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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 10.

FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

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### DEATH OF LORD PALMERSTON.

As we write we have but the simple announcement, per telegraph, of the death of this eminent and veteran statesman, whose wise councils have guided the ship of State through so many dangers. Although from his great age and the repeated attacks of his old enemy, the gout, the event can scarcely be called unexpected, we are sure that the intelligence will enkindle a feeling of deep sorrow throughout the length and breadth of the empire. The very *beau ideal* of an English statesman, rich in wisdom, experienced in all the arts of diplomacy—who shall fill his place? Humanly speaking the empire seldom needed him more than at the present juncture; but he to whose higher wisdom we must all bow, has seen fit to summon him hence, and nought is left us but the memory of his great achievements, and the sad duty of mourning over the grave of the foremost statesman of the age. As we go to press early in the week, (Tuesday) we are unable to do more than thus briefly refer to the most important intelligence which has reached us for many months.

### OUR COMMERCIAL POSITION.

THE important subject of the probable visitation of the cholera to this country next year, and that of our commercial prospects in connection with the threatened repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States, have lately commanded a large share of public attention; and the ability and spirit displayed in the discussion of both questions are highly creditable to the conductors of the Provincial press. There has not, perhaps, been much research, but then, there has not been much to seek. The facts and merits of the Reciprocity question are plain and evident, when not distorted by passion and party or individual selfishness and interest. The general voice declares that the abrogation of the Treaty would be a disadvantage to us, but we no longer believe that the circumstance would involve the utter ruin of the country, as our commercial and political Jeremiahs told us some months ago. Few, even among our farmers, now suppose that the demand for their produce during the civil war among our neighbours, and at the present moment, can be regarded otherwise than as an exceptional one, which must cease, in a great measure, Reciprocity or no Reciprocity, after the vacuum created by the late contest has been filled up, and the industry, agriculture, and com-

merce of the Union shall resume their normal state. It is only under extraordinary conditions that coals can be sent to Newcastle, or agricultural products to the United States, except within certain limits, and to secure certain profits which the Canadian holder or dealer might pocket himself, were he as wise or adventurous as his American customer. But these points have been so extensively and ably treated by our contemporaries, that we shall not dwell further upon them. There is, however, one fact bearing on our future trade with England and foreign nations which we think has not received the consideration its importance demands; that fact is that the United States can shut us out from communication with the ocean for nearly half of the year. It is a question too, from which there can be no shrinking, but must be met fully in the face. It is true that we have seaports enough in the Lower Provinces, but commercially these would be no more useful to us than would be the same number of ports on the Labrador coast of the Atlantic. The distance from Halifax to Quebec is about 700 miles; from Quebec to Montreal about 160 miles—in all, say 860 miles. The distance from Montreal to Portland is 270 miles. In winter, then, our railroads—supposing the Intercolonial railway built—could not contend successfully with those of the United States, which, even as against the route by Portland through Canada, have an advantage, as regards distances, to say nothing of those arising from climate and a larger traffic. We are aware that this is an argument which will find favour with the annexationists, but, while strong, it is far from conclusive. Many great nations have existed and prospered, and still exist and prosper, although partly or wholly cut off from the sea. Russia once had only one seaport, Archangel; and the greater portion of that empire is now debarred of ocean intercourse for many months every year; as are Prussia, Sweden, and other countries on the Baltic. Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia are all but landlocked, as are several of the minor German states. We are far better off than these are, with our magnificent river and gulf open throughout their entire length from April to December; and, consequently, we need not despair of maintaining our nationality and extending our commerce, in spite of the United States, and all the world, if we make the attempt—as we will—and persevere in it. But there is another question in this connection, which we wish to ask; is the Lower St. Lawrence navigable in winter? If it were found to be so, the fact would in all probability impart a new aspect to the whole future of this Province, and perhaps of all British North America. The history of winter navigation in Lower Canada is somewhat curious. So far as we are aware, the first successful effort of the sort, we owe to Mr. W. H. Coffin, formerly sheriff of Montreal. Mr. Coffin was President of the Lachine Railway some fifteen or twenty years ago, and by his perseverance and tact he suc-

ceeded in placing a steam ferry boat on the St. Lawrence to ply between Lachine and Caughnawaga. A rival company threw every impediment in the way; the project was abused and ridiculed in pamphlets and newspapers.—Mr. Coffin receiving a large share of the abuse and ridicule. He was told that the very idea of keeping a steamboat afloat on the St. Lawrence in winter with the thermometer at 40 below zero, and snow storms the rule and not the exception; he was told that the thing was too absurd to be thought of by any one fit to live out of a lunatic asylum. The result, nevertheless, has been that the boat has been running ever since, summer and winter, with scarcely a day's stoppage. We next come to the story of the great bridge at Montreal. We believe that we owe the selection of the present site to the Hon. John Young, who was at great trouble and expense in advocating the undertaking, long before the Grand Trunk took it in hand. For many years, few would listen to the scheme: no bridge, it was insisted, could withstand the boulders of ice rushing down the Lachine rapids. Many similar objections were urged, but the bridge is there, and to all appearance will continue there when the objectors have gone the way of all foolometers. But we suspect that there is not a man living to whom winter navigation in Lower Canada is more indebted than to Mr. James Tibbets of Quebec. Mr. Tibbets has succeeded in keeping a steamer plying in winter between that city and Point Levi, a feat which could scarcely have been believed possible, considering the violence of the stream there, and the immense fields and masses of ice which sweep and roll along its course. Such are a few of the incidents which have marked the endeavours of those persons amongst us who have laboured at this work. As respects the Lower St. Lawrence, we happen to know that the late Hon. W. H. Merritt, when commissioner of Public Works, in 1848 or 1849, was induced to lay the subject before the Trinity Houses of Quebec and Montreal. But these worthy fossils received the suggestion with shouts of disapproval which silenced Mr. Merritt, if they did not convince him. The question has since been frequently mooted in Quebec Journals. Many of the most experienced pilots and masters of Canadian vessels maintain the affirmative; others the negative. It will be recollected that in the Fall of 1861, when the Guards came to Canada in consequence of the affair of the Trent, the steamer Arabian was deterred from landing a quantity of baggage and munitions of war at Rivière du Loup, owing to the threatening appearance of the river. Nineteen old pilots then signed a document which was published in the newspapers, declaring that the Lower St. Lawrence, up to above the Island of Bic, was open to navigation in the months of January, February, and March. We offer these remarks merely as suggestions, because we do not consider ourselves qualified to speak with authority in the matter. We rely mostly on the opinions of men who have studied the question, and on whose knowledge and judgment we have

much reliance. That there would be difficulties to encounter in navigating the Gulf and River in winter, as well as in creating a shipping port that would be useful for commercial purposes, we are willing to admit. But money, science, and resolution can overcome obstacles which often at first are supposed to be unsurmountable. With respect to the effects of cold on the wheels and machinery of a steamer, that has been fully tested at Caughnawaga, and the temperature of salt water is known to be higher than that of fresh water. Nor do we believe that the floating ice in the river below Bic or Green Island could injure iron propellers; and generally the water there is open and clear as far as the sight can reach. As for the batteries and formations of ice along the shore, good engineers with plenty of money would think little of them, and would find or make a way to get rid of them or to wield them to their purpose. In view therefore of the vast benefits that a sea port within our own territory would confer on the country, we cannot but be of opinion, that the matter ought to be put to the test. One of the iron propellers at the disposal of the British Admiral on the North American Station might be despatched into the Gulf next February for the attempt. The admiral, we are certain, would not refuse to do so; and the officers and men who brave the icebergs of the Arctic seas, would find no terror in the dangers of the St. Lawrence.

### LITERATURE AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE literature of our day is a great debtor to good book-making. To excellent typography, toned paper, and artistic binding, it owes much. We will not say that the acceptability, with readers, of all books, is due to their elegant mechanism and dress, rather than to the merit of their subject matter; but it is only just to the intellect and taste of our people to presume that much that now-a-days is written finds ready sale from the attractive and captivating exterior and interior it presents. And no doubt, this is the reason why so much is published which is mere book-making. So much in the way of "Selections," "Beauties," "Elegant Extracts," &c.

The truth is, there is so much of this collecting and editing in our time, and so much produced depending for a sale on mechanical effect merely, that we fear for the future estimate of the literature of the present century. Especially is this book-making indulged in, in the department of poetry, that we frequently ask ourselves the question, Where are our poets? Is there nothing original published? We have "Golden Leaves from the Poets," "Casquets of Gems," "Translations," and lyrics innumerable; but where are the great poems of our day—the productions that are to go down to ages with those of Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, and Byron of the last century? But we have our poets, it will be said; and those, too, whose names will be enshrined on the bright scroll of posthumous fame. We have Tennyson, Longfellow, Browning, and a host of lesser names, Massey, Alex. Smith, Jean Ingelow, and Robert Buchanan, but what have they written that may justly be termed "a great poem"? Our serial literature is much to be blamed for the absence of these great efforts. Our literary possessions are indeed poor. The demands of the age are material, and only for the passing hour. The taste of the day requires nothing more laboured than short lyrics and Magazine idyls; and much that is written, even by our first poets, is but produced to accompany some clever pencil sketch, much in the way of the old annual contributions. We hope that the literary censors and critics will see that our writers make amends for this. We can have but desultory reading when we have but desultory writing. Leaving this matter at present, we proceed to our usual summary of the books of the day, which, from want of space, we must confine to one department.—*Illustrated Works.* The publishers, we are glad to find, are now entering the field with the literary commissariat for Christmas and the holidays. Choice and rare promises to

be the approaching art-vintage season. Abundant and excellent will be the literary harvest. Pencil and tool have this year shown more than their usual cunning and industry. We meet with, first "A Round of Days described in original poems, by some of our most celebrated poets, and in pictures by eminent artists." This superb guinea volume contains some forty original poems and seventy pictures, illustrating subjects of every day life of the most varied character. "Pictures of Society, Grave and Gay," is a collection of one hundred engravings on wood, many of which embellish the pages of "London Society," and are from the drawings of most skillful artists, and from the pens of popular authors. "The Scronon on the Mount" is a most elaborate volume, chromo-lithographed from illuminations by two architects. The designs are gorgeously executed, representing every period of art and every age of palaeography. "The Poetry of the Year" is a volume of the finest pastorals in our language, illustrative of the seasons of the year. It is charmingly illustrated by drawings from Birket, Foster, Harrison, Weir, and others, beautifully executed in chromo-lithography. A small volume with photographic illustrations of the paintings of Rubens, Rembrandt, Leo da Vinci, and others, will find many admirers. The photographs illustrate a series of brief meditations on the Life of Christ, under the title of "Salvator Mundi." The announcement is made, as being nearly ready, of "La Sainte Bible, d'après la Vulgare, avec des dessins par Gustavo Doré." This sumptuous edition of the Scriptures will contain 230 illustrations, from the drawings of this wild and fanciful genius, at a cost of fifty dollars. It is to be reproduced, we understand, in English by the Messrs. Cassell, who have just produced the same illustrator's edition of "Dante's Inferno," a subject that was well suited to Doré's weird imagery. "Dalziel's Illustrated Arabian Nights Entertainments," we find has just been completed. The work is enriched with 200 pictures drawn by Millais, Tenniel, Watson, and Houghton. The fiction of art is idealized in a work entitled "The World before the Deluge," by Louis Figuier with 25 landscapes of the ancient world, designed by Rion, and 208 figures of animals, plants, and other fossil remains. No doubt, the cosmographers, ethnologists, and geologists will be curious to see this rather startling work. Illustrated editions of "Traill's Josephus," "The Recreation of a Country Parson," "The Royal Heraldic Album," and a host of annuals, almanacs, &c., complete the announcements of the press for the approaching holiday season, which have thus far been made.

We will supply our resumé of the new publications in the other departments of literature in our next number. G. M. A.

### THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE is the great central sun of the modern intellectual firmament, round which, since his own time, the whole glittering system of English literature has revolved. Like that other sun of the celestial economy, there are spots upon his surface, but they detract nothing from his splendour, nor does the lapse of years diminish his brightness. He who built the great Pyramid is unknown; and, in a certain sense, the same remark might apply to him who has raised such a superstructure of thought that the monuments of genius erected in other lands, and upon other languages, seem, in comparison, as ant-hills beside the towering majesty of the Alps. A mystery overshadows him like that which broods over the existence of Homer.

It is the general impression that we know nothing definite about Shakspeare. This is partially true. His daily life, his haunts, his companions, are mere matters of surmise. But if we desire to glance at what may be called his inner life, if we wish to see the great magician within his cell; if we would behold him revealing himself to himself, and hear the musical moanings of his vexed spirit—then we must lay his dramas aside, and turn to his sonnets.

We must remember that the age in which he

lived was as prolific in vices as it was in great men. Nor did he escape untainted; and the last twenty-five sonnets, with some others, tell us of his intimacy with a mistress who was "twice forsworn." But while his gifted compeers, Green, Peele, and Marlowe sank beneath the defiled and turbid stream, this strong swimmer, born to a higher destiny, and to the inheritance of a wider fame, battled with the surge bravely and successfully, and at length reached the shore. As he himself says, "the best men are moulded out of faults," and he is an example of the truth of his own observation. He had been drawn into that terrible vortex, from whose wreck-strewn surface and sepulchral roar, memory flies affrighted. And well do these sonnets tell us of the pangs he endured; well do they picture that remorse which is sometimes worse than death. Hear how he bewails the past in the 110th sonnet:

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
Made old offences new.  
Most true is it, that I have looked on truth  
Askance and strangely."

Here is a great soul standing face to face with conscience and covering itself with sackcloth and ashes; it is only such spirits that can repent and have the boldness to acknowledge before the world that they have sinned and suffered. The little mind lets nothing agitate it. A passing regret will be sufficient atonement for most offences; but it is not to be expected that a tempest will stir from its depths a shallow pool as it would the waters of the ocean. In the 74th sonnet we see that so far had the clouds of remorse overshadowed his spirit, that even thoughts of suicide came up like dark and tempting spectres before his imagination. And then we have the 146th sonnet, where contrition, deep repentance, finds expression in the following exquisitely pathetic lines:

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer death,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so long cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
Then soul live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms diving in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more.  
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then."

We will at present say no more on this subject, but may revert to it at a future time. There are some who can see no blemishes in the life of a favourite author, but they who close their eyes to his faults show that they are unacquainted with life, and at the same time possess no rational appreciation of his character; for if he fell, is it not a matter of deep regret? and if he rose again, winging his way up through the storms and mists of temptation, as an eagle cleaves its course through the clouds, in order that it may gaze upon the sun, is it not a matter for admiration? A great soul emerges from temptation strengthened and purified. We have left ourselves little space to speak of the beauties of the sonnets, and they are as numerous as morning dew drops in a garden of roses. But here is a specimen:—it is sonnet 104:

"To me, fair friend, you never can grow old,  
Foras you were, when first your eye I eyed,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold  
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride;  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned;  
In process of the seasons have I seen  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
Since first I saw you fresh which yet art green;  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
So your sweet hue which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.  
I fear of which, hear this, the age unbred,  
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead."

Throughout the sonnets runs a silvery rivulet of thought and poesy, a shining tributary of that majestic river on which his dramas have floated down to immortality. And we have only space enough left to say that, while in his dramas William Shakspeare depicts humanity, in his sonnets he pourtrays himself. S. J. W.

Montreal

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Artemus Ward, his Travels. Part 1. Miscellaneous Part 2. Among the Mormons. 12mo. 231. Illustrations. 50 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Botta. Dante as a Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Carleton. Our Artist in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Epictetus. The Works of Epictetus. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Life of Michael Angelo. By Herman Grimm. 2 vols. \$50. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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Physician's Visiting List, Diary, and Book of Engagements for 1866. 26 Patients. C1 60 cts; tucks \$1.00. 50 Patients. C1 \$1; tucks \$1.00. 100 Patients. Tucks \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Schiller's Lay of the Bell. Translated by the Rt. Hon. Sir E. B. Lytton. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Wraxall. The Backwoodsman. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Iliad of Homer. By the Earl of Derby. In 2 vols. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Froude's History of England. Vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4. \$1.00 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Forsyth's Life of Cicero. In 2 vols. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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Dante, as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet; with an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plot and Episodes. By Vincenze Botta pp. 423. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Hesperus, or Forty-five Dog-post Days. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Recollections of Seventy Years. By Mrs. John Farrar. author of "The Young Lady's Friend." R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Practice of Medicine and Surgery applied to the Diseases and Accidents incident to Women. By Wm. H. Byford, M.D., &c. pp. 666. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Materia Medica for the use of Students. By John B. Riddle, M.D. 8vo. 359. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Stimulants and Narcotics. their Mutual Relations with Special Researches on the Action of Alcohol, Ether, and Chloroform on the Vital Organism. By Francis E. Anstie, M.D., &c. 8vo. 431 pp. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Practical French Instructor (Complete Course). By P. W. Gengembre. pp. 147. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Can You Forgive Her? A Novel by Anthony Trollope. Illustrated by H. K. Browne. 8vo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Matrimonial Infidelities, with an Occasional Felicity by way of Contrast, by an Irritable Man. To which are added, as being pertinent to the subject, "My Neighbors," and "Down in the Valley." By Barry Gray. pp. 279. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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## FORTHCOMING NEW BOOKS.

The Advocate. A Novel. By Mr. Hearysege. In 1 vol. In November.

Christie's History of Canada. In 6 vols. 12mo. Uniform in November.

The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

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

## A DREAM.

I HEARD the dogs bark in the moonlight night,  
And I went to the window to see the sight;  
All the dead that over I kneey  
Going one by one and two by two.

O they pass'd, and on they pass'd;  
Town'sfolloes all from first to last;  
Born in the moonlight of the lane  
And quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolfellows passing as when we play'd  
At soldiers once—but now more staid;  
Those were the strangest sight to me  
Who were drown'd, I know, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak too;  
And some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to;  
Some just buried a day or two,  
And some of whose death I never knew.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,  
And yet of them all there was one, one only,  
That rais'd a head or look'd my way;  
And she seem'd to linger, but might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face;  
Ah! mother dear, might I only place  
My head on thy breast a moment to rest  
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest;

On, on, a moving bridge they made  
Across the moon-stream from shade to shade;  
Young and old, and women and men;  
Many long forgot but remember'd then.

