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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 13.

FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 2, 1865.

TEN CENTS.

CONTENTS.

THE WAR OF COLOUR. REVIEWS.	AN AUTUMN EVENING AT THE SEA-SIDE (Poetry).
THE MAGAZINES.	THE FASHIONS.
PALMERSTON (Poetry).	CHESS.
MISCELLANEA.	PASTIMES.
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.	PUZZLES—CONUNDRUMS.
A DANGEROUS CURE.	TRANSPPOSITIONS.
DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.	CHARADES—PROBLEM.
COMING (Poetry).	ANAGRAMS.
THE WISHES SHOP.	ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, & Co., & Co., & Co.
THE YOUNG CHEMIST.	ANSWERS TO CORRE- SPONDENTS.
OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.	SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
NOMENCLATURE.	WITTY AND WELLSICAL.
THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THING.	

Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,

"HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,"

written by the author of "Barbara's History" for
All the Year Round, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

NOTICE.

ALL the back numbers of the READER are now
in print, and we shall be happy to forward them
to any subscribers who may need them to make
up their sets.

ANY person getting up a Club of five will be
entitled to a free copy of the READER, during the
existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten,
to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely
bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's History
of Canada, which is published at \$3.00 by R.
Worthlington, Publisher and Bookseller, next
door to Post Office, Montreal.

THE WAR OF COLOUR.

THE insurrection in Jamaica is one more misfor-
tune befallen to the unfortunate African race.
The Negro is not by nature a cruel being, neither
is the gentle and effeminate native of Bengal, or
even of Oude, but the atrocities committed in the
insurrection in St. Domingo, and in the Sepoy
rebellion in India, would lead us to a different
conclusion. How then are we to account for the
cruelties which disgraced these and similar out-
breaks, amongst others, that which has just oc-
curred in Jamaica? We attribute them to the
war of colour which has existed from the earliest
ages of which we have any knowledge, and
which we fear will continue to exist, in spite of
all that Christianity, philosophy, and civilization
can do to suppress it. The Hindoo, though fanat-
ically attached to his own religion, though he
will not intermarry, nor eat, nor drink, nor be
buried with those of a different faith, is generally
the reverse of intolerant in dealing with the reli-
gion of his neighbour, however antagonistic to his
own peculiar creed. It was not a hatred of
Christianity that induced the Sepoys to the
massacre and torture of women and children. It
was the colour of their victims that they detested,
and not their belief. We find this feeling preva-
lent everywhere, in India, in Africa, and on this
continent; and we suspect that the more refined
the society, the more bitter the conflict of colour.
In the eagerness of our philanthropy, in the
pride of our philosophy, we must not hide this
important fact from ourselves. We may reason
against it, we may denounce it as foolish and
unworthy; but there it is. Few educated men

would extend their benevolence, or brotherly
charity, so far as to give their daughters and
sisters in marriage to a black man. All that the
best of us can do is to be just to him, but there
is a barrier between him and us which must
keep us for ever asunder in our domestic and
family relations. Nor is the repugnance on our
side alone. The white man is an object of
horror to the black man, until he becomes ac-
customed to the sight. When Mungo Park was
travelling in Africa, the women and children con-
sidered him such a disgusting object, that they
closed their eyes as he passed by, and avoided
him as something monstrous and horrible. In
the African imagination the devil is painted white,
and when the Europeans first visited Hindostan
they were believed to be men without skins,
abortions whom nature had put forth in an unfin-
ished and unseemly garb. We do no good to
the Negro by ignoring these truths, and it is a
false humanity which overlooks them. In the
United States the Negro question is surrounded
with difficulties, and there has been much un-
sound sentiment uttered on the subject both by
English and American philanthropists. That
slavery is the worst of human evils requires no
other argument than that to be drawn from the
fact that it necessarily involves the utter degra-
dation of the slave. Knowledge is power, and
that power must be withheld from him, or he be-
comes dangerous. At the period of negro eman-
cipation in the British West Indies, the population
of the Island of Antigua consisted of 30,000 blacks,
and about 200 whites. Had the blacks the
strength conferred by knowledge, they could have
thrown their white masters into the sea; but though
well treated as mere animals, they were kept in
a brutal state of ignorance, and in all but some
of the outward signs of civilization were as tho-
rough savages as their forefathers were when
brought from Africa several generations before.

That the United States Government, and the
people of the North, are anxious to do justice to
the large Negro population of the country, cannot
be denied. The moment that the black man ceased
to be a slave, he became a free citizen of the Union,
and his rights as such are fully defined in the
Constitution. It is an outrage against principle
to abridge these rights; still an educational test
might even be made a benefit to the negro him-
self; and would perhaps be less objectionable
than a property qualification, differing from that
of his white fellow citizen. We do not think that
the Northern sections of the country are as much
interested in this question, regarding it from a
material point of view, as the South. The Negro
is a product of the tropics, and he is out of his
place in a cold climate. Gradually, therefore, the
thousands who, while slavery prevailed, sought
refuge in Canada and the Northern States, will
migrate southward to their own benefit, and that
of the places they leave. We are aware that our
plain speech may sound offensive to some persons
for whom we entertain the highest respect, but
we cannot help that; "the truth is always the
truth." By the way, there is one fallacy in con-
nection with this subject which has obtained very
wide belief. It is asserted that the institution of
slavery is averse to intellectual development,
even on the part of slaveholders. Experience is
opposed to this view of the case. When the
Greek tragedies were written, when the wonders
of Grecian art were produced, Athens overflowed
with a slave population. Cicero tells us that in
travelling over Italy, one encountered everywhere
no other inhabitant than the patrician masters
and their serfs, yet the Romans of that age were
unequaled perhaps in the annals of the world for
talents and genius. A detestation of slavery ought
not to render us blind to the truths and lessons
of history.

REVIEWS.

Books for review should be forwarded, as soon as
published, to the Editor, SATURDAY READER.

MAPLE LEAVES. A Budget of Legendary, Histo-
rical, Critical, and Sporting Intelligence. By
J. M. Lemoine, Esq. Quebec: Holliswell &
Alexander. Printed for the Author by Hunter,
Rose & Co. Dawson Brothers, Montreal,
Series 1-2-3.

Mr. J. M. Lemoine has earned for himself an
honourable name in Canadian literature. His
"Maple Leaves," especially, afford some hours of
most pleasant reading to all who take an interest
in the history, the traditions, the legends, the
scenery, the sports, the "good old times" of the
country, under French as well as English
rule. Although even intensely patriotic, his
work, now under consideration, is marked with
the liberality characteristic of the true lover of
letters, and which is as creditable to him as the
research, taste and knowledge displayed in these
delightful volumes. With due respect for Mr.
Garneau, and others, to whom we are anxious to
award all praise, we think that the history of
Canada has yet to be written; and, from the
specimens he has presented to us, we should be
pleased that Mr. Lemoine should undertake the
task, which we are sure would be to him a labour
of love. The history of New France might be
made as entertaining as Prescott's Conquest of
Mexico; for the adventures of Cortes and his
hardy band of Conquistadors are scarcely more
extraordinary than those of the first discoverers
of Canada, their contests with the savages, their
journeys in trackless forests, the devotion and
martyrdom of the Jesuit fathers, the struggle for
empire with the English colonists, the Dutch, and
others; while the land opened gradually before
them, from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi,
and the far off Arctic regions. There was no
lack of great men on the scene which opened
with Jacques Cartier and Champlain, and closed
with Montcalm. The history of all new coun-
tries is but the biography of the chief actors in
its conquest or settlement, and Mr. Prescott
discovered that truth before he wrote his Con-
quest of Mexico. With this rule as his guide,
the Canadian historian might produce a work
equally interesting; and we repeat the wish that
Mr. Lemoine may be the fortunate man. In the
meantime, we congratulate him, and his readers
too, on the successful treatment of detailing por-
tions of the subject in the volumes before us,
though this is only a part of their merit.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens.
With Illustrations. New York: Harper Bros.
Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

Dickens' last tale, "Our Mutual Friend," has
come to us in book form, and a welcome offering
it is. We do not know if this novel can be justly
ranked among Mr. Dickens' great works of the
first decade of his career as an author; but it is
undoubtedly the most extraordinary that ever
issued from his pen. The new characters intro-
duced in every chapter and page, the charac-
teristics of each so distinct and different, are a
marvel of artistic skill; while the grotesque
humour in which he and they absolutely revel,
have no parallel, so far as our knowledge ex-
tends, in the works of any writer of any age,
with the exception of those of Rabelais. Pope
speaks of his friend Swift as equally excellent:

Whether he wears Cervantes' serious air,
Or laughs with Rabelais to his easy chair.

But the sardonic Dean of St. Patrick's had little
in common with the great French humorist be-

sides his coarseness and his wit. Dickens prefers no claim to the grave irony of the author of *Don Quixote*; but he has painted Garagantuas and Pantagruels in profusion, though of a lilliputian type, and with morals the reverse of those of his antetype. The creations of the one are Titans, those of the other may be dwarfs; yet the species to which both creatures belong is the same. An English author was recommended by the chief minister of the day to learn the Spanish language, which he did, expecting to be sent to Spain on some mission or employment; but his adviser, when informed of the fact, merely said that he envied him the pleasure he would derive from reading *Don Quixote* in the original. So, those who have yet to read this new work of Dickens' have a pleasure in reserve of which we recommend them to avail themselves without unnecessary delay. In "Our Mutual Friend," Dickens exhibits many of the faults and the beauties of his style and genius.

A HISTORY OF THE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province. By Robert Christie. In Six Volumes. Montreal: Richard Worthington. Volumes 1 and 2.

The republication of Christie's History of Canada is a praiseworthy undertaking, and deserves encouragement, for the work is a valuable one, were it only from the large number of official and other documents which it contains. The second volume, just issued, commences with the year 1811, and closes with the year 1822, including, of course, an account of the war of 1812, between England and the United States. No library of any pretensions ought to be without this work. Many of the documents are not only of Provincial, but of North American importance.

PRISON LIFE IN THE SOUTH, at Richmond, Andersonville, &c., during the years 1864 and 1865. By A. O. Abbott, late Lieutenant First New York Dragoons. New York: Harper Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Now that the war is over, and President Johnson and his cabinet are zealously engaged in the patriotic task of reorganising the South, with the view of restoring it to its rightful place in the Union, it would be wise in every citizen of the United States to avoid irritating controversies about the recent contest, as far as possible. Mr. Abbott's "Prison Life in the South" is, we consider, objectionable in that respect; but, apart from this, the book comprises much information concerning the condition of the people of the ex-Confederation, which will throw much light on the struggle between the North and South, its origin, and the causes of its failure.

SIR JASPER TENANT; a Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. From the Author's advance sheets. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. C. Hill, Montreal.

Miss Braddon's latest novel, "Sir Jasper Tenant," is, of course, of the sensational class of tales; and, as she is one of the cleverest writers of that school, she is certain to find abundance of readers among the numerous admirers of these popular productions.

"CANADA'S THANKSGIVING," "CHRISTIAN PANTHEISM," and "O WHEEL," are the titles of three sermons preached on the 18th October last, the day appointed by the Governor General's proclamation for offering thanks to Almighty God, by the people of Canada, for the late abundant harvest bestowed by him on the Province. The first of these was delivered by the Rev. John Jenkins, D.D., of Montreal; the second by the Rev. Andrew Paton, Assistant Minister St. Andrew's Church, Montreal; and both are published by Messrs. Dawson Brothers, Great St. James Street. The third was preached by the Rev. Dr. Scadding. Publishers, Messrs. Rollo & Adam, Toronto. They are all able and eloquent discourses.

It is sad to think that the meed of fame, of power, and of success is more frequently assigned to the action of strong passions than to the operations of great intellect.

THE MAGAZINES.

FRAZERS for November opens with an article of great ability on Leckie's "History of Rationalism." The opening chapters of a new novel entitled, "The Beauclercs, Father and Son," follow. "Cuneiform Inscriptions" is an important article, embodying the views of Count Gobineau, the French minister in Persia, who asserts that he has discovered the true key to the cuneiform characters, and that Rawlinson and others have been totally mistaken in their interpretations. Several lighter articles follow, and the number concludes with a short paper on Lord Palmerston, consisting chiefly of anecdotes, illustrative of his personal character. For sale by Messrs. Dawson & Bros.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.—The first article is a curious and pleasant one, on "Glastonbury Abbey, Past and Present." In "A Second Visit to London" several recent works on the great metropolis are reviewed. The essay on "Garri-ck" is replete with charming anecdotes of the actors and actresses of the last century. "Scenes on the Transition Age from Cæsar to Christ," presents us, amongst other incidents, with a vivid picture of Roman revellers, drinking in a wine shop. A very eulogistic article on Lord Palmerston concludes the number. For sale by Dawson Bros.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE is chiefly devoted to matters useful and interesting to ladies, although its literary contents are generally of a varied character. The November number contains several complete tales; an interesting article on "Lord Macaulay," another on "Stays," chapters on Music, the Drama, the Fashions, &c. &c. The coloured Fashion Plates are, we judge, all that ladies can desire. For sale by Dawson Bros.

PALMERSTON

The King is dead—God save the King
Aye, King of England—was he less?
Nay, he was more; for Kings confess
He was their lord in everything.

Gone, with his eighty years and more
The idol of his country's heart;
No man that ever played his part,
Was such a junior at fourscore.

A living evergreen he seemed;
Devoted to eternal youth;
As changeless as some mighty Truth;
True as the Dream that Bunyan dreamed.

In vain he sleeps with England's peers;
He lives as Shakespeare lives, deep down
In a great nation's heart, his crown
That nation's love, and pride, and tears.

Each wears some jewel for the man;
In every breast for him there beats
Some mighty pulse; from learning's seats
Down to the humblest artisan.

From Britain's throne, where royal men,
Royal in manhood as in state,
Have sat, whose fiat was as fate,
Who held broad Europe in their ken:

Stretching through every grade of life,
Of rank, of station; all degrees,
Clinging like children to the knees
Of this great calmer of our strife.

Not that he boasted Temple's blood,
Not that he matched great Talleyrand;
But everywhere through all the land
They love him—for his heart was good.

Gone, and yet with us—Heaven guide
The ship he piloted so well!
And let succeeding ages tell
The story of his life with pride.

CHAS. SANGSTER.

Kingston, C. W., 1st Nov., 1865.

He who, without call or office, industriously recalls the remembrance of past errors, to confront him who has sincerely repented of them, is heedless and unfeeling.

MISCELLANEA.

THE *Gazette de France* states that the Pope has resolved to establish in England a second archbishopric, of which the seat will be either at Liverpool or Birmingham.

THE Russian archimandrite, Michail, has published in the Russian language, at Moscow, a refutation of Rénan's "Life of Jesus."

It is said that Professor Nohl, of Munich, has recently discovered a hitherto unknown piano-forte composition by Beethoven. It is a piece in A minor, written in the composer's own hand, and is inscribed, "Pour Elise, April 28."

MR. GEORGE GROVE has collected about 3,000l towards the expenses of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the expedition will shortly start to the scene of its interesting labours.

The most popular new book at the present moment in Paris and Brussels is Victor Hugo's "Chansons des rues et des Bois." In many parts of London large placards of the work may be seen. It has already been calculated that, at the price paid by Mr. Lacroix to Victor Hugo, each line of the work brings in to its author exactly 7½ francs.

A certain firm of publishers in Geneva has projected a Collection of Contemporary Biography on a grand scale; to include the illustrious of the earth, yourself included, if you please. This literary firm is generous; offering you the selection of your own facts, the extent of notice you would like, and the kind of appreciation you prefer. It is all a matter of subscriptions. For eight pounds you may have a page of laudation, for forty pounds ten pages. You have only to pay and you will receive.

THE GERMAN SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY met at the Weimar last Sunday week. The president, Dr. Ulrici, read a report, from which it appears that the efforts of the society to promote the cultivation of the English language and literature in German Universities and colleges have been very successful. A Shakspeare library is being formed, and the first part of a Shakspeare annual has been issued. The second part, which is in preparation, contains articles on "Shakspeare in Germany," "Shakspeare's Sonnets," "Hamlet in France," "Shakspeare and Sophocles," and "Shakspeare, a Catholic Poet."

M. Paris, of Paris, has made one more effort to supersede the ordinary playing cards with a new set, having some artistic beauty and some little sense. His pack is called an historical series, and the designs are certainly fanciful and poetical. Whether they will be attractive to whist-players may be doubted; but they are certainly an ornament to a drawing-room table, and we can imagine ladies and children liking them very much better than the conventional cards.

THE anthropological controversy as to the real relation of man to the gorilla has been raging at the Antipodes. Professor Halford takes the side of Owen, and Huxley is defended by an anonymous "Q." In the columns of the *Melbourne Spectator*, the Royal Society of Victoria supports the former. As may be supposed, the language employed by the Australian combatants is much more violent than what would be admitted in our scientific societies. The elaborate paper of Dr. Halford, printed in the *Australasian* of August 4, is, however, a valuable one.

A son of the late Mr. John Leech has been nominated by Earl Russell to the foundation of the Charter-house, and the youth, it is said, will enter as "a new boy" in the course of the present month.

