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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 20.

FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 20, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"THE FAMILY HONOUR."

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

MAMMON.

WE continue from last week's *Reader* our remarks on the influence and doings of this puissant deity. On the American continent, and to a less extent in Europe, Benjamin Franklin may be regarded as Mammon's chief high-priest and apostle, and his writings as the Mammonite Koran, or Golden Book rather, to borrow a title from another fanatical sect. As the Mahomedans have a formula, embodying their confession of faith, so the children of Mammon ought to adopt, as their motto, "Mammon is great, and Franklin is his prophet." If that shrewd, clever, worldly man had robbed heaven—by the aid of a piece of twine and an old doorway—of something more valuable than a flash of lightning, and had also robbed half a dozen tyrants besides poor, crazy George the Third, of their sceptres, the benefits so conferred on mankind would not repay the mischief inflicted by a portion, at least, of the doctrines inculcated in his works. Materialism and the accumulation of money constitute the religion of the gospel he preached; nor have his teachings been in vain, for his spirit still pervades his own country and has extended to other lands. It is curious to reflect how frequently common-place men, aided by circumstances and strength of will, have impressed their own character on the age in which they lived and on future generations. The Mormon impostor, Joe Smith's success in that way is not a solitary instance of the truth of this assertion. But *à nos moutons*. The burthen of our discourse has been that, in this country large fortunes are all but useless to those who make, and often a curse to those who inherit them—a sentiment which many a disgusted reader will laugh to scorn, and spurn, yea even with his heels. But as another sage moralist once said, strike but hear us. In addition to the examples we have already given of the abuse or uselessness of much money, we shall state one more of a somewhat different sort. There are among us persons who, indefatigable in the acquisition of money, spend it as fast as they make it, and faster, too, sometimes. These delight in rich equipages, grand houses, rich furniture, and in feasting all their fashionable friends and acquaintances. They might do worse after all; they certainly might do better; for

Even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart misdoubting asks if this be joy.

They generally fritter away their means on persons for whom they care little or nothing,

and their reward is often the envy or ridicule of most of those whom they so ostentatiously entertain. We have heard such people's guests sneer at their host with the dew of his champagne still on their lips. Heavy members of the Upper Ten of both sexes, idlers, garrison hacks, and Lieutenants and Ensigns of marching regiments are the staple of these fashionable reunions. The end usually is pecuniary shipwreck; for Mammon is a jealous god, who allows no divided worship in his votaries. If he does not require them to pray, he requires them to watch, and that incessantly, or he turns away his countenance from them, either in anger or contempt. So it will be seen that this class of the community derive no great benefit from the possession of money. What, then, it will be asked, must one do with his superabundant time and gold? On that point, it is not necessary for our argument that we should give an opinion. Every man, in this respect, must be guided by his own taste, feelings and sense of duty.

But it will be insisted that it is by this accumulation of wealth that great States are formed, and that it is to it that such countries as England and the United States chiefly owe their power, influence, and station among the nations of the world. We think that there is a fallacy at the bottom of this proposition. Sparta, when in the zenith of her glory, did not know the use of money; and the fall of Rome is, in a great measure, attributed to the riches which poured in upon her from Africa, Egypt, Greece, Asia, and the other countries she conquered and despoiled of their treasures. England was not the possessor of very much of her present wealth, when she won the great battles of Cressy and Poitiers, conquered Spain, and forced back Pedro the Cruel on his reluctant subjects, nor when she gained the victory of Agincourt, and placed her own king on the throne of France. Were the United States to increase her present wealth a million fold, it would add nothing to her strength for defensive purposes, though it might for aggression, which would be no benefit to herself, and might be injurious to her neighbours. England certainly must have wealth, for it is on a large and expensive navy that her safety mainly depends.

A nation is only an aggregate of individuals, and what is bad for the few cannot be good for the many. We have already referred to the Yahoos. These foul creatures, as we said, are described in the terrible satire of Swift to be incessantly in search of certain round pebbles, consisting of common stone, and for the possession and retention of which they cheat, rob, mangle and slay each other. Those pebbles are to the Yahoos what gold is to us. There is an insect in the Pacific seas, vulgarly called the coral worm, myriads of which have been at work for countless ages, and the result of their labours is the creation of a continent. A being called man has, for some centuries, inhabited that same continent, a portion of which has been erected by the said worms. We give up the Yahoos, as the offspring of fiction; but which of the other two creatures is the more useful and respectable in the economy of nature,—the insect or the man? We vote for the insect, which builds for eternity, while the work of man perishes with him, being nearly as ephemeral as he is himself. Where now are Thebes, Nineveh, Babylon, Palmyra, Carthage, Rome? Gone the way of all human handiwork, while the coral worm's edifice lasts for ever. We are sorry we must surrender the Yahoos, because their passion for their stone money is so fearfully Anglo-Saxon, which it resembles at once, and caricatures. In these remarks, it ought to be

remembered, that we simply exemplify the scriptural doctrine which declares that money is the root of all evil, by attempting to show that men exaggerate its value, as well to individuals as to nations. The love of gold, as we stated in our former article, is the great blot on our existing civilization; and we feel assured that that which is destined to succeed it will be less gross and material in its principles, tendencies and practice. Man, fashioned after the image of his Maker, was created for nobler ends than to pass that "summer of a dormouse," his life, in the sordid pursuit of wealth which he can neither enjoy nor carry with him whither he is going, when he departs from the scene of his earthly labours. We place, we say, a fictitious value on it, both as respects ourselves and others. This secret was well known to the monks and church-men of old who, instead of hoarding their gold, erected with it these grand churches and other buildings, many of which still remain—the magnificent monuments of the liberality of their founders. In the United States, even, where the "almighty dollar" finds so many devotees, the same spirit largely prevails; for we daily hear of persons divesting themselves of their superfluous wealth for educational and similar public purposes. We might instance Mr. Gerritt Smith, Mr. Peabody, and several such as among those who do not consider it either right or wise to cling to money which they do not want, until death loosens their hold of it. These men are the harbingers of the higher civilization which is yet in store for the world, and of which Mammon shall not be the presiding deity.

CANADIAN AUTHORS.

WE published, in our last issue, a few stanzas from Mr. Chas. Sangster's "New St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," and our readers will agree with us that, should the poem possess equal merit throughout, Mr. S. has produced a work which will reflect high honour on Canadian literature, and must obtain a far wider than Provincial reputation. We are informed that Mr. S. has thoroughly re-written and extended the original poem, and added notes where necessary. Each Rapid has now a distinctive character of its own, and legends and historical incidents have been added in order to give solidity and increased interest to the whole. We shall be glad to welcome Mr. Sangster's new work, and trust it will not be long ere it see the light.

We are also informed that Mr. Henry J. Morgan, already well known as a Canadian author, is engaged upon a new work. He has chosen for his subject, "The Past and Present Condition of Literature, Science, and Art in British America,"—a wide and interesting field, affording full scope to the industry and research of the author. Mr. Morgan expects to publish in the spring. In connection with this subject, we are glad to reproduce the following extract, from the *Dumfries* (Scotland) *Observer*, written by the Scottish Poet Aird:

"We have much pleasure in introducing our readers to Mr. Sangster as a Canadian poet well worthy of being known in the mother country. The little volume before us is full of thoughtful beauty and rich musical expression. 'Hesperus' and 'Into the Silent Land' are imaginative pieces of no common order. 'Marilene' is simple enough, but how charmingly idealised! True to rural life, yet how exquisitely ideal, is the Cantata of 'The Happy Harvesters.' We quote from it the following song:

THE SOLDIERS OF THE PLOUGH.

No maiden dream, nor fancy theme,
Brown Labour's muse would sing;
Her stately mien and russet sheen
Demand a stronger wing.
Long ages since, the ago, the prince,
The man of lordly brow,
All honour gave that army brave,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind heaven speed the Plough!
And bless the hands that guide it;
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

"In every land, the tolling hand
Is blest as it deserves;
Not so the race who, in disgrace,
From honest labour swerve.
From fairest bowers bring rarest flowers
To deck the swarth brow
Of those whose toil improves the soil,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind heaven speed the Plough!
And bless the hands that guide it;
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

"Blest is his lot, in hall or cot,
Who lives as nature wills,
Who pours his corn from Ceres' horn,
And quaffs his native rills!
No breeze that sweeps trade's stormy deeps,
Can touch his golden prow;
Their foes are few, their lives are true,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind heaven speed the Plough!
And bless the hands that guide it;
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it."

"Like all our brethren in that western colony
of ours—that colony of which we are so justly
proud—Mr. Sangster is stout and loyal of heart.
Here is a patriotic outburst worth a thousand
swords of defence:

"SONG FOR CANADA.

"Sons of the race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame
That filled with smiles
The triune Isles,
Through all their heights of fame!
With hearts as brave as theirs,
With hopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honoured race.
Whose deeds can never die.
Let but the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

"Our lakes are deep and wide
Our fields and forests broad;
With cheerful air
We'll speed the rharo,
And break the fruitful sod;
Till blest with rural peace,
Proud of our rustic toil,
On hill and plain
True kings we'll reign,
The victors of the soil.
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land.

"Health smiles with rosy face
Amid our sunny dales,
And torrents strong
Fling hymn and song
Through all the mossy vales;
Our sons are living men,
Our daughters fond and fair;
A thousand isles
Where Plenty smiles,
Make glad the brow of Care.
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

"And if in future years
One wretch should turn and fly,
Let weeping Fame
Blot out his name
From Freedom's hallowed sky;
Or should our sons e'er prove
A coward, traitor race,
Just Heaven! frown
In thunder down,
To avenge the foul disgrace!
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land."

"Mr. Sangster has done well already; but he
is still 'clad in the beauty of promise,' and will

do better yet in the maturity of his fine powers."

"The eminent literary friend in Quebec, who
favoured us with Mr. Sangster's book, has also
sent us a voluminous copy of the 'Debates' in
the Parliament of Canada on the Confederation
of British North America.' We are aware of the
difficulties in the way of carrying out this great
scheme; but the statesmanlike wisdom and im-
pressive eloquence which we find on the side of
'Confederation' in these 'Debates' make us
hopeful to see it consummated. We cannot re-
frain from adding, for the special gratification
of all who take an interest in the advancement
of our Western Provinces, that Mr. Henry J. Morgan,
of Quebec, who has already done so much for
the illustration of Canada, is preparing to issue
a work on the 'Past and Present Condition of
Literature, Science, and Art in British America.'
Most cordially do we wish it all success."

ON A DEAD FIELD-FLOWER.

By J. R. CLERK.

Torn by some careless hand
From thy mother's breast,
Where gentle breezes fann'd
Thy little leaves to rest,
Hero dost thou lie, forsaken,
No more shalt thou awaken,
To gladden with thy beauty the wanderer oppressed!

No more at early morn,
When the lark's gay song,
Through grove and meadow borne,
Calls his blithe mates along,
Shall thy tiny arms, outspreading,
Their grateful odour shedding,
Give a silent, speaking welcome to Nature's joyous throng!

Peaceful and calm thy sleep!
Thy life's race run,
Thou hadst no cause to weep,
No duty left undone!
Sweet little withered blossom,
How many a blighted bosom
Would fain repose as softly beneath a summer's sun!

How many a child of care,
Won by thy power,
Might raise his voice in prayer,
Taught by thee, little flower!
Ah! surely thou wast given,
A gracious boon from heaven,
To throw its charm on sinful earth for one short
blissful hour!

Farewell! I may not stay;
Thy frail, drooping form
Heeds not the sun's fierce ray,
Nor winter's frowning storm!
Like thee, kind hearts have perish'd
By those that should have cherish'd,
And held the shield of friendship to shelter them
from harm.

Like thee, I soon must fade,
And 'neath the sky
Lifeless and cold be laid!
But though I claim no sigh,
Though no fond heart may miss me
When 'death's pale lips shall kiss me,
My short life be pure as thine, I need not fear to
die.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

We have received from Mr. Thos. Riddell, the
Christmas number of the Illustrated. As usual
it is accompanied with a large double supple-
ment. Mark Lemon, Mary Howitt and other
eminent writers have contributed the Christmas
Tales and Sketches. The engravings are numerous
and excellent, but the crowning glory of the num-
ber is the coloured illustration. The subject is
the old pathetic story of "the Babes in the
Wood," a story over which many of us have
probably wept in bygone years. The chromotype
is after Mr. Lucy's picture, which when exhibited
last spring in the British Institution is said to have
secured the unanimous eulogiums of the critics.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, the authoress, is a con-
firmed invalid. She has been confined to her bed
for many months, and it is not expected that she
will recover.

Mr. SPURGEON has gone into literature, having
produced an Illustrated Almanac, price one
penny.

Mrs. CHARLES, author of the "Schonberg-
Cotta Family," "Early Dawn," "Kitty Trowel-
yan," has nearly ready for press "Winifred Ber-
traum."

MISS JEAN INGELW's small volume of Poems
has, in two years, run through sixteen editions
in the United States, and ten editions in Great
Britain. This success is almost unequalled.

MR. FRÉDÉRIC COSENS, the Spanish merchant,
Mr. Collier, Mr. J. O. Halliwell, and other Shake-
spearians, are turning their attention to Spain
as untried ground for the early plays of the great
dramatist. It is well known that Germany, be-
tween which and this country intercourse in
Elizabeth's time was not nearly so general as be-
tween this country and Spain, has contributed
many valuable relics of Shakespeare. Scholars
and travellers generally are now called upon to
assist in the search.

The "accuracy of the authorised version of
the New Testament" is to form a subject of dis-
cussion in the coming Parliament. It is said that
Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., intends moving for an ad-
dress to the Crown for a Royal commission to go
thoroughly into the inquiry "with a view to
obtaining a more correct version." It may be
remembered that about ten years ago a similar
motion was made by Mr. James Heywood, M.P.,
but on that occasion the suggestion was opposed
by the Ministry and many members of the Op-
position.

"Gutch's Literary and Scientific Register for
1866," gives the following particulars of the
ages of living writers:—"James Hannay, 39;
Matthew Arnold, 41; Wilkie Collins, 42; John
Ruskin, 47; the Rev. O. Kingsley, 47; Captain
Mayne Reid, 48; G. H. Lewes, 49; Tom Taylor,
49; Shirley Brooks, 50; William Howard Rus-
sell, 50; Anthony Trollope, 51; Charles Reade,
52; R. Browning, 54; O. Mackay, 54; Charles
Dickens, 54; A. Tennyson, 57; Sir Archibald
Alison, 56; Mark Lemon, 57; Edward Miall, 57;
R. M. Milnes (Lord Houghton), 54; W. E. Glad-
stone, 56; Charles Lever, 59; Professor Maurice,
61; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 61; Benjamin Disraeli,
61; S. O. Hall, 63; Barry Cornwall, 67 [we be-
lieve he is really 75]; Samuel Lover, 68; Albany
Fonblaque, 69; the Rev. G. R. Gleig, 70;
Thomas Carlyle, 70; William Howitt, 71; Sir
John Bowring, 74; the Rev. H. H. Milman, 75;
Charles Knight, 75; J. Payne Collier, 77; and
Lord Brougham, 86." It will be observed that
the editor is discreetly silent about literary ladies;
but there is no forgetting to what point this
custom of calling attention to people's ages may
extend, if not checked by a vigorous protest.
Perhaps, indeed, this bold monitor of the progress
of time is only now restrained from going further
by the difficulties of obtaining correct data about
the other sex.

Two new monthly magazines are announced
to be published in London. The most important
is the *Contemporary Review*, which the con-
ductors intend to be a first-class Magazine of criti-
cism—theological, literary, and social. Its lead-
ing idea is shadowed forth in the announcement
that "it will number amongst its contributors
those who, holding loyally to belief in the articles
of the Christian faith, are not afraid of collision
with modern thought in its varied aspects and
demands, and scorn to defend their faith by mere
reticence, or by artifices too commonly acquies-
ced in."

The *Pulpit Analyst* is designed for preachers,
students, and teachers, and is to be edited by
Joseph Parker, D.D. It will contain discourses
on Divine Revelation, as related to human con-
sciousness and experience; a homiletic analysis
of the New Testament; an interlinear translation
of the Gospels and Epistles; outlines of sermons;
hints to youthful preachers; and other matters
relating to ministerial study, service, and success.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published this day, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Henrysee, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.00; fine edition \$2.00.

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

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

This Edition of Artemus is complete and unabridged, and has the comic illustrations of the \$1.50 copy-right edition. The cheap English edition is not complete, and has no illustrations.

This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Northwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50.

Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper Covers, uniform with Artemus Ward. Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25c.

List of New Books suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts!

Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the year. Twenty-five Illustrations.

Christian Ballads, by the Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. Illustrated.

Christian Armour, or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated, one vol. 4to.

The Illustrated Songs of Seven. By Jean Ingelow. Schiller's Lay of the Bell, translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

The Tear of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque, 8vo. Illustrated.

A Round of Days. Described in Poems by some of our most celebrated Poets. Illustrated 4to.

Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscapes, large 4to. R. Worthington, Great St. James St.

Home Thoughts and Home Scenes. K. Worthington, 30 Great St. James St., Montreal.

Huntledge's Every Boy's Annual for 1866. 1 vol 8vo. Illustrated, \$1.60.

Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare 8 vols. Royal 8vo. Tennyson. The Illustrated Springfield Edition of Tennyson's Complete Works, \$5.50.

Longfellow's Poetical Works, London Edition, beautifully illustrated with over 200 illustrations on wood and steel.

Book of Rubric, a collection of the most noted Love-poems in the English Language, bound in full morocco. \$7.00.

Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets. Elaborately illustrated. 2 vols. \$3.00.

The British Poets' Poets, by Geo. W. Bethune. \$2.50. Gems of Literature, Elegant, Rare and Suggestive, upwards of 100 Engravings, 4to. \$3.00.

Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. 4to. \$1.50. Bartlett's Merry Days in the Desert, Illustrated.

Bartlett's Footsteps of our Lord, Illustrated.

Bartlett's Nile Boat, Illustrated.

Bartlett's Irish Rebellion, Illustrated.

Byron's Works. New Riverside Edition. In Half Calf Extra. \$1.50 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bible Hand Book. By the Rev. Jos. Angus, D.D. In 1 vol. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Worthington's New Price-List of his Stock of Standard, Medical, Law, Scientific, &c. Books which will be sent free on application, is now ready.

Barium. The Hungry of the World. Cl. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bourne. Handbook of the Steam-Engine, containing all the Rules required for the right Construction and Management of Engines of every Class, with the easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules. Constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam-Engine." By John Bourne, C. E. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.