A first there came a bitter laughter;  
And a sound of tears the moment after;  
And then a music so lofty and gay,  
That every morning day by day  
I strive to recall it if I may.

## ALICE GRANTHAM.

"GUESS who is coming this evening to spend a fortnight with me, Frank?" exclaimed my sister-in-law, suddenly appearing before me as I sat leisurely smoking my cigar on a pleasant August afternoon.

"What would be the use of my guessing, Milly; you have so many visitors whom I do not know?"

"Oh! but this young lady was quite an old flame of yours before you went away to New Orleans, and although you never enquired after her when writing to Willie, I am sure you cannot have forgotten the little girl who monopolized your boyish attentions, and who was almost inconsolable because you left her without even a parting farewell."

"Really, you astonish me! I imagined at the time that all my friends were very glad to get rid of me, but I feel quite flattered to know at last that some tears were shed at my departure. Tell me her name so that I may ever hold it in grateful remembrance."

"What a wonderful memory you must have, Frank, to forget in a few years the object of your first love, Alice Grantham. I am ashamed of you."

"Alice Grantham!" I repeated, laughingly. "That little weazen-faced thing who haunted me like a shadow because I indulged occasionally in a little flirtation with her. Why, Milly, my wife must be beautiful, faultless in taste and disposition, and Alice was sadly deficient in all these virtues when I left Montreal. She may have improved since then, but I assure you that I have not the least desire to fall in love with any one at present."

"Why, Frank, you are the most self-conceited man I ever met with. However, to show you how much reliance I place in your modest assertion, I'll wager you a dressing-case against that set of jewellery you saw me admire at Sarage and Lymau's, that before the week is over you will be deeply in love with the little 'weazen-faced thing, and very grateful to me as well for being the means of bringing to pass such a happy result."

"Agreed, my dear sister, although the advantages are altogether in my favour."

"Very well. Now throw away that horrid cigar, and go and make yourself presentable. Alice is to bring a cousin with her, and between the two your Southern accomplishments will be

subjected to a severe criticism. The boat from Montreal will be here shortly."

"It will not be the first time I have gone through the ordeal," was my rejoinder. "And remember, Milly, that I shall expect the dressing-case to be a serviceable one," I shouted after her as she disappeared into the house.

My brother's pretty little wife was the gayest woman I ever met with. The smile never left her lips except to give place to the ringing laugh that reminded you of the tinkling of distant silver bells. Happily wedded herself, she imagined that it was her duty to exert herself as much as possible in procuring for others a domestic bliss similar to that which she enjoyed. My presence therefore afforded her a capital pretext to bring into play her match-making propensities, and many a lecture was inflicted upon me because I remained at thirty still a bachelor.

Alice Grantham had been a schoolmate of ours, and the friendly intimacy engendered while mastering the rudiments was maintained long after we had ceased to stand in awe of "Old Grimes," as we irreverently called our bald-headed teacher. At twelve she was a puny, fretful creature; and at sixteen, although somewhat improved in looks, and considerably in liveliness of manner, was still very ordinary looking. I flirted with her, it is true; and many a wise tongue predicted a match as the inevitable result, while I was, to tell the truth, seriously debating in my own mind the best means of avoiding a companionship which was daily becoming more and more distasteful to me.

The opportunity soon arrived. She was on a visit to some friends in Quebec, when a situation in New Orleans was offered me; and ere she returned I was labouring assiduously at my post hundreds of miles away.

Seven years elapsed before I returned to Montreal. My brother and his charming little wife were spending the summer months at Berthier, a little village some forty-five miles down the St. Lawrence, and thither I immediately proceeded. Two weeks afterward the conversation with which this story opens transpired.

I was somewhat curious, I must admit, to see what changes time had wrought in the person of Alice. The picture I drew of her while putting the last touches to my toilet was not a flattering one, but I allowed a wide margin for improvements, nevertheless.

At seven precisely Milly and I were standing on the wharf waiting for the steamer which was to bring our expected visitors. To a stranger the scene was a most amusing one. The arrival of the boat seemed to be the signal for the turning out of the whole population of the place, from the little ragged urchin in eager expectation of earning a few cents from some encumbered passenger, to the dandified aristocrat chatting unconcernedly with his friends. A few farmer's horses were slowly munching hay near the freight shed, while five or six cartmen were cracking their whips, and hurling epithets in execrable French at their poor beasts, which, instead of quieting, made them still more restless. Merchants and traders were bustling about making preparations to receive their consignments, while across the street the sidewalk was thronged with scores of the fair sex.

But the Napoleon is rapidly approaching, her steam whistle has pierced our ears with its unearthly scream, and a few minutes afterwards her hawsers are made fast to wooden posts, the gangway is thrown out, and the passengers are hurriedly transferring themselves to dry land, evidently well pleased at the change.

Amongst the last to quit the boat were two ladies, one of whom I was not mistaken in supposing to be Alice Grantham. She greeted me very cordially, and introduced me as an old friend to her cousin Miss Rosa Grantham.

The two cousins were so much alike in a great many respects that a stranger would unhesitatingly have pronounced them sisters. They had the same brown eyes and hair, the same rosy lips, and both were very graceful in manner, but Rosa's eyes were brighter, her features more delicately moulded, and two little dimples lurked mischievously at the corners of her mouth when she smiled. Altogether she was as fascinating a

young lady as ever set wildly throbbing that little organ over which bachelors of thirty pretend to have such control. It is not surprising, therefore that I should exert myself to appear agreeable to her, disregarding, with the most provoking indifference, the meaning glances my sister-in-law resorted to, in order to draw my attention from the piquant beauty, and transfer it to the dignified but accomplished Alice. Milly thought of her wager, no doubt, and I chuckled in anticipation of the amusement I should have in demanding the fulfilment of it.

The next few days were spent in uninterrupted enjoyment. Alice never alluded to our youthful flirtations, and I inwardly thanked her for her silence on a topic that would but have proved disagreeable to us both. My partiality for Rosa soon became evident, and as though divining my wishes, Milly and Alice often disappeared, leaving us tête-à-tête, the result of which may easily be imagined. I did not of course object to the delicacy which prompted them to leave us alone, but I felt sometimes as though Milly had some other object besides the gratification of my wishes. She was not a woman to relinquish easily a project she had once formed. She had wagered that I should fall in love with Alice, and instead of trying to win her wager she was evidently doing her best to lose it. I interrupted her in many a whispered consultation with the latter, and detected often the glances they exchanged when I was more than usually attentive to Rosa. My enquiries as to their meaning ended in a peal of laughter, and a hint not to pry into ladies' secrets. Thus rebuffed I abandoned the subject, and devoted myself to the bewitching Rosa.

Ere the fortnight had elapsed I was deeply in love. Rosa pretended to be indifferent to the passion which had been of so sudden a growth, but with the penetration of a lover I sometimes detected a flush of pleasure or a glance soft and sparkling which gave me hope to proceed. The evening preceding their departure, therefore, I entered the drawing-room, fully resolved to try the test of an avowal. Rosa was softly playing one of those old ballads which I loved so well. I glanced round the room; we were alone. A pleasant smile greeted my appearance, giving place the next moment to a deep blush as my earnest gaze met hers. In a few words I told her how dear she was to me, how necessary to my happiness. She did not speak, but the beautiful head drooped until it touched my shoulder, her hand was quietly laid in mine, and I caught her to my breast.

A few minutes afterwards Milly was heard approaching, and disengaging herself from my embrace Rosa flew out of the room.

"Milly, you have lost your wager," I said, as she entered the room.

"Have I?" she rejoined with a malicious twinkle in her eyes. "Where's Rosa?"

"Just left the room after having promised to be my wife."

A ringing laugh echoed through the room.

"My poor brother, Frank, how nicely we have duped you. Rosa Grantham has been engaged these two months. Do not start, here she is to corroborate my statement," as she whom I had all along taken for Alice entered the room. "You have fallen in love with the Alice of your youth after all, and I believe I have won the wager."

"You provoking little witch!" I exclaimed, as the truth dawned upon my mind.

The cousins, at Milly's request, had changed names in order to carry out her little plot. Alice had developed into such a beautiful captivating young woman that I had failed to recognize her. I loved her too well, however, to feel resentment at the deception practised upon me.

A few weeks afterwards my brother broke up his summer establishment, and returned to Montreal. The set of jewellery was immediately purchased, and the next month Miss Alice Grantham was Miss Alice Grantham no longer.

Montreal, October, 1865

G. H. H.

ANGER.—A noble anger at wrong makes all our softer feelings warmer, as a warm climate adds strength to poisons and spices.

## THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

### LESSON IX.

SILVER, LEAD, AND MERCURY, IN RELATION TO CHLORINE AND HYDROCHLORIC ACID.

*Materials and tests required.*—Nitric acid in stoppered bottle; hydrochloric acid in ditto, solution of common salt; quicksilver, lead, nitrate of lead, protonitrate of mercury, solution of nitrate of silver, solution of ammonia, a clean glass flask, chemical ring stand, spirit lamps, wine glasses, test tubes, &c.

Nitrate of lead may be procured of any chemist who deals in tests, or it may be made by adding some metallic lead to nitric acid, taking care to add more lead than the acid can dissolve, which will ensure a neutral solution.

Mercury or quicksilver also dissolves in nitric acid, forming one of two results, either the protonitrate or pernitrate of mercury, according to circumstances. It is as well not to puzzle the young chemist at present by explaining the differences between protonitrate and pernitrate, suffice it to say that the protonitrate of mercury is required for the coming experiment, and it can readily be made by adding an excess of mercury to weak nitric acid, that is, three parts of acid by measure to one of water. It is essential that more mercury should be added than the nitric acid can dissolve. Protonitrate of mercury and nitrate of lead have now been formed. It is presumed that some nitrate of silver has remained over from the preceding experiment.

In the first place call to mind two important characteristics of chloride of silver. It is very soluble in ammonia, but insoluble in both water and nitric acid.

Take now a solution of nitrate of lead, and throw into it a small portion of solution of common salt (chloride of sodium) or throw in a small quantity of hydrochloric acid (spirit of salt) in either case a white deposit, the chloride of lead, will result. Up to this point there would seem to be no difference between silver and lead, in relation to chlorine.

Divide the chloride of lead produced into two equal parts, and subdivide one of the parts into two others, call them A and B 1, B 2. To B 1, add ammonia, and remark that no solution takes place. To B 2, add nitric acid, when the chloride of lead will either dissolve at once, or will certainly dissolve on the application of heat. Each of these results would have been quite different if chloride of silver were concerned. But again chloride of lead is very far from being absolutely insoluble in water. In demonstration transfer the chloride of lead A to a glass flask and add about a wine glassful of distilled water, apply heat, and remark that the chloride entirely dissolves.

Hence our experiments have demonstrated three means of separating lead from silver, supposing both to be simultaneously in a solution combined with chlorine.

1st. By employing ammonia to dissolve out the chloride of silver from the chloride of lead.

2nd. By employing nitric acid to dissolve out the chloride of lead from the chloride of silver.

3rd. By employing water for the same purpose. Take now a portion of the protonitrate of mercury solution; add to it common salt, or hydrochloric acid, in the same manner as nitrate of lead was treated, dividing the white precipitate resulting in the same way. Call the divisions A, and B 1 and B 2.

To B 1 add ammonia. Not only does the chloride remain undissolved, but it at once changes from white to black, a result sufficiently indicative of the presence of mercury.

To B 2 add nitric and hydrochloric acids, apply heat, and the chloride of mercury will be found to dissolve, though very slowly and with difficulty.

Put A into a flask, add a large amount of water, and apply heat. Not the slightest amount of solution will take place; in which characteristic chloride of mercury essentially differs from chloride of lead.

Hence supposing these three chlorides to exist in admixture, two methods of separating the chloride of mercury from the chlorides of silver and lead have been indicated.

First method, 1st. Boil the whole together in a large amount of water, which will remove the chloride of lead. 2nd. Treat the residuo of chloride of silver and chloride of mercury with hot nitric and hydrochloric acids, to dissolve out the chloride of mercury.

Second method, 1st. Extract the chloride of lead as before by means of hot water.

2nd. Separate the chloride of silver from the chloride of mercury by means of ammonia.

(To be continued.) J. W. F.

## DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE SAVAGES—THEIR MODES OF LIFE, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND GOVERNMENT.

The inhabitants of the country in which the Jesuit fathers had laboured, were people of a generous and not a spiteful disposition. They were possessed of tolerably intelligent minds as to the judgment they formed of things they could see, and things that were common; and deduced their conclusions very gracefully, always setting them off with some pretty comparison. They had very good memories as to corporeal things, as of having seen a person, as to the peculiarities of any place where they had been, as to what had been done in their presence twenty or thirty years before. But they could learn nothing by heart: nor was there any way of fixing in their memories a series of words.

As to their physical peculiarities, none of them except some of the more robust, wore beards, as they told Father Biard, over and over again, that at the commencement of their intercourse with the French they considered the latter to be very ugly. It was impossible to distinguish young boys from the young girls, except by the manner of wearing the girdle. Generally speaking, these people, as regarded thickness of body, were of less size than the French. There could not be found among them a big-bellied nor a hump-backed man, nor one deformed; and leprosy, gout, gravel, insanity, were things unknown. Those among the French who happened to have any blemishes, as a one-eyed, a squint-eyed, or a flat-nosed man, were very soon remarked, and behind backs were extensively ridiculed. They were merry rascals, and had the quip and the nickname at hand whenever they got a chance of making fun of the French. They held so great an opinion of themselves as to look down upon the French as inferior beings.

Their clothing was made of skins, which the women prepared and tanned on the rough side. They softened the skin of the elk on both sides, like the buff-skin coats of their visitors. They decorated these skins, thus prepared, in a very pretty manner, using ribbons to form devices. From these same skins they made shoes and gaiters. The males wore no breeches; they said they clogged them too much, impeded their movements, and made them look like vine-stakes.

In summer they were accustomed to use, to a considerable extent, the great cloaks of their visitors, and in winter the quilts which were sold to them by the French; they prepared these quilts by covering and lining them. The savages also very willingly made use of the hats, shoes, woollen caps, shirts, and linen which they procured from the French in exchange for furs.

When the Indians were on a journey, and when they wished to stop at any place, the first thing they did was to make a fire, and then erect their wigwams; this work was performed in an hour or two, often in half an hour. The females went into the woods and procured poles, and with those formed the frame-work of the tents. On the poles were thrown skins, mats, or pieces of bark, inside the hut, at the bottom of the poles, they placed their bags. The whole space round the fire was strewn with pine leaves, in order to neutralize the dampness of the ground; above the pine leaves they often threw mats, or seal-skins, the latter as soft as velvet. These preparations having been accomplished, the Indians would stretch themselves at full length round the fire, reposing their heads upon the bags; and so well was everything arranged that, even during the greatest inclemency of winter,



and with only a small fire burning, they found themselves very comfortable.

They never encamped except beside some good spring or river, and in a place of pleasant aspect. In summer their lodges changed shape, for, in order to have more ventilation, they made them wider and longer than in winter; they also covered these summer wigwams with bark, or with mats made of delicate reeds—mats much more flexible and soft than those made by the French cut of straw, and so well woven, that, when suspended, the water trickled from top to bottom, without penetrating them.

They procured their food by hunting and fishing, and did not till the ground at all. In January they chased the seal, which animal spawned on certain islands about this time; its flesh was as good as veal, and they made from its fat an oil which served them for a salve during the year. They filled with the oil many bladders of the Canadian elk, and these constituted their vessels of reserve.

In the month of February, and until the middle of May, there was a great hunt of beavers, otters, elk, and cariboo. If this season were favourable, they lived in great abundance, and were as proud as princes; but if the season were a bad one, they often perished of hunger. The season was unfavourable when it rained a great deal, and did not freeze, because the savages could chase neither elk nor beaver; the same when it snowed a good deal, and did not freeze on the surface, for then they could not bring their dogs to the chase, as the animal sank, while the men wore snowshoes, and did not flounder. But with too much snow, and an unfrozen surface, the men could not travel in search of game as much as was necessary.

In the middle of March the fish began to spawn, and to ascend from the sea to certain streams, and often in such numbers that the rivers were alive with them: and one could not put his hand into the water without meeting with a fish. Among these fish the esplan came first; next about the middle of April the herring; much at the same time as the herring arrived the bustards from the South; these were twice the size of those of France, and built their nests on the islands; two of their eggs were as large as five of a hen. At the same time the sturgeon and salmon made their appearance. Then commenced a hunt for eggs on the islands mentioned above; for the bird fishers (*oiseaux pescheurs*) repaired to these places in great numbers, and often covered with their nests the localities in question.

From May to September the savages were without anxiety as to their food; myriads of muscles were to be found on the shores; they had small fish and other fish in plenty, and could fall back on the French ships for provisions. During this season of abundance they were very haughty, and in order to induce them to trade the French found it necessary to make them presents, and even to harangue them, just as if they were solicited to grant a treaty. It was further necessary for the French to give them a *tabagie*, or banquet; this done, they would dance, make speeches, and sing, "*Adesquidez*" that was to say, that they were the good friends, allies, associates, confederates and compeers of the King of France.

In the shape of game, water fowl abounded, but there was not much land fowl, unless at certain times birds of passage, such as grey and white geese. There were grey partridges, having a very beautiful tail, and twice as large as those of France. There were swarms of pigeons, which came in the middle of July, to eat the strawberries. There were also many birds of prey, and some rabbits and hares.

In the middle of September the savages retired from the sea to the little rivers where the eels spawned, and of these they made provision. In October and November they had a second hunt of the beaver and elk, and then in December came a fish they called *ponamo*, that spawned under the ice. The tortoises, moreover, brought forth their young about the same season.

They computed by moons, and gave thirteen to the year. Such now is a sketch of savage life, as it presented itself to their European visitors some two hundred and fifty years ago.

## THE BLACK MAN :

### A LEGEND OF BAYSWATER.

#### CHAPTER I.

MY husband and I were married at the cathedral in Calcutta in the month of May. Not long after, his health became delicate, and he was compelled to apply for leave of absence, so that the following February found us in our native country. George laughingly said that he was much obliged to his liver for giving him the opportunity of exhibiting his newly-wedded wife before his friends and relatives in the pride of her youth. But I did not sit down to write about myself, nor, indeed, about George, although, if I once begin to speak about him, I can't leave off, he is such a dear good fellow. My sisters had the impudence to call him plain, but they don't understand the expression that lights up his face when he is animated. But enough of this—I took up my pen to tell you a story—a rather curious affair that happened when I was staying in London.

