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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 31.

FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 7, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

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

HOMERIC TRANSLATIONS.

IN the present number of the *Saturday Reader*, we hasten to fulfill a promise lately made—namely, to lay before the friends who peruse our pages, some specimens of Homeric translations, done into ballad shape by the late Dr. Maginn, and which productions first saw the light, some nineteen or twenty years ago, in the columns of *Fraser's Magazine*. But before we proceed to the immediate accomplishment of our task, we shall have to make some necessary preliminary observations; and these observations we may liken to so many acclivities, up which we should desire the reader to accompany us, if he wish to enjoy, to its full extent, the beauty of the landscape that lies beyond, smiling in perpetual summer loveliness.

Some years after Maginn's death, his Homeric Ballads were collected into a volume and published in London. The work was edited anonymously by a gentleman, an excellent Greek scholar, who had acted under Dr. Maginn, as a sort of sub-editor of *Fraser*. This gentleman says: "Dr. Maginn may be esteemed the first who consciously realized to himself the truth that Greek ballads can be really represented in English only by a similar measure. This is his great praise, and will continue after the success of his translation shall have been ratified by other workmen in the same field. . . . It is a sufficient condemnation of the various specimens of hexameter translation which have been published of late years to say, that they answer to nothing in English. A really successful version of Homer, when made, will appear in some form already existing in our literature. Such an attempt is in no way superseded by the present publication, which will rather serve it as a prelude and harbinger. On the other hand, no triumph of subsequent translations can detract from the merit of a work by which the ground was first broken up—a work which, like *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, its natural associate in the public mind, though its junior in point of time, aims at resolving, into their constituent elements, whether primary or not, the records of a nation's antiquity."

Another excellent judge, and Greek scholar, speaks of these translations as follows: "For antique dignity and faithfulness they are unsurpassed by any versions in our language, and will carry his name down to all time with that of Pope. . . . One is a translation—the other a paraphrase. Those who wish to know *what* and *how* Homer wrote, must meet Maginn—those who seek to be delighted with the *Iliad* must peruse Pope. . . . The writings on which Maginn appears to have bestowed most care, were the Homeric Ballads."

We shall now proceed from the prosaic to the

poetic part of our task. In order to test the fidelity of the translations, we shall, in some cases append a strictly literal rendering, as given by Theodore Alois Buckley, B.A. This rendering is in prose, and we can assure our readers is an exact transcript of the original; but of course, the melody of Homer, and the graces of versification, have been sacrificed—a proceeding which was unavoidable.

THE ARMING OF ACHILLES.

[Achilles arms himself to proceed to the field in order to avenge the death of his beloved friend, Patroclus, slain by Hector, the principal defender of Troy.]

I.

As snow-flakes are driven through the wintry heaven
When Boreas fiercely blows,
So thick and so fast, helms beaming bright,
And bossy shields, and corsets tight,
And ash-spears ready for the fight,
Out from the ships arose.

II.

And their brilliant beam, in dazzling stream,
Skyward ascending soared,
And the sheen which their armour shed around
Lit with a laugh the kindling ground,
While their trampling feet raised a thunder sound,
As they closed about their lord.

III.

His teeth he gnashed, and his eye-balls flashed
Like the flame of a burning brand;
His soul with grief and rage was fraught;
And wrapping his heart in vengeful thought,
He harnessed himself in the armour wrought,
And given by Hephestus* hand.

IV.

First, with the grasp of a silver clasp,
His greaves did he buckle on;
Then he armed his breast with a bright cuirass,
Flung round his shoulders his sword of brass,
Uplifted his shield, a ponderous mass,
Like the moon from afar it shone.

V.

As when sailors, who keep on the storm-vexed deep
Their way with unwilling oar,
The blaze of a distant fire espy
From some lonely fold on the mountains high,
When forced by the blast their course they fly,
Driven away from their native shore;

VI.

So to heaven shot the light from the buckler bright
That guarded Achilles' breast.
Next lifted he up to sheath his head,
His helmet of strength fit for combat dread,
Around, like a star was its lustre shed
Beneath the horse-hair crest.

VII.

And the golden thread, so thickly spread
By Hephestus the cane around,
Waved in the air, as the chief essayed,
If close to his shape were the armour laid,
If his shapely limbs in free motion played
Within its harness bound.

VIII.

With the lightsome spring of a bird's fleet wing
Buoyant they bore him on;
And next from the spear-case he went to take
His father's spear, huge, massy of make,
Which no other hand in the host could shake
Save his good right hand alone.

[Achilles having mounted his chariot proceeds to address his horse:]

XII.

"My bright bay horse,—my fleet of course,
Podargé's far-famed brood—
Yours be it your master back to bear
From the battle-field now with surer care
Leave me not as you left Patroclus there,
All weltering in his blood."

XIII.

Then out upspoke from beneath the yoke
His dapple-foot steed of bay,
Low stooped his head, and the mane around
His yoke encircling swept over the ground,
For Hector had given him vocal sound
Achilles' fate to say.

XIV.

"Once yet again from the battle plain,
Safe back we bear thee home;
But thy hour of death is hastening nigh,
All blameless are we, yet thou must die,
Slain by the hand of a godhead high,
Such is Fate's relentless doom.

XV.

"By no lack of speed, no sloth of steed,
Patroclus' arms were lost;
It was he, most glorious god of light,
The son of fair Leto, of tresses bright,
Who slew him amid the foremost fight,
And gave Hector the fame to boast.

XVI.

"By our flight as fast as Zephyrus' blast
Was thy chariot whirled along,
Yet here it is fated thy bones be laid,
By a god's strong power and a mortal's blade."
Mute was the horse when these words were said,
For the Furies chained his tongue.

XVII.

Then with angry word the swift-foot lord,
Thus spoke his prophetic horse:
"Why, Xanthus, in boding tone,
Hast thou my coming death forewarned?
Needless to tell what so well is known,
That here I lay my corse.

XVIII.

"It is fixed by Fate that I end my days
From my father's land afar;
But still ere my day of life runs out,
No war shall the Trojans lack or rout."
So said he; and, with a thundering shout,
Drove his steeds in the thickest war.

We shall now give our readers an opportunity of comparing the above with the original:

"And as when thick snow-flakes fly down from Jove, beneath the force of the cold, air-clearing Boreas; so from the ships were borne out, crowded helmets, shining brightly, and bossed shields, strong-cavitated corsets and ashen spears. But the sheen reached to heaven, and all the earth around smiled beneath the splendour of the brass; and a trampling of the feet of men arose beneath. In the midst, noble Achilles was armed, and there was a gnashing of his teeth, and his eyes shone like a blaze of fire; but intolerable grief entered his heart within him; and, enraged against the Trojans, he put on the gifts of the god, which Vulcan, toiling, had fabricated for him. First around his legs he placed the beautiful greaves, joined with silver clasps, next he put on the corset round his breast, and suspended from his shoulders, the brazen, silver-studded swords; then he seized the shield, large and solid, the sheen of which went to a great distance, as of the moon. And as when from the sea the blaze of a burning fire shines to mariners, which is lit aloft among the mountains in a solitary place; but the storm bears them against their inclination away from their friends over the fishy deep; so from the shield of Achilles, beautifully and skillfully made, the brightness reached the sky. But raising it he put the strong helmet on his head; and the helmet, crested with horse-hair, shone like a star; and the golden tufts which Vulcan had diffused thick around the cone were shaken. When noble Achilles tried himself in his arms if they would fit him, and if his fair limbs would move freely in them; but they were like wings to him, and lifted up the shepherd of the people," etc.

One of the most famous episodes in the *Iliad* is the colloquy of Glaucus and Diomedes in the Sixth Book. Dr. Maginn says, in his introduction to his translation, that we have here "the magnificently Homeric comparison of the generations of men to the generations of leaves, which was one of the greatest favourites of antiquity." The whole translation, though very beautiful, is too lengthy for our columns, but we give the first stanza as a specimen of Maginn's powers of versification. Glaucus thus addresses Diomedes:

Why do you ask, bold Tydeus' son,
Why do you ask, what race am I?
As forest leaves have come and gone,
So does the race of mankind lie!
The wind outblows, and straightway strows
The scattered leaves upon the ground;
But soon the wood blooms green in bud,
When again the spring-tide hours come round.

* Vulcan.

† Juno.

‡ Apollo.

THE FUNERAL OF ACHILLES.

The ghosts by Leucæ's rock had gone
Over the ocean streams;
And they had passed on through the gates of the sun,
And the slumberous land of dreams.

II.

And onward thence to the verdant mead,
Flowering with asphodel
Their course was led, where the tribes of the dead,
The shadows of mankind dwell.

A dialogue takes place between the Shade of Agamemnon,—who was foully slain, with the connivance of his wife, after his return from the siege of Troy—and that of Achilles. King Agamemnon thus addresses the ghost of the great Achilles:

XI.

"How blest," then said Atrides' shade,
"Thy lot who fell in war;
God-like Achilles lowly laid,
In Troy, from Argos far.

XII.

"We round thy corse, as slain it lay,
The bravest and the best
Of either hosts the livelong day
In slaughterous combat pressed.

XIII.

"Mid clouds of dust, that o'er the dead,
In whirlwind fierce arose,
On the battle field, all vastly spread,
Did thy vast limbs repose;
The skill forgot, which whilome sped
Thy steed among the foes.

XIV.

"All day we fought, and no one thought
Of holding of the hand;
Till a storm to an end the contest brought,
Sent by high Jove's command.

XV.

"From the field of fight thy corse we bore,
And for the ships we made;
We washed away the stains of gore,
And thy body fair anointed o'er,
Upon its last bed laid.

XXII.

"By day and night for ten days' space—
For ten days' space and seven,
Wept we the man of mortal race,
And the deathless gods of heaven.

XXIII.

"And when the eighteenth morning came,
To the pile thy corse was borne;
And many fat sheep were slain at the flame
And steers of twisted horn.

XXVII.

"In waterless wine and ointment fine,
When the fire had ceased to burn,
We laid those relics prized of thine
All in a golden urn.

XXXI.

"And the Argive spearmen, gathering round,
Upraised a mighty heap,
For thy tomb, a large and lofty mound
Upon a jutting steep.

XXXII.

"Landmark conspicuous there for aye,
By Hellè's waters wide,
For men who may sail on a future day,
As for those of the present tide."

The following are the first two stanzas in the original: "And they came near the streams of the ocean and the Leucadian rock, and they went near the gates of the sun, and the people of dreams; and they came quickly to the meadow of Asphodel, where dwelt the souls, the images of the dead."

We might give many more specimens from Maginn's Homeric Ballads, but the demands on our space compel us to desist for the present. In conclusion, we will lay before our readers one of Pope's most celebrated passages, in order that they may test the fidelity with which he adheres to the original; it is the conclusion of the eighth Book of the *Iliad*:

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of light,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault and bless the useful light.

So many flames before proud Ilium blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend.
Whose unnumbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send,
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

Now the whole of the above stately versification is elaborated and altered from the following words of the original:

"But they, greatly elated, sat all night in the ranks of war, and many fires blazed for them. As when in heaven the stars appear very conspicuous around the lucid moon, when the æther is wont to be without a breeze, and all the pointed rocks and lofty summits and groves appear, but in heaven the immense æther is disclosed, and all the stars are seen, and the shepherd rejoices in his soul. Thus did many fires of the Trojans appear before Ilium, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus. A thousand fires blazed in the plain, and by each sat fifty men, at the light of the blazing fires. But their steeds, eating white barley and oats, standing by the chariots, awaited beautiful throned Aurora."

THE MAGAZINES.

We are indebted to Messrs Dawson Bros. for an instalment of the Magazines for March.

FRASER'S opens with an article on Jamaica: This article has no direct reference to the recent painful events which have directed so much attention to the island, but discusses the general state of society there, and particularly the effect of emancipation on the blacks. Whilst asserting that crime has of late years rapidly increased among the negroes, the whites in many respects are spoken of in little better terms, and the home government are called upon to apply a remedy to this state of things. A paper on Progress in Scotland follows. An article on Clubs is full of amusing reading. The Domesday of Hampshire presents a singular picture of England nearly eight hundred years ago. Sir Edmund Head is a contributor to the present number; he furnishes some translations of Spanish Ballads.

TEMPLE BAR.—One of the principal features of Temple Bar for March is a paper entitled "A Real Casual on Casual Wards, with an Introduction and Notes, by J. C. Parkinson." The writer of the introduction advertised in the *Times* for a real Casual and found one; Mr. P. vouches for the absolute truth of the statements contained in the article. "The Streets of the World," by George A. Sala, and several serial tales are continued. The number is a very good one.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.—This magazine comes to us with a perfect wealth of fashion plates. To our eye the extreme beauty of the colouring of several of them is their chief charm, but we doubt not our fair friends would find other and more material beauties in them. The letter-press is generally of a high order; and we notice, as is the case with so many of the English Magazines at the present time, a chapter on explorations among the wretchedly poor who inhabit the back slums of the principal city of the world. A musical supplement is given with the present number. All things considered, we deem this magazine the cheapest and best lady's magazine in existence.

THE PLACE BRITISH AMERICANS HAVE WON IN HISTORY. A lecture delivered in Aylmer, C. E., by Henry J. Morgan, Esq. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

The research which has been necessary to prepare the materials for his forthcoming work on the literature of British North America, has eminently fitted Mr. Morgan to deal with the subject of this lecture. As a people we have scarcely escaped from our swaddling clothes, and we confess we were unprepared to find that these colonies have given birth to so noble an array of men who have won for themselves a name and place in history. Among the goodly band referred to by Mr. Morgan we find numbers who have occupied a more than respectable place in literature and the arts; men who have adorned the Bench in the motherland, have held high

office under the imperial government; stood pre-eminent for courage and devotion on the battle-field, and received some of the highest honours in the power of the sovereign to bestow. One cannot read this lecture without feeling proud of the land of his birth or adoption, and we have to thank the author for bringing together in one group, as it were, the worthies who have shed lustre upon the annals of British North America.

THE ORNITHOLOGY OF CANADA, BY J. M. LEMOINE.

We have much pleasure in commending this volume on "The Birds of Canada." The ornithology of this Province is a subject which is not only unhackneyed, but possesses a great deal of interest. In the work before us, Mr. Lemoine has shown a thorough knowledge of his subject, and has treated it in an instructive as well as a popular manner; and the descriptions of the feathered denizens of our woods are as graphic as they are comprehensive. The public appreciation of the work is evidenced by the large sale it has met with. We believe there are but a few copies of the first edition remaining in the hands of the publisher.

It is always a pleasure to hear the Hon. Mr. McGee speak, and we are glad to announce that he will, on Monday evening next, April 2nd, deliver a lecture in the City Concert Hall, on "Heroic Charity." Mr. McGee has consented to deliver this lecture in behalf of an admirable charitable asylum—the Female Deaf and Dumb Institution, Upper St. Denis Street. Although the inmates of this Institution are unhappily debarred from appreciating the charm of Mr. McGee's eloquence, we trust they may receive substantial benefits from the lecture, in the shape of a large accession to the funds of the Institution. We understand that the St. Ann's Band will be in attendance, and that his Worship the Mayor will occupy the chair. The lecture will commence at eight o'clock.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MESSRS. CASSELL'S subscription list for the English edition of Gustave Doré's famous Bible illustrations has been an extraordinary one. The first impression has been almost entirely absorbed, and the booksellers of London alone put down their names for nearly 30,000 copies.

MR. GEORGE JESSÉ is about to publish "Researches into the History of the British Dog, from Ancient Laws, Charters, and Historical Records," with original anecdotes and illustrations of the nature and attributes of the dog, from the poets and writers of mediæval and modern times, with twenty whole-page engravings, designed and etched by the author.

The second volume of Professors Owen's "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals," including warm-blooded Vertebrates, with 406 woodcuts, has been published.

THE new volume of the Napoleon Correspondence shows that the Emperor never wavered in his love of books. After a day of no little mental toil and political anxiety at Schonbrunn, he sits quietly down in the evening to write a long letter to his librarian at Paris on several matters of detail, all of which are full of interest to book collectors.

MESSRS. TRUBNER & Co. will shortly publish "The Lost and Perishing Beauties of the English Language," a dictionary of obsolete and extinct words and phrases, or of such as only have a still lingering existence in out-of-the-way places in Great Britain, the colonies, and North America, collected by Dr. Mackay on both sides of the Atlantic.

THE Senate of the University of Cambridge has declined Mr. Yates Thompson's offer to endow a lectureship on American History in that University, shackled as it was with the appointment being in the patronage of American professors.

M. RENAN'S "Vies des Apôtres" is on the eve of publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- 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.
- Author of "Schonberg Cotta Family," "Winifred Bertram and the World she lived in." By the author of "The Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family," "Diary of Ketty Trevelyan," &c., &c. London: Nelsons. Montreal: R. Worthington, St. James Street.
- Hatch. The Constitution of Man, Physically, Morally, and Spiritually Considered: or the Christian Philosopher. By B. F. Hatch, M.D. This work has been very favorably reviewed by some of the leading reviews in the United States. The subject is an entirely new one, and one worthy of perusal.
- A New Novel. Wives and Daughters. By Mrs. Gaskell, author of Mary Barton, Cousin Phillis, &c. Paper covers \$1.00. Cloth \$1.50. R. Worthington, 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. 16 mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chastelard, a Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne, author of Atalanta in Colydon, &c. &c. 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.
- Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. 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 calf extra, \$9.00.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 53.

CHAPTER XXXVI. PROFESSOR GRIESBACH.

"I could not be unthankful—I who was Entreated thus and holpen. In the room I speak of, ere the house was well awake, And also after it was well asleep, I sat alone, and drew the blessing in."

