trying. He discovers, others demonstrate—perhaps, will wear the laurels he has planted: it's very likely."

The conversation was interrupted by the removal of the breakfast things; and a message came from Miss Austwicke that she could see her nephew, if he was disengaged, for ten minutes that morning.

"Now, that is considerate of Aunt Honor," said Allan to his sister.

"What, the interview, Allan?"

"No, True, the limitation."

Gertrude shook her head seriously.

"I am grieved about Aunt Honor. Some trouble—"

"Pooh! You girls are so romantic. You dignify all sorts of whims with the name of 'sorrows.' I tell you, a good drive or ride across the country behind or on a fast-trotting horse would cure such vapours."

He went away with a cheery laugh that well became his young, comely face—a creature who seemed to defy the touch of care. Somehow, as Gertrude looked after him, a strange thrill of fear ran through her sensitive frame.

"He is so gay, so handsome, so confident of his future. Surely, surely, nothing but good can come to him." A shadow fell across her as she stood, and Ruth approached, curtesying.

"I came to ask you, Miss Gertrude, to speak for me to Mrs. Martin. I want a holiday tomorrow, please."

"Certainly, Ruth, I'll ask Martin, if you wish it; but why not ask her yourself?"

"Because she won't refuse you, miss."

The woman sighed as she spoke—a rather common habit with her—and Gertrude was struck by an extra gloom in the pale, stolid face. Her pity invariably outran her other faculties, and she went instantly to the house-keeper, so wording her request that it must be complied with.

"Martin, I wish Ruth to have a holiday tomorrow."

"To be sure, Miss True. But I must say as holidays aint what I approves on. They're up-settin': and if the servants as is staid-like takes 'em, they skittish pieces o' goods—or bads, I calls 'em—ull be all folloring cry, like the hounds in the Austwicke Hunt, and no stopping 'em."

Gertrude laughed at the old servant, and left her with a cheerful word. She gave Ruth the permission for the holiday, and encountered, on her return from the servants' region, Marian in the hall. Miss Hope held a newspaper in her hand, and, after the first greetings, said—

"My father sends this Glasgow paper for Mr. Allan. There's news of the progress of the railway through Glower O'er estates, which he thought your brother would like to see; and something, too, about a discovery of relics by the excavators. I have not read it."

"No chance of Roman amphoræ, or tessellated pavement, or, better still, buried treasure in that bleak and barren part of old Scotland," answered Gertrude, linking her arm in Marian's, and laying the newspaper, without looking at it, carelessly, as she passed, on the table in the library. They went to their morning room, and were soon deep in a translation of Schiller.

How lightly had Gertrude carried and laid down that newspaper, which was a winged arrow from the quiver of Providence to her! The ancient record of "a certain man who drew a bow at a venture," and smote on the vulnerable part of the adversary's armour, was applicable here.

Meanwhile, the unconscious girl, happy in her pursuits with her friend, new sources of joy silently springing in the depths of her heart,

bent her fair head over her books; a little, it may be, too intent to get a certain portion done in a given time, to be quite as accurate and painstaking as on some mornings. Indeed, she said—

"I'm working, Marian, this morning, to effect a compromise, so as to satisfy duty first, and then yield to inclination."

"There's a great many such compromises, dear True; but why not yield, for once, to inclination this fine day, and lay aside books altogether?"

"I will when Allan comes," was the reply.

CHAPTER XLIII. A MORNING VISIT.

"Idle hope

And dire remembrance interlope

To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind:

The bubble floats before, the spectre walks behind."

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

ALLAN AUSTWICKE'S swift, elastic step, so significant of the gaiety and confidence of youth, brought him into his aunt's presence like a fresh breeze diffusing health and cheerfulness. But just as she had contrived, by having all the blinds of the windows closed, to darken the room and exclude the light, then she seemed to shrink away and enconce herself in the depths of an arm-chair, at the remotest corner of the apartment from the door at which Allan entered. He stopped a moment and looked around, like one groping in the dark—the contrast was so great between the brightness of the summer day without and the gloom within Miss Austwicke's drawing-room.

"Where are you, Aunt Honor? Why one would think you were playing at hide and seek, as I recollect you have done in old days with me."

Could it ever be possible that she had played in childlike fashion with her brother's children? was the thought which struck out a sigh, as Miss Austwicke, without rising, held her hand tremulously, and said—

"Ah! 'old days,' as you call them, seem more distant to me than to you. Time has, only as yet, made life more pleasant to you. To me, Allan, of course, it is different. I am glad you have such health and spirits."

"Yes, Aunt Honor," said the young man, good-naturedly; "and we must get you out; you're too shut up here. Now I am come, I shall be wanting to show you all sorts of new devices, that will interest you about the place. I mean to throw myself right heartily into country work—rusticate in the best fashion."

"What! and entirely give up all thought of following your father's profession?"

"Certainly: I mean to follow my grandfather's pursuits, and you, of all people, must approve that."

"I have heard you, Allan, when a mere boy, talk rather superciliously of a country life."

"That, to speak plainly, Aunt Honor, was when there was no prospect of a living for me in a country life, else I always liked it well enough, and marvelled at De Lacy Austwicke—poor fellow!—with his foreign education, being such a bookworm as we heard he was."

"Poor fellow! oh, that he had lived!" exclaimed Miss Austwicke, in such accents of sorrow, that Allan hastened to change the conversation by saying—

"Well, aunt, if you have been brought so to admire the law, you must be glad of my father's success—so cosy and quiet; nothing brilliant, but immensely comfortable."

"Yes, that is why I am disappointed at your not following in his track. Everything is so changeable and uncertain: but the law lasts."

"And the land lasts."

"Does it?" said Miss Austwicke, dreamily.

"Why, of course. The ground to till, and man to till it, was the first possession and occupation, and will be the last; or, at all events, will remain to the last," laughed Allan. "You don't surely think that the Austwicke acres will be swallowed up in an earthquake, or submerged by the sea. The fact is, aunt, you're too much alone, and that makes you hippish. You must have True more with you. What a capital bit of goods she is—I mean our True; and not so little neither."

"She is still very undersized."
 "A fairy, not a pigmy, aunt. But there's lots of fun, and oceans of good sense in her. She can afford to spare me some of the latter."

"Yes," said Miss Austwicke, absently; and Allan rather, annoyed that his aunt seemed so grudging in her praise, and had, as he justly concluded, exiled Gertrude from her, waxed warm in his eulogium—

"She's such a frank, honest little creature!"
 As if stung by the words, Miss Austwicke rose suddenly from her chair, and walked a pace or two.

"Since when, Allan, has it been needful to praise a lady's honesty, or—" she said inquiringly, and then suddenly checking herself, stood trembling.

"Oh, I don't, of course, praise True for qualities which it would be infamous not to have; but with some there's such a locking-up of their excellences, only bringing them out on special occasions, that they're like slatterns, who only mount their best clothes when there's some one to see them."

"Upon my word, Allan, I don't know or care what such objectionable people as slatterns do," replied Miss Austwicke, glad to seize hold of a word.

"Well, well, do, pray, Aunt Honor, pick out my meaning, not my words. True keeps her good qualities for home use, and that makes her so pleasant."

Every word the young man uttered was a rasp that galled the melancholy woman, and tended to increase the chasm that seemed to be every moment widening between her nephew and herself.

She resolved to bring the brief interview to an end, and said, with more of her old definiteness than she had yet used—

"Well, Allan, I'm glad to have seen you. You must not wonder that I keep pretty closely to my own apartments. The world has so changed since I was your age that we have but little in common."

"Why, Aunt Honor, one would think you were a hundred years old to hear you talk, instead of a lady only about the age of mamma. Besides some changes in this age are so good. Think of the bleak, stony acres of hill side round Glower O'er bringing cash to pay off encumbrances on Austwicke's rich pastures."

"I can't rejoice in the Austwicke family being helped from such a quarter. We see the same things, Allan from a different point of view," said Miss Austwicke stiffly.

"My dear aunt, if I shut out the light as you are now doing," pointing, as he spoke, to the closed blinds, "I should see things in a gloomy light, if I saw them at all."

"Ah! you speak with the over-confidence, the presumption, I may say, of youth," rejoined Miss Austwicke, rousing herself, and raising her voice as if she would call anger to her aid, to cover her weakness. "Let me tell you, that a young man who was originally designed for an honourable profession, in which his father could assist him, and who, on the first change of circumstances, throws up his studies, and takes, in an over-confident spirit, to a new vocation, and rallies every one who advises him, is not beginning right, according to my views. I may be, as you most politely imply, prejudiced or foolish; but in my young days reverence and faith were not wholly subverted."

Miss Austwicke was now launching into disparaging comparisons of the present with the past—on which she would be fluent, as Allan knew, and so the young man, rather glad that he had roused her out of her depression into something like her former self, good-naturedly listened to a long harangue, which he thought would do her good to utter.

And he was right in one thing; they parted better friends than they had met. Had he stepped back again a minute after leaving his aunt's presence he would have found her with her weary head dropped into her hands, rocking herself backward and forward, in the vain hope of stilling the gnawing that throbbled at her heart, as she repeated to herself, "How will it end for him, poor fellow! Can it all be safe?"

CHAPTER XLIV. YOUTH AND PLEASURE.

"The day was up, the air serene,
 The firmament without a cloud,
 The bees hummed o'er the level green,
 Where knots of blooming wild flowers bowed."
 ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

Allan Austwicke entered the room, in which his sister and Miss Hope were studying, just as the latter proposed their making a holiday.

"Quite right, Miss Hope—that's what I was going to propose. I wish to call on Mr. Hope and to have a ramble over the grounds; and in short, if True is going to be glum over books—a sort of undeveloped Aunt Honor—I shall get hipped out of all endurance. *She'll* take to preaching next, and really one in the family with a gift that way is quite enough."

From which, and a sort of flush on his cheek that was more of heat than health, the girls inferred that Miss Austwicke's reception of her nephew had not gratified that young man.

"There's a Scotch paper for you, that Marian brought about the railway, Allan."

"Thanks, Miss Hope; that, however, will keep, and the morning flies. Come, give me the pleasure of your company for a stroll."

The plea was irresistible, assisted as it was by the pleasant breeze, and playful sunbeams that came into the room to woo them out from the poetry of books to that of Nature.

In a few minutes they were equipped for walking, and rejoined Allan, who had paced up and down, restless and annoyed by his aunt's strange words. He could not shake off the impression her manner created, and when his sister and her friend joined him for their walk he involuntarily said—

"Whoever thought Aunt Honor was such an admirer of my father's profession? She said to me just now, as if everything here was going to wreck, shaking her head lugubriously, 'But, Allan, the law lasts.'"

"And what did you say?" inquired Gertrude.

"I said—" the land lasts" and so it does."
 He struck the ground gaily with his foot as he spoke, and looked round the lawn they were crossing, and over the meadows towards the river, as it slumbered in the sunshine, with a look of youthful animation almost defiant in its gladness.

"Yes, the land lasts, but the possessors are swept away like autumn leaves," said True, with something like a sigh.

"Well, well, if they've had spring and summer, and a longish spell after which brings them to autumn, they've had a pretty good innings."

Just then they saw two persons approaching, and recognised Mr. Nugent, and his young friend, Rupert Griesbach. Allan stepped forward to meet them, exclaiming—

"If people—sisters, especially—ever wrote anything worth reading in their letters now-a-days, I should have known you were here, Rupert, my boy."

"An unexpected pleasure is the best of pleasures," replied the young man, as he returned his friend's greetings.

"We were on our way to call on you," said Mr. Nugent. There's been so much rain lately, that there was no resisting the temptation this morning. We're going for a walk, to meet Harriet and Miss Grant at Warsash, from whence there is such a fine view."

"With all my heart; it's a favourite spot of mine, if the ladies like it," said Allan; "but we were intending to call on Mr. Hope."

"We can take Ferny Gap on our way," said Gertrude.

"Or you can defer calling till our return," added Marian.

"The morning is Mr. Hope's best time. I know," said the curate, considerably.

So it was agreed, and they walked forward chatting, Mr. Nugent falling behind with Marian, while Gertrude kept by Allan's side, who was soon in animated conversation with his friend, whom he laughingly called Prince Rupert, or the Fiery Rupert, names that were singularly unsuitable; for Mr. Rupert Griesbach was a pale, thoughtful young man of two or three and twenty; rather above the middle height, with a singularly clear, calm voice, and quiet manners; not handsome,

but with a look of mingled benevolence and authority, that stamped him with the unmistakable impress of gentleman.

The conversation of the young men went insensibly into topics that are not usually interesting to ladies—about the crops, and the quality of the land; some scientific improvements that agricultural chemistry would produce, Gertrude listening with an intelligent appreciation, and an occasional remark that adds to the charm of conversation.

They were at Mr. Hope's gate speedily. He heard before he could see their approach, as he sat under his flower-wreathed porch enjoying the sunshine. Scarcely less pale and thin than when the reader met him last, his face was now so tranquil that its look soothed the beholder, and his hair, grown silver-white, fell in silky abundance on his shoulders. He rose by the help of his stick, and asked his young visitors in; but as all they wanted was to pay their respects to him, they declined, and after a few minutes' chat, they bade him good morning, and were hastening away, when Mr. Hope said—

"What did you think of those strange discoveries at Glower O'er, Mr. Allan? I should think they'll send the trinkets, or whatever they are, to the squire."

"I haven't read about it yet—I beg your pardon—when you were so good as to send the paper; but I'll look at it to night. Trinkets, did you say?"

"Yes; a child's ornaments—or something of that kind."

No more was said, and the party wended their way to Warsash. How happy they all were! As for Marian and Mr. Nugent, it needed no great penetration to see how agreeable they were to each other. The poor curate and the poor governess—the former with an old aunt and orphan sister, the latter with a father to maintain—had yet dared to love. They had both that faith and trust they could wait patiently for better days, assured that a noble love is like a noble oak—its roots strike deeper with time. Of course, it was not wise for them to be demonstrative, as those were whose engagement might be brought sooner to a happy issue. They shielded their regard from all intrusive notice under the calm demeanour of respectful friendship; but none the less warm was the sacred fire in their hearts because it did not flame up in the outward air.

(To be Continued.)

STAGE IMPROMPTUS.

From Shakespeare downward all true lovers of the drama have depreciated any interpolations of the text; sometimes, however, as in some of the following instances, the ready wit of the actor may be fairly held to pardon his impromptuous additions.

During one of Kemble's engagements at Drury Lane, Pizarro was to be performed. The rising of the curtain had been delayed beyond the usual time; the audience grew impatient, and Kemble in no very good temper, informed the house, that they were only waiting Mr. Emery's arrival to go on with the performances—he being the sentinel of the evening. At length the tardy actor came, and easily made his peace by explaining that he had been detained at home by an interesting domestic event. The well-known prison-scene came, and the following colloquy took place between Rolla and the soldier: "Hast thou a wife?" "I have."—"Hast thou children?" "I had two this morning. *I have got three now!*" Exit Rolla in a passion, amid loud and prolonged laughter. For that night at least, Emery was the hero of the play. "Let me play Catesby to your Richard," said a country tailor with a soul above buttons, to George Frederick Cooke, "and I will make you a coat for nothing." The bargain was struck. Catesby got on well enough till he came to the tent-scene; but rushing on the stage at Richard's challenge of "Who's there?" he was so startled by the great actor's glance, that he stood transfixed, only able to stammer out: "Tis I, my lord, the early village cock; and there he stuck fast, while the people shouted

with delight, and Cooke growled out: 'Why the deuce don't you crow, then?'