History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Charles (Mrs.) Chronicles of the Schenberg-Cotta Family. Diary of Kitty Trevelyan. The Early Dawn. 3 vols. 16 mo. 75cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Gems from Tennyson. Sm. 4to. 100 Illustrations. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

A Concise Dictionary of the Bible; comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, J.L.D. Thick octavo, with 270 plans and wood-cuts. \$5.00.

New Christmas Books; The Children's Picture Book Series. Written expressly for Young People, Cloth, Gilt Edges. Bible Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. \$1.00.

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R. WORTHINGTON,

30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. DALFOUR.

Continued from page 217.

CHAPTER XII. GOSPEL.

"The hawk poised himself for a sudden spring, While the strutting sparrows kept twittering." ANON.

Gubbins was seated in the servants' hall, yawning a little over the old newspaper that he was drowsily spelling out. The entrance of the stranger startled him; but, seeing the pack, in a half slumberous voice the old butler growled out, "No, no, you're too late wi' your pack; I lets no one inner doors arter—"

"Late 'tis no fault o' mine. Blame the rail, and not me, my good sir. My good friend—I've reason to call you so—I'd have stayed at the station hotel, or gone on direct to Winchester; but I thought Mistress Martin, or may be yourself, wad be glad to see the very best goods I've had this one whike."

"Martin's in mourning; but you can come in. I didn't at first just chance on who you was; you've been a precious long while away from these parts. Why you looks much the same—Old Leathery by name, and Old Leathery by name; and no offence—no offence!"

The ancient butler chuckled out a hearty plethoric laugh as he invited the packman in, who, sitting along and letting his pack down, said, somewhat angrily, "You don't look much the same, you look wonderfully better."

"Ay, ay! you and I, maybe, 'll last out a good fewish of the young uns, thof they're that up in the stirrups, a many on 'em there's no keeping 'em in their places. But they hant done yet with the likes o' you and I."

"No, no; not they, sir," said the packman, giving his mouth a back-handed wipe, and peering all round the hall. "And so good Mistress Martin is in mourning—no near friend?"

"Was nor that—that is, I don't know as she've any own friends: it's one o' the family—the best on 'em's gone. Leastways, between you and I and the post, and to go no further, I may say so. Muster Edmund was always outlandish, and I doubt Muster De Lacy, his son, be the same, and Muster Basil's nought of a country gentleman; but the captain was a Haustwicke every bone on him. He'd been the one to kep' up the old place, if so be as he'd been born at the right time. He oughter a been the hare. But there comes Martin. I say, yer's a pretty go, Mistress M.: a strange gentleman's a wanting of you."

The old man turned a fuc purple as he laughed, and Martin, whose eyes were getting dim, did not see in the shadowy hall who it was that Gubbins was announcing, so he stared questioningly when the packman, in his dry tones, remonstrated—

"Mum, Mr. Gubbins will have his joke. I've come, Mistress Martin, a long way out o' my round, to show you a shawl for winter wear, that's not to be had in any shop in the south of England; I brought it from Paisley myself."

"Why, deary me, it's Old Leathery!" exclaimed Martin, recognizing him. "I thought you'd gir' up—made your fortin', and left off tow'ring about. Goodness! to think on the miles and miles as you've gone over since I fust set my eyes on you in Lish—mago."

"Lismahago?" said the man.

"Ah! that was it, I can't well get my tongue round them names o' the North, they're like oatmeal—a bit sticky in the mouth, and cloggy in the throat—that is, of them as is used to whateen flour and shoe-leather."

"Ou, now, spare my country!"

"Bless and save us! I meant no harm to your country. Spare it's all spare as I see. I'm as glad as a bird our dear little Missy came—that is to say, Miss Gertrude—or I and my lady might have been by now at that Glow'er O'er, with a great 'ill a-hanging over our heads, and another under our feet; and if climbing o' hills is good to raise some people's spirits they always puts mine down."

"Them! if there's hills, there's plains, too, in Scotland."

"I s'pose so, I s'pose so," said Gubbins good naturedly, thinking Martin was over sharp. "There's never so high an 'ill but there's as low a dale."

"And so ye're not going to Scotland this season, Mistress Martin?"

"Not if I can have any say in it; no, thankye. But whatever you have been a-doin' wi' yourself? It's a year or more, for sure, since you was here-away. Be you a-gettin' idle along o' gettin' rich?"

"I'm a poor man still, or it isn't hereabouts I'd come; it's like ploughing the mountains."

"Well that's what your country folks is used to; and as to poor, why, all the talk as ever I could make out away yonder was o' packmen as grow to be merchants and bailies and what not. The little uns eats in that belief with their porridge—it saves sugar."

"You're too clever for me, Mistress Martin. You're like your country folk—a sweet voice and plenty o' words."

"More words nor wit by fur," chuckled Gubbins.

"I don't say so when Mistress Martin's by, but I've a bit of other business on hand as well a bit message to the lady herself."

"A message to Mis Austwicke?" cried Martin, surprised.

"Is it to ask her consent to your coming a coortin o' Martin?" said Gubbins, thinking it was a joke.

Old Leathery drew his knuckles across his mouth, puckered his eyelids nearly close, and with a little cough said,—"Ou, it's just a trifle a message from Glow'er O'er, in case I came nigh here, to be sent, if the lady pleases, to Mr. Basil Austwicke; but, little or much, as I was asked to bring it and to give it myself, so I must e'en do it. I said to myself as I came, 'Maybe I can help Mistress Martin to an elegant shawl and carry the message all under one; and as it's already o'er late to see the lady, ye'll let me have speech of her, and then I can open my pack after.'"

Martin was not, as we have seen, without a duo spice of curiosity. She fell very readily into the plan, assured that, if she could not get the purport of his message out of Old Leathery before she bought the shawl, that over the bargain she would do so.

Accordingly she went, taking a card, with a pencil-mark on it, into the parlor, where the lamp had just been lighted, and Miss Austwicke was sitting with her knitting, and her niece at the piano, both cozily settled for the evening. Whether it was part of Old Leathery's shrewdness not to increase Martin's curiosity by asking for a private interview, or that he had a good guess that the lady would grant him one when she read the card, certain it was she no sooner heard Martin's words than she gave all attention.

"There's a Scotch dealer, Miss Honor—a packman—below, that says he brings a message to you from Glow'er O'er. He's late, through the hojous railway. He isn't a stranger-like, for I've dealt with him for years—ever since I fetched Miss Gertrude home, that time. But maybe, Miss Honor, as he's strange to you, you'd like me to stay."

"Do Martin, learn to give a message without so many words," said Miss Austwicke, taking the card from her servant's hand and reading—"The bearer comes from A. Burke, in 1859 of Dumbarton."

She paused a moment, turning her back towards Martin, so that the light from the lamp fell over her shoulder on the card. Then, after reading the words two or three times, as being, Martin concluded, unable to make them out clearly—which indeed, she, even with her glasses, had failed to do—in her usual voice, only a little quieter, Miss Austwicke said—

"Light the lamp in the breakfast-room, Martin. You can go on playing, my dear Gertrude—I will not have any stranger in here. I shall be back soon."

With that sense of injury with which a check is received by a favourite servant, Martin led the way into the room indicated, lighted the lamp in silence, and compressing her lips as she looked at her mistress, as much as to say—"I'll not

throw my words away on you"—the waiting-woman went into the servants' hall, and beckoned the packman, saying, with a toss of her head, "There's some people always a-putting other people out of the way, or a-showing their tempers for nothing as I knows on, but contrariness. There, that's the door, the baize one—there's another inside."

Following her directions, the man entered, and stood before Miss Austwicko.

CHAPTER XII. THE INTERVIEW.

"Take your beak from out my heart,
Take your shadow from my door,
Quoth the raven, 'Never more.'"

EDGAR A. POE.

For about a minute the two very different persons were silent who confronted each other in the room, but dimly lighted by a single lamp. Miss Austwicko's erect head, and haughty yet anxious glance, were in great contrast to the awkward curve meant for a low bow, and the pinched-up face, whose sidelong glances, out of two gimlet-holes of eyes, seemed to the lady to belong to a withered, purblind visage, almost a blank.

"What is your business with me?" she said, mastering an instinctive feeling of disgust rather than fear.

"I have made bold to come, my lady, on the business ye wot of."

"My name is Miss Austwicko, and you must speak more plainly—what business?"

The man thoroughly misunderstood Miss Austwicko's pride if he thought a title prostituted her. The fiercest republican in all America did not look down on titles more contemptuously than she did.

"That concerning"—he peered round cautiously, came nearer, and, in a husky whisper, added—"concerning what Captain Austwicko told ye."

The lady started back some paces, reached, as if involuntarily, a chair, and planting it before her, like a barrier against intrusion, rested her hands on the back.

"Captain Austwicko told me?" she repeated, instantly recalling the fact that no one was present at the interview, the purport of what he said could not be known. "I do not understand you, sir."

"I humbly ask your pardon, madam, if I startled ye. I should have premised that I knew of the Captain's intention."

"Did he write you, then? Did my brother tell you that he meant to acquaint me with his—"

"His entanglement, and the results."

Mortification for a moment kept Miss Austwicko silent. The hot blood mounted to her temples in a painful flush, and then receded, leaving her pale as ashes, and as cold.

"Well, go on—what then?" she forced herself to say.

"His death—the Captain's lamented death—"

The lady waved her hand, as if deprecating any intrusion on her grief.

"Has most unfortunately thrown everything into confusion—everything. I wanted him to help me to bring to justice a man—a most unprincipled cheat of a man—who has been for years receiving seventy pounds annually for the education of—madam, I crave pardon for naming them—the twins—the lad and lass whom the captain was interested in—and only, as I recently discovered, this fellow has been only paying twenty-five; and now I fear me—I greatly fear me—I'll not be able to execute the law on him; it would invite an exposure."

"By no means. We can—I can have no law matters forced on me."

"And besides, madam, this man is in Canada."

"Canada! Are the children—is their mother in Canada?"

"Until lately, madam, I thought so. I was in a manner betrayed into the belief that the children were there."

"Canada! I had thought Scotland was the place where—"

"I myself, to keep all safe, on Captain Austwicko's account, who had a dislike—a gentlemanly dislike—to his family knowing the sort of connection he had formed—"

"Never mind all that about him, pray—that's all over. The—"

"The consequences, you would say, madam, very truly; ah! they fall hard, very hard. But I was telling you, I took these children, on Captain Austwicko's account, when they were but a year old, to Canada, to a man that was a relation of mine, and whom I then trusted."

"Was a relation? I do not understand you."

"He married my sister, madam; and, as she is dead, I reckon naught of him—naught. He's cheated and deceived Captain Austwicko and me; nay, he's made me the instrument of deceiving my late friend, the good Captain."

Miss Austwicko beat with her foot impatiently on the ground, and wrung her hands together, chafing at the word "friend," and longing to ring the bell and order the intruder to be shown out.

"For he not only has, as it were, farmed the children out at twenty-five pounds a year, but he let the people that he farmed them to, bring them back eight or nine years ago, as I only lately learned, to England."

"To England? these unfortunate children and their mother?"

"Craving your pardon, madam, I said nothing of their mother."

"Indeed! I understood you to say—"

"Oh, it's not to the likes of you, madam, that I'd speak of that poor creature!"

He squeezed up his face into the look of something as dry and cleft as a fir cone, when the rasping words came from his bloodless lips; and Miss Austwicko—whose fault it was, where her prejudice was concerned, to believe the very worst—shuddered obviously, and compelled herself to say—

"Then she is not with the children?"

"Never has been, madam."

"Oh, that is well!" said the man, with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, I saw to that from the first. I stood by the Captain—my friend—and helped him out of the scrape he got into."

"It's a pity you did not help him before he got into it," the lady interposed.

"May be I tried, madam; but they say in Scotland, 'A wilfu' man mun ha' his way.' Though I see ye know to whom ye're granting the favour o' this interview, ye have na asked me, seeing that doubtless ye divined I owned the name on the card."

Miss Austwicko inclined her head stiffly, and a little unpuckering his eyes, her strange visitor continued—

"I've travelled by land and sea on this business. I went to London and saw Captain Austwicko wi' his lawful lady—and I went back and tauld the misguided lassie so, who had set herself up. I put her in charge of my wife, then living; and when she went into such a distraction with her pride and tempers that we'd to put her away—ah, we had awhile—and then she got well and just took herself off out o' the country, which was well rid of her, and went her ain gate down the road to ruin. Then my wife and I took the children out to Montreal, and meant to settle; but, my wife dying, what could I do but place the bairns with Johnstou—the cheat that he's proved—and get back to my own affairs, which had suffered greatly? but I make no mention o' that. I had to take to a humbler line of life than I ever thought to have given myself to. But there, an honest penny is better than a cheating pound; and I mak' no doubt that a lady like you will do by me, for my losses in serving him, according to what the Captain promised."

"I can fulfil no promise to you, Mr. Burke. Captain Austwicko has left no property—I think, none whatever. He had no claims on the estate, which is, as you may have heard, his nephew's, Mr. De Lacy Austwicko; so that these poor children are likely to have, as *their right*, even less than the dishonourable man you mention spared out of the sum my brother paid for their maintenance."

"Dishonourable indeed, madam! Ah! it's wretched the dishonourable things some misguided people will stoop to. And, may I make bold to ask, your brother's widow?"

"My brother's widow! he had no wi—that is

—What do you mean? Pardon me, I'm confused with your narrative. What did you say?"

"The lady I saw with him—his wife, madam—is now, of course, his wid w."

"Oh, dear, I didn't comprehend! No, you are wrong. He—that is—he survived her. I mean, he left no widow."

"Oh! what a coil was winding round her?"

"Yes, I understand you, madam." There was a thin flash darted, like a gleam of steel, out of the hungry, peering eyes, and for an instant lighted up the depths.

"Then my—I don't want to press it, but I've had great losses already—my claim, and the poor children's? For Captain Austwicko always said, 'My sister alone shall be told. She'll guard the family honour.'"

Miss Austwicko, turning the chair round, against which she had been standing, sunk into it, as if she feared that otherwise she should fall, and all but groaned aloud. For clear and distinct there rose the dying words to her memory, and smote her, "Beware of the pride that props itself with falsehood."

"It's an honourable name," pursued the man, relentlessly; "and I'm sure I've proved for years that I'd do anything in reason that a man who's had great losses could to save it from a stain—a public stain; and certainly, I'm bound to say the lassie was deceived in the first place; she was led to think herself married. I was one of the witnesses who signed my name; and it was bitter to me to find I'd been led to put 'Burke' to any such transaction, and my sister, Mrs. Johnstou, and her husband."

"You have yourself called him a cheat," interposed Miss Austwicko, with a desire to inculcate some one.

"Yes; who knows but it was helping to hido this piece of business first taught him? Any way, unless all comes out, something must be done."

"I'm willing to help the—the innocent." Her white lips quivered as she spoke the last words, for now was not she guilty? Yet how could she own the truth, the horrible truth, that her brother was really married to such a woman as this man described? Surely her brother could not have known, when he told her to do justice, what had become of the mother of these children. She strained her memory for any recollection of what he had told her about this miserable wife. But he had so little time, death was so near, that she was left merely with a promise on her conscience which she wanted to temporise in keeping so as to make pride and principle combine. Truth is an unyielding metal: we cannot safely bend it to serve our purposes. We may break it, and so wound ourselves and others; and that was what Miss Austwicko was doing.

Yes, indeed; rather than all should come out—rather than her brother Basil and his caustic wife should know, in any way, of this tarnish on the family honour—she would draw on her own slender resources. Perhaps to Burke the most interesting and pertinent question Miss Austwicko had put in all the interview she uttered now:

"Pray, of what amount are the claims you have on my late brother; and where, do you say, are these children?"

"Oh, madam, as to my whole claims, that I have vouchers for. I'll not press them entire. A hundred pounds will be a composition for my losses in that Canada voyage and residence, which; beyond all question, ruined me and killed my poor wife, and—"

"But how came my brother not to settle that at once?"

"Why, he left it till his return."

"But he had no estate to look forward to."

"Oh, he had his income. He always said he'd do justice."

Miss Austwicko winced at the words. It was in the power of this low man, with his grating voice and wizened face, to scathe her like a keen east wind. It was a relief to interrupt him by repeating the inquiry—

"And these children?"

"I'm not just sure of the address. I doubt they'll take a deal of seeking, though a friend of mine thinks he knows where Johnstou sent most of his London letters to."

"A friend of yours? Of course you do not mention it—that is, Captain Austwick's name. Unless I am sure of this, of course I can have nothing—"

"Give yourself no concern on that head. I've a deep sense of honour myself, as a Burke, madam. It's the grief of my life that I was led into this, and my family corrupted by it; and I'd die rather than let it be known, make you sure of that."

He clenched his hands, as if holding something tight from all the world, and pressed them on his chest as he spoke.

Miss Austwick drew out her purse: there was a tuppence note, two sovereigns, and some silver in it. She took the note from the rest, and said—

"I must think over what you have told me, and consider what must be done in this matter. I give you this on account. I'm not prepared to promise that I will, or can, make good your losses; but find the children. You say they are in England—London I think you said. Well, I will see them for myself. I am willing to help them, and to—reward fidelity—that is to say, diligence."

Her proud heart swelled and nearly choked her utterance, as she spoke thus confidentially, and gave the retaining fee to this ally of her brother's—and now of hers.

As with cringing bows he went out, she was ready to dash her head against the carved oak of the high old chimney-pièce, she so resented the humiliation. Ah, if she had but thought of her duty to God as highly as of her station in society, she would have cleared her eyes unclouded of the film of pride, and seen clearly the meanness of all crooked ways, and the danger of the edge tools low and base, with which she was unwittingly playing—tools she was sharpening for her own destruction.

(To be continued.)

UNACKNOWLEDGED GIFTS.

WE saw the other day in an article, which we think, found place in the "Saturday Reader," that it was very hard, indeed, to guess anything of the contents of a book from its name. A few minutes ago, we read in the advertisements appended to an early copy of Pop's Homer, names of publications recent in the beginning of the last century, which, in the present day of "making many books," would save immense trouble, for the name gives a neat condensation and review of the book. No doubt, the old plan was the more honest; and we see it still sometimes adopted in scientific works, though often it is not easy to tell whether a new literary bantling is born of fact or fancy. Philosophers, theologians, poets and novelists seem to vie with each other in the mystery of their bibliographical nomenclature. Perhaps an aiming at conciseness, a trying to express in a word or two the object, plan and idea of the book, as well as a consideration of the piquancy of interest, which "*omne ignotum*" carries with it, and that love of dashing smartness which characterizes our times, may lie near the roots of this mystery.