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

Nothing could well be more strange than the dwelling which, as we have said, Norman reached at nightfall. It was full half a mile out of the village of Woodford, in the forest. If the intention of those who built it had been to seclude themselves from seeing any of the pleasant woodland round about, they could not have more completely effected it, for a high wall was erected that enclosed the house in a complete square. A green path, diverging from the forest glade, led up to a door in this wall, which opened into a gravelled yard, from whence every sign of vegetation was removed. Two dog-kennels held mastiffs, that barked in concert in answer to his ring. A small substantial old house, with many chimneys and rather grimy, stood in the centre of the enclosure. There were outside shutters to the lower windows, closed halfway up; no curtains or blinds shielded or decorated the upper casements. At a glance it might be inferred that no feminine care had been bestowed on the arrangement of the dwelling. It did not look either dilapidated or deserted, but rather given up to some worker who had so completely utilised it, that he excluded all ornament as an impertinent intrusion on the business or study carried on there. But that Nature's decorative hand would persist in hanging a festoon of ivy, and tracing an arabesque of moss upon the walls, the place would have been dull indeed. As it was, the shadow of the mural out-works made the yard very sombre. Norman conjectured rightly that, when the house had been first built, it was a lodge with a garden amid umbrageous forest trees, but that the wall had been added since.

A tall wiry old man, with a military air, and habited in what seemed more like shabby regimentals than a livery, opened the door, took the letter, glanced at it, evidently recognizing the hand-writing, and telling Norman, in words almost unintelligible from their foreign accent, to follow him, commanded the dogs to be silent and ushered the youth into a little hall paved with red tiles, out of which different doors opened into the lower rooms. He was left there nearly half an hour and his heart became heavy with apprehension. "Was there any doubt that he would be received? If so what should he do?" were his mental queries. Just as, having shifted himself from one foot to another, he was ready to fall with weariness after his long walk from London a door opened, and he was beckoned into a room well lighted with gas, where the only article of furniture was a large centre dining-table, to which there was a sort of annex, in the shape of a tray on legs covered with a coarse cloth, and bearing a knife and plate, a trencher with a dark brown loaf, flanked by a jug of milk.

"See—your rations," said the same man who had let him in, pointing to the table, and adding one word, "Eat."

Norman did not wait for further directions. He sat down, and made so hearty a meal of the very plain fare, that he felt half angry with himself as he looked at the diminished loaf.

"You can be active enough when it pleases you, young man," said a sharp voice startlingly near.

Norman turned, and saw standing at the back of his chair a small, thin, arid looking old man, with a stoop in the shoulders, whose head and face were so bare of hair that it might be inferred it had dried and rubbed off, leaving a little grizzled fluff all except the eyebrows, which were quite white, and very bushy, hiding the small, keen eyes, that yet at times flickered out brightly under their shadow. The forehead was prominent and large—seemed, indeed, to have drawn the head forward by its weight and caused the stoop. There was nothing reassuring in the old man's manner,

as Norman, rising instantly, said, apologetically, "I beg pardon, Mr. Griesbach—"

"Yes, Professor Griesbach is my same. Sit down. Have you done?" looking at the viands on the table, and, without pausing for an answer, continuing, "I don't know why Max—Dr. Griesbach, I mean—has sent you to me, Mr. Driftwood," he looked at a letter in his hand to make sure of the name, and added, dubiously, "I've nothing that I know of for you to do. Fritz helps me. Fritz is worth any dozen of the idle young gormandizing scrapegraces I have ever had. Don't interrupt me," observing Norman about to speak. "Of course you'll promise fair, and all that. I don't want talk, I'm no talker, not like——" He checked himself, but Norman thought he was going to name his relative, Dr. Griesbach; but he added, "I do like work. So I may as well give you a trial, as he has asked me; but you'll be sure not to suit me—sure."

He pressed a knob at the corner of the mantelshelf, and a side door in a panel flew open. Fritz appeared, and, with a touch of his hand, wheeled away the tray from the table. The fire had gone low, and when Fritz had withdrawn himself, as summarily as the retreating tray, Norman noticed that Professor Griesbach sat down in a low chair, and pressing on the arm, sent out a blast of air through a tube that roused the fire into a blaze, as from a powerful bellows.

"What a clever contrivance!" exclaimed Norman, surprised out of silence.

"Clever! Bah! Hold your tongue. What do you know about clever?" said the professor, testily. Then he held his thin hands over the blaze, and, looking intently at it, sunk into profound silence. He sat thus for full an hour, to Norman's annoyance, who felt afraid to move; he then rose, and without taking the least notice of the lad, left the room by the panel-door, his slippers making no more sound than when he had entered. In a few minutes after Fritz returned, and beckoning Norman, led him out of the room.

The hall and staircase were now lighted up, and the youth, notwithstanding the sort of seal of silence on the inmates of the house, could not forbear saying, inquiringly, "Gas here, in this remote house in the forest?"

"Why not? we make it. The professor likes light."

The man's manner was so little conciliatory, that Norman did not again speak. He was ushered into a small chamber, nearly as empty as the hall. A narrow bed on trestles, in the middle of the room, and a three-legged stool, comprised the furniture; but, to Norman's comfort, a door opposite stood open, and showed a bathroom. He uttered a pleased exclamation at the sight, and the very faintest indication of a smile relaxed the grim face of old Fritz, who said—

"Light and water in plenty, stranger. Good night."

He was gone just as Norman longed to ask him a few questions, so he was fain to be silent. The hour was yet early, but it was evident he was to go to bed at once. He lost no time in refreshing himself, after his weary day, with a good plunge in the bath, and then could certainly have slept on the boards, with a log for a pillow; and his bed was not much softer, though a German padded quilt, or upper bed, soon made him so warm, that he rested as if seven nights were condensed in one.

He was awake next morning, before daylight, by Fritz entering into his room with a light, and saying, "I'd advise you, Mr. Driftwood, to get up and turn that handle, before Douche calls." He pointed to a bit of rail at the bed-head.

"Who's Douche?" thought Norman, as Fritz left the room; and, notwithstanding his capital sleep, feeling tired from the previous day, he was inclined to lay awhile; but shaking off his drowsiness, he rose, forgetting however, or not caring, to touch the handle Fritz had pointed to. He had been rather slowly dressing himself, trying to rub his closely-clipped hair into some form, and make himself as presentable as possible, when he was startled by a sound, and looking round, saw the tube at the head of the bed rise with a click, and jut out over the place where his head had lain, and a little jet of water rushed

out. "Ah! this, then, is Douche," said he, running to turn it aside.

"Oh, you're up," said Fritz, looking in through an eyelet-hole in the door which Norman had not perceived. "Why didn't you turn the handle? No, that's not the way." He came in, and Norman saw the hinge he ought to have turned, but conjectured rightly that the water was stopped by some contrivance.

"Ah, I'll turn that handle before I go to bed in future," thought he.

"It's not here over-night," said Fitz, drily, as if he knew Norman's thought: and it occurred to the lad he had not seen the tube there on the previous evening.

"I'm not afraid of early rising," he said, half angrily. "There's no need of tricks to rouse me."

Fritz made answer by a provoking kind of sceptical laugh.

It certainly was a strange, disagreeable kind a house. Neither place nor people were inviting. Norman lingered awhile in his room, and then examined the door, which had no fastening within it. The thought of the home he had left was heavy at his heart. How kind and considerate had been the treatment there. His leaving them seemed indeed rash and ungrateful. His self-esteem was sorely shaken, and it was something more than the custom of years that this morning bowed his knees, and made him commend himself to God, and pray fervently for the loved ones whom he had deserted.

Oh, hallowed bond! uniting the distant, comforting the sorrowful: if there were nothing more than the mystic yearning of the soul towards earthly friends—the purifying consecration of the spirit in tender human love, prayer would be a blessing that would fall and refresh like the dew; but if is more, it exalts to heaven, and blends with the rainbow round the great white throne.

CHAPTER XXXVII. REGIMEN.

"Books are men of higher stature,
And the only men that speak aloud
For future times to hear."

Mrs. BARRETT BROWNING.

NORMAN's sense of forlornness in the strange dwelling in the forest was soon to pass away, even as he descended from his chamber that first morning. His steps were stayed on the landing-place of the stairs at the sight of an open doorway, through which he saw a spacious apartment, entirely surrounded by well-filled bookshelves. From the absence of all decorations, and the bare, inkstained floor, with a leather-covered old writing-table in the midst, it looked a working library. A hasty glance from the doorway was all that he dared stay to take at that time. He hastened down, feeling a vague sort of indefinable comfort in there being such a room in the house. He had insensibly acquired, during his boyish years with Mr. Hope, that unexpressed yet deeply-felt love of books, which generated a confidence that those who made companions of them would not be likely to be bad men. He remembered too at that moment the "Directory" and the "Court Guide" were the only books in the house he had left.

In the hall stood Fritz, with a large apron over his tarnished clothes. He beckoned to Norman to follow him, and led the way down a passage to a long room, that crossed the whole rear of the house, and in which there were several small stoves or furnaces in different nooks, some just now lighted, slabs of marble, oak tables along the sides, and such a conglomeration of glass tubes, retorts, jars, crucibles, and apparatus wholly unknown to him, that he looked round in helpless bewilderment. Two doors out of this place led into other kinds of equally full work-places. In the one was a carpenter's bench and a turning-lathe, with numerous tools ranged in a rack along the wall; in another, at a table, before a bright gasburner, his eyes protected by a large pair of blue glasses, was the stooping form and broad bald head of Professor Griesbach, intently mixing some fluid, who took no other notice of Norman's entrance than to turn his head a moment, look at Fritz, and say, "He can rub down." Accordingly, in a few moments, Norman was put before an iron mortar, with a heavy pestle in his hand, and rubbing or grinding away

at some material that seemed to yield to his efforts very slowly. Fritz went to the furnace, and so they worked for an hour and a half. The latter part of the time the Professor had closed his door, Norman thought, because he had looked rather curiously in that direction.

A panel, sliding back of itself, showed the room in which the supper had been served last night, and explained the mystery of Mr. Griesbach's quiet entry. There a breakfast of the same brown bread, milk, and a bowl of dry pease-meal, was served for two. Fritz pointed to a basin and towel for washing hands, and in a few minutes, with his silent footfall, the master entered the breakfast-room, Norman following, and Fritz bringing up the rear. As there really was so little that needed serving, Norman was half amused at the man standing behind his master's chair, and not a little surprised to see the Professor make his repast off a little pease-meal stirred up with milk, and a slice of still darker bread than the brown loaf. Whether the surprise he felt expressed itself in Norman's face, or not, the Professor condescended, in the course of the meal, to observe, touching his basin lightly with a spoon, as he spoke, "Ninety per cent. of nutriment, young man. Eat this and grow strong."

When the breakfast was over, Fritz undid a section of the table, and sent it with a touch rolling out of the room, then returned with a large Bible, which he duly placed before his master, who, opening it, said to Fritz, "Blessed be the memory of Dr. Martin Luther!" The man answered, with what sounded like a bark, "Ja," and his master, adjusting his glasses, began to read, slowly and reverently, a chapter in German—to Norman's disappointment, as he did not, of course, understand a word. This exercise over, Fritz carried away the book, and the Professor said to Norman—

"If you have letters to write, you may go to the library till ten o'clock, then we resume work."

There were two things made this permission very pleasant to Norman; first, he was at liberty to write if he chose, and, next, he was glad to get a nearer view of the place, which he had only glanced at on passing. So he availed himself with alacrity of the privilege, and was soon gazing at the contents of the shelves. Many were foreign books, and all seemed to have seen service. But there were some hundred volumes of English classics, and a new world seemed to open before Norman, whose previous education rendered him not wholly ignorant of or indifferent to the treasure before him. He was too eager to look about him to be able to read that morning, though he took down several books, and walked about with an armful, scanning here and there with all the haste and bewilderment common to an inquiring, unformed mind turned loose amid the wondrous world of books. Much sooner than he expected, a whistle sounded, and then a voice through a speaking-tube uttered the one word, "Time." He returned to the laboratory, where both hard and silent work for four hours awaited him. Dinner was served at three, and consisted of a vegetable soup, an omelette, the same dark bread as before, and pure water. After this meal the Professor retired alone to the library, and Norman went out into the courtyard to explore. The simple structure of the house afforded nothing to his search, except that at a backdoor there was a little bit of a herb garden, where a few culinary herbs were cultivated, and at the kitchen window, which overlooked it, was an old woman darning stockings, who with Fritz, as Norman conjectured, formed the whole of the Professor's household. The vociferous barking of the dogs, which had greeted his first coming on the previous night, was renewed, and Fritz, coming out, offered to open the front gate and let him out—a service which, no doubt, the youth would have gladly availed himself of if there had appeared any disinclination to allow of his leaving the premises. As it was, he felt himself free to go out or stay in, and as the wintry wind moaned through the leafless branches of the forest trees, and drifted some fine sleet as it swept past, Norman was still feeling enough of the languor either of recent illness or rapid growth to decline the offer. In two hours he was again summoned

to work. An evening meal, similar to the last night's, he took alone, and before nine o'clock had to retire to his room for the night; though from his window he could see the reflection of light on the wall from the laboratory; and rightly conjectured the professor was still there. This day, he found, was a sample of the life that lay before him while he remained here. He remembered Dr. Griesbach's words, "You will learn something there;" and in the monotony that followed the first impulse of curiosity in so strange a dwelling, he was tempted to inquire, "What can I learn, grinding or mixing substances or compounds of which I know nothing?" But the library was his compensation. He was permitted to take one book at a time away to read in the after-dinner rest; and though the uncommunicative manner both of the master and Fritz chilled him, and the meals, which twice a week were rendered rather more appetising with additions to the usual fare, would have soon frightened or disgusted a more fastidious palate, yet when Norman found that no one cared better than himself, and that his own health and that of the two old men was perfect, he soon grew used to it.

At the end of a month thus spent in which Norman had made many long walks in the forest, he began secretly to lament over his worn boots and clothes, out of which he had so grown that he was again a scarecrow, when one morning he was summoned to an outbuilding near the entrance-door by Fritz, saying, in his sententious way, "You're wanted. Give your orders."

Two men were there, a tailor and bootmaker, who, with half-frightened looks, quickly took Norman's measure and left, both refusing to touch the lock or handle of the outside door as they went, saying to Fritz, "No thank ye, we've heard of people having their arms nearly shook off afore now in this place;" which the man answered by his grim smile and assent, "Ja! they rang the bell in sport," by which Norman understood, as, indeed, he had before conjectured, that the electrical battery was in use to punish mischief.

At dinner that day the Professor broke silence by saying—"I have heard from Griesbach. He asks of you."

"I am obliged to him," said Norman, to whom the interview with the friendly physician seemed now like a dream.

"Yes: he says Mr. Driftwood's begging-letter friends followed his example, and decamped."

"They were not my friends!" said Norman, indignantly. "They were liars and impostors. I am neither."

"Hem! I think not."

"Thank you, sir, thank you. I came to you a stranger, with no recommendations; I'm glad you don't believe me the friend of such people."

"Dr. Griesbach recommended you in his way. I gave you a week; that's enough with the young gormandizers I've had, and more than enough with most. You've been three—"

"A month, sir."

"Aha! a month; and are you tired?"

"No," said Norman stoutly; though many gloomy hours and sad misgivings came to mind.

"No? then we go on again. There's something for you." He counted ten shillings on the table, and pushed them towards Norman, who—as he took them very thankfully, looking at the first honest earnings with the interest in the very aspect of the money which a novice feels—adding, in a moment, apprehensively—

"I shall be in debt, sir, to the tailor and shoemaker."

"Not while you stay in my house. Fritz has orders to pay them. If you get in debt, fail to to keep time at the laboratory, or chatter in the village—you go."

Norman was beginning to assure his strange master of his avoidance of all these errors, but the old man checked him with, "Enough said," and relapsed into a silence that the youth understood was not to be disturbed.

So, clothed and kept with a trifle of money to call his own, that afternoon Norman was light-hearted; the breath of the coming spring was stirring his pulses, and hope and energy revived. He

resolved to lay down a plan or study. As the days grew longer, he would have some hours in his own room. The daily chapter read in German out of Luther's version of the Bible piqued his curiosity. He knew there were dictionaries and grammars to help him. Fritz, in his hard, dry way, was not unfriendly, and by no means without intelligence. He would ask him now and then for help. This pursuit once entered on, there was no more time for impatience at the monotony of the life. By slow degrees he made progress. Something of interest, though it was more felt than defined, grew up between the youth and the two old men—master and servant—with whom his lot was cast. The laboratory, too, began to yield some of its secrets to the student; and Fritz's mechanical ingenuity interested Norman. Indeed the danger soon was, that he would neglect out-door exercise; but a short command from the Professor, "A locked library, or two hour's walk," was so alarming, that the walk was vigorously taken. And so Norman was earning his living and educating himself, though certainly on a diet, and with companions, more wholesome than pleasant.

(To be Continued.)

GUSHING.

A GOOD many of our actions may be described by metaphors taken from the habits of water. We—that is to say some, of us—boil and foam with passion, sometimes because our cash has "run out," and then "the tide" of success turns and there is an "influx" of fresh means. Oarsmen will often tell us how they are obliged to "spirt," and how under that pressure they are "pumped;" and Solomon, who must have seen a good deal of it in his large establishment, reminds us, with a fearful graphic image, that a contentious wife is a continual dropping! We fear he must have found his ivory palace worse than the dropping-well at Knaresborough; but it was his own choice.

