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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 36

FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 12, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

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

OUR OLD NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THERE is a fine breezy neighbourhood within half an hour's walk of our centre of civilization, where grass grows and clear water runs; where the fitting swallows find abundant material for building operations; ducks and hens rear their respective families unmolested; and dear little green goslings emerge out of their verdant youth, to arrive, happily, at disagreeable goosehood. The dogs in this locality are well-disposed animals, having been educated up to their duties, and co-operate cheerfully with the small boys, and old women who are the main guardians of these feathered broods. Commerce is not entirely unknown. Green apples, in and out of season, vile candy, sunburnt cakes, pipes, spruce beer of superlative quality, and new-laid eggs are to be obtained at reasonable cost.

Small thickets of blueberry bushes, and wild laurel, graceful clumps of feathery bracken, and a wilderness of sweet fern, border the green winding road, or make room, where the little brooks pleasantly define the side-walks, for many-patterned mosses, and the rare blue violet for which you may often search the woods in vain. Among the bits of woodland the robin, the grey and green linnnet, and their beautiful scarlet relative, are numerous and scarcely shy, despite the occasional incursions of those marauders who profess to be "out shooting." Here and there a bend of the road shows you the salt-water, blue and curling—lapping the shore below with the monotonous music that recalls summer associations in every tone. One thinks of "Calypso's Isle," poor jilted Ariadne's cliff, and other such agreeable watering-places, at present more or less out of fashion. In this out-of-door weather, within hearing of that low rippling plash, one envies the mermaids, and can fancy the weird beauties seated on the great jutting rocks if some lonely silent cove, in the shadow of broad branches stretching out far above them, curling their long bright locks, and meaning the same sort of mischief prevalent among more modern damsels. But the inhabitants of this green descending lane have no respect for Calypso, although the story of

"That lone and lovely island,
In the far-off southern seas,"

may very possibly have been enacted over again among them, and certainly do not emulate the mermaids in their favourite occupation—hair-dressing seeming to be rather a lost art in the vicinity.

Hither in their country rambles, seeking for quiet and fresh air, come the more peaceable

and orderly members of the warlike profession; and you may often obtain a glimpse of a red coat, through the windows of the clean little parlours, (for parlours are not unknown here) that face the road; the martial wearers having cultivated their opportunities, and secured the friendship and good-will of these humble habitations. The houses are thinly scattered, and the population by no means numerous, yet the neighbourhood is not wanting in suggestive bits of character. I think first of a tall, straggling house, planned and erected in a spirit of weak-minded ambition, that causes it to resemble closely the spurious and rather decayed gentility of its owner; never more than half finished, it remains a striking specimen of the exalted views, and feeble results which characterise his general performances. But, in speaking thus disrespectfully of our friend's achievements, I should make an exception in favour of his garden. There are no failures there. "Tilling the ground," as he elegantly expresses it, is his chief pleasure; probably, because it is the thing not expected of him, shoe-making being his professed, but sorely neglected business. Even the potato-blight passes over his thrifty rows, and descends upon the humble little patch of some worthier neighbour. The earliest roses, the most double-dahlia, the richest carnations glow and flourish here, with a magnificence that sets rival efforts at defiance. Nor is he a niggard of these treasures, particularly when he finds them useful in appeasing the just wrath of feminine applicants disappointed in the way of business. But this refuge is not always successful, and floral offerings fail to propitiate the more obdurate sex. The fact of his being a truly excellent workman renders these horticultural tastes, in the eyes of such persons, rather an aggravation of their own grievances, than a merit to be appreciated in him; and when some exasperated employer after vainly waiting to be shod, until he is in danger of going barefoot, demands an explanation of the delay, his feelings are not much soothed by an affable description of the prosperity of the garden, accompanied with a statement of the great improvement in the health of the proprietor since he had been engaged therein.