We were on a visit to my husband's maternal uncle, Sir Peter Peckover, the great railway director, who lives at No. 9 Turtle Gardens, Gormandy Square—that is to say, I was on a visit there, for George very soon got tired of the long wearisome dinner-parties, and indeed I am sure they were very bad for his darling stomach; so he went twenty miles into the country to see an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, who has some excellent fishing, and left poor me all alone with his grand relations. I did not like it much, for Sir Peter is very stiff and pompous; Lady Peckover ever so kind, but rather fond of keeping everybody in order; and as for Julia, with whom George was so anxious that I should cultivate an intimacy—well, we have not an idea in common, except on the subject of Venetian point-lace, which we both adore.

One reason why I don't like Julia is, that she has such a dreadfully bad opinion of her fellow-creatures. She thinks deception is the rule, and sincerity the exception, and refuses to believe anything except what she calls the evidence of her senses. This, however, does not prevent her believing in spirit-rapping. I will give you an instance of her incredulity; it appears trifling, but it leads naturally up to the story which I wish to tell.

One day Julia and I had been to the London Crystal Palace to buy some useless little ornament or other, and were returning on foot. Just as we entered Gormandy Square, I cried out: "O Julia, there's a native of India sweeping a crossing? Poor man! I should so like to speak Hindustani to him, and give him sixpence. How cold he must be, this biting March day!"

"My dear child," returned Julia, with an air of superior wisdom, "you were brought up in the country, were you not, before you went out to India?"

"Entirely," I answered.

"Well, then, take the benefit of my metropolitan experience, and don't waste your sixpences on so unworthy an object. If your sixpence is burning in your pocket, give it to mamma for her 'Laundresses' Mutual Benefit Club.'"

"But it would be such fun talking Hindustani to a native in London," I pleaded.

"You would only be encouraging laziness and vice," said Julia severely. "This man, if really a native of India, must be a Lascar, and ought to have returned home with his ship. But I don't believe he is an Indian at all. He is probably an Irishman."

"An Irishman! my dear Julia; look at his dress and his complexion."

"The effects of walnut-juice," replied Miss Peckover sternly. "If you were to come behind him unawares, and run a pin into him" (Julia said this with quite a relish, as if she would really like to do it), "the bad language which he would infallibly make use of would be in the Irish dialect."

Julia had dragged me along while we were talking, so that by the time she had spoken this last sentence, we had reached home.

Two gentlemen called that afternoon—one was Mr. Fishplate Gage, who is said to be a very

clever person, but I don't care the least about him, for he talks of nothing but railway matters; the other, Mr. Arthur Long Bowman, a barrister in the Temple, who never gets any briefs, but lives partly on his father, and partly on his contributions to the magazines. He is very amusing, and we had a most agreeable conversation together while Julia and Mr. Gage were solemnly discussing the prospects of the bill which the Great Extension Railway had brought before parliament for a line between Pedlington Parva and Stoke Pogis.

"A propos of the number of foreign nationalities settled in London, Mr. Bowman," I said, "do you believe there are any Hindu crossing-sweepers? My cousin Julia declares they are all Irishmen."

"Miss Peckover must be extra-sceptical, then, even in this sceptical age," replied Mr. Bowman. "Why, there is an unmistakable Hindu who sweeps a crossing within two hundred yards of this house."

"The very man whom I noticed as my cousin and I were coming home! In Gormandy Square, is he not?"

"Yes. Now, I am not skilled in oriental languages, but I have not the least doubt he is a genuine native. Besides, I have studied the crossing-sweeper, as an interesting variety of the human species, in all his phases. I have watched him slink homewards with his broom under his arm; I have seen him, having deposited that valuable tool in his humble garret, re-emerge in a pea-jacket, with an independent bearing, for the purpose of purchasing the tripe, or the sheep's-head, or the saveloy which forms his savory evening meal. As for the Hindu in London, my dear Mrs. Miles, he is a wonderful creature—wonderful for the tenacity with which he clings to the customs of his fatherland. I could take you, if it were a fit place for a lady to visit, to an oriental colony in the far east of London, where, but for the difference of buildings and climate, you might conceive yourself in Calcutta. No. 11 in that street (I like to be exact), to outward appearance an ordinary house, is in reality a heathen temple, chock-full of idols, where, regardless of the clergyman of the parish, the expatriated Hindu does solemn *poojah*; while in the back-yard, aided by the poles and lines of a conniving washerwoman, the dread ceremonies of the *churruck* are inaugurated. You know what I mean?"

"Of course: swinging with hooks fastened in their flesh."

"Precisely. Nay, I have heard, but will not vouch for the fact," continued Mr. Bowman, gravely, "that on one occasion, a worn-out Blackwall omnibus was purchased at Aldridge's Repository by a number of Hindus. Can you guess their object, Mrs. Miles?"

"I can," I answered with a shudder—"for a Juggernaut-car."

"Just so," said Mr. Bowman. "The massive figure-head of a condemned East Indiaman served for the god; while the omnibus, crammed with yelling devotees, was driven up and down the confined space of that back-yard. To depict such a scene, with its combined elements of grotesquerie and horror, would require the pencil of a Fuseli."

Compared with this exciting conversation, how tame and prosaic sounded our neighbours' dialogue!

"The only real opposition proceeds from Jackson," I heard Mr. Gage say. "Everybody else has been bought off. We've offered him a station close to his park-gates, if he likes, but he won't listen to it."

"His ideas must be very old-fashioned," observed Julia quietly.

I forgot to say that Mr. Gage and Julia were lovers, and that this was their way of courting. When I think of my dear George, and remember his romantic sentiments, his chivalric enthusiasm, so accordant with my own feelings, I cannot be too thankful that—but I will say no more on that subject.

For a wonder, there was no dinner-party that night, and we passed a very pleasant and quiet evening: that is to say, Sir Peter dozed comfortably in an arm-chair by the fire, with an anti-macassar over his head; Lady Peckover exam-

ined a formidable pile of red-covered tradesmen's books; Julia practised choice *morceaux* from *Mirella* on the pianoforte; and I composed a delightfully long letter (four sides of close writing and crosses) for den. George, in exchange for his shabby little epistle of ten lines, which was all occupied with the description of a gigantic pike which he had captured. About eleven o'clock, we all went up stairs; but I sat up till twelve brushing my hair, and reading over a choice packet of George's love-letters—models of manly devotion and—but I forbear.

My fire had begun to burn low, as a hint that I had better go to bed; and I had just folded up the last of these beloved letters, when suddenly I recollected that I had left my work-box down stairs. I did not like to leave it there till the morning, for it contained a bracelet which was George's first present, and I could not have slept quietly if it had not been in my own keeping. It was very provoking, for at the Peckovers' house there is nothing but gas burned—gas in the kitchen, in the sitting-rooms, and in the bedrooms. If there had been a wax-taper in the room, I should have lighted it, of course; and if there had been a box of lucifers, I should have taken them with me; but there was no taper, and not a single match in the ornamental box placed on my dressing-table. I did not care to carry a lighted *allumette* in my hand, for fear of setting fire to Sir Peter's beautiful carpets; so I determined to go down in the dark. I remembered exactly where I had left the work-box: it was on the left-hand corner of the Louis-Quatorze table in the breakfast-parlour; I felt that I could lay my hand on it at once.

My heart beat a little quicker than usual as I descended the stairs, everything seemed so preternaturally quiet; but I reached the breakfast-parlour in safety, felt about for the Louis-Quatorze table, discovered it, and found my work-box. I was just about to quit the room, when I heard a slight noise outside, which startled me terribly: it was as if somebody had dropped two or three spoons and forks. I felt half inclined to faint, and opened the door as noiselessly as possible. My attention was immediately attracted by a light, which streamed out from under a closed door in the passage.

"Perhaps, after all," I said to myself, "I have alarmed myself needlessly. I remember now that that is the pantry-door; and no doubt Mr. Jeakes, the butler, has sat up late to-night gossiping, and is now counting his plate." The thought had scarcely passed through my mind, when the door opened slowly, and a figure appeared, bearing in one hand a kitchen-candlestick, in the other a plate-basket full of silver. Was it the figure of any person belonging to the house? If it had been, my knees would not have trembled under me, nor should I have sunk down upon the floor in a semi-conscious swoon. At length, by a strong mental effort, I recovered sufficient strength to raise myself up; and nervously clutching my work-box, I made my way slowly up stairs. As soon as I entered my room, I locked and bolted the door, and then sat down in a chair to reflect. The fire had gone out, but the gas, which I had turned up to its highest point, made the room look bright and cheerful. I looked at the clock—it was past one. I must have lain for upwards of an hour in the half-fainting state. It was too late now to alarm the house. The mischief was done and the perpetrator of the deed had doubtless long since departed with his spoil. Besides, to tell the truth, I did not dare venture out into those long dark passages again; so I crept into bed.

## CHAPTER II.

"This is a most extraordinary story, my dear Isabella," said Lady Peckover to me, as she slowly and majestically descended the stairs on the following morning. "Neither Sir Peter nor I heard anything, and I am the very lightest of sleepers. Nor did Bunce [this was the lady's-maid] report anything wrong when she came in with the hot water. However, here is Jeakes; we will question him."

Mr. Jeakes was a portly person, with a bald head, a reddish nose, and a most formal style

of address; in fact, the very *beau-ideal* of a butler.

"Jeakes," said Lady Peckover, "were the doors all properly fastened this morning?"

"I've heard no complaint to the contrary, my lady?"

"None of the plate missing?"

"Dear me; no, my lady," answered Mr. Jeakes with almost an injured air. "I count it overnight, and again every morning regular at height o'clock."

"There, Isabella!" said Lady Peckover, turning to me; "you see, my dear, you must have been mistaken. It was most likely an attack of nightmare."

"I assure you," I began. But Lady Peckover gave me a meaning glance, as much as to say: "Speak no more about it in the presence of the servants."

When breakfast was over, and Sir Peter had gone to the city, and the servants had left the room, Julia said: "Mother, what is this mystery between you and Isabella? I heard you talking about it as I was coming down stairs."

"Merely, my dear, that your cousin dreamed she saw a thief last night stealing the plate."

"Dreamed! aunt?" I exclaimed.

"The proof that it was only a dream, my dear Isabella," answered Lady Peckover, "is, that the plate is in perfect order. As soon as I had heard your account, I felt it would be satisfactory to Jeakes that he should count over the spoons and forks in my presence. He did so, and none were missing."

"But what was your dream, Isabella?" asked Julia.

"It was no dream at all," I said, quite pettishly, "but a real occurrence. I went down stairs about twelve o'clock to fetch my work-box, and saw a man come out of the pantry with the plate-basket in his hand—"

"The curious thing, Julia," interrupted Lady Peckover, "is, that Isabella persists in saying he was a black man with a turban on his head."

"I can explain it all," exclaimed Julia, triumphantly. "He was like the crossing-sweeper in Gormandy Square, wasn't he?"

"Yes, very like," I replied.

"An excellent illustration of the theory of dreams!" cried Julia. "You were talking to me about the crossing-sweeper yesterday, and I heard that silly Mr. Bowman telling you a number of apocryphal anecdotes on the same subject. You possess a vivid imagination, my dear Isabella—I envy you the gift—and the result is, that your waking thoughts form the subject of your dreams."

"Really, cousin, you are very provoking," I said vehemently. "I suppose you won't believe that I came down stairs at all last night."

"Of course I don't," she answered. "I believe your dream visited you when you were snugly in bed."

At these words I rang the bell.

"Why are you ringing, my dear?" asked Lady Peckover.

"Because I want Mrs. Bunce's evidence to support mine."

"I am particularly anxious not to make a fuss about this," said Lady Peckover. "We shall end in making all the women-servants so nervous that they will be giving me warning."

"But, my dear aunt," I replied, "I want to clear my character. I cannot bear to be looked upon as a silly school-girl, magnifying a mere dream into a real occurrence. Now, Julia, you don't believe that I ever went down stairs at all last night—I say I did; and as a proof of it, I could only find one of my slippers when I got up this morning. I then remembered that when I swooned one of them came off, and as I was in too great a fright, on coming to my senses, to look for it, I hobbled up stairs without it. Oh! here is Mrs. Bunce."

"Bunce," said Lady Peckover, "where did you find one of Mrs. Miles's bedroom slippers this morning?"

"The housemaid found it, my lady, the first thing this morning, in the breakfast-parlour."

"Now, Julia," I exclaimed, "will you believe that I went down stairs?"

"I begin to think there is more in this than a

mere dream," said my cousin thoughtfully. "I am doubting whether it may not be a case of spiritual manifestation."

"Fiddlestick!" cried Lady Peckover.

"Isabella," pursued my cousin, "possesses just that susceptible sort of organisation to which the spirits love to render themselves visible."

"Nonsense, Julia!" said Lady Peckover, sternly. "You are frightening Bunce; she is growing quite pale. What's the matter, Bunce?"

"Nothing, my lady," answered Mrs. Bunce submissively; "only I hope Mrs. Miles haven't seen the ghost."

"The ghost!" exclaimed my aunt angrily.

"What nonsense is this, Bunce?"

"The ghost of the Black Man, my lady," said Bunce, rather unwillingly.

The lady's-maid's words took us all aback. Nobody had disclosed to any of the servants the nature of the appearance which I had seen, yet Mrs. Bunce had at once guessed it correctly.

Even Lady Peckover looked rather uneasy, while Julia seemed pleased, as if she expected some confirmation of her spiritual theories.

"What is this story, Bunce?" she asked.

"Well, miss, I've never seen anything myself, and Mr. Jeakes and John Thomas the footman told us women-servants to say nothing about it, for fear of frightening the family; but as Mrs. Miles has seen something, I don't mind mentioning what Mr. Jeakes told me. He says: 'Mrs. Bunce,' he says, 'I should advise you as a friend, being a lady of delicate nerves, not to go down to the basement story, nor, indeed, on the ground-floor, after the family's abed.' 'Why not,' I says, 'Mr. Jeakes?' 'Because,' he says, 'the Black Man is reputed to walk.' And then he told us this story. The first tenant that occupied this house was a Colonel Culpepper, a terrible passionate gentleman, as I've heard is the case with most Indian gentlemen, always excepting Major Miles, who is the sweetest-tempered of—"

"Never mind my husband, Mrs. Bunce," I said. "Go on with your story."

"Well, miss—ma'am, I should say—the colonel had a black servant whom he treated very cruel indeed. Nothing came amiss to throw at him, when the colonel was vexed. Paper-weights, dish covers, books from the circulating library, anything. One day he threw the clothes-brush at him. The poor black man took to his bed, and died. An inquest was held, miss, as was only right and proper; but the colonel, who was rolling in money, bribed the parish beadle, and he summonsed a packed jury, composed entirely of retired civilians, who returned a verdict of sun-stroke, caused by the peculiar effect of the British sun in January on the Hindu constitution. And now, as Mr. Jeakes says, his spirit goes perambulating about, demanding justice."

"What became of Colonel Culpepper?" asked Lady Peckover.

"Took ill directly after, my lady," replied Mrs. Bunce in an awful voice; "and died in a state of raving madness in the Charing Cross Hospital, with a strait-waistcoat on, and two medical students holding a feather-bed underneath the window perpetually, for fear he should leap out."

As soon as Mrs. Bunce had concluded her story, and retired to her own domain, Lady Peckover said: "It is extraordinary how superstitious uneducated people still are! Bunce evidently believes this absurd tale."

"I am inclined to believe it also, mother," observed Julia. "These phenomena, singular as they may seem, are in strict accordance with natural laws, if we could but ascertain what these laws are. I am only surprised that the colonel's spirit does not manifest itself as well as that of the Hindu."

"I should be very much surprised, Julia," I commenced quietly; "if it did, considering that Colonel Culpepper is still living."

"Still living!" exclaimed my cousin.

"Yes—at Cheltenham. He is an old friend of my mother's family, and though a little impatient in temper, one of the kindest of men. I believe Mrs. Bunce's story to be a cruel libel, and for the sake of Colonel Culpepper's reputation, I am determined to find out the truth of this affair.—You cannot help allowing, my dear aunt," I said, "without agreeing in Julia's supernatural view,

that there is something more in it than a mere dream?"

"There is," answered Lady Peckover; "and I assure you, my dear, it makes me feel thoroughly uncomfortable."

"Then I shall insist," I said, "on George's coming back to town at once, and assisting me to ferret it out."

## CHAPTER III.

George was a little unwilling to leave his pike-fishing and his clergyman (I confess I felt rather jealous of that clergyman), but he is such an excellent self-denying creature, that he was as amiable as possible when he returned. He had been away for nearly three weeks, and it was so pleasant to feel my hand once more resting on his arm when we went out sight-seeing, instead of being dependent on Julia, who really wears such preposterous skirts (although I try to impress upon her that the fashion is changing), that it is difficult to get within a yard of her. George listened most patiently to my account of the ghost-story, and I could perceive a clever sort of twinkle in his eyes when I had finished it, as much as to say: "Trust me for unravelling the matter." Then my dear husband spoke thus:

"Write a letter to Colonel Culpepper, detailing the lady's-maid's story, and ask him for an immediate reply. Don't let the servants see the letter, but drop it into the pillar-box at the street-corner."

I did as my husband bade me; and three days, afterwards received the following reply, brought by a *commissionaire* from the *Oriental Club*:

MY DEAR ISABELLA—I certainly did not expect that the first letter written to me by you since your marriage would contain an accusation of "aggravated manslaughter," but so it is, and you will perhaps be surprised to learn that I think the charge sufficiently grave to require my presence in London for the purpose of rebutting it; so I have come up from Cheltenham; and if your husband (whose acquaintance I wish to make—I knew his father during the first Burmese war) will give me a call at the Club this evening, I think our two wise heads may devise a scheme which will effectually absolve me from having to sign myself "the conscience-smitten murderer,"

FERDINAND CULPEPPER.

When George came home that night, he whispered to me: "Don't say a word to uncle, aunt, or Julia, about Culpepper's arrival. And now, Bella, would you like to see the ghost again?"