We have been led to make these remarks by the difficulty we had in choosing a name, which would properly intimate what we are going to say a few words about. There can be no doubt, it is true, about what a "gift" is. It is something "given." It is, in fact, the old form of this participle, still surviving in the Scotch "gied," which reminds us of "Maxwellton braes" "where Annie Laurie gied her promise true;" and we think that in the course of twenty minutes, we could lay our hands on a Somersetshire man, who, with bold conservatism, persists in making the verb "give" invariably regular. We have never corrected him for his archaism, though our ears suffered great pain at first. But we have our revenge; for we are his amanuensis, and once a year or so, write letters in modern English to a "dear brother," somewhere near Bridgewater. We may conclude our philology by saying that we have heard Irishmen, as radical as our friend George is conservative, use

"giv'" (and even "gov" and "guv") instead of "given."

We hope our patient readers will excuse these preliminary wanderings.

A "gift," then, being "something given," we might be going to speak of Christmas-boxes, and birth-day presents, and keepsakes, and friendships' offerings, and "*gages d'amour*" and "*souvenirs*," and (as Lord Dundreary would say) "all that sort of thing." But we are not. Nor yet of those nebulous "gifts on the thumb that surely come, and gifts on the finger that always linger;" nor of those "gifts" which are common to both man and beast, as food, air, water; nor of those which are peculiar to man only, as speech and reason; nor of those endowments of genius, which distinguish the great from those who call them so; for all these, where they exist, are (less or more) acknowledged as "gifts." We are going to speak of "unacknowledged" gifts, and we shall divide them for convenience into three classes, viz., the domestic, the social and the practical.

1. As to the domestic. It is a fine thing to sing well, to play well, to draw well, to dress well, to dance well, or to walk well. But these fine things we call accomplishments, not gifts or endowments. But is not an accomplishment an endowment completed, made perfect? Is it not custom only that applies this word to the development of one faculty more than another, and is not an accomplishment a "gift" in a certain state of cultivation? This will not be denied with regard to the first three of those "fine things" above mentioned; for musicians and painters have their genius as well as orators or poets. But of the three last? What shall we say of the gift of walking, or of dancing, or of dressing? Well, "*propius res aspice nostras*," we talk of people being born with no "eye," with no "ear," and we know it would be waste of time to try to make some persons musicians or artists, and madness to attempt to make them poets. True, we do not generally talk of people being born without hands or feet, in exactly the same sense, but we are ready to believe that there are some who cannot be taught to walk, to dance or to dress with taste and grace. Indeed, very few can. Habit, of course, and the consciousness of what "is expected" do a good deal in making the most of what is, but it is easy to tell who has the gift and who has not. Are we, then, irrefragable heretics, denounced by the great council of common sense, if we call gifts,—to sing, to play, to draw, to dress, to dance, to walk,—well? Now, in calling these gifts of the domestic class, we mean, that they are such as we would like to see those who make our "homes," possessed of. We do not want them all to be always in exercise, but we feel better for the satisfaction of having them at command. It is very pleasant to hear, now and then, a song or an air on the piano; or to look at a new picture drawn by household hands. There is no harm, occasionally, in a quiet dance, out of a ball-room, and it is a comfort always to see neatness in dress. But, however, these gifts are not the unacknowledged ones. They do not pass unnoticed; they often win compliments and appreciation. But the unacknowledged domestic gifts are the unshowy ones, that are seldom praised, hardly ever flattered. They are those which are too often discovered only when they are missed,—and when their quiet possessors are far away or in their graves. Yet they are those which really give home its homeness, and for which no charms of person, or voice, or manner, could make a title of recompense. They are such as may once have attracted, blessed, weary feet to the peaceful hearth of Bothany—such as gave birth to awful tears, where Love and Power met and embraced, in the precincts of the cavern-tomb of Lazarus. And what are these "gifts?" They are "Blessed Presences" more than abstractions; but if we are to feebly name them—they are affection and sweetness of temper, and patience, and self-denial, and gentleness and tenderness, and cheerfulness, and all those subtle elements that make up the atmosphere of domestic happiness—so seldom analysed; as we do not think of analysing the fresh air, till some way of disease warns us of the absence of some of

its vital ingredients. If you, reader, are a hero-worshipper or a genius-worshipper or a beauty worshipper, just weigh for a few moments the benefits that answer your incense on the altars of these duties, against the genial joy-producing showers of blessing, that your neglected household gods, (or rather, goddesses) cause daily and hourly to descend upon your life, like the "small rain upon the tender herb." So much for our class of "unacknowledged gifts."

2. As to the social. Part of what has been said under the head "domestic," applies to the social. By "social," we mean not merely "gifts" of "society," exclusively so called, but all those endowments of nature, which are esteemed more than others, in our general intercourse with all those who do not belong to our own family. The statesman, the orator, the man of letters, the man of science—these are the "gifted" men of the world. Some men have a way or a knack of doing something, which makes them important in a less eminent degree; some have "tact," which is a sort of small diplomacy, and some are "clever"—that is, they could be, if they liked, but evidently do not like, to be distinguished in any way. But all these have their reward; for abroad, as well as at home, the showy are the acknowledged and the unshowy, the unacknowledged gifts. We do not mean to say a word now against this inevitable sentence; we only assert a fact. Do we ever talk of the gift of honesty, or constancy, or benevolence? Of course not, nor need we talk of them; but we not even think of them as "gifts," inestimable gifts, possessed by few, denied to many. There are individuals and families to whom, we firmly believe, these qualities are next to impossible; who are incapable of truth or friendship, or any real desire to see others happy, and yet such people may be the idols of many worshippers. Would it be too much to say that the faculty of friendship is almost as rare as poetical genius; that there are people who could no more harbour a *disinterested* attachment, than they could write "Hamlet" or "Paradise Lost?" Perhaps it would; but we do not think it would be far from the truth. The same might be said of other "unacknowledged gifts" of the social class, "too numerous to mention," of candour and generosity and simplicity, and all that thoroughness and sterlingness of character—which, with dignity and courtesy—should always be associated with the "grand old name of gentleman." Too often the plutocrats and plutocrats, alike, are contented to ignore such "gifts" as these. But they are not to be bought with gold. Now, lest we should be tempted to indulge, even for a moment, in that execrable spite of cursing the precious metals, we beg to say that we consider gold,—or at least the power to win it—and the discretion to use it aright—as no mean "gifts" themselves. In defiance of all the Talmuds in the world, we have a hearty veneration for old Plutus, and we are sure that, when he is well treated, he is a very kindly fosterer of what is best in human nature. But these gifts, perhaps, belong rather to our third class, to which we now hasten.

3. As to the practical. These are the "gifts" "which we ignorantly worship" in the merchant, the soldier, the director of the banking, railroad or insurance company, the engineer, and the discoverer, but which, in circumstances less auspicious, or conspicuous, we never dream of existing at all.

Perhaps we have all known in our school-day (we mean the men of us) some unfortunate fellow, to whom the Latin grammar must be for ever a "scaled book;" who had to be cudgelled (or caned) over the *pons asinorum*; who could never be induced to take a farther interest in the verb "tupeo" (*τίπτω*) than to escape its practical application in the passive voice; and who passed through school and college, (if he ever got there) with "shame and confusion of face." No Vulcan could bring the coy Minerva out of the chap's head. But had the fellow no "gift" do you think? Follow him from the school within to the school without doors. See what nerve and muscle he has for a bat or an oar; see what a hand he has for a rein or a fishing-rod; what an eye for any winged or four-footed thing sacred

to Diana; what courage and presence of mind he shows in an accident or a row.

O deep-read in Homer! that unclassical friend of yours is just the man that your Homer, if he lived, would feast his eyes upon! (We know they say he was blind, but was he?)

Follow him still, you may hear his bold, tameless voice among the first at some Alma or Balklava, you may even see him still and soldier-like aboard some sinking *Birkenhead*; or you may find him, easy and hearty among the naked courtiers of some African king, near the source of the Nile! Who would have thought it? Poor, stupid, big, burly Brown has turned out a hero!

And is it not often our stupid, school-boy Browns, that become our Wolfes, our Clives and our Spekes? When the dull boy has risen to be a great man, pedagogic spectacles are wisely rubbed, and the "unacknowledged gifts" are dimly remembered. All the other practical gifts, large and small, industry, perseverance, prudence, all, in fact, which the subject may suggest, we can only commend to the quiet consideration of the reader.

We feel just at present like the student, who in his eagerness for knowledge, would not wait till his fellow-student had found the snuffers, (somebody had not the household "gift" of leaving those ancient indispensables in the right place) but snuffed the candle, *more Ibernico*, with his finger and thumb;—but alas! aimed too low. On his friend's darkly remonstrating, he solaced himself by quoting from Horace "Brevis esse labore, obscurus fio." We are afraid that the fate of that hasty bookworm awaits us, and can only hope that our indulgent reader, will as merrily, excuse our obscurity, as he (above quoted) excused his sudden tenebrosity. The "Saturday Reader" (all success to it!) is not our only care, and we feel that unless we be brief, even at the risk of but half educating our *idæ*, other things to which we are "in duty bound" would be left undone.

In conclusion we recall the words of the hero-saint, "Covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet shew I you a more excellent way;" and that way,—call it what we will,—charity, love, Christian goodness,—is the only true key to unlock the casket that contains what is divinely in the head and heart and hand of humanity. Perhaps Charles Kingsley thought of it, when he penned these lines:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song."
J. R. CLERK.

SAVED BY 'DOCTOR'.

THE episode I am going to relate occurred at a place not two hundred miles from the township of Horsham, Victoria, Australia. Where the exact locality is, I have no intention of divulging; but if any of my readers are acquainted with the part of the world I refer to, they will remember that there exists one or two large streams within the wide radius I have named. Beside one of these rivers there was standing, about twenty years ago, a hut, which was known at the Homestead as the Deep Water Station; and it was here that my lot placed me as hut-keeper. I lived at the Deep Water Station for two years.

I purpose to alter the names of all concerned in the tragedy I am going to relate. One of the actors is still living, and at this present Christmas is occupying a prominent position among the colonists of Victoria. My reasons for concealing locality and names will be obvious as my tale proceeds.

If readers of the following story wish to know who I am, I will gratify their curiosity so far as to state that I was born in the north of England. My father was a retired tradesman. He gave me a fair education, but I never fulfilled the expectations formed of me. This night, while I write, I can shew nothing to prove that I ever succeeded in the world. I am a poor clerk, struggling for a bare existence, and sometimes struggling with a wild strong impulse to wander

and work through the country, as I often did before, near the scenes of my former experience. I like the red sunset and the wide plains as much as ever; I like the glow of the sunlight among the guarded queer trees; I like the rippling rays on the water—the waving shadowy grass of the silent hills—the bright still moon—the wilderness, away from towns; I like Australian life, but not among the dusty streets, or near to white sweltering roads. For twelve years I followed these impulses faithfully, and enjoyed my bush-life; with little profit, it is true, but with much of pleasure. All that I have to shew for all my wanderings and hardships, as I write, is a long ugly scar across my breast, and I am going to tell you how I got it.

I remember I was sitting at the hut (the Deep Water Hut) one summer afternoon, looking for the coming of "Long Mat." The sun was passing away blood-red behind a range of dim blue hills; long shadows were fast spreading, the deep water-hole had lost the light; the hills behind the river were just tipped with a crimson glory, and the stars seemed dropping like silver specks on the paling sky. Long Mat, the shepherd, was later than usual.

The darkness had not quite fallen before I recognized the bleating of the flock in the distance, and soon afterwards, the white fleeces of the sheep appeared from out of the sombre shadows of the trees. I had just walked inside the hut to prepare supper, when the quick muffled fall of a horse's feet became audible. I knew the canter well, and came to the door to wait the arrival of Mr. S—, the owner of the station. He galloped up to the hut, with a cheerful "Good-evening, Bill;" and, as usual, came inside to ask me if I wanted anything, and to light his pipe.

"I can't stay long with you this time, Bill," he said pleasantly, but with a little anxiety; "the black-fellows are about again. I hope your gun is in good order. Do you want any powder or lead?"

"We have quite enough," I replied, "both Mat and myself; but there's no bullets, I'll run them to-morrow. Mat's rather late this evening; but the flock's not far off; they'll be home in a quarter of an hour; I saw them past the belt before you came."

At this instant the shadow of a man darkened the door, and Mat entered.

"Good-evening," he said quietly to Mr. S— and myself. "The sheep's feedin' home all right, sir, but there's a few missin'." One of my marked eyes is gone, and I can't see two of the crawlers."

"You'll pick them up to-morrow, Mat," replied the strong pleasant voice of the squatter. "Bill says you've enough powder and lead. The blacks are about, do you know that?"

Without waiting for an answer, Mr. S— proceeded to undo his horse, and was about to mount, when Mat (who was an American) said: "I guess you had better stop to-night, sir."

"Why?"

"Injuns is close up. One of the sheep I spoke of was speared."

"I heard there were black-fellows about," said Mr. S—, delaying to mount; "but the ride is safe enough; I've got my rifle with me."

"They're too close," responded the shepherd, after filling a pannikin of tea, and, contrary to his custom, standing his gun against the table.

We looked at him enquiringly. He kept his eyes wandering over and around the flocks while he explained: "Wall, you see, sir, after seein' the spear-wound in the crawler, I looked about me purty sharp, but couldn't see nothin' till I was leavin' the belt there, when I sighted one of the varmint wrigglin' through the grass like a snake. I was goin' to give him a pull, but I saw another wriggle in his wake, and then another; and," continued the narrator, with something like a glow of pleased anticipation, "they ain't far off now, I reckon."

He had scarcely uttered the words when he lifted both hands and struck Mr. S— full on the chest with enough force to drive him to the extreme end of the hut. At the same instant a spear whizzed through the open doorway, and quivered in the slabs behind.

"By gum!"

More remarks were drowned by a loud quivering snort from the poor horse; a moment after, and he rolled heavily across the hut-door, completely blocking up the entrance.

Mat muttered away: "First rate for us coons! Ye'd better bar the door, Bill. Doctor! Doctor! Doctor! Psi! Psi! Here, lad." The dog leaped on the Shepherd. "By gum," he said "I thought he was outside."

By this time Mr. S— was coolly reconnoitring through the loopholes. He had let down the window, and was preparing for action as unconcernedly as the shepherd.

These quiet brave men inspired me with confidence, and I remember thinking, as I threw water on the fire so as to extinguish all light, that the black-fellows had met with their match. By this time the moon was up, and its light was gradually growing on the landscape. At first, we could discern the outline of the trees, and then, as the night gathered, the white scared grass between the shadows. There was a long time of silence. Mat, Mr. S—, and myself had our barrels through the loopholes, and were closely watching for any movement outside. The convulsive shudderings of the horse had ceased, and there was a painful silence. The squatter and Mat were like two statues, and notwithstanding the quiet breathing of the dog and the croaking of frogs along the river, there seemed to me to be a frightful significance in the silence that was brooding above these sounds. Every instant I was expecting a rush from the outside, but there was not a sign or sound to betray the presence of any enemy. The sheep were camping quietly round the hurdles. Silence—the bright moon—the white fleeces mingling with the colour of the grass—the still shadows of the trees—the far black forest—the spectral tracery of the branches in the moonlight. The silence was terrible. One of the outside wethers rose and walked forward a few yards, then commenced stamping quickly on the ground.

"Darn my eyes!" said Mat, for the first time breaking the silence, "if the 'Ole Parson ain't sighted one of the niggers."

The 'Ole Parson was a patriarch wether that was afflicted with the foot-rot, and usually fed on his knees.

"So he has, and, by gum, there's a crowd: the whole tribe hev come to visit.—Not enough in shade, boss," concluded Mat, after another interval, and in a hard whispering tone.

The next moment, the first report rang out into myriad echoes. A shrill death-shout followed, as the dark figure of a man leaped with a sudden force from his ambush and fell prone, gurgling out blood and broken words.

"Now, boss," said Mat, looking out, but still charging; "fifty yards to the right of the hurdle."

Boss (Mr. S—) changed the direction of his gun, and fired. The human figure seemed to sink down so quickly, so calmly, so helplessly, that I felt a strange thrill of pity.

"He's fixed, safe as houses: let's physic another or two, and maybe they'll make tracks," again muttered the shepherd, in a tone of repressed gloom. "Cook, why the devil don't you shoot? Squint round that first block to the right of the wattle."

Looking in the direction indicated by Mat, whose eyes seemed everywhere, I saw the figure of a man partially visible against the ground. He was evidently sheltering himself from the other two guns; but owing to my silence hitherto, he must have been of opinion that the portion of the hut where I stood was unoccupied. I took steady aim at the black-fellow, and fired. For an instant, I could see nothing through the smoke, but it cleared almost immediately. Just as the shepherd said: "Don't shoot again—he's fixed," I saw the poor wretch staggering wildly towards the hut, and then falling with a dull sound. God forgive me, it was very like murder. This was the first life I had ever taken. The next thing I remember was Mr. S— asking me if I had run any bullets.

"Not one."

"Have you any in the hut?"

"Not one."

Mat informed us that we were "tres'd," much

in the same way as he would tell the overseer that the rations were short. He quietly pulled his gun from the loophole, saying: "I've only one more pill to keep our skins whole. We'll have to trust to Doctor."

Mat's dog Doctor was partly a Smithfield and partly a Newfoundland. He had been trained by him to all kind of tricks. Amongst others, he repeatedly took written messages to the station when attached to his collar, and I presumed this was the object Mat had in view when referring to him as capable of procuring relief.

"Mister, d' yo think yo kin rite a missage in the dark, or by the moonlight, askin' the hands at the Homestead to come this way? No time to lose; I see the darkies dodging round the hut. Bill, knock away the low part of that rotten slab behind your bunk. Here, Doctor!"

The message was scrawled, and fastened to Doctor's collar in little less than a minute, and the noble brute, who seemed to know the danger, stood anxiously trembling till the preparations were completed.

As I before stated, the hut stood close to the stream, and from the rear the bank sloped abruptly towards the water. The American for the first time seemed affected. When the men fell under our shots, there was not the slightest change perceptible in his voice; but the few words he spoke to his dog were broken and singularly soft. I'll be sworn there were tears in the man's eyes. Everything being at last prepared, he spat on the dog's muzzle, held his head close to his cheek for a moment, and then pressed him quickly out of the hole and away down the shelving bank.

We listened anxiously for a time, and then there arose a wild jabbering for a minute; the next instant we detected a yelp of pain.

"My God," said I involuntarily, "the Doctor's speared."

"No, he arn't, darn ye!" snapped Mat. "He's jist touched, an' no more. He'll do it."