He has a wife, whom he treats with much condescension, when he notices her at all; an anxious toiling woman—without whose commonplace qualities his pretensions would have been at a lower ebb than they are. She and her boys and girls, of whom there are any number, work at home and abroad, striving to live with some degree of comfort and decency—their good sense and industry very often foiled by his unwise projects, and misapplied energies. "Peter," said a lady one day, to one of these urchins, who was creditably trying to earn a penny by errand-going. "Does your father mean ever to finish my boots?" "Yes, ma'am," said Peter, with great readiness, "when he gets his health." Peter inherits the paternal phraseology, and the inquirer felt that her case was hopeless as ever.

The outward man, in this case, as in most others, is a good indication of character. The tall spare jaunty figure, almost invariably attired in an antiquated dress coat, and making a poor attempt at juvenility as it whisks along its familiar tracks, is very expressive, indeed, of the worthless old gentleman. But if his faults are chronic, his politeness is unfailling; and his friends are too well accustomed to his shifts and evasions to be angry with him very long.

Not far off is to be found the carpenter of the district—a solemn, lanky, important personage. He has not penetrated much into the world, but is content with the performance of odd jobs in his own vicinity. Working upon one occasion,

at one of the bettermost houses in the neighbourhood, he disappeared for two or three days, somewhat to the inconvenience of his employers.

Returning with much composure to his unfinished labours, he announced that his wife had died in the interval. Shocked at the news, a kind old lady undertook to condole with him, remarking that he "must be very much grieved at the loss of so good a wife;" upon which the philosophic man replied that he knew "many people made a great fuss about such things, but for his own part, he never gave way to these vulgar feelin's," leaving his consoler rather out of work.

Further on, where the houses are fewer, and the road winds through the wild pasture land, you reach a weather-worn hut, nesting in the shelter of two or three tall fir-trees. Not very promising in externals, this small habitation is scrupulously clean, and even comfortable within. Its mistress is a sable sphinx-like woman, whose manners combine mystery with dignity. She is a person of few words, but she amply atones for that deficiency by the quality of her language. She expresses herself in grandiloquent terms, and has the gift of inventing epithets of the most expressive nature in crises where description would fail more ordinary beings. Priscilla has not been a constant inhabitant of these parts. Years ago she married, and emigrated to Boston, but in a year or two returned to her former abode alone, taking up her old mode of life with equanimity, and cutting short all inquiries respecting her missing husband, with the brief explanation, "that he was an annoyance." Subsequently she made an exploring expedition to the W—— Diggings, and soon became favourably known to society by the excellent performance of her duties as chief cook at the principal inn, or hotel perhaps we should say, of that prosperous region. But Priscilla was, like ourselves, not quite perfect, and the second venture proved not much more successful than her matrimonial exploit. She had one failing which is apt to create confusion, and disaster in the practical department of the art of cookery. She was not at all times a consistent member of the Temperance Society; and upon one occasion, when this weakness was unusually developed, she and her mistress differed so materially, not to say violently, regarding the comforts and necessities of the inner man of their guests, that the Ethiopian woman threw up her position in disgust, and left her superior in undisputed possession of the pots and pans.

Priscilla is accomplished in the act of disclosing future events, to minds suitably prepared to receive such revelations, and is in great repute as a prophetess among the young ladies of the houses in which she is frequently employed. No vulgar 'fortuneteller' is she, selling glimpses of futurity for filthy lucre; but opens the book of fate for particular favorites, upon certain conditions. She insists upon the seclusion of a private chamber, stating that "it is not lawful" for her to be so engaged, she being "A Baptist member." Her perceptions are as keen as her black eyes, and enable her to inform her hearers, with little difficulty, of much that they already know, thereby confirming her reputation for magic, upon testimony as indisputable as that which has established the fame of more celebrated wizards. There are times, however, when she finds herself in circumstances, owing to the mischievous reserve of her inquirers, which baffle even her readiness and skill, but she revenges herself on such occasions by refusing to prophesy further, on the ground that "it is impossible to tell what will happen to young ladies who are so exumptious." Exumptious meaning, it has been conjectured, hard to please. Nevertheless,

in spite of occasional fallibility, Priscilla is an important and useful person in her own sphere, and when her tall straight figure, and shining jet-black face is surmounted, as it generally is, by an awful turban of the same hue, composed of an inflexible wiry gauze, and constructed in a manner unknown to millinery, she is calculated to inspire light-minded beholders with a degree of deference, which improves their manners, and greatly augments her own peace of mind.