I shuddered slightly, and answered: "Dear George, I think I would rather not."

"Because I have a notion," he continued, "that it may walk to-night. Culpepper is coming here to try and get a sight of it. I am to let him in quietly at the front-door about half-past eleven."

"Do you know, George," I said gravely, "Colonel Culpepper's conduct makes me feel very uneasy. I cannot bear to think of such a nice old gentleman, and yet I can't help fancying there is some foundation for that dreadful story of Mrs. Bunce's."

George's reply to this was a burst of laughter, which he checked suddenly, and then said in a hollow voice: "In good truth, there is a very serious foundation for that story."

"O George," I exclaimed, "you make me feel as if you had put a cold key down my back! I am getting quite nervous."

"Then you had better not stop to see the ghost, dear Bella. Go up stairs, and get ready for bed. But don't make yourself thoroughly *deshabillée*—I may have occasion to summon you and the rest of the family between this and morning."

After imploring George to be careful, I crept unwillingly up stairs, waving my hand over the banisters at each successive landing, until the dear fellow was no longer visible. I then entered my bedroom, and sitting down in the easy-chair by the fire, pretended to read a book. It was of no use; I could not read, so, instead of reading, I set my door ajar, and listened intently.

The Peckovers are early people when they have no company, and by half-past eleven the

house was perfectly quiet. The French clock on my mantelpiece had just chimed the half hour, when I heard the front door opened in a very stealthy manner. My female curiosity could resist no longer, and I stole down stairs, hiding myself in an especially dark angle near the drawing-room. I heard Colonel Culpepper's well remembered voice; I also heard George whisper to him: "Better take off your boots, colonel. Here are a pair of his slippers."

From the smothered merriment which proceeded from the two gentlemen, I judged that the colonel had seated himself in one of the hall chairs, and that my husband was acting as boot-jack in ordinary.

There was a long pause after this, during which I had gradually descended still nearer to the unconscious ghost-watchers. Presently George whispered: "Colonel, d'ye see that light over the kitchen stairs? He's come!"

At these terrifying words, I fled upstairs, three steps at a time, with a horrible dread that some skeleton form was clatching at my skirts. I did not feel safe till I had put a double-locked door between myself and the supernatural world outside.

More than a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when a series of rapid footfalls were heard in the passage; and something began to twist the handle of my door; my heart died within me, and I had only strength to murmur: "Who's there?" when my husband's voice said: "Why, Bella, are you asleep? Open—quick."

I believe I said: "Why didn't you knock, ducky?" and almost fainted on his shoulder.

"We've managed matters capitally down below," said George; "and now I've roused up uncle and aunt, and Julia, and Jeakes, and Mrs. Bunce; in fact, the whole household. Put a shawl round your shoulders, and come down to the breakfast-parlour as soon as you see Sir Peter and my aunt march forth. I've told everybody that they needn't hurry—that it isn't fire, and that they can make themselves look as elegant as they please."

At length we were all assembled. "George," said Sir Peter, rather surlily, as he suppressed a yawn, "I hope this is not intended for a practical joke?"

"O no, sir—nothing of the sort," replied my husband. "I have invited you all down stairs in order to shew you the celebrated Black Man."

I glanced round the room at these words, and observed with some surprise that while the countenances of all the others expressed merely curiosity or astonishment, there was a look of guilty apprehension in the face of Mr. Jeakes, the butler, and of his subordinate, John Thomas, the footman.

"Before proceeding further," continued my husband, "you must allow me to call an important witness into court—Colonel Culpepper."

At these last two words, pronounced in a loud tone, the door was opened, and Colonel Culpepper entered, bowing gravely and ceremoniously to Sir Peter and Lady Peckover.

"Sir Peter," said the colonel, "pardon my intrusion into your house at this unreasonable hour; but I wish to clear my character from a stigma that has been cast upon it. I have been accused by your butler yonder of having died in a state of insanity, after murdering my Bengalee man-servant, Ramchunder. The story of my death is manifestly untrue. If you, Sir Peter, will have the kindness to unlock the pantry-door, you will be able to decide on the remainder of the allegation."

At these words, we all crowded into the passage, where George had turned the gas on brilliantly. Sir Peter unlocked the door, and disclosed to view the trembling figure of the crossing-sweeper of Gormandy square!

"Now ladies and gentlemen," said Colonel Culpepper, "that is Ramchunder, whom I was forced to dismiss from my service for making too free with my spirit-chest, as well as for other irregularities. Speak English, Ramchunder, and say if that be not true."

"Iss, sahib," answered Ramchunder, joining his hands together, after the imploring fashion of Asiatics.

"And now, uncle," interposed my husband, "I

will tell you what we found this worthy coloured gentleman doing: we found him doing the footman's work—cleaning the plate and brushing our clothes."

"Is this true?" demanded Sir Peter magisterially.

"Iss, sahib," said Ramchunder. "Mas'r Jeake, he say he very much tire; Mas'r Thomas, he say he very much tire too. He say; 'You nigger, I give you two shillings a week do my work. What could poor Ramchunder do? He very bad off now, since leave good Colonel Sahib; sweeper's trade bad now, plenty March wind. Gentlefolks say: 'No dirt now—no copper sweeper give.'"

"Well Jeakes what have you to say to this?" asked the master of the house.

"I don't deny it, Sir Peter," said Mr. Jeakes with dignified suavity of manner; "but I cannot elpasserting, Sir Peter, that you brought it on yourself by the non-providing of a boy in buttons. Me and John Thomas will not demean ourselves by vulgar work, such as plate-cleaning, knives, and clothes; and we thought we was doing a hact of charity by employing this pore benighted heathen for such inferior occupations."

It is not necessary for me to state who was dismissed and who was not; it is enough to say that the house was never afterwards haunted by the Black Man.

## LONDON SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

## NEWSPAPER GLEANINGS.

OUR grandfathers were puzzled to know whether, in the year 1800, they were living in the eighteenth or the nineteenth century. In England and France, there were tough debates on this question, some contending that when the seventeenth ended (1799), the century ended; but Lalande settled the matter thus: "When one hundred years are to be counted, we must pass beyond 99, and come to 100; we have changed into the 10 before we have finished the hundred. Whatever calculation is to be made, we commence by 1, and finish by 100—not commence by 0, and finish by 99." In other words, the year 1800 was the last one of the last century, not the first of the present. Then, again, there was a puzzlement about the difference between Old and New Style. A newspaper of that year said: "From the 1st of March, there has been a difference of *twelve* days instead of *eleven*, as formerly; owing to the regulations of the act of 1752, according to which the year 1800 was only to be accounted a common year, and not a leap-year, as it would otherwise have been." One result of which was, that if grandfather's birthday had been February 29, he would have been cheated out of the anniversary in 1800.

Although there are a million or two more in London now than in 1800, and although people are still robbed there, the robberies do not assume the following forms. "On Monday night, Mr. Bates, of Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane, and another gentleman, were stopped in a post-chaise near the workhouse at Islington, by three footpads, who robbed them of a watch and some money."—"Some days ago, a French priest was attacked by a footpad in the Edgeware Road, who, not content with the few shillings he had about him, insisted on his coat, alleging it was superior to his own. The exchange was no sooner completed, than the priest ran; so did the thief, vociferating to him to stop; but in vain, the priest fearing he meant to ill-use him. On reaching a public street, the thief gave up the pursuit; and the priest, putting his hand in the pocket of the coat, found at once the cause of the renewed attack—*L.50 in the thief's coat!*"

The year 1800 was a terrible year for people in London, owing to the high price of corn. The quarter loaf was one shilling and fivepence halfpenny. The houses of the dealers in corn were sometimes broken into and gutted by the mob. One prosecution, recorded in the newspapers of the time, was of a corn-jobber who bought ninety quarters at so much, at the Corn Exchange, and sold thirty quarters of it on the



same day and in the same place at two shillings higher—no very flagrant sin, in our eyes; yet so differently was it regarded then, that Lord Kenyon, when the jury had found a verdict of guilty, said: "You have conferred a greater benefit on the country, I believe, than any jury almost ever did." On another occasion, two butchers bought cattle at Knightsbridge, on their way to Smithfield, to make profit by selling again at a higher price. Here, again, the terms of denunciation were almost as strong as if the men had committed murder.

Members of Parliament may now be courageous enough to decline duelling, but they did not dare in 1800, and they fought thus: "In consequence of what passed in the debate in the House of Commons early on Monday morning Major-general Craock, on the part of Mr. Corry, waited on Mr. Grattan in the Speaker's chambers, and proposed a meeting immediately on the rising of the House, to which Mr. Grattan assented. At daybreak, the gentlemen proceeded to the field, and the ground being taken, the parties retired, according to agreement, by a word, when Mr. Corry was wounded in the left arm." After much formal waiting for another firing on both sides, the duel ended; Mr. Corry received 'satisfaction' and a wound, but no apology, but Mr. Grattan called on him after the duel, and they "exchanged mutual civilities." The year 1800 was that of the coarse personal encounter between Gifford of the *Quarterly* and Dr. Walcott (Peter Pindar), arising out of stinging satires by each against the other. Perhaps our genteel and literary people are better behaved now than then; but we must not boast.

As to matrimonial advertisements, they were more frequent in 1800 than they are now, and some of them were couched in very peculiar terms. One ran thus: "St. James's Church.—A gentleman who stood in the north-west gallery on Sunday last, near to a lady who was in a front seat at the back part of the gallery, dressed in black, with black earrings, and was seated between an elderly lady and a young lady; after the service was over, the gentleman saw them get into a carriage that was waiting for them near to Eagle Street, and they went on towards the Haymarket. If the lady alluded to is in that situation as to permit her for a moment to consider and think of the case of the advertiser, no doubt but she will remember the person who would think himself greatly honoured by her inclination to know the true motive of this address." The rambling about of the verbs in this bit of composition is almost as rich as the mode of making love. A paragraph by the London Correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* illustrates at once a rascally mode of getting up nefarious marriages, and a Frenchman's knowledge of English. A few words of the French must be given here: "Hier on a exposé au pilori à Cheapside, John William, *évêque* Anglais, convaincu d'avoir favorisé une fausse déclaration d'un individu qui s'étoit annoncé comme garçon pour épouser une jeune demoiselle d'une grande beauté et d'une fortune considérable, quoiqu'il fut marié." The young lady, finding out in good time that her admirer was a married man instead of a bachelor, fortunately escaped the snare; but the oddity is, that the confederate, who was pilloried, is called "an English bishop," the probability being that his name was John William Bishop. How the French of those days must have chuckled at the idea of an English bishop being pelted with rotten eggs!

Let us hear what the year 1800 had to say about strawpaper: "Yesterday was presented to his Majesty, by the Marquis of Salisbury, a book printed on the first paper which has ever been made by straw alone; containing a succinct but general account of the substances which have been used to describe events and convey ideas, from the earliest date to the invention of paper. It is an elegant, transparent texture, which possesses all the qualities of the finest writing-paper fabricated from rags." There are two errors here; the straw-paper of 1800 was *not* the first made, and was *not* equal to the finest rag-paper. The speculation failed, and straw-paper has not been profitable till within the last few years.

There is one thing which our fathers thought

much about, but which is almost wholly forgotten now—*lotteries*. The state of excitement among the people for some weeks before the drawing of the lotteries at Cooper's Hall in London was amazing. Every lottery was in some sense a legalised cheat, a mode of getting money for state purposes by giving less in prizes than was realised by the sale of tickets; but as every one thought that *he* might be the lucky winner of one of the greater prizes, lotteries were immensely popular. The government let the contract to moneyed speculators at so much per ticket, and then the contractors charged a price according to the demand. The contractors knew just as well as modern advertisers how to give a peculiar twist to advertisements: "There should be an adequate addition to those useful vehicles the hackney-coaches; since it so frequently happens that the least temporary attraction to one end of the town subjects the other to considerable inconvenience. This has been the case during the last fortnight; as frequently not a coach could be hired on any of the stands west of Temple Bar, so many being occupied in driving to Pope's Lottery-office, facing the Bank of England. But what a rattling through the street will be heard towards that office, when the public come to reflect that Monday morning next entitles the first-drawn ticket to £5000, that of the Thursday after to £1000, that of the Monday following to £20,000 and that of the Thursday after to £10,000!" And look at this sly bit of temptation: The boarding-school ladies in and about London are determined not to be behindhand with the one at Greenwich; where Miss Wright and a young lady who resided with her were so fortunate in the last lottery as to gain the £10,000 by purchasing their tickets and shares at No. 16 Cornhill." In one particular week, the price of undrawn tickets rose from £16 to £100, owing to the frantic demand arising out of this circumstance—that there was a £20,000 prize still in the wheel, after nine-tenths of all the tickets had been drawn.

The sort of betting or gambling spirit which lotteries fostered, shewed itself in a multitude of different ways. We read: Policies have been undertaken at Lloyds, at a premium of twelve guineas, to return one hundred guineas in case preliminaries of peace are signed between France and Austria within two months; and at a premium of twenty guineas in case preliminaries are signed between France and England." Again: "Policies were undertaken, for a premium of twenty-five guineas, to return one hundred in case there should *not* be a peace between England and France on or before a certain date." Men did the oddest possible things for wagers. On Thursday last, a man belonging to the Victualling Office at Chatham, undertook, for a bet of twenty pounds, to roll a butt of water from Chatham to Gravesend in seven hours. He performed it in six hours twenty-three minutes; distance eight miles, in which are three long and steep hills." Another man "undertook to walk backwards with a weight of five pounds and a half hanging to his nose by three yards of string; he *did* it, but we have mislaid the note as to the distance. Again: "A few days since, a Frenchman gained a bet of ten guineas by eating, at a house in Piccadilly, twenty-two dozen, or two hundred and sixty-four, of the largest oysters, raw from the shell, which he swallowed within an hour; together with two bottles of sherry and three pounds of white bread."

That was the year when vaccination was introduced into the navy, by the government patronage of Dr. Jenner, and when four hundred seamen went to the opera, with most of the government clerks to do them honour, and when O'Brien the Irish giant was in his prime, and when a *Miaulic Concert* was held, in which twenty-six cats "miaul'd" concerted music.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Where will our sorrows receive the same solace as in the bosom of our family? Whose hand wipes the tear from our cheek, or the chill of death from our brow, with the same fondness as that of the wife? If the raging elements are contending without, here is a shelter. If war is desolating the country, here is peace and tranquillity.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

THE members of the Montreal Harmonic Society met for practice last Friday evening, on which occasion a portion of the Creation was rehearsed. Mendelssohn's St. Paul was announced for the following Friday's practice. Nearly a hundred names—amongst which we are glad to see a number of those of our best amateurs—are now enrolled upon the society's list.

Mr. S. P. Warren, organist of St. George's Church in this City, has given up the key of his instrument and left for New York city, where it is his intention, we believe, to reside permanently.

The eighth and last volume of Fetis's "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens" has just been published by Brandus. This work should form part of the library of every educated musician.

In Busseto, the birth place of Verdi, they have opened a theatre which bears his name. Verdi, however, has not confined himself to acting god-father on the occasion, but contributed 10,000 lire.

In Prague, some enthusiastic singers serenaded Miss Gallmeyer, an actress. The lady appeared at the window, and made the following speech: "Gentlemen, I thank you. But may I ask another favour from you?" "Our lives," was the enthusiastic reply. "Well, then, go, and let me sleep."

Berlioz had a rich young neighbour in the Rue d'Aumale, who, despite little musical capacity, would persist in playing by the hour Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, and always struck a wrong note in the same place. Berlioz bore it for a time, but at last out of patience wrote, "It is quite right, mademoiselle, to practice masterworks with great assiduity. But, for the sake of humanity, of art, of melody and harmony in the name of the lovely Juliette Guicciardi, to whom Beethoven dedicated your sonata, and who had the honour of being loved by the great man—in the last note of the tenth bar of the finale strike A. Your A sharp sounds frightful, and will end by driving your hearers mad, who are at the same time compelled to be your hearers, as you play with the window open. Strike half a tone lower—the white key instead of the black one, I implore you: it will endlessly benefit me, and can't hurt you." Next day the window remained closed, and there was no sound of the piano; equally so the following day. Berlioz, fearful of having insulted the lady, went over to the concierge of the house, and asked, "Haven't you a young lady here who plays the piano?" "Yes, monsieur." "Has she gone into the country? I no longer hear her." "Ah! Mousieur, she is ill—so ill. Yesterday she was worse, but to-day she is still much lowered." "Oh," said the merciless composer, "if she is only half a tone lower that is all I want."

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.—The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost everything on earth to see if there is music in it—it persuades a tune out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made out of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a tree until every leaf thrills with a note on it, whilst a river runs at its base in a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea and performs an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars which love music most and sing it first. Then, how fondly it haunts old houses mourning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearths!

HABIT uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions; whatever we do often we become more and more apt to do.

## THE DEAD.

LAY her softly on the bier,  
In white, as fits a maiden,  
Lead the tresses round her ear,  
With stars of jacinth laden.

Strew flowers with their leafy stalks  
Upon her quiet bosom;  
No more along the garden-walks  
'Twill bend to meet the blossom

Hushed as noon in summer be:  
Glide on lightest paces;  
Shapes around we cannot see  
Sit with silent faces.

Death has kissed those waxen lips,  
And set his smile upon them,  
Sign to Nature, as she steps  
Past her, he hath won them.

And his Angels watch around,  
With serenest glances,  
Awing from the holy ground  
Time and Life's advances.

## 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 140.

"You need not urge me. Have I not said to-day?—and see, the grey is already in the sky!"

She bade him good night abruptly, and went along the silent corridors to her own room, far away. But the grey had paled to white, and the white had turned to sunlight, before she took the flowers from her hair, or the bracelets from her arms, or even seemed to remember that it would be well to seek an hour or two of sleep. What wonder, then, that when at last she threw herself, half dressed, upon the bed, her eyes looked worn and hollow, and her cheek scarcely less white than the pillow against which it was laid?

## CHAPTER XXXII. HOW SAXON IMPROVED THE WEATHERCOCK AT CASTLETOWERS.

"What the deuce can we do to amuse all these people?" said Lord Castletowers to Major Vaughan, as they met on the stairs before breakfast, the morning after the party. "The Eshers, I know, go early, and my mother will take care of the ladies; but here are six or eight men in the house, none of whom are likely to leave before night. What is to be done?"