Then there is another word which must of necessity belong to the same class of metaphor, and that is the adjective which stands at the head of this paper—Gushing. It is undoubtedly a word of moral significance in the present day; indeed it is very unlikely that we shall ever have to use it in any other sense, unless we fall in love, and are driven to ease our woe in the gentle sonnet. Under those circumstances "gushing" may revert once more to its primary meaning, and will indeed be an invaluable rhyme to our "crushing" grief. In our lucid intervals we shall still use it of persons, and not of things. Now, is it used in a laudatory sense or the reverse! Rather the reverse, for it always implies a certain amount of weakness, and sometimes of qualities even less amiable. Perhaps the weakness is something of a disease; if so, unlike gout, it is more common with the fairer sex, but perhaps we shall see before we have done, that the lords of the creation are by no means so exempt from it, as they are wont to believe. But of course the ordinary combination of ideas is a "gushing young thing," the young thing being represented by a lady who should be the sunny side of twenty-two. If she is pretty and sprightly, this little infirmity may have for a while a sort of fascination, but when it becomes chronic it is simply a nuisance. These words sound so cynical and so sternly celibate that we may keep up the character, and try and describe the symptoms, as if discussing a real case of disease. What shall we call it? Hyper-trophy of the sentiments? or, a waste of moral tissue? Such a parody of medical jargon would not really be so very far from the truth. For our friends are "gushing" when, by a sort of reckless extravagance, they pour forth without reserve and upon inadequate occasions the most intense feelings and the most exaggerated language. And this is very often the case with "young things." Five minutes is sufficient to cement and to register an eternal friendship with the "sweetest girl" whose acquaintance has just been made;

another five minutes will give ample foundation and declaration of war *d'outrance* with some "most detestable creature," who has just given cause of offence. The eternal friendship is instantly followed by the most unbounded issue of confidences; and, after the declaration of war, the offender appears as a blot upon creation, without a redeeming trait or the possibility of so much as a good motive. Also a remarkable symptom is the contrast between the smallness of the occasion and the depth of feeling it stirs up. Thus it is that the most ricketty babies are often noisily pronounced to be beautiful darlings and precious pets, and thus it is that the "Guards Waltz" is heavenly, and lemon-ice divine. And just in the same way as a whole household of measles is worse than an isolated case, so is it an aggravated nuisance to find oneself in the midst of a gushing family. They are for ever hanging in festoons about each other's necks; they kiss one another in season and out of season, they direct public attention to one another's exquisite beauty, and perform extravagant acts of homage to the family talent. Female members of such families should cautiously be avoided as ball-room partners, for it is depressing to be called off rudely from a partner's tenderest duties by the abrupt appeal, "Oh, Mr. Robinson, did you ever see anything so sweet as my sister Amy with the white camellia in her lovely hair? Don't you admire her immensely?" Unless the wary Robinson can say impressively that he does not feel sure that Amy is the one particular sister whom he conceives to be the model of girlish beauty, there is no further hope for him; he will be dragged from one dismal act of worship to another.

Most people, even those who are careless about what they say, are supposed to be shy of committing themselves on paper. Not so the gushing correspondent. Put a pen in her hand and she will outdo herself. Partly by an accumulation of dashes underlining every third word, and partly by a copious use of the fondest terms, she will contrive to gush like any artesian well. For instance, she will not say, "I want to hear something about you," but, "I am dying for news of your sweet self;" and where ordinary mortals would say, "I hope to hear from you soon," she writes, "I shall count the days till I see your dear handwriting once more." This would be very nice between Angelina and Edwin, but these gushing sentiments are addressed exclusively to young lady friends, and by no means necessarily imply a long or a close acquaintance.

The real error of the gushing system is in truth an error in economy; it is living very extravagantly upon one's capital, and the result in the end must be poverty. The case is clear. If I throw away all my strong cards at the beginning of the game, I may make three or four tricks, but before long I shall expose the nakedness of the land. If I bring forward all my reserves into the field at once; if I put out my best pace in the first half of the course; if I fire the whole of my volley at once upon an advancing foe, there is not much doubt what will be the ultimate result of my wastefulness. I shall be weighed in the balance and found wanting. So it is with all that is gushing. There is no reserve found to fall back upon. When the lemon-ice has been pronounced divine, what epithet remains for a sunset or a sonata of Beethoven? A tasteful sunset with mauve clouds, or a genteel sonata, will be the result, if all the legitimate adjectives are used up for little things. Again, if Angelina heaps such passion upon Matilda, what will she have left for Edwin, when she is affianced to him, except "dear sir?" And if she emphasizes nine-tenths of her words by underlining them, what is she to do when she really wants to give a particular emphasis? Perhaps her acquaintance with Edwin will do her good, and he may very likely object to underlining when she writes to him.

If a good radical cure for this infirmity be really wanted, there can hardly be a better one than to contemplate the same practice assumed and studied by a young lady of that age and of that way of thinking which retains the use of mint sauce long after the days of lambood. A middle-aged girl who shakes her ringlets and

calls herself a giddy thing, and is oh! so in love with that dear Tennyson, is a very humiliating spectacle indeed; but if this warning is insufficient to sober some gushing young things, let them turn back to their "Dombey and Son," and look at the dismal pictures of Mrs. Skewton—a gushing old lady—and read her outpourings, which are, as she herself would confess, "all soul." That picture ought to act like the celebrated penance of sitting with a skull upon your knee to remind you cheerfully, what you will come to. But we must be just to both sexes. The gushing man is by no means an extinct species. He is not unknown in the pulpit or on the platform, and his raptures are meat and drink to some portion of his hearers—or rather, they are meat and drink to himself, for it is difficult to conceive that any one could commit himself to such a system unless he found that it paid. And because this is an artificial form, and very likely is really despised by the very man who practices it, it need not be more closely examined.

But in spite of all artificial forms there is the genuine gusher still among men. One knows the type. He rushes up in the street, and, although we saw him only yesterday, yet he shakes our hand as if he had just come back after a perilous voyage from the antipodes. Breathlessly he tells us everything about himself; and the smallest detail is invested with the very highest importance. He slaps his friends on the back, causing the most exquisite pain; he pokes them in their ribs, redoubling their anguish; he laughs irrepressibly at the faintest joke that arises, and, in short, a little of him goes a very long way. And he labours under a still further disadvantage. If for an hour he is quiet or silent he is immediately thought to be out of temper, or at any rate to have something the matter with him—so that the mere physical exhaustion which must sometimes attend upon gushing, will most likely be interpreted as fit of the sulks. Compare with this unkindly estimate by which he is tried the blessings which hover round the reserved and self-contained man. His wishes are tacitly consulted for fear he should make himself disagreeable, which he can do very satisfactorily in his quiet way. And supposing on any occasion that he thaws for awhile and behaves like an ordinary mortal, there is quite a buzz of excitement, about, and one whispers to another the joyful news, "How wonderfully agreeable Diogenes was to-night; I saw him talking to Jones for nearly half an hour." Think of the honour which this unworthy member of society receives in contrast to the contemptuous treatment to which the gushing man is condemned, however good and virtuous he may be. And if there is any truth in the pictures which have been drawn, they ought to convey most broadly that celebrated "Advice to those about to be gushing"—don't.

MY AUNT'S ADVICE.

MY Aunt Tabitha was one of the worthiest women in existence, but she was not easier to live with than sundry other folks. It is true that we had come by degrees, and through a long course of years, to understand one another tolerably, and to get on together admirably. I had the most boundless respect for my aunt's sterling worth, her dauntless energy, her strength, both of mind and body; respected her pursuits, too, though I declined to share them; and if I did not agree with her opinions, forbore to say so at least; not that I got any credit for my forbearance, or that the dear lady thought it worth while to imitate my charity, which indeed she would have regarded in herself as a base truckling to the follies and weakness of mankind. Far from that, my pursuit of natural science was the object of her unsparing contempt and reprobation.

I am not ashamed to own that it was with much intense quaking, and some outward nervousness and discomposure, that I prepared to acquaint my aunt with a charge that had been laid upon me, and that it seemed impossible for me to refuse; I had thought to find and seize

upon a propitious moment during dinner; but none that I could venture to think such presented itself. I waited and waited, dashing in suddenly, in a moment of desparation, at a crisis in the flow of my aunt's discourse which seemed to me somewhat apropos.

"Speaking of orphans, Aunt Tab, I heard today that poor Dick Masson is dead in India. You remember Dick, don't you?"

"Remember him? perfectly well, nephew," returned my aunt, in a tone that said as plainly as any words could, "and remember no good of him either." "Ah! dead is he? and has left heaps of children for some one else to provide for, I dare say; men like him always do."

My heart smote me a little when I succumbed to the expediency of passing over this implied attack upon my dead friend's memory, but the uneasy feeling lent what I faintly hoped was impressive dignity to my manner, as I said,

"He has certainly left one child, motherless, not for any one to provide for exactly, but for some one to look after and be kind to, till she gets a home of her own."

"Ah! a girl, of course," answered my indomitable relation. "I could have answered for its being a girl! Well, a pretty responsibility, and care, and bother is going to be put off upon some one who has no right in the world to be troubled with it, most likely, and I'm sorry for them; if it's any one who knew her mother as well as I did, they'll be sorry for themselves, for ten to one the girl takes after her. The specimen's common enough, more's the pity!"

I knew my aunt; I knew all this was only what I had to expect; and yet my heart sank down within me like lead, and I thought of the ward, now on her way to England, with indescribable foreboding.

I pushed my chair back from the table, folded my napkin, and then said doggedly,

"Well then, aunt, I must even console myself with your pity and my own, for I'm the unlucky individual who is to need it."

My aunt laid down her dessert knife and fork, folded her hands, and regarded me stonily, yet with triumph:

"Hah! I guessed as much, nephew. I'm sorry for you!"

"So you were good enough to say,—and, my dear aunt, perhaps I'm sorry for myself; but what can I do?"

"Do! grant me patience!" cried out my aunt. "Is the man demented? Do!—why decline to act, to be sure; you cannot be compelled, I suppose, and the girl has, no doubt, plenty of kin, with more right to be troubled with her and fitter to take charge of her too."

"As to that, poor Dick knew best, I suppose," returned I, a little sulkily.

My aunt regarded me steadily; and at such moments there is a certain fixed grimness about the good lady's sapless physiognomy not pleasing to the eye.

"The conceit of men is fathomless," she was kind enough to remark presently, with much uncton. "And I see, nephew, that you have made up your mind. Well, you must do as you please, and I shall do what I think right, in plainly telling you my opinion. I am at liberty to do so? Of course I am at liberty to do so; and my opinion is, that you are about to make a fool of yourself!"

"Not for the first time, I fear," said I, endeavouring to give a more pleasant turn to the discourse.

"Nor for the last; for some people never learn wisdom," returned Aunt Tabitha. "Guardian to a chit of a girl,—a man of your years! who never saw a child since he was one himself, and is quite old enough to have forgotten that he ever was one,—a man with—"

"If she is a child," said I, breaking in upon the tide of these unsparring truths "why then we can send her to school."

"And if she's not a child, and is too old for school?"

"Then we'll marry her off, as quickly as possible," I answered jocosely.

"Hah! marry her off—all, men think, women were born for, I verily believe.

"Why, my dear aunt, I really fancy the Bible gives some such reason for the creation of Mrs. Eve, doesn't it?"

"It is our privilege to live under another dispensation, nephew," said my aunt, bridling.

"The more's the pity," said I; but I prudently had my hand on the door-handle as I spoke, and bolted the moment I had finished.

The ordeal preliminary was passed. I had duly received my ward at the hands of the friends under whose care she had journeyed to England, had introduced her to my aunt Tabitha, and humbly commended her to the favour of that exemplary woman.

My aunt followed Miss Masson with her eye, as she disappeared from the drawing-room to prepare for dinner, and when the door had fairly closed on her, turned sharply on me.

"Nephew, which is it—a child or a woman?"

"Upon my word aunt," said I, hesitating, and inwardly much confused by the sudden appeal, "if you really ask my opinion, I should say a little of both, or perhaps neither the one nor the other."

"A plain question might be supposed to deserve a plain answer," returned my aunt, severely.

"My dear aunt—I should have said—" I was beginning.

"You know nothing about it, nephew," interrupted my Aunt Tabitha, snappishly, but withal so very truly, that I was involuntarily silent.

No—I didn't know anything about it, that was the very truth; nor, when the evening was ended, had I advanced a bit further towards a conclusion on this point.

Child, or woman? fifteen or twenty? For the very life of me, I could not make up my mind which.

My Aunt Tabitha, as was her custom of an evening, was engaged at the far end of the room, on her various club and subscription books, or in arranging the worldly affairs of her poor fellow-creatures, on model principles, quite to her satisfaction, if not to theirs. I, reclining in my arm-chair near the fire, held a book, which under ordinary circumstances I should have read, but which, under the present extraordinary ones, I was using as a cover, behind which I was intent upon that other book of little Miss Masson opposite me, which, try as I would, I couldn't read. She lay listlessly back in a low chair on the other side of the hearth, a hand-screen held negligently between her face and the fire by a little brown hand, so small, so slight and supple, that it seemed ridiculous to suppose it could belong to a grown woman. The figure matched the hand for slightness, suppleness, and smallness, generally; it was as lithe as a willow-wand, and, to my thinking, as graceful as the same wand when, unstripped of its feathery garniture, it waves above the stream in the summer wind.

But did it pertain to fifteen or twenty? Nothing in my ward's manner, nothing in what she said, helped me forward a bit. She was very quiet,—subdued, if not shy; but that seemed only natural with her deep mourning dress; she said very little, but she could not well say much, when the other lady in the room was deep in accounts and correspondence, and the sole gentleman apparently so in his book.

And so the evening wore away, and bed-time came, and my mind was as far as ever from being made up.

Prayers were over; we all stood up, and, as the servants filed out of the room, Miss Masson went over to Aunt Tabitha, dutifully kissed, and bade her and myself good-night.

How things would have gone the next day, I cannot imagine, but for the, for once, opportune, as well as unexpected, arrival of my nephew Tom Ferrers, of the Plungers. This young gentleman, whose easy custom it is to take Holmdale by storm whenever his inclination or his convenience prompts, suddenly dashed up to the windows of our breakfast-room, which open to the ground, just as we were about to sit down to the matutinal meal, never drawing rein till, as Aunt Tabitha declared, the next moment must infallibly have brought both plungers clattering among the cups and saucers, and at that crisis, pulling up with an imposing display of horsemanship, doubtless, but to the manifest detriment of my newly-laid

gravel sweep; walking in a moment after as cool and fresh as the morning itself.

With what irresistible good humour and heartiness the young dog salutes Aunt Tabitha (if the good lady has a weak part in her composition, be sure Tom has found the way to it); with what an easy grace he bows to little Miss Masson, takes a seat beside her, falls to talking, laughing, and assisting her. And my ward, it appears now, can talk, can smile, can even laugh, with a soft, happy, girlish laugh, such as is strange indeed to Holmdale. But she looks younger than ever when the gravity of her face breaks up into smiles, and the dark eyes brighten and glow at Tom's nonsense. Well, well, since nonsense is decidedly the thing that suits ladies of such tender years, I wish that I had made an attempt in that direction, for somehow it would have pleased me to have called forth one of those shy, pretty smiles, one of those fleeting dark-eyed glances—but, ah me! I was not twenty-four, or a plunger.

After breakfast I lingered a little uncertain what my new duties made incumbent upon me; but I soon saw I was so very little either heeded or needed, that I betook myself to my study, and the resumption of my usual pursuits, not, I will own, altogether with my usual zest, nor quite undisturbed by that intrusive consideration of "fifteen or twenty."

At dinner, though my ward and my nephew considered themselves apparently friends of quite an ancient date, the little lady was much more silent than she had been at breakfast, and but for Tom, the dinner would have gone off almost as heavily as that of the preceding day.

When that young gentleman had duly bowed the ladies out of the room at its conclusion, he came leisurely back to the table, filled his glass, settled himself back in his chair in an attitude of much ease, and remarked appreciatively,

"Upon my word, uncle, Miss Masson is a very pretty little girl!"

"I dare say she will make a pretty woman," I answered, putting on an indulgent parent-and-guardian manner. Either at that, or something else, Tom first stared, and then laughed.

"Are you not afraid of her finding Holmdale a little—quiet, perhaps?" he kindly inquired next.

"Not while you are good enough to take pity on us," I returned; and I verily believe the young puppy detected instantly the secret soreness which prompted the reply; "but seriously," I added, "I dare say a year or two of school—" (you see I felt pretty well decided as to that question of years, by the tone of my nephew's remarks. "Catch him making a mistake on such a subject," I thought). He broke into a laugh.

"Why, uncle, the poor child left school two years ago, when she went out to join her father! She was nineteen last birthday!"

"Oh, indeed?" I said angry and confused, and injured by Tom's superior information concerning my ward and her antecedents.

"She's as fresh, I grant," pursued this well-informed young gentleman, "as if she only left off pinafores yesterday; but then she's seen nothing, for old Masson was always poked away up country somewhere, and the little thing tells me she and the 'old party' never saw a white face for months together, except each other's. So you see she's a complete little Daisy every way."

"A daisy?"

"Well, that's her name, I mean, and don't the poets (I'm sure you're much better up in 'em than I am, sir), don't they signify simplicity and freshness, and—and—you know what I mean—under the name of that flower?"

"Miss Masson's name is Anastasia Lucinda," I began with rebuking dignity.

"Oh! of course, that's the name her god-fathers and god-mothers bestowed on her. Very far left to themselves they must have been at the time, too; but I don't suppose either they, or any one else, ever called her by the same; at any rate, her father didn't, for he shortened it to Daisy, and a very appropriate and becoming name it is, too; and I propose that we fill this glass to about the prettiest little daisy a man would see in a day's journey. After that, uncle, shall we join the ladies?"

We did join the ladies, and the day ended, as it began, by my contemplation of the ease and readiness with which my nephew made himself agreeable, winning smiles and pretty looks, confidence and kindness, where I—before then, I had not fair hair, parted down the middle, nor flowing whiskers, nor a tawny pendent moustache, and I was much nearer fifty than twenty-four, only her father's old friend, and her own elderly, silent guardian.

No wistful, dark-eyed glance into my face thrilled through and through me to-night, when the hour for retiring came; the little lady put her lips to Miss Tabitha's yielded cheekbone as on the previous occasion, shook hands with Tom, bidding him a laughing good-night, and then swept past me with a flowing curtsy, drooping eyelashes, and a little flush on her face.

As long as the Plunger stayed, and he honoured us more persistently than usual, there did not appear any signs of Miss Masson's finding poor old Holmdale dull: the two were generally together, and seemed to find each other sufficient for all needs. But when he was gone, and she was left to choose between Aunt Tabitha's society and mine, the case was plainly altered. I rather think the poor child at first did make an effort to follow in Miss Tabitha's footsteps, but that needed stronger limbs, a stronger mind, perhaps also a harder heart, than nature had vouchsafed to her. She blundered sadly between "cause" and "effect," my aunt complained; she could not be taught that the way to make a model poor was not achieved by relieving poverty; she gave away, as I understood, all her money, rendered her wardrobe a desolation, and incurred, into the bargain, Aunt Tabitha's severest rebukes for encouraging sloth, and ministering to shiftlessness.

So that came to an end, and, though I could almost have descended (if I had known how) to try the Plunger's method of making Holmdale pleasant, I felt that forty-odd must fail where twenty-four might succeed; and so was fain to stand on one side, and note silently how the smiles came fewer and farther between on the face they brightened so prettily; how the light died away from the dark eyes, and the step grew listless; and a little figure glided about the dark old house, that grew more slender day by day.