At length, we reach a lonely old rambling cottage, which has seen better days, and is now occupied by a small dark woman, whom we approach with a certain awe, quite unmingled with feelings of reverence or regard. She is a curious self-contradiction. She lived during many years a life of unusual riot and profanity, yet was the same scrupulously tidy little doll then, that you see now. The neat black lustrous gown, and spotless narrow-filled cap, fresh from the Italian-iron, were as conspicuous in those days as they are at the present moment. Her dwelling partook of the same cleanliness and order which characterised her person, undiminished it seemed by the indolence of a helpless old husband, or the habits of her evil companions. Dirt and disorder, the almost unending accompaniments of violence and vice, were foreign to this strange and awful woman. She and they could not exist together, and yet those who were in the habit of passing her former abode, would hurry by in terror, as the torrent of frantic language with which she assailed her husband, or indeed any other offender, reached their ears. She possessed the one merit of industry. That renovating principle never left her; and her skill and capabilities as a working-woman were so uncommon, that her labour was desired even by those who well knew her character. But not very long ago, she rather startled her present neighbours by coming to reside among them, and although the harmless old husband was in his grave, she did not come alone. She brought with her a very young child, and from the time of her arrival, a remarkable change was observed in her outward behaviour. Her attempts at friendship towards the surrounding people were very limited; she cared little for their society, but she appeared also to have abandoned her former companions for ever. The innocent, helpless child, who was a constant care, and would have been a troublesome burden to many a better woman, seemed to be, to this one, an all-sufficient compensation for her relinquished indulgences. The infant was one of those forlorn creatures, banished at the hour of their birth, from the mother's bosom, and given over to hired cruelty, or compassion. But in respect of what it most needed, kindness, this little one was fortunate indeed. She who had been a terror to the stout and strong, tenderly watched and cherished the frail baby. As the child grew in beauty and strength, the great love it testified for its stern friend, must have awakened some response in the hardest heart; but the marvel was, that such a nurse had truly earned that guiltless regard. The woman, grown old in crooked paths, returned to comparative innocence and peace as she guided the toddling steps of her unconscious regeneration. And her pride in the babe beauty was boundless. She would often make reasons for calling at the houses of her employers, to gain an opportunity of displaying its loveliness, and calling forth its prattle. And curious it was to see the golden head of the infant nestled lovingly against her hard brown cheek, and note how the indomitable glance of her fiery black eyes would soften, as she directed your attention to some new attraction of her darling. It was natural, perhaps, to look at first with some distrust and fear at the bond that united these two. It was such a practical overthrow of some theories which we could not well give up, even with this contradictory result before our eyes. But we learned the same lesson regarding this matter that more important events sometimes teach us. We learned to be glad for the good that was doing, without help, or merit of ours, and we grew to hope and believe, that when all who knew her, of her own erring kind, the righteous, as well as the sinner, deemed this woman irreclaimable; a wiser and better than

they, put a gentle little hand in hers—a hand that unknowing its commission, may yet lead her in the straight and narrow way.

STONEWALL JACKSON: A military Biography by John Esten Cooke. New York: Appleton & Co. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

As this work is from the pen of a former member of General Stuart's staff, it will not surprise the reader to find that it is written from a purely Confederate point of view. The author follows, with loving reverence, the career of the great and good Southern soldier, from his appointment as Colonel of Volunteers unto the fatal field of Chancellorsville, where he—in many respects the foremost man in the Confederate army—fell by the hands of his friends. General Jackson, as most of our readers are aware, was educated at West Point; and it was his good fortune to leave that Institute at a moment which enabled him to take part in the Mexican war, in which he greatly distinguished himself, and rose from the rank of second Lieutenant to that of Major. He was subsequently appointed Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy in the Virginian Military Institute, Lexington; and it seems strange to read that amongst those who competed with him for the Professor's Chair were McClellan, Reno, and Rosencrans, the afterwards celebrated Generals of the Northern army. The Virginian, in this, as in so many other fields, unhorsed his opponents. During his residence at Lexington those great qualities, which subsequently distinguished Stonewall Jackson, were but little recognized. Mr. Cooke writes—"Nothing is better established than the fact that the man to whom General Lee wrote, 'could I have directed events I would have chosen for the good of the county to have been disabled in your stead,' and of whom the *London Times* said, 'that mixture of daring and judgment which is the mark of heaven-born Generals, distinguished him beyond any man of his time'—nothing is more certain, we say, than that this man was sneered at as a fool, and on many occasions stigmatized as insane."