The new periodical, the *Argosy*, has been projected, it is said, "in the belief that it is now possible to publish a monthly Magazine of the highest class at a lower price than has ever yet been attempted." Issued at the price of sixpence monthly, the new miscellany will contain contributions by the chief writers of fiction and Magazine contributors of the day, and each number will extend to about 100 pages, and will contain two full-page illustrations by eminent artists. Such a publication can, of course, only become remunerative by a very large circulation.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- A Concise Dictionary of the Bible; comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Thick octavo, cloth, with 270 plans and wood-cuts. Half calf. \$6.50.
- New Christmas Books; The Children's Picture Book Series. Written expressly for Young People. Cloth, Gilt Edges. Bible Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. \$1.25.
- Scripture Parables and Bible Miracles. Thirty-two Illustrations. \$1.25.
- English History. Sixty Illustrations. \$1.25.
- Good and Great Men. Fifty Illustrations. \$1.25.
- Useful Knowledge. One Hundred and Thirty Figures. \$1.25.
- Scripture Parables. By Rev. J. E. Clarke. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
- Bible Miracles. By Rev. J. E. Clarke, M.A. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
- The Life of Joseph. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
- Elaborately Illustrated Copy of Arabian Nights. London Edition. \$2.
- Daniel's Illustrated Goldsmith. Large Quarto. \$2.
- McGe'e's History of Ireland. New Edition in 2 vols. Illustrated. 87½ per vol.
- Sunday Magazine, large vol. Illustrated. Full Gilt. \$2.12½.
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. With 250 Illustrations. Tinted Paper. \$1.25.
- Farrington Editions of Tennyson's Works. \$3.50.
- Farrington Edition Complete in 1 vol. Full Gilt. \$2.75.
- Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, in 3 vols. London. \$3.75.
- Journal of Eugénie de Guérin. London. \$1.50.
- The Gold Thread. By Norman McLeod, D.D. 62 cts.
- Æsop. The Fables of Æsop, with a Life of the Author. Illustrated with 111 Engravings from Original Designs by Herrick. Cr. 8vo. \$2.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Atlantie Tales. A Collection of Stories from the "Atlantie Monthly." 12mo. \$2.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Browning. Lyrics of Life. By Robert Browning. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. 40cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bulwer. The Apple of Life. By Owen Meredith (E. R. Bulwer), author of "Lucile." 32mo. 20cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Company for Every Day in the Year. 12mo. Plates. \$2.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Saadi. The Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Musle Hudeen Sheik Saadi, of Shiraz. Translated from the Original, by Francis Galdwin. With an Essay on Saadi's Life and Genius, by James Ross, and a Preface by R. W. Emerson. 16mo. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Smith. The Banker's Secret; or, Sowing and Reaping. By J. F. Smith. 8vo. 60cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Swinburne. Atlanta in Calydon. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 16mo. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Artemus Ward; his Travels. Part I. Miscellaneous. Part 2. Among the Mormons. Illustrations. 50 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Botta. Dante as a Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Carleton. Our Artise in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Epictetus. The Works of Epictetus. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Life of Michael Angelo. By Herman Grimm. 2 vols. \$50. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Johnson. Speeches of Andrew Johnson. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mackenzie. The use of the Laryngoscope in Diseases of the Throat. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Physician's Visiting List, Diary, and Book of Engagements for 1866. 25 Patients. Cl. 60 cts; tucks \$1.00. 50 Patients. Cl. \$1; tucks \$1.00. 100 Patients. Tucks \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Schiller's Lay of the Bell. Translated by the Rt. Hon. Sir E. B. Lytton. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Wraxall. The Backwoodsman. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Iliad of Homer. By the Earl of Derby. In 2 vols. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Truod's History of England. Vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4. \$1.60 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Forayth's Life of Cicero. In 2 vols. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thones. The Bushranger's Adventures during a Second Visit to Australia. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir W. Hamilton. By J. Stuart Mill. In 2 vols. \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

FORTHCOMING NEW BOOKS.

- Worthington's New Prices Catalogue of his Stock of Standard Medical Law, Scientific, &c., Books which will be sent free on application.
- Bigelow Papers in 1 vol. Illustrated. Price 30 cts.
- Artemus Ward. "His Book," with 17 Illustrations.
- Harp of Canaan. By the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick. In 1 vol. 300 pages.
- Work by Private Miles O'Reilly. New Cheap Edition, which is expected to have uncommon success.
- The Advocate. A Novel. By Mr. Heavysege. In 1 vol. In November.
- Christie's History of Canada. In 6 vols. 12mo. Uniform in November. \$6.00.
- The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,
30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

A DANGEROUS CURE.

"HALLOA, Harry, old boy!" exclaimed Tom Allan to his old college chum Harry Thorn-ton, "you look as if you had the care of the world on your shoulders. Had a skirmish with madame, eh? Not been married six months, and begin to show the unmistakable signs of repentance: doesn't speak well for matrimony, 'pon my word it doesn't: depend upon it, there's nothing like steering clear of the ladies altogether."

"Tom, my dear Tom, you are mistaken,—indeed you are," said Harry, with a forced laugh. "I—"

"Mistaken!" interrupted Tom, "not I, indeed; when did you ever find me mistaken? No, no! I'm a great deal too clear-sighted for that. I never in my life beheld such a change as I see in you since,—since, well, it's no good mincing the matter,—since you were insane enough to marry: there, that's the truth. Why, my good fellow, you are no longer the jolly, merry, good-tempered, easy-going fellow you were, but a miserable, wretched, dejected, surly—"

"Tom, for goodness sake stop!" exclaimed Harry, excitedly. "I shall go distracted, mad, if you continue in this jocose strain. I've been annoyed and worried lately. I'm not in a fit state to stand chaff. But as regards my marriage, I believe I'm as happy as most married men; in fact, my happiness would be complete, but—"

"But—ah! that's it, Harry, we are coming to the point now. That little word 'but' tells a long tale. Chaffing aside, Harry, old friend, there is a change in you, a lamentable change. Come, now, you had better unburden your mind; whatever you tell me, rest assured, will be kept strictly private, and it is said 'two heads are better than one,' so between us let us see if we cannot change the dark threatening face of affairs into smiles and sunshine."

Harry remained thoughtful some time. He certainly was in a very awkward position. To confess that his wife was getting very self-willed, and almost unmanageable, was not at all pleasant; and yet it was evident Tom guessed something was wrong; he was such a sharp, shrewd fellow; it would be perfectly ridiculous attempting to disguise the truth any longer. So in a hurried manner he related his domestic grievances, how he almost wearied out with continual eruptions, which disturbed his domestic happiness. The slightest opposition on the most trivial subject, would send his wife into violent hysterics; till at last he was obliged to give in for the sake of peace and quiet; in fact he might say his life was becoming a burden to him.

"Yes, and so it will be," said Tom, "unless something desperate is done."

"Desperate!" reiterated Harry, in an alarmed voice.

"Yes, desperate," answered Tom; but don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. What I mean is this: yours is a desperate case, and therefore requires desperate means to effect a cure. Hysterical young ladies require very peculiar treatment. There are a few, but a very few, who understand how to treat them properly; and those poor unfortunates who don't, and are obliged to live with them, may consider themselves doomed to a life-long state of wretchedness. Now, if you don't wish to be placed among those wretched martyrs, you must follow my injunctions implicitly. I have made hysteria a study for some time, and have at last hit upon an excellent remedy; and though not in a position to practise it myself, have had numerous proofs of its beneficial effects on the wives of several of my friends. Now, you say your wife on the slightest opposition, on matters however trivial, goes into shrieking hysterics, and you, for the sake of peace and quiet, give in; it is that absurd 'giving in' that does all the mischief. Now, take my advice, the next time your wife creates any disturbance, or you see any signs of a coming storm, instead of 'giving in,' and bathing her head with Eau-de-Cologne, and calling her by every endearing epithet under the sun, and terming yourself a brute of a husband for causing your own darling little wife such unhappiness, and kissing away her tears, promising that in future she shall reign supreme, and

all kinds of absurdities,—speak in a loud voice, say your patience is worn out with such nonsense; you'll stand it no longer, something must be done; it will be impossible to go on living in that wretched state. You might, in an undertone, but audible enough for her to hear, suggest such a thing as a separation; then wind up by putting on your hat to go out, but take care before you go to dash a jug of cold water over her face; it has a marvellous effect of bringing hysterical people to their senses, particularly if nature has not beneficently bestowed a becoming wave to the hair, and art supplies its place. Ring the bell in a decided manner, and place her under the maid's care, with strict orders not to spare cold water. But be sure, my dear fellow, to bang the street-door loudly after you, so as to leave the impression that your temper is seriously aroused, and that it would take some time, and great alterations in her conduct, to bring you round again. The great object to be achieved is to make her fear the consequence of exciting you into a passion: once do that, and you'll have very little trouble with her afterwards."

"Impossible Tom! I could never do it. Indeed I could not. Lillian is so fragile, such harsh treatment would kill her."

"Kill her, nonsense! Women are not so easily killed as that. But I'll tell you what, Harry; if you don't take my advice, you'll repent. Now listen, while I give you a few cases of married unhappiness, and then see if you don't alter your tone. I knew a fellow who had a wife who used to indulge in hysterical fits to such a frightful degree that his home was made perfectly wretched, and the only peace he had was when he was out of it. By Jove! I shall never forget one night returning home from the Club together; my cigar went out, so I walked home with him to his domicile to get a light. Oh! what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! Although past midnight, there stood Madam in the hall, with a lighted taper in her hand, which illuminated her beautiful angry face; her hair was tossed back from her white forehead, and her splendid eyes almost flashing fire; she certainly did look marvellously beautiful as she stepped forward with the air of a tragedy queen, and almost shrieked through her pale quivering lips,—'Where have you been? I demand an explanation. Don't tell me you have been to the Club, it's a paltry excuse, and I wonder you can stoop to such a mean subterfuge; but I will not be silenced in this manner, I am determined to know where you pass your evenings.' And on she went at such a rate, that it almost took away my breath to listen. Then he retaliated, and accused her of being the cause of his frequent absence from home. It was getting so awfully hot that I thought a third person was not very desirable. So off I bolted. The last thing I heard of this unhappy pair was that he had got a separation on the plea of incompatibility of temper. It was an unfortunate thing that such a magnificent creature should fall into wrong hands, who did not understand the art of breaking in. And I know another fellow who leads a cat and dog life with his wife from the same cause; and he has'nt the pluck to try my remedy."

"Horrible! horrible!" exclaimed Harry.

"Ah! horrible indeed. Well, my dear Harry, if you don't look out, you'll find yourself in the same predicament; so pray be warned in time. My cousin's wife reminds me very much of yours; a pretty charming little thing as long as she has her own way, but could'nt stand contradiction. He, like a sensible fellow, adopted my plan; and now they are one of the happiest pairs in Christendom. I could tell you of numerous other successes, but as I have an appointment at one, and it wants but five minutes to that hour, I must say adieu."

"Lillian, dear?"

Lillian was buried in the luxurious cushions of the sofa, reading, and did not, or would not, hear her husband.

"Lilian!" he repeated, in a louder tone.

"Good gracious, Harry, how you startled me! What?"

"I was thinking, dear, we ought to go and see my mother; it is so long since we were there, I

am afraid she will think something is the matter." Harry spoke nervously, having a vague idea that his suggestion would not be received kindly.

"My dear Harry, what is the matter with you to-day? Why can't you read the paper, and be quiet, and let me have a little peace? I shall never finish this book, if you keep interrupting me. Oh, dear! what unsettled mortals men are! they never seem contented. The idea of going out this cold day to see your mother! No, I can't go."

"But, my dear Lil, it is really a duty we owe her: I should not like her to think she is neglected."

"Oh! well, then, Harry, if you consider it such an imperative duty, pray don't let me prevent your discharging it; but I do not consider it my duty to spend a long tedious evening with an old lady who always torments me by asking if I know the last new stitch in knitting, and giving me receipts for some extraordinary puddings."

Harry was astounded. Was it possible that was Lillian—his wife—speaking in that disrespectful light manner of his saint-like mother! It was more than he could put up with.

"Madam," he exclaimed passionately, "you strangely forget of whom you are speaking; for the future, if you cannot speak in a different strain, I beg you will be silent," and he looked defiantly towards the sofa. What a change he beheld in his wife's fair young face! The closed eyes, and spasmodic workings of the mouth and throat, he knew too well foretold a coming storm, and it was not long before it burst forth in all its violence. Lillian was in hysterics, stronger than he had ever witnessed before. What was to be done? Suddenly flashed across his mind Tom's remedy; it had succeeded; Tom had assured him positively it had, why not now? anyhow he would hazard it. No time was to be lost in hesitation; he must act at once. So he commenced by walking hurriedly up and down the room, with his arms folded in a determined manner. He told her it was useless carrying on those ridiculous scenes any longer, that they had ceased to alarm him, and if they continued he had made up his mind what course to pursue, and hinted in an undertone, as Tom suggested, the probability of a separation. So, after dashing a glass of cold water over her, and placing her under the maid's care, made his timely exit, with a tremendous bang of the street-door, and congratulating himself that he had performed his part admirably.

The banging of the street-door seemed thoroughly to arouse Lillian. What! he had gone out, left her in that state! Oh! how cruel! how cruel! What could have changed him so terribly? Harry, who was usually so kind and gentle, to dash cold water over her so mercilessly; surely he could not be responsible for his unfeeling actions. A demon must have possessed him, and he was acting under its evil influence. And the word separation she was positive she heard; what could it mean? Perhaps—perhaps he had gone to consult a lawyer. What could she do? what should she do? The thought was maddening.

"Oh, Jane," she cried, in a despairing voice to the maid, who was busily employed in bathing her temples with cold water, "I feel so—so ill—so wretched."

"Yes, ma'am, I dessey yer does. My last young mistress used to feel just in the same kind o' way, so low, and sinking like after one of her—let me see—'attacks,' I think she called 'em."

"Did—did she suffer like me?" asked Lillian, plaintively.

"Lor bless yer soul! she was afflicted awful bad with 'sterics. I never see the like of 'em. Poor master had a hard time of it with her."

"But I suppose he was very kind and gentle, Jane."

"Well, ma'am, he was for a time, but gentlemen ain't got much patience: they don't seem to understand them kind o' things. O, lor! I shall never forget one day, if I live to be a hundred years old. Mistress was in awful 'sterics, I bathed her head, and gave her sat volatile, and sich like, but nothing seemed to do her no good,

she went on a screeching louder than ever. When all of a sudden, up jumped waster, like a madman, and gave her, oh, lor! sich a shaking; it was a mercy he didn't shake the very life out of her."

"Oh, how dreadful! did she die?" asked Lillian, in a frightened voice.

"Diel bless yer soul, no. 'Sterics don't kill."

"No, no. But the shaking, didn't that kill her, Jane?"

"Lor, no, ma'am; it seemed to do her a world o' good: she never had 'em after the shaking."

"But, Jane, he must have been a very passionate man."

"Well, no, ma'am, he was generally looked upon as a very kind, peaceable gentleman; but yer see he had a great deal to worrit him, and it was more than he could a-bear."

"It was a very sad case indeed," sighed Lillian. "Poor thing, how I pity her; it would have killed me, I'm sure. Oh! yes, I never, never could have survived that. But, Jane, you don't think that—that your master would ever—shake me, do you?"

"Well, really, ma'am, I shouldn't like to say; but when gentlemen gets into passions, there's no knowing what they won't do. Passion is a awful thing. Bless me! I remember my grandmother telling me of a man in a fit of passion, who—"

Lillian was in despair. Good gracious! was Jane going to relate any more atrocities? She should go frantic, she felt convinced, if she had to listen. She had better put an end to the conversation at once by pleading fatigue.

"Jane," she said wearily, closing her eyes, "I feel very tired; I think if I were alone, I might try and sleep a 'ittle."

"Well I never!" thought Jane. "If gentle-folks ain't the oddest kind o' folks that ever I see; one moment they are a-screeching enough to havo the house down, and the next, oh, lor! talking about going to sleep." And Jane left the room, feeling aggrieved at being dismissed so suddenly.

When Lillian was alone, instead of sleeping, as she had led Jane to believe she should do, she began seriously to reflect on the past. The more she thought of Harry's conduct, the more extraordinary it seemed; the unfeeling things he had said and done, she could never forget, no never. Oh! if he should ever in a fit of passion shake her,—but surely he would never do anything so barbarous as that. And yet Jane, evidently by her conversation, didn't seem to think it improbable. Well, if he did, she was quite certain that she should die of a broken heart. Then what a life of remorse he would lead, to think that he had been the cause of her death. Then Lillian's thoughts wandered off into another strain. Harry she felt sure would return home penitent; he would see that he had acted wrongly and rashly, and would beg and implore her forgiveness in such touching heart-rending language, that it would be impossible not to forgive him. But of course she should impress upon him the heinousness of his doings, and that if such things ever happened again, he must not look to her for mercy. But listen,—yes! that was his step; the culprit was in the hall. Lillian's heart beat wildly. What a long time he was hanging up his hat! How different to what she had expected: she thought he would have rushed in frantically, thrown himself on his knees, and vehemently besought her pardon. What could it mean? But there was no time for further meditation. Harry was now coming into the room; she raised her eyes to his face; that one look was enough; it told her plainer than words could have expressed that penitence was not there. Then it was not momentary passion that had caused him to act in the way he had. No, no! he must have meant all he said and did; or why would he not speak now? Why look so cold and stern? Oh, that she could die! yes, that very minute. What had she now to live for? what would the future be to her?—all dark and drear.

Dinner passed over in gloomy silence, and the evening commenced in the same way. Harry sat in the easy-chair, reading the paper, as if unconscious of his wife's presence. Lillian

watched him anxiously, expecting every minute that he would show some symptoms of contrition; but no, hour after hour passed by, and still Harry's heart remained hardened; at last she began to doubt if it ever would soften. But she would wait no longer; it was hopeless to think he would be the first to speak, and to go on living in that wretched state, she couldn't do it. She would appeal to his feelings. She felt sure, if she told him how much she had suffered, the wretched suspense she had endured, he would relent. And she would beseech him never to treat her so again.

"Harry," she said, in a low, quivering voice.

No answer.

"Oh! Harry, dear Harry! Do speak to me; I'm so very, very miserable."

Harry rose slowly from his chair, and sat down by her side on the sofa.

"Well, Lillian," he said gravely.

"Oh, Harry! if you only knew all I have suffered, how wretched I have been, I'm sure you would feel for me. Promise me you will never behave to me again as you did to-day."

"Lillian, I shall only promise on one condition, that is—remember—that you never give me cause to do so."

"I will try, indeed I will," answered Lillian, earnestly.

"Well, my darling, if you really try, I'm sure you will succeed."

And Lillian did succeed in overcoming her little weakness. Whether it was her determination to conquer, or the fear of a good sound shaking, still remains a mystery. But suffice to say, Harry is never troubled with any more "scenes," and his home now is a perfect clysium.

W. A.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE canoes of the savages were made of the bark of the birch tree, and were some eight or ten feet long, but so capacious within, that one of them could accommodate all the baggage of five or six persons, including their dogs, sacks, skins, kettles, and other weighty articles. The canoes, owing to their light draught of water, could land anywhere, for, when loaded to the utmost, they did not displace half a foot of water, and, when unloaded, were so light that they might be easily lifted and carried in the left hand. These canoes obeyed the paddle so readily, that, in good weather, there was no difficulty in urging them forward at the rate of thirty or forty leagues a day. But the savages never put them to this speed, for the journeys of these people were nothing else than pastime; and they did everything in the most leisurely manner.

With regard to the mode of government in use among the savages, a few explanations may be necessary. First of all, there was the Sagamo, who was the eldest of some powerful family, and, in consequence, was the chieftain and leader. All the young men sat at his table, and followed him. It was also his duty to maintain dogs for the chase, and canoes for the carriers, and provisions and reserves for times of scarcity and voyages. The young men fondled upon him, hunted and served their apprenticeship under him. These young men were capable of having nothing before they were married; then only could they have dog and bag, that is to say, to have property and to do for themselves. Nevertheless, they still lived under the authority of the Sagamo, and were often in his company, as also many others who wanted relatives, or who, of their own free will, ranged themselves under his protection and guidance, being weak of themselves, and without a following. All that the boys procured belonged to the Sagamo, but the married ones only gave him a share. But if the latter set out with him, as was often necessary, for the sake of the chase and of food, returning afterwards, they paid their fealty and homage in skins, and similar presents. From this cause, there were some quarrels and jealousies among them, but not so cruel as among the French.