An interpolation of Quinn's brought him into serious trouble. Playing Cato at Drury Lane, Williams, who acted the messenger, in delivering the sentence: 'Cæsar sends health to Cato,' gave such a peculiarly ludicrous pronunciation to the last word, that Quinn indignantly replied: 'Would he had sent a better messenger!' This so enraged the Welshman, that he challenged Quinn who tried to laugh him out of his passion. Williams, however, was determined to revenge his outraged dignity, and attacked Quinn as he was leaving the theatre. The latter was obliged to draw in self-defence, and the hot-headed Welshman paid for his folly with his life.

Still better and worse was the Nottingham manager's speech as Richard III.—

Hence, babbling dreams; you threaten here in vain.
That man in the brown wig has got in without paying.
Richard's himself again!

Nor did the marring of Shakspeare's text stand in Stephen Kemble's way, when he wanted to rebuke a noisy occupant of the boxes at the Dublin Theatre, who annoyed Stephen by applauding everything, and did it by making Shylock assure Gratiano: 'Till thou canst rail the seal from off this bond, thou, and that noisy fellow in the boxes yonder, but offend your lungs to speak so loud.'

Some of the most comical interpolations have come from the audience itself. When Spranger, Barry's Romeo, drew all the town to Covent Garden, Garrick, in defence, took to playing the same character at Drury Lane. On the first occasion of his doing so, upon the lovelorn Juliet exclaiming: 'O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?' a good-natured auditor saved Garrick the necessity of replying, by calling out: 'Because Barry is gone to the other house.' Bernard in his Autobiography, relates a good story of Haydon the painter. 'One evening I was playing Sharp in the *Lying Valet* at Plymouth, when my friend Benjamin Haydon and his little son (B. R. H.) were in the stage-box, and on my repeating the words: "I have had nothing to eat since last Monday was a fortnight," young Haydon exclaimed in a tone audible through the house: "What a whopper! You dined at my father's house this afternoon." The same actor is also responsible for the following: 'Our principal actress, a Mrs. Kirby, playing Queen Anne, inquired very piteously:

Oh, when shall I have rest?

A ruthless grocer started up in the pit and shouted out: "Not till you have paid me my one pound one and tenpence, ma'am." Quite a matter of fact in his way was the Yankee who, strolling into a theatre on the evening of the arrival of the news of the fall of the Crimean stronghold, could not hear Hamlet's complaint—

I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'erflows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England—

without easing his mind by shouting across the pit: 'Die away, old hoss! Sebastopol's taken!'—a piece of gratuitous information that probably surprised the representative of the Danish prince, as much as an English Othello was astonished, by a girl tumbling from gallery to pit as she pronounced the words:

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death.

The most experienced actor is apt to find his tongue unruly at times, and playing strange tricks with the text. The following curious colloquy took place between Quinn as Balance and Peg Woffington as Sylvia in the *Recruiting Officer*: 'Sylvia, how old were you when your mother was married?' 'What, sir?'—'Pshaw, I mean, how old were you when your mother was born?' 'I regret, sir, I cannot answer your question; but I can tell you how old I was when my mother died!' Peg was not so stupid as the actor who persisted in sticking to his text when Ellison as Richmond blundering asked: 'Is young George Stanley slain?' and replied: 'He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town!' An Aberdeen actress having to ask if somebody retained his influence at the India House, from some extraordinary

confusion of ideas, actually inquired: 'Does he still maintain his infants at the India House?' Sometimes tongue-tripping proves catching, as when Mrs. Davenport exclaimed: 'I protest, there's a candle coming along the gallery with a man in its hand!' and Mrs Gibbs directly afterwards declared: 'Betty has locked the key, and and carried away the door in her pocket.'

Some ludicrous apologies have been made from the stage. Jack Johnstone, being called upon to sing the *Sprig of Shillelagh*, stepped forward to do so; but when he should have commenced, stood silent and confused. At length when the audience shewed signs of impatience, Jack astonished them by addressing them thus: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I assure you I have sung the song so often, that, by my soul, I cannot recollect how it begins!' Quinn, who despised and detested theatrical dancers, had thrust upon him the disagreeable task of excusing the non-appearance of a popular danseuse, and executed it by saying: 'I am desired by the manager to inform you that the dance intended for to-night is obliged to be omitted, on account of Madame Rollan having dislocated her ankle. I wish it had been her neck!' Elliston was a proficient in addressing a theatrical audience; and well he might be, seeing his recklessness was constantly getting him into scrapes out of which only his matchless insinuating impudence could extricate him. One season, when he had the Birmingham Theatre, business got awfully bad; do what he would, nothing but empty benches met the manager's eye night after night, and it became plain that unless something was done, the ghost would soon cease to walk. Elliston was equal to the occasion. Every wall in Birmingham grew eloquent recounting the feats of THE BOHEMIAN, who was to astonish the natives by his performances with a stone of a ton-weight. The night came and, the theatre was erammed. Pizarro was turned into a pantomime, for not a word could be heard for cries of 'The Bohemian! the Bohemian!' At last, the curtain fell; the band struck up *The Battle of Prague*, and all was expectation. Suddenly the audience was startled by the appearance—not of the Bohemian—but of the manager, who, pale as any ghost, exclaimed: 'The Bohemian has deceived me: that I could have pardoned; but he has deceived my friends—he has deceived you. I repeat, the Bohemian has deceived us: he is not here—and the man, of whatever name or nation he may be, who violates his word, commits an offence which'

The sentence was never finished; the conviction flashed upon the audience that they were sold, and a fearful clamour arose. Taking advantage of a momentary cessation, Elliston proceeded: 'Anxious for your gratification, I entered into correspondence with the faithless foreigner, who was this day to have appeared. The correspondence, ladies and gentlemen, is in my pocket; I'll read it to you.' As Elliston coolly produced a packet of letters, the uproar broke out again with tenfold violence; he waited patiently till they were tired, and then went on: 'Here they are. Does any gentleman present read German? If so, would he honour me by stepping forward.' This was too much; peals of laughter rang through the house. 'Am I left alone? Then I'll translate it for you.' (Cries of 'No, no; go on Elliston!') 'I obey; the correspondence shall not be read; but, ladies and gentlemen, the stone is here—you shall see it! You shall yet be satisfied! You are my patrons, and have a right to demand it!' Crash went the band again, up went the curtain, and there was an immense piece of sand-rock, labelled, 'This is the stone!'

Surrey audiences, at least in those days, were somewhat of the noisiest; how he talked to them, may be judged from the following speech, delivered when the crowded state of the gallery rendered the gods more uproarious than usual. 'Ladies and gentlemen, I take the liberty of addressing you. It is of rare occurrence that I deem it necessary to place myself in juxtaposition with you. When I said juxtaposition, I meant *vis à vis*. When I uttered the words *vis à vis*, I meant contactability. Now, let me tell you that *vis à vis* (it is a French term) and contactability (which is a truly English term) very

nearly assimilate to each other. Gentlemen! gentlemen! I am really ashamed of your conduct. It is unlike a Surrey audience. Are you aware that I have in this establishment most efficient peace-officers at my immediate disposal? Peace-officers, gentlemen, mean persons necessary in time of war. One word more. If that gentleman in the carpenter's cap will sit down, the little girl in red ribbons (you my love, I mean) will be able to see the entertainment.' Elliston's style may seem a cavalier one for a manager to adopt towards his patrons, but we have known modern audiences to be treated in even more supercilious fashion, and bear it with profound equanimity.

THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER.

MILES and miles away from London, and nearly an hour's drive from the nearest railway station, there is a village as little known as might be expected from so remote a position. It is a charmingly pretty village, the houses, each with more or less garden to it, scattered about, not ranged into any attempt at a street. There is a green, which is green, and not parched and brown, and there the village boys play cricket in the long summer evenings; and above it is a heathery common, bounded by a fir-wood, whose auburn trunks and boughs burn in the sunset; while below, winding softly through flat rich pastures, a trout-stream glides between its fringes of sedges and bulrushes and tall water myosotis, blue as turquoises in the sun.

Just out of the village stands the house which we chiefly have to do. It is inhabited by Dr. Britton; he is an M.R.C.S., and used to make a fight to be called Mr. Britton, his proper title; but the village would not have it; his profession was doctoring, and doctor he was and doctor he should be called; and so doctor he was called, till he had become so used to it that any other prefix to his name would have sounded strange and unfamiliar. He was a widower, and had two children, a son, who had married early and foolishly, and who had emigrated, which was about the best thing he could do, and a daughter, Nelly, who lived with him, and kept his house and looked after him, from his shirt-buttons to such of his correspondence as a woman could attend to. For Mr. Britton was a much cleverer medico than village doctors and general practitioners are wont to be, and his practice was large and widely extended, all the country families for miles round employing his services for any but such cases as they conceived required the attendance of a London physician.

The house in which Mr. Britton and his daughter lived was very unnecessarily large for so small a family. It could not be called a good house or a pretty house, and yet, especially for the summer, it was much pleasanter than many a better and handsomer one. It was old, and the rooms were low, and those on the ground floor had beams across the ceilings, and the windows might have been larger with advantage, and the doors fewer and better placed. But the walls were thick, and there was abundance of space, and closets and cupboards enough to stow away all the goods and chattels of a large family. And there was a snug little stable for the doctor's good roadster, and a chaise-house, and cow-house, and poultry-house, and larder and dairy, and all the wealth of outhouses that can only be found now appertaining to old-fashioned middle-class tenements, and which are as unattainable to the wretched inhabitants of the modern lath and plaster abominations at four times the rent, as are the quiet and repose and retirement that belong to those old houses. But it was the surroundings of the cottage that made its great delight. For it stood off the road, from which it was quite hidden, nestled down into the midst of a lovely garden, full of old-fashioned flowers and some newer ones, roses especially, one of which it was part of Nelly's self-imposed morning duties to gather, all gemmed and heavy with dew, to put in her father's button-hole before he started on his daily rounds. He used to boast that from May till November he never was without one. There were little belts and screens of

Portugal laurels and yew, and sunny bits of lawn, one of which boasted a magnificent Himalaya pine feathering to the ground, and borders blazing with colour and sunlight, and shady nooks, cool and green, of rock-work clothed with ferns, and ground-ivy and periwinkle and violets. The house itself and all its dependencies were tapestried with Virginia creeper, clematis, jasmine, ivy, and crimson China roses, and against the coach-house wall, in the face of the south-west sun, was trained a vine that in even moderately hot summers yielded rich clusters of yellow-tinted sweet-watered grapes southern vineyards need not have despised. For the place was warm and dry and sheltered, and everything about it thrived, and seemed to take pleasure in growing and spreading, and Nelly loved and tended them all, and they rewarded her.

To this home Nelly had come as a little child after her mother's death, and she remembered no other. That was a good many years ago, for she was now two-and-twenty, though she hardly looked so much. For she was a little thing, plump, with a round face, smiling dark eyes, and a bright brown complexion; one of those girls whose good looks consist in perfect health, in colouring and expression, and a certain freshness of appearance—freshness moral as well as physical—that keep the owner young for long. Her uneventful and unambitious life had hitherto passed in that happy monotony that is best suited to such natures as hers; cheerful, bright, contented ones, that take the daily duties of their humble lives as pleasures, not sacrifices, and are yet not without a touch of refinement that makes the duties less prosaic. She need not have been now keeping her father's house, had she been minded to keep house of her own. Two years ago her father had had a half-pupil, half-assistant, Mr. Baker, who had a little money of his own, and expected to have some more, and who would fain have had her promise to become Mrs. Baker when he should have acquired sufficient age and instruction "to set up on his own hook," as he expressed it. But Nelly had not been so minded. She did not care for Mr. Baker; she first laughed at him, and then, when he became piteous in consequence, she was sorry for him, very sorry. But she could not marry him. When she thought of her father as a companion (for not being in the faintest degree in love, she looked at the two men in this light), and then thought of Mr. Baker, she felt it could never, never be. And she had not for a moment at any time regretted or repented her decision, but went on in her quiet way, taking her chance of what the future might bring her.

Among Dr. Britton's occasional patients was a very grand family indeed. The Earl of Leytonstone had an estate about three miles from Summerfield, and there he passed a part of every year with his two children, the little Lord Leithbridge and Lady Agnes Collingwood, who, under the care of a young tutor and an elderly governess, for their mother was dead, lived almost entirely at Leytonstone Hall.

The young tutor was a north countryman, whose father, a poor clergyman, holding a little cure in a village among the hills in Westmoreland, had, seeing the boy's aptitudes, struggled hard to send him to college. He had educated him himself up to that point, and then Andrew Graham had entered Oxford as a sizer, and had worked, and read, and lived hard, as few men in that ancient seat of learning are given to do. He had carried all honours before him, he could write and speak five modern languages, and read seven; he knew at his fingers' ends all the best books in all these, beside the classical tongues; but of men and women he knew absolutely nothing. Poor, proud, intensely shy, and devoted to study, he lived entirely apart from even the men of his own standing in his own college. In their sport as in their work he kept aloof, only fortifying himself against the exhausting nature of his labours by prodigious walks, keeping always the same pace up hill and down dale, choosing the most solitary paths, and never heeding weather. In the course of time he had been so fortunate as to obtain his present post, that of tutor to the little Lord Leithbridge, and

librarian to his father, who boasted the possession of one of the finest private libraries in England; and as his pupil was but twelve, his work with regard to him was so light, that the greater part of his time could easily be devoted to the labour he delighted in—the care and arrangement of his beloved books.

Poor Andrew, he was not comely to behold, and was young in nothing but his years. He was pale, and had thin whiskers, and wore high shirt-collars, and hesitated in his speech. He was so intensely, so painfully shy, and spoke so rarely, that when called upon to speak it seemed as though he was too unused to the employment of uttered language to be able to find the words he wanted. In the presence of women, and especially young women, he absolutely trembled. It was long before he could reply, without starting and shrinking, to Mr. Brereton's—Lady Agnes's governess—softly spoken questions, and had Lady Agnes herself been more than thirteen when he first entered on his duties, I doubt if he would have ventured into her presence.

And yet it was not in human nature, in young human nature, at all events, to live without some companionship beyond that of a child. Andrew had had a bad and a long illness, and in this Dr. Britton had attended him, and when he recovered, it somehow came about that the patient had, he hardly knew how himself, found that it often happened that in his walks his steps tended towards the doctor's cottage; and when he came to the garden gate, that was just an opening in the mass of green that surrounded and overtopped it, giving a peep through to the house along the sunny gravel walk, lying between borders of glowing flowers, he remembered he had something to say to, or something to ask of, the doctor. You will think that the doctor's daughter might have been for something in this attraction; but it was not so. If he caught a glimpse of her in the garden, or heard her voice, he passed on his way with a nervous sense of the narrow escape he had encountered. This was at first; after having accidentally encountered her a few times when calling on her father, and found that she took little notice of him, he became more reassured, and beyond a certain amount of trepidation in taking off his hat, and replying to her simple greeting, he learned to meet her without further discomposure.