At last the sight grew so painful to me, that I could bear it no longer. I sought my aunt, and, in my desperation, entreated her counsel.

My aunt kindly withdrew her attention from the voluminous mass of papers before her, and looked up at me with triumph in her eye.

"Hah! nephew, I hope you will own now that I was quite right in what I said when you absurdly undertook this charge. I knew how it would be."

"Of course you were right, my dear lady: when were you ever wrong?" I answered, pettishly. "But what is to be done? that is the question now."

"And I reply by using your own words, Nephew Ferrers,—marry her off—I'll grant you it's all *she's* fit for, poor thing."

My aunt is a most estimable woman, so I don't like to call the smile with which she delivered this opinion, diabolical—but it certainly was not pleasing. I didn't expect any very easy or pleasant solution of my difficulty from her either, perhaps; but this seemed rather too preposterous.

"How, in the name of patience, am I to do that?" I asked, testily. "Can't I make Miss Masson fall in love?"

Miss Tabitha laughed curtly.

"Try," said she.

"I don't know any one worthy of her," I answered, sulkily.

"Well, you men are poor creatures, the best of you; I subscribe to that, nephew," said my aunt, amicably; "but there are women to be found, good-natured enough to put up with the worst of you, more's the pity."

"There's not a single man of my acquaintance to whom I should be willing to give Dick Masson's daughter," I repeated obstinately.

"Then marry her yourself!" said my aunt, and became once more absorbed in her papers.

The ceiling came down to the floor, the walls swayed towards each other, and the floor seemed to upheave beneath my feet, as the tremendous words fell from Miss Tabitha's derisive lips.

"Marry her myself!" Oh Daisy, darling, tender, patient, pining little Daisy! never, never, I swear it, even when my heart had ached and swelled most painfully with the hidden love, and tenderness, and pity, which had grown up there for thee, had such a thought strayed across presumptuous fancy. Marry her myself! How the mocking words whirled and seethed in my brain now, though; and how, in spite of myself, in spite of Aunt Tabitha, visions of love and happiness and beauty, such as the veriest boy might have revelled in; of a new meaning to the words "hearth and home," sprang into life, and gathered round, and made them beautiful. Marry her myself! My forty-odd years were forgotten, and Holmdale, dull, dark, dingy Holmdale, was dull, and dark, and dingy, no more; for, if I may venture to take such a liberty with Mr. Tennyson, "young faces glistened at the doors, young footsteps trod the upper floors," young voices called me from without—and—and I was not dreary—no, quite the contrary. But, Gracious Powers! into what domain of fancy was my aunt's advice luring me? I pulled myself up with a mighty effort—I fled into my study with precipitation, dashed at my bookshelves, and took down a volume at random: anything to drown those importunate, derisive, enchanting words!

The book was—I never knew what it was, for even as I opened it, a sheet of paper fluttered from between its leaves, which straightway captured my attention with a vengeance, for I knew the little neat handwriting, which nearly covered it, quite well, though I didn't know the verses it embodied, seeing that in all probability no eyes but the poor little author's had ever beheld them before. I don't mean to give them here—and I beg to assure the reader that he is not sustaining any considerable loss thereby—but I have them now, and I mean them to be laid beside me in my coffin, when I die.

They told a tender little tale, even to my uninitiated eyes and ears, which it scarcely needed my nephew's name, scattered idly and lavishly over the reverse side of the paper, to point; and folding them reverently, winding about them a little ribbon she had dropped one day in my study when she came in for a book, I laid them away carefully, and bowing my head, I registered a vow in my heart of hearts, that Daisy Masson should be happy if I could make her so.

So this was your secret, my little ward; and it was for the absent Plunger that your dark eyes had grown dim, and your face so thin and wistful. Well, what more natural? I ought to have thought of it, provided for it, or else have hindered it. But I—what did I know of girls and their ways? Oh! my prophetic aunt! Oh! dear, dead Dick Masson! who bequeathed your little daughter to my care and love; was this all I had done for her?

For Tom was not in a position to marry, even allowing that he had fallen into the preliminary imprudence, a fact of which I was by no means sure, by the way.

"Boys of four-and-twenty don't fall in love nowadays," I reflected, "unless it is convenient and desirable; they leave their uncles of forty and more to make fools of themselves in that way."

But something must be done, and by the memory of Dick Masson, I would do my best. In a few days, the Plunger was our guest once more, specially invited though, this time, somewhat to his own surprise. Well, well, well; it was only what I ought to have expected; but I own I did think she needn't have seemed quite so glad to see him.

On his part, Tom took her undisguised pleasure with the utmost coolness, and quite as a matter of course; while I—there, I almost think I could have lain down at her feet and died, to have called that lovely moistened light into her eyes; but then forty-odd is not twenty-four, and falls in love after another fashion, you see.

Tom talked away over his wine, when we were

alone, with his customary ease; but I own to being a very silent and inattentive listener. I was thinking only of what I had to say, very little of how to say it, so that I came abruptly enough to the point at last.

"Tom, haven't you had enough of soldiering? It's a poor trade in time of peace, I should think?"

"But I was brought up to it, you see, sir; and it's about all I'm good for either," replied Tom, with unwonted modesty.

"What do you say to settling?"

"On what?" inquired Tom, opening his eyes.

"All my father left me wouldn't give me bread and cheese and a pipe a day, and if it wasn't for you now and then, uncle—"

"Have you ever wanted to marry—thought about it, I mean?"

Tom carefully removed the tawny moustache from possible contact with the wine he was raising to his lips, drank with appreciation, set down his glass, and then replied,

"I left off crying for the moon with my pinafores, I hope, sir. Ay, uncle, what an ass you must think me," he added more earnestly.

Perhaps I did; not for the reason he imagined, though.

"I don't know whether you have ever thought of yourself as my possible heir," I began, waiving that question, "but if you and Miss Masson can—ah! how the words would choke in my throat,—if you are fortunate though to—that is—if you marry my old friend's daughter, I should consider you as my joint heirs, and provide for your marriage at—at once."

It was done—over—it was all over now! there only remained Tom's acquiescence; this was longer of coming than I had expected, and when at last I looked up, Tom's face wore a look of perplexity, surprise, and doubt, that was almost comical.

"You've taken me quite by surprise," he said, at length. "I need not say, that I've never thought of Miss Masson in the light you speak of; I admire and like her immensely, of course, but—in fact—"

"Do you mean to say you have any objection to marry my ward?" I cried out. "Why, you young puppy! there's many a better man would—"

"I do mean to say that I have a decided objection to propose marriage to any lady without being quite assured of her preference for me," he interrupted, with a laugh; "but if you will answer for that—look here, uncle, you have made a proposal to me: make it to her, too, for me; and if she agrees, why then I shall, of course, be proud, and honoured, and happy, and will do my best to deserve your kindness and hers."

"Nonsense, my lad," I began.

"Positively, uncle, you must; I shall never have pluck enough to do it for myself, I tell you;" and there the matter ended for the present, leaving me restlessly on the watch for an opportunity to carry the thing to an end.

It came the next day. Daisy was standing alone, before the bookshelves in the library, hunting for something or other, when I came in and found her; I assisted in the search, carried it to a successful termination, and then hurriedly, awkwardly, detaining her when she would have left me, I laid Tom's proposal before her.

She glanced up at me once, and then never lifted her eyes again, but stood quite still, except for a fluttering movement about the bosom of her dress, that I could not but watch.

"Tom would have told all this much better himself, I am sure," I said, in conclusion, feeling acutely that apology was needed for the blundering announcement; "but he trusted it in my hands, and I have tried to do my best. My dear, what do you say?"

She said nothing at all, only turned a little aside, and sat down, dropping her face down upon her hands in a way that went to my heart, somehow.

"Well, well," I said hastily, "perhaps there is no need to say anything. I am very ignorant of all such things; but silence is held to give consent in matters like the present, is it not? Tom will be a happy man, and you will have a brighter home than this grim old house, and

younger faces about you. It is only natural you should have pined among us. My dear, God bless you: I think your father would have acted for you as I have tried to do."

With a very poor assumption of the parent-and-guardian manner, I laid my hand upon the bending head, and for the first and only time I would have put my lips to the face I lifted towards my own. I was taking leave of something, beside the office I had filled so poorly, you see; but she didn't know that: then why, wrenching herself free of my arms with a sudden, passionate movement, did she burst into a wild fit of crying, and rush incontinently out of the room?

I could not tell why—not I, but perhaps Tom could; so of him I went presently in search. I did not find him, but I came, instead, upon my ward, sitting in one of the deep old windows, with her arms lying on the broad ledge, and her face hidden upon them. The grief and dejection so visible in the attitude of the little figure, smote me with bitter pain; I went up close beside her, but never ventured this time to touch so much as the hem of her dress.

"My dear Miss Masson," I began. "Oh, Daisy, Daisy! what is the matter?" I called out, when the tear-stained, woe-begone little face looked up, and could say no more for very grief. She rose with sudden womanliness, almost dignity.

"I have been very silly—very childish," she said, in a low voice, quite steadily though, "but you took me so much by surprise. Please say to Captain Ferrers for me, that I thank him very much for the honour he has done me, but that it is impossible for me to—I have never thought of him but as a friend, I never can; please say this to him—and, and—I beg that you will never say again—never think——" The words faltered away into silence, and she would have glided away, but that I caught her hands and held her fast.

"Will not say—will not think what?"

"I will not think that Holmdale is not a dear home to me, or that I want to leave it."

Had madness seized upon me? for suddenly my aunt's advice gleamed before my dazzled eyes in letters of light, and as if an angel had spoken them.

"Oh, Daisy! if my home might be yours always—yours, because it is mine?"

"Because it is yours," repeated Daisy, softly.

"I want no other."

The little struggling hands lay suddenly at rest in mine, and the calmness of a great peace fell upon us both.

"But Daisy, my dearest, what am I to say to poor Tom?" I inquired in dismay, after an interval—a good long interval.

Daisy laughed lightly.

"I don't believe Captain Ferrers ever seriously thought about me," she said; "at least, I am sure he never had, only yesterday. And what could make you think that I should ever listen to—agree to?—you know what I mean."

The piece of paper that had so deluded me suddenly flashed upon my memory. I explained the grounds of my mistake, and requested an explanation in my turn.

Daisy laughed again, but blushed, too, this time.

"Is there only one Tom Ferrers, then?" she asked, much engaged in turning the ring on my hand into various positions.

"Well I am Tom Ferrers too, I suppose; but how could I ever dream, Daisy, of a little maiden thinking of an elderly——"

"Ah! whom else should I think of?" she said, tenderly. "Whom did I ever hear of since I was a child but Tom Ferrers, my dear father's best friend? And when I saw him, yes, even though he so seldom deigned any notice of me, who was so really kind, so thoughtful, gentle, and good?"

The sudden appearance of my Aunt Tabitha created a slight commotion here, and we did not succeed in returning so swiftly to a more usual ordering of our relative positions, but that the good lady's eyes fell upon us with amazement and indignation. I hastened to tender some explanation.

"My dear aunt," said I, "you have advised me with your usual wisdom and judgment. I

have been talking to Daisy, and she agrees, and so she shall be married off immediately."

"Tom will be a happy man," says my aunt, still dubiously watchful, "I can see."

"I hope so, I am sure. I can honestly say that your advice has made me one."

"My advice!" repeated the old lady, faltering a little; "what! do you mean to tell me that a moment's idle speech—oh! nephew, nephew, and you too, child, if you ever live to repent this moment, I shall be punished sufficiently for the slip of an unbridled tongue."

But a kind Providence has spared my good aunt. From that day to this—and there are years between—I have never forgotten to thank Heaven humbly and gratefully, night and morning, for the hour in which I took "My Aunt's Advice."

J. R. M.

THE INVISIBLE SPRITE.

A Drama in one Act, not published in Fenian Organs

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

HEAD CENTRE ROBERTS.

GENERAL SWEENEY.

INVISIBLE SPRITE, or the GOOD GENIUS OF CANADA, who is heard but not seen.

TIME.—Somewhere about the 20th March.—

SCENE.—A room in the Fenian Head-Quarters, New York.

HEAD CENTRE ROBERTS is seated. Enter SWEENEY.

ROBERTS, rising.

Hail! noble champion of an ill-starred race! Welcome, thrice welcome to your friend's embrace; illustrious Sweeney! destined scourge of her Who rules each bloated, purse-proud Britisher. Thy one strong arm her armies shall defy. And prove her boasted Queenship all "my eye." Up with our flag—the Union Jack shall fall. Ere Viscount Monk Jack Robinson can call, Or pay his bill at the St. Lawrence Hall! Ere May's sun burst, the "Sunburst" proud shall wave O'er all Canuckdom, or your friend's a slave. Is't not so Sweeney?

SWEENEY.

Talking's mighty fine

But what's the news from 'tother side the line.

ROBERTS.

Glorious! brave sir! a smoother campaign ne'er Was planned for warrior than invites you there: For countless throngs await your call to arms, And all Canuckdom quakes with vague alarms. 'Tis true as fate.

INV. SPRITE.

'Tis false as sin—BEWARE!

SWEENEY, starting up.

Roberts, what's that?

ROBERTS.

Good gracious me! who's there?

Out with your sword, good Sweeney—presto! fly And skewer the wretch who dares to play the spy; I'll search the room: you to the passage hie.

Sweeney passes into the passage and Roberts industriously pokes under every chair, table and sofa in the apartment.

Re-enter SWEENEY.

SWEENEY.

There's not a soul without.

ROBERTS.

Within I vow

No creature lurks but yonder pet bow-wow. 'Tis strange! for sure, but perhaps 'twas fancy played With us a scurvy trick—the treacherous jade. But true to this, such warnings are but vain— Roberts and Sweeney are themselves again! And now to business.

SWEENEY.

Faith 'tis time, methinks;

I did not sleep last night half forty winks: With thronging schemes my busy brain was full, How best to sting that fiendish wretch, John Bull. Prescott, Toronto and proud Montreal London, Quebec, I saw them totter—fall: And *Sweeney!* SWEENEY! conqueror of all! Ah! glorious dream—once realized I stand The proudest champion of old Ireland. Her foremost chief—her—pah! I writhe and grin To think this arm is cramped for want of tin!

INV. SPRITE.

Ha! ha!

ROBERTS, hoarsely.

That voice!

SWEENEY, unsoldierly.

Again that hollow din.

Roberts I tremble—no, I don't—I'm wrong; For Sweeney, Sweeney must be always strong. And yet 'tis strange.

ROBERTS.

'Tis horrible, my friend!

But come what will, no ghostly voice shall bend Bold Roberts from his course or bid him stand, When fame and plunder wait his outstretched hand.

Banish the thought—what think you of the way Canuckdom squirmed on bold St. Patrick's day? I'faith 'twas fun to mark the glorious scare That filled with portents dread their northern air! Was't not my Sweeney?

SWEENEY, *(excitedly)*.

Hold! I bid you, stay!

Talk not to me of bold St. Patrick's day; The theme is dangerous—for I here aver You have deceived me somewhat basely, sir; Beware!—shut up!

ROBERTS.

Deceived you, General, when?

SWEENEY.

Where are the risings that you promised then? The crash of arms—the groans of wounded men? The towns in ashes—shrieks of wild despair— The gallant "Sunburst" floats it, where—oh! where?

INV. SPRITE, *(solemnly)*.

Where! where! oh where?

SWEENEY, *(madly)*.

'Sdeath, sir, I'm mocked, speak you— Speak you, not IT, or by this arm which drew Rich crimson streams amid the battle's flush, With one fierce stroke I'll spill the monial slush That fills your veins, and fall you to my feet, As many curs are felled.

ROBERTS, *(soothingly)*.

It is not meet

To talk so tall to one who loves you Sweeney; Let knives fall out; such honest men as we Can ill afford to quarrel or be rash, When there's a chance of fingering so much cash! Besides,—besides—what would you? all things speed As we would have them, General.

SWEENEY.

Oh! indeed,

What means this tramp of arm'd men in my ears— These gathering bands of well-drilled volunteers— This rush to arms—the stern unbroken front These sturdy legions offer to the brunt Of Sweeney's lambs? base wretch! I see no signs Of inward strifo or weakness in their lines. Where are our friends—our sworn adherents there? Head Centre speak, or Sweeney's vengeance dare! I pause for a reply.

ROBERTS, *(meekly)*.

Receive it, then;

You wring my heart with these suspicions, when Our work is almost done. Have you not read Our late despatches from the fountain head? Brave Sweeney knows not less than knows the world! Our faithful organ* has truth's gauntlet hurled Amidst our foes—Toronto stands aghast— And owms that Fenian truth is truth at last.

SWEENEY, *(contemptuously)*.

Truth! pshaw! Truth's dead or fled these six months' past:

Show me the truth—I'll grasp it mighty fast.

ROBERTS.

What!—know you not?—Toronto knows too well— How these same troops at bayonet's point—pell mell Were formed in rank—how others by their heels From beneath their beds were dragged mid craven squeals.

How Fenian braves pervade the regulars, too, And General Michel trembles in his shoe— How French Canadians spurn the proffered oath, And Irish hearts are scorned, and dreaded both; How—

SWEENEY.

Lies! all lies!

INV. SPRITE, *(imperatively)*.

Hold! dastard miscreant, hold!

Repent! Avaunt!

SWEENEY.

Again!

ROBERTS.

Again!—we're sold!

Speak to it, Sweeney, speak!

SWEENEY.

I'faith, not I.

INV. SPRITE, *(solemnly)*.

Repent! Avaunt! ere vengeance stamps the lie Upon your recreant soul.—Liar and slave, Avaunt!

SWEENEY.

I'm off. *(He rushes from the room.)*

ROBERTS, *(beseechingly)*.

Oh! stay—my noble, brave—

My much loved Sweeney stay—Oh dear! I—I—I faint—I'm frightened!

INV. SPRITE.

Craven scoundrel, fly!

And cease to slander loyal men and true.

ROBERTS, *(gasping)*.

Sweeney—that voice! I'm ill—I'm turning blue, I—Sweeney—I—I faint—indeed—I—do.

He falls and the scene closes. The Invisible Sprite smiles contemptuously upon the fallen wretch—flutters her pinions and wings her way to a purer atmosphere—Canada her cherished home.

GAUDE.