"He must be quick, then," said Mr. S—; "the black devils have struck a light somehow, and they're going to burn us out. Look!"

Our eyes were now intently scanning the movements of the savages through the little loopholes, and we saw a flaming brand whizzing through the air, and scattering sparks in all directions. It fell on the stringy bark-roof above our heads. Another and another came, but it did not appear to us that any of them had taken effect.

By this time the black-fellows had gathered courage. Believing that our ammunition was expended, many of them had left cover, and might be seen flitting about like spectres. They had kindled a fire some distance off, and across its glare shadows were constantly falling.

The firebrands were thrown no longer; some fresh mode of attack was preparing. Our suspense continued for a long period (nearly half an hour), during which time not a word was spoken by any of us; our sole dependence was the Doctor; and if help did not soon arrive, it was certain we could find no escape from the demons who were trying to compass our destruction.

"Now, look slick," whispered Mat. "I see their game; they're goin' to give us fits. How's the moon? wall aback of the hut, I guess. Bill, stick your cabbage-tree on a pillow, and hold it at the open window when I tell you. I'll jist go out, and bid them good-evening. Don't bar the door after me, mister, but when I show them my heels, open it. You see we can't spare an ammunition."

While speaking, Mat unbarred the door; he slipped out noiselessly as he concluded the sentence.

Through the slabs he said to me: "D' yo see that divel with the blazin' log? When he gits close to the wattle, open the window, and prop up the pillow. Take care of their spears yourself!"

As soon as the black-fellow came to the point indicated, I opened the long little shutter with some noise, and held up the dummy. In a moment a dozen spears passed through the aperture, and I let the window fall, as though one of us was mortally wounded.

There was a wild shout without. At this time

the black-fellow who carried the log was within a few yards of the hut, and I heard Mat preparing for his move outside. Looking out as quickly as I could, I had just time to see his tall figure emerge beyond the shade, as the but-end of his gun fell crashing on the unprotected head of the fire-bearer. The door was opened as Mat turned, it required but one or two bounds to take him to the door, but the savages were too quick for him with their spears. He staggered through the entrance, and fell just as he cleared the threshold.

"Caught in the thigh, I guess," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered himself, and painfully struggled to the window. "Don't mind the spear," he remarked to me as I approached him: "it's better as it is, till help comes."

"If it ever does," thought I.

The American's sortie, I believe, had rather a disastrous effect, for the black-fellows seemed to conclude at once that our ammunition was all expended, and they thronged round the hut without caring to shelter themselves.

In a short time the crackling of flames on the roof put an end to all our doubts. The hut was on fire, and there was nothing left for us but an attempt to dash out and clear the aborigines. I proposed this, but Mr. S— would not try it without Mat, and underneath the blazing roof, with clubbed guns, we grimly awaited the final attack. The American's rifle rested in the loophole where he had first taken up his position.

"There's the worst of them," Mat said, looking along his weapon; "he's coming up with a log to stave the door. He'll never do it;" and our last bullet brought down the ringleader.

There was consternation and a hurried consultation. After a lapse of about five minutes, the whole force of the besiegers rushed shrieking on our little garrison. A moment's surge outside, and the door fell back as Mr. S—'s gun swung on the crowding savages with terrific force, felling two of the foremost like oxen. I remember a wild struggle with our guns and fists. Mat and the squatter towered above their opponents like giants, fighting with terrible energy. Two black-fellows had forced me to the ground; one was shortening his grasp of the spear to drive it through my body, when I felt a gush of blood spouting over my face and chest, just as the savage fell on me mortally wounded. Then I remember a hurrah outside, and the crackling of rifles.

"That was a good back-handed blow, boss," said Mat faintly; "I guess the cook's got another squeak. D' ye hear that? Hooryay! Knowned the Doctor I'd do it. Darn ye for a cuss!" said he with renewed energy; "take that;" and I heard the dull sound of another blow, and a low moan of pain as the station-hands rushed in.

Mat was terribly gashed, but not mortally wounded. Not so Mr. S—; he fainted as Mat spoke his few words of praise.

We were all conveyed to the home station. Mr. S— was buried before the week was out. Mat soon recovered; he is now one of the wealthiest men in the colony. I—well, I have a large scar across my breast.

THE MISTLETOE.

ITS HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

THE mistletoe—an emblem of friendship and social happiness—is employed at Christmas time to announce to all whom it may concern that animosities are at an end, and that peace and goodwill with all the world are to usher in the new year. The custom of "kissing under the mistletoe" is very ancient, and is founded on the legend of Balder, and Phæbus Apollo of Scandinavian mythology.

The tale says that Balder once dreamt a dream, a dreadful dream. He dreamt that he was going to die, and was so frightened, that he started from his bed, mounted the swiftest cloud-steed, and rode full gallop to his mother. His mother's name was Friga, the Venus of Valhalla, very beautiful, and brimfull of the milk of love.

When Friga heard the dream, she was no less

alarmed than her son, and instantly told her husband, the great god Odin, the Jovo of northern deities. What was to be done? Odin evidently thought that the dream of gods did not rise from indigestion, but were sent by the Fates, as hints and warnings of what were going to weave in the web of destiny. So Odin issued his royal ukase, or proclamation, commanding "everything that springs from fire, air, earth, and water," to appear without delay before His Serene Majesty of Valhalla.

Every tree and river, every stone and star, every beast and bird, the air that stirs up the gales, the clouds that launch forth lightning, the fire that burns, the sea that wrecks, and all the host of heaven obeyed the summons. The mighty Odin sat on his cloud-throne, under the shade of the mighty ash, the branches of which, as every one knows, cover the whole universe. The River of Wisdom and the River of Foreknowledge flowed at his feet, and on his shoulders sat the raven and the dove to whisper in his ear, whenever his godship halted in knowledge. It was an awful moment, and no doubt every living thing trembled as the king of gods commanded the assembly, on pain of his immortal vengeance, to do no harm to a single hair of his well-beloved son Balder. Loke was there, the spirit of wickedness, whose was the empire of the earth; and old blind Höder the God of Death and Darkness. They heard the injunction, and dared not disobey; but Loke, who hated Balder, cast upon him a most malignant eye, and resolved to evade the injunction if it could possibly be done.

It seems that a cart and horses can be driven through a divine Act of Parliament as well as through a human one, for Loke soon found a flaw in Odin's prohibition. The mistletoe springs not "from fire, nor yet from air, nor yet from earth, nor yet from water;" it is a parasite, and grows on the oak or apple-tree, but its roots never touched the earth; so the mistletoe was not called to the "storning," and knew nothing of the injunction.

The envious Loke, having ripped from an old oak a branch of the epiphyte, carried it to his cave, and cut into an arrow. He dried it hard in the fire of Hate, and dipped it with the poison of his own spittle; then going to the blind god, asked him to make a trial of his new weapon.

Höder, all unsuspecting as he was, felt the new "quarrel," and Loke, placing him so as to face his enemy, told him to set it to his bow-string. He drew the bow as only gods can draw, and shot. Twang! went the string, and whiz! went the arrow, swifter than thought; it struck the Peace God, who instantly fell dead on the pavement of Valhalla. The blackness of darkness now covered the whole world. Peace was killed by the God of War and Death. Peace was killed through the instigation of Wickedness. Peace in heaven was no more. Peace would be seen on earth no more. Balder was dead, and Loke had outwitted Odin.

Friga was inconsolable; the gods and goddesses moved about Valhalla like Niobe, all tears; the trees wept gall, the stars in their courses wept; heaven and earth would have been drowned in tears, if Balder could not have been restored to life. But with the gods nothing is impossible, and the spirit of vitality was breathed once more into his nostrils.

The mistletoe was now given in charge to Friga, and was never to pass from her power "till it touched the earth—the empire of Loke." No wonder, then, the Druids gathered it so carefully; and you will readily see why it is suspended on our ceilings, to place it beyond the region of Loke—the enemy of love and goodwill.

Odin now made a decree that a bunch of mistletoe should be hung in Valhalla, and that whenever any of the gods or goddesses passed under it, a deity of the opposite sex should give the kiss of peace, and this is how the custom of kissing under the mistletoe had its origin.

This pretty fable is an allegory. At the fall of the year Balder dies—that is, the beauty of vegetation dies—and the sun goes downward to the lower regions of the world. Loke, the Spirit of Wickedness, induced Höder, the God of Death, to kill the year. All Nature mourns the loss; but the gods revive the sun in a year, the sun is

brought back in his strength, and heaven and earth clap their hands for joy.

The mistletoe was the arrow that killed Balder, for the mistletoe is alive when all other plants are dead with their winter sleep; but the mistletoe being taken from the hands of the God of Mischief, and placed under the care of the Goddess of Love, is hung on high, to remind us not to look down, or back, or on the earth, if we would live in love and friendship—for Loke has dominion there—but forward and upward, where the gods reside, and where a hopeful future is placed before us in the commencement of a new year.

A DISH OF POULTRY.

AS I had a wish to be fashionable, I decided to set up a poultry-yard.

There is one disadvantage in being married: if single, you can say you will do a thing, and do it; if married, you may assert what you please, but you will find that you cannot do it, without reservation.

In this particular instance of keeping poultry, my husband, who is a practical man, made a reservation. "I have no objection, provided you make it pay, and promise me a fresh egg every morning of the year." I set to work to find out how to make it pay, and I came to the conclusion that, to do so, I must be poultry-woman myself.

It was a little irksome at first to get up at six o'clock in the morning; but I comforted myself by remembering, that in the pursuit of fashion people did a very more disagreeable things than that. Indeed, I soon began to like it; and if I choose to try and describe the beauty of a dowy morning, I am pretty sure I should not know where to end, for every morning there was something fresh to admire.

Making my poultry pay, involved another regulation. I could not pretend to make my name famous by some wonderful breed of new fowls, and provide my husband with a fresh egg every morning of his life. I must have breeds of all sorts and kinds to do that. So I found myself, at the end of a year, surrounded by plenty of poultry, of every sort, size, and description. Moreover, they interested me extremely. I used to take a chair, sit down among them, and study their characters.

Setting aside their little peculiarities as birds, how wonderfully they reminded me of the society in which we lived! Each hen had her little peculiarities, just as each of my female friends had their whimsies. The feathered cocks were not more absurd than many a gentleman of my acquaintance; and so many likenesses did I find in my cackling and crowing company to my visiting and bowing acquaintances, that I christened my cocks and hens after their human prototypes. I could write pages on the dispositions and idiosyncrasies of fowls; but I intend to confine myself to two.

Among my various sorts and kinds, I had one little golden-faced Hamburg hen, of so elegant a form, so beautifully complexioned, and of such sweet, engaging manners, that I called her Lady Mary, after a certain lovely and beloved young friend.

Lady Mary made herself the favourite, whether I would or not. She was always the first to see men coming; she did not fuss herself, or gobble eagerly after food, but flew on to a rail; as I passed that rail, she flew into my hand. From it she daintily helped herself out of the tin of food. During the whole process of feeding, she remained on my hand or shoulder, looking down on the greedy crowd below with lofty disdain.

Had she any grievance to communicate to me, she flew upon my hat, and made onslaughts on it. I thus understood the water was not fit for her to drink, or that some one had been daring to use her nest, or that she had serious thoughts of laying an egg. She was immensely fussy about her nest, going in and out of it, peering at me, as if I was perfectly aware of all her wants. In her nest I had put a little galleno egg, by way of a nest-egg, thinking the size of it would be about the size of her own egg. Not

a bit of it. In her various trials of all the nests about, she had come upon one with an added turkey-egg in it, by way of nest-egg. I understood as well as possible, that though Lady Mary's nest was made of chopped straw, unlike all the others, and though I had put a grating so that few but herself could get into it, she never would be satisfied, or lay an egg comfortably, until she had the saddled turkey-egg substituted for the galleno's egg. Readers, have you not often met a friend similarly whimsical, with everything in the world but one little trifle, the possession of a neighbour? Lady Mary was immensely delighted when she had the turkey's egg given her. In her language, she chuckled over it for hours, and diligently laid a little tiny egg by it, almost every other day.

My other "historical" fowl was also a hon. A heavy short-legged stupid-looking creature, with a little Polish blood in her veins; for she had a shabby-looking topknot of feathers on her head, that never would arrange itself straight. Like an old dowager, who thinks the family diamonds will make amends for the dyed satin gown, this old hen fancied her topknot was a patent of nobility, and she strutted about as if queen of the yard. She reminded me very much of an old great-aunt of mine, whose head-gear was the one worry of her own life, and the life of those near her. She thought of what she should put on her head the moment she got up in the morning; and the wonder, if it had kept straight all day (which it never did), occupied her the last thing at night. I had a mind to call my old hen, Aunt Deb, but the likeness was too striking, so I christened her Juno. She was a stupid creature, and plumped her first egg down in the yard; but I must do her the justice to say, that when once shown a nest, she pertinaciously kept to it ever after, no matter what state it might be in. Between Lady Mary and Juno there was no love lost; the former always "shied" her, as it were, just as if some old fat farmer's wife was being too familiar with a young princess. Not that there was much feeling of any kind in poor old Juno's breast. She appeared to me, solely occupied in the thought of her topknot. She seemed always trying to gaze up at this wonderful structure, so that she was always the last to get any food, to be on her perch, to do anything.

She laid eggs with praiseworthy industry, and she sat upon them like a model mother. In fact, it appeared to me that she was always sitting.

Though I was the poultry-woman, I was allowed a person not only to clean out the fowl-houses every other day, but also to take care of them during any absence of mine, Judith Morgan was the name of my coadjutor.

"Judith," said I, "I am going from home for three weeks. Now, mind you take care of the fowls."

"Deed and I will, mem."

"Save all the eggs, and put them in bran. Any hens wanting to sit, set them, and make a note of the day. Don't forget to set duck eggs as well."

"Deed and I won't, mem."

"And mind you call cheerily out to them, and speak to them all, especially Lady Mary."

"Deed and I will, mem."

When I returned home after three weeks' absence (I usually indulged myself by not getting up the first morning or so), I went down after breakfast to inspect my poultry, and hear of their welfare. I was not surprised that no Lady Mary met me. Three weeks of disappointment in a henish mind would naturally tend to forgetfulness.

"Well, Judith, how many eggs?"

"Three undered and eighty-two, mem."

"Any hens sitting?"

"Deed, mem, there's old Juno at it agin, and deed o' goodness, mem, if Lady Mary bean't a sitting too."

"Is she indeed? That is the first time I ever knew her do so."

"True for you, mem. It were all along a missing you. She took to sitting immediate."

"Then her time is nearly up?"

"Deed, mem, as she were that fond o' big eggs, I did give her duck-eggs."

"Then you were very silly. And I suppose Juno has hen-eggs?"

"Deed her she, mem?"

"Well, couldn't you see that a little thing like Lady Mary could only cover a few eggs, and ought to have had small ones; while old Juno can keep warm almost as many as a turkey, and could have taken fifteen duck-eggs? Besides, Lady Mary never sat before, and a month of it will sicken her."

"Deed, mem, it's amazin', I didn't see that."

I spoke to Lady Mary, who condescended to come out and inform me, after her fashion, that she thought it high time she should bring up a family. But evidently she was heartily sick of sitting, and I was obliged to keep the grating over her nest until the eggs chipped.

Madame Juno was sitting awkwardly on her eggs, gazing up at her topknot, evidently equally indifferent to my attentions or Judith's; either was the same to her.

In due time, both hatched out, and were put out in the orchard under two coops not far from each other, with wired grass runs for the young ones. Lady Mary was intensely delighted with her downy little lumps of fluff at first. But when nature asserted her rights, and they began to paddle about, into the water and out, over the food and in it, sprinkling it about, and eating it in an extraordinary fashion, I shall never forget her dismay.

Had not the mother instinct been irrepressible, I doubt if she would have permitted the little damp dirty things to go and dry themselves warm under her. As it was, all her mother pride was gone. She would not eat, she would not cluck, she seemed almost broken-hearted; and, as if to put the climax to her woes, she had a full view of Madam Juno clucking sonorously to cloven of the prettiest, brightest, sweetest little dainty chickens ever seen—which, by-the-by, in her perpetual gazing up at her beloved topknot, she was always treading upon.

"Oh, Judith," said I, "how sorry I am that Lady Mary has not those pretty chickens, and Juno the ducks! Ducks can always take care of themselves, and old Juno is so stupid, she will tread those chickens to death."

"Deed, mem, 'tis a pity. Lady Mary don't seem to stomach the ducklings at all."

"She will never sit again, you will see," said I. I coaxed her, and petted her, and did all I could to soothe her feelings, even going so far as to let her out the next day for a little run. She did not go far, but kept close to Juno's coop. Juno was let out in a day or two after, fortunately by myself, so that I witnessed what followed.

The moment old Juno stalked forth, blundering over her brood as she did it, Lady Mary flew upon her. She buffeted her, and, as if aware of her weakness, pecked at her topknot; she hustled her, drove her, and at last sent her flying, half blind, and wholly stupid, into her (Lady Mary's) coop, whither the little ducks had fled, in dire terror at their foster-mother's behaviour. She watched for a few moments. I gently closed the coop, making Juno and the ducks prisoners. When, on hearing the little plaintive chirp of the startled chickens, Lady Mary gave a loud and joyous chirrup, to which they quickly responded, and collecting them all round her, clucking and chirruping until she lost her balance, little Lady Mary carried the whole brood to the other end of the orchard. Then it was impossible to say which was the happier, the proud little mother, or the eager busy chirping little chicks.

As for Madam Juno, she remained stunned and mystified for some time. At last, feeling little timid soft things creeping under her, she obeyed her instincts, and squatted over them. Then she and her newly-acquired children all had a good doze; and to this minute it is mine and it is Judith's belief that she does not know her children were ever changed.

FOOTE, the actor, had occasion one day to cross over London Bridge in a cab, and as usual there was a "block up." Foote being in a hurry, anxiously inquired of a passer-by the cause, and the only answer he got was "That it was only a man who swallowed a ton of coal." To which the ever-ready wit replied, "Dear me! and what did he take to wash it down?"

PLEASANT THINGS.

ROVING through secluded bowers,
Through a cool delicious gloom,
Dreaming there away the hours
Of a scorching day in June.

Floating on the crystal water,
Drifting idly with the tide,
Listening to the silvery laughter
Of another by your side.

Scenting flowers freshly taken
From their haunts by wood and stream;
Kissed children 'ere they waken
From some light and happy dream.

Gazing on a sleeping ocean
With the moon upon her breast,
When the billows gently motion
Lulls the wearied soul to rest.