"Billiards?"

"Well enough for an hour or two; but après?"

"We might ride over to Guildford, and beat up the quarters of those Forty-second men who were here last night."

"Impossible. There are only five riding horses in the stables, including yours and Trefalden's; and I haven't ever guns enough to take them out shooting, if there were anything to shoot, except rooks—which there isn't!" said the Earl, in desperation.

"Then I don't know what we can do, unless we put on the gloves; but here comes the Arcadian—perhaps he can suggest something."

The Arcadian meant Saxon. This nickname had befallen him of late, no one knew how. The difficulty was no sooner explained to him, than he proposed a way out of it.

"Let us organise a Volks-fest in the Swiss fashion," said he. "We can woot at a mark, leap, and run foot races; and invite the ladies to award the prizes!"

"A famous idea!" exclaimed the Earl. "The very thing for a bright, cool day, like this."

"We must choose a space of level sward to begin with," said the major, "and improvise a grand stand for the ladies."

"And elect an umpire," said Saxon.

"And look up some prizes," added the Earl. "I will give that bronze cup in the library—it is an antique from Pompeii."

"And I, my inlaid pistols," said Saxon.

"And I . . . bah, I am such a poor devil," said Vaughan. "I possess nothing of any value—except my sword and my horse."

"The best riches of a soldier, Major Vaughan," said Mademoiselle Colonna. "May I ask why this parliament is being held upon the stairs?"

She had just come, unheard, along the carpeted corridor, and stood waiting, a few steps higher than the trio in consultation. She wore a delicate grey dress of some soft material, trimmed with black velvet, and a little linen collar fastened at the throat by a circular brooch of Roman gold. Behind her fell the folds of a crimson curtain; whilst, through the uppermost roses of a huge Gothic windowy that reached from nearly the top to the bottom of the great oak staircase, a stream of vivid sunshine poured down upon her head, so that she stood in the midst of it, in her pale, proud beauty, as if enclosed in a pillar of light.

The three men looked up, dazzled, almost breathless, as if in presence of some glorified apparition; and for a moment none replied.

Mademoiselle Colonna, divining, perhaps, with her fine womanly instinct, the spell by which they were bound, moved a step lower, out of the sunshine, and said:

"All silent? Nay, then, I fear it is not a parliament, but a plot."

"It is a plot, signora," replied Vaughan. "We are planning some out-of-door sports for this afternoon's entertainment. Will you be our Queen of Beauty, and graciously condescend to distribute the prizes?"

The Earl coloured, and bit his lip.

"Vaughan's promptitude," said he, "bears hardly upon those whose wit, or audacity, is less ready at command. I had myself intended to solicit this grace at Miss Colonna's hands."

"The race, my dear fellow, is to the swift, and the battle to the strong, in the affairs of life," replied Vaughan, carelessly. "But what says our sovereign lady?"

"That she dares not pledge her royal word too hastily. Mine, you know, is not an honorary secretaryship; and I know not what work this morning's post may bring for my pen. Besides, I must hear what arrangements Lady Castletowers may have in contemplation."

"I don't think my mother will make any that shall deprive us of the light of her countenance on such an important occasion," said the Earl. "But there goes the gong. We must adjourn this debate till after breakfast."

Lady Castletowers was pleased to approve her son's scheme, and promised not only to honour the course with her presence at half-past two o'clock, but to bring with her two young ladies who had slept at the house, and were to have been driven home early in the morning. These were the daughters of a poor clergyman who lived about twelve miles off, and, being very young and timid, looked up to the stately Countess as though she were the queen of heaven. Miss Colonna, being urged thereto by Lady Castletowers herself, was induced to accept the royal office; and, although Viscount and Lady Esher were, of course, too magnificent to alter their plans, and drove away behind their four horses shortly after breakfast, the patronage of the fête promised to be quite brilliant enough to stimulate the ambition of the candidates.

It was a happy thought, and gave ample occupation to everybody concerned. There were six young men that day at Castletowers besides Sir Charles Burgoyne, Major Vaughan, and Saxon Trefalden. These six were the Hon. Pelham Hay, of Baliol College, Oxford; the Hon. Edward Brandon; Lieutenant Frank Torrington, of the Fourth Lancers; Mr. Guy Greenville, of the Perquisite Office; and two brothers, named Sydney and Robert Pulteney, belonging, as yet, to no place or profession whatever. There was not "the making" of one really prominent man among the whole half-dozen. There was not, perhaps, one more than commonly clever man; but they were, for all that, a by no means indifferent specimen lot of the stuff of which English gentlemen are made. They were all of patrician blood—all honourable, good-natured, good-looking, manly young fellows, who had been brought up to ride, speak the truth, and

respect the game laws. They dressed perfectly, and tied their cravats to admiration. They spoke that conventional dialect which passes for good English in good society, and expressed themselves with that epigrammatic neatness that almost sounds like wit, and comes naturally to men who have been educated at a great university and finished in a crack regiment, a government office, or a Pall-Mall club. And they were all dancing men, and nearly all members of the Eretheum. Of the whole set, the Hon. Edward Brandon was the most indifferent specimen of the genus homo; yet even he, though short enough of brain, did not want for breeding, and, however poorly off for muscle, was not without pluck.

The whole breakfast-party hailed the scheme with enthusiasm, and even Signor Colonna said he would go down to see the running. Prizes were freely subscribed over the breakfast-table. Lady Castletowers promised a curious yataghan that had belonged to Lord Byron, and been given to her late husband by a member of the poet's family; Signor Colonna offered an Elzevir Horace, with the autograph of Filicaja on the title-page; and the competitors united in making up a purse of twenty guineas, to be run for in a one-mile race, and handed over by the winner to Miss Colonna for the Italian fund. As for the young men, they despatched their breakfasts with the rapidity of schoolboys on a holiday morning, and were soon hard at work upon the necessary preparations.

To choose and measure a smooth amphitheatre of sward about half a mile from the house, set up a winning-post for the racers, a target for the marksmen, and a temporary grand stand for the spectators, was work enough for more than the four hours and a half that lay between ten and half-past two, but these amateur workmen, assisted by the village carpenter and his men, as well as by all the grooms, gardeners, and odd helps that could be got together, worked with so good a will that the ground was ready a full hour and three-quarters before the time. The grand stand alone was a triumph of ingenuity. It consisted of a substratum of kitchen tables securely lashed together, a carpet and some chairs; the whole structure surmounted by a canopy formed of a rick-stitch suspended to a tree and a couple of tall stakes.

Having gone once over the course at a "sling-trot," just to try the ground, the young men returned to the house at one o'clock, furiously hungry, and in tremendous spirits.

Castletowers had ordered luncheon to be prepared in the smoking-room, and there, laughing, talking, eating, drinking, all at once, they made out the programme of the games.

"What shall we begin with?" said the Earl, pencil in hand. "We must end, of course, with the one-mile race, and I think we ought to take the rifle work first, before running has made our hands less steady."

"Of course. Rifles first, by all means," replied three or four voices together.

"Names, then, if you please. Now, gentlemen, who goes in for the bronze cup at eight hundred yards?"

"On what conditions?" asked one of the lunchers.

"The usual conditions. Five shots each, at eight hundred yards; ordinary Enfield rifle; Wimbledon scoring; that is to say, outer, two; centre, three; bull's-eye, four."

"Eight hundred's rather long practice for outsiders," said another man, immersed at the moment in chicken-pie.

"If we had small bores, I should put it down at a thousand," replied the Earl; but there's only one in the house."

The man in the pie was heard to mutter something unintelligible about the abundance of great bores; but being instantly choked by his nearest neighbour, relapsed into moody silence. In the mean while the Earl continued to canvass for competitors.

"Come," said he, "this will never do. I have only three names yet—Burgoyne, Torrington, and Vaughan. Whom else? I can't enter myself for my own prize, and I must have three more names."

"You may put me down, if you like," said Mr. Guy Greville. "I shall be sure to shoot somebody; but it don't signify."

"And me," added Pelham Hay.

"Thanks, Burgoyne, Torrington, Vaughan, Greville, Pelham Hay—five won't do. I want six at least. Come, gentlemen, who will stand for number six?"

"Why, Trefalden, of course!" said Vaughan. "The Swiss are born tirailleurs. Put his name down."

"No, no," said Saxon, hastily. "Not this time."

"But, my dear fellow, you are de la première force, are you not?" asked Castletowers.

"I used to shoot well enough when I was in practice," said Saxon, with some embarrassment; "but I'd rather not compete now."

The Earl looked surprised; but was too well bred to insist.

"If you won't," said he, "I must find some one who will. Syd. Pultney, I shall enter you for my sixth shot, and that settles match number one. Gentlemen, the secretary waits to enter names for the second rifle match; the prize for which will consist of a magnificent pair of elaborately ornamented pistols, generously offered by an honourable competitor, who declines to compete. I do not mention the honourable competitor's name, because he is a modest young man, and given to blushing. Now, gentlemen, you will please to remember that this is a solemn occasion, and that the eyes of Europe are upon you?"

And so, rattling on in the gaiety of good spirits, the Earl enrolled the second party. Next in order came the long jump of eighteen feet, for Signor Colonna's Elzevir Horace; then the race of one hundred yards, for Lady Castletowers' prize; and, last of all, the one-mile race for the twenty-guinea purse, dignified by the name of "the Italian Cup," and entered for by the whole of the athletes.

When the programme was fairly made out, Castletowers called Saxon aside, and, taking him familiarly by the arm, led him into the billiard-room adjoining.

"Trefalden," said he, "may I ask you a question?"

"Twenty, if you like," replied Saxon.

"No—one will do, if you answer it honestly. Why don't you put in a shot at either of the rifle-matches?"

Saxon looked embarrassed.

"I'd rather not," he said, after a momentary pause.

"But why? You must be a good marksman."

Saxon made no reply.

"To tell you the truth," said the Earl, "I'm disappointed. I had looked to you for a display of skill, and expected something brilliant. I think you should have gone into the field, if only to maintain the honour of the Swiss rifles."

Saxon laughed good temperedly,

"Do you really want your question answered?" said he.

"Of course."

"Then wait a minute while I fetch my gun."

He ran out of the room, and presently reappeared outside the window, rifle in hand.

"Look there," he said, pointing to the roof of the stables. "Do you see that weathercock?"

It was a gilt cock, like that which Goethe used to admire, as a child, on the Ober Main Thor at Frankfurt; and was just then shifting with the breeze, and flashing in the sunshine like a yellow diamond. The Earl threw up the window and scanned out.

"I should think so," he replied. "I have seen it pretty nearly every day of my life, ever since I was born."

"How far off is it, do you think?"

"Well, I hardly know; perhaps six hundred yards. But you can't hit a thing that blazes like a comet, and is never still for two seconds together."

"It's an ugly bird," said Saxon, bringing his gun to his shoulder. "Don't you think he'd look more intelligent if he had an eye in his head?"

The words were no sooner out of his lips than he fired. Lord Castletowers snatched up his hat, and bounded down upon the sward.

"You haven't done it," he exclaimed.

"Let us go and see."

They had to go round by the front of the house, and across the yards, to reach those out-buildings over which the vane was placed. At about two-thirds of the distance the Earl stood still.

There was a small round hole drilled through precisely that part of the cock's head where his eye ought to have been.

At the sight of his friend's dumb amazement, Saxon roared with laughter, like a young giant.

"There," said he, "I told you it would be an improvement. And now you see why I wouldn't compete for the cup. We Swiss are always shooting, from the time we are old enough to carry a gun; and I didn't want to spoil the sport for others. It wouldn't have been fair."

#### CHAPTER XXXIII. THE RIFLE MATCH.

At half-past two, an open carriage drove up to the ground, and four ladies alighted. They were received by Lord Castletowers, handed to their seats, and presented with written programmes of the games. Miss Colonna was installed in the central arm-chair, which, being placed a little in advance of the other seats and dignified with a footstool, was styled, magniloquently, the Throne. Scarcely had they taken their places, when two more carriages appeared upon the scene, the first of which contained Lady Arabella Walkingshaw and Miss Hatherton, the second, Mrs. Cadogan, the wife of the Sedgebrook vicar, and her two daughters. The latter, hearing down in the village what was doing in the park, had come over to see the sports, but Lady Arabella's visit was made in exclusive pursuance of her own little game, and bore no kind of reference to any game that might be set on foot by other people. She was, therefore, rather put out than otherwise when, instead of finding Lady Castletowers at home, she was informed that "my lady was gone across the park to see the gentlemen race, and had left word, if any friends called at the house, that there would be seats for them, if they liked to follow." Miss Hatherton, however, was delighted.

"It's perfectly charming," said she, as they turned down the drive leading to that part of the park indicated by the servant. "You cannot think how pleased I am, Lady Arabella!"

"Well, my dear, then I am pleased too," replied Lady Arabella, benevolently.

"There's nothing I enjoy so much as contests of this kind," Miss Hatherton went on to say. "Boat-races, horse-races, reviews, anything so long as skill, strength, or speed is in question. Why, I haven't missed a Derby-day for the last five years; and as for the Roman Carnival, the only thing I care for in it is the horse-race. I'm always sorry the Jews don't run instead. It would be so much more amusing."

"You droll creature!" said Lady Arabella, with a faint smile. "I wonder if Mr. Trefalden will take part in these games?"

"Of course he will—and win all before him. He's as fleet as a chamois, depend on it."

"I hope they won't fire," said Lady Arabella, with a little lady-like shudder.

"And I hope, above all things, that they will. But then, you know, dear Lady Arabella, I have no nerves. Why, this is delightful—there's quite a crowd!"

And so there was. News is contagious, and propagates itself as mysteriously as the potato disease. The whole neighbourhood had already heard, somehow or other, of what was doing at the park; and every farmer, gamekeeper, and idle fellow about the place was on the ground long before the hour appointed. As for the women and children, nothing short of polygamy could account for their numbers.

"Lady Arabella Walkingshaw and Miss Hatherton!" said Lord Castletowers, hastening to the carriage door as they drove up. "This is indeed a happy accident. You have been to the house, I suppose, to call upon my mother."

"We have; but with no idea that we were coming to a—à fête of this kind," replied Lady Arabella, somewhat at a loss for the most appropriate word, and exchanging bows and gracious smiles with the ladies on the platform.

"Why did you not tell us about it last evening, you sly man?" asked Miss Hatherton.

"Because I then knew no more about it than yourself," replied the Earl. "It is an improvisation."

"And what are you going to do?"

"A little of everything—rifle-shooting, leaping, running; but you shall have a programme presently, and if you will alight, I can give you seats beside my mother."

With this he gave his arm to Lady Arabella, and conducted both ladies to the place of honour.

"But where are the competitors?" said Miss Hatherton, when the due greetings had been exchanged, and they had taken their seats; "and above all, where's my friend, the noble savage?"

"Trefalden? Oh, he's in our tent, out yonder. This affair was his idea entirely."

"And an admirable idea too. But he'll beat you, you know."

"He would if he came forward," replied the Earl, "but he declines to compete."

"Declines to compete!" echoed the heiress.

"Yes—for every thing except the last race—and that we all go in for."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Miss Hatherton, indignantly. "Why, it's as if the favourite was withdrawn at the last moment from the Derby—and I, too, who had intended to back him to any extent! I declare I was never more disappointed in my life. What's his motive?"

"He said he was out of practice," replied Castletowers, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense. That wasn't his real motive. He knew nobody else would have a chance, and he was too generous to carry off all the honours."

"Do you really think so?" said Miss Colonna, suddenly. She had listened to the conversation till now, without taking part in it.

"I do, indeed. What does Lord Castletowers say?"

"I say that Miss Hatherton is right; and I know her to be right. Trefalden could write his name in bullets on that target, if he choose—but he won't."

Miss Hatherton turned to Miss Colonna in a glow of enthusiasm.

"That's true nobleness!" she exclaimed.

"Indeed it is," said Castletowers. "He's the finest fellow I have ever known, savage or civilised."

But Miss Colonna said nothing.

"I wish you'd bring him this way, Lord Castletowers," said the heiress. "I like talking to him—he amuses me immensely."

"You shall have him by-and-by," laughed the Earl; "but he is our judge in the rifle-matches, and can't be spared at present. Excuse me—another carriage full of ladies. I am master of the ceremonies."

And with this he ran off to receive the Cadogans.

The appointed hour being overpast, the ladies expectant, and the audience considerable, it was decided that they should begin.

Lord Castletowers was seen to cross the course, and enter the cricketing tent, at the further end, whence he presently emerged with his cartridge-box belted on, and his rifle in his hand. He was followed by five others, similarly equipped. Saxon Trefalden, in his quality of judge, took up a safe position the right of the target. Miss Hatherton surveyed them through her opera-glass as they came over the ground and placed themselves about a dozen yards off with their backs to the stand.

"Dear me! they are very near us," said Lady Arabella, with that pretty timidity that is less charming at eight-and-forty than at eighteen. "I hope it is not dangerous."

"Don't be alarmed, my dear friend," said Miss Hatherton. "Gentlemen don't generally fire behind their own backs. So Major Vaughan begins—and a very good shot, too—very near the bull's eye. Who is that remarkably handsome fair man to the right?"

The question was addressed to Miss Colonna; but it received no reply. Olympia heard the words, as she heard the report of the first rifle, without attaching any import to the sound, just

as her eyes were fixed upon the target, but saw nothing. She was absorbed in thought—very painful thought, as it would seem, by the strange hard way in which her lips were drawn together, and her fingers were mechanically twisting and tearing the programme which they held.

Miss Hatherton turned to repeat the enquiry; but, seeing the expression on Olympia's face, remained silent. It was an expression that startled her, and puzzled her as much as it startled her. An expression such as one sees but seldom in the course of an ordinary life; neither wholly resolute, nor hopeless, nor defiant; but a blending, perhaps, of all three, with something else that might have been compunction—or despair.

Curiosity so far prevailed, that for some three or four seconds Miss Hatherton continued to stare at Olympia instead of watching the competitors, and thus, to her infinite mortification, lost the thread of the firing. Of course, none of the ladies on the platform could help her. They saw the riflemen, and they saw the marks on the target; but not one among them had the dimmest idea of the order in which those marks had been dealt, or of the hands that had bestowed them. The appointed number of rounds, however, having been fired out, the question was set at rest by the announcement that Sir Charles Burgoyne had carried off the first prize. Sir Charles Burgoyne sauntered up accordingly to the front of the platform, and received the cup from Miss Colonna's hand with the best-bred indifference in the world.