Nelly would look after him with a pitying wonder, and some curiosity. Such a nature and such a life as his to her, genial, energetic, expansive, was a painful puzzle.

"Is he always like that, papa?"

"Always, I believe, my dear, in company."

"Then he never can know anybody."

"Yes, I fancy in the course of time he might get to know people to a certain extent. He does me—a little."

"He must be very unhappy, papa?"

"Except when among his books, or in his long walks, he certainly must feel rather wretched, I should imagine."

Nelly thought about it a little more, and then went to feed her poultry. But there was a young cock whose false and painful position in the poultry-yard would somehow bring back to her mind the recollection of Mr. Graham. He had not long come to cock's estate, and he was thin and not very sleek in his plumage; and the older and stronger cock had bullied him and put him down, till he hardly dared to call his life his own. He was not naturally a coward; he had made a good fight for it at first, and indeed it was his asserting himself against the supremacy of King Chanticleer that had first awakened that arrogant bird's wrath against him. But he was no match for Chanticleer, and had, after innumerable defeats and sore maulings, been compelled to succumb; and he now loitered about in corners, and moped about in sheds, and took snatches of food in a wary fashion, on the outskirts of the group gathered round Nelly, ready to fly if ever Chanticleer looked his way, and even nervous if the hens pecked at him.

"Poor fellow," Nelly said, throwing him a handful of barley, and cutting off Chanticleer in his instant attempt to drive him away from it; "you certainly are very like Mr. Graham—very like. I think I shall call you Andy; get away,

Chanticleer; I won't have Andy bullied and his life made miserable, poor fellow!" and another handful of barley fell to his share. From that day Nelly took Andy under her especial care and patronage, and fed and petted him till he grew fat and well-liking, and learned to play his second fiddle so creditably that Chanticleer held him in sufficient respect no longer to molest him.

Meanwhile the months were lengthening into years, and Andrew Graham plodded on at the old work, in the old way. But a change had come within, though the outer man showed nothing of it—as yet. The cause may as well be told at once; the poor student had fallen in love, with the sort of love that is certain to awaken in the hearts of such men when it does awake, with Lady Agnes, now sixteen.

The word love is used in so many phases where there is no passion at all, that it fails to convey any notion of the feeling that possessed the whole being of the poor tutor. It is nothing to say it was part of himself; the old man was lost in the new identity it gave birth to. Day and night it was the one ever-present reality, all else fading into shadowy insignificance.

Lady Agnes was a pretty girl, very much like a thousand other pretty, well-brought-up, simple girls.

She had large limpid grey eyes, and a fair pure skin, and her colour went and came easily in sweet girlish blushes, and all her thoughts and ways were innocent and natural. She was not the least clever, and but moderately accomplished; for Mrs. Brereton wisely thought that good general culture was more to be desired than the attempt to force mediocre abilities into the painful acquirement of arts, in which her pupil never could hope to excel, and in this view Lord Leytonstone fully coincided.

It was probably the charm of this very girlish simplicity that in reality captivated Andrew's heart; but his imagination acted the part of a fairy godmother, and bestowed on the idol every gift of mind and body that woman could possess and man adore.

This love, that dared not relieve itself by any outward expression, that entertained no prospect in the future, that hoped for nothing, that aspired to nothing tangible, that was all concentrated in the breast of him who conceived it, rode him like a beautiful nightmare, lovely in itself, but to him cruelly, pitilessly tyrannous, taking possession of all his faculties, goading him into a sort of abiding frenzy that made him wild and haggard and distracted.

At times, while giving the usual daily lessons to his pupil, the boy would look up to his instructor, wondering at the trembling hand, the husky voice, the working features, and sometimes at the strangely absent words that fell from him. Then Andrew would try to recall his senses, nail his attention to the work he was engaged in, and, the task completed, rush forth and wander alone for hours among the pine-woods and on the hill-sides, striving by movement and fatigue to still the spirit that possessed him.

Such a condition of things could hardly fail to escape Mrs. Brereton's quietly observant eye, nor was it long before she guessed something of the real state of the case, and great was the perplexity into which it threw her. Lord Leytonstone was abroad, and though she might have spoken to him on the subject, she hardly knew how to put it in writing. Lady Agnes must, of all others, be kept in ignorance of the passion she had inspired; and though Mrs. Brereton had sufficient confidence in Andrew to feel pretty well assured that he would not seek to make it known to her, she dreaded, seeing the nature of the man, some involuntary outburst, some accidental circumstance occurring to bring it to light. Should she speak to himself? Yet, though in her own mind almost persuaded of the truth of her suspicion, he had done nothing to justify her in opening the matter to him, while it rested on no more tangible grounds than it did at present. So the good woman turned the matter over in her mind, waiting for some feasible mode of solving the difficulty to present itself.

One morning her pupil said, after having, as

it seemed to her, cogitated over the subject for some time, "Mrs. Brereton, do you know I think there's something wrong with Mr. Graham?" The governess felt the blood rise to her cheek, but she replied quietly, "Yes? What makes you think so, my dear?"

"Sometimes he looks so wild. And, do you know," with a mysterious and somewhat alarmed air, "he walks about the garden at night when we're all in bed."

"How do you know, my child? That must be a fancy."

"No. I've fancied I've heard footsteps more than once under my window, and last night I was so sure of it, that I got up and peeped from behind the curtain, and I saw him! Poor man, I hope he's not going mad; I should be very sorry, though he is ugly, and queer, and wears such absurd shirt-collars." Mrs. Brereton involuntarily thought of Olivia's pitying anxiety for Malvolio, under a similar fear.

"He is ill, perhaps, or has some family trouble," she said. And then she resolved that, ere the day should be over, some step must be decided on to avert the danger.

Should she, without appearing to suspect the truth, gently question him, as though she believed what she had said to Lady Agnes, mentioning the latter's discovery of his nocturnal wanderings? This might, at least, put him on his guard for the present, till she should decide on what it might further be necessary to do? Yes, that would be the best plan. So she watched till an opportunity occurred of finding him alone in the library, a room which, in the absence of Lord Leytonstone, Andrew and herself only frequented.

Entering, she found him seated by a table at the end of the room. Books were spread before him, and he read none of them; on an open folio his arms were laid, and his head rested on them. At the sound of her step he raised it, not starting from his position, but lifting up his face slowly, and one too stupefied and weary with grief to heed interruption. He said no word, and his face was so wan and haggard that Lady Agnes words—"I hope he is not going mad, poor man"—rushed across her recollection. She approached him steadily, though the heart beat, and commanding her voice, she began:

"Mr. Graham, you must pardon me, but I fear—I think that I ought to speak to you as an old woman to a young man whom she cannot but believe is in some suffering, physical or mental, that requires sympathy, and it may be advice."

Then she went on by degrees to speak of what her pupil told her. He sat still, his elbows resting on his book, his head in his hands, his fingers through his dishevelled hair, till she came to this point; then he looked up.

"She saw me? I did not mean that. But the truth—and you know it—is, that I am going mad for the love of her."

Then his face went down upon his hands again, and he groaned aloud.

Mrs. Brereton—good, sensible, proper Mrs. Brereton—stood aghast. For this she certainly was not prepared, and it took her so aback that she paused, not knowing how to proceed further. But she had time to recover, for Andrew seemed to have forgotten her presence in the depths of his agony.

"But then," she began, timidly, "what do you propose to do? Things cannot go on so."

"They cannot! God knows they cannot! I suppose," looking up with a ghastly smile, "you think the maddest part of it was my falling in love with her at all! If you knew what my youth has been—starved of all youth's brightness! I know it sounds like a hero of melodrama to talk of suicide, but on my soul, I do not see how I can face life, while death seems so easy! What can I do? What can any one do for me?"

"Time—absence," faltered Mrs. Brereton.

"Time—aye, but in the *meanwhile*. The question—but *during* the absence. *Now*, is the question. When a man is writhing frantic with a present agony, will it relieve him to suggest that years hence he may have recovered from the wound? But at least, if I die in the effort, I must leave this. Nothing must happen to me *here* to shock, or startle, or offend her. You will make my

excuses to Lord Leytonstone. You may tell him the truth or not, just as you think fit. I shall probably never see him again; and he is a good man—he will feel that I have endeavoured to do my duty."

Five years passed away, and Lady Agnes was married in her own degree, and Andrew Graham was quietly settled down again at Leytonstone Hall as librarian, his somewhat pupil, Lord Leithbridge, having gone to Oxford. Mrs. Brereton had told Lord Leytonstone the truth, and he understood it all, and when he could find Andrew out, at the end of four years' wild wanderings up and down the earth, he had begged him, Lady Agnes being lately married, to return to his old duties in his old retreat. And weary and hopeless of flying from himself, and feeling some of the old love of his neglected studies return upon him, and touched by Lord Leytonstone's kindness and fidelity, he had consented.

Time had wrought no great change in him; it seldom does in men of his aspect and manner; it had rather intensified than altered his peculiarities.

His cheeks were more hollow, and his hair thinner, and his shirt collars perhaps higher, and his manner, if possible, more nervously awkward and absent than of old. But he had by degrees fallen back into his old habit of taking Dr. Britton's house in the course of his solitary rambles, and, by degrees also, his terror of Nelly had worn away.

Somehow or other she had got an inkling of the cause of his abrupt departure, and wild as had seemed to her his folly in allowing even his thoughts to rise to Lady Agnes, it was nevertheless undoubtedly true that his involuntary presumption had risen him considerably in her estimation. Besides, was there ever a true woman who did not view with interest a man who had not loved wisely but too well? who did not entertain a "desire to be good to him," apart from all interested motive in the matter?

So Nelly treated him gently, and he ceased to be afraid of her, and came by slow gradations to feel comforted by her presence, and learned to talk to her shyly.

It was a lovely day in the declining summer, and the late afternoon sun was lying on the doctor's house and garden. Nelly had finished mixing the salad, and had strolled out bareheaded into what was called the orchard, a bit of ground at the end of the garden, clothed with thick grass, daisies, buttercups, and bull's eyes, and shaded with grey old filbert, and a scattering of no less ancient apple and pear trees. The sun was getting down so that his rays struck slantingly through the mossy trunks, and a soft "even blowing wind" made the leaves dance and rustle, and throw flickers of light and shadow on the grass, all bending before the breeze, and now and then a rosy apple or a bunch of nuts would come down with a thud on the ground.

Nelly, awaiting her father's return, roved up and down, now swallowed up in shade, now shone upon by the slanting rays, which gilded her russet hair, and lovingly touched into transparency her ruddy cheek and clear brown neck. Presently, while picking a nut from its husks, she was aware of footsteps behind her, and looking around, she saw Andrew Graham. Taking off his hat, he addressed her:

"I—I beg your pardon—but—a—I wished to speak to your father, and I was told he was expected every moment, and—a—I took the liberty—"

"You are quite welcome," Nelly said, with a smile; "will you come into the house or do you prefer remaining here?"

"Oh, just as you like—it is such a lovely day—" and without finishing his speech, he fell into her step, and they sauntered on, side by side.

It was the first time Nelly had ever been alone with him, and though she was neither praiseworthy nor shy, she felt puzzled how to commence the conversation.

"You have been for one of your long walks!"

"Yes—at least, not very long." A pause.

"Won't you put on your hat?" seeing that he carried it in his hand.

"Oh no, I prefer going without my hat."

Another pause. Just then a bunch of nuts fell plump on the librarian's head, and made him exclaim, putting up his hand, "Bless me, what can that be?" then it dropped on the grass at his feet, and they both laughed, and he picked it up and presented it to Nelly, who quickly divested the filberts of their sheath, and cracking one like a squirrel with her head on one side, nibbled it with her white teeth.

This had broken the stiffness, and they began to talk, till the librarian suddenly, to his own amazement, found himself describing to his companion some of the flowers he had seen in South America, and giving her a practical lesson in botany on a large white-rayed bull's eye. And then the doctor came home, and insisted on his staying to dinner; and, after dinner, the good man, as was his wont, fell asleep in his easy-chair; and the twilight came on gradually, and the yellow harvest moon arose from behind the elms, and Nelly and the librarian sat by the window to look at it; and he described to her—speaking softly, so as not to disturb the doctor—how he had lain on his back on the prairie and watched it rise and set many a night some years ago. Nelly wondered she had never noticed before what a pleasant tone of voice he had, and when he became earnest and eloquent, she thought that, hearing him talk thus, one could quite forget his hollow cheeks, and his thin hair, and his shirt-collars. Can you not see reader, how it all came about! Need I tell how in the spring there was a wedding at Summerfield, and that Nelly Britton was the bride, and Andrew Graham—with a face a little fuller, hair brushed to the best advantage, and modified shirt-collars—the bridegroom?

BATHING.

THERE was a fashionable physician of Queen Anne's days who recommended to his aristocratic patients what Lord Malmesbury, at the end of the century, recommended to Caroline of Brunswick, whom he was escorting, on her bridal way, to England—namely, to wash "all over" daily. The doctor took pains to assure his wealthy patients that they would not find complete ablation a very disagreeable process. It might disgust and irritate them at first; but he enjoined them to have patience, courage, and perseverance. By degrees they would come to think of the wash "all over" as a positive luxury. They might disbelieve him on this point, but he reiterated the assurance; and he added that the daily morning bath would sustain and increase health, and not only make life tolerable, or even pleasant, but would prolong it also. Nothing could be more encouraging to a generation to whom life was dear, but there was a dread of water in those days; even the young and beautiful Cynthias of the minute were not altogether so clean as they might have been, and the bath was avoided by general fashionable consent. People, however, at the close of the last century, instead of resorting to mineral springs, had begun to perform that annual solemnity of "going to the sea-side." Then "all the world," as the phrase goes, gave themselves up to bathing. Some went in for health, some for pleasure; then paused the timid, and plunged in the brave. It was as much the custom for men to have "guides" as for the ladies; and it was necessary for the former, when "nervous," to be explicit in their directions. Remember the case of Charles Lamb, frightened and stammering, who, with difficulty exclaiming "I'm to be dipped—," was three times plunged to the lowermost depths as he repeated the words, before he had breath enough to add, "*only once!*" But though "all the world" goes to, or into, the sea at every recurring autumn, the entire subject of bathing is one about which European nations have little, or no knowledge. All English bathers still wait (if heated) to cool themselves before they plunge in, and thereby gain any one of a list of diseases too long to be enumerated. To take the plunge "hissing hot" is your only true method if you would have healthy reaction. The truth, we take it, lies in the just medium; and then it should never be forgotten that all the benefit to be derived from the water ceases with the first plunge.

THEN—NOW.

To A. G.

Under the tracried shadows
On the mossy grass-grown slope,
Where the autumn air throbbeth cooler
Fanning the pulse of hope.

Looking beyond the lines
Of the wavy, receding sea—
Through the darkness of the pines,
For one who was coming to me.

Quite close the vine leaves rustled,
And swayed with their purple weight;
Then an echo—but not her footsteps—
Ah! why did she come late?

The daylight seemed to linger
For pity in the West;
The birds winged into the woodland,
But only for me unrest.