Pushing back the pretty tresses
From a brow that's smooth and fair,
Whilst your fond lip on it presses
Something ever welcome there.

Sitting in the twilight hour,
With the gentle girl you love,
Whilst the darkening shadows to woe,
And low murmurs fill the grove.

F. B. DOVETON

Kingston, C. W., 1865.

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 284.

"Indeed, sir, I do not," she answered. "I wish I did."

"If one could even find the cabman who drove them—"

The landlady clapped her hands together.

"There, now!" she exclaimed. "Why, to be sure, they went in one of Davis's flys!"

Saxon bounded up the steps again.

"Ye'a dear, good soul!" he said. "Where shall I find this Davis? Where are his stables? Where does he live? Tell me quickly."

She told him quickly and clearly—the second turning to the left, and then up a lane. He could not miss it. Every one knew Davis's stables.

He scarcely waited to hear the last words. Full of hope and excitement, he dashed into his cab again, and was gone in a moment.

CHAPTER LXXXVII. STILL IN PURSUIT.

Davis's stables were soon found; and also Davis—Davis of the stable, stably; all waistcoat, all pockets, all wide-awake, with a wisp of spotted catkin round his neck, a straw in his mouth, and no legs to speak of. This gentleman—not insensible to the attractions of her Majesty's profile in low relief on a neat pocket medallion—distinctly remembered supplying a fly on the morning in question. It was his large green fly, and he drove it himself. The gentleman desired him to drive to the Great Western Railway station. The lady was in deep mourning, and looked as if she had been crying. When they got to Paddington, the gentleman gave him half-a-crown over and above his fare. The luggage all belonged to the lady. A porter took it off the cab, and carried it into the station. Davis thought he should know the porter again, if he saw him. He was a tall, red-haired man, with only one eye. Did not hear it said to what station the lady and gentleman were going. Was quite willing, however, to go over to the Great Western terminus, and do what he could to identify the porter.

So Mr. Davis shuffled himself into a light overcoat, accepted a seat in Saxon's hansom, and was forthwith whirled away to Paddington. The one-eyed porter was found without difficulty. His name was Bell. He remembered the lady and gentleman quite well. The lady left her umbrella in the first-class waiting-room, and he found it there. He ran after the train as it was moving

away from the platform, but could not get up with the carriage soon enough to restore the umbrella. However, the gentleman came back to London that same evening, and inquired about it. Gave Bell a shilling for his trouble. The luggage was labelled for Clevedon. He was certain it was Clevedon, because he had labelled it with his own hands, and remembered having first of all labelled it Cleve, by mistake. Of all these facts he was positive. The incident of the umbrella had impressed them upon his memory; otherwise he did not suppose he should have retained a more distinct recollection of those two travellers than of the hundreds of others upon whom he attended daily. This testimony shaped Saxon's course. He dismissed Davis, recompensed Bell, and by two o'clock was speeding away towards the west.

It was the down express, and yet how slowly the train seemed to go! Leaning back in a corner of the carriage, he watched the flitting of the landscape and listened to the eager panting of the engine with an impatience that far outstripped the pace at which they were going. He counted the stations; he counted the minutes, the quarters, the half-hours, the hours. He had no eyes for the rich autumnal country. He saw not the "proud keep" of Windsor standing high above its antique woods; the silver-grey Thames, with its sentinel willows and wooded slopes; the fair city of Bath, seated amid her amphitheatre of hills; or Bristol, gloomy with smoke. All he thought of, all he desired to see, all he aimed at now, was Clevedon.

Shortly after half past five, he reached Bristol; at half-past six he had arrived at his destination. There were flys and omnibuses waiting about the little station. He took a close fly, being anxious to avoid recognition, and desired to be driven to the best hotel in the place. There was but one—a large white house with a garden, overlooking the Bristol Channel. The day was waning and the tide was high on the beach, as Saxon stood for a moment among the flowering shrubs, looking over to the shadowy Welsh hills far away. The landlord, waiting at the door of the hotel to receive him, thought that his newly arrived guest was admiring the setting sun, the placid sea with its path of fire, the little cove under the cliffs, and the steamers in the offing; but Saxon was scarcely conscious of the scene before him.

CHAPTER LXXXVIII. THE DAUGHTER OF OCEAN.

No Mr. Forsyth had been heard of at the Royal Hotel, Clevedon, and no lady whom any person belonging to the house could identify with Saxon's description of Helen Rivière. The head waiter, a middle-aged man of clerical aspect, suggested that "the gentleman should send for Mr. Slatter." Learning that Mr. Slatter was the superintendent of rural police, Saxon at once despatched a messenger to request his presence; whereupon the clerical waiter respectfully inquired whether the gentleman had dined.

But Saxon had neither dined nor breakfasted that day, nor slept in a bed for four nights past; so he desired the waiter to serve whatever could be made ready immediately, flung himself upon a sofa and, overwhelmed with fatigue, fell profoundly asleep.

It seemed to him that he had scarcely closed his weary eyes when a strange voice awoke him, and he found the waiter shouting in his ear, the dinner on the table, and Mr. Inspector Slatter waiting to speak with him.

Mr. Slatter represented the majesty of the English law to the extent of some six feet three: a huge, bronzed, crisp-haired, keen-eyed giant, with a soft rich voice, and a broad Somersetshire accent. He had not heard of any Mr. Forsyth at Clevedon, and he was positive that no such name had been added to the visitors' list up at the Reading Rooms. He had, however, observed a lady in very deep black sitting alone on the Old Church Hill bot yesterday and the day before. Not having been on the hill himself, Mr. Inspector Slatter could not say whether the lady was young or old; but that she was "a new arrival" he did not doubt. She had not been on the hill to-day. He had passed that way half a dozen times, and could not have

failed to see her if she had been there. As to finding out where this lady might be lodging, nothing was easier. Mr. Slatter would guarantee that information within a couple of hours.

So Saxon sat down to his solitary dinner, and Mr. Slatter departed on his mission. Rather before than after the expiration of two hours, he came back, having ascertained all that he had promised to learn. Miss Rivière had indeed been at Clevedon. She arrived five days before, accompanied by a gentleman who returned to London by the next up-train, leaving her in apartments at Weston Cottage down by the Green Beach. This very day, however, shortly after twelve, the same gentleman had come to fetch her away to Bristol, and they left about two o'clock.

Saxon snatched up his hat, bade the inspector lead the way, and rushed off to Weston Cottage to interrogate the landlady. He was received in the passage by a gaunt spinster, who at once informed him that she was entertaining a party of friends, and could not possibly attend to his inquiries. Saxon was quite too much in earnest to be daunted by grim looks and short answers; so, instead of politely requesting leave to call again at a more convenient opportunity, he only closed the door behind him, and said:

"I have but two or three questions to put to you, madam. Answer those, and I am gone immediately. Can you tell me in what direction your lodger was going when she left here?"

"If you will call again, young man," began the landlady, drawing herself up with a little dignified quiver of the head, "any time after twelve to-morrow—"

"Gracious Heavens, madam, I may be a couple of hundred miles hence by twelve to-morrow!" interrupted Saxon, impetuously. "Answer me at once, I beseech you."

Protesting all the time that it was very extraordinary, very unreasonable, very inconvenient, the mistress of Weston Cottage then replied as curtly and disagreeably as possible to Saxon's questions. Miss Rivière and Mr. Forsyth had left her house at a little before two o'clock that afternoon. They took the twenty-three minutes past two o'clock train to Bristol. "Where they might be going after that she could not tell. Having heard Mr. Forsyth mention the words "high tide," and "Cumberland Basin," she had guessed at the time that they might be about to continue their journey by water. This, however, was a mere supposition on her part, as she had only overheard the words by chance, while passing the drawing-room door. Mr. Forsyth, she had understood, was Miss Rivière's guardian. He did not arrive unexpectedly. It had been all along arranged that he should return to-day to fetch Miss Rivière away; and the apartments were only engaged for one week. Some of Miss Rivière's luggage, indeed, had never been taken up-stairs at all; and the rest was ready in the hall a good two hours before they went away. It was all labelled Bristol. Here the gaunt landlady's unwilling testimony ended.

By the time that Saxon got back to the Royal Hotel, it was close upon ten o'clock. The last train to Bristol had been gone nearly two hours, and he must now either take post-horses all the way, or drive to the Yatton junction, so as to catch the up-train from Exeter at fifty-five minutes past ten. Having taken counsel with Mr. Slatter, he decided on the latter as the more expeditious route, and in the course of a few minutes had paid his hotel bill, recompensed the inspector, and was once again on his way.

Then came the gloomy road; the monotonous tramp of hoofs and rumble of wheels; hedge-rows gliding slowly past in the darkness, and now and then a house by the wayside brimming over with light and warmth. Next, the station, with the up-train just steaming in; porters running along the platform; first-class passengers peering out cosily through close-shut windows; and the engine all glow, smoke, and impatience, panting for release. Here, Saxon exchanged the dismal hotel fly for a warm corner in a dimly-lighted railway carriage, and so sped on again till the train stopped at the Bristol station, where he alighted, jumped into a cab, and bade the driver take him to Cumberland Basin.

The way to this place lay through a tangled maze of narrow by-streets, over lighted bridges, along silent quays, and beside the floating harbour thick with masts, till they came to an office close beside a pair of huge gates, beyond which more masts were dimly visible. There were lights in the windows of this office, the door of which was presently opened by a sleepy porter, who, being questioned about the boats which had left Cumberland Basin that day, said he would call Mr. Lilliecap, and vanished. After a delay of several minutes, Mr. Lilliecap came out from an inner room—a small, pallid young man, redolent of tobacco and rum, and disposed to be snappish.

Boats? he said. Boats? Very extraordinary hour to come there asking about boats. Did people suppose that boats went out from the Basin at midnight? Had any boats gone out that day? Absurd question! Of course boats had gone out. Boats went out every day. There had been a boat to Ilfracombe—that went at five; a boat to Hayle—at half-past three; one to Swansea, at half-past four; and the daily boat to Portishead at two. Any others? Oh yes, to be sure—one other. The Daughter of Ocean for Bordeaux—not a fixed boat. Went about twice a month, and started to-day about four.

For Bordeaux! Saxon's pulse leaped at the name.

"The Daughter of Ocean carries passengers, of course?" he asked quickly.

"Oh yes—of course."

"And there is a regular steam service, is there not, between Bordeaux and America?"

Mr. Lilliecap stared and laughed.

"To be sure there is," he replied. "The French service. But what traveller in his senses would go from Bristol to Bordeaux to get to New York, when he can embark at Liverpool or Southampton? Out of the question."

But Saxon, instead of arguing this point with Mr. Lilliecap, begged to know where he should apply for information about those passengers who had gone with the steamer that afternoon, whereupon Mr. Lilliecap, who was really disposed to be obliging, despite his irascibility, offered to send the porter with him to a certain booking-office where these particulars might perhaps be ascertained. So Saxon followed the man over a little drawbridge, and across a dreary yard full of casks and packing-cases to another office, where, although it was so long past business hours, a pleasant kind of foreman came down to speak to him. The books, he said, were locked up, and the clerks gone hours ago; but he himself remembered the lady and gentleman perfectly well. The lady wore deep black, and the gentleman carried a large carpet-bag in his hand. He recollected having seen the gentleman several days before. He came down to the office, and took the double passage, and paid the double fare in advance. They came on board a little after three o'clock—it might be half-past three—and the Daughter of Ocean steamed out about a quarter-past four. If, however, the gentleman would come there any time after eight to-morrow morning, he could see the books and welcome.

But Saxon had no need to see the books now. They could tell him no more than he knew already.

CHAPTER LXXXIX. THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Although he left Bristol by the first morning express, Saxon yet found that he must perforce wait in town till evening, before he could pursue his journey further. The early continental mail train was, of course, long gone ere he reached Paddington, and the next would not leave London Bridge till eight p.m. As for the tidal route via Boulogne, it fell so late in the afternoon, that he would in no wise be a gainer by following it. So he had no resource but to wait patiently, and bear the delay with as much philosophy as he could master to his aid.

In the meanwhile, he was quite resolved to keep clear of his allies, and accept no aid from without. The clue which he now held was of his own finding, and the failure or success with which he should follow it up must be his own likewise. So he went neither to Lombard-street to learn if there were news of Laurence Greatorex, nor to Chancery-lane to consult with Mr.

Keckwitich, nor even to his club; but, having looked in at his chambers and desired the imper-turbable Gillingwater to prepare his travelling kit and have his dinner ready by a certain hour, the young man thought he could not spend his "enforced leisure" better than by taking William Trefalden at his word, and learning from Mr. Behrens' own lips the true story of the Castletowers mortgage.

The woolstapler's offices were easily found, and consisted of a very dreary, dusty, comfortless first floor in a dismal house at the further end of Bread-street. On entering the outer room, Saxon found himself in the presence of three very busy clerks, a tall porter sitting humbly on the extreme edge of a huge packing-case, a small boy shrilly telling over a long list of names and addresses, and a bulky, beetle-browed man in a white hat, who was standing in a masterful attitude before the empty fireplace, his feet very wide apart, and his hands clasped behind his back. Saxon recognised him at once—keen grey eyes, iron-grey hair, white hat, and all.

"Mr. Behrens, I believe?" he said.

The woolstapler nodded with surly civility.

"My name is Behrens," he replied.

"And mine, Trefalden. Will you oblige me with five minutes' private conversation?"

Mr. Behrens looked at the young man with undissembled curiosity.

"Oh, then you are Mr. Saxon Trefalden, I suppose," he said. "I know your name very well. Step in."

And he led the way into his private room—a mere den some ten feet square, as cheerful and luxurious as a condemned cell.

"I must beg your pardon, Mr. Behrens, for introducing myself to you in this abrupt way," said Saxon, when they were both seated.

"Not at all, sir," replied the other, bluntly. "I am glad to have the opportunity of seeing you. You were a nine days' wonder here in the City, some months ago."

"Not for any good deeds of my own, I fear!" laughed Saxon.

"Why, no; but for what the world values above good deeds now-a-days—the gifts of fortune. We don't all get our money so easily as yourself, sir."

"And a fortunate thing too. Those who work for their money are happier than those who only inherit it. I had far rather have worked for mine, if I could have chosen."

Mr. Behrens' rugged face lighted up with approbation.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said he. "It is a very proper feeling, and, as a statement, quite true to fact. I know what work is—no man better. I began life as a factory-boy, and I have made my way up from the bottom of the ladder. I had no help, no education, no capital—nothing in the world to trust to but my head and my hands. I have known what it is to sleep under a haystack, and dine upon a raw turnip; and yet I say I had rather have suffered what I did suffer, than have dawdled through life with my hands in my pockets and an empty title tacked to my name."

"I hope you do not think that I have dawdled through life, or ever mean to dawdle through it," said Saxon. "I am nothing but a Swiss farmer. I have driven the plough and hunted the chamois ever since I was old enough to do either."

"Ay; but now you're a fine gentleman!"

"Not a bit of it! I am just what I have always been, and I am going home before long to my own work, and my own people. I intend to live and die a citizen-farmer of the Swiss Republic."

"Then, upon my soul, Mr. Saxon Trefalden, you are the most sensible young man I ever met in my life," exclaimed the woolstapler, admiringly. "I could not have believed that any young man would be so unspoiled by the sudden acquisition of wealth. Shake hands, sir. I am proud to know you."

And the self-made man put out his great brown hand, and fraternised with Saxon across the table.

"I know your cousin very well," he added. "In fact, I have just been round to Chancery-lane to call on him; but they tell me he is gone

abroad for six weeks. Rather unusual for him to take so long a holiday, isn't it?"

"Very unusual, I think," stammered Saxon, turning sullenly red and hot.

"It is especially inconvenient to me, too, just at this time," continued Mr. Behrens, "for I have important business on hand, and Keckwitich, though a clever fellow, is not Mr. Trefalden. Your cousin is a remarkably clear-headed, intelligent man of business, sir."

"Yes. He has great abilities."

"He has acted as my solicitor for several years," said Mr. Behrens.

And then he leaned back in his chair, and looked as if he wondered what Saxon's visit was about.

"I—I wanted to ask you a question, Mr. Behrens, if I may take the liberty," said Saxon, observing the look.

"Surely, sir. Surely."

"It is about the Castletowers estate."

Mr. Behrens' brow clouded over at this announcement.

"About the Castletowers estate?" he repeated.

"Lord Castletowers," said Saxon, beating somewhat about the bush in his reluctance to approach the main question, "is—is my intimate friend."

"Humph!"

"And—and his means, I fear, are very inadequate to his position."

"If you mean that he is a drone in the hive, and wants more honey than his fair share, Mr. Trefalden, let him do what you and I were talking of just now—work for it."

"I believe he would gladly do so, Mr. Behrens, if he had the opportunity," replied Saxon; "but that is not it."

"Of course not. That never is it," said the man of the people.

"What I mean is, that he has been cruelly hampered by the debts with which his father encumbered the estates, and—"

"And he has persuaded you to come here and intercede for more time! It is the story of every poor gentleman who cannot pay up his mortgage-money when it falls due. I can't listen to it any longer. I can do no more for Lord Castletowers than I have done already. The money was due on the second of this month, and to-day is the seventeenth. I consented to wait one week overtime, and on the ninth your cousin came to me imploring one week more. Lord Castletowers, he said, was abroad, but expected home daily. Money was promised, but had not yet come in. In short, one additional week was to put everything straight. I am no friend to coronets, as your cousin knows; but I would not desire to be harsh to any man, whether he were a lord or a crossing-sweeper—so I let your friend have the one week more. It expired yesterday. I expected Mr. Trefalden all the afternoon, and he never made his appearance. I have called at his office this morning, and I hear that he has left town for six weeks. I am sorry for it, because I must now employ a stranger, which makes it, of course more unpleasant for Lord Castletowers. But I can't help myself; I must have the money, and I must foreclose. That is my last word on the matter."

And having said this, Mr. Behrens thrust his hands doggedly into his pockets, and stared defiantly at his visitor.

Saxon could scarcely repress a smile of triumph. He had learned more than he came to ask, and was in a better position than if he had actually put the questions he was preparing in his mind.

"I think we slightly misunderstand each other, Mr. Behrens," he said. "I am here today to pay you the twenty-five thousand pounds due to you from Lord Castletowers. Do you wish to receive it in cash, or shall I pay it into any bank on your account?"

"You—you can pay it over to me, if you please, sir," stammered the woolstapler, utterly confounded by the turn which affairs were taking.

"I am not sure that I have quite so large a sum at my banker's at this present moment," said Saxon; "but I will go at once to Signor Nazzari of Austin-Friars, who is my stock broker,

and arrange the matter. In the mean while, if I give you a cheque for the amount, Mr. Behrens, you will not present it, I suppose, before to-morrow?"