It was in the first battle of Manassas, or Bull's Run, that Jackson earned his distinguishing appellation of "Stonewall." We may say, in passing, that Mr. Cooke's description of this battle does not harmonize with the popular view of the encounter. He describes it as a hard-fought field, in which the Northern troops displayed great bravery, were well handled, and only defeated by bayonet charges and superhuman exertions on the part of the Confederates. Although from the date of this battle Jackson was looked upon as a rising man and was idolized by the soldiers of his immediate command, it appears to have been long ere he enjoyed much of the confidence of the Confederate government. For it was only during the last few months of his career, when, by his daring, skill and energy, he had more than once saved the Southern cause from irretrievable disaster, that the War Department at Richmond united in the estimate which General Lee had previously formed of him.

The strength of the religious element in Jackson's character will, to a considerable degree, account for the extraordinary devotion with which he was regarded by his men. He succeeded in inspiring them with something of his own sublime confidence, and they never faltered where he led. His death, as we know, was mourned with the deepest sorrow throughout the South. All felt that a King in Israel had fallen, and it is not too much to say that, if any one man could have saved the Southern cause from collapse, that man would have been T. J. Jackson, had he lived to inspire his countrymen with his own energy, fervour, endurance and indomitable bravery.

As to the value of Mr. Cooke's book as a military biography we may state that he was an eyewitness of much that he describes. His estimate of men and things is, of course, open to criticism. For example, the views of many will hardly coincide with his deliberately expressed conviction that McClellan will probably rank as the ablest Federal Commander of the war. The book is handsomely printed, contains several useful maps, and an excellent portrait.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW Jewish journal written in Hebrew, entitled *Libanon*, is published by M. S. Guerin, rue du Petit-Carreau, in Paris.

AMONGST deaths recorded during the month, is that of Mr. Robert Buchanan, one of the oldest journalists of the day, who was formerly editor of the *Glasgow Sentinel*. His son is the poet and author of "*Understones*."

Mr. W. H. RUSSELL, the *London Times'* correspondent, has another new novel on the eve of publication—"The Adventures of Dr. Brady; or, the City and the Camp."

Mr. GORDON CUMMING, the African lion-hunter, died at Fort Augustus on the 24th ult. He was, we believe, about fifty years of age.

THE late Master of Trinity has left to the College Library more than a thousand volumes of books, including the college prizes he received as an undergraduate, among which is a copy of Newton's *Principia*, which bears strong evidence of constant use.

THE following appeared in the last number of the *Athenæum* as an advertisement:—"Authentic Relic of the Poet Cowper. The identical Chest of Drawers immortalized in the Poem of 'The Retired Cat,' to be immediately disposed of by the present owner, for the highest sum offered."

We believe that the second volume of the 'History of Julius Caesar,' by the Emperor Napoleon the Third, may be expected in the latter part of the present month. It will be devoted to the history of Caesar's wars in Gaul, which is understood to have been for many years a favourite subject with the Emperor, and it will be rendered more valuable by the extensive excavations and explorations of all kinds which have been made on the sites of Caesar's exploits by the orders of the Emperor. The latter is said to have paid great personal attention to this volume in its progress through the press, which accounts for the delay in its publication. It will be illustrated with numerous maps and plans.