These Sagamos made a partition of the coun-

try mostly by bays or rivers. For instance, on the river of Pentagoet, one Sagamo; another at that of St. Orox; a third at that of St. John, &c. When they visited each other it was principally for the receiving of presents, and to feast with their hosts as long as they pleased. The hosts made them presents, but it was with the understanding that the visitor should reciprocate when about to go away. It was principally in summer they made their visits, and held their conventions. Many Sagamos met to consult among themselves about peace and war, treaties of friendship, and about the common weal. It was only the Sagamos who had a voice in the council, and who harangued, but there were some old and celebrated Autmoins or priests, who were honoured very highly, and had audience the same as the Sagamos. It happened, sometimes, that the Autmoins and Sagamos came to a misunderstanding, and then there was dreadful trouble. In these assemblies, if there were any news of importance, such as that their neighbours intended to make war, or that they had killed some one, or that it was necessary to renew an alliance, etc., then their messengers fled to every part, to call as general an assembly as they could of all the confederates, namely all those of the same language. Nevertheless, the confederation often extended further than the language, and against those of the same language they sometimes declared war. In these assemblies they decided on peace, or truce, or war, or nothing at all. It often happened, in these deliberations, that there was much disorder and insubordination, and that they departed more confused and disunited than when they assembled.

Their wars were always carried on by surprise and treachery. They used the bow and shield; but they never put themselves in line of battle. And in truth they were naturally cowards, although they did not cease boasting of themselves; they did their best to be accounted brave; and, to have the name of *Milskir Cameramon*, or "great heart," comprised all the virtues; and in case offences were not as against people and people, but between compatriots and fellow townsfolk, they battled between themselves for small matters, and their manner of conflict was like that of women in France, viz., to fly at the hair; and, seizing each other by the locks, to struggle and shake one another in a terrible manner, and if they were equal, they would struggle in this way the whole of one day, or, indeed two, without quitting hold, until some one separated them. Indeed, as to the force of body and arms, they were equals of the French, and if they were more dexterous at wrestling and more agile in running, they did not understand anything at all of fencing with the fists. Father Biard said one little French boy made a savage taller than he by a head fly before him, when, putting himself in the posture of combat, he closed his thumb over his fingers, calling to him, "come on." But as soon as the savage was able to catch him by the middle of the body, he made him cry out for mercy. The small offences and quarrels were easily settled by the Sagamos and mutual friends. They only offended each other as little as they could help; it was the duty of the injured party to avenge with his own hand, or, if he died, it was the duty of the nearest relations; if the delinquent, repenting of his fault, wished to make peace, he was received commonly with satisfaction, if he gave presents and made due reparation. There were no ungrateful people among them; they gave to one another everything. No one would dare to oppose the prayer of another; nor eat without giving him share of what he possessed.

In cases of marriage, the father did not give a dowry to his daughter, but the suitor made valuable and beautiful presents to the father, in order that the latter might give him his daughter for wife. The presents were proportioned to the condition of the father, and the beauty of the girl—some dogs, beavers, kettles, and axes, etc. But the fashion of wooing was very savage; for the lover, from the time he professed to be such, dare not look at the girl, nor speak to her, nor live near her, except occasionally, and then he must restrain himself from looking at her, or giving any sign of his passion;

otherwise he would be made the laughing stock of every body, and his sweetheart would blush for him.

In accordance with the custom of the country they could have many wives; nevertheless, the greater part of them had only one.

Some savages defended their polygamy, alleging, that otherwise their race would dwindle away, but their celebrated Memberton, who, although he was the greatest Sagamo they had for many ages, did not desire to have more than one wife.

The women, although they had so many hardships, were not on this account more cherished. Their husbands beat them cruelly, and often for very slight cause.

COMING.

Without you, without you, my darling—
Without you! what more can I say,
To show you how 'nely my heart is,
Whenever your heart is away?

The days since you left me are many,
Yet doubt not, I think you are true—
But, better than fairer ones loving,
The little one's watching for you.

I wait, and I watch for you, dearest,
With never a doubt nor a fear,
But that some to-morrow will bring you
Some day of all days in the year.

How many to-morrows there have been!
How many to-morrows may be!
The longest, love, brings me still nearer,
That day of all others to me.

So, watching by morning and evening,
While others, less dear, come and go,
I sing the old songs, to myself, love,
And sit by the window, and sew.

And often, I fancy I hear you,
Your hand on the latch of the door,
Your voice in the hall, and your footsteps,
Near—nearer—beside me, once more.

With glad eyes, half shut, how I see you,
As strong, and as brave, and as true!
And eyes I know, even in darkness,
Belong to no other than you.

I know that, at last, it is over,
The wearying trouble, and care;
And courage and comfort come back, with
The touch of your hand on my hair.

But often, and often, and often,
I open my eyes,—you are gone!
I am sitting, alone, by the window,
The shadows of night coming on.

So often I dream you are near me,
It surely, some day, will come true—
So singing, I hope as I sing, dear,
The songs that I once sang, for you.

And smiling, I whisper, "My darling
Shall see only eyes that are bright,
No tears, then, to dim their love sunshine,
Who knows but he may come to-night?"

But never her lover came to her,
And never her dreaming came true.
The story has not the poor merit
Much prized, it is not, even, now.

St. Catharines, C. W.

"INEVIT."

MOUSE POWER.—A gentleman in Scotland has trained a couple of mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin cotton yarn. The work is done on the treadmill principle. It is so constructed that the common house mouse is enabled to twist and reel from 100 to 120 threads per day. To complete this the little pedestrian has to run 10½ miles. This journey it performs every day with ease.

THE WISHES SHOP.

DURING the summer of 1864 we had no rain up to the end of August, and London became a furnace, especially that part of London which I inhabited, Lincoln's Inn, namely, where I had chambers as a lawyer, and moreover, being a bachelor, I occupied them as my sole home. I certainly was not well; and yet I did not know what ailed me. The knock of a client gave me a pang, which I vented by violently flinging down the chair that stood beside me, or the book in my hand. The sudden noise was so offensive, that I took revenge on it by making it worse. My clerk's soft step, as he stole into the room, was as bad in its way as the noise had been; and I could hardly forbear bidding him go to the devil, rather than deliver his message to me. I ceased going to my club for dinner, because the sense of cooking in the establishment provoked me to nausea; and if the waiter, when I did pay it a visit, handed me a letter which was directed there for me, I could have knocked him down for intruding his odious face upon me just at my entrance. Under these influences, I was sitting one evening, between the open dusty window and the door, which I had pressed back till I had almost dislocated its rusty hinges, when, by some means, I don't recollect what, the following piece of information became known to me. It was couched in the form of advertisement:—"New-street, beyond the Tower, No. 99; James Destiny and Co.'s new invention. Whoever wishes for any particular object, and would give an equally valuable consideration in exchange for it, let him apply as above."

What a world of satisfaction was open here! I was immediately at the establishment in spirit, and my body, it seems, did not tarry long behind, for I very soon found myself in an obscure long chamber, partly filled with persons come to do business; while, seated behind a counter at the top of the room, was the representative of Mr. Destiny, or perhaps himself, receiving applications. He had a formula, which he repeated continually to the numbers of persons who came successively within hearing, and which contained the terms on which he dealt.—"You understand, gentlemen, give me leave to explain, that whoever deals for a thing which he wishes for, must give up something that he possesses. I beg your attention to this condition of the transaction, without which no business can be here carried on."

Everybody made a sign of assent, but for the most part they took in the sense no more than people in general do appropriate an explanation, until enforced by an example. The first dealer was an innkeeper. He stated that he had a small, but charming landed property, which would be complete if he could obtain only seven acres of healthy land which belonged to a poor family, who refused to sell.

"And what, of all the things you enjoy, will you give up for it?" inquired Mr. Destiny.

"Oh, I would give the whole world!" answered he. "Is that all you would give? You had better go about your business. You can't give what you have not."

The next person who presented himself came up to the counter with great difficulty. He had a crutch under one shoulder and a stick in the other hand, and even with those aids he could hardly make his way to the seat on which he placed himself.

"I wish," said he, "as you may suppose, to be rid of my infirmity, and would give a great deal for the purpose."

"No doubt," said Mr. Destiny; "but you understand that the thing to be given is something you possess. Men are born with such and such advantages, and if they would prefer one which they have not, they must choose something among their own to give up. Now, what will you give up? Your eyesight?"

"Certainly not," said the lame man; "I will part with none of the senses to be rid of an infirmity. They belong to my soul, this is only my body."

"But your body is wanted to enable you to enjoy your soul. For instance, you cannot follow

your eyes where they make you long to wander." "Too true; but my eyes reach and bring me beautiful things which, without them, would be an unknown world; my ears—"

"You need not argue, sir. I don't care what you keep or give away; will you give away what many people do quite well without—your keen enjoyment of sight and sound? You will still have a wonderful deal of pleasure in going free among men and things."

"Oh, that will never do. Enjoyable things are always at hand if you possess the gift of enjoying. It is better to feel the want of much, than not to be open to it whenever it comes."

"Give up your wealth—all of it?"

"I might do that; but then I could not have books and pictures, nor be above the cares of the body; No; not all my wealth."

"Yet that boy, running barefoot in the street, would not give his legs for your money."

"Nor will I give my money for his legs."

"On the whole, then, you had better keep the ill you are accustomed to, than take up with a new one."

"Yet I should like to walk."

"Ay, but you don't seem willing to alter your condition in any way, except that of getting rid of something extremely disagreeable. Now, that is not the question. The only offer made you is to get a good thing you have not by renouncing a good you have. Sorry, sir, I can't be of any use."

"Thank you, sir. Well, I won't detain you; good-morning." And the lame man took up his crutch and his stick, and hobbled out of the room.

There came next a woman, eagerly pushing through the crowd, and with scarcely-suppressed sobs, begging for the life of her son, a youth of sixteen, who was dying of fever.

"It is a great thing you come for," said Mr. Destiny; "you must give a great thing for it. Will you give your own life?"

"Ay, twenty times!" said the mother, passionately.

"You have not twenty lives to give. You have one, will you give that?"

"Yes, I will give my life," answered the mother, sobered suddenly from her passion by the matter-of-fact reception of it.

"You will really—without metaphor?"

"I will; I will."

"Very well; be it so. Go home, and your wish will be bought at that price."

I saw the mother rise and go away with a face of such calm joy, that it seemed like the light of the moon suddenly poured over heaven and earth, when the cloud sails off. I could hardly distinguish between her and the glorious planet. My ideas were confused; they seemed as in a dream. I was brought back, however, to the scene around me, by a man of important presence, who made his way like one accustomed to respect, and who began to speak, and made himself heard, in the place of humbler applicants.

"What I wish for," said he, "is a blessing very naturally to be desired in my position of life. For my possessions and my rank, I want an heir."

"A child," answered Mr. Destiny, "is so immense a blessing that any one to whom it is not given in his portion of good must be ready to part with something very great if he wants such an exchange. Will you give your wealth?"

"No; for I told you it was to inherit my wealth that I wanted an heir. That's a foolish proposal!"

"Perhaps it is; at least, then, give your title."

"No, that's just as impossible. I want an heir to carry on the title which would become extinct in me, and which has been transmitted to me for you have no idea how many years—from Saxon times, sir."

"Ay, indeed!"

"Many people have sons, and nothing to leave them," said the rich man.

"Very true."

"Yes, and many have wealth and title and sons also."

"They have certainly, but you have not; it is in their destiny, but it is not in yours. You are not one of those lucky people who have both. But come, let us see what composition there may

be; you are very rich, suppose you give up half your wealth."

"How is that possible in my situation? Can I consent to let my family fall from the position of first down to second? Is there any use in perpetuating what would no longer be the great, the powerful, the first, but simply the considerable, the respectable, the one iota among ten thousand? My family may just as well stop in me; stop in its supremacy."

"You have something which does not belong to your place or fortune. You have considerable talent; you occupy a post in the guidance of the country. Give that."

"Humph! It seems to me that is the one thing which gives its remarkable value to my rank and fortune. I should not like to go into the House with the crowd of legislators whose only claim to be there is the accident of their birth in the purple. It is a worthy feeling of pride to take a place there, due to what I do, not to what I am."

"Quite worthy; it is a circumstance in your condition as valuable as the blessing of children: will you change?"

"No, I will not. It would be well if I had both, and could transmit my honours to my successor."

"Perhaps it would. The sole objection is that thus it is not. Have you any further offer?"

"I cannot at this time remember any."

"Ah! well, you also then must stay as you are, I believe."

"That's not a little hard," said the rich man.

"Upon that point I've nothing to say," answered Mr. Destiny. "I believe I must wish you good-morning."

At this moment a very poor man, in the coarse dress of a pauper, who had been struggling to get up to the table, succeeded in making himself seen before all the other competitors, and in securing the attention of Mr. Destiny.

"Sir, said he, in a broken, panting voice, "I wish I could get rid of my asthma."

"A very fair wish, my man; and what good things have you got to give up for it?"

"I am not so very old, and if I was once free of the asthma, I could earn my bread very comfortable."

"Ay, that's what *would* be, if; but tell me what is. What are your advantages?"

"Well, sir, I am taken into the workhouse, and have my clothes and victuals; and the Squire do give us tobacco pretty often, and we've a capital dinner on Christmas Day, by order of the parish; I'd give all, if I could work."

"Alas! friend, the value is all on one side; you are one of those who have nothing to give, but no doubt you would like to have everything; you must be content with the asthma, and don't forget to be glad that you are in a workhouse where the Squire and the parish seem to look upon you as something better than beasts to be tied up on straw and turnips."

To be continued.

EYE WATER.—The following colloquy actually took place a few evenings since between a visitor at one of the British hotels and a waiter connected with the establishment. Visitor: "Can you tell me, waiter, what time it is high water to Bristol?" Waiter (musingly): "Yes, sir—beg pardon, sir, what was it you pleased to say, sir?" Visitor (speaking slowly and distinctly): "I wanted to know if you could tell me about high water here, what time?" Waiter (brightening up and speaking with authority): "Oh, yes, sir; you can get it at any chemist's shop, sir!" (Visitor is dumb with amazement; waiter removes dishes, evidently satisfied that he has done and said the correct thing.)

A very curious toy, with which grown up children amuse themselves, has been lately introduced into England, and is now sold under the name of "Pharaoh's Serpents." It consists of a little cone of tinfoil, containing sulphocyanide of mercury, and resembling a pastille. No sooner is the apex lighted, than there issues from it a thick serpent-like and solid coil, which continues twisting and increasing to a truly marvelous extent.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON X—Continued.

As regards the proto-series of mercury—the proto-nitrate has already been made,—and it is presumed that some of it has remained. Of the protochloride (hitherto it has been called simply the chloride) it is assumed also that some of it remains; if not, it can readily be procured under the name of calomel. But there is a bichloride or perchloride of mercury:—called bichloride, because it contains twice the amount of chlorine (for an equal amount of mercury) contained in the protochloride.

The common name of this bichloride or perchloride of mercury is corrosive sublimate—it is a most violent poison, and therefore when procured should be guarded with extreme care.

Procure about two grains of this bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), and, having put it into a flask, pour in about a wineglassful of distilled water and apply heat. The bichloride will dissolve totally though slowly. In alcohol or ether the bichloride is much more soluble. Here we perceive a marked difference between the bichloride and protochloride of mercury; the protochloride having been demonstrated in lesson IX, to be quite insoluble in water. It is also insoluble in either alcohol or ether, whereas this is not the case with the bichloride. Take the white of an egg, and beat it up evenly with water,—then allow the turbid flaky portion to deposit, and decant the rest. Pour a little of the white of egg solution into a portion of the solution of bichloride of mercury, and remark the dense white precipitate which falls; transfer this white precipitate to a flask, add water, apply heat, and remark how insoluble is this precipitate. This is a most important fact—for dependent on the insolubility of the precipitate in question is the employment of white of egg as an antidote to poisoning by corrosive sublimate. It is a well established principle, that no substance insoluble in the stomach, can act chemically as a poison. Hence if a poison be taken, the proper antidote to it is that substance which shall combine with it to form an insoluble compound. But the substance thus given must not itself be a poison, or the intended benefit will be contravened; hence an antidote must, in addition to its capacity of forming an insoluble compound, be innocuous. White of egg fulfils these conditions, therefore it is of the greatest value as an antidote for bichloride of mercury.

Albumen, or white of egg, then, is not only a test of, but an antidote for, bichloride of mercury. The next test, which will be presently mentioned, cannot be employed as an antidote, being a poisonous body: it affords an elegant means, however, of not only indicating, but separating mercury from both protochloride and perchloride of that metal. This test is the protochloride of tin. Having put some tinfoil into a flask, pour on it a portion of hydrochloric acid, insufficient to dissolve all the tin, and apply heat; solution will take place, and the result will be protochloride of tin.

This protochloride of tin is a substance very greedy of chlorine and indirectly of oxygen; both of which it takes away from combinations of mercury with these elements, leaving the mercury in a metallic state.

Pour some protochloride of tin upon a little solution of the bichloride of mercury in a test tube. At first a white powder falls; this white powder is the protochloride or calomel. But if sufficient protochloride of tin be added, the white powder changes to a dark colour, a change facilitated by boiling. This black powder is metallic quicksilver in a finely divided state, as may be proved by decanting the supernatant liquid and drying by cautious application of a spirit lamp vapour being blown out as it collects by means of a tube. Presently the black powder will change to metallic globules, which will be recognised as the metal quicksilver.

Protochloride of tin will separate mercury from both proto and perchloride combinations of that metal; hence its great utility as an analytical agent.

J. W. F.

(To be continued.)

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

NOMENCLATURE.

NO doubt many persons are frequently perplexed when they meet with quotations and phrases in languages which they do not understand, and especially when the whole meaning of the sentence is contained in the said aphorism, motto, or quotation. The use of these foreign phrases is quite excusable, and even useful, as it not unfrequently happens that their introduction "points the moral" more explicitly and pertinently than any expression in our own language. There are hundreds of such words and phrases, and we purpose to give (arranged in alphabetical order) a list of some of those most frequently in use, with their English translations.

N.B.—*Lat.* will stand for Latin; *Fr.* for French; *It.* for Italian; and *Sp.* for Spanish.

Ab initio, (*Lat.*), from the beginning.
Abnormis sapiens, (*Lat.*), "a genius," wise without any regular instruction.

Ab ovo, (*Lat.*), from the very commencement; (literally, from the egg).

Abundat dulcibus vitis, (*Lat.*), he abounds with pleasant faults.

Ab urbe condita (A. U. C.), (*Lat.*), from the founding of the city.

Ac etiam, (*Lat.*), and besides.

Action proces, (*Fr.*), action at law.

A celui qui a son pâté au four, on peut donner de son gâteau, (*Fr.*), to one who has a pie in the oven, you may give a bit of your cake.

Absque hoc, (*Lat.*), without this or that; *law term* used in traversing what has been alleged and is repeated.

Ad captandum vulgus, (*Lat.*), to attract the rabble.

Ad arbitrium, (*Lat.*), at will or pleasure.

Adieu, (*Fr.*), farewell; *lit.* I commend you to God.

Ad extremum, (*Lat.*), at the worst.