"No, not before to-morrow. Certainly not before to-morrow."

Saxon drew his cheque-book from his pocket, and laid it before him on the table.

"By the way, Mr. Behrens," he said, "I hear that you have built yourself a pretty house down at Castletowers."

"Confoundedly damp," replied the woolstapler.

"Indeed! The situation is very pleasant. Your grounds once formed a part of the Castletowers park, did they not?"

"Yes; I gave his lordship two thousand pounds for that little bit of land. It was too much—more than it was worth."

Saxon opened the cheque-book, drew the ink-stand towards him, and selected a pen.

"You would not care to sell the place, I suppose, Mr. Behrens?" he said, carelessly.

"Humph! I don't know."

"If you would, I should be happy to buy it."

"The house and stables cost me two thousand five hundred pounds to build."

"And yet are damp!"

"Well, the damp is really nothing to speak of," replied Mr. Behrens, quickly.

"Let me see; I believe Lord Castletowers sold a couple of farms at the same time. Did you buy those also, Mr. Behrens?"

"No, sir. They were bought by a neighbour of mine—a Mr. Sloper. I rather think they are again in the market."

"I should be very glad to buy them, if they are."

"You wish, I see, to have a little landed property over in England, Mr. Trefalden. You are quite right, sir; and after all, you are more than half an Englishman."

"My name is English; my descent is English; and my fortune is English," replied Saxon, smiling.

"I should be ungrateful if I were not proud to acknowledge it."

The woolstapler nodded approval.

"Well," he said, "I have lately bought an estate down in Worcestershire, and I have no objection to sell the Surrey place if you have a fancy to buy it. It has cost me, first and last, nearly five thousand pounds."

"I will give you that price for it with pleasure, Mr. Behrens," replied Saxon. "Shall I make out the cheque for thirty thousand pounds, and settle it at once?"

The seller laughed grimly.

"I think you had better wait till your cousin comes back, before you pay me for it, Mr. Trefalden. The bargain is made, and that's enough; but you ought not to part from your money without receiving your title-deeds in exchange."

Saxon hesitated and looked embarrassed.

"If you are afraid that I shall change my mind, you can give me fifty pounds on the bargain—will that do? People don't buy freehold estates in quite that off-hand way, you see, even though they may be as rich as the Bank of England—but one can see you are not much used to business."

"I told you I was only a farmer, you know," laughed Saxon, making out his cheque for the twenty-five thousand and fifty pounds.

"Ay—but take care you don't fling your money away, Mr. Trefalden. You're a very young man, and begging your pardon for the observation, you don't know much of the world. Money is a hard thing to manage; and you have more, I fancy, than you know what to do with."

"Perhaps I have."

"At all events, you can't do better than buy land—always remember that. I do it myself, and I advise others to do it."

"I mean to buy all I can get in my native canton."

"That's right, sir; and if you like, I will inquire about those two farms for you."

"I should be more obliged to you than I can express."

"Not in the least. I like you; and when I like people, I am glad to serve them. You wouldn't be particular to a few hundreds, I suppose?"

"I don't care what price I pay for them."

"Whew! I must not tell Sloper that. In fact, I shall not mention you at all. Your name alone would add fifty per cent to the price."

"I shall be satisfied with whatever bargain you can make for me, Mr. Behrens," said Saxon, and handed him the cheque.

The woolstapler shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I must give you receipts for these two sums," he said; "but your cousin ought to have been present on behalf of Lord Castletowers. The whole thing is irregular. Hadn't you better wait while I send round to Chancery-lane for Mr. Keckwiteh?"

But Saxon, anxious above all things to avoid a meeting with that worthy man, would not hear of this arrangement; so Mr. Behrens gave him a formal receipt in the presence of one of his clerks, pocketed the cheque, and entered Saxon's address in his note-book.

"As soon as I have any news about the farms, Mr. Trefalden, I will let you know."

With this they shook hands cordially and parted.

"I'll be bound that open-handed young fellow has lent the Earl this money," he muttered, as he locked the cheque away in his cash-box.

"Confound the aristocrats! They are all either drones or hornets."

In the mean while, Saxon was tearing along Cheapside on his way to Austin-Friars, eager to secure Signor Nazzari's services while the Stock Exchange was yet open, and full of joy in the knowledge that he had saved his friend from ruin.

About two hours later, as he was walking slowly across the open space in front of the Exchange, having just left the Bank of England, where he had found all his worst fears confirmed in regard to the stock sold out by his cousin in virtue of the power of attorney granted by himself five months before, the young man was suddenly brought to a pause by a hand upon his sleeve, and a panting voice calling upon his name.

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden—beg pardon, sir—one half minute, if you please!"

It was Mr. Keckwiteh, breathless, pallid, streaming with perspiration.

"One of our clerks, sir," he gasped, "appened to catch sight of you—gettin' out of a cab—top of Broad-street. I've been followin' you—ever since he came back. M. Behrens directed me to Austin-Friars—from Austin-Friars sent on—to Bank. And here I am!"

Saxon frowned; for his cousin's head clerk was precisely the one person whom he had least wished to meet.

"I am sorry, Mr. Keckwiteh," he said, "that you have put yourself to so much inconvenience."

"Bless you, sir, I don't regard the inconvenience. The point is, have you learned anything of the missing man?"

Saxon was so unused to dissemble, that after a moment's hesitation he could think of no better expedient than to ask a question in return.

"Have none of your emissaries learned anything, Mr. Keckwiteh?"

"No, sir, not at present. I've had three telegrams this mornin'; one from Liverpool, one from Southampton, and one from Glasgow, all telling the same tale—no success. As for Mr. Kidd, he has taken the London Docks for his line; but he's done no better than other folks, up to this time. If, however, you have made any way, sir, why then we can't do better than follow your lead."

They were close under the equestrian statue of the Duke, when Saxon stopped short, and, looking the head clerk full in the face, replied:

"Yes, Mr. Keckwiteh, I do know something of my cousin's movements, but it is my intention to keep that knowledge to myself. You can put a stop to all these useless inquiries. I shall now retain this matter in my own hands."

"Not excludin' me from assistin' you, sir, I hope?" exclaimed Keckwiteh, anxiously.

"Of course, if you have found a clue and it's your pleasure to follow it yourself, that's only what you've a right to do; but I'm a man of experience, and I've done so much already to—"

"I am obliged, Mr. Keckwiteh, by what you have done," said Saxon, "and shall make a point of recompensing you for your trouble; but I have no further need of your services."

"But, sir—but, Mr. Saxon Trefalden, you can't mean to give me the go-by in this way? It ain't fair, sir."

"Not fair, Mr. Keckwiteh?"

"After my toilin' all the summer through as I have toiled—after all the trouble I've taken, and all the money I've spent, wormin' out the secrets of your cousin's ways—you'd never have known even so much as where he lived, but for me!"

"Mr. Keckwiteh," said the young man, sternly, "whatever you may have done, was done to please yourself, I presume—to satisfy your own curiosity, or to serve your own ends. It was certainly not done for me. I do not consider that you have any claim upon my confidence, nor even upon my purse. However, as I said before, I shall recompense you by-and-by as I see fit."

And with this, he hailed a cab, desired to be driven to his chambers, and speedily vanished in the throng of westward-bound vehicles, leaving the head clerk boiling with rage and disappointment.

"Well, I'm cursed if that isn't a specimen of ingratitude," muttered he. "Here's a purse-proud upstart for you, to step in and rob an honest man of his fair vengeance. Recompense, indeed! Curse his recompense, and himself too. I hate him. I wish he was dead. I hate the whole tribe of Trefaldens. I wish they were all dead, and that I had the buryin' of 'em."

Mr. Keckwiteh repeated this agreeable valediction to himself over and over again as he went along.

CHAPTER XC. AT FAULT.

Up and down, up and down, till his eyes weary of the shipping and his feet of the parvé, Saxon wandered along the quays of the grand old city of Bordeaux, seeking vainly for any definite news of the Daughter of Ocean. He had lost much precious time by the way—a night in Bristol, a day in London, another night in Bordeaux; but for this there had been absolutely no help. The early train that took him from Bristol to London arrived too late for the morning mail to Paris, and the express from Paris to Bordeaux brought him into the antique capital of Guienne between ten and eleven at night. Armed, however, with the same strong will that had carried him along thus far, Saxon set to work to pursue his search as vigorously in Bordeaux as in London and Bristol, and, if possible, to make up for lost time by even greater perseverance and patience.

Up to this point he had held no further communication with Grestorex. He was determined to act for himself and by himself, without help or counsel. He would, perhaps, have found it difficult to explain why he shrunk from sharing the responsibility of this task—why, from that moment when he had first divined the share which Helen Rivière might bear in his cousin's flight, he had jealously kept the supposition to himself, and determined to follow up this accidental clue unaided and alone. But so it was. He felt that the girl's name was sacred; that his lips were sealed; that he, and he only, must seek and save her.

He thought of her perpetually. He could think, indeed, of nothing else. Throughout the weary, weary miles of travel, by night, by day, sleeping or waking, the remembrance of her peril was ever before him. He had beheld her face but twice in his life; yet it was as vividly present to him as if he had been familiar with its pale and tender beauty from his boyhood. It wrung his very heart to think of her eyes—those pathetic eyes, with that look of the caged chamois in them that he remembered so well. Then he would wonder vaguely whether they had always worn that expression? Whether he should ever see them lighted up with smiles? Whether she had ever known the joyous, thoughtless, sunshiny happiness of childhood, and had made her father's home musical with laughter?

Musing thus, while the unvaried flats of central France were gliding monotonously past the car-

riage windows, he would wander on into other and quite irrelevant speculations, wondering whether she remembered him? Whether she would know him again, if she met him? Whether she had ever thought of him since that day when they met at the Waterloo Bridge station, and he paid her fare from Sedgebrook? And then, at the end of all these tangled skeins of reverie would always come the one terrible question—did she love William Trefalden?

He told himself that it was impossible. He told himself over and over again that heaven was just and merciful, and would never condemn that pure young soul to so fatal an error; but while he reasoned he trembled.

Supposing that this thing had really come to pass—what then? What if they were already married? The supposition was not to be endured, and yet it flashed upon him every now and then, like a sharp pang of physical pain. He might put it aside as resolutely as he would, but it came back and back again.

Whence this pain? Whence this anguish, this restless energy, this indomitable will that knew neither fatigue nor discouragement, nor shadow of turning? These were questions that he never asked himself. Had they been put to him, he would probably have replied that he compassionated Helen Rivière from the bottom of his heart, and that he would have felt the same, and done as much, for any other innocent and helpless girl in a similar position. It was a pity. Pity, of course. What else should it be?

In this frame of mind, devoured by anxiety, and impelled by a restlessness, that increased with every hour, the young man traversed the hundreds upon hundreds of miles between Bristol and Bordeaux, and now wandered eagerly about the far-spreading city and the endless quays, pursuing his search.

Of the Daughter of Ocean, he ascertained that she had arrived in port and was unloading somewhere below the bridge. Sent hither and thither, referred from one shipping agent to another, and confuted by all sorts of contradictory directions, he had the greatest difficulty to find the steamer, and, when found, to gain a moment's hearing from those about her. Deserted, apparently, by her captain and crew, and given over to a swarm of blue-bloused porters, the Daughter of Ocean lay beside a wharf on the further side of the Garonne, undergoing a rapid clearance. The wharf was obstructed with crates, bales, and packing-cases; the porters came and went like bees about a hive; a French commis in a shaggy white hat, with a book under his arm and a pen behind his ear, stood by and took note of the goods as they were landed, and all was chatter, straw, bustle, and confusion. No one seemed able to give Saxon the least intelligence. The commis would scarcely listen to him, and the only person from whom he could extract a civil word was a fat Englishman in a semi-nautical costume, whom he found in the saloon of the steamer, immersed in accounts. This person informed him that the captain was gone to Perigueux, and that the passengers had all been landed yesterday at the Quai Louis Philippe. As to where they might have gone after being once set ashore, that was nobody's business but their own. Perhaps it might be worth while to make inquiry at the passport-office, or the English consulate. He should do so himself if he were looking after any friends of his own.

So Saxon thanked the fat Englishman for his advice, and went to the consulate. The consul advised him to go to the préfet, and the préfet, after keeping him for more than an hour in a dismal waiting room, referred him to the superintendent of the city police. This functionary, a fussy, inquisitive, self-important personage, entered Saxon's name in a big book, promised that he would communicate with the authorities of the passport-office, and desired monsieur to call again to-morrow between two and four.

The day dragged slowly by; and when at night he laid his weary head upon the pillow, Saxon sat as if he were further off than ever from success.

The next day, Saturday, was spent in the same unsatisfactory way. He wasted all the forenoon in hunting out one Philip Edmonds, first mate

of the Daughter of Ocean, who was lodging at a little marine boarding house on the opposite side of the river. This Edmonds at once remembered to have seen William Trefalden and Helen Rivière among the passengers. The lady was in deep mourning. They landed with the others at the Quai Louis Philippe. He had never spoken to either, and knew nothing of their ultimate destination. This was all that he had to tell.

Then Saxon went back to the quays, and inquired about the steamers that would sail next week for New York. He found that none had left Bordeaux since the Daughter of Ocean had come into port, and that the first departure would take place on the following Tuesday. By the time that these facts were ascertained, it was late enough to go to the superintendent's office. Here, however, he was requested to call again to-morrow, the police having as yet been unable to come at any satisfactory results. The vagueness of this statement, and the air of polite indifference with which it was conveyed to him by a bland official in the office, convinced Saxon that he had little to expect from aught but his own unaided efforts. That night, having since early morning paced untrilingly about the quays and streets and public offices of Bordeaux, he lay down to rest, almost in despair.

CHAPTER XCI. SAXON STRIKES THE TRAIL IN A FRESH PLACE.

"WILL monsieur have the goodness to write his name in the visitors' book?"

Saxon had finished his solitary breakfast and was looking dreamily out of the window of the salle-à-manger, when the head waiter laid the volume before him, and preferred the stereotyped request. Scarcely glancing at the motley signatures with which the page was nearly filled, the young man scrawled his own.

"Tiens," said the waiter, as Saxon completed the entry under its various headings. "Monsieur is Swiss?"

"I am. What of it?"

"Nothing—except that monsieur speaks with the purity of a Frenchman. There is a Swiss Protestant chapel in Bordeaux, if monsieur would wish to attend the service."

A new possibility suggested itself to Saxon.

"Is there any English Protestant chapel?" he asked, quickly.

"Mais, certainement, monsieur. On the Paré des Chantrons. One may see it from this window."

And the waiter pointed out a modest white building about a quarter of a mile away.

Saxon's heart bounded with hope renewed.

The English Protestant chapel! What more likely than that Helen should find her way thither, this Sunday morning? What more probable than that the English chaplain should be able to help him? How dull he had been, not to think of this before! Finding that it yet wanted nearly two hours to the time when service would begin, and that the chaplain lived near by, Saxon went at once to wait upon him. An old woman, however, opened the door to him, and informed him, with many curtsies, that her master was absent for six weeks' vacancies, and that a strange gentleman had undertaken his duty in the mean while. As for the strange gentleman's name, she had not the remotest idea of it. It was "un nom Anglaise—un nom excessivement difficile."

"If you will direct me where to find him," said Saxon, "I can dispense with his name."

"Mon Dieu, monsieur, he is staying at Drouay?"

"Where, then, is Drouay?"

"Ah, c'est loin, monsieur."

"What do you mean by far? How far?"

"More than three leagues, monsieur. But he will be here to perform the service at half-past ten, and monsieur can see him after it is over."

Forced to content himself with this prospect, Saxon then chatted a while with the garrulous old femme de charge, and learned that Drouay was a little village in the heart of the wine-country north of Bordeaux; that the strange clergyman, being in delicate health, was staying there till the vintage-time should come round, and enable him to take the benefit of the grape-cure; that her own master was the best man in

the world, that the chapel was très laide; that the attendance at this time was very scanty; that the voluntary contributions were very much less than they should be; and so forth, till he succeeded in effecting his escape.

At length half-past ten o'clock came round. His thoughts were busy with the things of the world, and he felt that he had no power to abstract them. He felt that he could no more lay down his burden upon that sacred threshold as he ought to lay it down, than he could lay down his personality; so he remained outside the door and watched the congregation passing in. But he watched in vain. Among the women came no Helen Rivière—among the men no William Trefalden. By-and-by, he heard the psalm-singing through the half-opened windows, and now and then a faint echo of the voice of the preacher.

To be concluded in our next.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

ABOUT two hundred years ago, England began to take a lead in the mercantile commerce of the world; her ships were daily passing across the Atlantic, and India also was beginning to attract our attention. It was therefore of the utmost importance that navigators should be enabled to find their longitude when at sea, independently of watches or clocks; and a reward was offered to any one who should discover a method by which this result might be obtained.

The plan proposed was, that the angular distance of the moon from certain stars should be calculated beforehand, and published, so that, for example, it might be stated, that at ten minutes and five seconds past nine on each day, the moon should be distant from Mars 40 degrees. If from a ship in the middle of the Atlantic, Mars and the moon were found to be 40 degrees apart, then it would be known that the time in England was ten minutes and five seconds past nine.

Here, then, was one item ascertained, and the method was a good one; but in consequence of the want of accuracy as regarded the moon's motions, and the exact positions of the stars, it could not be practically carried out.

Under these circumstances, Charles II. decided that a national observatory should be built, and an astronomer appointed; and a site was at once selected for the building. Wren, the architect, selected Greenwich Park as the most suitable locality, because from thence vessels passing up and down the Thames might see the time-signals, and also because there was a commanding view north and south from the hill selected for the site. The observatory was completed in 1676, and Flamsteed, the chief astronomer, immediately commenced his observations, but with very imperfect instruments of his own. During thirty years, Flamsteed laboured indefatigably, and formed a valuable catalogue of stars, and made a vast collection of lunar observations. He was succeeded by Halley, who carried on similar observations; and from that time to the present, Greenwich Observatory has been our headquarters for astronomical observations.