* A friend has suggested that the Toronto "Irish Canadian" may probably be the faithful organ referred to, and judging from what follows we certainly think that the suggestion deserves consideration.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

When the last bird has sought his nest,
When the last step has died away,
When Phœbus in the distant west
Has shed his last and brightest ray;

When twilight, harbinger of night,
The landscape touches with her wand;
When nature slowly fades from sight,
And languor broods o'er sea and land

Then by her lattice sits my love,
And watches with a tearful eye
The restless cloudlets as they move
In dim procession through the sky.

Her hand supports her throbbing brow,
While lowly murmuring zephyrs seek,
As on her upturned faces they blow,
To kiss the dimples on her cheek.

She's musing on the days gone by,
When we were never seen apart;
'Tis this that dims her lustrous eye,
'Tis this that sears her loving heart.

The hours roll on; she still sits there,
Though twilight long has passed away,
Like some strange vision dimly fair,
To vanish with the break of day.

1865.

F. B. D.

THE
TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 59.

"John de Nesle," resumed he, "the King is thy guest; see that they do not again interrupt him."

"Let nobody interrupt the King any more," proclaimed the Chatelaine of Bruges gravely, pushing away his pitcher and goblet, and drawing his sword, he placed himself standing by the side of King Phillip, who said to him:

"My cousin, it is good and I know your willing heart."

Cadocu laughed in his beard, and thought "Oh! the joker! who spoke just now of bird snaring?"

The King proceeded.

"He would lie in his throat, who should accuse me of not venerating and not loving the Vicar of Jesus Christ upon earth. If the great Pope Innocent III. had acted properly towards the King of France whom he has for so long a time called his well-beloved son, the King of France would have accepted on his knees his paternal remonstrances. But instead of employing the merciful means as taught by our Divine Master, the Pope has struck me cruelly, and without any remembrance of mercy, as if I had been the guiltiest of the guilty. Gentlemen, I have sought in the depth of my conscience, and have asked myself, what crime I have committed? Is it in having fought against infidelity; for the Pope Innocent III. has made common cause with the infamous Prince of the Mountain, whose poignards seek my bosom in the dark!"

There was now a sensation among the seigneurs, and though the argument of the King was certainly not very solid, there was a certain skilfulness in showing that the knife of the Infidel was leagued with the sword of St. Peter, and was calculated to impress strongly those coarse but subtle spirits.

"For my part," continued the King, "I cannot see what common interest can cement this alliance between heaven and hell. Is it a crime on my part for having called to account John of England for the murder of the husband of my daughter? But John Plantagenet, though himself excommunicated for that murder, employs in my city of Paris miserable beings charged with putting me to death by treason; so that if some day you should find me stretched upon the earth, and weltering in my blood, you may justly say, John of England has given this stab; but it was Rome who opened the King's cuirass."

Here a murmur was heard behind the tapestry. "Oh! ho!" thought Cadocu, "that is sire Bishop, who will soon betray himself behind the door crying out *Nego Majorem!*"

The lords looked at each other.

"I am then excommunicated," repeated Phillip, "me! the Champion of the Church against infidelity—me! the champion of the orphan and widow against John Plantagenet—me! the Christian Knight who bears all over his body the traces of the fatigues endured in the Holy Land! Oh! my lords, I know well that I have sinned: God alone is pure and void of all crime. Obedient to a scruple of conscience, I repudiated the noble Ingeburge, who was a relation in a prohibited degree to the late Queen Isabelle of Flanders, my first wife. Then, ceding to a great passion, I called to my bed, Agnes, who is now Queen; and possibly it is not permitted to a sovereign to listen to the voice of his heart as the humblest of his subjects can do! But I demand of thee, Eudes, Duke of Burgundy—I demand of you, Duc de Berri—of you, the Counts du Perche, de Thouars, de Nevers, and de Flanders, and of thee, William des Roches, and of thee, Henri Clement Would you have desired that your sovereign—he, who considers it his greatest glory, the honour of planting his banner in advance of yours on the field of battle—would you have desired that the King of France should bow down his head like a criminal vassal?"

"No," said the seneschal d'Anjou.

"No," said the marechal of France.

That was all; the other lords kept silent.

However, Jean de Nesle and du Perche gave an equivocal nod of the head; they were half persuaded.

"*Jour de Dieu!*" exclaimed Cadocu, "my dreaded Lord, the King has not interrogated me, because, I suppose, I am scarcely worth the trouble; but I have seen the English cut in pieces at St. Omer, at Gisors, and elsewhere—and I say still, *Vive le Roi!*"

The rough Cadocu knew how to flatter as well as another. Phillip thanked him with a gracious gesture. Then, just in the manner that the legate Gratien Florent had done, he drew from his breast a large parchment. At the sight of this, Cadocu, who had ceased drinking on the arrival of the King, filled his goblet and emptied it at a draught. Jean de Nesle, who dared not imitate him, regarded him with a sorrowful and jealous air.

Phillip Augustus unfolded his parchment saying "I should be glad to believe that all here, who have not yet replied, are, nevertheless, of your opinion, my faithful companions, William and Henri—I should be glad to believe that in the house of my cousin, Jean de Nesle, there are neither traitors or cowards; but I shall be more sure of it, when each person present shall have put his signature to the foot of this parchment."

All parchments of this nature resembled each other, at that period, when folded; but by good fortune the parchment of King Phillip Augustus was exactly the same in every particular, at least in appearance, as the parchment of the legate, and might easily be mistaken for it.

"I am ready to sign," said the seneschal d'Anjou and the marechal of France, both together.

"We should, at least, like to know—" began Eudes of Burgundy—

"Hold me the flambeau, Captain Antoine," interrupted the King.

Cadocu obeyed and the King read:—"In presence of the Very Holy Trinity, the first day of the year, 1202, I Phillip, by the grace of God, King of France, &c. I have received the engagement and oath of the undersigned Nobles, who promise, upon their honor, in this life, and their salvation in the life which is to come, to succour their said Lord the King, against all comers, Christians or Pagans, notwithstanding the sentence rendered against him by Innocent, third of that name, Bishop of Rome.

"For inasmuch as in reward of their faithful support, I have assured the said Lords the possession of the fiefs which they hold from my crown, declaring their rights and privileges secured to them and to their successors.

"In such a way that the said Dukes, Counts and Noblemen—"

"The King gives us nothing—" interrupted here the Count de Nevers.

"Silence," said Jean de Nesle.

"The King knows all," said Phillip, for the second time, "and he pardons—is that nothing?"

"It is not enough," replied the Count d'Aumale, boldly, "to fight with Rome is to be lost in this world, and damned in the other—no! it is not enough!"

Count de Perche and the Duc de Berri repeated, "It is not enough."

In fact, the King had offered nothing to his great vassals, in reward for the highest proof of devotion that a sovereign could ask; but was not that because the King had nothing to offer? Beyond his naked walls of the tower of the Louvre, his crown, and his sword, I do not see what Phillip Augustus could have given to his peers; for all these noblemen were at least as rich as himself—all that he possessed over them was his right and his genius. This was a great deal—but it gave nothing.

There was a long silence in the hall of the Hotel de Nesle. Gratien Florent, the lateral legate, who was spying this scene through some slit in the tapestry, must at this moment have entertained good hopes. The vassals of the King were, in short, consulting—and wore, for the most part, a decided air of refusal. In vain the two loyal soldiers, William des Roches and Henri Clement, preached obedience, by example, but selfishness preached louder.

Independence was the thought that took possession of their minds; and each one had a hope of fixing the crown on his own head, and becoming king.

France, it is true, would no longer exist, but independence! ah, independence!

Some future day each of these independents might be devoured piecemeal by the English or by some other power—this did not raise the shadow of a doubt—but independence!

The Bishop of Orvieto thought he had gained his cause. So much the more, that Captain Antoine Cadocu, seeing that his advances had been but indifferently received, had withdrawn into his shell, and was grumbling behind his pitcher. The legate said to himself:

"That Phillip passes for a clever man; had it been me I would have taken that brute Cadocu just now, and thrown him at the head of the other brutes."

The legate was a man of infinite wit.

"Well! my lords," said the King, "you have had good time for reflection. Will you sign?"

While speaking, he fixed his eyes on the seneschal of Anjou and the marechal of France, who were advancing to sign first.

The King clapped them both upon the shoulder, and whispered, "We know what we are doing, my masters; it was not to obtain your signatures that I entered here."

"I will sign," said Jean de Nesle, "because the King has come to my house alone, and placed confidence in my faith."

"Idiot!" thought the Bishop of Orvieto, "I will wager that the sergeant-at-arms is at the door."

Amaury Montruel, who was with him behind the tapestry, caught him by the arm, and drew him towards a window, which opened upon the avenue leading from the Hotel to the Rue St. Honoré.

"You have gained your bet, sire Bishop," said Amaury, laughing.

The legate could see, by the light of the moon, thirty sergeants-of-arms of the guard—a body recently instituted by Phillip Augustus. Their chased steel armour plates shining on their shoulders like mirrors.

"Surely there are other issues," murmured he.

"Sire Bishop," said Amaury, "there are also other sergeants-of-arms." The legate was seized with a fit of trembling.

"Fortunately," said he, as if to reassure himself, "fortunately the king does not know we are here."

"The King knows all," replied the merciless Montruel.

"Well!" said the king again.

The Count du Perche said, with somewhat a bad grace, "I will sign."

"That makes four," said the king slowly, "there remain still my cousins the Dukes of Berri and Burgundy, the Counts de Thouars, de Nevers, de Flanders, and d'Aumale, Viscounts de Saintes, and d'Auxerre, Baron de Montbard, Chretien de Prunym, Jean de Chatillon,—and others."

"Very dreaded lord," replied the Duke of Burgundy, "all those whom you have named fear God more than the king."

"That is a formal refusal, cousin of Burgundy. It is a refusal."

"Hallo, Cadocu! rouse thee!" exclaimed Phillip Augustus, in a voice which vibrated through the hall, raising himself at the same time to his full height.

The highwayman shook on his seat—he was in fact half asleep.

"What would you with me, mon sire?" muttered he.

"I wish to know," replied the king, "how many brave boys you have to sell me, if I give you a proper price?"

"God's faith, mon sire," replied Antoine Cadocu, "if it's a question of fighting your good cousins, Burgundy, de Berry, de Nevers, d'Aumale, and de Thouars, I believe that I shall give you my little children gratis!"

"Hear that!" groaned the Bishop of Orvieto; "he asked me a hundred thousand crowns just now!"

"No, no! Captain Antoine," said the king, whose gaiety at that moment might appear rather bizarre, "good reckonings make good friends. I wish to pay thee, and to pay thee cash; only tell me how many lances thou canst furnish me?"

Cadocu assumed the air of a man who was making a complicated calculation.

"Ma foi, very dreaded lord," replied he at last, "I cannot tell you exactly. In the county of Soissons I have a company which is worth a little more than the whole contingent of the Duke of Burgundy. In Orleans I have twice as many of all arms than would be necessary to swallow the whole of Berri, its sheep and its Duke. At Boulogne I have my brother Francois, who would be the happiest rogue in the world, if you would give him the job of breaking the head of the Count de Nevers. In Normandy, sire, William de Roches can tell you my band in is an army." The seneschal d'Anjou gave an affirmative sign of the head. "In short," pursued the highwayman, "with roundness and simplicity in your place, very dreaded lord, I would rather have at my service the poor Antoine Cadocu alone than that crowd of high valors, who inscribe upon their banners "*Each for Himself*," and who take refuge behind the name of God every time they desire to accomplish a treason," and the voice of the highwayman shook with anger.

All those whom he had insulted so audaciously were knights as well as high lords, and not one among them could be accused of wearing a sword, which was not always ready to fly from its scabbard. It was ten to one that the great hall of the Hotel de Nesle would not have blood shed upon its pavement that night.

King Phillip Augustus laughed kindly and made friendly and good-tempered signs—sometimes to the seneschal,—sometimes to the marshal—sometimes to John de Nesle, or to the Count du Perche. And yet King Phillip was not of an exceedingly frolicsome character. Was all this a comedy or was Cadocu only rehearsing a rôle composed by the king? Some of them believed so.

Seeing the general commotion, the king said, "my lords, be calm, I warn you; and above all touch not your swords."

"We have been outraged unworthily," said Nevers, who had already drawn his sword.

The king looked at him.

"Take care, Count de Nevers," said the king, lowering his voice a little, "the king is of opinion that Captain Antoine has spoken properly."

"Ah!" groaned the Bishop, "there is no blood in their veins this evening."

"Ma foi, sire Bishop," whispered Amaury Montruel, "I—who pretend to know the weak and the strong side of every one there,—I confess that I see not a drop; I would, indeed, give the Evil

One something if he would tell me how all that is going to end."

Nevers and all the lords, whom Cadocu had insulted, were now standing.

CHAPTER VII.

Cadocu had turned himself round upon his seat, and never seemed more at his ease.

In spite of the orders of the King, the great vassals were grouped at the extremity of the large table, engaged in earnest debate. The Duke of Burgundy tried in vain to moderate their rising anger; and it was a strange spectacle to witness—on the one hand, the rage of the vassals, restrained only by the presence of the king—and on the other, the quiet scorn with which the king regarded them. No previous King of France would ever have been able to restrain that anger so long.

Phillip Augustus had already raised the throne two or three steps; but the great blow of Bouvines had not yet descended on the neck of the feudal opposition. It was indeed evident that the swords were about to leap from their scabbards.

"Come hither, mon compere Jean," said the king; De Nesle obeyed immediately.

"Thou didst not deceive thyself, Jean, mon cousin," resumed Phillip, "when you said that I came into your house alone and confiding in thy good faith; and thus will I ever come to the house of my trusty companions. But I knew, also, that I should meet a numerous assemblage here, and I acted accordingly. I came alone, but I shall return well guarded; Jean, mon cousin, open the window."

De Nesle obeyed.

"What dost thou see?" demanded the king.

"I see, very dreaded lord, the maces of your sergeants."

"Ah, well; Jean, mon compere, these maces are for the swords which may be drawn in spite of the king's will."

"If that is a thrust at our order," said Nevers, incapable of containing himself any longer—

"Albret!" cried Phillip Augustus, raising his voice a little.

The young and handsome page appeared on the threshold of the door, where Phillip had entered.

"Is Jacques Belin there?" demanded the king.

"He is here, and waiting for orders," replied a rough voice behind the page.

The Duke of Burgundy turned pale. "Are we betrayed?" murmured he, looking at De Nesle with distrust.

"Santa Maria!" said the Bishop, "does he still doubt that?"

"No! my cousin of Burgundy, you are not betrayed," replied Phillip; "the Hotel de Nesle has been surrounded, without the knowledge of its owner; surrounded by my orders—the orders of the King of France, who does not feel himself quite old enough yet, to let his crown fall into your hands. Pardon me, Jean de Nesle," added he with cordiality, "the king knows his friends as well as his enemies. My lords," resumed he, taking all at once that air of royal gravity which he knew so well how to assume on the right occasion, "our fathers had no guard; I have taken one to defend me against the knife of the Englishman and against the poignard of the Saracen. It is not my fault if it is also called upon to help me against your swords."

He made a sign, and through two of the principal doors, twenty-four mace-men entered.

The legate could scarce contain his anger behind the tapis; but he was doomed to witness more unpleasantness. Cadocu gave a hearty shake of the hand to Jacques Belin, captain of the sergeant mace-men of the guard.

"God forbid, my lords," continued the king, "that I should disarm the chevaliers of France! Keep your swords so long as you are chevaliers of France; and take your places if that will be agreeable to you. I will attend to you presently;" and with his head resting upon his hand he appeared to collect himself for an instant. At length, in a deep and solemn voice, he exclaimed—"I am the master! God has confided to me these people of France, to govern and protect them. Whosoever shall place himself before me—

to obstruct me—I will break him down. Whoever comes to my aid, him will I reward to the extent of my power. Jean de Nesle, thou art as noble as myself, and wealthier than I am; I can give thee nothing but my friendship: it is thine. Guillaume des Roches and Henry Clement, you have been a long time the first lieutenants of the crown. Whatever thy wish may be, Count du Perche, thou must tell it. But here is mon compere, Antoine Cadocu, who is neither very noble nor very rich. Now listen and attend, all you who are present, and learn what a King of France is able to do!"

He drew his sword, saying, "Approach Messire Antoine."

Antoine waited not to have his name repeated. "On your knees!" said the king.

Cadocu knelt.

The king touched him on the cheek with the flat of his sword, saying, "By the Grace of God and the Archangel St. Michael, Antoine Cadocu, I dub thee knight!"

There arose a murmur at the end of the table.

"That does not seem to please you, my lords," said the king, resuming his bitter smile; "Think you, then, that a faithful subject will tarnish the ranks of your chivalry? But you shall have cause for stronger murmurs yet. Cadocu! Wilt thou be a baron?"

"Why not?" replied the brigand.

"Wilt thou be a count?"

"If it is agreeable to you, most dreaded sire."

"Wilt thou be a duke?"

"I will be a prince, if you wish it."

Though to tell the truth, Cadocu did not appear to be much enchanted; and it was but too evident, that he would have preferred to have been rewarded in money, for was he not already more powerful than a baron, count or duke?

"It is all very well, Messire Antoine," said the king, "but it does not suit me that you should be a baron without barony; a count without a county; or a duke without suzerain states. By reason of high treason and forfeitures, I am about to dispose of a few baronies, several counties, and two duchies at least; so we have a good choice."

The great vassals found themselves like so many foxes, entangled in a snare, and looked at each other more abashed than angered. The blood spouted from the lips of Nevers. The Bishop of Orvieto, who had heard all that had passed, said to himself—

"This is a skillful man; he cuts down the forest of the Holy See, to exalt his own throne. I would rather have a flock of geese than these same terrible seigneurs! We have lost a beautiful game, nor do I care to have revenge. It will be more profitable to take a hand in that man's game."

"Which would suit thee best, Cadocu?" demanded the king,— "The duchy of Berri or the duchy of Bourgogne?"

Cadocu hesitated for a moment, and that moment was at once seized by the grand vassals of the throne of France to make their submission—they were not afraid of the king's sergeants-at-arms, nor of Messire Antoine, with his myriads of brigands, but rather of the king and his iron will. They had expected that he would have broken down under all the embarrassments that had surrounded him at once. They found him however firm and strong, and they were subdued. They felt that their influence—all rebellious as it was—withered up in presence of that unshakable will.