"You don't share my passion for these contests, Miss Colonna, said the heiress, in the pause that ensued between the first and second match. The strange look had vanished from Olympia's face long since, but Miss Hatherton could not forget it—it would have given something to fathom it.

"Indeed you mistake. I think them very interesting," replied Olympia.

"But of course they cannot have so much interest for you as for me. Your sympathies are bound up in a great cause, and you must have fewer small emotions on hand."

"Perhaps," said Olympia, with a forced smile.

"No bad news from Italy, I hope?"

"The news at present," replied Olympia, "is neither bad nor good. It is a season of anxious suspense for all whose hearts are in the cause."

"You look anxious," said Miss Hatherton, kindly, but inquisitively. "I thought just now I never saw a face look so anxious as yours. You didn't seem to remark the firing at all."

A crimson tide rushed to Olympia's face, flooded it, and ebbed away, leaving her paler than before.

"I am quite strong enough," she replied, coldly, "to sustain such cares as fall to my lot."

The competitors for the second rifle-match were now on the ground, and the conversation dropped. There were but four this time—Lord Castletowers, Sir Charles Burgoyne, Major Vaughan, and Lieutenant Torrington. Having five shots each, they fired alternately, one shot at a time, in their order as they stood—Vaughan first, Torrington second, Castletowers third, and Burgoyne fourth. It became evident, after the first two rounds, that Vaughan, although a good marksman, was inferior to both Castletowers and Burgoyne, and that Torrington was nowhere. Miss Hatherton and Miss Colonna were the only two ladies who could follow the shots, or understand the scoring; and this they did with a degree of interest quite incomprehensible to the rest. As the end drew near, and it became evident that the victory lay between Burgoyne and the Earl, Miss Hatherton's excitement became intense.

"Ten to one on Lord Castletowers," she exclaimed. "See how cool he is! See how steadily he brings up his gun—ten to one, gloves or guineas. . . . Will nobody take me? In the white, I vow, and all but in the very centre? Beat that, Sir Charles, if you can!"

"He will not beat it," said Olympia, in a low, earnest voice.

Miss Hatherton glanced at her again; but scarcely for a second. She was too deeply interested in the next shot to care much about anything else just then. But she saw Olympia's

parted lips, and the outlooking light in her eyes, and thought of both afterwards.

Up to this point, Lord Castletowers had scored four three times, and three twice, making a total of eighteen. Sir Charles had scored four twice, and three twice, making a total of fourteen. The next shot would be his fifth, and last. If he hit the bull's eye, it would be a drawn game between Castletowers and himself, and they would have to try again for the victory; but if he scored anything less than four, the Earl must win.

There was a moment of suspense. Sir Charles brought up his gun very slowly, took aim twice before he fired, and delivered an excellent shot just on the line dividing the bull's eye from the centre ring. He had lost by the sixteenth of an inch.

The spectators round the ropes set up a faint respectful shout in their squire's honour; the non-competitors rushed up to the target; and Saxon, too well pleased to care for the moment whether Burgoyne heard him or not, shook his friend by both hands, exclaiming:

"I am so glad, Castletowers—so heartily glad! I did wish you to win those pistols!"

Olympia's smile was cold and indifferent enough when the Earl presented himself to receive his prize; but Miss Hatherton's sharp eyes saw that her hand trembled.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV. A GUERDON.

The long jump was jumped, and the hundred yards race was run—Mr. Guy Greville winning the first by four inches, and Major Vaughan the second by four yards. Only the great race remained to be contested. In the meanwhile, half an hour was allowed for rest and refreshments. The gentlemen thronged to the platform in a mongrel costume compounded of flannel trousers, cricketing-shoes, parti-coloured Jerseys, and overcoats of various descriptions; so that they looked like cricketing men below and boating men above. Servants glided solemnly about with Madeira and biscuits. The ladies congratulated the victors, and the victors congratulated each other. The spectators outside the ropes strolled about respectfully, and did a little subdued betting among themselves; and the conversation on the platform was broken up into coteries. One of these consisted of Lady Arabella Walkingshaw, Lady Castletowers, and her son.

"Vaughan ran well, didn't he?" said the Earl. "I thought at one moment that Greville would have distanced him; but Vaughan had the most wind, and steady did it."

"You would do well, Gervase, to reserve your sporting phraseology for your male friends," said Lady Castletowers, coldly. "You forget that ladies do not appreciate its full point and vigour."

"I beg your pardon, my dear mother; but it comes so naturally in my sport is the topic of conversation," replied her son. "I hope you are amused, Lady Arabella?"

"Oh yes, thank you—when you don't fire."

"There is, at all events, nothing undignified in firing," observed the Countess.

"I hope you do not think our athletic games undignified, mother?" said the Earl.

"For gentlemen, certainly. For boys, or peasants, not at all."

"But a gentleman has as many and as good muscles as a peasant. A gentleman values strength and speed as much, and sometimes more, than he values Greek and Latin; but, like Greek and Latin, strength and speed must be kept up by frequent exercise."

"I have no wish to argue the question," said Lady Castletowers. "It is enough that I set a higher value on skill than force, and that it gives me no gratification to see half a dozen gentlemen racing round a piece of sward for the entertainment of a mob of gamekeepers and ploughmen."

"Nay—for our own entertainment and yours, dearest mother," replied the young man, gently. "We have never yet shut our park gates on these good people; but their presence goes for nothing in what we do to-day."

He spoke very deferentially, but with a faint flush of annoyance on his face, and passed on to

where Miss Hatherton was chatting with Saxon Trefalden.

"It will be a long time," she said, "before I can forgive you for my disappointment of this morning. And I know I am right. You could have beaten everybody at everything, if you had pleased. It was an absurd piece of Quixotism, and I am very angry with you for it. There—don't attempt to deny it. Lord Castletowers has confessed, and it is of no use for you to plead not guilty."

"Lord Castletowers never saw me leap a foot or run a yard in his life," said Saxon, emphatically. "He knows nothing of what I can, or cannot do."

"I am here to answer for myself," said the Earl, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder. "And I do know that you can put a bullet through a shifting weathercock at five hundred yards."

"A mere trick!"

"Not so. Skill is no more to be confounded with trickery than pocket-picking with legerdemain. I am of Miss Hatherton's opinion, and am certain you could have beaten us all round if you had chosen to take the trouble."

"You will find out your mistake presently, when you have all left me in the rear," said Saxon, a little impatiently; "I would recommend no one to bet upon me."

"I mean to bet upon you, Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Hatherton.

"Pray don't; you will be sure to lose your money."

"I don't believe it; or if I do, I shall call upon you to pay my debts, for I shall be certain you have lagged behind on purpose."

At this moment one or two of the others came up, and the conversation turned upon the preceding contests.

"Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Colonna, "will you be kind enough to tell me how many times you have to make the circuit of the ground, in this one-mile race?"

Miss Colonna's chair stood next to Miss Hatherton's, but was placed about half a foot in advance, by right of her prerogative. As she turned to address him, Saxon dropped out of the heiress's coterie, and, moving round by the back of her chair, replied:

"Exactly six times, mademoiselle."

"Will you come round to this side, Mr. Trefalden?" said Olympia, in a low tone; "I have something to say to you."

Not without some vague sense of surprise, the young man passed on behind the second chair, and presented himself at Miss Colonna's left hand.

"You are really going to contest this one-mile race, are you not?" she asked.

"I have entered my name with the rest," replied Saxon.

"Then you mean, of course, to win if you can?"

Saxon looked embarrassed.

"I have entered my name," he said, "but I am not sure that I shall run, for all that. Somebody must act as judge; and I prefer not to race if I can help it."

"But I particularly prefer that you should race, Mr. Trefalden," said Olympia, dropping her voice to a still lower key; "I want you to win me that purse of twenty guineas for my dear Italy."

"It will be yours, and Italy's, mademoiselle, whoever wins it."

"I know that, Mr. Trefalden."

"Then what difference can it make whether I, or another, carry off the prize?" said Saxon, wonderingly.

"It does make a difference," replied Olympia, lifting her eyes suddenly to his.

Saxon felt fluttered, without knowing why.

"What difference?" faltered he.

"Must I tell you?"

"If—if you please."

"Will you promise to win for me, if I do tell you?"

"I don't know—I will try."

"I ask no more than that. If you really try, I am confident of victory. Well then, I want



you to win because—I suppose, because I am a woman; and all women are capricious."

Saxon looked puzzled.

"I don't think you are capricious," he said.

"Do you not? Then I am afraid that is because you are a man; and all men are vain. There is a pair of maxims for you."

"Maxims for which I can discover no application," replied Saxon, laughingly. "Why should I be accused of vanity because I refuse to believe that Mademoiselle Colonna is guilty of caprice?"

"I am afraid you are very dull to-day, Mr. Trefalden,—or very subtle."

"I know I am not subtle," said Saxon; "but I must be dreadfully dull."

"If your feet do not outstrip your apprehension, you will scarcely win the cup. What bell is that?"

"It's the signal for assembling," replied Saxon; "I must go now; and you have not told me, after all."

"But you have promised me that you will try."

"No, no—my promise was conditional on your explanation."

"But have I not told you that women are capricious?"

"What of that?"

"We sometimes value a cowslip from one hand more than a rose from another; and—perhaps I am so capricious as to prefer the Italian prize from yours. Hark! there is the second bell! Now, go; and bring me back the purse."

The tone in which this was said—the gesture, half persuasive, half imperious—the dazzling smile by which it was accompanied, were more than enough to turn an older head than Saxon Trefalden's. He stammered something, he scarcely knew what, and his heart leaped, he scarcely knew why.

"If you do not go at once," said Miss Colonna, "you will be too late. Shall I give you my glove for a favour? Be a true knight, and deserve it."

Breathless, intoxicated, the young man pressed the glove furtively to his lips, thrust it into his bosom, leaped down upon the course, and flew to take his place among the runners. He felt as if his feet were clad in the winged sandals of Hermes; as if his head touched the clouds, and the very air were sunshine. It was delightful, this sense of exaltation and rapture—and quite new.

Not so, however, felt Olimpia Colonna. Saxon had no sooner leaped from the platform, than the colour died out suddenly from her face, and the smile from her lips. She leaned back in her chair with a look of intense pain and weariness, and sighed heavily. There were three persons observing her; but her thoughts were very bitter at that moment, and she was quite unconscious of their scrutiny. Those persons were Lady Castletowers; Signor Colonna, who had but just arrived, and was leaning on the back of her chair; and Miss Hatherton—and neither the look of pain, nor the sigh, was lost on either of them.

#### CHAPTER XXXV. BRAVO, ANTINOUS!

The two Pulteneys stayed out, the one to act as judge, the other as timekeeper; and the timekeeper was to give the starting signal by firing a pistol.

In the meanwhile, the eight competitors were ranged side by side, close under the ladies' platform, with the sleeves of their Jerseys rolled up above the elbows, their arms drawn close to their bodies, and their clenched fists pressed against their chests—all lithe and eager-looking like a pack of greyhounds. Of these, the two tallest and fairest were Saxon Trefalden and Sir Charles Burgoyne, Sir Charles was the handsomer man, but Saxon was a shade the taller, and something more than a shade broader across the shoulders. Well might Miss Hatherton call him the golden-haired Antinous; only that he was Antinous on a grander scale than the famous Antinous of the Capitol—Antinous with herculean possibilities of strength and speed.

With the exception of Lord Castletowers, whose Jersey was of a creamy white, just the tint of his flannel trousers, the young men were each distinguished by the colours of their shirts. Saxon's was striped pink and white; Burgoyne's light blue and white; Vaughan's mauve and white; and so on.

All was ready. The course was clear; the spectators silent; the competitors drawn up, and waiting. Suddenly, the timekeeper threw up his hand, and fired in the air. At the same instant, as if shot from his pistol, the eight runners sprang forward, and the race began.

They had no sooner started than Saxon took the lead, running lightly and steadily, with his head well up, and his curls dancing in the sun. He was obviously putting but little labour into his running, and yet, at the first three or four bounds, he had gained a good ten feet on his companions. Next in order came Castletowers, Vaughan, and Burgoyne, almost level with each other; and close after them, Edward Brandon, whose slightness of make and length of limb enabled him to run tolerably well for a short distance; but whose want of real physique invariably knocked him up at the end of the first three hundred yards. Torrington, Greville, and Pelham Hay brought up the rear. In this order they ran the first round. At the second turn, however, just as they neared the ladies' platform, Castletowers made a rush to the front, and passed Saxon by some three or four feet. At the same instant, Vaughan and Burgoyne perceptibly increased their pace, widening the space between themselves and the four last at every stride.

And now Brandon, who had for some seconds begun to show symptoms of distress, came suddenly to a stand-still; and, being passed by those in the rear, fell, pale and panting, to the earth.

In the meanwhile, Saxon had in no wise quickened his pace, nor attempted to regain his lead; but kept on at precisely the same rate throughout the whole of the second round. Just as they were beginning the third, however, and at the very point where Castletowers had made his rush, Saxon, without any apparent effort, bounded ahead, and again left his friend some three yards behind.

Torrington, Greville, and Hay now dropped out of the ranks, one by one, and gave up the contest; leaving only Saxon and Castletowers, Vaughan and Burgoyne, in the race. Presently the two latter went down, but were on their feet again in the twinkling of an eye, and flying on as before.

At the fourth round, Castletowers brought himself up abreast with Saxon. At the fifth, Burgoyne gave in, and Vaughan flagged obviously; but Castletowers again dashed forward, and again secured the lead.

A subdued murmur, that broke now and then into a cheer, ran round the course. Every eye was riveted upon the runners. Every head turned, as they turned, and was outstretched to follow them. The ladies rose on the platform, and watched them through their glasses. There were only three now—a white shirt, a pink shirt, and a mauve; but white and pink divided the suffrages of the lookers-on, and nobody cared a straw for mauve.

Again the circuit was nearly completed, and they were approaching the stand. The next round would be the sixth and last. The interest of the moment became intense. The murmur swelled again, and became a shout—hats were waved, handkerchiefs fluttered—even Lady Castletowers leaned forward with a glow of real excitement on her face.

On they came—the Earl first, in his white Jersey, pale as marble, breathing in short heavy gasps, lips quivering, brows closely knitted, keeping up his head gallantly, but keeping it by dint of sheer pluck and nervous energy. Saxon next—a little flushed, but light of foot and self-possessed as ever, as fresh apparently as when he first started, and capable of running on at the same steady rate for any number of miles that might be set before him. Vaughan last—coming up very heavily, and full twenty yards in the rear.

"Good heavens!" cried Miss Hatherton, half

beside herself with impatience, "how can he let Lord Castletowers keep the lead?"

"Because he cannot help it," said Olimpia, scornfully triumphant. She had forgotten that Saxon was her chosen knight, and all her sympathies were with the Earl.

"Absurd! he has but to put out a little more speed and he *must* win. The Earl is nearly . . . There! there! did I not tell you so? Bravo Antinous!"

They passed the platform; and as they passed, Saxon looked up with an ardent smile, waved his hand to Olimpia, threw up his head like a young war-horse, bounded forward as if the wings were really on his feet, and passed the Earl as easily as a man on horseback passes a man on foot. Till this moment the race, earnest enough for the rest, had been mere play to him. Till this moment he had not attempted to put out his speed, or show what he could do. Now he flashed past the astonished spectators like a meteor. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the turf, his body seemed as if borne upon the air. A great roar of admiration burst from the crowd; and in the midst of the roar, before Lord Castletowers had got over a third distance, Saxon had made the sixth round, and passed the winning-post by several feet.

"Won by a hundred and eighty yards," said Pulteney, timekeeper. "Last round thirty-one seconds and a half. By Jove, Sir, though I've seen it myself, I can scarcely believe it!"

Saxon laughed joyously.

"I could have done it almost as easily," said he, "if it had been up-hill all the way."

And what did Olimpia Colonna say to her chosen knight, when he received the prize from her hands, only to lay it the next moment at her feet? Doubtless she remembered in good time that Saxon was her chosen knight, and forgot how disloyally her sympathies had strayed from him in the race. Doubtless her greeting had in it something poisonously sweet, subtle, intoxicating—to judge, at least, by the light of her face, as he bowed and turned away.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI. ELTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

Mr. Abel Keckwitich, with William Trefalden's private address in his pocket-book, felt much as Adrian the Fourth may have felt with haughty Barbarossa prostrate at his feet. He took it for granted that there was some dark secret at the bottom of his master's daily life. He knew quite well that a practical man like William Trefalden would never take the trouble to surround himself with mystery unless he had something to hide, and to that something, Abel Keckwitich believed he now possessed the key. It never occurred to him that William Trefalden might possibly object to let such loquacious stones as copying clerks prate of his whereabouts, for other than criminal reasons. If such an idea had been suggested to him, he would have laughed it to scorn. So, to do him justice, would Mr. Kidd. Both the detective and the lawyer's clerk were too familiar with the dark side of human nature to believe for a moment that systematic mystery meant anything less than undiscovered crime.

So Abel Keckwitich took his master's address home with him, fairly written out in Mr. Nicodemus Kidd's clear business hand, and exulted therein. He was in no haste to act upon the information folded up in that little slip of paper. It was not in his nature to be in haste about anything, least of all about so sweet a dish as revenge. It must be prepared slowly, tasted a morsel at a time, and made to last as long as possible. Above all, it must be carefully considered beforehand from every point of view, and be spoiled by no blunder at starting. So he copied the address into his common-place book, committed it to memory, pondered over it, gloated over it, and fed his imagination on it for days before he proceeded to take any fresh steps in the matter.

#### "ELTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON."

Such was the address given to him by Mr. Nicodemus Kidd. "Elton House, Kensington," not a word more—not a word less. It was an

(To be continued.)



## TENDER AND TRUE AND TRIED.

Tender and true,  
You kept faith with me,  
As I kept faith with you;—  
Though over us both  
Since we plighted troth  
Long years have rolled:—  
But our love could hold  
Through troubles and trials manifold,  
My darling tender and true!

Tender and true,  
In your eyes I gazed,  
And my heart was safe, I knew!  
Your trusting smile,  
Was pure of guile,  
And I read in sooth  
On your's fair brow's youth  
The earnest of loyal trust and truth,  
My darling tender and true!