A doubt of growing pain,
A bitter blinding tear—
A step, a touch, a voice,
Chasing my fitful fear.

How brilliant the azure sky,
What a flush of new life in the air—
When bright through the dark'ning leaves
Shone the gleam of her golden hair.

Up the sundown-tinted hill,
Through the valley one by one,
The evening chimes swept softly,
From bellies tall and dun.

A flush from sunset clouds
Slept on the dimpled lake
Ah! would I were a painter,
This once but for her sake.

That the dream now overpast
Might enthrall her yet onco more—
And my words across the gulf
Still thrill her as of yore.

Does she linger by me now
In thought 'neath that trysting-tree;
Or do other visions woo her
That have no part with me?

Ah! still, my heart, thy queries,
And know that, alas! no more
Can thy life and hers be one,
Till the life of the Evermore.

G. V. H.

THE
TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 107.

PART II.

Eric and his sister started with surprise.
"The same day as the marriage," murmured
Eve.

"That day continued Christian," was a day of sad and cruel omen. Early in the morning the sun was obscured by red vapours. The silver cross which surmounted the town of St. Germain-d'Auxerre was struck to the ground by lightning. At the doors of the church, I remember seeing a woman dressed in mourning, kneeling and weeping and bewailing with loud shrieks her dead husband. The bells rang a loud peal, but the master bell broke, leaving only two lugubrious clappers to continue the funeral knell. I was only a few paces from our princess Angel, during the nuptial benediction; opposite me stood the lord de Meran, covering the king with a sinister look; and the king turned pale, as though that look weighed upon his heart. When the bishop said in Latin, Phillip Augustus wilt thou take Ingeburge of Denmark for thy wife? the brow of the king became livid, and I could scarcely hear his reply. While the lord of Meran smiled, and cast upon the altar a look of impious defiance. In the evening the king withdrew to the tower of the Louvre, accompanied by the lord of Meran and Amaury Montruel, lord of Anet.

Ingeburge, the new queen, instead of being installed in triumph, as every body expected, was shut up that same evening in the Abbey of St. Martin-hors-des-Murs, and since that time has never passed the threshold of her husband's home. Berthoud, lord of Meran, departed; his daughter, Marie, was seen to arrive, and Amaury Montruel became the favourite of the king. The rest is as well known, doubtless, in Norway as here."

"In Norway as here," said Eric, "they know that King Phillip did not fear to contract a sacrilegious marriage with Agnes of Meranie and that it drew upon him the anger of the church. They know, moreover, that Agnes, the illegitimate wife, is surrounded with grandeur and honours, while the true sovereign endures a cruel captivity—

"And it is for that," interrupted Eve, "that we are come—both of us—her brother and her sister. It is for that we have encountered the perils and fatigues of the journey. Oh! venerable father, do not discourage us, I beg of you; kill not the faith that sustains and fortifies us! We have hopes that you know not of. God raised for us, on our arrival at this city, a powerful protector. We are weak—alas! I know it—weak against the enemies of our queen; but heaven will listen to our ardent prayers, and from to-day my brother will try to discover the good chevalier Dieudonné, who will, perhaps, be powerful enough to open the doors of the queen's prison."

"Dieudonné," repeated the old man, "I know no French lord of that name.

"And yet there is such a lord," said Eve, with vivacity, "a great lord, I am very certain of it."

And as the old man wore an incredulous smile, Eve continued, addressing herself to her brother—

"He does not believe, Eric," said she, "what the good chevalier Dieudonné has already done for us."

Eric then related, in the first place, his arrival under the walls of Paris in the night time, his misadventures, and the embarrassment from which he had been relieved by the second meeting, fortold by the famous prophecy of Mila.

"When the chevalier Dieudonné," continued he, "had left us inside the gate, we found ourselves as much at a loss in this dark and unknown city as we had been in the open country. Our first asylum was given us by the freemasons, my brothers, and afterwards I came to your home, master Christian. Then I fulfilled the order given me by the chevalier Dieudonné, by presenting myself at the dwelling of the Prelate, Maurice de Sully. I knew that the lord bishop must be very difficult to approach, so I took that step at once to have it off my mind. The secretary, who opened the door to me asked my name and condition, and shrugged his shoulders and growled at my reply.

"A mason! A mason!" said he; "masons devour our bread, and leave us nothing but a heap of stones; pass on—for you may believe me, monsieur knows not what to do with the masons that are coming to him from all parts of the globe!"

I had been warned how to surmount that obstacle, so I slipped a piece of money into the hand of the servant and said to him, "when I shall have seen your master, I will repeat that gift my worthy friend."

The servant took the money, and allowed me to enter, but with a kind of regret. I entered into a decorated hall, with stone and wood carvings. The escutcheon of the lord bishop, surmounted by a mitre and cross, was suspended over each door—great draperies hung over the whole length of the windows, coloured as with precious stones. Upon the floor were thick and soft furs, which stifled the noise of my steps. The bishop was seated before an enormous manuscript, posed upon a desk which moved on a pivot. The vellum pages of that handsome book were all full of figures, representing portraits, rose windows, and windows whose bold arches were filled in with open stone work as light as lace—porticoes and proud towers and handsome galleries running round deep naves. A learned lord, thought I; and I could form a good idea of the handsome church that he is now building, with his knowledge.

"Friend what is thy wish?" demanded he, with-

out lifting his eyes from a certain rose window, a delicate miracle—the details of which he followed with the points of his compass.

I answered, "after having laid my respects at your feet, monseigneur, I would ask you for work."

He did not yet look at me.

"What work?" he asked at last, in a kind of abstraction—murmuring at the same time to himself, as though carried away by the ardour of his thoughts—"I will put one of these over each side door, north and south."

"Mason's work, monseigneur," replied I.

"And a third," continued he, placing his open hand upon the vellum of the manuscript, "and a third, which shall be larger, between the two towers, over the great portal which faces the west."

His eyes were now lost in space, and I said to myself, this is as it should be with the pointiff or the king, who undertakes to build the house of the Lord; and I thought of the history of the wise and inspired king Solomon, as related by our old men. I kept myself silent, out of respect, for the good bishop caused me no fear. He had forgotten my presence, and when he perceived me, he trembled slightly and smiled.

"Oh! ho," said he, "here is a young and stout boy. Thou hast spoken to me, my son, but I have not heard thee; once in my dreams, and my mind and body become deaf. What is it thou hast said to me?"

I repeated my request.

He rose, and I admired his majestic figure: though age and meditation had already bowed his head; one of the frames of his tall windows turned upon a metal hinge, and he opened it, when I saw immediately above me, and so near that it seemed by extending my arm I could touch it, I saw the church which was in the course of construction.

"That corner of the Parisian Island—that promised land—is it for me," I exclaimed and the emotion drew from me a cry, which caused the bishop to turn towards me.

"Is it handsome, my son?" said he, with a sweet and calm smile.

"Monseigneur," exclaimed I, "may God grant me the grace to co-operate, by my weak part, in that *chef-d'œuvre!* I have no other desire." And to my great shame—I speak truly, my sister, Eve, and my father, Christian—before that immense and magnificent design that I saw above me, and that I could embrace in one glance of the eye, I had forgotten everything else. I had forgotten the real motive of our journey—even to the hard captivity of the holy queen Angel, our sister.

The bishop seemed to measure the depth of my admiration.

He looked at me—"thou should'st be a good artisan, my son," said he, "for thine arms are vigorous; and one may see by thine eyes, that thou hast a willing heart. But it was not to show thee my dear church that I opened that window, it was to show thee the workmen."

Without changing its direction my eye abandoned the work to seek the workmen—a strange spectacle to see that mass of granite covered by a sort of moving bark or by a human ant-hill.

"There are some there—there are some there," said the bishop—"seest thou a spare place?"

My eyes searched the edifice all over and I was constrained to admit, that there were twice as many there as was necessary.

"Monseigneur," murmured I, with sorrow but with profound respect, "you have a feeling heart, and have not been able to refuse them."

"It has become necessary that I should learn to do it," replied he. "I have sent away three times as many as my dear church occupies now. At the commencement, every time I said no! I found in my satchel some small pieces of gold to soften my refusal, and said to my friend, that I could not employ—'Wait, with that, my son—thy turn will come; but so many came that my purse is empty; then I could only say wait; and many are still waiting!'"

I took the hand of the prelate to kiss it; for a refusal, made in such terms, left none of the hope that one indulges, from those refusals made by caprice or bad temper. Sire bishop had not even asked me my name, and finding him so

affable, I had taken no care to commend myself on the credit of the good chevalier. On gaining the door, however, I remembered his last words, and said by chance—

'Monseigneur, I was sent to you by the chevalier Dieudonné.'

The good bishop at first said like thee, father Christian—he replied by reseating himself before his handsome manuscript, saying—

'I know no chevalier of that name.'

'Still, monseigneur,' he gave it me to give to you as from your comper, I replied.

'Dieudonné?' repeated the bishop, with indifference, 'mon comper,'

He gave me my congé with a gesture; but suddenly remembered, without doubt, for at the moment when I had reached the other side of the door, I heard his voice crying out—

'Ho! man, man!'

I hastened to re-enter, and found the good bishop laughing to himself over his manuscript.

'And where hast thou known that chevalier Dieudonné, my son,' demanded he.

I told him as well as I could what the chevalier had done for me and my little brother, Adam.

'That's a great sinner!' murmured the bishop, 'but has a fine soul. . . . allons, allons! thou art fortunate, my son. Thou hast had a happy rencontre on thy arrival. The chevalier is right and I am wrong; he has done me much honour in calling me his comper. On his recommendation, I receive thee as a mason on the works of Notre Dame; if there is no room we must make some. Go and seek lodgings in the purlieus, and hold thyself ready to-morrow morning at the first sound of the bell.'

Just as Eric had uttered the last words of his tale, the bell suspended from a tall post in the middle of the premises began to call the masons to their labour.

Eric seized his hammer and trowel. Eve put on her apprentice costume—her plentiful blonde hair was hidden away under a faded cap, and her charming figure disappeared under a large surcoat all covered with plaster.

'That's a beautiful tale,' my children, said Christian, and proves that the chevalier Dieudonné exists—but that is all.'

'It proves besides,' said Eve, 'that the chevalier Dieudonné has credit.'

'Before the lord bishop, true,' said the old man; 'but all-powerful as he is, the lord bishop himself could not introduce you to the queen.'

They descended the staircase of Thomas, the lodging keeper, and found themselves already on the encumbered premises.

'Ah well! the king can do it,' replied Eve, 'and I will even go to the king!'

CHAPTER IV.

The shops were opened, and the kitchens smoking, preparing breakfast for the masters. There was upon the purlieus a compact and moving crowd—composed of all kinds of pedlars, and colporteurs of common objects, and objects that had been blessed. There were women who cried hard eggs and warm bread, in that peculiar and frightful voice, which seems to be the special heritage of Parisian vendors.

There were beggars, who wept and displayed their gangrened wounds. There were men carrying fountains on their backs, charged with the wine of hypocras, like our modern cocoa merchants, with their less heady drink, and the silver tinkle of their little bells could be heard above the confused noises of the crowd. It was a veritable Babel—an incessant murmur which, from time to time, would all at once rise into a fracas, as they knocked against each other and disputed; the masons who were late, fearing to be fined, knocked down women and children in their passage—for women and children in that age, as in ours, formed a large element in the Parisian crowd.

The handsome page, Albret, was in the middle of that Babel, where his costume of a gentleman excited a certain surprise. What did he there so early—at the hour when such people, like him, had still three or four hours to sleep? His dark cloak and bent hat would have led to the belief that he had passed the whole night in running after some good adventure, if he had crossed the

place quickly, like a man in haste to reach his lodgings. But he remained there, always in the same place, with his gaze fixed upon the house of Thomas, the lodging house keeper. The proprietor of the shop, against which he was leaning, came out like others to spread his stall—and was obliged to say to the page, 'Mon maître, I pray you to stand on one side, that I may take down my shutters.'

Albret moved docilely, but without taking his eyes off the house he was so interested in. People began to question—Who there could be in that house to attract the attention of such a gallant seigneur?

Every one knows how little it takes among us Parisians to excite curiosity—they gathered together and criticised his conduct—half a hundred strange suppositions, absurd and ridiculous slanders which the fertile soil of Paris produces, were let fly in an instant. At the end of ten minutes the general and profoundly rooted opinion was that queen Ingeburge had escaped from the hands of her pious jailors, and was to be found in the house of master Thomas. The principal fact once established, and the how and the why commenced. Never was Paris so embarrassed to find a ridiculous reply to an impossible question.

The small pedlars, the hypocras vendors, the old women and the beggars, invented the most ingenious and improbable details. We should be remiss were we not to tell that among these beggars were to be found, in the first rank, our unfortunate friends, Ezekiel and Tréfoilloux, the nocturnal bandits of the rue St. Honoré.

Like their successors of the present day, Ezekiel and Tréfoilloux robbed by night and begged by day. Their begging business was not much more profitable than their brigandage, for here again they found a detestable amount of competition. There was in Paris twice as many beggars as charitable souls, and the surplus spoil that peaceable profession which might otherwise have had so many charms.

No one has to ignorant of the baneful effects of competition—killing all industry and exaggerating its efforts till it makes its agony a torture. We have seen rival carrying companies, giving free passages, either by land or by water, and even offering travellers refreshment on the road—and all to accomplish their mutual destruction; down that incline they are not long in reaching madness. Thus, in a normal state, a beggar only wants a broken leg, a paralyzed arm, or an incurable ulcer. A beggar, without any legs, passes in every country for a sturdy beggar; and a beggar purely blind has been known to excite the charity of passers-by. But it was not so within the purlieus of Notre Dame—necessity, that offspring of competition, had then heated the imaginations and inventive faculties of the beggar artists. The cul-de-jatte, or men drawing their legs after them on little trucks, and even paralytics, had but moderate success; something more striking, and less classic than these had become necessary to attract any attention.

Ezekiel, who, as a beggar, was one of the elite, had trussed up both legs behind his thighs, like a capon prepared for the table; he had his two arms reversed and a ghastly wound scored in red ochre across his brow.

Tréfoilloux was another veritable artist; he had painted upon his left breast a complicated ulcer—his breast was bared to the light, and Tréfoilloux constantly announced that for a liard any body would be permitted to look through that fearful skylight, and might see the working of his heart and lungs. The veritable English gobemouche had not yet been invented, or the unhappy Tréfoilloux would have been taken at his word; in our day he would very soon have found some curious gentleman who would have paid his money and thrust his lorgnette into the man's stomach—but in Tréfoilloux's day, after all the trouble he had been at, and the pain he had endured, the exhibition did not clear its expenses.

A gigantic woman—extended on some straw before him, and who led four arms, on one of which was the foot of a goat—carried everything before her.

Ezekiel, in a psalm-singing tone, cried—See,

Christians, a man who lost both legs in the crusade against the Pagans, whose arms have been tortured, and whose skull has been split with the stroke of a cimeter, who has been left for dead, without any succour, on the sands of the desert. Have pity, Christians, and secure your salvation!