The age was progressing; power had cast off its swaddling clothes, and light began to dawn on the governmental chaos. Certes we wish not to say that Cadocu, the highwayman, was a pure representative of the will of the people; but whoever had witnessed all that had just passed in the great hall of the Hotel de Nesle, might have guessed that already the people and their king were about to shake hands over the bowed heads or decapitated bodies of the high barons.

The vassals of Phillip Augustus knew, that with the support of the highwayman, to say nothing of the seigneurs who would rally to the throne, the king was well able to put his

threat into execution; and they knew, moreover, that the resolution to do it was not lacking.

They were therefore afraid.

"Most dreaded sire," said Eudes de Burgogne, advancing respectfully, holding by the hand the Duke of Berri and followed by counts, viscounts, barons and chevaliers, "it is enough; may it please you to have pity. We have deceived ourselves by good intentions and devout scruples. Receive us with mercy; and do not debase too much those who are your peers by the act of God."

"Thou seest, then, Messire Antoine," whispered the king, "they do not think thee worthy of becoming a duke and peer!"

"By God's faith!" growled the brigand, "I would have played the prince better than thou; had they come to me, I would have done their business, and stripped them as naked as little St. John, and set them to work with some gang of earth-diggers: but as to the peccage, the wine of Messire Jean is more to my taste."

In proof of which he emptied an enormous pitcher.

"Cousin Bourgogne," said the king, "do you speak in the name of all our vassals?"

"Yes, sire."

And in short, dukes, counts, barons and chevaliers assented in one chorus.

"You desire, then," said the king, "to attach your signatures to the act with which I have already made you acquainted?"

"That is our desire."

"Then, in that case, my lords, let us be good friends, and forget the past; only," added he, while pointing to Cadoc, "it is but just that you should bear the expense of the joyous advent of this echevalier. I therefore levy a tax of two hundred thousand crowns of gold to be borne among you, according to your incomes."

"Behold a brave king!" exclaimed Messire Antoine.

"Venal soul!" thought the legate.

Jean Berlin, captain of the serjeants-at-arms, departed to perform his round of duties. All was pacified.

The seigneurs signed the engagement to sustain the excommunicated Phillip Augustus; and among our national archives that act is still preserved, showing, for the first signature, that of Eudes III, Duke of Bourgogne.

(To be continued.)

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET,

AND HOW I GOT MARRIED

Continued from page 46.

CHAPTER XIII.

"I will put it through, though," were the first words I uttered to myself the next morning on waking. "I WILL put it through."

Excited by the intensity of my resolution, I dressed rapidly, swallowed my coffee and toast in haste, and proceeded down town with a conscience less scrupulous than on the previous day.

Mark the confession, reader. There are various ways by which men lapse slowly, but surely, until they descend quite to the standard of knaves. Many, many, are the avenues sloping gracefully downward to—

Stay, I did not undertake to write a book of moralizing. I am to record, simply, some facts, yes, facts within my own experience, and you, reader, must educe the moral, which *always* accompanies truth. I am no hero, no saint; no villain; but simply a successful "Wall Street" man; successful, perhaps, where many would have failed; *how*, and by what means successful I am about to tell you, but without comment of my own. In future, then, if I proceed to record what strikes you as not quite up to the standard of common honesty, you need not infer any approval from my silence, any more than you would take it for granted I condemn a good action, because I fail to applaud it. With this understanding let us proceed.

I confess I did not feel quite ready to encounter Deams that day. I knew he had an extravagant

faith in what I could accomplish, and I was sorry to meet him while still somewhat diminished in my own regard. However, I got along with the interview without permitting my "ancient" to lose confidence in his chief. I remarked to Deams that "it was in train;" the matter was looking as "favourable as I could expect," (1) and I should report as soon as I required his services.

"What a fool I am," I said, after Deams had left the office, "what a fool I am. Why should I assume the whole burthen when we have men of wealth and influence in our board?" I will call on these gentlemen, and they shall aid me to float the company. They must each do something toward earning their \$10,000 of stock.

Inspired by this new thought, I went to the office of the Antarctic Iron Mills, of which large and lucrative concern Mr. Dempsey was the head. I found him very busy, and it was with difficulty, after waiting half an hour, I could get an interview. At length, however, I took advantage of a favourable opportunity to say I wished a few moments' conversation with him.

Mr. Dempsey received me very kindly. I found him amiable in his general demeanor, and the tone in which he requested me to be seated, impressed me so favourably that I felt assured that I had only to state the case, in order to receive his hearty support and co-operation.

"I called on you to confer about the Hope and Anchor Mutual Coal Company," I said. "My name is Brant. I am one of the trustees. I—"

"O, Mr. Brant, Mr. John Brant," interrupted Mr. Dempsey, "you are an acquaintance of my good friend Mr. Pope. A most worthy person, a good man, a really good man. He is indefatigable in our church, zealous in good works. Yes, he gives you a high character, I must say, a very high character."

I bowed in acknowledgment of the statement. The announcement that I was indebted to the little man with the carrot wig and goggle eyes for the kind appreciation of Mr. Dempsey, was not altogether to my taste.

"Any one coming with a recommendation from Mr. Pope," continued Mr. Dempsey, "is entitled to a hearing, no matter how much engaged I am. I hope the company is well under way. Have you any coal in yet? I was told by a Mr.—ahem! Mr.—Mr. Deams, I think was his name—you must know him by the way—your shipping agent at Shawnee; that coal would be received by the company in the course of the month, and it is now the 25th.

"Let me see," he proceeded without waiting for any reply, "let me see, I have already several orders—a blessed thing to serve the poor—here they are. I was going to send them down to Mr. Pope, perhaps you will do me the favour to take them. Here is, 'half a ton to No. 390 East street; one ton No. 211 same street; half ton No. 70 Early street; all these I will pay for at cost price on presentation of receipt by carman. By the way, I told Mr. Hope I should advise *not* to charge any cartage to the poor. Having so many in your employ the company won't feel it, and the poor will, don't you think so?"

I bowed again. I saw I was in deep water; that is, utterly ignorant of what had been said to Mr. Dempsey, to induce him to become President, although Deams had professed to enlighten me. I say, "in deep water," for I began much to fear if I put the matter before him as I had proposed, Mr. Dempsey would immediately resign, and thereupon would follow an entire break-up of the whole concern; all caused by my own imprudence.

There was a brief pause, which I improved by reaching my hand for the valuable coal orders, and by bowing again. I could think of nothing I dared say.

"So you are delivering already? Well, that is making good time," continued Mr. Dempsey.

"We are in hopes you will look in daily at the company's offices," I said perceiving he waited for an answer which I determined not to give. "You pass them twice a day, and your presence, even for a moment, will help to give encouragement to our plans."

"Oh, your plan is a good one, a good one really and truly. I am satisfied of it, or you

know I could not consent to the use of my name. Beyond that I am perfectly positive Mr. Pope would permit nothing which is not honest. Besides, he speaks well of you too, and you appear to be an active man. I told Mr. Pope I would come whenever anything was actually necessary to be passed on by the board; that will be seldom you know, the finance committee, of which Mr. Pope and yourself make two out of three, have full powers. You see I have looked carefully into it."

This was news to me. It turned out the cunning Deams had had the meeting for organization before consulting me at all; had passed by-laws ready made, appointed committees, and generally got ready for action, intending as he really did to secure my co-operation afterwards.

What should I do? Attempt to back gracefully out of the interview content with doing the company no damage, or should I try gently to accomplish something?

I decided on the latter course.

"Mr. Dempsey, we have as you know a little matter of twelve thousand dollars to raise, and I thought it would be best for a few of us to put our hands in our pockets, and make a finish of it. I will be one of four or five to do so." I continued stoutly.

"I think you had better not push it, Mr. Brant, the fact is my son-in-law did not like the idea of going into the board, and indeed objected to my taking the position of President. Our friends, Peters and Brockaw did not come in very willing either, and it was distinctly understood that none of them should be called on for money. I fear, if you should put the matter before them they would resign, and that wouldn't do; that wouldn't do, would it? I talk to you frankly, because Mr. Pope gives you such an excellent character, and in fact I like your face. You look to me like an honest young man!"

"An honest young man!" The words smote my very soul. I turned red.

"Do not be discouraged," continued Mr. Dempsey kindly; "but keep on the way you have begun, and the company will soon be in an easy condition. Why don't you just advance the twelve thousand dollars yourself? you are a banker I am told; advance it yourself. I dare say the next ninety days will see you reimbursed. Come now, that is not a bad suggestion is it?"

Mr. Dempsey smiled pleasantly.

I too smiled, but with a contortion of spirit badly concealed, I fear, by the outward expression.

It is not to be supposed that I committed myself to the suggestion of the worthy President; at the same time I did not tell him that it was impracticable. On the contrary, as I rose to take leave of him, I said I would see what could be done."

"Of course you will," said Mr. Dempsey, grasping my hand warmly, "and it will all come right too." I see it in your eye. Yes, indeed! Good day, good day. Drop in whenever you can, and—don't forget those little orders the weather is getting cool, and the poor suffer—they suffer, you know, when frost comes."

I know I "suffered," as I quitted the place of that kind and simple-hearted good man. As I walked up the street my breast was filled with conflicting emotions. I was half inclined to go back, ask for a private interview, give Mr. Dempsey a brief history of my career, expose the bubble of the coal company, and ask him to give me a place in his concern, where I could make myself useful and gradually work up to a superior position.

"I shall have peace of mind at least," I said to myself; "and—"

"Hallo! what are you doing in this quarter?"

It was the voice of a Wall Street acquaintance, a young man of wealth and position, and rather prominent in affairs.

He was standing directly opposite; but I had not noticed him in my abstracted state of mind.

"What are you doing here yourself?" I replied, adapting my own manner to his.

"I am going to the office of the Antarctic

Works, to see about an order for iron that we are to advance on when delivered," he replied, crossing over and shaking hands with me at the same time. "By the way, I think I may guess where you have been. Dempsey is president of your coal company, I see. You could not have a better man. I received your prospectus this morning; it looks first rate. I guess you have got a good thing there. Good morning!"

Here it was again! One revulsion succeeds another. The words of my acquaintance had an intoxicating effect on me.

My other angel whispered, "John Brant, you will learn by-and-by not to be chicken-hearted. Everybody thinks well of this scheme, why not think well of it yourself? As to these four eminent gentlemen who have consented to act as trustees, why, let them alone and 'bank' all you can on their reputation. Meantime, courage, keep trying and the right man will be found."

I walked on to Deams' office. He rose as I entered, as if expecting to hear some very good news.

"I have been to see Mr. Dempsey," I said.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Deams, sinking suddenly back in his chair as if prostrated by the intelligence. "How could you commit such an imprudence?"

"What do you mean?"

"My dear Brant, you should not have gone near him without consulting me."

"I discovered as much very soon. In one word, there is no harm done. I did not come to talk about that."

"Well?"

"Deams?"

"What is it?"

"We must commence delivering coal to-morrow according to our prospectus."

"Bah, don't be so facetious."

"I am not joking, I am only carrying out the promise made by our *shipping agent* at Shawnee."

"Now don't be severe on me, Brant, I had to make the promise. Old Dempsey pushed me so hard I could not help it."

"It is quite right," I said, "just right. Do you go at once to Essex and Lee—they are the largest coal dealers in the city—and make an arrangement with them to fill any orders that may come in, and charge us the wholesale price. I have no doubt this can be done so that we shall not lose more than fifty cents a ton, and that we must manage to stand somehow."

"Take my hat," said Deams in great glee, "You are worthy of it. That is a brilliant stroke of policy, and no mistake. I wonder I had not thought of it. I will fix the matter to-day, and report to our President to-morrow."

"The sooner the better, Deams."

CHAPTER XV.

The advertisement that the Hope and Anchor Mutual Coal Company were ready to deliver coal to the shareholders at cost, created considerable excitement among boarding-house keepers and economical family men. A score of melancholy-eyed women presented themselves at the attractive counter of Masterman, Coldbrook and Pope, each eager to secure a winter supply of coal for her establishment. Small men with large families crowded the passage way, all anxious for coal at cost. Somehow most of them were under the impression that it was sufficient to be a stockholder—that is, the owner of one share, price five dollars—to enable them to receive all the coal they should desire; and they were greatly disgusted when informed by little Mr. Pope that they could have one ton at cost only for every share of stock subscribed and paid for.

Meanwhile, the advertisements were continued in the daily papers, attracting much attention.

Leaving to Masterman, Coldbrook and Pope the management of the various applicants for coal at cost, and to Deams the delivery of coal to the poor (an extraordinary employment that, for Deams), I bent all my energies to the task of securing some one to take up our company. Day after day passed by and found me no nearer my object. I had applied to two or three different

brokers of the first class, but without success. Stokes was right when he told me I would find no one to undertake it as it then stood.

It is true I did not commit myself to explanations as fully as I had to him. I had grown more wary and discriminating; but I said enough, and ascertained enough to be satisfied my case was hopeless.

I think at this time I should have abandoned it had I not met Mary Worth one day as I was walking homeward. She was in company with a gentleman, a rich young blood, who had nothing to do but to dress and drive, and be agreeable to the ladies. I had frequently heard Bellamy's name in connection with Miss Worth's—indeed, as her admirer, if not her suitor. I did not credit the reports, for, with all my doubts and fears, I could not make myself believe he was at all to her taste.

A pang of jealousy darted through me as I saw the two sauntering leisurely along the grand promenade that fine October afternoon; he all gallantry and devotion, she receiving his attentions, as it seemed to me, with an interested air.

I thought at first I would pass without appearing to notice her; but I was ashamed of such weakness, and, as we met, saluted her formally, as usual.

Could I be mistaken? Was the wish father to the thought? It seemed, positively it seemed, as her eyes fell upon me that she perceived my pained look (for I could not have concealed it), and cast on me a glance which said, as I thought, "you need not feel alarmed, I am merely amusing myself. I don't care for him a bit."

Perhaps it was in my imagination, but it sent the blood dancing through my veins.

I stopped and gazed after her. I looked at the miserable fop—so I was ready to call him—who was walking at her side. What right had such a jackanapes to be rolling in wealth and enjoying all that is desirable on this earth, while I, his superior every way, was slaving on in this degrading manner?

With clenched hands and set teeth I pursued my way.

The next morning brought a new plan and a new party to light.

CHAPTER XVI.

Just around the corner of Wall Street, in William, near Exchange Place, is a large building filled with offices. These rooms are occupied by brokers, money-lenders, railroad companies, speculators and lawyers.

It would be curious enough if, Asmodeus-like, we could take off the roofs that cover the heads of all the different occupants of this same building, and witness their busy workings. A strange mixture it would present, interesting to the student and the philosopher, but conveying no new impression to the denizen of the "street" who is already entirely familiar with the subject in its every possible phase.

There is a small room in this building furnished with a pine-table, two chairs, and a large safe. A small tin sign, on which is painted "J. STYKES," announces correctly the name of the tenant.

Every one knows John Stykes, so it is scarcely necessary for me to describe him. However, for the benefit of those who reside out of town, I will say that he is a man a little past middle-age, with delicately curved features, a finely chiselled Roman nose, large gray eyes and pale face, almost approaching the cadaverous. His hair is jet black, his height medium, his person slender. There is nothing disagreeable in his manner or conversation. He is well-educated and well-informed; and with his family goes into the best society, where he spends money without stint. In a sense, he is trustworthy, never breaking a promise, and always living up to his agreement. But he is unscrupulous in carrying out his plans, ready and quick to take advantage of the weakness of another's position. Exorbitant in his claims, he is pitiless and remorseless to any one in his power. Exacting, unrelenting, cold, he sits, and takes in, not with his ear, as it would seem, but rather with his large serpent eye, all that you say to him. Then he replies quietly

and in measured tones, and from what he says you need make no appeal.

This man deals in money, and in operations which require the *immediate* use of money. As I have described him, as he is now, so he was at the time of my engaging in the Hope and Anchor Company.

To this man I resolved to go!

I had met him two or three times, in the office of an intimate acquaintance, and was, to an extent, fascinated by his peculiar appearance and extraordinary language. I soon gathered the particulars which I have given to the reader, and which no one will venture to contradict.

I had met Mr. Stykes on my return from Long Branch. He came into the place where I was taking lunch with a friend. Two or three were speaking of my adventure, and passed many encomiums on what they were pleased to call my heroism.

Just then I happened to raise my eyes and encountered those of Stykes, who had entered quietly and was a silent listener to the conversation.

I can scarcely say why, but it sent a chill through me to look at him. If any expression could be gained from his countenance, it was one of subdued contempt.

The moment he saw I was looking at him, however, he changed his position, and asked in an indifferent tone: "Did you know whom you were rescuing?"

"No," I replied.

"Indeed," he said. The subject was dropped.

That morning I called on Mr. Stykes. I found him in his office alone, carefully scrutinizing a document which he held in his hand.

He looked up as I entered, and nodded to me in token of recognition.

"Mr. Stykes," I said, "I want a half-hour's conversation with you."

"On what subject?"

"About the Hope and Anchor Mutual Coal Company."

"I don't advance money to new companies."

"I know it. I don't want you to advance money. I want a half-hour's talk with you. You can probably tell in five minutes whether you wish me to proceed or not."

"Are you an early man?"

"Yes."

"Call in to-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Good-day."

Mr. Stykes vouchsafed no response to my parting salutation. I was content, however. The rest of the day I devoted to a careful consideration of the position I was in, and of how best to approach the subtle man of money.

The result of my cogitations was, I had to admit to myself, that in the combat of wits which was to come off, Mr. Stykes had the advantage anyway. He was older, richer, more cunning and more unscrupulous than I. Besides, I was the seeker, not he.

What should I do? How should I manage? That was the question.

On due deliberation I resolved not to manage at all, but tell Stykes the whole story and give him at the start the making of the terms which in the end he was sure to dictate. Precisely at nine o'clock I was at his office.

Not to weary the reader with repetition, I will only remark that I gave Mr. Stykes a minute and faithful account of the Hope and Anchor enterprise, so minute and faithful that, when I had concluded, he knew as much about it as I did. I wound up as follows: "Now, Mr. Stykes, are you willing to take the thing up, and on what terms?"