Ad infinitum, (*Lat.*), to endless extent.

Ad libitum, (*Lat.*), at pleasure; without restriction.

Ad misericordiam, (*Lat.*), a plea of mercy.

Ad quod damnun, (*Lat.*), to what amount of damage.

Ad referendum, (*Lat.*), to be further considered.

Ad valorem, (*Lat.*), according to the value.

Ad indefinitum, (*Lat.*), to an indefinite extent.

Ad interim, (*Lat.*), in the meantime.

Ad inquirendum, (*Lat.*), a writ for enquiry, (*law term*).

Adficietur malo, (*Lat.*), he shall suffer for it.

Adscriptus glebæ, (*Lat.*), attached to the soil.

Egredietur medendo, (*Lat.*), the remedy is worse than the disease.

Affaire d'honneur, (*Fr.*), an affair of honour.

Affaire du cœur, (*Fr.*), a love affair, an amour.

Affranchir une lettre, (*Fr.*), to frank a letter.

Affettuoso, (*It.*), in music; instruction to render the notes soft and affecting.

A fortiori, (*Lat.*), with stronger reason.

Agenda, (*Lat.*), things to be done.

Agero gratias, (*Lat.*), to give thanks.

Agnus Dei, (*Lat.*), the Lamb of God.

Aid-de-camp, (*Fr.*), an officer who receives and communicates the orders of a general officer.

Aide-toi, cielci taidera, (*Fr.*), help yourself, and Heaven will help you.

Aimé, (*Fr.*), loved, beloved.

Ajustez vos flutes, (*Fr.*), settle your differences.

A la bonne heure, (*Fr.*), well timed, at an early hour.

A la guerre comme à la guerre, (*Fr.*), one must suit oneself to circumstances, (when you are at Rome, do as Romo does.)

A la hâte, (*Fr.*), speedily, hastily.

A la mort, (*Fr.*), depressed, melancholy.

A la mode, (*Fr.*), according to the fashion.

Al fresco, (*It.*), in the open air.

Alegre, (*Fr.*), cheerful, merrily, merry.

Alias, (*Lat.*), otherwise.

Alibi, (*Lat.*), elsewhere, *in law*, a plea of absence from the place where the offence was committed.

Alieni appetens sui profusus, (*Lat.*), covetous of other men's property, prodigal of his own.

Aliquis, (*Lat.*), somebody (of distinction).

Aliud mihi est agendum, (*Lat.*), I have something else to do, (*vulgo*) I have other fish to fry.

THE history of the English language, on account of the far-extending sources whence it has been derived, and the vicissitudes it has undergone, is one of the most interesting subjects to which a student can apply his mind. The language used by the original inhabitants of that island was the ancient Celtic, which still exists in the three kindred dialects of Gaelic, Welsh, and Erse. It is remarkable how stubbornly this language has refused to amalgamate with those subsequently introduced into the island. It is believed that there are fewer words in ordinary use in common English derived from this than from any other written language in the world, and yet, like the old Celtic breed, it retains its hold, and is supposed to be still spoken and sung, with little variation, since the days when Ossian 'struck his harp in praise of Bragela among the dark-brown hills of Morven and Mora.' The genius of this language seems peculiarly indigenous to the hills, where it was driven and confined by the invading Saxon, and to which it clings with all the tenacity of their native heather.

Being utterly ignorant of this language, I am quite incapable of giving an opinion as to its merits. The people whose mother-tongue it is, are loud in its praises, both with regard to its poetic grandeur of expression and its antiquity. They even claim, in the latter respect, that it was the language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise, and assert in earnest what the following lines hint in joke:

When lovely Eo, in beauty's bloom,
First met fond Adam's view,
The first words that he spoke to her
Were: 'Gu go mar tha u?'

which Gaelic words, being interpreted, mean: 'How are you to-day?' The Saxon dialect of Teutonic language seems specially adapted to the plains, where, having supplanted the ancient Celtic, it took firm root, and now forms the basis of our modern English.

Nearly all terms expressing close relationship are Saxon; such as father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, wife, husband, neighbour, friend, home. As a rule, the closer a writer adheres to the Saxon model, the purer is his style; hence, whenever a choice lies between two words nearly synonymous, the Saxon will be preferred to another from a foreign source. That class of words which are said to sound an echo to the sense, are almost all Saxon; thus, a stone falling into water makes a *plunge*; the violent breaking of a tree, a *crash*; the waves strike the rocks with a *dash*; the wind *rustles* among the leaves, *whistles* through the trees, and *howls* in the hollows between the hills.

A fine example of the sublime simplicity of this language is given in that prayer which teaches how to pray, in which there are only two words not of Saxon origin.

It is extremely interesting to trace the history of words, and observe the changes which time has brought about in their use. Take, for instance, the two words 'woman' and 'lady.' The almost universal acceptance is that *lady* is a term of higher honour than woman, but the very reverse ought to be the case. Both are pure Saxon words. The precise meaning of the first has been disputed. I believe, however, that it is a contraction of *with-man*, signifying bound to, or the companion of man—which is more clearly seen in the pronunciation of the plural form, women. *Lady* means a giver of bread, being closely allied to the word *loaf* in its more ancient form *laef*, and is explanatory of one of the duties of our Saxon mothers—that of dividing bread among the household. Let those whom it more immediately concerns decide which term is the more honourable or desirable. The word *spinster*, applied to young women of whatever rank, points to the rigid rule, that before they became wives, they must, with their own hands, spin such a quantity of wool as would be sufficient to manufacture that amount of woollen stuffs of various texture which the holy state of matrimony is held to require. In those days, bachelors were not—there being no Saxon equivalent to the term, which is of Latin origin.

One would hardly imagine that there could be

any connection between the words *gold* and *guilt*; they are, however, nearly allied. All crimes among the Saxons were punished by the infliction of a fine payable in gold; and according to the degree of crime committed, so was the amount of fine imposed, hence the sum of *gold* exacted indicated the *guilt* incurred. The civic institution of Guild Court has a similar origin.

The days of the week were each sacred to a certain deity; Sunday and Monday to the sun and moon respectively; Tuesday has its name from Tuesen, whom the Saxons supposed to be supreme ruler, Wednesday, named after Woden, the god of war. Here is an explanation of one of Falstaff's questions concerning 'honour.' 'Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday'—that is, killed in battle, in the service of Woden. Thursday is from Thor, the god of thunder; Friday from Friga, the deity supposed to preside over trade; and Saturday from Sacter, the God of liberty. From which last I suppose has descended the custom of observing that day as a holiday, and which, I am thankful to say, is pretty duly kept by all who can afford the needful relaxation, with one remarkable exception, namely, those who follow the useful craft of shoemaking. It is well known that they favour Monday as their day of recreation, which custom is said to have had its origin in the time of Oliver Cromwell. The story is that one of his generals, named Munday, committed suicide. The Protector offered a reward for the most suitable epitaph commemorating the death of his friend. The successful competitor was a worthy son of Crispin, who carried off the palm by the following epigram:

God bless the Lord Protector!
And cursed be worldly self;
Tuesday shall begin the week,
Since Monday's hanged himself.

After the lapse of several centuries, the Saxon language, as well as the Saxons themselves, underwent a severe shock by the invasion of Duke William and his Norman warriors, in the latter part of the eleventh century. He, as a means of retaining his conquest, took every plan to suppress both the Saxons and their language—ordered that no other language than Norman-French should be used at court, and that all laws should be issued in that tongue. From one of these laws, devised for that purpose, is derived the word *curfew* or evening bell. This law was to the effect that no light should be seen in any Saxon dwelling after eight o'clock in the evening, which time was announced by proclamation of the French words, 'Couvre feu, couvre feu!' signifying cover, or extinguish the fire; afterwards changed into ringing the church bells at the same hour; and being intended to prevent secret intercourse among the Saxons for the purpose of regaining their independence.

The Crusades, which some centuries afterwards drew so many of these warriors to the East, were the cause of transmitting to the West many terms before unknown—such as Almanac, Algebra, Alchemy, and what was of more importance, the science of numbers, for up to that time arithmetic was little understood in European nations.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, I wish to shew the history of a few words of rather curious derivation. Take the very fertile Latin root *port*. From this, among many others, we have port, meaning a gate, a harbour for ships, and a kind of wine. It came to signify a gate, from the circumstance that when Romulus caused a plough furrow to be drawn to shew the position of the walls of future Rome, the plough was carried over the places meant for gates. The transition from that to Port-wine is not so apparent, but that species of wine was brought from what was then considered the furthest west harbour in the world—hence called Portugal or West Port, and hence Port-wine. I may mention here that brandy is a contraction of brand (or burned) wine.

When a person sought election to any office in the Roman republic, he had to appear in the Forum wearing a white tunic, in order that the citizens might recognise their candidate, which term is still applied to a person seeking any office, though the word simply means appearing white.

Those dreaded devotees, trained unhesitatingly to execute the fatal fiat of the Old Man of the Mountain, either upon themselves or on others, were called Hesch-heschins, from which is derived the word *assassin*.

In our own language there are some words very curiously formed—for instance, the plant foxglove, apparently the fox's glove. The plant was termed the fairies or good-folk's glove, shortened into folk's glove, and again contracted into foxglove. By a similar process, the daisy has been contracted from day's eye, or eye of the day—a most appropriate name for this favourite little flower. It is well known that bread and highly-flavoured toasted cheese form one of the most esteemed viands among the Welsh. Being imported thence by English tourists, the pabulum and its condiments were together called a Welsh carebit. By pronouncing the two syllables rapidly, and, in English fashion, eliding the middle 'r,' you will get a Welsh rabbit, with little trouble and no expense.

Names of men who have rendered themselves famous or infamous by their deeds, or misdeeds, are formed into words expressive of similar conduct in others. The story of Tantalus furnishes a good instance of this sort. He, for divulging the secrets of the gods, was placed up to the chin in water, yet so fixed as in that position to die of thirst; hence, when one is almost within reach of something he desires much, yet cannot attain, he is said to be *tantalised*.

The German general, Merode, who rendered himself universally feared and detested by subsisting his troops on supplies forced from the people among whom they were quartered, suggested the word *marauder*. For a word of similar formation we are indebted to the genius of Mr. William Burke, who, in the former part of this century, favoured the West Port of Edinburgh with his residence and exploits, and, by his ingenious method of putting troublesome subjects to silence, first suggested the idea—greedily expanded since—of *Burking* a question.

The names of many articles in common use are derived from the places where they were first known, or whence imported; thus, we have Calico from Calicut, Damask from Damascus, Muslin from Mosul, Tobacco from Tabac, Coffee from Caffa, the Bayonet from Bayonne, Sherry from Xeres, Cordovan leather from Cordova, Delft-ware and Gouda cheese from towns of the same name in Holland, &c.

The feminine occupations of mantua-maker and milliner are recent imports from Mantua and Milan. It is not very long since the mysteries of these arts were understood and practised by men; one of Flatstaff's ragged recruits, and the most valiant of the corps, having been a woman-tailor.

In Glasgow and London are two streets, which, though pronounced differently, are identical in derivation—the former, a wretched pile of rickety buildings, called the Rattonnaw; the latter, Rotten Row. These are derived from *route au roi*, 'the route or road of the king.'

Anthony Trollope mentions a curious instance of word-degeneracy. One of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, after the civil wars, settled down as landlord of a village inn. True to his training, he selected a scriptural motto for his signboard, on which he inscribed the words, 'God encompasseth us.' The words became obliterated through time, but something of their sound remained; and when, long after, the signboard was renewed by a new landlord, the motto reappeared, with a suitable device in the centre, as 'The Goat end Compasses.'

I had intended to give the history of some other phrases, as *hocus-pocus* from *hoc est corpus*, *hogmanay* from *hoc mane*, 'You're a brick,' &c.; but the rigid hand of the editor, conservative of space, restraineth me, and I must conclude this branch of my subject with the classic history of the expression, 'All my eye and Betty Martin O.' A ship returning from the East Indies with some rich Dutch planters aboard, encountered a dreadful storm in the Indian Ocean. The terrified passengers fearing a wreck, and trembling for their lives and property, were on their knees imploring the aid of their patron, St. Martin. One was overheard by a sailor most abjectly crying: 'Ah mihi, Beate Martine! (Ah me, blessed

Martin!) The hardy tar called out to his mate: 'I say, Jack, just hark to that shivering land-lubber singing out, "It's all my eye and Betty Martin O!"'

THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.

IN the course of nature there is nothing more remarkable than the stupendous results which spring from apparently insignificant causes. Straws have turned the current of our lives; a word, a thought vivid as lightning, has often decided our destiny. Mark Antony sees Cleopatra on the Cydnus, sitting in her barge as on a burnished throne, and if her nose had only been shorter he might have kept the world. The prophet Mahomet conceals himself in Mount Shur, and his pursuers, according to a Moslem tradition, are thrown off the scent, and baffled by a spider's web over the mouth of the cave. Thus the Koran, the Crescent, the Crusades, with their boundless consequences, depended at that moment on the filmy meshes of a spider's web. A young Athenian, named Xenophon, at sixteen years of age, is met in a narrow gateway by a man of extraordinary appearance and manners, who attends his stick across the path, and asks, "How can one attain to virtue and honour?" Xenophon cannot answer, and Socrates, for the strange being is none other, bidding him follow, becomes thenceforward his master in philosophy. But for that stick, that narrow gateway, Xenophon, perhaps, would never have enriched the world of letters as he has done to this day. Look again at Demosthenes. He rushed from the Athenian assembly burning with shame, for he has been hooted for his pronunciation and defective style. In the moment of his degradation he meets an actor named Satyrus. Was it chance or his good genius that threw him in this way? Satyrus teaches him the art of elocution, and, amid the wild roar of waves, with pebbles in his mouth, he corrects the vices of his utterance, and acquires pungency and force which none have equalled. No grit of the pebble roughened his lip when next he mounted the rostrum, and poured on the astonished audience a flood of eloquence, impetuous and flashing as a mountain torrent.

In science, as in literature, slight causes occasion great results; nor need we go back to the ancients in order to find remarkable instances. When Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, his attention was attracted to the regular oscillation of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral, and the swinging lamp led to his study of the vibrations of pendulums. Brunelleschi by accident broke an egg, which remained standing on its broken base; and the shape of the shell inspired him immediately with the idea of the Duomo at Florence. Giotto, while tending his flock, sketched a sheep on a stone; and Cimabue, passing by, detected his latent genius, and led him on to fame—to the friendship of Dante, and to having his name immortalized in the Divina Commedia. Newton—but why tell of that falling apple in his orchard, which is better known than the laws of gravitation, to the discovery of which it led? Cuvier dissected a cuttle-fish; and the comparative anatomy of the entire animal kingdom unfolded itself before him. A single remain of an extinct animal or vegetable became a standpoint from which he could infer and describe the form and properties of the creature or plant to which it belonged; and the subsequent discovery of further remains of the same species often proved the accuracy of his deductions. The use of fossil fragments is another illustration of the importance of little things and isolated inductions. Kepler resolved to fill his cellars from the Austrian vintage, but, doubting the accuracy of the wine-merchant's measure, he worked out one of the earliest samples of what is now called the modern analysis. What suggested the embossed alphabet for the blind? A sheet of paper sent from the press with the letters accidentally raised. What called forth the most learned book on diseases of the heart?

A physician's lying awake and listening to the beating of his own. Giotto is not the only genius whom a chance visit has rescued from obscurity. Evelyn was sauntering one day along a meadow near Says Court, when he looked in at the window of a thatched cottage, and saw a young man carving one of Tintoretto's cartoons. He entered, admired the work, and soon recommended the artist to Charles II. Thus the name of Gibbins became known. Milton sees a wretched "mystery" in Italy, and conceives the plan of "Paradise Lost." The plague breaks out in London; he retires to Chalfont, and the simple question of a Quaker friend calls forth "Paradise Regained." Gibbon muses among the ruins of Roman grandeur; and the Decline and Fall of the mighty Empire breaks in long perspective on his view. A Welsh harper thrills the cord at Cambridge, and Gray, fired with sudden emotion, writes the conclusion of the "Bard." Lady Austen points to a sofa, and Cowper creates the "Task." Opie bends over his companion's shoulder when he is drawing a butterfly, and rises up a painter himself.

The history of nations, as of individuals, hangs on threads. Robert Bruce was about to join a crusade when a spider, struggling to fix his web to the ceiling, gave him a lesson in perseverance, and, remaining in his own land, he routed the army of Edward II. at Bannockburn, and achieved the independence of the Scottish crown. Cromwell was about to set sail for America, and clear forests with his axe, when a royal edict forbade emigration in unlicensed ships. Had he embarked the day before, he would never have been Lord Protector, nor Charles Stuart have laid his head on the block. The fleet of William of Orange had been driven westward of Torbay. To return in the teeth of the wind was impossible, and Plymouth, the next port, was garrisoned by Lord Bath. The Royal fleet was out of the Thames, and hastening down the channel. "You may go to prayers, doctor," said Russell to Burnet; "all is over." But it was not so. A soft breeze sprung up from the South, and the sun shone forth. The fleet turned back, William landed, and the Stuart dynasty ceased to reign.

Slight circumstances, which have occurred in childhood, often take deep hold of the memory, and recur to us through life, we know not why, when things of far greater moment are forgotten. Warren Hastings, amid the cares and splendour of Indian government, had always before his eyes a little wood at Daylesford, in Worcestershire, where he was born. Insignificant sayings in praise or blame have often had immense effect on men in pursuit of knowledge and fame, and have disconcerted or encouraged them, as the case may be, in a marvellous manner. Burke rose to address the House with a roll in his hand. A member deprecated the infliction of a MS. on his hearers, and in shame and disgust the orator quitted his seat. He who could have faced a lion was discomfited by a bray. Little things are often our great vexations. The prick of a pin will make an empire insipid. During 140 years the retainers of a Norman monastery fought and hated each other for the right of hunting rabbits. On the other hand, trifling events are frequently great consolations. The packet-ship, *Lady Hobart*, was driving before the hurricane, and hope seemed vain, when a white bird suddenly lighted on the mast. The hearts of the crew revived, and the bird was accepted as an omen of safety. Mungo Park, stripped and plundered, sat down in despair. It was a wilderness in Africa, 500 miles from any European settlement. A little moss was at his feet in flower, and it inspired him with the thought that He who planted, watered, and perfected in the desert that tiny blossom, could not be insensible to the sufferings of one formed after His own image. So he went on his way rejoicing, and soon came to a village.

Yes, little things are of wondrous importance. They are the last links in a long chain of effects, or the first in a long chain of causes, or they are both. They make the sum of human things. They test a man's character every hour in the day, and, as the jutting and curving of the bank regulates a river's flow, so do they, directly or indirectly, determine the entire course of our existence for good or evil, brilliant or obscure.

AN AUTUMN EVENING AT THE SEA-SIDE.