The work carried on at Greenwich is entirely practical, and consists in forming a catalogue of stars and planets, and so watching them that every change in their movements is at once discovered. Now that this work has been performed for several years, the movements of the principal celestial bodies have been so accurately determined, that the *Nautical Almanac*—the official guide on these subjects—is published four years in advance, and thus we find that on a particular night in 1868, the moon will be at a certain angular distance from a star, and the second satellite of Jupiter will disappear at a particular instant. On the exterior wall of the observatory there is a large electric clock, which, being placed in "contact" with the various other clocks in the observatory, indicates exact Greenwich time. The face of this clock shows twenty-four hours, so that it requires that a notice should look at it twice before comparing his watch. On the left of this clock, are metal bars

let into the wall, each of which represents the length of a standard measure, such as a yard, foot, &c. And let us here say a few words about the standards. To the uninitiated, a yard is simply three feet, and a foot is twelve inches—an inch being, we are told in our "Tables," the length of three barley-corns. Now, as the length of a barley-corn varies considerably, it requires something more definite than this to determine our national measures. Thus, the question, what is a foot? is more difficult to answer than at first sight appears. Many years ago, the French perceived the difficulty appertaining to the national standard, and they therefore decided that a *mètre* should be the ten-millionth part of one-fourth of the earth's circumference—that is, ten-millionth of the distance from the equator to the Pole. But here another difficulty was encountered, because different calculators found this arc of different lengths. By law, however, it was decided that one measurement only was correct, and so the *mètre* was fixed at 3.0794 Paris feet; though, since then, more accurate observations and improved instruments have shown these measured arcs to have been very incorrectly ascertained, and, thus the French method failed when practically tried.

The length of a seconds' pendulum oscillating in a certain latitude, has been our method of obtaining a standard; but this, also, has its weak points; so that to obtain a constant standard, it is necessary to have some pattern which is unchangeable; and thus a metal has been chosen that expands or contracts but a little either with heat or cold; and this, at a certain temperature, is the standard measure, and such a standard may be seen on the exterior wall of Greenwich Observatory.

On entering the doorway—which is guarded by a Greenwich pensioner, who will possibly first peep at the visitor, in order to see who the individual may be who is desirous to tread within the sacred precincts—one finds a court-yard, on the left of which are the transit-room, the computing-room, and the chronometer-room. The transit-room takes its name from the instrument therein, which is a large "transit." This consists of a large telescope, the outside of which is not unlike a heavy cannon, as it is of solid iron. The instrument is supported by trunnions, which allow the telescope to be elevated, or depressed to point south or north, and, in fact, to make a complete revolution, but never to diverge from the north or south line. The magnifying power of this instrument is not very great, but its field of view is large, so that it admits plenty of light, for it is intended not as a searcher for, or for gazing at celestial objects, but for the purpose of noting the exact time at which stars and planets pass south or north of Greenwich. Upon looking through this telescope, the observer's eye is first attracted by a vertical row of what seem to be iron bars, placed at equal distances from each other. These, however, prove to be only spiders' webs, and are used for the purpose of taking time of passage of a star over each wire, and thus to ascertain the exact instant of its being in the centre of the telescope. During even the finest and calmest nights, there is occasionally found a tremulousness in the instrument, which, as it is rigidly fixed to the walls of the building, must be due to a slight vibration in the ground itself. Thus, many a feeble earthquake, unfelt by the outsider, may be perceived by the astronomer by the aid of his delicate instruments.

The various stars seem to be travelling at an immense rate when seen in the field of the transit-telescope, and it is really nervous work noting the exact time when each wire is passed. The experienced observer, however, not only will give the minute and second, but also the decimal of a second when the star was on the wire. This result is obtained by counting the beats of a clock the face of which is opposite the observer. Thus, if at three the star seems as much short of the wire as at four it had passed it, then 3.5 might be the instant of "transit."

At noon each day the sun's passage is observed by nearly the whole staff of observers. One individual looks through the telescope, and gives the time for each wire, while others examine a

variety of micrometers in order to ascertain the fractional parts of seconds, &c.—these micrometers being placed at the side of the instrument.

In the morning, the principal work consists in making what are termed the "reductions" to the observations of the previous night. These reductions are the corrections requisite for the slight instrumental inaccuracy, for the refraction of the atmosphere, and for the known constant error of the observer. When, therefore, a bright winter's night has occurred, the work on the following morning is usually very heavy. At noon the sun's time of transit is taken, and at one o'clock the "ball" is dropped, by means of which the various vessels in the Docks and in the Thames set their chronometers, or ascertain their rate. In addition to this, the time is sent by electricity to Deal and one or two other seaports, in order that every vessel may be able to know the accurate time, if within sight of those places.

Not the least interesting portion of the observation is the chronometer-room. For a very small charge, manufacturers or owners may have their chronometers rated at Greenwich, which is accomplished in the following manner:

The chronometer is placed in the chronometer-room, and compared with the large electric clock in the room, this clock being kept in order by the stars. Each day the chronometer is examined, and thus its rate is ascertained in its then temperature. It is afterwards placed in a sort of closet warmed by gas, a condition supposed to represent the tropics, and it is there kept for a certain period, being tested each day as before. This change of temperature is found to produce very little effect on the best instruments, which, when they have passed the ordeal, are returned to the owners with their character ticketed to them. Some hundred chronometers are often placed in this room; and to compare them is a science, the "expert" by a glance discovering the difference between the two instruments, whilst a novice would require to mentally add or subtract, and thus slowly to arrive at the same results.

As soon as it becomes dark enough to see stars by the aid of a telescope, one of the staff commences his observations. These are continued during the night; and a register is kept of each star, planet, comet, or moon, which is "doctored" in the morning by the computers.

As all mortals are fallible, it is desirable to bring machinery into use where possible, and this has been managed in connection with astronomical observations. Instead of the computer registering by judgment the time of a star's transit over the various wires, he strikes a small indicator, which, completing the electric circuit, causes a pricker to fall and make a hole in a piece of paper that is attached to a slowly revolving barrel. Each time the star passes a wire, the pricker descends and leaves its mark, and the interval between these marks being measured by scale, the mean time of transit may be obtained.

There is usually a feeling of the sublime that comes over us when we reflect upon the vast unexplored regions of space, or contemplate the stellar world that shines upon us. The magnitude and grandeur of some of the planets in the solar system strike us with a feeling of awe and wonder, while we are puzzled at the mysteries attending comets, double stars, nebulae, &c. No such feelings or sentiments, however, are allowed to enter into the constitution or mind of an observer at Greenwich. Saturn, the glorious ringed planet, with its galaxy of moons, is simply "Saturn, Right Ascension 10 hours 3 min. 12 sec., North Declination 16° 12' 2". Anything appertaining to the physical constitution, the probable cause of the ring, or the object of so grand an orb, does not come within the range of the observations at Greenwich, which are limited to matter-of-fact business-work.

The southern portion of the observatory ground is devoted to the investigation of meteorological subjects, and it is under the superintendence of Mr. Glaisher, who is now well known as an aerial voyager. It is here that an exact record is kept of the amount of rain that daily falls, of the direction and force of the wind, of the magnetic

changes, of the temperature, amount of ozone, &c.—all matters which may, and probably will, lead us eventually to the discovery of some laws connected with the states of weather, and enable us to predict what may be expected from day to day. Whilst we are now able to calculate to a few seconds, and for years in advance, the instant when an eclipse may occur, and to explain the causes of the various planetary movements, yet we are in a sad state of ignorance as regards the causes of hurricanes, thunder-storms, continued rains and droughts, and thus we find that all the would-be prophets who from time to time spring up and oracularly announce a coming frost or fine weather, or the reverse, are perpetually meeting with most signal failures, which, however, does not deter future adventurers from attempting to gain a cheap temporary renown by trying their luck at a prophecy.

The perpetual accumulation of facts at Greenwich, whether these be of an astronomical nature, or appertaining to the air we breathe and its subtle changes, is a proceeding that must eventually lead us on to a correct knowledge of the laws which govern these matters, and also keep us acquainted with any variations that may be occurring in the elements that surround us.

The order and quietness necessary in such calculations as those carried on at Greenwich prevent it from being a "show" establishment, and hence visitors are not admitted except on special business. Then, however, every aid and assistance are offered to the student and inquirer; the use of books and instruments is freely given; and such information supplied as the little spare time of those belonging to the establishment enables them to afford. Thus a visit to or a period of study at Greenwich Observatory will amply repay those who wish to gain the latest and most accurate information on astronomical subjects, or to practise themselves at the adjustments and use of the instruments; and to those who have not such opportunity, we offer this slight sketch of our National Observatory at Greenwich.

EARLY CELTIC STORIES.

II.

THE BIG AMADHAN.

The Big Fool was the strongest man in the world, body and fist. As he and his true love were one day walking in a lovely valley near Loch Lene (Killarney), they saw a nobleman resembling a chief approaching. He had on a rich mantle, and bore a golden cup in one hand, and when he came near he halted them. "Fair couple, tell me your name and the name of this valley." "Maev is the name of this young woman, I am called the Big Amadhán, and the name of the valley I know not; I never was here before. If you have liquor in that cup worthy of a *Gaica* (hero) let me take a drink." "A thousand welcomes, but be moderate!" "Oh, to be sure," but the Big Fool never took the goblet from his lips while a drop remained, for it was sweeter than the sweetest mead.

Just as he let it go from his mouth, his two legs dropped off from his knees, and down he came on his stumps. Bitter were the tears that Maev of the white shoulders shed at her husband's mischance. "Is it thus that you show hospitality to your visitors, man of ill-fortune?" "The fault is your own. If you had drunk sparingly, no harm would have befallen you!" "By the hand of my gossip, I won't leave a pair of legs on any one I meet, beginning with yourself, till I recover them." "Don't mind me if you are wise. I have only to mutter one word to draw your strength from your body, and weaken you like the child of yesterday. Are these your hounds coming down the glen?"

A stag was sweeping down the valley, and hounds and mounted men were pursuing him. A white dog was foremost of the pack, and swift as the deer went, the Big Amadhán kept within seven paces of him, and seven paces behind the hero came the dog. Never was there so long a valley; never were matched deer, man, and dog!

of such fleet limbs. At last the Big Amadhán thought it better to bring the chaso to an end. So he poised his spear, and making an accurate and very strong cast, it entered at the beast's haunch, and came out at his breast. Up came the dog, and leaped with joy round the gaisca, and licked his hands.

It was not long till the master of the hunt came up. He had a gold-hafted sword by his side, and two long sharp spears in his hand; a gold brooch held his cloak, and a gold band went round his bircdh. "I thank you, good fellow," said he, "for killing that deer for me. Will you help my men to cut it up?" "I killed him for myself and my wife," said the Big Amadhán, "you shall not taste a morsel of it." "Well at least allow my dog to come to me." "First tell me your name and title." "I am the Enchanter of the Black Valley and the owner of the White Dog, the fleetest hound within the four seas." "You are so no more; the dog is mine." "You are unjust; you should be content with the deer."

Maev had hastened after her husband and was now come up. She took his left arm within her two, and lovingly looked up in his face. "Though you have done me wrong," said the enchanter, "I wish you joy of your beautiful wife. Where is your lios or caisliú, and what is the name of your tribe?" "I have neither land nor fort. I live by the might of my arm. A druid I met this morning deprived me of my legs, and till I recover them I will despoil and discomfort every brother druid of his that I meet." "Well, well; give me my dog, and come yourself and wife, and live with me in my dun, where you can express no wish which shall not be satisfied." "But how shall I recover my legs?" "I, you please me, even your legs shall be restored. I will get the Druid of the Gold Cup into my power, and force him to give them up." The big hero looked at his wife, she looked at him, and he agreed to the offer.

So he stooped, and taking the legs of the deer in his hands, he set it round his neck; Maev sat on its side, and so the two men, the woman, and the dog went on, and nothing is said of their journey till they came to the end of the valley.

There, on a near hill, was a fort, and every stone, and defence, and gate of it was of yellow gold.

"What is the name of that dun?" said the Gaisca, "and who is its chief?"

"That," said the enchanter, "is *Dun an Oir* (fort of gold), and I am its chief, and there you shall be entertained till you displease me."

So they entered the gates, and the Amadhán laid down his load at the door, and the druid brought him and his wife where his own wife was lying on her soft couch. Said the lady to Maev of the silken robe,—

"What is your name, beautiful woman, and the name of him you obey?"

"The Big Amadhán is he called, and he has never met his equal in battle and conflict. I am Maev, and his love for me is only equalled by mine for him."

"But why, O fair Maev of the silken robe, does he want all below the knees?"

"The druidic cup of mead it was, O lady of *Dun an Oir*, my sorrow be on it! But the longest road has an end, and the master of the cup will be one day under the foot of the Big Amadhán. By your hand, lady, he has subdued all the kings and chiefs of broad Erin."

So they made three divisions of the night; the first they spent at the table, the second in conversation, and the third was given to rest. Next morning the druid and the Gaisca were walking on the ramparts, and thus spoke the master of *Dun an Oir*.

"I go to chase the deer from *Dundealgan* (*Dundalk*) to *Glann a Smoll* (*Glen of Thrushes*), and your duty will be to let neither king nor chief within my gates; and if by your neglect they should get in, allow them not to quit till I return. My wife is very beautiful, and in my absence, when hunting, many a young prince and *Tiernach* would be well pleased to pay her their false compliments. This is the only kind of service I shall ever require at your hands. Ask of me in return anything you will."

Away went the master of *Dun an Oir*, and away with him went his white dog. The lady reclined on her couch, and the Big Fool lay on the floor. After a while, he felt such a weight of sleep on his eyes that he could not keep them open.

"By the hand of your husband, O lady," said he, "I fear I shall be found wanting in my duty. I could not continue awake even to be made *Ard-Rígh* at *Tara*. All in my power I will perform. Here I lie along at your feet, and no intruder can approach you without disturbing me. O, hard fortune, why did I undertake such duty!"

After some time he was aroused by something passing over his body, and opening his eyes he saw a stranger in a cloak attempting to kiss the lady. Springing up, and taking him by the arm, he swung him to the opposite wall.

"Stay there, man of evil design, till the return of the druidic master. Here I lie at the door to bar your passage."

"It 'ill beseeems a big Amadhán like you to lay hands on a chief. Come from your post, I command."

"Yes, at the return of the master." "I took one of your legs from the druid of the gold cup. I will give it you if you leave the pass free."

Maev, who was listening outside, came in and said,

"Agree to what the chief asks." "Bring my leg, and let me see how it fits."

He produced it, and it was found full of life. "Now I am free; leave the door."

"No, by your hand, I am worse now with one short and one long leg than I was."

The magic chief fastened on the other.

"Now I demand my reward. Otherwise you shall be sung by every bard in wide *Erinn*, as the ungrateful Amadhán."

"I value not their lying songs a dry rash. You shall not quit this *grianan** of the golden castle till the return of its chief. I could not prevent your entrance, I will certainly prevent your departure."

The lady of the fort and the wife of the Amadhán raised their voices against this resolution, but the huge Gaisca was deaf to their words. At last the man in the cloak flung it off, and there stood the Druid of the White Dog and of *Dun an Oir*. He seized the Amadhán in his arms, and kissed him on both cheeks, and tears began to fall from the eyes of Maev.

"Thou faithful man," said the Druid, "it was I who gave thee the enchanted drink, and did all the rest to have thee for a dweller in my fort. Now when I choose I can go to chase the wolves and deer from *Loch Lene* to the *Sea of Noyle*.^f When I am fatigued and remain at home to rest, you may go in search of adventures. I will be as faithful a guardian to thy wife as you were of mine. While all are in the dun together, we shall be as happy as friendship, and love, and the wine and mead cup, and the songs of the travelling bards can make us."

Intermixed with tales of the wild and wonderful, we sometimes meet in the old Gaelic collections with a few of a more commonplace character illustrative of the advantage of observing certain moral maxims or time-honoured proverbs. The MS. from which we have obtained the following story does not explain what the colour of the soles of the dying king had to do in the narrative.

THE THREE ADVICES WHICH THE KING WITH THE RED SOLES GAVE TO HIS SON.†

When the chief of the *Bonna Dearriga* was on his death-bed he gave his son three counsels, and said misfortune would attend him if he did not follow them. The first was never to bring home a beast from a fair after having been offered a fair price for it; the second never to call in

* Summer chamber: the Celtic predecessor of the modern boudoir.

† *Sraoith na Maile Ruadh* (Stream of Red Billows), the sea between Ireland and Scotland.

‡ This is the corrupt wording of our MS. is "Seal na Bonna Dearriga na trí chloirí do lug a dha mac."

§ Now Telltown in Meath. Centuries before the Christian Era meetings were held there for the purpose of negotiating marriages, and hiring of servants, and transacting other matters of business.

ragged clothes on a friend when he wanted a favour from him; the third not to marry a wife with whose family he was not well acquainted.

The name of the young chief was *Illan*, called *Don* from his brown hair, and the first thing he set about doing after the funeral was to test the wisdom of his father's counsels. So he went to the fair of *Tailtean* with a fine mare of his, and rode up and down. He asked twenty gold rings for his beast, but the highest bid he got was only nineteen. To work out his design he would not abate a scerpal, but rode home on her back in the evening. He could have readily crossed a ford that lay in his way near home; for sheer devilment he leaped the river higher up, where the banks on both sides were steep. The poor beast stumbled as she came near the edge, and was flung head foremost into the rocky bed, and killed. He was pitched forward, but his fall was broken by some shrubs that were growing in the face of the opposite bank. He was as sorry for the poor mare as any young fellow, fond of horses and dogs, could be. When he got home he sent a *giolla* to take off the animal's two fore-legs at the knee, and these he hung up in the great hall of his dun, having first had them properly dried and prepared.

Next day he repaired again to the fair, and got into conversation with a rich chief of *Oriel*, whose handsome daughter had come to the meeting to purchase some cows. *Illan* offered his services as he knew most of the bodachs and the bodachs' wives who were there for the object of selling. A word to them from the handsome and popular young chief,—and good bargains were given to the lady. So pleased was her father, ay and she too, with this civility that he forthwith received an invitation to hunt and fish at the northern rath, and very willingly he accepted it. So he returned home in a very pleasant state of mind, and was anxious that this second experiment should succeed better than the first.

The visit was paid, and in the mornings there were pleasant walks in the woods with the young lady, while her little brother and sister were chasing one another through the trees, and the hunting and fishing went on afterwards, and there were feasts of venison, and wild boar, and drinking of wine and mead in the evenings, and stories in verse recited by bards, and sometimes moonlight walks on the ramparts of the fort, and at last marriage was proposed and accepted.

One morning as *Illan* was musing on the happiness that was before him, an attendant on his promised bride walked into his room. "Great must be your surprise, *O Illan Don*," said she, "at this my visit, but my respect for you will not allow me to see you fall into the pit that is gaping for you. Your affianced bride is an unchaste woman. You have remarked the deformed *Fergus Rua* who plays on the small *clarseach*, and is the possessor of three fifty stories. He often attends in her room late in the evening to play soft music to her and to put her to sleep with this soft music and his stories of the *Danaan* druids. Who would suspect the weak deformed creature or the young lady of noble birth? By your hand, O *Illan* of the brown hair, if you marry her, you will bring disgrace on yourself and your clan. You do not trust my words! Then trust to your own senses. She would most willingly break off all connection with the lame wretch since she first laid eyes on you, but he has sworn to expose her before you and her father. When the household is at rest this night, wait at the entrance of the passage that leads to the women's apartments. I will meet you there. To-morrow morning you will require no one's advice for your direction."