See, Christians, resumed Tréfoilloux, the great ulcer of the unhappy man who has only one day more to live—condemned by the faculty, and already pierced through and through by the gnawing worms which are devouring his liver and lungs.

But it was all of no use; there are some persons who never have any luck. Worms, Pagans, trussed limbs, ulcers and sabre-strokes completely failed; and there was only something for the woman with four arms—one of which had the foot of a goat.

CHAPTER V.

The curiosity of the good people who were watching the house of Thomas, the lodging keeper, still augmented. At the moment when the newsmongers abandoned the story about Queen Ingeburge, to fabricate another, where Agnes de Meranie played a rôle sufficiently scandalous, a new person arrived to complicate the scene.

This was our camarade, Tristan the scholar, with his cap saucily posed, and the elbows of his surcoat worn bare by leaning so much on tavern tables, and with his unmeasurable old pointed buskins. Tristan de Pamiers had finished with clerk Samson; his pockets were well filled, and he came now to ramble a little round that dwelling which, to his taste, enclosed the most beautiful girl in Paris; and Tristan was not without acquaintance with such matters. Just as he had raised up his head and put on a bold look, the door of maitre Thomas's house was opened, and Christian the Dane, Eric and little Adam came forth.

The noisy crowd knew nothing of the last two; as to old Christian, he had for many months kept shop within the liberties of Notre Dame, where he sold trowels, squares, hammers, compasses, and other instruments in use among the workmen on the church.

The page, Albret, leaped behind the shop, as though afraid of being seen.

'Stay, stay,' growled the disappointed crowd, 'that is neither queen Ingeburge nor Madame Agnes de Meranie.'

'It is him—it is him!' said the handsome page, Albret, 'and it is her also—I am sure of it.'

These two opposite personal pronouns related both to Adam and Eve.

'Pshaw!' growled Tristan, who had posted himself insolently in the passage of our friends, 'what means this masquerade?'

Eric, his sister, and old Christian, the Dane, continued their walk to Notre Dame, and were talking with great vivacity, and appeared to pay no attention to the man who was watching them. Eve still continued her efforts to convince Christian, who remained obstinately incredulous.

'The king can do anything!' said Eve; 'I defy you to deny that.'

'The king can do as he likes!' replied the old man, shaking his white head.

'When the king knows who I am—' began Eve, again with petulance.

'Speak lower,' said the old man, perceiving that they were observed. He saw Albret, with his nose in his cloak, following them through the crowd.

'If it is nothing about queen Ingeburge or queen Agnes, at any rate they are talking about the king.'

'The king would like it,' exclaimed Eve at that moment.

Tristain, without any ceremony, laid hold of her by the chin.

'Ah!' said he, twisting his moustache with his other hand, 'I should like to know why you thus hide the most delicious figure that there is in the world under the ignoble livery of an apprentice mortar-mixer.'

Eric tried to place himself between his sister

and the scholar; "This is but a child," said he taking his heavy hammer in his hand, "wait till he is man's age before you insult him, mon maitre."

"Allons," said Ezekiel, in a melancholy tone to Trefouilloux, "here are two idle fellows going to kill each other, on purpose to hinder us from gaining our bread."

"And yet they will till you that king Phillip manages his city of Paris well!" exclaimed Trefouilloux, who always inclined towards politics.

But just as friend Tristan had proudly took hold of his dagger, an unseen hand grasped him by the collar of his surcoat behind, and threw him back several steps.

"Who dares to touch the king of the baroque?" exclaimed the scholar.

At the sight of page Albret, who stood before him, he stopped and crossed his arms upon his breast.

"Ha, Ha!" said he, recovering himself, "I did not expect to find thee here, my old companion; I know only two good ways of meeting a friend after a long absence—the first and best way is to click two full glasses together; the second, which also has its value, is to click bravely two sharp blades. Allons! mon pere. I would rather thy dagger than the hammer of that villain."

Ezekiel and Trefouilloux, drew themselves forward, with incredible contortions to have their share of the spectacle.

"Let as profit by the disturbance," said father Christian, "to pass on our way."

Eric and his sister exchanged looks; they had both recognized the handsome page of Dieu-donné.

"Thou canst not abandon him," said Eve, in a low voice.

"Withdraw, if you will, master Christian," said Eric. "I most remain; for that gentleman has taken up my quarrel."

Albret did not draw his dagger, but regarded the scholar with an air of scornful superiority.

"Never again will my glass touch thy glass, Tristan de Pamiers," said he; "as to my dagger, that's another thing; but before arriving at that hast thou no desire to settle the old account between us? I have lent thee many gold crowns in former times."

At this disdainful apostrophe of the page, Tristan's pride was touched and he changed colour; he plunged his hand into his satchel and drew it out full of gold pieces.

But we have already seen, in the course of this history, that Tristan's first impulses were better than his subsequent actions. He held out his hand reluctantly to the page.

The crowd thought he was going to settle the first debt, and arrange the other afterwards, *comme il faut!* But Tristan contemplated the crowns which were shining in his hand, hesitated, and showed too plainly the conflict raging within him: "Shame on thee," exclaimed he at length, "canst thou not give me credit, Albret?"

That name soon ran through the Crowd, who repeated in every tone.

"The king's page! The king's page!"

"No," replied Albret, "I will give thee no more credit."

"Ah! well then," said the scholar impudently, and returning the crowns to his pocket, "then thou shalt not have the honour of measuring blades with me this morning, sire page. I make no love gratis, seest thou; and besides," added he, knitting his brows, "this money cost too dear."

A howl came forth from the crowd.

Tristan drew his cap over his eyes and sprang into the thick of the rabble.

"Rogues that you are! do I owe you anything? Quick! give me passage, or I will break two or three dozen of your beggarly skulls, though I could not split the head of a gentleman."

He pushed forward, clearing his way through the crowd, who flew before him, and only effected his exit after everybody had witnessed the deep humiliation to which he had been subjected.

"Messire," said Eric to the page, "this is the second service that we have received from thee."

"And if it please you, mon maitre," said Albret, "I am about to render you a third. Your young brother spoke just now of the desire he had to present himself before the king."

Eve's eyes fell and she turned as red as a cherry.

"It is hardly worth while, messire," replied Christian, who now stepped forward to take part in the conversation, "to take notice of what children will say."

"Master Adam is no longer a child," said Albret, casting a furtive glance at him, "and besides that matter depends no longer upon you, mon maitre," said he, addressing the old man with courtesy, "nor upon me, nor upon himself. The king wishes to see him."

Our three friends stood stupefied at that declaration.

Eve, however, recovered first, and fixed upon the page her large blue eyes, which shone with a quiet bravery.

"I am ready to follow you, messire," said she.

"Can I not accompany my young brother?" said Eric.

"You cannot," replied the page.

Eve offered her cheek to her brother who kissed it tenderly.

"May God protect thee, my child," said he; "God has not heard my prayer—for I prayed him to reserve all dangers for me."

Christian embraced the young girl in his turn. "Be prudent," murmured he.

Eve scarcely replied to their caresses, for her thoughts were elsewhere.

"I am at your service, messire," said she to the page.

Albret bowed, and led the way to the spot where he had entered the purlieu. Eric and Christian turned sorrowfully towards the works at Notre Dame. The crowd separated, gossiping about and criticising the affair—which was for them a complete enigma.

Two horses were tied to the gate of the Chapel St. Landry. Albret put little Adam upon one—though she did not look like a very skilful cavalier—and mounted the other himself. He had, however, given his knee to little Adam as a stirrup—what could he do more for the noblest dame in the land?

They galloped along the road by the river Seine, in the direction of la porte St. Honoré. The first moments were passed in silence. Albret looked at his young companion, from time to time, with a very tender interest, but seemed to fear letting her see what was passing in his heart.

"Messire," said Eve, at length, whose voice now began to tremble—for the exultation which had at first supported her began to cool—"are you indeed the page of the chevalier Dieu-donné?"

"Yes, master Adam," replied the page.

And in pronouncing that name, "master Adam," he could not conceal a smile.

This troubled Eve more.

"And the chevalier Dieu-donné," resumed she, "is doubtless the servant of the king?"

"The king has not a more devoted servant," replied the page.

Eve remained quiet a moment, and then continued—

"Sire page, could you not permit me to see the chevalier Dieu-donné before seeing the king?"

Her accents were so like a gentle prayer, that the heart of Albret was stirred to its depths. But he could not accord the impossible.

"You will see them both together," replied he, turning away his head.

Poor Eve dared not persist; and the remainder of the journey was made in silence—Eve sighing a little—the page very much.

When they had passed the porte St. Honoré, and had reached the open country, the page suddenly stopped his horse,

"Maitre Adam," said he, "do you remember this place?"

Eve looked all round her—behind her were the walls of the city, and the porte St. Honoré, flanked with two pointed towers; before her was the tower of the Louvre, with its battlements and donjons; to her right and the left was the open

country. They had entered an alley of young elm trees already tall and vigorous.

"No, messire," replied she; "I do not think I have ever seen this place before."

"Its true—it was in the night time, maitre Adam, and the snow always changes the aspect of things; still you cannot so soon have forgotten your nocturnal distress and the two cavaliers?"

"What!" exclaimed Eve, whose eyes sparkled, "was it here?"

Love does not see with the eyes of the world. Albret thought her as beautiful in her apprentice costume, as though she had worn the brilliant apparel of more fortunate young maids.

"It was here," repeated he, looking her for the first time in the face and permitting his eyes to express all their emotion; "It was here that I gave my horse to you and your brother—it was here that I first saw your pale and handsome face..."

Eve trembled.

"It was here that I admired your supple and charming figure... and divined your secret."

Eve nearly fell from her saddle. "What would you say?" murmured she.

"Look at me, before you suffer yourself to fear me," resumed the page, in a supplicating and soft voice, "I know you are a young girl. I love you. Look at me and tell me if you think you could love me."

But the more he prayed Eve to look at him, the more she feared to do so.

"Perhaps you love another?" murmured Albret, in a veritable fright.

Eve smiled. "No," said she; but so low that Albret scarcely understood her, and yet his look became radiant.

"Hear me!" murmured he; "I believe this is my destiny; they tell me that you are the sister of queen Ingeburge."

"The brother," said the young girl, wishing to correct him.

"Oh! do not try to deceive me longer, I conjure you. And if you cannot love me as I love you, at least place confidence in me, and regard me as the most devoted of your friends. It is out of affection for queen Ingeburge that you have left your country. Ah! if anything could induce me to cherish you more, it is the attachment that binds you to that noble and unhappy sovereign."

"Do you also love queen Ingeburge?" exclaimed Eve, casting aside all prudence.

"I would lay down my life for her," replied the page, "if she required it."

"And yet you are a Frenchman. You do not know her?"

"I know how she suffers; and I know how holy and noble she is."

Eve gave him her hand, smiling.

"Thank you," murmured she. "Oh, it is long since my heart experienced so much joy. Every body, then, in that great Paris, does not detest my darling queen—my adored Angel—my sister! And it is a Frenchman who has told me that queen Angel is noble and holy; oh! thank thee—thank thee, from the bottom of my soul, messire; and since you are so good, I believe that I shall love you; for I am, indeed, a young girl!" She withdrew her hand, to place it upon her heart, and added, in a low voice—

"Stay—I fear that I love you already."

(To be continued.)

COMBUSTIBLE MUD.—In Oude there is a jheel or swamp of black mud which looks like ashes and smoulders like wood. The mud, when dried, blazes quite freely. It has been tried at Cawnpore, and is found to give very nearly as much steam as wood. When charred, it can be used in a blacksmith's furnace. The ashes, of which it leaves a great deal, is very useful as a manure, in poor, sandy soils. Bits of bone and fragments of decayed wood are found in it at considerable depths. The mud is supposed to be an impure peat, resulting from the continued deposition of vegetable matter at the bottom of a marsh.

Ink.—Bane for malice and balm for benevolence

THE SHOOTING PARTY.

HATHERTON Park was unanimously declared to be a pleasant place to stay in: the hunting and shooting were both good, so were Sir Richard Hatherton's wines; there was a capital billiard-table; and there was always sure to be capital company. Both the worthy baronet and his lady knew how things should be done, and they took very good care never to have assembled within their house a collection of incongruous elements. The arrangement of their guests at dinner was quite as good as that of their dishes: by some marvellous contrivance each gentleman generally found himself seated next to the identical lady whom he had admired in the drawing-room—that is, supposing she had not actually fallen to his lot to hand downstairs. In that particular January to which we now refer, there was an unusually brilliant assemblage at Hatherton Park. And in the first place there was a Miss Everington, a young lady, very handsome, very accomplished, possessed of wealth which may be represented as amounting to one thousand or ten thousand pounds per annum, according to the particular rumour current with respect to her fortune which we may wish to believe. That she had money, and in considerable quantities, there was no doubt, for Miss Everington was said on all sides to be a "great catch"—so vaguely hinted Sir Richard, who was her guardian; and so Captain Fitzgerald, of the 17th Lancers, definitely settled with himself, and, having thus settled, determined to act accordingly. Now Captain Fitzgerald was not the man to come to a hasty conclusion. He had not gone patiently through season after season for nothing, nor had he listened to club gossip without picking up many scraps of information which at this particular crisis stood him in serviceable stead. The captain thought that, unless he was greatly mistaken, a good thing might be made out of his present visit to Hatherton Park. Why should he not woo and win Miss Everington? She was handsome, piquant, and, above all things, she possessed that which Captain Fitzgerald did *not*—the world's riches. But in return he could give her himself—one of the best dancers in London, as good a shot as over winged a pheasant, and he flattered himself, nor without foundation, as handsome and *distingué* a man as ever need be wished for in a drawing-room. This would at least be a fair exchange, and one with which the fascinating heiress surely ought to rest content. He had met Miss Everington once or twice before, but he had never had such an opportunity as that now offered to him, and up to the present time he believed that he had improved it in every possible way.

It was not the captain's nature to be particularly gushing even to his longest-known and most tried friends; but one evening, as they sat late together in the smoking-room, after all the other men had gone off to bed, he had made the remark to George Howard, his school-mate in the old Eton days, that he thought Miss Everington would in every way be an eligible investment. George had not said much, but then he was a barrister, and his thoughts ran in a very different groove to those of the dashing captain in the 17th Lancers. Very possibly Miss Everington's name would never have been mentioned, but they had been going back into the old days, and Captain Fitzgerald grew more than usually communicative. George Howard had not the brilliant qualities to recommend him which his friend possessed; he was essentially the reverse of showy. He did not care much for dancing, and was supposed to be less at home in ladies' society than in the legal circles of the Temple. However, the estimable George relished the country and country sports as much as any one. He was not, certainly, a brilliant sportsman, but he was at least an undefatigable one—so indefatigable, indeed, that there were times when he was looked upon as rather a bore. He constantly committed blunders against the etiquette of shooting, and would blaze away in a reckless and unartistic manner; and then he was always bringing down the baronet's cock pheasants, so that George Howard's gun was

often looked upon as anything but a welcome addition to the parties which issued to try their luck on the best preserves of Hatherton Park. Sir Richard had even demurred for this reason to including him amongst the select circle of visitors to be invited down that January; but then Lady Hatherton reminded her husband that as so many of George's friends were coming, and that as George himself had helped their son Arthur out of so many scrapes, it would be a marked inattention to omit his name; and "after all he was a good old fellow!"