[We are indebted to Mrs. Leprohon's graceful pen for the following beautiful lines. The word-painting is spirited, and one can almost hear, as he reads, the wailing of the night-wind, and the beating of the wild surges of the Atlantic upon the rock-bound shore.]

Darkly falls the autumn twilight, rustles low the crisp leaf-sere,
Sadly wail the lonely night-winds, sweeping sea-wards chill and drear,
Sullen dash the restless waters 'gainst a bleak and rock-bound shore,
Whilst the sea-birds' weird-like voices mingle with their surging roar.
Vainly seeks the eye a flow'ret 'mid the desolation drear,
Or a spray of pleasant verdure, the gloomy scene to cheer;
Nought but frowning crags and boulders, and long sea-weeds, ghastly dank,
Or mosses and pale lichens that to the rocks cling rank.
See, the fog clouds thickly rolling o'er the landscape far and wide,
Till the tall cliffs look like phantoms seeking mid their shrouds to hide,
On they come, the misty masses of wreathing vapour white,
Filling hill and dell and ravine, blotting earth and heaven from sight.
Silent, mournful, am I standing, gazing from the window-pane,
Dimmed and blurred with heavy plashes of the fast descending rain,
Whilst thoughts chiming with the hour my weary brain pass through,
Till the shadows of the evening on my brow are mirrored too.
Rise, alike, uncalled—unbidden, memories of the distant past,
Of the dreams, the hopes, th' illusions that round life's sweet sunshine cast,
Whilst the moan of winds and waters, with strange mysterious art,
Seem to waken drear forebodings within the gaze's heart.
Ah! it needs yon pleasant taper's enlivening, home-like ray,
The sound of friendly voices in converse cheerful—gay,
The flash of warm red fire-light on happy faces glad,
To dispel the mournful fancies that make the hour so sad.
I must turn from this lone musing, wilful nursing of dark care,
And join the joyous circle of dear ones gathered there,
Who with smiles will greet my advent, and in that pleasant room,
Shake off the dreary shadows of this scene of autumn gloom.

MRS. LEPROHON

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 188.

How he came to take this step, whether he married the governess for her own sake, or for the child's sake, or to gratify a passing caprice, were facts known only to himself. That he did marry her, and that, having married her, he continued to live precisely the same eccentric, sullen life as before, was all that even his own servants could tell about the matter. The second Lady Holmes visited nowhere, and was visited by none. What she had been as Miss Holme-Pierpoint's governess, she continued to be as Miss Holme-Pierpoint's stepmother. She claimed no authority. She called her husband "my lord," stood in awe of her servants, and yielded to the child's imperious temper just as she had done at the first. The result was, that she remained a cypher in her own house, and was treated as a cypher.

When, by-and-by, she also gave birth to a little daughter, there were no rejoicings; and when, some few years later, she died, and was laid beside her high-born predecessor, there were no lamentations. Had she brought an heir to the house, or had she filled her place in it more bravely, things, perchance, had gone differently. But the world is terribly apt to take people at their own valuation; and Lady Holmes, perplexed

"—with the burden of an honour
Unto which she was not born."

had rated herself according to the dictates of one of the lowliest and most timid hearts that ever beat in a woman's breast.

Thus it was that Lord Holmes became the father of two daughters, and was twice a widower. And thus it was that Captain Holme-Pierpoint of Sowerby escaped first Scylla and then Charybdis, and remained her presumptive to his cousin's coronet after all.

No two girls ever grew up more unlike each other than the Honourable Miss Holme-Pierpoint. There was a difference of nearly six years in their age to begin with; but this was as nothing when compared with the difference in their appearance, dispositions, and tastes.

The elder was tall, stately, and remarkable from very early girlhood for that singular resemblance to Marie Antoinette, which became so striking in her at a later period in life. The younger, on the contrary, was pretty rather than beautiful, painfully sensitive and shy, and as unpretending as might have been the lowliest peasant girl upon her father's lands. Alethea never forgot that she was noble on both sides; but Elizabeth seemed never to remember that she was noble on either. Alethea was cold and ambitious; but Elizabeth's nature was as clinging and tender as it was unselfish. Elizabeth looked up to Alethea as to the noblest and most perfect of God's creatures; but Alethea, who had never forgiven her father's second marriage, held her half-sister in that kind of modified estimation in which a jeweller might hold a clouded diamond, or a sportsman a half-bred retriever.

Years went by; and as the girls grew to womanhood their unlikeness became more and more apparent. In due time, the Honourable Miss Holme-Pierpoint, being of an age to take her place in society, was presented at court by her aunt, the Countess of Glastonbury, and "brought out" after the sober fashion that prevailed in the days of George the Third. Before the close of that season she was engaged to Harold Wynnecliffe, fourth Earl of Castletowers, and early in the spring-time of the following year, while her young sister was yet in the schoolroom, the beautiful Alethea was married from her aunt's house in Somersetshire, where the ceremony was privately performed by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

In the meanwhile, it was arranged that Lord Holmes' younger daughter was to be spared all those difficulties and dangers that beset a matrimonial choice. Her lot was cast for her. She was to marry Captain Holme-Pierpoint of Sowerby.

A more simple and admirable scheme could not have been devised. Captain Holme-Pierpoint was her father's heir, and it was of course desirable that Elizabeth's dowry should remain in the family. Then Elizabeth was very young, young even for her age, and her character needed to be judiciously formed. Captain Holme-Pierpoint was the very man to form a young lady's character. He was a man who got through a great deal of solid reading in the year; who delighted in statistics; who talked pompously—was a strict disciplinarian, and had "views" on the subject of education. In addition to these qualifications, it may be added that Captain Holme-Pierpoint was still handsome, and only forty-eight years of age.

Incredible as it may seem, however, Lord Holmes' second daughter was by no means so happy as she ought to have been in the contemplation of her destiny. Like most very young girls she had already dreamt dreams, and she could not bring herself to accept Captain Holme-Pierpoint as the realisation of that ideal

lover whom her imagination had delighted to picture. Her loving nature sorely needed something to cling to, something to live for, something to worship; but she knew that she could not possibly live for, or cling to, or worship Captain Holme-Pierpoint. Above all, she shrank from the prospect of having her character formed according to his educational "views."

In order, therefore, to avoid this terrible contingency, the younger Miss Holme-Pierpoint deliberately rejected her destiny, and ran away with her drawing-master.

It was a frightful blow to the pride of the whole Pierpoint family. The Talbots and the Wynnecliffes were of opinion that Lord Holmes was simply reaping what he had sown, and that nothing better was to be expected from the daughter of a nursery governess; but Lord Holmes himself regarded the matter in a very different light. Harsh and eccentric as he was, this old man had really loved his younger child; but now his whole heart hardened towards her, and he swore that he would never see her, or speak to her, or forgive her while he lived. Then, having formally disinherited her, he desired that her name should be mentioned in his presence no more.

As for Lady Castletowers, her resentment was no less bitter. She, too, never saw or spoke to her half-sister again. She did not suffer, it is true, as her father had suffered. Her heart was not wrung like his—probably because she had less heart to be wrung; but her pride was even more deeply outraged. Neither of them made any effort to recal the fugitive. They merely blotted her name from their family records; burned, unread, the letters in which she implored their forgiveness, and behaved in all respects, not as though she were dead, but as though she had never existed.

In the meanwhile, Elizabeth Holme-Pierpoint had fled to Italy with her husband. He was a very young man—a mere student—rich in hope, poor in pocket, and an enthusiast in all that concerned his art. But enthusiasm is as frequently the index of taste as the touch-stone of talent, and Edgar Riviere, with all his exquisite feeling for form and colour, his worship of the antique, and his idolatry of Raffaele, lacked the one great gift that makes poet and painter—he had no creative power. He was a correct draughtsman and a brilliant colourist; but, wanting "the vision and the faculty divine," wanted just all that divides elegant mediocrity from genius. He believed in himself, however, and his wife believed in him; and for years he struggled on, painting ambitious pictures that never sold, and earning a scanty subsistence by copying the Raffaeles he so dearly loved. At last, however, the bitter truth forced itself upon him, and he knew that he had deceived himself with hopes destined never to be realised. But the discovery came too late. Long years of unrequited effort had impaired his health and bowed his spirit within him, and he had no spark left of that high courage which would once have armed him against all "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune." He did not long survive the wreck of his ambition. He died in Florence, literally of a broken heart, some fifteen years after his romantic marriage with Elizabeth Holme-Pierpoint, leaving her and one surviving child wholly unprovided for.

Such were the destinies of these half-sisters, and such the family history of which William Trefalden gave Saxon a meagre outline, after his consultation with Abel Keckwitch.

CHAPTER XLVIII. WHAT THEY SAID AT THE CLUB.

"And now, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "I can tell you nothing beyond the fact that Edgar Riviere died in Florence some three or four years since; but I think we need have no difficulty in guessing the parentage and history of your distressed damsel. I imagine that her mother must have been left simply destitute; and in this case, Lady Castletowers would, of course, do something to keep her from starvation. I doubt, however, that her charity went beyond that point."

"But, good Heavens!" exclaimed Saxon, who was now pacing up and down the room in a

fever of indignation, "this lady is her own sister, cousin William! her own sister!"

"Her half-sister; but even so, it is too bad." "Too bad? Why, it's monstrous! If I were Castletowers—"

"I do not suppose that Lord Castletowers has ever heard of the existence of these people," interrupted the lawyer.

"Then he ought to hear of it!"

"Not from your lips, young man. You have stumbled on a family secret, and, right or wrong, you are bound in honour to respect it. If Lady Castletowers keeps a skeleton in her private closet, it is not your place to produce that skeleton at the feast to which she invites you.

"I am afraid that's true," replied Saxon, "but I wish I might tell Castletowers, all the same."

"Too much of nothing of the kind," said Mr. Trefalden, emphatically. "It is in your power to give great assistance to two unfortunate ladies, and with that privilege be content."

"I cannot be content to stand by and see injustice done," exclaimed Saxon. "They have been cruelly wronged."

"Even so, my dear fellow, you are not Don Quixote."

The young man bit his lip.

"Don Quixote's name," said he, "is too often taken in vain. Heaven forbid that we nineteenth-century people should come to apply it to the simple love of right! It seems to me that the world over here thinks a vast deal more of politeness than justice. It's not so in Switzerland. And now, cousin William, how am I to help them?"

"You must allow me time to consider," replied Mr. Trefalden. "It will require delicate management."

"I know it will."

"But I can think the matter over, and write to you about it to-morrow."

"The sooner the better," said Saxon.

"Of course—and with regard to money?"

"With regard to money, do the best you can for them. I don't care how much it is."

"Suppose I were to draw upon you for a hundred thousand pounds!" said the lawyer, with a smile.

"I'm not afraid of that; but I do fear that you may not use my purse freely enough."

"I will try, at all events," replied Mr. Trefalden; whereupon Saxon thanked him cordially, and put out his hand to say good-bye.

"You don't inquire how the company is going on," said the lawyer, detaining him.

"I am afraid I had forgotten all about the company," laughed Saxon. "But I suppose it's all right."

"Yes, we are making way," replied his cousin.

"Capital pours in, and the shareholders have every confidence in the direction. Our surveyors are still going over the ground; and we are this week despatching a man of business to Sidon. Sidon, you may remember, will be our great Mediterranean depot; and we mean to open offices, and establish an agent there, without delay."

"Indeed!" said Saxon. "Is it still so great a secret?"

"It is a greater secret than ever."

"Oh—good-bye."

"You are always in haste when business is the topic," said Mr. Trefalden. "Where are you going now?"

"To the club, and then back to Castletowers."

"You are making a long stay. What about the Colonnas?"

But Saxon was already half way down the stairs, and seemed not to hear the question.

He then went direct to the Erechtheum, where he no sooner made his appearance than he found himself a centre of attraction. The younger men were eager for news of Italy, and, knowing whence he came, overwhelmed him with questions. What was Colonna doing? Was he likely to go out to Garibaldi? What were Garibaldi's intentions? Was Victor Emmanuel favourable to the Sicilian cause? Would the war be carried into Naples and Rome? And, if so, did Colonna think that the Emperor of the French would take arms for the Pope? Was it true that Vaughan was about to join the army

of liberation? Was it true that Lord Castletowers would command the English contingent? Was it true that Saxon had himself accepted a commission? And so on, till Saxon stopped his ears, and refused to hear another question.

"I am not in Signor Colonna's confidence," said he, "and I know nothing of his projects. But I do know that I have accepted no such commission, and I believe I may say the same for Castletowers."

"And Vaughan?" said Sir Charles Burgoyne. "Vaughan is going. He starts for Genoa to-night."

"I felt sure that was true," observed Greatorax, with a significant laugh. "Perhaps the fair Olympia has promised to take pity on him."

Saxon turned upon him as if he had been stung.

"What do you mean?" he said, haughtily. "What should Miss Colonna have to do with the matter?"

"Perhaps a great deal," replied the banker.

"The gentleman gives his arm to the cause, and the lady rewards him with her hand. 'Tis a fair exchange.

"And Vaughan has worshipped for years at the Olympian shrine," added Sir Charles.

"Besides," said another, "what else does he go for? We all know that he doesn't care a straw for Italy. It may be a forlorn hope, you know."

"More likely than not, I should say," replied Burgoyne. "Olympia Colonna is a clever woman, and knows her own market value. She'll fly at higher game than a major of dragoons."

Saxon's face was burning all this time with anger and mortification. At last he could keep silence no longer.

"All this may be true," he said. "I don't believe it's true; but at all events it is not in my power to contradict it. However, of one thing I am certain—that a crowded club-room is not the place in which a lady's name should be passed from mouth to mouth in this fashion."

"Your proposition is quite unexceptionable in a general way, my dear fellow," replied Burgoyne; "but in the present instance it does not apply. When a lady's name has figured for years in despatches, petitions, committee-lists, and reports of all kinds, civil and military, it can surely bear the atmosphere of a crowded club-room."

"I don't think that has anything to do with it," said Saxon, sturdily. "Despatches and petitions are public matters, and open to general discussion."

"But the probable marriage of a charming woman is a private matter, and therefore open to particular discussion," laughed the Guardsman. "For my part, I can only say that I mean to hang myself on Miss Colonna's wedding-day."

Then the conversation turned again to Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel; and presently Saxon made his escape, and was on his way to the station.

He felt very moody and uncomfortable, as he leaned back in his Hansons and sped along the Strand. He had heard much that was infinitely disagreeable to him during the brief hour spent at his club; much that he could not refute, but which he had been obliged to endure with comparative patience. That Olympia's name should be thus familiar to every idle lip seemed like a profanation; but that it should be coupled up with that of Vaughan and Castletowers, and perhaps—who could tell?—with the names of a hundred other men whose political sympathies necessarily brought them into communication with her, was sacrilege pure et simple.

What man on earth was worthy of her, to begin with? Certainly not Major Vaughan, with his surface morality, his half-concealed cynicism, and his iron-grey beard. Not even Castletowers, brave and honourable gentleman as he was. No—the only fit and appropriate husband for Olympia Colonna would be some modern Du Guesclin or Bayard, some man of the old heroic type, whose soul would burn with a fire kindred to her own, who should do great deeds in the cause she loved, and lay his splendid laurels at her feet. But then lived there such a hero, young, handsome, daring, ardent, successful in love and

mighty in battle, a man of men, sans peur et sans reproche?

Perhaps Saxon was secretly comforted by the conviction that only a preux chevalier would be worthy of Miss Colonna, and that the preux chevalier was certainly not forthcoming.

In the midst of these reflections, however, he found himself once more at the station, with the express on the point of starting, and not a second to lose. To fling down his shillings, dash along the platform, and spring into a first-class carriage, just as the guard was running along the line and the driver beginning his preliminary whistle, was the work of a moment. As the door closed behind him, and he dropped into the nearest corner, a friendly voice called him by name, and he found himself face to face with Miss Hatherton.

CHAPTER XLIX. ON THE PLATFORM.

"Well met by—well, not exactly by moonlight, Mr. Trefalden," said she, with that hearty, almost gentlemanly way of proffering her hand that always put Saxon so delightfully at his ease in her society. "Have you been shooting any more weathercocks, or winning any more races, since I saw you last?"

"No," replied Saxon, laughingly; "I have been more usefully employed."

"I rejoice to hear it. May I ask in what manner?"

"Oh, Miss Hatherton, if you want particulars, I'm lost! I'm only pleasantly conscious that I have been behaving well, and improving myself. I fear it's rather a vague statement to put forward, though."

"Terribly vague. At all events, you have not yet donned the red shirt?"

"The red shirt!" echoed Saxon, with an involuntary glance at the little blue horseshoes besprinkling the bosom of that garment in which his person happened to be adorned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, that you have not gone over to Garibaldi."

Garibaldi again! It seemed as if the air was full of the names of Garibaldi and Italy to-day!

"What you, too, Miss Hatherton?" he said. "I have heard more about Italian affairs since I have been in the town this morning, than I ever heard at Castletowers. The men at the Erechtheum would talk of nothing else."

"I daresay not," replied the heiress. "The lookers-on have always more to say than the workers. But has not Miss Colonna enlisted you?"

"Indeed, no."

"You amaze me. I could not have believed that she would show such incredible forbearance towards a man of your inches. But perhaps you are intending to join in any case?"

"I have no intention, one way or the other," said Saxon; "but if any of our fellows were going, I should like to join them."

"There is nothing I should enjoy so much, if I were a man," said Miss Hatherton. "Do you know how the fund is getting on? I heard they were sorely in want of money the other day, and I sent them something—not much, but as much as I could spare."

"Oh, I believe the fund is getting on pretty well," replied Saxon, with some embarrassment.

"You are a subscriber, of course?"

"Yes—I have given something."

Miss Hatherton looked at him keenly.

"I should like to know what that something was," said she. "I heard a strange rumour to-day—but I suppose you would not tell me if I were to ask you?"

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"A rumour is generally nothing but a polite name for a lie," replied he; "you should never believe in one."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Hatherton, gravely. "I should be sorry to believe all—"

She checked herself, and added:

"If you do go to Italy, Mr. Trefalden, you must be sure to let me know. I only marvel that Miss Colonna's eloquence has not been brought to bear upon you long since."

"Well, I'm not an Italian."

Miss Hatherton smiled compassionately.

"My dear sir," said she, "if you were a Thug, and willing to make your *roozal* useful to the cause, the Colonnas would enlist you. Nation is nothing to them. All they want is a volunteer or a subscriber. Beside, plenty of your countrymen have gone over the Alps already."

"Aro you sure?" asked Saxon, eagerly.

"As sure as that you never read the papers."

"You are quite right there," laughed he, "I never do."

"An English volunteer company is already formed," continued Miss Hatherton, "at Genoa."

"Yes—I know that."

"There will also, I hear, be a German corps; and both Swiss and Hungarian corps are talked about."

Saxon nearly bounded off his seat.

"A Swiss corps!" he shouted. "A Swiss corps, and nobody ever breathed this to me!"

"Its very odd," said Miss Hatherton.

"And Miss Colonna was talking to me so much about Italy yesterday morning!"