Before the sun tinged the purple clouds, next morning, *Illan* was crossing the outer moat of the lios, and lying behind him on the back of his trusty steed, was some long object carefully folded in skins. "Tell your honoured chief," said he to the attendant who was conducting him, that I am obliged on a sudden to depart, and that I request him by his regard for me to return my visit a fortnight hence, and to bring his fair daughter with him. On he rode and muttered from time to time, "Oh had I slain the guilty pair, it would be a well merited death! the de-

formed wretch! the weak lost woman! Now for the third trial!"

Illan had a married sister whose rath was about twelve of our miles distant from his. To her home he repaired next day, changing clothes with a beggar whom he met on the way. When he arrived, he found that they were at dinner, and several neighbouring families with them in the great hall. "Tell my sister," said he to a giolla who was lounging at the door, "that I wish to speak with her." "Who is your sister?" said the other in an insolent tone, for he did not recognise the young chief in his beggar's dress. "Who should she be but the Bhan a Tragh, you rascal!" The fellow began to laugh, but the open palm of the irritated young man coming like a sledge stroke on his cheek, dashed him on the ground, and set him a-roaring. "Oh what has caused this confusion?" said the lady of the house coming out from the hall. "I," said her brother, "punishing your giolla's disrespect." "Oh, brother, what has reduced you to such a condition?" "An attack on my house, and a creagh made on my lands in my absence. I have neither gold nor silver vessels in my dun, nor rich cloaks, nor ornaments, nor arms for my followers. My cattle have been driven from my lands, and all as I was on a visit at the house of my intended bride. You must come to my relief; you will have to send cattle to my ravaged fields, gold and silver vessels, and ornaments and furs, and rich clothes to my house, to enable me to receive my bride, and her father in a few days." "Poor dear Illan!" she answered, "my heart bleeds for you. I fear I cannot aid you, nor can I ask you to join our company within in these rags. But you must be hungry; stay here till I send you some refreshment."

She quitted him, and did not return again, but an attendant came out with a griddle-cake in one hand, and a porringer with some Danish beer in it in the other. Illan carried them away to the spot where he had quitted the beggar, and gave him the bread and made him drink the beer. Then changing clothes with him, he rewarded him, and returned home, bearing the porringer as a trophy.

On the day appointed with the father of his affianced, there were assembled in Illan's hall, his sister, his sister's husband, his affianced, her father, and some others. When an opportunity offered after meat and bread, and wine had gone the way of all food, Illan addressed his guests. "Friends and relations, I am about confessing some of my faults before you, and hope you will be bettered by the hearing. My dying father charged me never to refuse a fair offer for a horse, cow, or sheep at a fair. For refusing a trifle less than I asked for my noble mare, there was nothing left to me but those bits of her fore-legs you see hanging by the wall. He advised me never to put on an air of want when soliciting a favour. I begged help from my sister for a pretended need, and because I had nothing better than a beggar's cloak on me I got nothing for my suit but the porringer that you see dangling by the poor remains of my mare. I wooed a strange lady to be my wife, contrary to my dying father's injunction, and after seeming to listen favourably to my suit, she at last said I should be satisfied with the crutches of her lame and deformed harper: there they are!" The sister blushed, and was ready to sink through the floor for shame. The bride was in a much more wretched state, and would have fainted but it was not the fashion of the day. Her father stormed, and said this was but a subterfuge on the part of Illan. He deferred to her pleasure, but though torn with anguish for the loss of the young chief's love and respect, she took the blame on herself.

The next morning saw the rath without a visiter; but within a quarter of a year, the kind faced though not beautiful daughter of a neighbouring Duinne Usal made the fort cheerful by her presence. Illan had known her since they were children. He was long aware of her excellent qualities, but had never thought of her as a wife till the morning after his speech. He was fonder of her a month after his marriage than he was on the marriage morning, and much fonder when a year had gone by, and presented his house with an heir.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

Places four, five hundred, five and one in such a manner that together they will look like a flash of lightning

ANAGRAMS.

Names of M. P. Ps. for Upper Canada.

- 1. Grow no beer G.
2. Du go I will call marpa.
3. A mad clad John—no.
4. Fill John A. and do send O. mad.
5. Go cage terrier E.
6. Oh, tell H.—no Ruth.
7. Shy card came—got em.

ENIGMA.

Sometimes I'm on water, sometimes I'm on land; Sometimes I am lying, but sometimes I stand; Sometimes I am moving, sometimes I am still; Sometimes I defy you, sometimes at your will. Sometimes I am short, sometimes I am long; Sometimes with the old, sometimes with the young; Sometimes in the day, sometimes in the night; Sometimes I amuse, sometimes I affright. Though you touch me, yet feel me you can't, if you try; Then answer, good reader, and say what am I.

CHARADES.

1. Abbreviate the maiden who ruined old Troy; For my second, good Sir, you may take your own boy. In these two when combined at once will be found The hero who died when by victory crowned.

2. I am composed of 14 letters. My 10, 13, 7, 11 is what we all need. My 14, 2, 11 is a small animal. My 8, 9, 11 is its inveterate enemy. My 10, 12, 3, 6 is a kind of grain. My 4, 5, 13, 7, 11 is to search. My 1, 6, 7, 11 is what most people are merry over. My 2, 14, 8, 11, 12, 3 is the name of an ocean. My 9, 14, 10, 13, 7, 11 is to stop, but it has sometimes a more unpleasant signification; and my whole is the name of a Canadian county.

3. Of letters six, I am composed, A word of cheering tone. At Christmas time, I gather round The old and young at home. The letters of my name embrace Words one and thirty, English all, So let us probe into its case, And point them out however small. Pronouns, of either sex, are there, And articles, why just a pair, A preposition, and a word Of pity, which is sometimes heard. The deer tribe also has a place, And pussy, noted for her pace. The ceese too, where it doth run, And give the sportsman ample fun; A vermin, which with great disgust We dwell with only when we must; What often leads to bloody strife, What all possess, in human life. There science also takes its ground, And solar influence, there is found. What sorrows, now and then create, Two words which imply—masticate; And that whereon, through life we toil, Seeking nurture from the soil. A beverage, too, not used by some; A verb, which never means just one. What bodies often have to make; And that for which they sometimes quake. What listens to the maiden's song, What mingles oft, in speeches long. A word which means, that men possess A useful article of dress. He who no'er loves, is also there, And a coat of what, would make him swear. A weed may also there be seen. A Scotchman, too, of note I ween, And what is uttered, in surprise Or laughter, to which all give rise. Now then the whole I have announced, Try let me hear the word pronounced.

TRANSPPOSITION.

Ond't everig rof addo rosso—a sseclu plentyemom Tiah vceer saw wonok of od nay noe ogdo; Het uretufsi ruse of vrah odfo ord fenneytom. Tub gingervi dwion ipiso ti fi gaylliant wuindo

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

- 1. Given the sum of three numbers, in continued geometrical progression, equal to 39, and the sum of their squares equal to 819, to find the numbers.
2. Find a number which when multiplied by 4, becomes as much above 30 as it is now below it.

3. A market woman being asked how many eggs she had, replied, "If I had as many more, half as many more, and one egg and a half, I should have 104 eggs. How many had she?"

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 5.—In reply to several correspondents, we may state that the Rook on K. Kt. 7th is a Black one. Being rather indistinct, in several instances it has been mistaken for a White one.

PROBLEM No. 6.—Correct solutions received from "St. Urbain St.," J. McL.; F. H. A., Jun., Quebec; R. B., Toronto; and W. L., Hamilton.

W. A.—Will reply next week.

F. H. A., JUN.—Thanks for the game: it shall have our early attention.

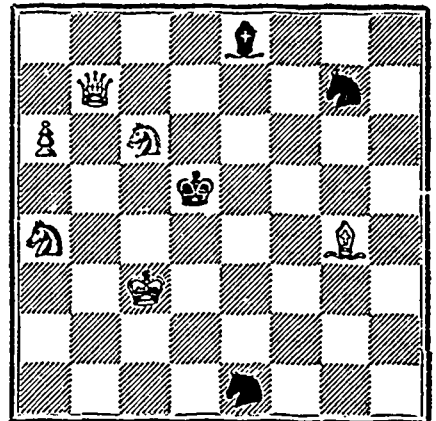
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 6.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1 P. to K. 3rd. K. to K. 4th or
2 Q. to K. B 7th. K. moves.
3 Q. Mates.
1 K. to Q. 4th.
2 Q. to K. B. 6th. K. moves.
3 Q. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 8.

BY GEORGE GROVES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in two moves.

A bit of dialleric between Louis Paulsen, Esq., and Mr. C—, one of the best players of Dubuque (Iowa): EVANS' GAMBIT.

- WHITE (Paulsen.) BLACK (Mr. C—)
1 P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 4th.
2 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. Q. Kt. to B. 8rd.
3 B. to Q. B. 4th. B. to Q. B. 4th.
4 P. to Q. Kt. 4th. B. takes Kt. P.
5 P. to Q. B. 3rd. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.*
6 Castles. K. P. takes P.
7 P. to Q. 4th. B. to Q. Kt. 8rd.
8 B. P. takes P. B. to Q. 4th.
9 P. to K. 5th. Q. P. takes B.
10 K. P. takes Kt. Q. takes B. 2nd P.
11 P. to Q. 6th. Q. takes R.
12 P. takes Kt.

And Mr. Paulsen announced Mate in eleven moves.

* P. to Q. 3rd is the accepted move here.

In Siam, a white elephant is valued above all creatures and things, and worshipped as a deity. Recently, the king sent a collection of valuable gifts to the Queen of England; but the one which he considered worth most of all was a small bunch of the hairs of a white elephant's tail, tied together with a golden string.

The Emperor of Russia has just carried out an important reform by the re-constitution of the courts of justice and the appointment of trial by jury. This is considered one of the most satisfactory of Alexander's many reforms, and it is thought, by the most hopeful, that, before long a constitution will be granted conferring representative institutions.

It is stated that Italy is about to be favoured with Government Blue-books, after the English fashion. The Roman and Venetian questions, the Treaty of Commerce with the Zollverein, and the Recognition of Italy by various German States, will form the subjects of the first volume.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. M., MONTREAL.—Your contribution will appear in an early issue.

JOHN S.—The Duke of Wellington was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 18th November, 1852.

W. H. O.—Will forward per mail at your request.

AUNT EUNICE.—Many thanks for your good opinion and kind wishes. We intend to devote a corner, occasionally, to the little ones, in order that each member of a household may feel that he or she has a special interest in the *Reader*. Much obliged for your contributions, which we will publish in an early number.

ASTOR.—We respectfully decline your article, not deeming it suitable for our columns.

OLD TOM.—The first is too well known; problems very similar to the second and third have already appeared. Many thanks nevertheless.

C. J., QUEBEC.—Shall be happy to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

JAS. R.—We have already stated that the postage on the *Reader* is twenty-six cents for the year, when paid in advance; when not so paid, it is one cent per number.

CLOD.—Copernicus was born at Thorn in Prussia in 1472. His principal work is entitled "The Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs."

IMPATIENT.—Half a Million of Money will be completed in our next issue.

FRONTENAC.—We are sorry to be obliged to decline your last contribution.

T. McF., AGRON VALE.—We will publish the translation, but as it is somewhat lengthy, it may be some little time before we can find room for it.

C. H. S.—We wrote you nearly three weeks since, but find through some neglect, that the letter was never forwarded. Do not send the article you refer to unless the previous one is published.

ONE INTERESTED.—The Reciprocity Treaty will terminate on the seventeenth March, unless previously renewed.

H. H. V.—Very welcome; please accept our thanks.

JOHN R.—You are evidently mistaken—we certainly never made the statement to which you refer.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

POTATO AND FLOUR STARCH.—Wash and pare as many potatoes as needed; wash again and grate them in clean cold water. The starch is immediately precipitated to the bottom. Separate the grated potato, and wash again, turning the water off before anything that may soil the starch shall have time to settle.

For wheaten starch, tie up a lump of flour dough in a clean coarse cloth, knead this in cold water so long as the water coming from it is clouded or discolored; then wash as for potato starch.

PORK CAKE.—On 1 pound fat chopped pork, turn 1 cup boiling coffee. Add 3 cups sugar, 1 cup molasses, in which dissolve 2 teaspoonfuls soda. Stir in 8 cups flour. Seed and chop 1 pound of raisins, and flour them well before stirring in. Bake in a slow oven at least one hour. The above rule will make four loaves of cake, which will improve with age. The raisins are not indispensable.

FRUIT CAKE.—Take 2 teacups sour dried apples; slice them fine; cover with cold water, and let them soak all night. In the morning add 1 cup molasses, and steep slowly away till it is thick. Then add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sour milk, 2 teaspoonfuls soda, 2 eggs, salt and spice to taste; and 5 cups flour.

TO STRENGTHEN THE HAIR.—Sweet olive oil, three ounces; oil of lavender, one drachm. Apply morning and evening to those parts where the hair is thin, in consequence of a deficiency of moisture in the skin.

SHOULDER OF MUTTON.—A shoulder of mutton, weighing six pounds, requires one hour to roast; if stuffed, half an hour longer. Before cooking it,

take out the bone, and fill the space with a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet marjoram, one egg, and a small piece of butter.

MUTTON CHOPS, if broiled on a gridiron, should be wrapped in paper. They require about ten minutes to cook. When they are taken out of the papers to be dished, season them with pepper, salt, and a little butter.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Iron improved with titanium has been tested for tensile strength, and has stood a strain equal to 47 tons per square inch; and, in puddling furnaces felled with the ore, the setting has in some instances lasted a month without renewal, the iron produced being of uniform good quality. These are extreme cases, but indicate the value of the use of the ore.

Fossil Spider.—Professor Roemer has announced the discovery of a fossil spider, which resembles the recent genus *Lycosa*, in the coal measures of Upper Silesia. The interest of this discovery lies in the fact that hitherto spiders have not been known from any rocks older than the jurassic, and that now the existence of them in the palaeozoic period is proved.

A very simple and perfect form of filter has been devised by the *Appareteur* of the College of France, and deserves attention. It is made by placing in a tank of impure water a vessel so arranged that a sponge which it contains shall lap over its edge and dip into the water of the tank. The sponge gradually sucks up and purifies the water in the reservoir, and allows it to drop into the smaller vessel or receiver, from which it may be drawn off by a tube. By placing a few lumps of charcoal in the bottom of the receiver, filtration of the most perfect kind is effected.

COD-LIVER oil has become such a universal remedy for all species of scrofulous disease, and is such a disgustingly unpalatable compound, that the public is glad to find that new preparations have removed much of its nauseousness. But what if these new preparations not only remove the flavour, but also remove the valuable properties of the drug? This is a question which is just now forced upon our attention by a paper published in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* by Dr. Attfield. In this article the writer details the results of his analysis of a production sold as "saccharide of cod-liver," and makes some startling discoveries. He has found that this preparation contains not the faintest trace of the elements of cod-liver oil. This is what Dr. Attfield writes of it:—"It is nothing but powdered milk-sugar. A considerable quantity of this sugar is now extracted from milk, chiefly for use in the manufacture of homeopathic globules, and certain varieties of infants' food. It can therefore be had readily and cheaply. A quantity, costing a few pence, is placed in a box labelled, so as to induce the public to believe that it is cod-liver oil in a concentrated, convenient, and palatable form, and forthwith sold for five shillings."

SRA-SOUNDINGS.—The Baltic Sea, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300, whilst to the southwest of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 3,000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar, the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured and to the west of St. Helena 28,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 26,000 feet, and that of the Pacific at 20,000.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

The countess — once put forth a pun that would have done honour to Fox himself. Being asked by Mori, the violinist, to accept the dedication of a new song, she replied, "Willingly, Mr. Mori, and it will be the prettiest and most agreeable *memento Mori* I ever received."

HIGH FAMILY.—A person was boasting that he was sprung from a *high* family in Ireland.—"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the same family *so high* that their feet could not touch the ground."

"Well George," asked a friend of a young lawyer "how do you like your profession?"—"Alas, sir, my profession is better than my practice."

WANTED.—A pair of scissors to cut a caper; the pot in which a patriot's blood boiled; the address of the confectioner who makes "trifles light as air;" and a short club broken off the square root.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.—Washington visiting a lady in his neighbourhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to put you to so much trouble."—"I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

GIVE AND TAKE.—Jerrold met a personal enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the pavement, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do!" said Jerrold, stepping aside, and politely raising his hat; "pass on, sir—pass on, sir!"

PRONUNCIATION OF "OUGH"—The following lines in *Notes and Queries* illustrate the five different modes of pronouncing the syllable *ough* in different words:—

"By dint of plough in sweat of brow,
He falls through with much ado,
Hodge learns enough of this world's stuff,
To make good dough for high and low,
While from his trough feed swine well off."

REASON FOR FENCING IN A PLOT.—One of the readiest replies that we ever heard was made by an Irishman. A gentleman travelling on horseback came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot of land for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on the land!"—"And sure, your honour, wasn't I fencing it in to keep the poor bastes out iv it?"

NEW MODES OF DIVORCE.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"In a case tried before the Judge Ordinary, in London, a wife gives evidence that her husband put her into an omnibus on the 15th of October, 1863, saying that he "should be home to dinner," and that he had not returned. This reminds us of a bit of dialogue in a new novel now in course of publication in *Le Siècle*. "Where is your husband?" says a gentleman. "He went out to buy a cigar," replies the lady. "Has he been gone long?" asks the gentleman. "Eighteen years," replies the lady. "He is quite right," remarks the gentleman, philosophically; "he wants to choose a good one."

The late Bishop of London had a good story of an old woman, who, having adopted a little girl from the workhouse, and brought her up till she was midway in her teens, was then forsaken by her charge, whom a neighbour enticed away to "better herself." On being consoled with on this ungrateful abandonment by sympathizing friends, the poor old woman meekly answered that Scripture warned us that such things must happen. "You know it is said there, "Train up a child, and away he do go."

A school in Massachusetts was under examination, when one of the examiners said:—"If I had a mince-pie, and should give three-twelfths to John, three-twelfths to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the scholars; but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear," said the examiner.—"The plate," shouted the hopeful fellow.