THE correspondent of the *Sicècle* says: "Strangers being very numerous at Rome on account of the Holy Week, an attempt has been made to afford them some amusement. On last Sunday week, we learn by letters, an enormous tripod, surrounded by a large quantity of faggots, and guarded by eight gendarmes, was erected in the Piazza San Carlo, before the church of that name, one of the most frequented parts of the Corso. Towards six o'clock one of the missionaries advanced, and from the top of a platform announced to the crowd that his crusade against wicked books had met with unexpected success. 'The unfortunate persons, deceived and seduced by the writings of Rénan, Prondhom, &c., have hastened to bring them to their confessors, and it has been resolved to burn the whole publicly.' At this moment the doors of the church opened, and amid the noise of bells and the chants of the monks and penitents, the pile was lighted. The missionary seized a book and threw it into the flames with a triumphant air. It was the '*Vie de Jésus*.' Volume succeeded volume. Some hundreds of romances were soon no more than empty smoke, in the middle of which, from time to time, some jets of turpentine thrown in flared up to render the flame more brilliant."

SELF-ACTING CLOCKS.—An application of electro-magnetism, as a motive power for clock-work, has just been made by Mr. Bright, of Leamington. The pendulum, the bob or ball of which consists of an electro-magnetic coil, is made to oscillate by means of a feeble current of electricity, thus beating true seconds, with a train of wheels only. One of the advantages of the system is said to be; that a number of clocks, in different parts, or even in different houses, can be connected together by a single wire, and the whole number will indicate the same time to a second. The clocks are of the simplest construction, and never need winding up. No acid battery is used. Mr. Bright has patented the plan; but the simultaneous movement of clocks by electrical means is not new.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Gazetteer of the World.** Revised edition, 1866. Just published. Lippincott's Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of the World. Edited by J. Thomas, M.D., and T. Baldwin, assisted by several others. One thick 8vo. 2317 pages. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Argosy for April.** Price 15 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for April.** Price 12½ cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine for April.** Price 15 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Murray.** The History of Usury from the earliest period to the present time, together with a brief statement of several principles concerning the conflict of the laws in different States and Countries, &c., &c. By J. B. C. Murray, 8vo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- On Cholera.** A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hubback.** May and December: A Tale of Wedded Life. By Mrs. Hubback. Author of "The Wife's Sister; or the Forbidden Marriage," &c., &c. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- Diarrhœa and Cholera.** Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Annandale.** The Malformations, Diseases and Injuries of the Fingers and Toes, and their Surgical Treatment. By Thomas Annandale, F.R.C.S., Edin, &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thurston.** Mosaics of Human Life. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Plumer.** Jehovah Jireh; A Treatise on Providence By William S. Plumer, D.D., L.L.D. \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "I would assert eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men."
- The Story of Gisli, the Outlaw, from the Icelandic.** By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., with Illustrations. By Chs. St. John Mildmay. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada.** Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M.P.P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes. Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward.** "His Book," with 19 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Reprinted from the American copyright edition. Published by R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal. Price 25 cents, A liberal discount to the Trade.
- Artemus Ward.** "His Travels," with 13 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Uniform with "His Book." Price 50 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "Harp of Canaan." By the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Principles of Education,** drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes. By the author of "Amy Herbert and other Stories," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Household Receipts, or Domestic Cookery,** by a Montreal Lady. Price 25c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mill.** The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, by John Stuart Mill, in one 12mo. Vol. uniform with his Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir Wm. Hamilton. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis,** consisting of observations upon the causes, course and consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States. By Henry S. Foote, with portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Across the Continent.** A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with speaker Colfax. By Samuel Bowles. Coloured maps. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Pilgrim's Wallet, or Scraps of Travel** gathered in England, France, and Germany. By Gilbert Haven, 16 mo. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- The Field and Garden Vegetables of America,** containing full descriptions of nearly eleven hundred species and varieties; with directions for propagation, culture, and use. Illustrated. By Fearing Burr, Jr. A new edition on toned paper. Boston: Tilton & Co. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Art of Confectionary,** with various methods of preserving fruits and juices, &c. &c. A new edition beautifully printed on toned paper. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen.** A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. DALFOUR.