About the third week in January most of the company had cleared away from the park. Captain Fitzgerald, Mr. Howard, Miss Everington, and a few others were left. The captain's courtship was proceeding swimmingly; from rivals he flattered himself he had nothing to fear, and he was only waiting for some suitable occasion on which to declare himself, or, as he phrased it, "to go in and win."

"George, old fellow," he said plainly to his friend one evening, "you know we are old chums—Eton and all the rest of it, and it's quite like the old days back again—do you think Miss Everington would do for me—heiresses are rarities you know, and not to be picked up every day?"

"Humph, can't say I'm sure—better try," said the matter-of-fact barrister.

"By-the-by, she knows that we've known each other since we've been boys. I don't suppose that she said anything to you about me this evening. I saw you were with her a great deal, and looked at me a good many times."

Mr. George Howard gave a distinct blush; immediately, however, he answered, "Not that I'm aware of—don't think your name was mentioned."

The barrister's blush, however, had not been unnoticed by Captain Fitzgerald. Soon afterwards they said good night. "By Jove," said the captain, "I shouldn't wonder if he was positively sweet upon her. I always have heard that those quiet men with hardly ten words to say for themselves do get taken with a young girl who's stylish and fond of chaff." And as he indulged in these reflections the captain eyed himself complacently in the looking-glass, gave a glance of satisfaction at his very neat hands and feet, and thought with considerable pride of that charming chat which he had with Miss Everington in the conservatory on the night of the ball, and after they had been indulging in a beautiful gallop over the turf of Hatherton Park. "Poor old boy," soliloquised Captain Fitzgerald—"I wonder if it's the old tale of the what-you-may-call-it and the candle!"

And with his compassionate thought he composed himself to sleep and to dreams of luxury on the five thousand a year which he had positively ascertained Miss Everington to possess.

"Fitzgerald," said the baronet as they were playing their customary game of billiards the next day after lunch, "we'll try Branksome Side to-morrow; it's the best bit of shooting I have, and I've kept it till the last. The fact is, some of those fellows who have been down here ought never to enter a good preserve, and so I thought I would reserve Branksome till we had got them away. And now there's only you, and Courtenay, and Jervase, and Acland, and—
—How—"

"Howard's shooting is wild, isn't it, Sir Richard?" interrupted the captain, noticing the rather bewildered look which overspread the baronet's face when he began to mention his old friend's name; "we could not manage to leave him behind, could we?"

But Sir Richard did not seem disposed to pursue the subject much further. It was settled that at ten o'clock the following morning they were to start. Just then the other men came into the billiard room. "Where's Howard?" asked their entertainer, but they had seen nothing of him. While they were speaking who should ride past the window but one of Sir Richard's daughters and Miss Everington, attended by no less a cavalier than Captain Fitzgerald's intimate friend, George Howard.

"What! Howard become a lady's man!" exclaimed the proprietor of Hatherton Hall; "in

the next place we shall see him shoot quietly like any other Christian, and not blaze away in every direction that suits his fancy."

From which speech it may be inferred that Mr. Howard was not, in his host's opinion, an attractive companion for ladies or an eligible acquisition to a shooting party. The result, however, of the afternoon's ride was a dance in the evening, for both Miss Hatherton and her friend had suddenly taken it into their heads that the last few days had been *too* quiet, and having come to this conclusion, they at once started off to collect recruits for an evening's dissipation. As it happened, George Howard was by when the discussion was going on, and was asked to accompany them; he could not in all politeness refuse. Impromptu dances, like impromptu picnics, are often the most successful; there has been no long consultation beforehand which can give rise to anxiety and disappointment, and that evening at Hatherton Park was as agreeable as any which had been passed. A pleasant dinner party came first, and by the time the gentlemen came into the drawing-room the fine old hall had been prepared. Little preparation was needed, for its floor was polished oak. All seemed determined to enjoy themselves, and there is but little doubt they did. Captain Fitzgerald was in unusually good spirits—and fascinating, of course. Miss Everington looked her best, and George Howard exhibited a sprightliness "which was remarkable for him," as the captain condescendingly remarked to the lady whom he proposed honoring with the present of himself. Miss Everington smiled at the remark, and Captain Fitzgerald again thought of his simile of the moth and the candle. Indeed, it occurred to him more than once that evening, for he noticed that George Howard ventured upon waltzing twice with the attractive heiress. To the captain Miss Everington seemed polite and favourable even beyond her wont. They had just finished the Guard's Waltz, and as the hall itself was becoming rather hot, he proposed that they should go into the cool atmosphere of a conservatory which opened beyond. Captain Fitzgerald had almost decided upon asking the eventful question then and there, in that flowery retreat. But Miss Everington did not seem inclined to be sentimental when they reached it, and as he reflected that there was plenty of time even yet, he thought a little waiting could do no harm. From the conservatory was a splendid view of the Hatherton demesne: the night was exceedingly still, and the moon had just risen above the copse on Branksome Side, where they were to have their day's shooting the next day. Somehow or another the captain, when he saw this, thought once more of George Howard, and of what a capital plan it would be if his company could—without offence—be dispensed with on the morrow. For Captain Fitzgerald was, as we have said before, a first-rate shot, and did not care to be interfered with by such blundering marksmen. Suddenly a thought struck him.

"Charming night, isn't it, Miss Everington? You see the copse there, over which the moon has just risen—Branksome Side they call it—it's a wonderful cover for pheasants, so Sir Richard says we are to try it to-morrow; and, Miss Everington, I'm going to ask you to assist me in a little plot."

"Well, Captain Fitzgerald, what can I do? I am sure I shall be delighted if it is in my power to render you any assistance."

"You see," continued the captain, "Miss Everington, Howard's a capital fellow—like him very much, I assure you; we were at Eton together, and have known each other ever since we've been so high (and here the Captain extends his little finger), but sometimes, you know, one likes to be without one's dearest friend"—and here Captain Fitzgerald looked significantly at Miss Everington, who gave a smile of equal significance—"now, as I was saying, Howard's the best fellow in the world, but he can't shoot: on my soul, Miss Everington, he fires about him in a way that's fatal to sport. It's terrible, I assure you; of course he must come with us, unless"—and here the captain smiled.

"Of course he must," re-echoed Miss Everington.

"Unless—unless, you know, there's some stronger attraction elsewhere. Now I really believe that poor old George is quite dazzled and smitten by you, Miss Everington—on my honour I do. I know it's cruel, but if you would just help us this once! We are going to start to-morrow for Branksome Side punctually at ten. If at breakfast, Miss Everington, you were to ask Howard whether he had seen the new African shrub in the south hothouse, which I know he has not, and then, when he says he should like to see it, as of course he will, propose that he should come with you directly after breakfast—If you would do this, Miss Everington we might start off while Howard was nowhere to be found, and leave him behind, of course inevitably, and, I assure you, you would be conferring a benefit on all of us, and be giving us a splendid day's shooting, while poor George, I need not say, would hardly feel the disappointment at all when he has so rich a compensation in your society."

"Well, Captain Fitzgerald, though I think it is a great shame, I suppose I must say yes," replied the heiress with a smile.

"Of course I knew she would—she has so much fun about her," said the captain, when that night he told his friend Courtenay of the plot which he had prepared to prevent Howard from making one of the shooting party.

Their conversation was interrupted by the appearance of George Howard himself, who claimed Miss Everington for the next dance. The captain noticed that his old Eton chum had lost almost all his shyness that evening, and ventured even upon a long chat between the dances with Miss Everington. Had he waited a minute longer before he went down into the smoking-room, it is just possible he might have overheard the heiress whisper, "To-morrow, Mr. Howard, in the south hothouse, after breakfast." Mr. Howard did not come to smoke that evening. "Keeping his hand steady for to-morrow," remarked the captain, when he noted his absence, with a not particularly pleasant smile. But Mr. Howard did not feel much inclined for society that evening, and when he went to sleep, which he did not do for some time, he did not dream of pheasant-shooting.

George Howard had, in truth, stolen a march upon his friend, and the dashing officer of the 17th Regiment of Lancers had for once made a false step. The barrister had not the attractive exterior of his military would-be rival, but he possessed a great many more valuable qualities which Captain Fitzgerald decidedly did not; and Miss Everington was gifted with a considerable amount of penetration. She was a lively, dashing partner in a ball-room, but she was also a good deal more; she had known more of George Howard than Captain Fitzgerald had ever supposed. It was George Howard who, five years ago, had watched over her brother's death-bed when his life was leaving him far away amid Alpine snows. Ever since then she had admired and loved her brother's brave and loving friend. Of none of this was Captain Fitzgerald aware, and as he met Miss Everington on the next morning at the breakfast-table, he could not guess why she seemed so thoughtful and serious. Presently Mr. Howard came down ready equipped for shooting; and while breakfast was going on, Miss Everington, smiling at the captain asked him whether he had seen the African shrub.

"No," said George, "but I should like to do so very much," and so it was arranged that a visit to the hothouse should be paid directly breakfast was over.

The visit was paid. There is no need of relating what was said there. George had almost proposed on the evening before, but everything was settled between them then. When they returned to the hall, where the shooting party were to have assembled before starting, neither of them was surprised at finding that they had gone. But both Lady and Miss Hatherton were not a little startled at hearing the news.

It was quite dark when Captain Fitzgerald, who was walking on in advance of the others, smoking his solitary cigar, and indulging in building a great many very lofty and very unsubstantial castles, returned. Miss Everington and Mr. Howard were standing on the terrace, and

the captain, as he came up the steps, made the lowest of bows.

"George, old boy," were his first words, "I am so annoyed that you should have been left behind this morning; we could find you nowhere when we started, so we were obliged to go off without you, as Courtenay and Jervase had to leave for town this afternoon. I'm so awfully sorry you should have missed the day, which has been a splendid one. But you've been the gainer, any how, I should imagine," finished the unsuspecting captain, with a most meaning glance at Miss Everington.

"I think I have," said Howard. "Fitzgerald, I am the accepted husband of a very old friend's sister—Miss Everington."

"What?" said the captain, turning very pale; but he quickly recovered his composure, and, turning to the heiress, said, "Miss Everington, I congratulate you."

But Captain Fitzgerald soon discovered that it was time to go home and dress for dinner, and left the lovers alone. His first impulse was to go off at once to London, for he hardly knew how to face the smoking-room at Hatherton Park that evening; on second thoughts, however, he determined to make the best of a bad matter, and though within himself he felt awkward and uncomfortable enough, yet he endeavoured to appear as if he had all along been aware of the approaching engagement between Miss Everington and George Howard.

In the drawing-room he had an opportunity of speaking to the heiress alone. "Miss Everington, I don't think you ought to have allowed me to make such a fool of myself as I did last night."

Captain Fitzgerald did not go down into the smoking-room that evening, but enjoyed his lonely cigar on the balcony outside his bedroom-window, from which a full view could be obtained of Branksome Side. The night was exceedingly still, and the moon had just risen above the copse. Perhaps the sight did not soothe his troubled mind. The manner in which the captain endeavoured to win and contrived to lose an heiress is a laugh against him to this day among his more intimate friends.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE ROMANCE OF ADVERTISING.

A FRIEND of mine in England, a "fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy," says, the sweetest and shortest moments of literary recreation which he enjoys is while a train stops at a station, and affords him time to peruse—to "read as he runs" by railway—the puffing posters, usually pictorial—which he calls "illustrated works"—set up against the wall, and for which space is hired at a much smarter rental than people imagine. The placards in question are of a bolder, more elaborate and artistic character than those usually seen in our hotels, and being frequently, like Joseph's coat, of many colours. My friend can quote them, and give out the telling lines with theatrical effect, spouting extracts from the renowned razor advertisements, the monster turnip puffs, elucidated by coloured pictures; pianofortes, patent shaving soaps, register shirts, and newspaper placards, kindly calling attention to the most desirable medium for advertising, with which every one is familiar, who has travelled in England and has stopped, with his eyes open, at a railway station. Some placards have a more literary air than others, a new solar lamp is broadsided with Goethe's famous last words, "*Light—more Light*"; a rival camphene lamp, designed by a modest brother of the mystic tic, and who will not trade upon the cabalistic signs of "*triple taus*," is advertised with "*Fuit Lux et Lux Fuit*;" upon a baker's poster there is a quotation from Shakspeare,

"O, tell me where is *Fancy Bred*?"

the interrogatory is answered in the same placard, at —'s celebrated Biscuit Baking and Confectionery Establishment, No. 1, Parliament Street.

If such a system of advertisements were adopted at the dingy stations of the Grand Trunk

Railway, it would be a relief to the eye, and might afford amusement to the passengers when they sometimes have to wait for hours, cross at not being enabled to effect a crossing—though the sight of a placard with antibilious pills may perhaps affect their spleen either with a fit of hypochondria or with a fit of anathema—according to their relative imaginations.

Another friend, who regularly has kept for many years a common-place book, in which to place cuttings from newspapers,—having no library in one sense, but merely a shelf, upon which are a few books suited to his humour, and these confined to the literature of the two queens, Elizabeth and Anne—has a place set apart to the renowned second column in *The Times*, which, for literary recreation is almost inexhaustible. In it the Laughing and Crying Philosophers of old might have found much matter on which to indulge their respective moods, (had printing-house square been an institution in their days). He kindly lent me the said common place book, from which I have copied the following, with his original annotations; they particularly amused me, and I hope will amuse some of your readers:

ZETA is requested to send his Real Name and Address, which will of course be received confidentially. Surely he is in error in supposing that any expression in Leviticus affords even a plausible ground of argument to our opponents. See the admirable Letter published by the Rev. C. J. Goodhart on this subject.—Benning & Co., Fleet-street. Price 6d.

This is one of the clever "catches for customers" to be found in abundance. It is the adroit dodge of some Rev. C. J. Goodhart (who ought to be called *Good-Art*) to induce the public to purchase his book, price 6d.

SHOULD this MEET the EYE of a GENTLEMAN, who talked with a Scotch accent, and who also was very tipsy, on Friday, the 9th day of March inst., in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, such as Hart-street, Bury-street, or Great Russell-street, and will Call Personally on Mr. Inglis, baker, 13 and 14, Little Russell-street, Bloomsbury, he will hear of something to his advantage.

Whether this something to his advantage was a thrashing or a fine of five shillings for being drunk, I do not pretend to guess. What the gentleman with the Scotch accent could expect from an interview arising out of such equivocal circumstances, I can't conceive, and no doubt the "Canny Scot"—who had been having a night with Burns—thought twice before he called upon Mr. Inglis for the chance of a baker's dozen. For my part, I believe, most people hear of anything but what is of advantage to them on the morning after they have been "very tipsy" the night before.

UNCLE TOM is requested to return to his disconsolate family; his errors will be forgiven, and no questions asked. Any little liabilities he may have incurred will be cheerfully liquidated.

This is a choice "tit-bit" in its way—

I have heard of "disobedient parents," but an uncle promised to be forgiven by his nephews and nieces is about as good a piece of impudence as ever I saw. I can see the interior of this household through the three-line advertisement as if I had my eye to the keyhole. Uncle Tom is some nephew and niece-ridden old bachelor, who lives with his relatives, who live on him, and is permitted to have a trifle of pocket-money out of his own property.