"Perhaps they do not care to make a soldier of you, Mr. Trefalden," said the heiress.

"But they want soldiers!"

"True; but—"

"But what?"

"Perhaps they stand more in need of the sinews of war just now, than of your individual muscles."

"The sinews of war!" stammered Saxon

"You might get killed, you see."

"Of course I might get killed; but every volunteer risks that. Vaughan may get killed."

"He may; but then Major Vaughan has not ever so many millions of money."

Saxon looked blankly in Miss Hatherton's face.

"I—I really don't understand," said he.

"Do you wish me to explain my meaning?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then excuse the illustration—it might not be politic to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

Saxon's face flamed with rage and mortification.

"Oh, Miss Hatherton!" he exclaimed, "how can you be so unjust and so uncharitable?"

Miss Hatherton smiled good temperedly.

"I am a plain speaker, Mr. Trefalden," said she, "and plain speakers must expect to be called uncharitable sometimes. You need not be angry with me because I speak the truth."

"But, indeed, you're mistaken. Its not the truth, nor anything like the truth."

"Nay," she replied, "I know the Colonnas better than you know them. Giulio Colonna is insatiable where Italy is concerned. I do not deny that he is personally disinterested. He would give the coat off his back to buy powder and shot for the cause; but he would strip the coat from his neighbour's back for the same purpose without scruple."

"But indeed—"

"But, indeed, Mr. Trefalden, you may believe me when I tell you that he would regard it as a sacred duty to fling every farthing of your fortune into this coming war, if he could get the handling of it. You will do well to beware of him."

"Then I am sure that Miss Colonna is not—"

"Miss Colonna is utterly dominated by her own enthusiasm and her father's influence. You must beware of her, too."

"You will tell me to beware of yourself next, Miss Hatherton," said Saxon, petulantly.

"No, my dear sir, I shall do nothing of the kind. I like you very much; but I neither want your money, nor—Do you know what people are saying about you and Miss Colonna? By the way, is not this your station?"

"About me and Miss Colonna!" said Saxon, breathlessly.

"Yes—but this is certainly Sedgebrook. You must be quick, for they don't stop one moment."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Hatherton, tell me first!"

"No, no—jump out, or you will be carried on. I'll tell you when you are safe outside."

Saxon jumped out, but clung to the window with both hands.

"Now!" said he. "Now!"

"Well," replied Miss Hatherton, speaking somewhat slowly, and looking him full in the face, "they say, Mr. Trefalden—they say you are going to squander your fortune in Italy; marry Olympia Colonna; and break Lord Castletowers' heart."

But Saxon never heard the last five words at all. Before Miss Hatherton could bring her sentence to an end the shrill whistle drowned her voice, and the train began to move. The young man stood looking after it for some moments in blank bewilderment.

"Squander your fortune on Italy, and marry Olympia Colonna!" he repeated to himself.

"Fly to Castletowers, sir?" said the solitary fly-driver of the place, recognising the Earl's visitor.

But Saxon preferred to walk; so he took the short cut through the fields, and strode on with Miss Hatherton's words still ringing in his ears.

"Marry Olympia Colonna!" he said, for the twentieth time, as he sat down presently upon a stile, and proceeded unconsciously to cut off the heads of the nearest dandelions with his cane.

"Marry Olympia Colonna! Good God! there isn't a prince of this earth half good enough for her! As for me, I'm only just worthy to be one of her slaves. What a mad notion! What a mad, preposterous notion!"

Mad and preposterous as it was, however, he could think of nothing else; and every now and then, as he loitered on his way through the pleasant meadows, he repeated, half aloud, those wondrous words:

"Marry Olympia Colonna!"

CHAPTER L. HIGH ART.

As Saxon's cab turned in at the gates of the South-Western Railway station, Mr. William Trefalden, who chanced to be in the occupation of a very similar Hansom, was driving rapidly down the Waterloo-road. The two vehicles with their unsuspecting occupants had been almost side by side on Waterloo Bridge, and, by one of those curious coincidences which happen still oftener in real life than in fiction, the one cousin was going down into Surrey as the honoured guest of Lady Castletowers, while the other was rattling over to Camberwell in search of her ladyship's disinherited half-sister.

"Six, Brudenell Terrace."

Mr. Trefalden took the card from his pocket-book, and read the address over once or twice. It was the same card that Miss Rivière had given to Saxon, and which Saxon had entrusted to the lawyer's keeping a couple of hours before. Mr. Trefalden was a prompt man of business, and was showing himself to be, in the present instance, better than his word. He had promised to act for his young kinsman in this matter; but he had not promised to set about the task that same afternoon. Yet here he was with his face already turned southwards, and Miss Rivière's address in his hand.

The fact was, that Mr. Trefalden took more interest in this piece of family history than he had chosen to express, and was bent on learning all that might be learnt about the Rivières without an hour's unnecessary delay. No man better appreciated the value of a family secret. There might, it is true, be nothing very precious in this particular specimen; but then one could never tell what might, or might not, be useful hereafter. At all events, Mr. Trefalden was not slow to see his way to possible advantages; and though he had asked time for consideration of what it might be best to do, he had half a dozen schemes outlined in his mind before Saxon left the office. Mr. Trefalden's plans seldom needed much elaboration. They sprang from his fertile brain like Minerva from the head of Zeus, armed at all points, and ready for the field.

Leaning back thoughtfully, then, with folded arms, and a cigar in his mouth, Mr. Trefalden drove up the Obelisk and the Elephant and Castle, and plunged into the very heart of that dreary suburban district which might with much propriety be called by the general name of Transpontia. Then, dismissing his cab at a convenient point, he proceeded in search of Brudenell Terrace on foot.

Transpontia is a district beset with difficulties to the inexperienced explorer. There dust, dissent, and dulness reign supreme. The air is pervaded by a faint odour of universal brick-fac. The early muffin-bell is audible at incredible hours of the day. Files of shabby genteel tenements, and dismal slips of parched front-garden, follow and do resemble each other with a bewildering monotony that extends for long miles in every direction, and is only interrupted here and there by a gorgeous gin-palace, or a depressing patch of open ground, facetiously called a "green," or a "common." Of enormous extent, and dreary sameness, the topography of Transpontia is necessarily of the vaguest character.

Mr. Trefalden was, however, too good a Londoner to be greatly baffled by the intricacies of any metropolitan neighbourhood. He pursued his way with a Londoner's instinct, and, after traversing a few small squares and by-streets, found himself presently in face of Brudenell Terrace.

It was a very melancholy terrace, built according to the strictest lodging-house order of architecture, elevated some four feet above the level of the street, and approached by a dilapidated flight of stone steps at each extremity. It consisted of four and twenty dingy, eight-roomed houses, in one or other of which, take them at what season of the year one might, there was certain to be either a sale or a removal going forward. In conjunction with the inevitable van, or piece of stair-carpeting, might also be found the equally inevitable street organ—that "most miraculous organ," which can no more be silenced than the voice of murder itself; and which in Transpontia hath its chosen home. The oldest inhabitant of Brudenell Terrace confessed to never having known the hour of any day (except Sunday) when some interesting native of Parma or Lucca was not to be heard grinding his slow length along from number one to number twenty-eight. On the present occasion, however, when Mr. Trefalden knocked at the door of the house for which he was bound, both van and Italian boy were at the further end of the row.

A slatternly servant of hostile bearing opened six inches of the door, and asked Mr. Trefalden what he wanted. That gentleman intimated that he wished to see Mrs. Rivière.

"Is it business?" said the girl, planting her foot sturdily against the inner side of the door.

Mr. Trefalden at once admitted that it was business.

"Then it's Miss Rivers you want," said she, sharply. "Why didn't you say so at first?"

Mr. Trefalden attempted to explain that he should prefer to see Mrs. Rivière, if she would receive him; but the kelligerent damsel refused to entertain that proposition for one moment.

"It's nothing to me what you prefer," said she, with prompt indignation. "You can't see Mrs. Rivers. If Miss Rivers won't do, you may as well go away at once."

So the lawyer was fain to enter the citadel on such terms as he could get.

He was shown into a front parlour, very poorly furnished. The window was partially darkened by a black blind, and close beneath it stood a table strewn with small photographs and drawing materials. A bonnet and shawl lay on the sofa behind the door. Three or four slight sketches in water-colours were pinned against the walls. An old fashioned watch in a bronze stand of delicate foreign workmanship, occupied the centre of the mantelshelf; and in the further corner of the room, between the fireplace and window, were piled a number of old canvases with their faces to the wall. Mr. Trefalden divined the history of these little accessories at a glance. He knew, as well as if their owners had told him so, that the watch and the canvases were relics of poor Edgar Rivière, and that the little water-colour sketches were by the artist's daughter. These latter were very slight—mere outlines, with a dash of colour here and there, but singularly free and decisive. One represented a fragment of Cyclopean wall, tapestried with creeping plants; another, a lonely medieval tower, with ragged storm-clouds drifting overhead; another, a group of stone pines at sunset, standing up, bronzed and bristling, against a blood-red sky. All were instinct with that open-

air look which defies imitation; and in the background of almost every subject were seen the purple Tuscan hills. William Trefalden was no indifferent judge of art, and he saw at once that these scrawls had genius in them.

While he was yet examining them, the door opened noiselessly behind him, and a rustling of soft garments near at hand warned him that he was no longer alone. He turned. A young girl, meanly dressed in some black material, with only a strip of white collar around her throat, stood about half way between the window and the door—a girl so fair, so slight, so transparent of complexion, so inexpressibly fragile-looking, that the lawyer, for the first moment, could only look at her as if she were some delicate marvel of art, neither to be touched or spoken to.

"You asked to see me, sir?" she said, with a transient flush of colour; for Mr. Trefalden still looked at her in silence.

"I asked to see Mrs. Rivière," he replied.

The young lady pointed to a chair.

"My mother is an invalid," said she, "and can only be addressed through me. Will you take a seat?"

But Mr. Trefalden, instead of taking a seat, went over to the corner where the dusty canvases were piled against the wall, and said:

"Are these some of your father's pictures?"

Her whole face became radiant at the mention of that name.

"Yes," she replied, eagerly. "Do you know his works?"

Mr. Trefalden paused a moment before answering this question. Then, looking at her with a grave, almost a tender courtesy, he said:

"I knew his works, my dear young lady—and I knew him."

"You knew him? Oh, you knew a good man, sir, if you knew my dear, dear father!"

"A good man," said Mr. Trefalden, "and a fine painter."

Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"If the world had but done him justice!" she murmured.

Mr. Trefalden thought he had never seen eyes so beautiful or so pathetic.

"The world never does justice to its finer spirits," said he, "till they have passed beyond reach of its envy or hearing of its praise. But his day of justice will come."

"Do you think so," she said, drawing a little nearer, and looking up at him with the half-timid, half-trusting candour of a child. "Alas! I have almost given up hoping."

"Never give up hoping. There is nothing in this world so unstable as its injustice—nothing so inevitable as its law of reward and retribution. Unhappily, its laurels are too often showered upon tombs."

"Did you know him in Italy?"

"No—in England."

"Perhaps you were one of his fellow-students?"

Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"No, I am a true lover of the arts," he replied, "but no artist. I had a sincere admiration for your father's genius, Miss Rivière, and it is that admiration which brings me here to-day. I am anxious to know what pictures of his may still be in the possession of his family, and I should be glad to purchase some, if I might be allowed to do so."

A look of immense gladness, followed by one of still more intense pain, flashed over the girl's pale face at these words.

"I trust I said nothing to annoy you," said Mr. Trefalden, as deferentially as if this fragile young creature were a stately princess, clad in cloth of gold and silver.

"Oh no, thank you," she replied, tremulously.

"We shall be very glad to—to sell them."

"Then I have your permission to look at these?"

"I will show them to you."

But Mr. Trefalden would not suffer Miss Rivière to show him the pictures. They were too heavy, and too dusty; and he was so glad to have the opportunity of seeing them, that he considered nothing a trouble. Then he begged to be allowed to remove the black blind from the window; and when that was done, he dragged out the first picture, dusted it carefully with

his own white handkerchief, and placed it in the best light the room afforded.

"That was one of his last," said the daughter, with a sigh.

It represented Apollo and Daphne—Apollo in an attitude expressive of despair, looking very like a fine gentleman in an amateur play, elegantly got up in the Greek style, and rather proud of his legs; with Daphne peeping at him coquettishly from the leaves of a laurel-bush. It was not a vulgar picture, nor even a glaringly bad picture; but it had all the worst faults of the French school with none of its vigour, and was academic and superficial to the last degree.

Mr. Trefalden, who saw all this distinctly, re-treated, nevertheless, to the further side of the room, shaded his eyes with his hands, and declared that it was an exquisite thing, full of poetry and classical feeling.

Then came a Cupid and Psyche on the point of leading off a *pas de deux*; a Danaë in a cataract of yellow ochre; an Endymion sleeping, evidently, on a stage-bank, by the light of a practicable moon; a Holy Family; a Cephalus and Procris; a Caractacus before Claudius; a Diana and Calisto, and about a score of others—enough to fill a gallery of moderate size; all after the same pattern; all repeating the same dreary round of hackneyed subjects, all equally correct mediocres.

Mr. Trefalden looked patiently through the whole collection, opening out those canvases which were rolled up, and going through the business of his part with a naturalness that was beyond all praise. He dwelt on imaginary beauties, hesitated over trifling blemishes, reverted every now and then to his favourites, and, in short, played the enlightened connoisseur to such perfection, that the poor child by his side was almost ready to fall down and worship him before the exhibition was over.

"How happy it would have made him to hear you, sir," she said, more than once. "No one ever appreciated his genius as you do!"

To which Mr. Trefalden only replied with sympathetic courtesy, that he was "sorry to hear it."

Finally, he selected four of the least objectionable of the lot, and begged to know on what terms he might be permitted to possess them.

This question was referred by Miss Rivière to her mother, and Mr. Trefalden was finally entreated to name his own price.

"Nay, but you place me in a very difficult position," said he. "What if I offer too small a sum?"

"We do not fear that," replied the young girl, with a timid smile.

"You are very good; but—the fact is that I may wish to purchase several more of these paintings—perhaps the whole of them, if Mrs. Rivière should be willing to part from them."

"The whole of them!" she echoed, breathlessly.

"I cannot tell at present; but it is not improbable."

Miss Rivière looked at Mr. Trefalden with awe and wonder. She began to think he must be some great collector—perhaps Rothschild himself!

"In the meanwhile," said he, "these being only my first acquisitions, I must keep my expenditure within a moderate limit. I should not like to offer more than two hundred pounds for these four paintings."

Two hundred pounds! It was as if a tributary of Pactolus had suddenly flowed in upon that humble front parlour, and flooded it with gold. Miss Rivière could hardly believe in the actual existence of so fabulous a sum.

"I hope I do not seem to under-estimate their value," said the lawyer.

"Oh no—indeed!"

"You will, perhaps, submit my proposition to Mrs. Rivière?"

"No, thank you—I—am quite sure—your great liberality—"

"I beg you will call it by no such name," said Mr. Trefalden, with that little deprecatory gesture that showed his fine hand to so much advantage. "Say, if you please, my sense of jus-

tice, or, better still, my appreciation of excellence."

Here he took a little roll of bank-notes from his pocket-book, folded, and laid them on the table.

"I trust I may be permitted to pay my respects to Mrs. Rivière when I next call," he said. "She will not, perhaps, refuse the favour of an interview to one who knew her husband in his youth."

"I am sure mamma will be most happy," faltered Miss Rivière. "She is very delicate; but I know she will make the effort, if possible. We—we are going back soon to Italy."

And her eyes, as she said this, wandered involuntarily towards the packet of notes.

"Not very soon, I hope? Not immediately?"

"Certainly not immediately," she replied, with a sigh. "Mamma must be much better before she can travel."

Then Mr. Trefalden made a few politely sympathetic inquiries; recommended a famous West-end physician; suggested a temporary sojourn at Sydenham or Norwood; and ended by requesting that the hostile maid-servant might fetch a cab for the conveyance of his treasures. He then took his leave, with the intimation that he would come again in the course of a few days, and go over the pictures a second time.

The door had no sooner closed behind him, than Miss Rivière flew up to her mother's bedroom, with the bank-notes fluttering in her hand.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" she cried, flinging herself on her knees besides the invalid's easy-chair, and bursting into sobs of joy, "he has taken four of papa's paintings, and given—oh! what do you suppose?—given two hundred pounds for them! Two hundred pounds, all in beautiful, real bank-notes—and here they are! Touch them—look at them! Two hundred pounds—enough to take you to Italy, my darling, six times over!"

CHAPTER LI. BRADSHAW'S GUIDE FOR MARCH.

William Trefalden sat alone in his private room, in a somewhat moody attitude, with his elbows on his desk, and his face buried in his hands. A folded deed lay unread before him. To his right stood a compact pile of letters with their seals yet unbroken. Absorbed in profound thought, he had not yet begun the business of the day, although more than an hour had elapsed since his arrival in Chancery-lane.

His meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door; and the tap was instantaneously followed by Mr. Keckwitich. The lawyer started angrily from his reverie.

"Why the deuce do you come in like that?" he exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," replied the head clerk, with a rapid glance at the pile of unopened letters, and the unread deed. "Messenger's waitin' for Willis and Barlow's bond; and you said I was to read it over to you before it went out."

Mr. Trefalden sighed impatiently, leaned back in his chair, and bade his clerk "go on;" whereat the respectable man drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and began:

"Know all men by these presents that we, Thomas Willis of number fourteen Charlote-square in the parish of Hoxton in the County of Middlesex and John Barlow of Oakley villa in the parish of Brompton in the county of Middlesex Esquire, are jointly and severally holden and firmly bounden unto Ebenezer Foster, and Robert Crompton of Cornhill in the parish of St. Peters upon Cornhill in the County of Middlesex Bankers and copartners in the sum of five thousand pounds of lawful British money to be paid to the said Ebenezer Foster and Robert Crompton their executors administrators and assigns or their lawful attorney and attorneys for which payment to be well and faithfully made we bind ourselves jointly and severally and our and any two or one of our heirs executors and administrators firmly by these presents sealed with our respective seals. Dated—which I have left blank, sir, not knowing when the signatures will be made."

"Quite right," said Mr. Trefalden, dreamily. "Go on."

The head clerk then proceeded in the same thick, monotonous tone, wading on from stage to stage, from condition to condition, till he came at length to—"Then and in such case the above written bond or obligation shall become void and of no effect, or else shall remain in full force, power, and virtue," having read which, he came to a dead pause.

And then again, for the third time, Mr. Trefalden said:

"Go on!"

Mr. Keckwitch smiled maliciously.

"That's the end of the deed, sir," he replied.

"The end of the deed!"

"Yes, sir. It struck me that you didn't hear much of it. Shall I go through it again?"

Mr. Trefalden bit his lip with unconcealed annoyance.

"Certainly not," he said, sharply. "That voice of yours sends me to sleep. Leave the bond with me, and I will glance over it myself."