During the recital, Mr. Stykes' large stone eyes were slowly rolling so as to take in my whole person, my face being his central point. In spite of me, it seemed as if I were undergoing a certain Anaconda process preparatory to being swallowed whole, along with my coal company.

"You think the coal is there?" said Mr. Stykes, after a long silence.

"Yes."

"It probably is there," he continued, "the Shawnee region is a good one."

Another long pause, which I did not interrupt.

"I will do this," Mr. Stykes at length remarked: "In the first place I must be satisfied about the property—the reports of Quartz and Silex I would not give a fig for. They are eminent, scientific men; but I will buy a report from every scientific man in America for a thousand dollars a piece. I say I will do this; I will take my own lawyer and my own miner, and visit the property; if I am satisfied with it, I will pay the twelve thousand dollars you are in such want of, and set the company in motion. The stock shall all be placed in my hands, and put under my lock and key. I shall operate with it just as I please. In fact, control it entirely. Two hundred thousand dollars shall be transferred to some one I shall indicate for my own account. The company's shares I shall have the right to operate with, holding myself responsible to the company for the stock or its proceeds. The cash payments you and your friends must waive. I shall doubtless be obliged to advance the sixty thousand dollars, and take a mortgage on the property from the company. The present Board must hold their places. I will pay the expenses of the office—that is, rent, clerk-hire, and petty incidentals; and will take the furniture at a valuation if you desire. Further," continued Mr. Stykes, as he permitted his eye to settle on me, while it assumed, I will not say a softer, but less hard expression, "further, a thousand dollars cash for yourself, for your agency in the matter."

"Think this over," said Mr. Stykes, raising as if to put an end to further conversation, "and let me have your decision at this hour to-morrow."

I went out from the presence of the man, feeling quite satisfied that the process had been thoroughly completed with me. I could not precisely explain how. I felt assured that all chance of realizing beyond exactly what he promised would terminate on the acceptance of his proposition.

I proceeded immediately to Deams' office.

"It is all up with us," I said.

Deams was in great terror.

"I have done my best, Deams, and I cannot float the company."

"What is the matter? What has happened?"

"Nothing at all, except that I am unable to carry out the scheme; but I tell you what I can do, Deams; I can sell out to John Stykes and get the twelve thousand dollars, and a thousand dollars besides for ourselves."

"Magnificent! Splendid!" cried Deams. "What did you want to frighten me so, for? So Stykes is to take it—what is to become of all our stock?"

"We hold it the same as under the old plan, but it is to be all under lock and key till money is raised for the company."

"Why that's honest—that's right," said Deams, "that's the way it should be. If Stykes takes hold of it, it will go, and our shares will be worth par in time. How about the yearly payments after the first sixty thousand?"

"Wiped out."

"I thought as much," said Deams, "I only put it in as a flyer—Brant, I always said you were a trump, and you have proved it—it is not everybody that could have got hold of John Stykes as you have."

"I thought when I was with him that he had got hold of me."

Deams laughed. "You are a good deal of a wag," he said. "Come, let us have lunch. I think I can go a bottle of champagne on this morning's news. We will take it quietly over at Hinkley's—and you can then go into particulars."

It is only necessary for me to observe that Deams was more than satisfied with the result of my efforts. Cash in hand was all he wanted—much or little, and the sum he was to receive was quite unprecedented in his later experience. From some expressions which fell from him, I was satisfied he had had very little confidence in the affair, and that he really regarded it as a passing scheme to raise the wind. However, I forgave him for attempting to play on my credulity, since he did not succeed, at least to any extent.

On separating, I extorted a promise that he

would scrupulously follow my directions in everything relating to the company. I told him not to count his chickens before they were hatched, since all depended on Stykes' personal examination of the property; and meantime he must be careful not to speak to any one on the subject.

I did not close my eyes that night. It seemed as I had made, as it were, providentially, a great escape. I could now see clearly on what a frail basis I was about to risk all that I had—namely my reputation. Yes, reputation was after all dear to me, when it came to the test. More dear to me, perhaps, because if not established it was not as yet tarnished.

.....

"What if the property is not satisfactory? What if the titles are defective?"

The very thought made me hold my breath. "I will not indulge in forebodings. I will accept Mr. Stykes' proposition at nine o'clock to-morrow morning sharp, and leave the future to my good angel—Mary Worth."

CHAPTER XVII.

The next day, and punctual at the moment, I was at Mr. Stykes' little office in William Street. He was deeply occupied as usual, but laid aside his papers as I entered, and waited for me to announce my acceptance or refusal of his offer.

"Mr. Stykes," I said, "I accede to the terms you offer, with one very slight exception."

"What is it?"

"You stipulate to have the board remain as it is. I agree, mainly, to that. I am a member. My name brings no sort of influence with it, as you know. I must insist on withdrawing it. You may put a man of your own choosing in my place."

Mr. Stykes looked me steadily in the face, his eye—always slowly moving, yet firm on its axis. I returned his look with one sharp and decisive.

For an instant Mr. Stykes permitted a ray of appreciative intelligence to escape him; the next moment he had settled again into his natural appalling indifference.

"As you like," he replied, "it is a matter of no consequence to me."

"When will you have finished your examination?" I asked.

"In a week."

"You will then be ready to conclude the arrangement?"

"If all things prove satisfactory, yes."

I had great difficulty during those seven days in restraining Deams. In spite of his promise to me, he was constantly on the point of betraying that something immensely important was about to happen. The pompous airs he assumed, the petty debts he incurred, and the lofty contempt for trifles he exhibited, was very ludicrous.

At length the day arrived when I was to receive Mr. Stykes' answer.

I confess it was not without a degree of trepidation that I mounted the stairs, and entered his room. My pulse beat fast as I said, "Good morning." I enunciated in a rather rapid manner—too rapid, and off guard as I now recollect—"I have called to learn the result of your investigation."

"It is satisfactory. Sit down. I have prepared a memorandum for your own government, of what I wish done, and which comes within the scope of my offer. Let all the papers be sent to Izzy, Quincy Court; he will prepare what I wish signed. Then let your people make the transfer of the contract to the company, and the twelve thousand dollars are ready. I will take the company's obligation for that amount, payable from the first receipts of sale of the company's shares. You will send all here. Let the board be called together, and make your own explanations in your own way, but carry out *this* (putting his finger on the paper) in every particular. When you are ready, I am."

"Who do you propose shall take my place at the board?"

"You will not remain?"

"No."

"You may serve your own interest by staying in."

"I have decided to resign."

Mr. Stykes took a narrow slip of paper, wrote the name of an individual I never heard of, and added his address, which was in a fashionable quarter of the city, and handed me the slip.

"Not in business?" I said.

"No! retired."

I need not tell you, reader, that I set myself with energy to the work of carrying out the programme which Mr. Stykes had prepared. I could not but notice it was strictly in accordance with the terms verbally expressed to me.

To Deams I left the labour of explanation. I never enquired, and I never permitted him to tell me what representations he made, what arguments he used, or what inducements he held out. Suffice it to say, all went smoothly at the "Board." I resigned, and "Elias Ashley" was unanimously chosen in my place.

As I left the room, Mr. Dempsey shook me cordially by the hand. "We dislike much to part with you," he said, "but we quite understand how you can be of more service to us in your new career, if you are not a member of our board."

His words were "Greek" to me—I did not comprehend what he meant, and have never discovered since.

I said not one word in reply, I only smiled, and bowing blandly, I left the office of the Hope and Anchor Mutual Coal Company forever.

Of the twelve thousand dollars, the share of Deams and myself was three thousand—fifteen hundred dollars a piece. The thousand dollars which I had from Stykes, I divided with Deams, and received from him the two hundred and fifty dollars so long due, and immediately paid my debt to my friend Holman. Next I removed my quarters from the moderate boarding-house I was living at to the sixth story of the Grand Avenue Hotel.

This was from no sudden impulse, or foolish regard for appearances. I was determined to change all my associations, and in future frequent the society of people who had money, and avoid all poor devils, at least, till I was in a situation to afford to keep company with them, should I desire to do so. For the rest I was careful and economical in my habits, and resolved that the inroads on my two thousand dollars should be as light and infrequent as possible. I was fully determined before this sum should be expended, to find my way into some respectable occupation, or quit the city.

Although forming no part of my personal history or experience, you may very naturally desire to know what became of the well-known coal company which I have heretofore introduced to you. Your reasonable curiosity shall be gratified.

You will please to bear in mind that the actual price to be paid the proprietor, Grover P. Wilcox, for the coal lands, was sixty thousand dollars.

The price was really very low, but the terms were imperative—*cash*. In vain Deams had attempted to procure a credit of one year. Therefore, so long as the sixty thousand remained unpaid, the company could receive no deed, and had, literally, nothing to rest upon. The first thing which was done under the Stykes administration (not that he was ever apparent in anything which was going forward) was the execution of a mortgage by the company to this same Grover P. Wilcox, for the sixty thousand dollars, payable in six months. This mortgage was taken to Mr. Wilcox and along with *it the money for the lands* with the request that he should convey the lands to the company, and transfer the mortgage to John Stykes, of the city of New York. This was all very natural, and proper, and Mr. Wilcox complied.

Then began the great season of prosperity for the "Hope and Anchor." By degrees it found its way, as it would seem, by sheer force of merit, on the stock list. A transfer-clerk was added to the establishment—one of Stykes' appointing. That gentleman having purchased the furniture which adorned the offices of Masterman, Goldbrook and Pope and taken the assignment of their lease, intimated in due time to those gentlemen, by one of his mysterious agents (he

never acted in person), that the coal company would require all the room for its legitimate business, and it would be advisable to remove their "banking house" to another quarter. Mr. Stykes, however, insisted on their remaining in the board. Indeed he could not dispense with Mr. Pope's services as secretary, only he should hire a competent young man to do the drudgery of writing up the records, preparing new certificates and so forth.

To be continued.

ROYAL STANDARDS.

BANNERS have been used from time immemorial, and in all countries, for the purpose of directing the movements of troops. They are not so much "images and superscriptions" of separate nations, as they are military telegraphs, "legible and read of all" the army. The Old Testament, the oldest authentic history in the world, frequently makes mention of them; but it will suffice to refer our readers to Numbers ii. 2, "Every man of the children of Israel shall camp by his standard, and under the ensign of his father's house."

The earliest Roman standard was a handful of hay tied to the top of a spear. Now, the Latin for "a handful of hay" is *manipulus*; and when the Roman army was fully organized, and each division had its specific ensign, ten cohorts made a legion, and four companies a cohort. The ensign of the company was the old "manipulus," no longer an actual "handful of hay," but a gilt hand supposed to be holding a hay bunch. The company itself was called a *maniple*, from "manipulus," their ensign.

Other ensigns were gradually introduced as the nation developed, and various animals, emblematic of some national tradition or military achievement, were adopted: as the wolf, in reference to the story of Remus and Romulus; the sow, in reference to the tradition of Æne'as, who was commanded to build his city on the spot where he should discover a *white sow*, with thirty young ones. The city of Alba Longa was the one he founded, and, like the sow itself, it had thirty dependencies.

Other devices had a more abstruse meaning: thus, the figure of a minotaur indicated that the designs of a general should be as intricate and difficult to trace as the labyrinth in which the minotaur lived.

According to the representations given on Trajan's Column and other surviving monuments, the whole pageant Roman of banners was most imposing and diversified. Besides those already mentioned, we find flag-staffs adorned with the figure of Mars, Victory, and Romulus; and in later times with the effigy of the reigning emperor. Others we find terminating in a ball, to show the extent of the Roman dominions, commensurate with the world.

The cavalry used a standard called *perillum*, consisting of a piece of cloth about a foot wide, fastened to the head of a T, and bearing, in some cases, a device, such as a dragon, wrought in the cloth. The standard of the legion was an eagle—a device adopted by the Germans, and of late introduced into imperial France.

After Constantine embraced Christianity, the Cross was substituted for the head of the emperor on the imperial banner of Byzantium, and the motto was subjoined, "*Vince in Hoc*," (by this conquer). It is said that Constantine, on his march to Rome, saw a luminous cross in the sky, with the inscription given above in Greek; and that, on the night before the battle of Saxa Rubra, a vision appeared to him in his sleep, commanding him to inscribe the device on the shields of his soldiers. Without scanning this legend too narrowly, it will be sufficient for our purpose to say that Constantine overthrew his rival, and made himself sole master of the West. Probably he found it his best interest to win the affections of his numerous Christian subjects, and a miracle, asserted in such a cause, would not be likely to be gainsayed. Clovis, at a future period, found it equally to his interest to win the affections of the Gallic Christians by being baptized, and giving out that the God of battles

had given him the victory, in order that he might become the "eldest son of the Church."

At the rise of chivalry in the Middle Ages, the ordering of banners, like every other branch of military organization, attained to something like scientific exactitude. From the banner royal, which bore the national emblems, to the small streamers attached to the lance, there was a regular gradation, and each distinction was full of meaning. The pennon of the knight differed from the banner of the banneret. The former was pointed at the ends, and when the knight rose to the rank of banneret, the points were torn off, so that the flag became a square.

The first banneret of England was made by Edward I., and the last by Charles I., after the Battle of Edgehill. In addition to the variety in size, shape, and colour, these banners were distinguished by their emblems. One of the earliest, bearing on it a Danish raven, was taken by Alfred the Great.

The privilege of carrying a banner belonged to bishops and abbots, as the generals of the church militant, and the ecclesiastical predecessors of the Church of Rome have always partaken of a half military character. Ecclesiastical banners are called gonfalons (war-flags), and the emblems employed are generally the effigies of saints. Some sacred banners have no effigies, as the famous French Oriflamme, first used as a national standard in 1119. This sacred banner consisted of a red flag mounted on a gilt staff. It was cut into three "vandykes," to resemble "tongues of fire," and between each vandyke was a silk tassel. This celebrated standard was the banner of the abbot of St. Denis (*San Dnee*); but when the Counts of Vexin became possessed of the abbey, the banner passed into their hands. In 1082 Philippe I. united Vexin to the crown, and the Oriflamme became of the royal standard, but it was never carried to the field after the Battle of Agincourt in 1415.

By all warlike people the banner has been regarded as the emblem of national honour—a palladium for the defence of which the bearer must be willing to sacrifice his life, if needs be. We cannot but hope that the time is not far distant when the sword shall be turned into a reaping-hook, and the banner will be left to float over our national edifices merely to announce some national festival or day of general rejoicing.

The royal standard was raised in England during the third year of King Richard III., A.D. 1483, at a place called Redmore Plain, three miles from Bosworth, in Leicestershire, where the king pitched his tents in the open fields, called all his soldiers together, and declared the cause of his taking up arms, and the setting up of his standard, which was against Henry, Earl of Richmond, telling them he was only come to spoil their land and houses, and ravish their wives and daughters.

The royal standard thus set up by King Richard was formally sent to him out of the Tower of London, and brought by Sir Richard Brokenbury, who was then Lieutenant of the Tower, whom he appointed to be his chief standard-bearer, together with Sir Thomas Bouchier and Sir Walter Hungerford, and divers other knights and gentlemen, in whom the king had good confidence and trust.

The standard being set up in great state, and well guarded, the English people became much displeased because the king would make their country the seat of war. They broke out, and expressed their bitter discontent by means of certain papers which were scattered about the camp, in which papers it was quoted from ancient records—"That if any king doth proclaim war, and set up his standard within his own kingdom and against his own people and nation, not having any just occasion, but only a rash humour and desire of revenge, and not having any affront given him by foreign forces; and upon the setting up of any such flag or standard—*first*, that the law itself ceases to be of any force: *secondly*, that all prisoners whatsoever that lay in custody upon any suit of law or execution, contempt or any other decree, were presently freed, and the doors of the prison set open, and that no jailer whatsoever detain him or them;

thirdly, that such king ought to be dispossessed and his crown bestowed upon another; *fourthly* neither he nor any of his posterity should have any right or succession to the crown and dignity."

Shakespeare has recorded this circumstance—The Duke of Norfolk found in his tent one of these papers, on which was written—

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dickon, thy master, is bought and sold."

The circulation of these papers among his soldiers came to the knowledge of the king, who made slight of it—

A mere invention of the enemy.

He went on his way regarding nothing, depending on his own strength and the forces he had. This over-confidence proved his ruin. The conflict ended, as we all know, in the defeat of his army and the death of himself.

Speed says that after the battle of Bosworth Field, among the dead and wounded the body of the king was found. "Being stript, and so lying naked upon the ground, it was thrown over cross a horse, and carried to Leicester, where, two days after the battle, Sir William Catesby was beheaded; and having remained there for some time, a miserable spectacle to the people, it was meanly buried in the Greyfriars church, where afterwards King Henry caused a monument to be erected for him, with his picture in alabaster, which remained till the dissolution under Henry VIII. when it was pulled down and utterly defaced; since which his grave, being overgrown with weeds and nettles, it became very obscure, and not to be found; only the stone coffin, wherein the corpse lay, was made a drinking trough for horses at a common inn."

Richard left no children to dispute the crown with Henry VII. He had one child by his Queen, Anne, named Edward, who was born in the castle of Middleham, near Richmond in Yorkshire, in 1473. When four years old he was created by his uncle, King Edward IV., Earl of Salisbury; and by his father, when king, on the 24th August, 1483, he was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. "In that royal procession about the city of York, when Richard and Anne were crowned there, he was led by his mother on her left hand, having on his head a demi-crown, appointed for the degree of a prince." He shortly after died.

Richard had an illegitimate daughter, named Katharine Plantagenet. "By an indenture made at London, the last of February, in the first year of the said king, she was commanded to be accepted in marriage before the feast of St. Michael, 29th September, by the Right Honorable the Lord William, Earl of Huntingdon, who thereby obliged him to make her a fair and sufficient estate of certain his manors, and in England to the yearly value of two hundred pounds over all charges."

The earl possessed manors and lands in Wales. His former title was William, Lord Herbert of Gower. He was created Earl of Huntingdon, 1479.

ST. PATRICK AND HIS DAY.

IT is said St. Patrick was born in the year 372, at a village called Bonaven Tabernæ, near the town of Kilpatrick, in Scotland. At nineteen he was carried into slavery, together with many of his fathers, to Ireland. Here he was obliged to keep cattle on the mountains, in hunger and nakedness, amidst snow, rain, and ice.