Were I disposed to be maliciously quizzical on the whole Benedictine order of Married Men, I might say the following was a stupid advertisement, for it held out the strongest inducement to the gentleman who left his wife to stay away. He might have returned, had she declared his absence must prolong her life:—

A GENTLEMAN, who left his Wife on Tuesday Evening, the 23rd of January, with the intention of returning at nine o'clock, is earnestly entreated to return, or at least to relieve her agony of mind by communicating either with her or his friend, T. H., Salisbury-street; the most fatal consequences must otherwise ensue.

Most of us have some acquaintance with Mozart's celebrated opera of the Zauberflöte, or Magic Flute; the subjoined must certainly have some reference to it:—

DIED.—At Ramsey, Isle of Man, aged 22, J. G. Poe, Esq., of the county of Tipperary. Deceased arrived in the Island on the Wednesday previous in good health, and played some melancholy airs on the flute about an hour before he died.

Singular in intelligence this for Mr. Poe's friends, who can only say that his musical selection, under the circumstance was most appropriate, and probably consisted of choice *morceaux* from the grand composition above referred to.

The following is a case of "love at first sight," and this too, with a lady of excellent understanding:—

THE LADY in MOURNING, who got out of a west-end omnibus at the Bank, and went by a Holloway omnibus, on Saturday morning, will oblige by forwarding her address to L. M. N., Fendall's Hotel, Palace-yard, Westminster.

"L. M. N.," of Fendall's Hotel, was either very ardent or very impudent. The lady was getting out of a west-end omnibus, or into one of Holloway's, when she appears to have struck the advertiser, a circumstance which suggests a foot and ankle of faultless symmetry, and fairly leads to the inference that such was the magnet point of "L. M. N.'s" sudden admiration or attraction.

To the same romantic class also probably belongs the following:—

FAINT HEART, &c.—The writer of a letter (posted in Great Portland-street), containing the above words, is earnestly entreated to write again, and explicitly. It is of the deepest interest to the party, who would be most thankful for advice. If the writer would allow a letter to be sent, the most inviolable secrecy would be observed.

"Faint heart—never won fair lady."

The advertiser is a gentleman who has a fair chance of making his fortune by matrimony, but wants the courage of which some one—it may be the fair being herself—gives him friendly intimation. "On that hint he spake," but not in the right quarter; for still hesitating, instead of popping the question, he prays for further information; it may be now, however, less with reference to feeling than fortune.

Here we have an admirable specimen of the blunt and business-like:

THIS is to give Notice that I, Thomas de Vear, Senior, of Lisle street, Leicester-square, am not the Person whose name was inserted in Friday's Gazette as a Bankrupt.

The foregoing no doubt, took a load off the minds of many of Mr. De Vear's friends and tradesmen.

It is hard stripes enough to lose one's money by a gentleman who "skedaddles" across the Straits of Dover, after having left an indelible mark on your ledger, but to be laughed at into the bargain is almost intolerable. Yet I must be very much mistaken, if the author of the subjoined be not one of those graceless characters who coolly derive amusement from the contortions of those parties in whose account books he has left some smart *souvenirs* of his former brilliant existence.

NOTICE to CREDITORS.—On the 2nd June, an advertisement so headed appeared in this paper, beginning, "the late Mr. Henry Kidout Downman, of Carmarthen and Kidwelly, &c." It was so worded in error, owing to a rumour caused by the sudden decease of a lamented relative. Mr. Henry H. Downman has great pleasure in feeling that he is not dead, but is still living and enjoying himself where he has resided for more than two years past, at the Chateau de Napoleon, 7, rue de Alger, Capcure, Boulogne, France. He is not aware he left any debts unpaid when he quitted England, but if unconsciously he may have forgotten any, all claimants are referred to Messrs. Downman & Co., 26, Birchlin Lane, City.

Here, as it were in a photograph, we have Mr. Downman sitting at his ease in the Chateau de Napoleon, 7, Rue d'Alger, Capcure, Boulogne, with his thumb to the top of his nose, and extending his fingers towards his friends and claimants, who would be glad to see him on the other side of the Straits of Dover,

The following is unique:

AN ANONYMOUS LETTER having been sent to Sir Geo. Grey, stating that "he praised ragged Schools, but did not contribute to them." I beg to say that he did contribute to them twelve months ago in a most kind and liberal manner.

WM. LOCKE,

Hon. Sec. to Ragged School Union.

15, Exter-hall, June, 12.

"The Anonymous Letter," you may be sure, touched Sir George Grey more keenly than he would be disposed to confess, else why go to the trouble of sending to the Hon. Secretary to take his part. Sir George is like a great many others, who expect the poor will butter their parsnips with fine words. Mr. Locke's vindication would have been more satisfactory had he mentioned the amount of the subscription. Was the

currency on that occasion praise also? I know a gentleman who is always ready to make a most polished and elaborately prepared speech on behalf of any public object, but his subscription is rarely in proportion to his eloquent periods, which induced a wag to say "—'s contributions are usually paid in notes of the Bank of Elegance."

There are some advertisements which partake of the character of social or religious satires, such as this of a "Reduced Lady," who wants a comfortable home and other "concomitants suitable to suffering respectability;" and the following, which is evidently a keen piece of revenge for some injury inflicted under plausible professions:—

A LADY, well educated, seeks an engagement as Governess or Companion in a Family, where needlework and exemplary piety are not indispensable.—Address B. B., Westerton's Library, S.W.

For light and varied reading, let those who have a keen zest for the ridiculous, get hold of the "Times," and I can imagine nothing more amusing as material for a scrap book than a pretty full collection of cuttings from this famous second column of "The Thunderer." They would make a good subject for a penny reading—and would be a good chance for some members of the Literary Club to distinguish themselves who, for want of public libraries cannot read up; their own study observation and imagination being too SLENDER.

HEINRICH HEINE.

THE popular illustrated German paper, the *Gartenlaube*, announces the publication, in its columns, of a series of letters, containing 'Recollections of my Brother, Heinrich Heine,' by the Counsellor of State, Maximilian von Heine of Vienna, of which it gives a sample, touching on the relations of the witty poet and his rich uncle. The sarcastic, unsparing, generous-hearted nephew was a thorough contrast to his uncle, Salomon Heine, the richest man in the rich town of Hamburg, possessor of many millions, who, although by no means devoid of wit and humour, yet fancied that he had employed his time far better by amassing wealth than by wasting it upon making poetry. The nephew, in his turn, looked upon the money-makers with sovereign contempt, as thousands of anecdotes still circulating at Paris, in which the Rothschilds, Foulds, and other millionnaires play a prominent part, will testify. Yet uncle and nephew in the depths of their hearts respected each other and acknowledged each other's merits; but as soon as they met the conflict was unavoidable, as may easily be imagined. Salomon Heine, having gained his colossal riches by admirable activity, industry and intelligence, always lived in the simplest style, and never despised even the value of a penny,—which did not prevent him from giving large sums for charitable purposes. Heine, the poet, never knew the value of money, and was always ready to live as if he were possessed of the millions which his uncle objected to use in paying the debts of his nephew. He had to do it often enough, however, on which occasions he never failed to give elaborate sermons into the bargain. Under these circumstances Heinrich Heine was glad to leave Hamburg as often as he possibly could persuade his uncle to give him money for travelling. One morning, the poet, who had then finished his tragedy, 'Radcliff,' found his uncle at breakfast in pretty good humour, which happy constellation was made use of directly by his announcing to his uncle that he wished to see the country of his "Radcliff," in short, that he intended to travel in England. "Travel, then," replied the uncle.—"Ay! but living is dear in England."—"You received money not long ago."—"True, that will do for my expenses, but for the sake of representation I want a decent credit on Rothschild." The letter of credit (10,000 francs) was given to him, with the strict injunction, however, that it was to be considered only as a matter of form, not to be made use of in reality, the poet's purse being otherwise well supplied, mamma having put an extra present of 100 louis d'or into his pocket. The rich banker, however,

had to pay dear for this little piece of ostentation, for his nephew had not been twenty-four hours in London before the letter was presented to Baron James von Rothschild, and the 400l. cashed. But this was too much for poor, confiding Salomon. When he opened his letters at breakfast, and found one by Rothschild informing him "that he had had the extreme pleasure of making the personal acquaintance of his celebrated, charming nephew, and that he had had the honour to pay the 400l. to him," the pipe dropped from his mouth, and he ran up and down the room, swearing at Rothschild and at his nephew, by turns. In his excitement he ran to Heinrich's mother, communicating to her the amount of wickedness in her son. The worthy matron wrote an epistle full of severity to the culprit, who, in the meantime, enjoyed himself in London amazingly. It would not seem as if this epistle, nor his uncle's wrath, made a deep impression upon the poet, for one passage in his answer was verbally as follows:—"Old people have caprices; what my uncle gave in a fit of good-humour he might take back in ill-humour. I had to make sure. Who knows but in his next letter he might have written to Rothschild that the letter of credit was only a mere form; there are enough examples of the sort in the annals of rich bankers' offices. Indeed, dear mother, men must always make sure: would uncle have become so rich if he had not always made sure?" But his crime was not forgotten; on his return to Hamburg he had to encounter bitter reproaches for his extravagance, and threats that the uncle would never be reconciled to him again. After having listened in silence to this formidable sermon, Heine said,—"The best thing in you uncle, is that you bear my name," and proudly left the room. In spite of this piece of impudence, as uncle Salomon would call it, a reconciliation soon took place, for, after all, the rich banker loved his famous nephew and was very proud of him. He settled a handsome annuity upon him.

THE FIRST REFORM BILL.

NOW that a new Reform Bill is before the House of Commons, and exciting so much attention and discussion in the mother country, it is both interesting and instructive to look back upon the circumstances under which the first and greatest Reform Bill was passed, in 1832. A new generation has sprung up since that period, to whom the events of the time are known only as matters of history, or, perhaps, of vivid relation on the part of friends or relations, themselves deeply interested in the struggle. For the benefit of our readers, we will recall some of the most striking incidents of that time, which will, at least, be found to present a happy contrast in favour of the circumstances under which the new Reform Bill is introduced.

After the peace of 1815, men's minds were turned from the excitement of war and its victories or reverses, to the consideration of domestic affairs, and the price which was to be paid for the recent conflict. Taxation pressed heavily upon the country; the corn laws especially became a source of great privation; trade had not yet recovered its activity, and the working classes were in deep distress. Few persons would now be found to deny that those classes were comparatively without representation or influence in the popular legislature; and their sufferings were rendered more keen and oppressive by the knowledge that they possessed no constitutional remedy for the grievances of which they complained. Numerous meetings were held to promote such a reform in Parliament as should produce a better representation of the people. At one of these meetings, in Manchester, upwards of 60,000 persons, men, women, and children, were present. The meeting was held at a place known as St. Peter's Field, and in the midst of the proceedings an attempt was made to disperse the people by a body of yeomanry and cavalry, the result being that eleven of the persons assembled were killed and about 400 wounded. This calamitous event is known as "the Manchester Massacre," or the "Battle of Peterloo," the last name having been given in grim bur-

lesque of the Battle of Waterloo, a few years preceding. The occurrence took place in 1819, and in the same year Lord J. Russell first brought forward a measure for the reform of the representation, which was not entertained in Parliament.

The improving condition of the country shortly after, gave less urgency for a time to the cry for Parliamentary Reform; but it revived about the year 1830, when the people were again in deep distress. Their sufferings increased until they became guilty of the most lamentable excesses, firing ricks or breaking machinery all over the country—not heeding that by the first proceeding they were increasing the price of food, and by the second decreasing the demand for profitable labour—to their own direct loss in each instance. But the people were, in fact, "going mad with misery," and great allowance must be made for their excesses on this account.

Towards the end of 1830, a new Government entered office, pledged to a decided measure of reform. Earl Grey was at the head of the Cabinet, and Henry Brougham, now made Lord Brougham, was the Lord Chancellor. On the 1st of March, 1831, a Reform Bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Lord J. Russell, who then held the office of Paymaster of the Forces. The Bill provided for the disfranchisement of a large number of "rotten boroughs," a re-distribution of the seats, and a wide extension of the suffrage, the whole aiming to make the House of Commons more thoroughly a representative of the people. Among the abuses to be swept away was the return of members by such places as Gatton, where five electors returned two members; Minehead, with ten electors, also returning two; and many others. All this while, such populous places as Birmingham were entirely unrepresented.

The Bill encountered fierce opposition in the House, but after several nights' debate was read a first time. The second reading, which was the real trial of strength on the measure, was carried in a very full house by a majority of one only, the numbers being 302 against 301. The Ministry saw it was useless to attempt to pass the measure in face of such formidable opposition, and resolved to dissolve Parliament, and appeal to the country. The immediate occasion of this resolution was a defeat on a motion for the adjournment of the House, which occurred early in the morning of the 22nd of April. A Cabinet Council was held the same day, and the dissolution determined on. The Prime Minister and Lord Chancellor proceeded straight from the Council to the king, and urged him to prorogue the Parliament without an hour's delay, as "every hour it continued to sit was pregnant with danger to the peace and security of the kingdom." The king was exceedingly reluctant to act in this summary manner, but finally consented, and prorogued Parliament in person the same afternoon, almost before it was aware of his intention.

The new election gave Ministers an overwhelming majority, which enabled them to carry the measure through all its stages. It was read the third time in the Commons on the 19th of September, 1831, and then passed on to the House of Lords. After four nights' debate it was thrown out here, by a majority of 41.

The excitement caused by the rejection of the Bill was immense. Riots broke out in all parts of the country; the opponents of the measure scarcely dared to present themselves in the public streets, and many of them, including bishops of the Established Church, were violently assaulted. The popular cry was for "the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." Sixty thousand persons marched from the country to London to present a petition in its favour to the king. At Birmingham a meeting of 150,000 persons was held in its support. The country was in commotion.

Parliament was again summoned on the 6th of December; the Bill was once more introduced, with some few modifications, and read a second time in the Commons on the 16th of December, by 324 against 162. It again met with strong opposition in the House of Lords, but, after further alteration was finally read a third time on the 4th of June, 1832. On the 7th of June it received the royal assent, and became law.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREM.

1. 500 *no jar* = a celebrated river.
2. 51 *U rage ten* = a Canadian county.
3. 500 *age 100 brim* = a town in England.
4. 50 *square* = an English poet.
5. 50 *U rest* = a Province in the British Empire.
6. 500 *rage* = an English king.
7. 50 *ah teens* = an island.
8. 601 *up* = a troublesome lad.
9. 100 *or anna E* = a Grecian poet.
10. 500 *print seer* = Serious havoc.
11. 500 *let any* = a translator of the Bible.
12. 6 *many er* = a Canadian village.
- 13 151 *due* = a celebrated mathematician.
- 14 52 *U cheer* = a celebrated Cardinal.

The initials will give the name of a celebrated navigator. GARDE.

FRUITS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. An animal, a consonant, and an insect.
2. A beverage—and a number beheaded.
3. An animal curtailed, a grain curtailed, a vowel, and a beverage curtailed.
4. An animal curtailed, and a fruit.
5. A vegetable—and two-sixths of a fruit. J. N.