So saying, he snatched the paper from the hand of his clerk, pointed to the door, and compelled himself to go through the document from beginning to end.

This done, and the messenger despatched, he dropped again into his accustomed seat, and proceeded mechanically to examine his diurnal correspondence. But only mechanically; for though he began with the top letter, holding it open with his left hand, and shading his eyes with his right, there was that on his thoughts which blotted out the sense of the words as completely as if the page were blank before him.

By-and-by, after staring at it vacantly for some ten minutes or more, William Trefalden crushed the letter in his hand, flung it on the table, and, exclaiming half aloud, "Fool that I am!" pushed his chair hastily back, and began, walking up and down the room.

Sometimes fast, sometimes slowly, sometimes stopping short in his beat for a minute at a time, the lawyer continued for the best part of an hour to pace to and fro between the window and the door, thinking earnestly.

Of what? Of a woman.

He could scarcely bring himself to confess it to his own thoughts; and yet so it was—a fact not to be evaded, impossible to be ignored. William Trefalden was in love for the first time in his life; utterly, passionately in love.

Yes, for the first time. He was thirty-eight years of age, and he had never in his life known what it was to feel as he felt now. He had never known what it was to live under the despotism of a single idea. He was not a good man. He was an unscrupulous and radically selfish man. A man of cultivated taste, cold heart, and iron will. A man who set his own gratification before him as the end for which he lived, and who was content to labour for that end as untiringly and steadfastly as other men labour for honour, or freedom, or their soul's salvation. A man who knew no law save the law of his own will, and no restraint save the restraint of his own judgment.

Up to this time he had regarded love as a taste, and looked upon women much in the same light as he looked upon fine wines, fine pictures, costly books, or valuable horses. They were one of the enjoyments of life—rather more troublesome, though perhaps not much more expensive than some other enjoyments; needing to be well dressed, as books to be well bound, or pictures well framed; needing also, like valuable horses, to be kindly treated, but like horses, to be held or changed at the pleasure of their owners.

Such was the theory, and such (for the secret may as well be told here as elsewhere) was the practice of William Trefalden's life. He was no gamester. He was no miser. He was no usurer. He was simply that dangerous phenomenon—a man of cold heart and warm imagination; a refined voluptuary.

And this was the secret which for long years he had guarded with such jealous care. He loved splendour, luxury, pleasure. He loved elegant surroundings, a well appointed table, well-trained servants, music, pictures, books, fine wines, fine eyes, and fine tobacco. For these things he had toiled harder than the

poorest clerk in his employ. For these things he had risked danger and disgrace, and yet now, when he held the game on which he had staked his whole life already in his hand—now in the very moment of success—this man found that the world contained one prize to obtain which he would willingly have given all the rest—nay, without which all the rest would be no longer worth possession.

Only a girl! Only a pale, pretty, dark-haired girl, with large, timid eyes, and a soft voice, and a colour that came and went fitfully when she spoke. A girl with ancient blood in her veins, and a certain child-like purity of bearing, that told, at the first glance, how she must be neither lightly sought nor lightly won. A girl who, though she might be poor to beggary, could no more be bought like a toy, than could an angel be bought from heaven.

It was surely madness for William Trefalden to love such a girl as Helen Rivière! He knew that it was madness. He had a dim feeling that it might be ruin. He struggled against it—he fought with it—he flung himself into work, but all in vain. He was no longer master of his thoughts. If he read, the page seemed to have no meaning for him; if he tried to think, his mind wandered; if he slept, that girlish face troubled his dreams, and tormented him with despair and longing. For the first time in his life, he found himself the slave of a power which it was vain to resist. Well might he pace to and fro in utter restlessness of mind and body! Well might he curse his fate and his folly, and chafe against the chain that he was impotent to break! He had strong impulses, angry passions, eager desires, often enough in the course of his undisciplined life; but never, till now, that passion or desire which was stronger than his own imperial will.

In the meanwhile the soul of Abel Keckwitch was distressed within him. His quick ear caught the restless echo in the inner room, and he felt more than ever convinced that there was "something wrong somewhere." Mr. Trefalden had not opened his letters. Mr. Trefalden had not read the deed which awaited him upon his desk. Mr. Trefalden had not attended to a word of the important bond which he, Abel Keckwitch, notwithstanding his asthma, had laboriously read aloud to him from beginning to end. Nor was this all. Mr. Trefalden looked pale and anxious, like a man who had not slept the night before, and was obviously troubled in his mind. These were significant facts—facts very perplexing and tormenting, and Mr. Keckwitch sorely taxed his ingenuity to interpret them aright.

In the midst of his conjectures, Mr. Trefalden, who had an appointment in the Temple for half-past twelve, came out of his private room, and glancing round the office, said:

"Where are those paintings that I brought home the other day?"

Mr. Keckwitch tucked his pen behind his ear, and coughed before replying.

"In the cupboard behind the door, sir," said he. "I put 'em there—to be out of sight."

Mr. Trefalden opened the cupboard door, saw that the pictures were safe within, and, after a moment's hesitation, said:

"I took them for a bad debt, but they are of no use to me. You can have them, Keckwitch, if you like."

"I, sir!" exclaimed the head clerk, in accents of virtuous horror. "No, thank you, sir. None of heathen Venuses for me. I should be ashamed to see 'em on the walls."

"As you please. At all events, any one who likes to take them is welcome to do so."

Saying which, Mr. Trefalden, with a slightly scornful gravity, left his clerks to settle the question of ownership among themselves, and went on his way. The pictures were, of course, had out immediately, and became the objects of a good deal of tittering, tossing up, and wit of the smallest kind. In the meanwhile, the head clerk found a pretext for going to his master's room, and instituted a rapid search for any stray scrap of information that might turn up.

It was a forlorn hope. Mr. Keckwitch had done the same thing a hundred times before, and had never found anything; save, now and

then, a few charred ashes in the empty grate. But it was in his nature to persevere doggedly. On the present occasion, he examined the papers on the table, lifted the lid of William Trefalden's desk, peered between the leaves of the blotting-book, and examined the table drawers in which the lawyer kept his stationery. In the latter he found but one unaccustomed article—an old continental Bradshaw for the month of March.

"It wasn't there this morning," mused this amateur detective, taking up the Guido and turning it over inquisitively. "It's the same he had when he went to that place in Switzerland—page turned down and all."

And then Mr. Keckwitch uttered a suppressed exclamation, for the turned-down page was in the midst of the Italian itinerary.

"Lucca—Magadino—Mantua—Mentone—Milan."

What, in Heaven's name, could William Trefalden do to do with Lucca, Magadino, Mantua, Mentone, or Milan? How was it possible that any one of these places should be mixed up with the cause of his present restlessness and preoccupation?

The clerk was fairly puzzled. Finding, however, no further clue in any part of the volume, he returned to his desk, and applied himself to a diligent search of the financial columns of the Times.

He would have been still more puzzled if, at that moment, he could have seen William Trefalden, with the same weary, half-impatient look upon his face, leaning over the parapet of the Temple Gardens, and staring down idly at the river. It was just one o'clock—the quietest hour of the day in nursemaid-haunted squares—and the lawyer had the place to himself. All was still and dreamy in the old gardens. Not a leaf stirred on the trees. Not a sound disturbed the cloistered silence. The very sky was grey and uniform, unbroken by a sunbeam or a cloud. Presently a barge drifted by with the current, while far away, from crowded bridge and busy street, there rose a deep and distant hum, unlike all other sounds with which the ear of man is familiar.

It was a dreamy day and a dreamy place, and busy man as he was, Mr. Trefalden was, to all appearance, as dreamy as either. But it is possible to be dreamy on the surface, and wakeful enough beneath it; and Mr. Trefalden's dreaminess was of that outward sort alone. All moody, quiet without, he was all doubt, fever, and perturbation within. Project after project, resolution after resolution, kept rising like bubbles to the troubled surface of his thoughts—rising, breaking, vanishing, and giving place to others. Thus an hour went by, and Mr. Trefalden, hearing the church clock strike two, roused himself with the air of a man whose course is resolved upon, and went out through Temple Bar, into the Strand. His course was resolved upon. He had made up his mind never to see Helen Rivière again; and yet—

And yet, before he had reached the gates of Somerset House, he had hailed a cab, and desired the driver to take him to Brudenell Terrace, Camberwell.

In the meanwhile, Mr. Keckwitch, who had been anxiously studying the closing prices of all sorts of Italian Railway, Banking, Telegraphic and Land Companies' Stock, believed that he had found the key to his employer's trouble when he read that the Great Milanese Loan and Finance Company's Six per Cent Bonds were down to sixteen and a half in the official list.

CHAPTER LII. HELEN RIVIÈRE.

Born and bred on the top floor of a gloomy old house in a still gloomier by-street of Florence, Helen Rivière had spent her childhood in a solitude almost as far removed from the busy press and shock of ordinary life as if she had been reared in a Highland booth, half way betwixt the earth and sky. All the circumstances of her home and her home-life were exceptional. She had known none of the companionship and few of the joys of childhood. No rambles in green fields and purple vineyards, no pleasant rivalry of school-class and playground, no early friendships, with their innocent joys and sorrows, had

ever been hers. Her mother was her one playmate, instructor, and friend. The flat house-top, with its open loggia, its tubs of orangetrees and myrtles, and its boxes of nasturtiums and misgonyette, was her only playground. From thence she saw the burning sunsets and the violet hills; from thence looked down on dome and campanile, crowded street and mediæval palace. This bird's eye view of the rare old city, with such echoes of its life as found their way to her upper world, was almost all that Helen knew of Florence. Now and then, at very distant intervals, she had been led down into that busy lower world, to wander for a few hours through streets and piazzas stately with fountains and statues, or galleries so radiant with Madonnas and angels that they seemed like the vestibules of heaven; but this was very seldom.

Yet the child had, as it were, breathed all her life in an atmosphere of art. She could not remember the time when its phraseology and appliances were other than familiar to her. Her father's dimly-lighted studio, redolent of oil and varnish, and littered with canvases and casts; her father himself, in his smeared blouse and velvet cap, painting his unsaleable Nymphs and Dryads year after year with unabated enthusiasm; the lay figure in its folds of dusty drapery; the shabby students with their long hair and professional jargon, who used to drop in at twilight to smoke their cheap cigars upon the terraced roof, and declaim about art and liberty; the habit of observation insensibly acquired, and her own natural delight in form and colour, all combined to mould her inclinations and train her taste from earliest infancy. As a little child, she used to scrawl in pencil till her father taught her the rudiments of drawing. By-and-by, as she grew older and more skilful, she learned to colour prints and photographs for sale, and, some few months before her father died, had begun to study the art of enamel-painting.

Isolated thus in the heart of an ancient city; looking down upon the alien throng in street and market-place; watching the golden sunlight fade and change on Giotto's bell-tower and Brunellesco's rusty dome; listening to the clang of bells at matins and even-song, and catching now and then faint echoes of chanted hymn or military march; growing daily more and more familiar with the glories of Italian skies; reading few books, seeing few faces, and ignorant of life and the world as a cloistered nun, this young girl spent the first years of her solitary youth. And they were very happy years, although—nay, perhaps *because*—they were so solitary. Having few ties, few tastes, few occupations, her character became more intense, her aims more concentrated than those of most very young women. She loved her mother with a passionate devotion that knew no limit to obedience and tenderness. She revered and admired her father with so blind a faith in his genius, that, despite her better knowledge, she believed even in the Nymphs and Dryads with all her tender heart. If her reading had been circumscribed, it had at least been thorough. Shakespeare and Milton, Dante and the Bible, made the best part of her library; but she had read and re-read these books, thought about them for herself, treasured up long passages from them in her memory, and gathered from their pages more poetry, wisdom, and knowledge than ever came off the shelves of a modern circulating library. Nor were these the only advantages of her secluded life. Never having known wealth, she was poor without being conscious of poverty—just as she was innocent, because she had seen no evil—just as she was happy, because she coveted no blessings which were not already hers.

But at length there came a time when this simple home was to be made desolate. The unsuccessful painter fell ill and died, leaving his wife to the cold clarity of Lady Castletowers. In an evil hour she travelled home to England, thinking so to conciliate her haughty sister and serve her child. But Lady Castletowers declined to see her; and the bitter English winter smote upon her delicate lungs, and brought her to the verge of the grave; and for this it was that Helen Riviere went down to Castletowers, and prayed her haughty aunt for such trifling succour as

should take them back in time to the sweet south.

Just at this crisis, like a prince in a fairy tale, Mr. Trefalden made his appearance in their dreary London lodging, bringing with him hope and liberty, and his cousin Saxon's gold. If his story were not true, if he had never known Edgar Riviere in his life, if he despised the pictures he affected to praise, how were they to detect it? Enlightened connoisseur, munificent patron, disinterested friend that he was, how should the widow and orphan suspect that he purchased his claim to those titles with another man's money?

CHAPTER LIII. SAXON CONQUEROR.

Saxon Trefalden, writing letters as he sat by the open window in his pleasant bedroom at Castletowers, laid his pen aside, and looked out wistfully at the sky and the trees. The view over the park from this point was not extensive; but it was green and sunny; and as the soft air came and went, bringing with it a faint perfume of distant hay, the young man thought of his pastoral home in the old Etruscan canton far away.

He knew, as well as if he were gazing upon them from that tiny shelf of orchard-ground at Rotzberg, how the grey, battlemented ridge of the Ringel was standing out against the deep blue sky; how tenderly the shadows lay in the unmelting snowdrifts in the hollows of the Gallands; and how the white slopes of the far-off Julian Alp were glittering in the sun. He knew, as well as if he were listening to them, how the goat-bells were making pleasant music to the brawling of the Hinter Rhine below; and how the pines were falling every now and then with a sullen crash beneath the measured blows of the woodman's axe. And then he sighed, and went back to his task.

A pile of hastily scribbled notes to London acquaintances and tradesmen lay on one side, ready for the post-bag; and he was now writing a long letter to his uncle Martin—a long, long letter, full of news, and bright projects, and written in Saxon's clearest and closest hand. Long as it was, however, it was not finished, and would not be finished till the morrow. He had something yet to add to it; and that something, although it could not be added now, was perplexing him not a little as he sat, pen in hand, looking out absently at the shadows that swept over the landscape.

He had made up his mind to propose to Olimpia Colonna.

He had told himself over and over again that the man who aspired to her hand should be a prince, a hero, a soldier, an ardent patriot, at the least; and yet, modest as he was of his own merit, he could no longer doubt that his proposal would be accepted whenever he should have the courage to make it. Lady Castletowers, who had shown a great deal of condescending interest in him of late, had dropped more than one flattering hint with the view of urging him forward in his suit. Colonna's bearing towards him, ever since the day when he had given in his subscription, had been almost significantly cordial; and Olimpia's smiles were lavish of encouragement. Already he had been more than once on the brink of an avowal; and now, as the last week of his visit was drawing to a close, and his letter to Switzerland awaited despatch, he had fairly reviewed his position, and come to the conclusion that he would make Miss Colonna a formal offer of his hand in the course of that same day.

"If she really doesn't love me," said he, half-aloud, as he sat biting the end of his pen and staring down at the unfinished page, "she'll say so, and there will be an end of it. If she *does* love me—and somehow, I cannot believe it!—why, although she is a million times too good, and too beautiful, and too high-born for an uncivilized mountaineer such as I, I will do my best, with God's help, to be worthy of her choice."

And then he thought of all the intoxicating looks and smiles with which Olimpia had received his awkward homage; and the more he considered these things, the more clearly he saw, and marvelled at, the distinction that had befallen him.

And yet he was by no means beside himself

with happiness—perhaps, because, if the truth must be confessed, he was not very deeply in love. He admired Olimpia Colonna intensely. He thought her the most beautiful and high-minded woman under heaven; but, after all, he did not feel for her that profound, and tender, and passionate sympathy which had been the dream of his boyhood. Even now, when most completely under the spell of her influence, he was vaguely conscious of this want. Even now, in the very moment of anticipated triumph, when his heart beat high at the thought of winning her, he found himself wondering whether he should be able to make her happy—whether she would love his uncle Martin—whether she would always be quite as much absorbed in Italian politics and Italian liberty?

When he had arrived at this point, he was interrupted by a tap at the door, and a voice outside asking if there was "any admission?"

"Always, for you," replied Saxon; whereupon the Earl opened the door and came in.

"There!" said he, "you're writing letters, and don't want me."

"On the contrary, I have written all that are to be posted to day, and am glad to be interrupted. There's the rocking-chair at your service."

"Thanks. May I take a cigar?"

"Twenty, if you will. And now, what news since breakfast?"

"A good deal, I suspect," replied the Earl, moodily. "Montecuculi's here."

"Who is Montecuculi?"

"One of our Central Committee men—an excellent fellow; descended from the Montecuculi of Ferrara. One of his ancestors poisoned a Dauphin of France, and was torn to pieces for it by four horses, ever so many centuries ago."

"He did no such thing," said Saxon. "The Dauphin died of inflammation brought on by his own imprudence; and Montecuculi was barbarously murdered. It was always so in those hateful middle ages. When a prince died, his physicians invariably proclaimed that he was poisoned; and then some wretched victim was sure to be broken on the wheel, or torn to pieces."

"The physicians did it to excuse their want of skill, I suppose," remarked the Earl.

"Or else because princes were too august to catch colds and fevers, like other men."

"There spoke the republican."

"But where is this Montecuculi?"

"Shut up with Signor Colonna, in his den. He brings important news from the seat of war; but at present I only know that Garibaldi has achieved some brilliant success, and that our guests are leaving us in all haste."

(To be continued.)

THE FASHIONS.

FROM ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

CHEMISES russes or garibaldiis, as they are still called in England, in spite of all the modifications they have undergone, will be much worn this winter in white for evening or dinner toilettes, in foulard, cashmere, or fine flannel for the day time.

Small neckties or cravats are quite the rage just now; they have, in fact, become almost indispensable with the small collars straight at the back, with small turned-down corners in front, which are now worn. Here are some of the newest patterns. A black gros-grains silk ribbon; the ends are worked with a pattern in gold beads and finished off with a fringe of small gold sequins hanging on by tiny gold chains.

A Turkish green ribbon, edged on each side with a narrow border of soft brown silk plush, imitation fur, the ends are finished off with long fringes of wavy silk.

Another favourite style is a row of large white moon daisies brocaded in silver, with gold centres, over blue, crimson, or violet ribbons.

Small round violetttes are quite superseded by large veils; these are twenty-seven inches long; they are square, only rounded a little at the top to fit on to the shape of the bonnet better, and are made either of lace or of black grenadine tulle, worked round with patterns in appliqué of black blonde or fine guipure; some are merely

hemmed round; the hem at the bottom is very wide.

Bonnets remain small, and are not very much trimmed. The following are the newest we have seen:—

A bonnet with a white tulle crown, arranged in bouillons, divided by narrow rouleaux of green velvet; ornament with flowers formed of jet beads. Inside a plating of velvet rouleaux, and strings of jet beads. Green velvet strings, finished off at the ends with a fringe of jet beads.