While leading this anything but comfortable life, his thoughts first turned to religion, and at the end of six months he was admonished in a dream to return to his own country, and informed that a ship was just about to sail; whereupon he immediately repaired to the sea shore, and after some difficulty (want of money, perhaps), he obtained a passage. In three days he and some companions landed in the north of Scotland, and for twenty-seven days wandered in the wilds without food. During this time it is said that, having extorted a promise from his starving companions that they would become worshippers of the only true God, a herd of swine and

plenty of other provisions were miraculously sent to them.

At the first town he arrived after this wandering, St. Patrick received his apostolic mission from Pope Celestine to convert the Irish. Determined on the thorough performance of this task, he penetrated to the remotest parts of the Emerald Isle, baptized multitudes, ordained clergy, distributed alms to the poor, both pagan and converted, made presents to the kings and founded monasteries. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm by the people, among whom he continued his mission forty years, when he died at Down, in Ulster, where he was buried.

Concerning the alleged miracles performed by the saint, a writer, named Ribadenerice, affirms that St. Patrick did so to free Ireland from all venomous beasts, that none could ever since breed or live there; moreover, that all woods grown in Ireland possess a virtue against poison. Then there is a legend that King's College, Cambridge, being built of Irish wood, no spider doth ever come near it.

Calgan, another writer, seriously tells us that St. Patrick accomplished the extermination of reptiles by beating on a drum, which he struck so violently as to knock a hole in it, and thereby endangered the success of the miracle; but an angel appeared and mended the drum; and this patched instrument was long exhibited as a holy relic.

The anniversary of the death of St. Patrick, which took place about A.D. 460, is held as a high festival in Ireland, where it is celebrated with universal demonstrations of affection for his memory; indeed, the doings on that day in a real Irish town or village is a sight never to be forgotten.

At day-break on the 17th, flags fly from tower and steeple, and the bells peal forth merrily. During the day presents are being made from the rich to the poor, and *vice versa*; the one side giving money or garments, the other their blessings—a large share of which, by the way, fall to the saint himself. On every "boy's" hat may be seen the "shamrock so green," and in his hand the dacent "sprig of shilagh."

Not, however, to Ireland is the celebration of the festival confined. In England, in Scotland, in Canada and the United States the saint has his worshippers, who would deem it little less than impiety to let the day pass over without its accustomed observance.

Of course, it need not be said that the dark-eyed, rosy-cheeked, jaunty-aired, laughter-loving daughters of Erin play an important part in the amusements of the day; and in whatever clime Irishmen find themselves congregated, this day is always observed. In London the children belonging to that admirable institution, the Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, all turn out to have their hearts gladdened and their eyes pleased.

The saint also gives his name to the knight-hood of the illustrious order of St. Patrick, which was instituted in the year 1783, the rule being that it should consist of fifteen knights companions, of whom the reigning sovereign, the Lord Lieutenant and several other great officers of Ireland, are knights *ex-officio*. The emblem or badge of the order worn by the knights is made of gold, surmounted with a wreath of shamrock, or trefoil, surmounting a circle of gold, bearing the motto, in gold letters, *Quis separabit?* Then the date of the foundation of the order encircles the cross of St. Patrick, which is described by heralds as *gules*, surmounted by a *trefoil vert*, each leaf being charged with an imperial crown or, upon a *trilic argent*. The badge, encircled with rays in form of a star of silver, of eight points, four greater and four lesser, is worn on the left side of the outer garment.

The motto, "Who shall separate us?" in conjunction with the shamrock, or trefoil, is very appropriate, and is explained by the legend which says that when St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, to convert the Irish from paganism, in the year 433, the natives attempted to stone him to death. The saint, however, soothing them a little by his eloquence, then endeavoured to explain the mystery of the Trinity in Unity, but he failed to make them understand it, till suddenly plucking

a trefoil, or shamrock, from the ground, he said, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to exist in one person, as for these three leaves to grow on a single stalk?"—and that illustration, the legend goes on to say, immediately convinced them.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

To one fifth of seven add ten, then divide one hundred and fifty by one fifth of eight, and show what we should all strive to do in the right way. HATTIE.

ARITHMOREMS.

1. 50 and on so.—One of the wise men of Greece.
2. 51 and no *serv* 50.—A town in Canada West.
3. 1501 and *choru*.—A place of note during the late American war.
4. 501 and *sun*.—A river in Asia.
5. 10 and *say* no.—A kingdom of Europe.
6. 51 and *O'cheap rag*.—A sea of Europe.
7. 601 and A. A. E.—The old name of one of the North American Provinces.
8. 1100 and *hat ah?*—A town of Upper Canada.
9. 401 and *O'abo*.—An Italian writer contemporary with Petrarch.
10. 100 and *she err* to.—A city of the United States.
11. 500 and *no saga no*.—A tribe of American Indians.
12. 651 and *wo no go* 50.—A town of Upper Canada.
13. 1 and *knot* S. N. G.—A city of Canada.

The initials form the name of a Canadian hero. R. T. B.

CHARADES.

1. I travelled some distance in my *first* to purchase my *whole*, but I found that they were attacked by my *second* rendering them useless. R. T. B.

2. My *first* is a wound that might be inflicted by my *whole* in the hands of my *second*. R. T. B.

3. My *first* is now at your tongue's end, Reversed, it is a hole; My *second* is a favoured friend, Part of a dress my *whole*.

4. My *first's* a useful instrument To lawyers when on business bent; My *second's* lord of all creation, Sea and land in every nation; My *third*, my *second* made with art, To trade with many a foreign part. My *whole* you'll see that, when combined A useful art to all you'll find.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose a useful animal, and show something always found near the sea.
2. Transpose a vegetable, and find part of a ship.
3. Transpose a tract of waste land, and find part of a house.
4. Transpose a flower, and find something unpleasant to bear.

ACROSTIC.

1. An Italian painter.
 2. A precious stone.
 3. A celebrated actor.
 4. A river in Asia.
 5. An English poet.
 6. A town in Syria.
 7. An Irish writer.
 8. One of the Prophets.
 9. A celebrated Crimean battle.
- The initials of the whole reveal the name of a living celebrity. Dot.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., No. 29.

- Decapitations*.—1 clock-lock-O. K. 2 Jumble-umble. 3 Clever-lever-ever. 4 Grouse-rouse-ouse. 5 Strap-trap-rap.
- Charades*.—1 Cat-a-comb. 2 Cast-a-net.
- Arithmorems*.—1 Montreal. 2 Brantford. 3 Hamilton. 4 London. 5 Belleville.
- Anagrams*.—1 Aggregate. 2 Positively. 3 Sometimes. 4 Episcopalian.
- Transposition*.—Imposition.
- Arithmetical Problems*.—1. 600 trees. 2. The number is 48. 3. The angles are 48, 60, 72.

The following answers have been received:

- Decapitations*.—X. Y. Stratford, R. T. B., R. N. Festus, Cloud, H. H. V., Argus, Ellen.
- Charades*.—Argus, R. T. B., Cloud, H. H. V., Festus, X. Y., Stratford, Camp., Don.

Arithmorems.—H. H. V., Ellen, R. T. B., Cloud, X. Y., Stratford, H. H. V., Don., Camp. Argus.

Transpositions.—R. T. B., George H., H. H. V., Belleville, Argus.

Arithmetical Problems.—R. T. B. George H. H. V., Argus.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 16.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St.; J. McL.; Alma, Brantford; X. L., Kingston; K. B., Toronto; and I. K. M. B., Hamilton.

PROBLEM No. 17.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St.; F. R.; Marathon; I. R. M. B., Hamilton; X. L., Kingston; and J. G. M., Toronto.

H. R. A., WESTPOINT, N. Y.—The positions you enclosed to Mr. Groves have been handed to us, and will shortly grace our column. May we hope for a continuance of your valued favours?

C. C. B., CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Thanks for your welcome addition to our "stock-in-trade." We hope you will not forget the promise which accompanied the enclosures.

G. G., ST. CATHARINES, C. W.—Your continued kindness is sincerely appreciated. "May you live a thousand years!"

ENQUIRER.—In giving the odds of Pawn, the K B P is the one which is removed from the board.

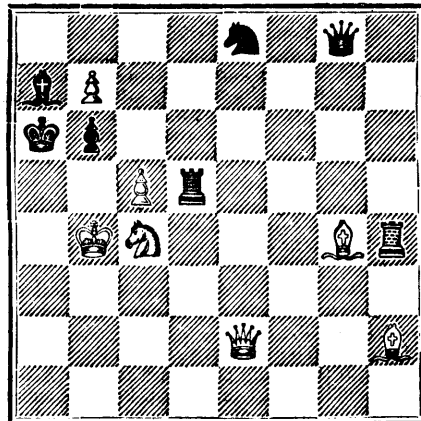
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 17.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 B. to K. 7th. | P. moves. |
| 2 R. to K. B. 2nd. | K. to B. 4th. |
| 3 R. to K. Kt. 2nd (dis. ch.) | K. to K. 4th. |
| 4 R. Mates. | |

PROBLEM No. 19.

By EDW. H. COURTENAY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

A brilliant *partie* in which the celebrated McDonnell gave the odds of Q. Kt. to an amateur.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

Remove White's Q. Kt.

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

(a) Mr. McDonnell was the first who recognized the importance of the discovery made by Evans, and he elaborated the style of attack which long prevailed in this, the most magnificent of modern openings.

(b) Although this move is not regarded as being quite so strong as 7 P. to Q. 4th, the attack is nevertheless, sustained with unflinching vigour and adroitness.

(c) His only move to save the Queen.

(d) The closing combination displays in a marked degree the ability and resources of the most brilliant player of his day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Gus MORTON.—As you have enclosed stamps for the purpose, we return the MS. through the post.

R. T. B.—Please accept our thanks. The contributions are very acceptable.

J. F. F.—Whilst looking over some papers during the week, we discovered your communication, which had by some means been mislaid. Let the title be a happy augury.

HAMILTON CITY.—"Rinderpest" is a compound German word, and may be freely translated "Cattle plague". "Rinder" a bullock or heifer, and "Pest" pestilence or plague.

DOT.—Samuel Lover is still living, but he has not been before the public of late. His last work was published some years since.

M. M. S.—We regret that we cannot publish the verses. It would give us much pleasure to do so; but whilst some of the stanzas are quite presentable, others are too incorrect to be admissible.

HATTIE.—There is no other correct way of spelling "*au revoir*," but it is not necessary to commence "*revoir*" with a capital letter.

KATE S. McL.—Your contribution will be inserted in an early issue. We will take care that the fate which befell Valentine is not repeated in this case.

WATSON C. ORR.—The paragraph which went the round of the press stating that Artemus Ward and his wife had met with their death by suffocation from coal gas is said to have referred to a real Artemus Ward. The gentleman you heard lecture, and who is known under the *nom de plume* of Artemus Ward is still living. It was stated some time since that he was about to visit England, but we are not aware whether he has yet done so. Many thanks for your good wishes.

C. R. B.—Your letter with the MS. came to hand a few hours since; we have not yet been able to give our attention to the latter. Your request shall be carefully attended to; but permit us to add that it would not be in our power to afford much information on the subject—would it? Will reply to your query in our next.

X. Y., STRATFORD.—Much obliged; shall be pleased to hear from you frequently.

M. Mc.—Your contribution is reserved for insertion.

LUCRUS.—We must ask you to wait until our next issue as we have not at present found time to read the MS.

GEO. S.—To "dine with Duke Humphry" is equivalent to having no dinner at all. A part of the public walks in Old St. Paul's, London, was called "Duke Humphry's Walk," and the phrase is said to have originated from the fact that persons who were unable to pay for their dinner at a tavern were accustomed to walk there, in hope of procuring an invitation, from their more favoured acquaintances.

MEMO.—The handsome covers provided for the READER are for sale at the office, or you can procure the bound volume if you prefer to do so.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

By boiling shellac and borax in water a solution of the lac is obtained, which may be used as a varnish or as a vehicle for colours. Mixed with lamp-black, it has been used as an ink that will resist acids.

NON-COMPRESSIBILITY OF WATER.—It is often necessary, before re-melting cast iron, to reduce large masses of it to pieces. This, by the method ordinarily used, is both troublesome and difficult. The *Scientific Review* says—"A simple and ingenious mode of producing the required fracture has been recently used in France. It consists in drilling a hole in the mass of cast iron for about one-third of its thickness, and filling the hole with water, then closing it with a steel plug, which fits very accurately, and letting the ram of a pile-driver fall on the plug. The first blow separates the cast iron into two pieces."

PATENT WINDOW CLEANER.—An ingenious instrument for cleaning windows of every description has been lately invented by Mr. Smeaton, of Birkenhead. It consists of a long wooden rod, with an elbow joint; and the person using it has no need either to stand or even to sit on the window sill. The long arm is supplied with a nut and double cord, and the short arm has a movable bolt on it, to which may be attached a brush, sponge, or wash-leather; and by moving the nut up and down, the brush or other article on the short arm is brought in contact with the window panes. The instrument seems to answer its purpose admirably. It is light, portable and cheap.

THE DIAMOND.—Contrary to the usual opinion, that the diamond has been produced by the action of intense heat on carbon, Herr Goeppert asserts that this jewel owes its origin to aqueous agencies. His argument is based upon the fact that the diamond becomes black when exposed to a very high temperature. He considers that its Neptunian origin is proved by the fact that it has often on the surface impressions of grains of sand, and sometimes of crystals, showing that it has once been soft.

MADAME de Castelnau requests the French Academy to direct its commissioners to examine with the aid of the solar microscope the animalcules to which she attributes the development of cholera, and specimens of which she offers to place at their disposal.

MISCELLANEA.

THE UMBRELLA, OR PARASOL, is by no means a recent invention; one of the earliest mentions we find of this most useful article is by Aristophanes, who flourished about 340 B.C. Parasols were frequently given as presents. And then, as now, a common mark of attention was for a gentleman to carry the parasol when walking with a lady. The men did not carry them in those days, on account of its being considered effeminate. Frequently the Roman and Grecian ladies employed slaves, generally women, to carry them.

ANTIQUITY OF SHAWL PATTERNS.—It is a singular fact the pattern now most common upon Paisley shawls, and which has always been a favourite, is said to have been in use among the Hindoos 2,000 years ago.

JEWISH ANTIQUITIES.—An ancient Jewish house has been excavated in Syria, which, by its structure and interior arrangement, would seem to belong to the second century B.C. Seven books have been found in it—viz., the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and a volume of Hebrew poems hitherto unknown.

THE PEABODY FUND.—The trustees of this fund have published the letter in which Mr. Peabody communicates his second donation to the Fund. It consists of 5,000 Hudson's Bay Company shares of £20 each (£100,000). He gives directions as to its investment and appropriation, intimating a wish that school and reading rooms should be connected with the new dwellings for the working classes.

CROSSING SWEEPERS.—A brigade of juvenile crossing sweepers has been formed in London, under the presidency of Lord Brougham. At present there are eighteen boys, who wear a green blouse as their uniform.

THE late attempt to find the Temple of Diana, by driving a gallery into the mound outside the city walls, has failed. Some beautiful broken pottery was found in the heap. The works at the Odeon are progressing; the marble is as white and shining as if polished only yesterday.

FRENCH.—An entirely subterranean theatre is being constructed in Paris, at a cost of 30,000,000 francs. It is expected that its coolness will be a great attraction in summer. Very much of what is customary in Parisian theatres had better be as far under ground as is possible.

THE question of a universal monetary system for the whole of Europe is attracting much attention in Paris. It is proposed, as one of the first steps towards the introduction of such a system, to make the franc exactly 1-25th of a sovereign.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

TEMPTING SUBJECT FOR ANIMAL PAINTERS.—A dog trying to imitate the bark of a tree.

HOUSEHOLD NOTE.—(By a Cockney.)—What to do with Cold Mutton.—Heat it.

A COURSING CONUNDRUM.—When is a greyhound not a greyhound?—When it turns a hare!

"WERE you ever cross-examined?"—"Yes, when questioned by my wife, after spending the evening abroad—cross enough, in all conscience."

"Well, farmer, you told us your place was a good place for hunting; now we have tramped it for three hours, and found no game."—"Just so," said the farmer; "as a general thing, the less game there is, the more hunting you have."

A MAN that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the weed for her.

THE more ladies practice walking, the more graceful they become in their movements. Those ladies acquire the best carriage who don't ride in one.

AN IRISHMAN visiting a churchyard with a friend, pointing to a shady, quiet nook, said, "This is the spot where I intend being laid, if I'm spared."

SOME one remarked to Mrs. Siddons that applause was necessary to actors, as it gave them confidence. "More," replied the actress; "it gives us breath."

AN advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an "acre of land."

"How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's scent to me," replied the other.

A RECENT philosopher discovers a method to avoid being dunned! "How?—how?—how?" everybody asks. "Never run in debt!"

To cure hams, first ascertain what is the matter with them. Then apply the proper remedies; and if you do not succeed in curing them, it isn't your fault.

What is the difference between a spendthrift and a feather bed?—One is hard up and the other is soft down.

NO, WONDER, INDEED!—The process of reasoning in some minds is a curious one. "When Nineveh has departed and Palmyra is in ruins; when Imperial Rome has fallen, and the Pyramids themselves are sinking into decay, it is no wonder," sighed a French humourist, "that my old black coat should be getting seedy at the elbows."

ON THEIR HANDS.—A certain eminent medical man lately offered to a publisher in Paternoster-row, a "Treatise on the Hand," which the worthy bookseller declined with a shake of his head, saying, "My dear sir, we have too many treatises on our hands already."

A PAIR OF LIPS.—"Wonderful things are done nowadays," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah!" said his wife, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

KILLING TO CURE.—"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! it was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, blistered its head and feet, put mustard-poultices all over it, gave it nine calomel powders, leached its temples, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicines; and yet, after a week's illness, it died."

FAMILY CONNECTIONS.—A Persian merchant, complaining heavily of some unjust sentence, was told by the judge to go to the *cadi*. "But the *cadi* is your uncle," urged the plaintiff. "Then you can go to the grand vizier."—"But his secretary is your cousin."—"Then you may go to the sultan."—"But his favourite sultana is your niece."—"Well, then, go to the devil!"—"Ah that is a still closer family connection!" said the merchant, as he left the court in despair.