Continued from page 117.

CHAPTER XLIX. A LULL IN THE GALE.

"It is strange, yet true,
That doubtful knowledge travels with a speed
Miraculous, which certain cannot match.
I know not why, when this or that hath chanced,
The smoke should come before the flash; yet 'tis so."
VAN ARTEVALDE.

Early the next morning Gertrude rose and left her chamber to make inquiries after Ruth. No trouble of her own could make her unmindful of others. She found that one of the under servants had relieved Martin, who had sat up until four o'clock. The girl seemed rather reluctant to admit Gertrude to Ruth's chamber, and when the young lady expressed her intention of seeing the sufferer, tried to prepare her with the words—
"She looks so awful, miss!"

And, in truth, the poor creature had been terribly changed by the rigour of her convulsions. Her face, always large and pallid, was now distorted and livid. The head and some of the features were drawn on one side. There were cloths wet with lotion on her head, and her hands, blue and contracted, laid, as if dislocated, helplessly outside the coverlet. The eyes were partly closed, but under their swollen and purple lids they rolled incessantly. Still she had partially recovered her senses some hours before, and, as Gertrude on tip-toe, drew near the bed, and, gazing at her with compassion, softly breathed the words, "Poor thing!" Ruth quivered, and under her heavy eyelids looked towards her, and, painfully trying to speak, could get out only one word that Gertrude could understand: it was "Duty!"

"You wish to say you have done your duty, my poor Ruth?" said Gertrude, trying, with ready apprehension, to interpret her meaning.

"To—you," gasped the sufferer with laboured speech.

"Oh, yes, Ruth, I know you have to me; but"—she hesitated from timidity a moment, then continued, in a soft, low, appealing tone, "there's One, Ruth, to whom none, not the very best, have done their duty. We are all sinners in His sight, dear Ruth, you and I, both."

Ruth writhed and shook all the bed, and even the room vibrated with her tremor.

"But I won't say anything more just now. You shall see our clergyman, Ruth," continued Gertrude, softly, adding—"I'll pray for you; and you, too, my poor Ruth, must pray."

With pitying tears running down her cheeks she left the sick chamber, and returning to her own room, pondered the scene, and lifted up her heart in supplication.

The breakfast that morning was neither cheered nor troubled by Mrs. Austwicke's presence. That lady remained in her own room, "too fatigued," she said, "to appear, until later in the day—perhaps not till dinner-time."

It was the Sabbath-day, and Gertrude, as she sat in the pew at church between her father and brother, had a strange sense that something in her life was altered since the previous Sabbath. She was subdued to a gentle pensiveness that did not belong to her naturally mirthful temperament.

The parsonage pew was so full—Marian Hope sitting there, with her father, Mysie Grant, and Harriet—that Mr. Griesbach joined his friend Allan in the squire's pew not certainly unwillingly. It is to be hoped that the young man did not forget the abstractions of the sacred place; but he surely felt also some human emotions when, glancing at Gertrude—

"He saw her kneel with sweet and simple air,
And whisper the response to every prayer;
And when the humble roof with praises rung,
He caught the hallelujah from her tongue."

On leaving church Miss Nugent came up and performed a rather elaborate curtsy to the squire; and, as he, in his genial way, inquired of her health, and expressed his pleasure at the discourse her brother had given them, she took courage to say—

"They had hoped—indeed, arranged—that Miss Gertrude Austwicke should have taken tea

with them, as it was the last day that their young friend, Mysie Grant, who was visiting them, would stay. But she feared she might be asking too great a favour, as Mrs. Austwicke might not spare Gertrude."

To which Mr. Austwicke answered—
"Gertrude keep your engagement. We are too much indebted to your young friend for making your residence here pleasant, during your mamma's absence, to allow of any disappointment to her or her friends."

He spoke this as much to Harriet as to his daughter; but added to the latter in a lower voice—

"Your mamma will not want you."
"No, mamma will not want me," said Gertrude, sadly, with difficulty checking a sigh, and glad that Marian, speaking to Mr. Austwicke, turned the conversation at that moment into other channels.