A bonnet with a black tulle crown, formed of bouillons divided by branches of small flowrets of blue velvet and jet beads; the brim and curtain of plain blue velvet. Blue velvet flowers inside. Strings partly blue velvet, partly black moire, brocaded with blue flowers.

Large flowers are fashionable for trimming bonnets; they are made of velvet, chenille, or plush. Among rather eccentric novelties we have noticed beautifully imitated chestnuts bursting from their green shells; whistle-flowers of spun gold, with prickly envelopes and stems; and, lastly, large snails, with shells of red velvet, and a body of some plushy white material; the shape is perfectly copied from nature, eyes and horns included, but the colours are rather strange.

The present mode of arranging the hair is very fanciful; curls, both frizzed and long, bandeaux, and plaits, are mixed in pretty confusion. The coiffures suited to this chaotic style of hair-dressing are mostly soft, supple strips of ribbon of gold or silver braid, upon which are placed tufts of flowers, and which can be passed in and out between curls, plaits, and bandeaux, according to taste. Imitations of long, soft green reeds are also used instead of ribbon or braid. Bunches of clear green grapes, sprinkled with a sort of silver dew, form very lovely coiffures; China asters, with petals of silver bouillon and gold centres, look well upon coloured ribbon.

For winter mantles, the tight-fitting casaque seems that most generally adopted. They are scalloped or vandyked round the edge, trimmed round with thick gimp cord. Velvet and plush casques require ornaments of gimp, jet, or steel, and guipure lace; many fancy stamped braids are also used for demi-toilette; they are either all of one colour or the plush only black, upon a coloured woof; others are speckled or dotted, of two colours, black and red, or violet, blue, or brown. These paletots are half fitting, and have small hoods at the back, lined with coloured silk, and trimmed with twisted gimp cord of two colours. Fewer paletots or casques with belts over them are worn than was expected at the beginning of the autumn. The materials for winter over-garments are much too thick to admit of these belts. Some, however, are seen even over velvet or cloth casques; but they are not very becoming, and make the waist look thick.

Most of the new dresses we have seen are made in the Princess shape, with large double plaits at the back of the skirt. The bottom is cut out in scallops, vandykes, or square notches, and trimmed with velvet, braid, or gimp cord. Gimp buttons or tassels are placed upon the plaits at the back. The sleeves are tight, and fastened from top to bottom on the outside with a row of buttons.

Walking dresses are looped up over petticoats, which are often more elaborately trimmed than the dress itself. They are sufficiently short to show the high kid boot, made with double cork soles, to preserve the feet from the wet. This, with a paletot and bonnet or hat, completes the walking dress for the winter season. Speaking of hats, they are made of many fanciful shapes, the two favourite ones being the tricorne and the toque. The former has a low crown and a turned-up brim with three points: they are made of velvet, and lined with coloured satin; a small bird is placed in front. The toque is quite round; it is trimmed with velvet and a curled feather. Black velvet hats are ornamented with the tails of bright coloured birds streaming on one side. Hats are more seen in Paris this autumn than they have ever been at such a season of the year. Most elegant toilettes are completed by velvet tricorne or toques. We do not know whether this fashion will continue through the winter.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

- 1. The name of a famous English town. To nothing add ten Three-fifths of two score; Join these together With five hundred more. 2. From five take five, and in the vacant place put five hundred twice, and fifty once, and you will obtain that which will move five hundred as easily as five. 3. What is the length of a fish whose head is nine inches long, his tail as long as his head and half his back, and his back as long as his head and tail together?

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. What single letter of a foreign alphabet expresses an English title of nobility? 2. Why is a sewing machine like the letter S? 3. Why was the Noachian deluge like the French revolution? 4. What bridge in Italy is like the Victoria bridge at Montreal?

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Publications of the day.

- 1. To friar Umuendu. 2. Thus marvels art war side. 3. The aim win won. 4. Don Yaclol. 5. Kind heart.

CHARADES.

- 1. What Adam never was, if fame tell true, But all his race have been, ay even you, Though not in learning or in wisdom versed Look but on this and you'll perceive my first. And if my second you would fain espy You've but to rob the lion of his "eye," And for my whole behold a mighty town Of by-gone ages and of great renown. 2. If my first live much longer a man he will be In my second reversed a bright colour you'll see, Tho' the stops of my whole, I shall not stop to count them, Will lead you to eminence if you will mount them. 3. My first is where much cash is often spent, And where when caught a thief is always sent, My second's that for which all men do strive, When they to market go my whole to drive. 4. My first asserts your power to do, My second that you've done it; Pray be my whole, and tell us now All you know about it.

PROBLEM.

To point out the fallacy in the following—"If it rains it doesn't rain." Granted—It must either rain or not rain—therefore if it does one it can't do the other—therefore if it rains it doesn't rain.

ANAGRAM.

Net esarims cleag fo tricsamuecen Era drunetno recdsnelt nigho; Nad tawh ow emdo ethsteern heccan, Slahl vigo ot ilfo sit fater gnet. Eth aydlil fritel fo uro visle, Teh moenom nigsth ew is'en lecarl; Feerbow eth er' mm racces ruvsives, Seeth car het smag-rinnips setra lai.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, &c., &c., No. 11.

RIDDLE.—Lily (lie-lie) CHARADE.—1 Night-in-gales. 2. Toronto. 3 Mat-ri-mony. 4 Meerchaum (the answer as the charade was proposed—the omission of the "s" was not noticed when copy was handed to printer.)

CONUNDRUMS.—1 A Cock Robin. 2. Because their Pa steals (Pastilles). 3. Et tu Brute. 4. Desdemona (Deres do monic). 5. Because all their works are wick-ed and all their wick-ed works are brought to light.

PUZZLES.—1 Grandson. 2 CIVIL.

ANAGRAM.—Think not because the eye is bright And smiles are laughing there, The heart that beats within is light And free from pain and care. A blush may tinge the darkest cloud Ero day's last beams depart, And underneath the summer's smile, May lurk the saddest heart.

The following answers have been received:

Riddle.—Peter H. H. V. Cloud. Charades.—All, Nemo; 2nd, 3rd, 4th, A. A., Oxon; 2nd and 4th, Peregrino P.; Themistocles; Peter; H.; Ellen Amelia; Gloriana; 2nd Artist; 4th, Fintry.

Conundrums.—1st, 3rd, and 4th, A. A. Oxon; 3rd and 4th, Peter; 4th Nemo, Ellen Amelia; 5th, Fintry.

Puzzles.—Both, Themistocles, A. A. Oxon; Peter; H.; Gloriana; Ellen Amelia, Nemo; Peregrino P.; 1st Artist.

Anagram.—Ellen Amelia, Fintry, Artist; Nemo; Gloriana; H.; Themistocles; A. A. Oxon; Peter, Peregrino P.

The following were received too late to acknowledge last week: Elizabeth F. Jessie F. A. R. P.

CHESS

WE this week commence our long promised Chess Column. Delay in procuring the type and other causes have led us to trespass upon the patience of our readers; but we trust now the column is fairly inaugurated that it will lead to much pleasant intercourse between our Friends and the Editor, as well as awaken an increased interest in the noble game amongst our subscribers generally.

Arrangements for playing a match by telegraph were completed a short time since between the Quebec and Montreal Clubs. By the courtesy of the Montreal Telegraph Company, the telegraph was placed at the disposal of the players. We give below one of the best games—the match is still proceeding.

QUEBEC.

WHITE. MR. _____

MONTREAL.

BLACK. JACOB G. ASCHER.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

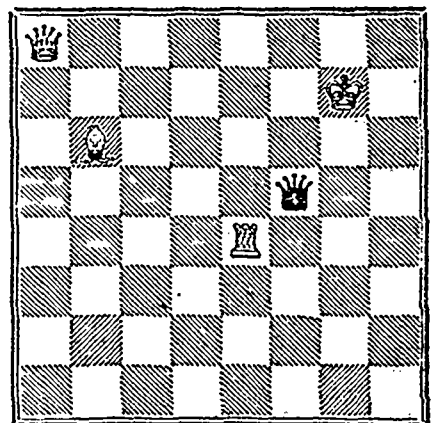
1 P. to K. 4th. 2 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3 B. to Q. B. 4th. 4 P. takes P. 5 K. Kt. to K. 5th. 6 P. to Q. 4th. 7 Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th. 8 B. to K. R. 4th. 9 P. to Q. B. 3rd. 10 P. takes B. 11 Q. to Q. 4th. 12 B. takes Kt. 13 Q. takes Kt. 14 Castles. 15 K. to H. sq. 16 P. takes B. 17 K. to Kt. sq. 18 Q. takes B. P. 19 Q. to K. Kt. 3rd. 20 K. P. takes B. 21 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. 22 K. R. to H. sq. 23 Kt. to Q. B. 2nd. 24 Kt. to K. 3rd. 25 Q. R. to B. sq. 26 Q. R. to Q. B. 2nd. 27 Kt. to K. Kt. 2nd. Resigns.

P. to K. 4th. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. P. to Q. 4th. P. to K. 5th. K. B. to Q. 3rd. Castles. P. to K. R. 3rd. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. K. takes Kt. Kt. takes P. Kt. takes B. B. to K. Kt. 5th. Q. R. to K. sq. B. K. B. 6th. Q. takes P. (ch). K. to K. 4th. R. to K. Kt. 4th. (ch). K. takes Q. (ch). P. to K. 6th. P. to K. 7th. R. to K. sq. Q. takes Q. P. P. to H. B. 6th. K. to Q. sq. R. to Q. 5th. Q. to Q. 6th.

PROBLEMS.

BY M. D'ORVILLE OF ANTWERP.

WHITE.



BLACK.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GREAT AND LITTLE.—There would be no great ones, if there were no little ones.

SERIOUS GENTILITY.—Uncasy and ambitious gentility is always spurious gentility. The garment which one has long worn, never sits uncomfortable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLANK.—Blank enough—glad to see that your leisure moments are so well employed.

G. H. H.—The MS. is to hand—may be compelled to hold it over for a week or two. Much obliged.

PERGRINE P.—If short and practical, the article would be acceptable.

W. P. LUCAN.—“My Diary, or America in the Midst of War,” has not been republished on this side of the Atlantic. The work is expensive, and is not kept in stock by booksellers here, but it can be procured from England in about six weeks; probable price, nine dollars. Will be happy to order it for you.

A. A. OXON.—Much obliged.

H. S. L., HAMILTON.—We cannot altogether discard politics from the READER, nor do we think our paper is less welcome in the family circle because some space is devoted to the discussion of the topics of the day. To meet the wishes of many of our friends—yourself included—we have determined to give, for a few weeks, two extra pages of our leading story, “Half a Million of Money.”

AGAMEMNON.—We fear your second experiment will be attended with results no less brilliant than the first.

W. H. B.—Aliquis.—Our arrangements are completed for the present.

EROSTRATUS.—You will probably need to exercise that golden virtue—“Patience.” What would you suggest to render the exterior more attractive?

PETER.—We are always happy to receive your “suggestions.”

H. S., AYLMER.—Forward your subscription in a registered letter, and we will mail the READER to your address. Can send the back numbers.

EMMA L.—Miss Amelia Edwards is the authoress of “Half a Million of Money.”

R. C.—We give the lines below :

GALEN AND THE CITY FATHERS.

’Twas in the infancy of great New York,
When all the northern suburb of the city
Was foul with offal, bog, and dirty work;
There Galen killed, or cared, less wise than witty,
He threw apace, for folks were sure to be sick,
But, sick or well,
’Twas hard to tell.

Which was the worst to take—his joke or physic.

Near by the Doctor’s house, to his distress,
Reposed a slough of reeking rottenness,
A miasmatic general,
A fathom deep, or thereabouts, I guess,
Tho’ fame, which often makes the great the greater,
Reported that the mud was bottomless.
Sir Galen often warned the City Fathers
To drain the bog, and take the stench away,
But nothing came of all their long palavers,
Until, at last, upon a chilly day,
A vicious horse caught ’twixt his teeth, the bit,
And, rushing onward at a rattling canter,
The bog ahead—made one great leap in it,
And dumped a brace of “Fathers” in the centre.

No help was rank or Alderman’s snavity,
Each desp’rate wriggle only sank them lower,
Outranked by that e’en bog pervading power,
Th’ impartial law of gravity.
Out ran the Doctor, when he heard the clatter,
With twinkling eyes and mouth of wide extension;
“The bog,” quoth he,
“At last I see,
Is having your attention,
I’m glad to see you stirring in this matter.”

If some such catastrophe should befall a brace or two of our City Fathers, it might cause them to stir in matters which need their serious attention. A lively roll in the rivers of mud which sometimes disgrace our streets, might prove as efficacious as the leap in the New York bog, celebrated above by our correspondent.

W. R. J., St. URBAIN ST.—Thanks! have you more equally good?

JAS. R.—Unless otherwise stipulated, where an opponent gives the odds of a pawn it must be the king’s bishop’s pawn.

H. F. B.—The pieces, especially the longer, are smoothly written, but are scarcely up to the mark for publication.

GEORGE L.—We are compelled to decline your proposition.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A new material for paper-making has just been discovered in France. With the root of lucerne M. Caminado has succeeded in making a pulp which can be employed jointly with rags in the manufacturing of paper, and even separately.

MANUFACTORIES OF INDIARUBBER ARTICLES.—There are now in America and Europe more than 150 manufactories of indiarubber articles, employing from 400 to 500 operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 of pounds of gum per annum. The business, too, is considered to be still in its infancy. Certainly it is increasing. Nevertheless there is no possibility of the demand exceeding the supply. The belt of land around the globe, 500 miles north and 500 south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum, and they can be tapped, it is said, for twenty successive seasons. Forty-three thousand of these trees were counted in a tract of country thirty miles long and three wide. Each tree yields an average of three tablespoonsful of sap daily, but the trees are so close together that one man can gather the sap of eighty in a day.

THE Madeira bone-cave, which Dr. Adams discovered in 1863, on the south-west coast of Malta, and which he named after the Phœnician mines close by, is to be further explored, the Geological Section having voted 30l. for the purpose. In 1864, Dr. Adams worked at it divers times, until the British Association sent a grant enabling him to clear out fifty-four feet of the cave, which was filled with red earth and stalactite. Here he found sixty to eighty teeth, and numerous fragments of bones, of at least two species of elephant, one a perfect pigmy, the other of larger size, but scarcely equal to the smallest Asiatic elephant; besides vast quantities of a gigantic rat, land tortoise, and swan—the last of colossal dimensions. It has been named *Signus falconerii*, after the distinguished palæontologist, the late Dr. Falconer. Dr. Adams will continue his researches during the winter months.

ANOTHER NEW GUNPOWDER.—Near Potsdam, in Prussia, gunpowder is being manufactured from wood on something like the gun-cotton principle. It is now some years since we first heard of the conversion of sawdust into an explosive by means of acids on the gun-cotton principle; but Captain Schulze, of Potsdam, appears to have carried out the invention into a practical manufacture. By machinery he cross-cuts beech and other timber into very thin veneers, which are easily crumbled into a coarse-grained powder or sawdust, which is then exposed to the action of acids, probably in much the same way that cotton is to form gun-cotton. The grains are thus reduced in size, and rendered explosive when dried, without yielding either smoke or smell in the combustion, but giving a brilliant light suitable for pyrotechnic displays.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

“No man can do anything against his will,” said a metaphysician. “Can’t he, though!” exclaimed Jones. “Don’t I get up at seven o’clock six mornings every week against my will?”

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river: “You’ll find ground at the bottom, my dear.”

An innkeeper observed a postilion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. “Why, what would be the use of another?” said the postilion, “if one side of the horse goes, the other can’t stand still.”

“ALL morning bitters have a heating tendency or effect,” said a doctor to a young lady. “You will except a bitter cold morning, won’t you, doctor?” inquired the lady.

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.—Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that “a little difference” frequently makes many enemies, while “a little distinction” attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

The story of the endeavour to tamper with the loyalty of the Irish soldier during Smith O’Brien’s rebellion is very characteristic of the British soldier in general. “Surely, if you saw Shane, or any of your friends in our ranks, you wouldn’t fire on them?”—“Bo dad,” was the answer, “if the next man was my own mother, I’d shoot him if I got the order.”

CON. FROM THE MELBOURNE “PUNJON.”—Why is a man at work in the north-western portion of Hindostan like our youngest contributor when manufacturing a joke?—He is engaged on the Punjaub (pun job).

BY A MARRIED WOMAN.—“My opinion is, that if men were always straightforward in their ways and actions, there would be fewer ‘tottering limbs’ borne to our doors—especially at night—and no getting up shaky in the morning.”

THE HORNS OF THE ALTAR.—We hear that his Holiness the Pope has given positive orders that all his bulls shall be kept within the precincts of the Vatican while the cattle disease is rife.

QUITE OBVIOUS.—It would never answer for two ill-tempered men to go up together in a balloon, because they would be so likely to fall out on the way.

ONE very cold night a doctor was aroused from his slumber by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked, “Who’s there?”—“A friend,” was the answer.—“What do you want?”—“Want to stay here all night.”—“Stay there, then,” was the benevolent reply.

A CURIOUS law case has been tried in France, to discover who was the rightful owner of a well. Swearing and complication were going on about the matter, to a lengthy extent, when the judge, astonished, exclaimed, “But this is all about a little water. What can it matter so very much, that you should both put yourselves to so much trouble and expense about it?” “Monsieur,” replied one of the advocates, dryly, “the pleadings are, both of them, wine merchants.” The value and significance were seen at once, and created a roar of laughter.

A HUMORIST PIQUED.—Theodore Hook was relating to his friend, Charles Mathews, how on one occasion, when supping in company with Peake, the latter surreptitiously removed from his plate several slices of tongue; and, affecting to be very much annoyed by such practical joking, Hook concluded with the question, “Now, Charles, what would you do to anybody who treated you in such a manner?” “Do?” exclaimed Mathews, “if any man meddled with my tongue, I’d lick him.”

A MILKMAN the other day, in speaking of the dullness of the market, said, “I can’t make anything now-a-days, there is so much composition in the business!” He probably told the truth unwittingly.

A South Carolina editor says that money is now so scarce in that State, that when two dollars meet, they are such strangers to each other that their respective owners have to introduce them.

An old lady, when told of her husband’s death, exclaimed, “Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone. It ain’t a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Thompson has gone too, poor man!”

A man having a very stingy wife, she, on one occasion, received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. “Be pleased, my dear,” said he, “to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands.”

A SMALL manufacturer in Fife was lately taking his usual morning walk in his garden, previous to his beginning the labours of the day, when he heard a blackbird pouring forth his sweet melodious strains. Our worthy friend, looking up, thus addressed the feathered songster: “It’s gay an easy for you, friend, to whistle there, when ye hanna a bill to meet the day.” That he did the bird injustice we are sure he will readily acknowledge, when he learns that the blackbird had actually a bill to meet that day.