Tender and true,  
All my own at last!  
My blessing for all life through—  
In death as life  
My one loved wife—  
Mine—mine at last,  
All troubles past—  
And the future all happiness, deep and vast,  
My darling tender and true!

## THE CAREER OF A RIBBONMAN.

WITH A MORAL FOR THE FENIANS.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

YOU see the smoke rising out of the trees on the slope of that hill?"

"Yes."  
"Well, that is the place where Neal Q— lived who murdered, it is believed, six people, and was hanged six years ago on the Monaghan Jail, for the murder of Mr. B—."

"What was he?"  
"He was as fine-looking a young man as you would see in a day's walking, but he had a bad eye in his head. He knew Greek and Latin, for his father intended to make him a priest, but as there was a blemish on his mother's character, the clergy would not allow him to go to Maynooth. So he became a small squireen, rode on horseback round the country, attended fairs and markets, courted girls, danced at weddings, and spent most of his time and money in public-houses."

"Was he ever married?"  
"Yes; and he treated his wife badly. My father was often sent for to reconcile them. She is now married again."

"Is it possible? Could she get anybody to marry her? Surely, she must have felt the disgrace of having been the wife of Neal?"

"Oh! not at all. She was coming up here the other Sunday to chapel, and a Protestant neighbour, who did not know her, having overtaken her on the road, they fell into conversation. Being asked whether she was going to church (meaning the Protestant church), she turned round angrily upon her questioner, and said—'No thank God; nothing so bad as that ever be evenced (attributed) to me, or any of my family.' Hanging was nothing."

This conversation took place between me and one of my parishioners, soon after my settlement in the most southern part of the county Armagh, in view of the comfortable and snug-looking farm-house of Neal Q—, which was pleasantly embowered among trees, on a sloping hill, within view of the town of Crossmaglen. The district around me had had a terrible reputation. Four or five agents and bailiffs had been shot dead in their houses, or on the public roads, and more than that number of their assassins had been executed in front of the county goal. The murder of an agent came at last to be considered by the wretched peasantry in the light of a high and chivalrous virtue.

"Well, it was shockin' murder, to be sure," said a countryman to me one day: "but you

see, ever since, we have never been bothered about the rint." In some parts of the same county, no rent has been paid for years. I asked a peasant what rent the people paid for their land.

"Oh!" said he, with rising anger, "it is disgraceful for the landlord to ask it—it is far too high."

"Then," said I, "you find it hard to pay it."

"Is it me, sir? I have not paid a shilling of rent for fourteen years, and I would like to see the man who would ask it."

Desperate and deadly, in consequence, is the vengeance that falls upon any unhappy tenant, who will dare to occupy the holding of an ejected tenant. Sometimes an ingenious landlord has balked the revengeful desigus of the peasantry, by making the obnoxious tenant the "life" of all their leases; so that they are compelled to respect his safety, and wish "long life" to the man they hate.

This was the district that gave birth to Neal Q—. His father, strange to say, was a bailiff or "driver" on a Monaghan property, but as the landlord was a humane and lenient man in very difficult and trying times, old Q—, though despised and hated by the peasantry from the nature of his calling, was never threatened or harmed by Ribbonman or Rockite. He sat rent-free, and as his land was good and his salary respectable, his fine handsome boys walked about with their hands in their pockets; and Neal particularly, despising all habits of industry, gave himself the airs of a young squireen. His attended chapel with the utmost regularity, but was never absent from any scene of violence in that disturbed country. People began to be afraid of him. One of my parishioners once told me that "Neal was a fine rattling Irish lad, with great energy of character, and might have come to something good, but for the Ribbon-lodges." He was civil and kindly in his relations with his Protestant neighbours, but he spared no man who had become obnoxious to the Ribbonmen. Often was he committed to gaol for his desperate and bloody assaults. It was his usual remark to the turnkeys on leaving the gaol—"Take care now of that cell of mine; let no dirty fellow sleep in it till I return."

On one occasion, the turnkey remarked, prophetically, "Oh, yes, Neal, the cell will be kept for you, but the next time you leave the prison, it will be by a door higher up" (the door leading to the drop).

Nobody can conceive the system of terrorism that this young man, of strong physique, passionate will, and reckless habits, established for several years over a wide district of country. A friend of mine, the son of my predecessor in the parish, took a few acres of land from an ejected tenant, but paid him handsomely for his tenant-right. The order went forth, notwithstanding, that my friend should be killed. The taking of land under any circumstances was an unpardonable crime. So, Mr. M—, as he has often told me, never went to fairs or markets, except in company and fully armed, never returned from any place by the way he set out, never travelled at night, went armed even into his cattle-stalls, never stood before a window with light in the room, and always crossed through the middle of his fields, avoiding the close and lofty hedges, that he might all the better balk the assassin's aim. It happened, however, that, on one occasion, he was returning late from Dundalk, on horseback, when "he met a solitary horseman." They passed each other rapidly in the darkness, but there was something more than a suspicion on both sides that the riders knew each other. It was, indeed, the terrible Neal Q—, who had been watching for him for weeks at fairs and markets, and now swept past him like a whirlwind. My friend put spurs to his horse, but hearing the returning steps of Neal, he dashed off the main-road and fled with all speed along a narrow bog-road, which was almost impassable in the winter season to either man or horse. As he knew every inch of the road, however, and the horse had often traversed it, he never slackened rein till he reached the horse of a poor farmer, who gave him shelter for the night. Mr. M— got

a terrible fright that night, and has often remarked, that "he never know an easy hour till the day that Neal was hanged."

The crime which rid society of this desprado was done, on a public road, within one mile of a town of 3000 inhabitants, while the sun was shining in a clear sky, and people passing homeward from the fair along that very road. It was the murder of an agent. The assassins—for there were three of them—left him dead on the road, with his venerable grey hairs dabbled in his blood. They were arrested soon after the deed, and lodged in prison. But there was no evidence to warrant a conviction (two juries disagreed about the verdict), till one of the assassins turned approver, and three men, including Neal Q— and an elderly man who had been accessory before the fact, were condemned to die on the scaffold. When Neal heard that one of the accomplices had turned approver, he burst into tears, and said passionately, "Oh! I'll never see Anamar again." This was his home.

An intimate acquaintance of mine, connected with the press, was present at the execution. The three men were to be executed on Monday. My friend was allowed to visit the prison on Sunday night. He entered the convict's room in company with the Governor. Neal was leaning against the door-jamb, looking out upon the long corridor of the prison; the other two men were sitting moodily within, one of them smoking his pipe with great vigour. Neal at once identified my friend as a reporter, who had been present at his trial.

"You are coming to be present at this, tomorrow," he said, with the greatest calmness.

"Yes; I hope you are reconciled to your fate."

"If I got my life this minute," said Neal, "I would not take it."

The visitor was withdrawing, when Neal called after the Governor with the air of a man who was asking a question that did not particularly concern him.

"What time will that take place to morrow?" "Twelve o'clock," was the answer.

"Will we all go down together?"

"No," said the Governor; "the scaffold can accommodate only two."

"Then, Bryan and I will go together."

When my friend entered the prison the next morning about nine o'clock, he was shocked to find the three convicts dressed in their shrouds, actually pirouetting round the gaol-yard, like madmen, seemingly in the highest ecstasies of religious enthusiasm, but with faces whiter than their shrouds. One of them was ready to enter into a religious discussion with my friend; but Neal said—"Oh! Bryan, let the gentleman alone; what's the use of arguing about religion now? Let us be praying for our souls." In three hours more the prison bell tolled, and the hangman conveyed the convicts to the drop. They were about to make a statement, but the Roman Catholic clergy stopped them—one of these gentlemen at the same time begging my friend, the reporter, who was standing at the edge of the scaffold, that he might better catch the last words of the dying men, to stand aside and allow him to converse unheard with Neal. The drop fell amidst a dreadful scream from the women in the crowd. Bryan died almost immediately. Neal struggled for nearly twenty-four minutes, as he was a large and powerful young man. He had expressed a wish to the clergyman to suffer in dying, as he hoped thus that his sufferings hereafter would be mitigated. Several times, while he continued to struggle with fearful energy, the priest ran into the hangman's room to see if he could not shorten the sufferings of Neal; but the dread finisher of the law, who was perspiring and trembling with great excitement, refused to stir from his room, remarking, that "some men were harder to kill than others." I saw this very hangman three months afterwards at the execution of a soldier in Belfast; he talked freely with us about the Monaghan executions, for which, he said, he had got nine guineas, but remarked, with a fine Irish brogue, "It was pure murder to hang Pat O—," one of the accessories to the murder. This poor wretch smoked

his pipe up to the last moment, came out upon the drop more dead than alive, and in a few moments was a swinging whirling corpse.

Thus ended this dreadful vindication of the majesty of the law, and the sacredness of human life. Landlords, agents, and bailiffs breathed freer. Neal's aged mother went about the streets of Crossmaglen that day, wringing her hands, and crying out wildly like a mad-woman. His father had been already dead. His wife, who parted from him at nine o'clock with a dry eye, went home with her relations, and in a short time married again. But—the strangest fact of all—one of the clergymen who attended Neal at the drop had the audacity to affirm some years afterwards that the three men had been murdered by British law. There can be no doubt whatever that the scaffold taught an effective lesson to the Ribbon conspirators, for, from that hour, Crossmaglen has been one of the most peaceful and prosperous of neighbourhoods.

### DREAMS.\*

DREAMS and their interpretation have been favourite themes for speculation from time immemorial. Many curious books have been published containing the wisdom of fools and the follies of wise men; interpretations and counter interpretations: laws by which you may understand their secret meaning of dreams, and others by which you may breathe a secret meaning into dreams which you create yourself. Mr. Frank Seafield has recently published an addition to the Literature of Dreams; a "common-place book" he terms it, in which all the curious incidents that have ever occurred in the sleep of any sleeping being are chronicled as well as what everybody has written on a subject that interests everybody.

One of the chief difficulties in the interpretation of dreams is the play of fancy. Of this, there are many instances in Mr. Seafield's volumes. There is a curious story of a man sleeping at a cheesemonger's, in a room infested by rats, and dreaming that he was shut up in a large cheese, and attacked like Bishop Hatto, by an army of rats. There is another of a man kicking the bedclothes off his feet and dreaming that he went barefooted to the butcher's to return a joint that had been sent by mistake. In another case, a lady dreams that an epidemic has attacked noses, and finds that her hand was resting on her own nose so as to stop the circulation. In another, a lady asleep during the sermon, dreams that she plays with a stranger for all her money and jewels, that losing these, she stakes her three lovely children; and the stranger bears these off at last, discovering himself by a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone—the latter proving "only a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head, concerning time." The best instances of these self-created dreams are given in the experiments of M. Maury:—

1. His lips and nose were tickled by his coadjutor with a feather. He dreamed that he was subjected to horrible tortures; that a pitchplaster was applied to his face, which was then roughly withdrawn, denuding the lips and cheeks.

2. A pair of tweezers were struck close to his ears by scissors. He dreamed that he heard the ringing of bells, which speedily passed into the tocsin, and suggested June, 1848.

3. He was made to smell Eau de Cologne. He dreamed that he was in the shop of a perfumer, which led the fancy to the East, and to the shop of Jean Farina, in Cairo!

4. He was made to feel the heat and smell of a burning match, and the wind at the time whistled through the shutters. He dreamed that he was at sea, and that the powder-room of the vessel blew up.

5. His neck was slightly pinched. He dreamed that a blister was applied; and then there arose the recollection of a physician who had treated him in youth.

6. A piece of red-hot iron was held close to his

face for such a length of time as to communicate a slight heat. He dreamed of bandits who got into houses and applied hot irons to the feet of the inhabitants, in order to extract money from them. This idea suggested that of the Duchess d'Abantes, who he conceived had chosen him as secretary, in whose memoirs he had read of chauffeurs, or bandits, who burned people.

7. The word "parafarnarus" was pronounced close to his ear. He heard nothing; but on a repetition of the attempt while in bed, the word "maman" was followed only by a dream of the hum of bees. When the experiment was repeated some days subsequently, and when he was falling asleep, he dreamed of two or three words, "Azor, Castor, Leonore," which were attributed to the interlocutors in his dream. The sound of "chanelle, haridelle," awoke him while pronouncing the words "c'est elle," but without any recollection of the idea attached to the expression.

8. A drop of water falling on the brow suggested a dream of Italy, great thirst, and a draught of orvietto.

9. A light, surrounded by a red paper, was repeatedly passed before his eyes. He dreamed of a storm of lightning, which reproduced a violent tempest which he had encountered between Morlaix and Havre.

But even when there are no such illusions, the difficulty of interpreting dreams remains. Mr. Seafield gives us several solutions from Greek, and Persian, and Mussulman sources. We give one extract from this curious chapter:—

"Resurrection-men should be careful to whom they relate their dreams. 'What answer,' said a stranger to the son of Sirin, 'shall I convey to a man who has dreamed that he broke some eggs, and took out the white, and left the yolk in the shells?'—'Tell him to come and consult me in person,' replied the oneirocritic. It was in vain that the same message was often repeated; the son of Sirin refused all answer, till the messenger avowed that himself was the dreamer, and confirmed the statement by an oath. 'Seize that man and bear him before the Cadi, for he disinters and robs the dead,' was the declaration which immediately overwhelmed him with terror and astonishment."

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with dreams is the shortness of time needed for their consummation. Lord Brougham says that in dictating a man may frequently fall asleep after uttering a few words, and be awakened by the amanuensis repeating the last word to show he has written the whole; but, though five or six seconds only have elapsed between the delivery of the sentence and its transfer to paper, the sleeper may have passed through a dream extending through half a lifetime. Lord Holland and Mr. Babbage both confirm this theory. The one was listening to a friend reading aloud, and slept from the beginning of one sentence to the latter part of the sentence immediately succeeding; yet during this time he had a dream, the particulars of which would have taken more than a quarter of an hour to write. Mr. Babbage dreamt a succession of events, and woke in time to hear the concluding words of a friend's answer to a question he had just put him. One man was liable to feelings of suffocation, accompanied by a dream of a skeleton grasping his throat, whenever he slept in a lying posture, and had an attendant to wake him the moment he sank down. But though awakened, the moment he began to sink, that time sufficed for a long struggle with the skeleton. Another man dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, spent a fortnight in America, and fell overboard when embarking to return; yet his sleep had not lasted more than ten minutes.

### STORIES ABOUT STRANGE FISHES.

STORIES about strange fishes of eccentric habits, and fishes of preternatural size, odd forms, and ugliness, in the common sense of the term, are very amusing. It is true that now and then a wonderful story is served like the fish itself—knocked on the head by the mallet of truth; while some public prosecutor of popular

error strips a marvellous story of its Munchausen quality. How often has the sea serpent wonder been demolished; yet every now and then some fresh specimen "lifts the head and lies," the belief takes fresh root, and the credence is safe for another term.

The Bohemians have a proverb—"every fish has another for prey:" that named the wels has them all. This is the largest fresh-water fish found in the rivers of Europe, except the sturgeon; it often reaches five or six feet in length. It destroys many aquatic birds, and we are assured that it does not spare the human species. On the 3rd of July, 1706, a peasant took one near Thorn, that had an infant entire in its stomach! They tell in Hungary of children and young girls being devoured on going to draw water; and they even relate that, on the frontiers of Turkey, a poor fisherman took one that had in its stomach the body of a woman, her purse, full of gold, and a ring! The fish is even reported to have been taken sixteen feet long.

However, there are several fish and ring stories. Some 2,300 years ago, Polycrates, the despot of Samos, throw into the sea a favourite ring of matchless price and beauty. In a few days the ring reappeared in the belly of a fine fish, which a fisherman had sent to the despot as a present.

Peter Damian relates that Arnulphus, king of Lotharingia, in a fit of repentance for his depravity, threw a costly ring into a stream, saying, "If you are brought back to me, then, but not till then, shall I be assured that all my sins have been pardoned and cancelled." Thereupon the king led a very penitent life, when a fish, served at dinner on a meagre day, was found by the cook to possess a fine gold ring—of course, that which Arnulphus had thrown into the stream—when the king became assured of the Divine acceptance of his contrition. St. Augustine relates that a needy cobbler of Hippo prayed to the shrine of the Thirty Martyrs for a certain article of clothing, when, in passing along the sea-shore, he took a large fish which had been thrown upon the beach, which he sold to a rich man's cook, and with the money purchased wool enough for his wife to spin into the necessary garment. Next the cook discovered inside the fish a gold ring; and knowing at whose shrine the cobbler had prayed, he gave him back the trinket, saying, "Thus do the Thirty Martyrs find thee clothing, according to thy suit."

There are other versions of this story in Eastern narratives. It is also the great event of the old popular ballad of "The Cruel Knight, or, the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," in which the ring which had been thrown into the sea is restored by means of a cod-fish. The traditional heroine of this ballad is Dame Rebecca Berry, buried at Stepney, Middlesex, where, in her arms, sculptured upon her tomb, a fish and amulet are regarded as proofs of the veracity of the tale.

Still, the pike stories are most wonderful. In the "History of Staffordshire" it is stated that "at Lord Gower's estate at Trencham a pike seized the head of a swan as she was feeding under water, and gorged so much of it as killed them both. The servants, perceiving the swan remain in the same position for a considerable time, went in a boat, and found both swan and pike dead." Gesner says that a famished pike, in the Rhone, fixed on the lips of a mule that was drinking, and was drawn out by the beast before it could disengage itself.

A singular encounter, which took place at Waldstein between a pike and a fox, is commemorated in a German print. Some country people had taken a huge pike, but in conveying it home during the night it escaped. As it was a large fish, they returned with torches in search of their prize, and after some time found it on the grass, having fast hold of a fox by the nose. The fox, caught in this novel trap, endeavoured in vain to escape, and it was not until the pike was killed that it was possible to separate them.

In December, 1765, a pike was caught in the river Ouse, weighing upwards of twenty-eight pounds; when opened, the cook found a watch, with two seals attached to it by a black ribbon, in the body of the fish. These, it was afterwards ascertained, had belonged to a servant, who had been drowned about six weeks before.

\* The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams. By Frank Seafield, M.A.