CHARADES.

- I am composed of eight letters.
 My 2, 1 is an interjection.
 My 6, 4, 8 is a metal.
 My 1, 2, 5, 6 is a command.
 My 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 is a great poet.
 My 5, 7, 2, 3 is a kind of earth.
 My 8, 2, 4, 5 is a useful article.
 My whole is a city. T. P. F.
2. My *first's* merry note at the breaking of dawn
 Calls a band to the valley, the field or the lawn;
 My *second's* soft music may cheer you,
 My *first* and my *second* together unite,
 And a dance you will form for a sailor's delight
 And one that is cherished by me too. X. Y.
 3. My *first* is company; my *second* shuns company; my *third* collects company, and my *whole* amuses company. X. Y.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. My whole is any depth that you may please,
 Behead me and you'll find my depth with ease;
 Behead again, instead of less I'm more,
 For then my depth is twice it was before. J. S.
2. In my whole the foolish oft are found,
 Behead me—mourners crave my aid;
 Again—I'm seed sprung from the ground;
 Once more—amid the greenwood shade
 In frolic I have often played. J. S.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A person travelled a journey of 282 miles, of which he went nine miles by steamboat to seven on foot, and six miles by steamboat to five on railway. How many miles did he travel each way?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, No. 32.

Puzzle.—Eleven. When they are cricketers.
Enigma.—The word which is the foundation for this enigma is "stranger." 1 Gnat, 2 Rat, 3 Nest, 4 Great, 5 Net, 6 Tan, 7 Ear, 8 Gretna, 9 Art, 10 Stare, 11 Age, 12 Tears, 13 Rage and Anger, 14 Sage, 15 Ate, 16 Stag, 17 East, 19 Grate, 20 Tar, 22 Lea, 22 Tag, 23 Ant, 24 Rags, 25 Tares, 26 Eat, 27 Range, 28 Hog, 29 Stage, 31 Gate, 32 Ten, 33 Neat, 34 Near, 35 Seat, 37 Tea, 38 Rate, 40 Sent, 41 Rent, 42 Grant, 43 Get, 44 Earn, 45 Strange. We have not the answers to the numbers omitted.
Decapitations.—1 Plover-lover-over. 2 About-out.
Charades.—1 Ignatius Loyola. 2 Bedfellow. 3 Yarmouth.
Transpositions.—1 Independent. 2 Woman's promises.
Arithmorems.—1 Elora. 2 Lindsay. 3 Pictou. 4. Simcoe. 5 Cornwallis.
Arithmetical Problems.—The numbers are nine and twelve.
 We are compelled to omit the answers received this week.
 Too late for insertion in our last issue. T. P. F., Elora, and Amelia B.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TYRO, QUEREC.—We fear the game would be too tedious, as it presents no striking points of interest. Try to favour us with a game or two in the match referred to.
R. B., TORONTO.—The solution is too commonplace, at the same time the Problem is very creditable for a first attempt. Try again.
PROBLEM No 19.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; J. W.; Philidor; X. L. Kingston; R. B. Toronto; M. N. Brighton; and J. G. C. Arnprior. Several correspondents give as the key move to this Problem B to Q B 8th, evidently overlooking Black's reply 1. P takes F (ch), which prevents the solution as stipulated.
PROBLEM No. 20.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; Marathon; J. W.; W. S., Toronto; and J. G. C. Arnprior.

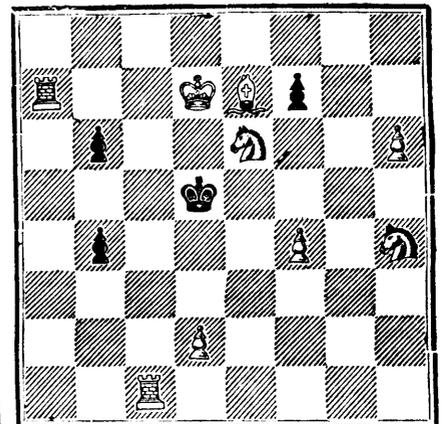
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 20.

- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to Q B 3rd (ch.) | K to Q Kt 3rd (best.) |
| 2. B to Q 4th (ch.) | K to R 4th. |
| 3. Q to Q B 7th (ch.) | Q takes Q. |
| 4. P Mates. | |

PROBLEM No. 22.

By DR. I. RYALL, HAMILTON, C.W.

BLACK.

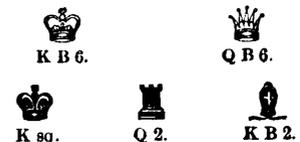


WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 1.

(From Kling and Horwitz's Chess Studies.)



White to play and win.

A beautifully played attack by Herr Hirschfeld, of Berlin, against Herr Schleppees.—*Bell's Life*.

ROY LOPEZ Kt's GAME.

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE. (Hirschfeld.) | BLACK. (Schleppees) |
| 1 P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2 K Kt to B 3rd. | Q Kt to B 3rd. |
| 3 K B to Kt 5th. | P to Q R 3rd. |
| 4 B to Q R 4th. | K Kt to B 3rd. |
| 5 P to Q 4th. | K Kt takes P. |
| 6 Castles. | K B to K 2nd. |
| 7 K R to K sq. | P to K B 4th. |
| 8 P to Q 5th (a.) | Q Kt home. |
| 9 K Kt takes P. | Castles. |
| 10 K R takes Kt (b.) | B P takes R. |
| 11 P to Q 6th. | K B to his 3rd. |
| 12 K B to Kt 3rd (ch.) | K to R sq. |
| 13 Kt to Kt 6th (ch.) (c.) | B P takes Kt. |
| 14 Q to K 4th. | K to R 2nd. |
| 15 Q Kt to B 3rd. | Q Kt to B 3rd. |
| 16 Kt takes K P. | Q Kt to K 4th. |
| 17 Kt takes K B (ch.) | Kt P takes Kt. |
| 18 Q to R 4th (ch.) | K to Kt 2nd. |
| 19 Q to R 6th Mate. | |

- (a) Seriously crowding Black's game, is the advance of this Pawn.
- (b) The hand of a master—a coup worthy Morphy.
- (c) Mark the conceptions of the artist as distinguished from those of the mere amateur, who would here, probably, have contented himself with a commonplace winning of the exchange.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LECLERC.—Next week. No objection we suppose to an "armful."

S. J. C., OTTAWA.—All correct. Much obliged for the contributions which we will use as far as possible.

MARY R.—If you cannot procure the song in Toronto, we shall be happy to order it for you.

FELIX.—We think you are quite correct, but why not test it by an experiment.

DELTA.—Alexander the Great died in Babylon in the 33rd year of his age, after a reign of twelve years and eight months.

FELIX.—We suppose it is because they do unto each other what they would that men should do unto them.

ALBERT E.—Dryden was the author of the couplet,

"For those whom God to ruin has designed,
He fits for fate, and first destroys their mind;"

FULTON.—The story is that once upon a time that merry monarch, Charles II, knighted a favourite joint of beef which has from thenceforth been known as "Sir Loin."

VOLUNTEER.—Berthold Schwartz is supposed to have discovered gunpowder in 1336, but others say it was used in China as early as A.D. 85; and it is asserted that the Arabs employed it at the siege of Mecca, A.D. 690. Roger Bacon is also frequently mentioned as the inventor.

GEORGE.—The popular story "The two wives of the King" will probably run through about twenty numbers.

C. H. S.—We shall be glad to see the MSS., and think they will prove acceptable. Your supposition is quite correct. The claim you refer to is allowed as a matter of course.

JAMES PORTER.—The numbers are forwarded. Thanks for your suggestion.

J. F. F.—We regret that we are not able to use the contributions you so kindly forwarded. Try something more simple.

HELENA.—In olden times it was the custom at Christmas time at court and in the families of noblemen to appoint an officer to preside over the revels, who was called the "Lord of Misrule" or master of "Merry Disports."

GEORGE S.—Pure glycerine is probably the best remedy that can be used for chapped hands.

T. O. S.—The lines commencing "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces" occur in Prospero's famous speech at the commencement of the fourth act of the "Tempest."

ANXIOUS.—We always endeavour to avoid meeting trouble half way. Our own opinion is that no serious attack will be made by the Fenians upon either of the British North American Provinces. Your solicitude however is very natural.

A WELL-WISHER.—Your efforts deserve more than our best thanks, and we are happy to inform you that the publishers are prepared to present to any of our friends who may succeed in getting up a club of ten yearly subscribers to the *READER* a valuable Sewing Machine, the retail price of which is fifteen dollars in gold. Specimens of the machines will be shortly forwarded to the agents in Toronto, Hamilton and London. They will do the same work and do it as well as the old fifty dollar machines, and will be found very valuable additions to households. The publishers are determined to use every effort to extend the circulation of the *READER*, and they offer this inducement to our friends as a pledge of that determination.

H. P.—Received, thanks!

MISCELLANEA.

The English language has been officially adopted by the government of the Japanese Empire, and permission has been given to have it taught publicly.

In England and Wales, twenty-seven letters, on an average, were delivered to each person, through the Post Office, during 1865.

REMARKABLE TREE.—During a late violent gale in Scotland, a large fir-tree worthy of note

was blown down in the garden of Duncrub, belonging to the Right Hon. Lord Rollo. The tree was fully eighty feet in height, its circumference at the root was eighteen feet, and it was planted in 1706, to commemorate the union between England and Scotland.

SPANISH PROVERBS.—Water that has run by will turn no mill.—**LOVE**, a horse, and money, will carry a man through the world.—Three things kill a man: a hot sun, supper, and trouble.—To shave an ass is a waste of lather.—If the gossip is not in her own house, she is in somebody else's.—Don't speak ill of the year till it is over.—The mother-in-law forgets she was once a daughter-in-law.—A mewing cat is no mouser.—Men are as grateful for kind deeds as the sea is when you fling it a cup of water.

A Paris correspondent says, the extravagance and eccentricities of French ladies of high life in matters of dress are really beyond all description. They have now taken a fancy to boots with heels plated with gold and silver. These boots may actually be seen in the shop windows of some of the fashionable shoemakers.

A JAPANESE PRESENT.—A valuable present from the Tycoon of Japan to the Emperor Napoleon has reached Marseilles. It consists of 15,000 cases of silk-worms, the more prized inasmuch as it has been clearly proved that Japanese silkworms produce a superior quality of silk to those of any other country, and are, moreover, less liable to the disease which has of late years caused so much distress to the silk growers of the south of France.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

By the last Australian mail, letters have been received announcing the discovery of petroleum on Kangaroo Island. On the sea-coast the substance oozes out close to the beach, is as light as water, and burns brightly.

A NEW SYSTEM OF SHOEING HORSES.—A Paris blacksmith has invented a new system of shoeing horses. Instead of the shoe being placed—frequently much too hot—on the hoof, and burning its own resting place, the outside of the hoof is cut away round the foot to about the depth of half an inch; this leaves a ledge into which the shoe fits, and is then flush with the frog, which just touches the ground, and the whole foot rests on the ground instead of being raised as of old by the shoes.

A new printing telegraph is announced that is to transmit through a single line of wire, and print in Roman letters, the enormous number of 300 words in a minute. It is the joint production of MM. Bonelli and Hipp, of Neuchatel, the former of whom is already well known as the inventor of a printing telegraph.

THE NEW ATLANTIC CABLE.—About 160 miles of this cable have now been made, and when all the machinery is at work, the manufacture, it is said, will proceed at the rate of 100 miles a week. The structure is said to be identical with the last, only the rope will bear a strain of from 15 cwt. to a ton more than that of last year, so that it must be heavier, although there is no dark composition soaked into the Manila hemp which forms the covering of the outer wires. The outward appearance is far different, being of light colour instead of dark. The *Great Eastern* will endeavour first to lay this new cable, and afterwards to raise the old, and complete it also.

A NEW TORPEDO.—A torpedo of a more powerful and destructive kind than any hitherto invented has just been tried in the dockyard of Castigneau, Toulon, with complete success. The *Vauban* ship of war, attacked by a boat twenty feet long, supplied with a spur, armed with a fulminating torpedo was lifted three feet out of the water, and instantly sunk, in consequence of an enormous hole in her keel, caused by the torpedo. The success was the more remarkable, as the charge of powder was only six pounds; but it is of a new invention, and more powerful than any yet tried.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE MOST UNCOMMON OF ALL RAILROAD ACCIDENTS.—The arrival of a train at the appointed time.

CAUTION TO THE LADIES.—A woman shouldn't be too sweet. To be smeared with honey is to be teased by insects.

The late Lord Lyttleton, after visiting, in company with the head-master, Dr. Wool, the room at Rugby in which corporal punishments were inflicted, the doctor, who was a very little man, asked, "What motto would be appropriate?"—"Great cry and little wool," responded his lordship.

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer," has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

A GERMAN being required to give a receipt in full, after much mental effort, produced the following;—"I ish full. I wants no more money. JOHN SWACKHAMMER."

"MADAM, a good many persons were very much disturbed at the concert last night, by the crying of your baby."—"Well, I do wonder such people will go to concerts."

"SARÉ," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his knowledge of the English language, "did it rain to-morrow?"—"Yes, saré," was the equally bombastic reply; "yes, saré, it vos."

A LITTLE boy being asked, "What is the chief end of man?" replied, "The end what's got the head on."

DR. FRANKLIN says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

JUST DEFINITION.—1st idler (*reading paper*): "The sight presented was enough to paralyze the strongest man." (*To companion*): "What's 'to paralyze?'" 2nd idler: "You're a gentleman and a scholar; you're a useful member of society and a good fellow. That's two pair o' lies. (*1st idler is paralyzed*.)"

NOTHING was so much dreaded in our schoolboy days, says a distinguished writer, as to be punished by sitting between two girls. Ah, the force of education! In after years we learn to submit to such things without shedding a tear.

"NOTHING can be done well that is done in a hurry," oracularly declared a certain pompous passenger in a railway carriage one morning lately. "How about catching a train?" asked a wag at his elbow. The oracle was silenced.

LETTING HIM DOWN BY DEGREES.—A general who left Minnesota for the war as captain, and was breveted brigadier-general for gallant conduct in the field, gives an account of how "they left him down easy" on his retirement to civil life. At Washington he was General H.; at Madison, Colonel H.; at the town, where he organized his company the cry was, "How are you, captain?" and when he got to S—, where he resides, every boy was shouting, "Hallo, Sam!"

A HIGHLAND laird, who was very fond of card-playing, had been engaged in it until a late hour on a Saturday evening. Next morning in church he accidentally pulled out of his pocket with his handkerchief a pack of cards, which were scattered in every direction. The attention of the minister was called to this untoward circumstance, and looking straight at the offender, he exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, but your Psawim book is unco ill bound."

AN old lady, who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of an unusual event, that she had predicted it, was one day very nicely sold by her worthy spouse, who, like many others we have heard of, had got tired of her eternal "I told you so!" Rushing into the house, breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, wife, wife! What—what—what do you think? The old brindle cow has gone and eat up our grindstone!" The old lady was ready; and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she broke out at the top of her lungs, "I told you so! I told you so! You always would let it stan out o' doors!"