On June 28, 1626, a cod-fish was brought to Cambridge market, which, upon being opened, was found to contain a book in its stomach. The book, though wrapped in a piece of sail-cloth, was much soiled, and covered with slime. It contained several treatises on religious subjects, written by one John Frith. It was reprinted by the authorities of Cambridge University, and has a woodcut representing the stall in Cambridge market, with the fish, book, and knife. How the book got into the fish is not told.

### THE AMENOGRAPH.

**A**MONG the scientific novelties exhibited at the meeting of the British Association which has just concluded its session at Birmingham, there was an instrument invented and patented by Mr. S. B. Howlett, of the War-office, by means of which winds, from the gentlest breeze up to the most furious storm, can be made to record their own direction and force in the form of a diagram on paper. In other words, the instrument has only to be set up in an exposed position, and left to itself during the continuance of a breeze or storm, and it will present an observer with an accurate map, drawn to a scale, of what the winds have been doing. Their direction is shown to a degree, and their strength is measured to half an ounce, and this with unerring precision.

Our readers have first to picture to themselves a box of stout tin or zinc in the shape of a pyramid. Through an opening at the apex or point of the pyramid a long tube passes, which reaches within two inches of the bottom of the box; it is slung, however, by an apparatus called on board ship a *gymbal* to a collar in the opening, and the nature of this *gymbal* being something that of a universal joint the rod or tube hangs freely, and will swing like a pendulum, only with this difference, that it will swing in any direction. To the lower end of this tube, a weight of lead is fixed, so that it takes considerable force to move the pendulum from a perpendicular position, and we would have our readers bear in mind that very much more force is needed to move the pendulum, far from the perpendicular than to move it a little way. Thus Mr. Howlett thought that if he could in any way get the winds to move his pendulum, they would make it swing as their strength permitted; and he could record that, how fair and in what direction the pendulum swung, he could find out how strong the wind was, and which way it blew. Accordingly a sphere was fixed to the top part of the tube, outside the box, for the winds to blow against, and so move the swinging weight; and a weighted pencil was dropped into the tube, which, moving with the tube, and sliding out by its own weight just as far as was necessary, marked on a piece of paper exactly how far and in what direction the pendulum moved. Here was a solution of the main part of the problem. Further, Mr. Howlett found that, in obedience to a law known to natural philosophers, a sphere intended to represent to the air-currents an effective resisting surface of one square foot must be made, so as to have what is called a *great circle* of two square feet; and he has accordingly provided for this. Thus supposing we want to ascertain the direction of the wind and its pressure on a square foot, we should have only to put on a globe with a great circle of two square feet; and having then set one side of the square base of the instrument on the meridian, and put a sheet of paper under the pencil, we should have to do no more than leave the instrument for a minute, an hour, or a day, just as we might choose; and on going to look at its doings it would present us with a series of looped lines, showing at once, by their direction, the quarter from which the wind had been blowing, and shewing also, on the application of a scale, its pressure in pounds and ounces.

The whole instrument is made of a convenient size for use, on a portable tripod stand, and is proposed by its inventor not merely as an observatory instrument (though well adapted, for such a purpose), but, as it were, as a field instrument, by means of a few of which at different stations, the actual course and the lines of greatest violence of a storm, or even of a light wind might be unerringly laid down.

### PASTIMES.

#### DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a dye-stuff, and leave a poisonous reptile.
2. Behead a precious gem, and leave a title of nobility.
3. Behead a river in Europe, and leave one of the books of the Old Testament.

#### CONUNDRUM.

Why is Neptune like a man looking for the philosopher's stone?

#### REBUS.

1.

Five letters compose me; there's really no knowing how much of your comfort to me you are owing.

Though under control, I'm so potent—(don't doubt me).

That Science and Art would be crippled without me.

Behead me, and lo! the result of that course is I'm now representing a waggon and horse.

Now cut off my tail, and you'll find yourself able to place me in this shape at evoo on your table.

When, strange though it seem, it is perfectly true, My original self may be present there, too.

2. I am a word of six letters; cut off my head, and I am a portion of the globe; again cut off my head, and I am a numeral; cut off my tail and transpose me, and I am a negative; my whole is an atmospheric disinfectant.

#### CHARADES.

I am composed of 13 letters; my 1, 9, 10, 7 is a portion of the earth; my 3, 2, 4, 5, 13 is a rich fabric; my 12, 11, 3, 5, 8 tends to elevation and refinement; my 1, 3, 2, 10, 6 is a sacred song; my 5, 4, 7, 6 is what a reporter delights in; my 7, 10, 9, 1, 7 is what young ladies sometimes do; and my whole is intended to combine instruction with amusement.

#### ANAGRAMS.

- A line from Shakespeare.
1. Tirooa chet thwei eth urpm edf yoonnr irese.
  2. Grofde lte ltsua fo ltores adn ceebmmrr vyo own.
  3. A fsto sewnra huttire sawy hrtaw.
  4. A water to thrive.
  5. Not me dear.
  6. No stop it rains.

#### TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. MTARFARISERONG. Is attracting the attention of the civilized world.
2. OIBNOREAOTREHNDIF. Extends to both sides of the Atlantic.
3. TNLSENSMNOMUNEO. No credit to Montreal.

#### ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. Two persons, A and B, have both the same income; A saves one-fifth of his income yearly; but B, by spending £50 per annum more than A, at the end of four years finds himself £100 in debt. What is their income, and what do they spend per annum?
2. Find three numbers such that the first, with the cube of the second, may be 35; the third, with the cube of the second, 29; and the sum of the three cubes, 547.
3. "WILLIAM" desires us to place the following proposition before our readers; the question is a practical one to him, and he hopes that some of our friends will furnish him with a correct answer:

Suppose I deposit \$8.75 in a Savings Bank on the first day of every month for the term of six years, what will the principal and interest amount to at the expiration of that time; interest to be calculated at 4 per cent. per annum, and compounded yearly?

#### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 8.

##### ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. 16.
2. 21.
3. The father's age was 48; the son's, 21.

#### RIDDLES.

1. Because it professes to make one of two, but it is only a pleasing delusion.
2. With a ring, but not without a rap.
3. Because there are two C's (seas) in Pacific, and only one in Atlantic.

#### PUZZLES.

The son of the host.

#### CHARADES.

1. Cartier. 2. McDonald.

#### ANAGRAM.

Truth is a heavenly principle—a light Whose beams will ever guide the willing right: A fixed star—a spotless central sun, In the mind's heaven unobscurable and one.

The following answers have been received:

*Arithmetical Questions*—All, Geo. J. B., E. R. A., X. Y. Z., H. J. M., W. J. F., Peter, Nemo, S. E. F.; 1st and 2nd, W. H. F.; 2nd and 3rd, Thos. G. *Riddles*—1, Q. E. D., Nemo; 2, Q. E. D., S. E. F.; 3, Peter.

*Charades*—Peter, Themistocles, Nemo, Q. E. D., F. B., Artist, G. J. B., E. R. A., X. Y. Z., H. J. M., W. J. F., W. H. F., Thos. G., S. E. F.

*Puzzles*—Thos. G., W. H. F., X. Y. Z., E. R. A., Geo. J. B., Nemo, Peter. (Several incorrect answers have also been received.)

*Anagram*—Peter, Nemo, F. B., Geo. J. B., X. Y. Z., W. J. F., Thos. G., E. R. A., S. E. F. (Several write "eternal" in the third line, instead of "central.")

The following did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in our last number:—Thos. G., Themistocles, W. J. F., A. A., Oxon, J. Logan.

### SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A NEW remedy for toothache has been announced, namely, carbolic acid, which is said to be an effectual cure; and dentists are recommended to apply it to decayed teeth before stopping them.

**PROFITABLE INGENUITY.**—A Mr. Perry, of Yeovil, Somerset, exhibits in the Bristol Industrial Exhibition a model of a church, with a peal of bells and miniature ringers, and several small cases containing mechanical figures, railway trains, &c., the whole of which, before they can be set in motion, severally require that a halfpenny shall be dropped into the till. These working models are very attractive, and it is estimated that several pounds are dropped into the tills in the course of the day. There are eleven of these mechanical figures all belonging to the one man, and it is thought that he is clearing from £10 to £15 per day.

**PETROLEUM AS FUEL.**—The petroleum boiler at Woodwich Dockyard, lately experimented with, is now undergoing considerable alteration, in order to assimilate it more to the simple form of the present marine boiler. The long course of experiments under Mr. Richardson's supervision at Woolwich has proved the system to be not only available, but utterly free from danger; the experiments are now to be carried on with greater vigour. When the alterations are completed the boiler will be able to burn the Rangoon, Barbadoes, or Trinidad petroleum, together with the English coal and whale oils alternately, as well as every other kind of hydro-carbon, to obtain any degree of speed that may be required, and without waste.

The *Moniteur* publishes some statistics of the manufacture of beet-root sugar in France for the season of 1864-65, ending July 31 of the present year. At that date 398 manufactories were in operation, against 366 in July, 1864, and the quantity of sugar produced was upwards of 146,000,000 kilos, an increase of 33,000,000 kilos on last year's yield.

A USEFUL little instrument, called by the inventor a "Topograph," has recently been patented by Mr. Leady, of Sunbury. It combines a plane table, prismatic compass, level, and clinometer, and seems to be well adapted for making rapid sketch-maps possessing a considerable amount of accuracy, for military or other purposes, where there is not sufficient time for a more extended survey.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D. R.—A decimal point should have been placed before the last five; the answer would then read  $6\frac{1}{2} = 6 + .5 = 6\frac{1}{2}$

PETER.—Thanks. Similar suggestions will be always welcome.

NEKO.—It would have been better to have written "A son."

THEMISTOCLES.—You will see that we have availed ourselves of several of your contributions to our P. C. Will be glad to hear from you again.

G. C. G., Quebec.—Your proposal is under consideration, will write you respecting other translations in a few days.

E. H. A.—Much obliged to you for the information; should you recollect the date and source of the article referred to, please be good enough to write us, as we would willingly devote some attention to the subject.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.—We would rather "shake hands" than quarrel, at any time, especially with our friends, and will willingly consider the hatchet buried. Shall be glad to receive your proposed contribution, and doubt not it will prove of value to many of our readers.

P. A. B.—Please accept our thanks. Will reply to your last letter as requested, so soon as some pending arrangements are completed.

I. L., Hamilton.—The tale is fairly written, but we must decline it. The subject is hackneyed.

ENQUIRE.—Epping is a small village about twelve miles from London, situate on the borders of the celebrated Epping Forest. It seems strange that cholera should have broken out in this locality before visiting any of the large and overcrowded cities of England, but this dread visitant baffles all calculations, and sometimes strikes where least expected.

Q. E. D.—Thanks. Your contributions will appear in an early issue.

BESSIE.—Declined with thanks.

ARTIST.—We have quite a number of contributions on hand similar to those you forwarded. It would scarcely be in keeping with good taste for us to insert the second.

VIRGIL.—"Was I to go to town" is incorrect, the phrase should be "were I to go to town."

H. H. H.—Will hand your note respecting the copies per mail to the Publisher. Accept our thanks for the problems.

MYRA G.—The tale compares favourably with many we receive, but is not sufficiently well written to warrant its publication. If you intend to "try again," avoid such expressions as "gents," and pray be more careful in your orthography.

J. L.—We shall be happy to hear from you again.

SALVIA.—If accepted, will write you respecting future articles.

SOLO.—J. T. S.—To band, thanks!

CHESS.—According to the strict law of the game, while you hold your piece you may move it anywhere allowed by the rules; but when you quit your hold the move is completed, and must be abided by. You are not compelled to cry check when you attack the Queen.

LESTER.—Lord Byron was the author of the celebrated cockney enigma commencing, The Vido Vord you may search and my fellow not find,

I dwells in a Wacnum, deficient in Vind;  
In the Wisage I'm seen, in the Voice I am heard,  
And yet I'm invisible, gives went to no Vord, &c.

W. J. P.—THE READER has no interest in party politics: and cares but little whether Mr. Brown's or Mr. Macdonald's nominee proves successful in a controverted election.

Puoro.—We are unable to answer your question.

GEORGE.—Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

A GOOD-NATURED fellow, who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, was one day complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors. "Shure, and I'll tell ye how to get rid of 'em," said an Irishman. "Pray, how?" "Lind money to the poor ones, and borrow money of the rich ones, and nather sort will ever trouble yo agiu."

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

PICKLE AND PRESERVE JARS.—Remember that pickle and preserve jars should always be washed in cold water, dried thoroughly, and kept in a dry place. If they are washed in hot water, it cracks their glazed surface, making them porous, and therefore unfit for use—since one of the great points in pickling and preserving is thoroughly to exclude the air.

SHREWSBURY CAKES.—Weigh one pound of flour, into which rub half a pound of butter and six ounces of sugar, make a hole in the centre, into which break a couple of eggs, and add sufficient milk to form a flexible paste, which roll out to the thickness of a penny-piece, and cut it into small cakes with a round cutter; bake them in a moderate oven. Ginger cakes are made precisely as the above, but adding half an ounce of ground ginger before mixing; and cinnamon cakes, by rubbing in an ounce and a half of ground cinnamon after the paste is mixed.

APPLE AND SAGO PUDDING.—Pare and core as many apples as will set into the dish in which the pudding is to be baked; fill the hole in the cored apple with ground cinnamon and sugar; take as many large spoonfuls of sago as you have apples; mix it with a little cold water; turn in as much boiling water as will fill the pudding-dish; stir it all the time till it begins to thicken; then cover it up, and let it stand about two hours, until the sago swells; then turn it into the dish, set it into a pretty hot oven, and bake it two hours. To be eaten with sugar and cream.

CHANCELLOR'S PUDDING.—Take a tin mould, or a small tin pan; butter it well. Split and stone some large raisins; place them on the sides of the buttered tin about two inches apart; slice a stale brick-loaf, and place it around the pan. Have ready twelve eggs well beaten, and seasoned with lemon or peach-water, and one cup of cream. Set the pan or mould into boiling-water; turn in the eggs and cover it up, and let it boil two hours. When it is done, turn the mould over into the dish, and let it stand about ten minutes before removing it, for fear the pudding should break. Serve it with a rich wine sauce.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A WOMAN said in a police-court the other day, that before marriage her husband pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.

WHAT is the difference between a woodman and a toilet mug?—One is a *hewer* of wood and the other a *ever* of water.

DIFFICULT YET EASY.—If a police officer is after you, the best thing you can do is to lock the door, and then *bolt* yourself.

A MORNING PAPER tells us of the sad case of a man who was shipwrecked and cast upon an uninhabited island, *without a shilling in his pocket.*

CROSS-BREED.—"Is that dog of yours a cross breed?" asked a gentleman of a canine vendor. "No, zur; his mother was a very gentle and affectionate creature."

POSSIBLY.—A lady, playfully condemning the wearing of whiskers and moustaches, declared:—"It is one of the fashions I invariably set my face against."

## WANTED TO KNOW.

WHETHER the medium of the city papers is a spiritual one?

OF what kind of resin the pitch of the voice is composed?

BY whom the sign of the Times was painted.

BY whom the march of improvement now going on in Montreal was composed?

## MISCELLANEOUS CONTRIBUTIONS.

ONE of the rockers from the cradle of the deep.

A KEY to a lock of hair.

PART of the hem of the val of Cashmere.

A PAIRING of the nail of the finger of scorn.

## DEFINITIONS.

CAR-GO.—Motion of a car.

CANTICLE.—A lie to tickle.

CHILD-HOOD.—A bonnet for a child.

CHAR-LET.—A married man.

CUR-TAIL.—A dog's narrative.

DE-CALOGUE.—To dress a stick.

An Irish lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honours." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose to apologise, thus:—"May it please the court—in the hate of debate I called your honours gentlemen. I made a mistake, your honours."

A MAN named John Bunyan was recently summoned before a magistrate because he would not "move on." The magistrate remarked that he was surprised a man bearing the name of Bunyan should be wanting in "progress."

TRIED AND ACQUITTED.—A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order, "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under, "Has been tried and acquitted."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—"I don't so much care about the high price of meat now, as I am going to effect a tremendous saving in other respects; I am resolved that henceforth my children's washing shall not cost more than fourpence a week."—"Fourpence a week! Why, do you know that you have got two boys and two girls?"—"Precisely, but I have seen a very respectable place where they advertise, 'Kids cleaned at twopence a pair,' and I intend sending them there for the future."—*Punch.*

VICES AND NOSES.—Many persons are led by their vices as there are many who are led by their noses: but there are a far greater number who follow both without any leading at all.

PICKING AND CHOOSING, NOT PICKING AND STEALING.—A young thief, who was charged with picking pockets, demurred to the indictment, saying that he had never picked pockets, but had always taken them just as they came.

A CAUTIOUS BET.—An old and most respectable tradesman at Quebec, on being asked if he ever speculated at a race, replied—"I never bet more than a halfpenny bun in my life, and then I made a stipulation that if I lost I was to have the first bite."

A STUDENT declaiming vigorously and eloquently on "The Language of Man," burst forth with "The indispensable contributions of the inferior members of the animal kingdom to our noble language, and—" but here his tutor stopped him, and requested an explanation of the "indispensable contributions" referred to; whereupon the student, without being at all abashed, replied, "They may be found, sir, in such words as *dog-matism, cat-echism, cro-nology, pus-illanious, duc-tility, hen-pecked, ox-ygen, cow-slip, pigment, ass-teroid, and rat-ification.*"

REMEDIAL.—"I claim, may it please the court, that there is no wrong, there can be no wrong, without a remedy!" grandiloquently exclaimed a young lawyer the other day, while arguing a case.—"Well, now, let us see about that," quietly replied his opponent. "Suppose that distance lends enchantment to the view, and the view refuse to return it, what remedy will distance have in that case?"

HOW TO CURE TIMEING.—"They have a singular way of punishing robbery in China," said a missionary, who had just returned from the Celestial Empire, to a number of friends who had called in to hear his account of things in that land of marvels.—"Does it cure the offender of his unfortunate propensities?" eagerly inquired a "philanthropist," whose interest in human beings was in exact ratio with their villainousness.—"Well," replied the missionary, "I never saw the punishment inflicted but once. I will tell you how it was done, and then you can judge for yourself as to its reclaiming and converting powers. They put the culprit in a large mortar, and then fired him head foremost against a stone wall."