"Mamma will not want me," embodied for the poor girl a painful and haunting thought; yet it did not prevent her going to Mrs. Austwicke's dressing-room on her return home to make dutiful inquiries.

She found that lady sitting at her writing-table, and was hastily dismissed from her presence with a few cold words, and the remark, alas! too frequent, from Gertrude's childhood, on her mother's lips—

"You see I am busy."
From her mother, Gertrude went to Miss Austwicke, not exactly in any uneasiness at not seeing her at church, for she seldom attended, but yearning in her isolation to her aunt.

"Surely, people making their own troubles is no reason we should not sympathise with them," said the pitying Gertrude.

But on this morning she was startled at her aunt's appearance. Miss Austwicke sat with her back to the light in her pretty drawing-room filled with nicknacks, and garnished with all sorts of embroidered cushions, tabourets, and chairs; flowers—worsted flowers—of every hue in bright yet stiff profusion; in the midst of these, the contrast of Miss Austwicke's grey dress, and greyer face, now thin, rigid, and bloodless, was very striking. As Gertrude looked at her, she thought she seemed to be withering away before her eyes. Over the mantel-piece there hung a portrait, taken only five years before, of a stately, handsome woman, a little hard, perhaps, but in her prime of bloom. Gertrude could remember her aunt looking far better even than the well-executed likeness represented. She had had no serious illness, no obvious trouble; yet how strangely she had shrunk and faded, until her skin appeared lead-coloured and her face wizened.

"Dear Aunt Honor, I fear you must be ill," said Gertrude, as she drew near, and affectionately kissed her.

"Ill! what should make me ill, pray?" was the sharp answer; to which was added, "Don't be so full of fears and fancies; it's foolish, Gertrude. I am never fanciful. Some people, I know, are always dying."

She checked herself with a jerk. Her remark applied to Mrs. Austwicke; but it was not to Gertrude she should say it, so she abruptly changed the conversation with—

"How's Ruth?"
"Very ill still; I inquired directly I returned from church; very ill."

"It's her own fault, going off for a holiday, indeed! What does a woman at her time of life want with holidays?"

"Nay, aunt; but—"
"I say it's folly; and when I wanted her! I have no doubt she walked about in Winchester till she was fit to drop, and then was shaken to pieces on the railroad. It's her own fault!"

"Can I do anything for you, Aunt?"
Gertrude felt that there was a deep substratum of selfishness in Miss Austwicke's strictures.

"You! no child—no; I want nothing that you could do."

It was not wonderful that, as all her offers were rejected, Gertrude did not stay long with her aunt. On leaving her, she met the doctor, just as he was getting on his horse, and inquired of him after his patient.

"Not in immediate danger now, but shaken—"

shaken—my dear young lady; will, I fear, be fit for work no more," was his reply, as he mounted, and bowing, put his horse into a fast trot.

"Poor Ruth! she is not old, and that, to a woman in her station, is a hard sentence. I must ask papa to have the best advice for her."

After a luncheon, that was to do duty as a dinner, it was a great relief from the gloom that had settled on the inmates of the Hall for Gertrude to join the circle at the parsonage. There, she had the cheerful and pleasant thoughts, the interchange of innocent converse, suited to her age. The four young ladies strolled in the garden together, and thence to afternoon service. On their return there was the cheerful tea-table; and afterwards, as the twilight deepened into night, and Allan with Rupert joined them, their voices blended in sacred song. They needed no instrumental accompaniment, for they sang well in parts, and Rupert Griesbach's fine bass, and Allan's tenor were heard to the utmost advantage amid the clear sweetness of the ladies' voices.

Mr. Nugent was away, conducting a religious service at a neighbouring village; and when it was time for Marian and Mr. Hope (the latter having been wheeled there in a garden-chair) to return to Ferny Gap, Mysie and Gertrude walked to the river-side; and, of course, as Allan had come for Gertrude, and Rupert was always ready for an evening walk, they all accompanied them.

It was not until they had reached the gate of Mr. Hope's cottage, and Mysie was kissed and blessed by him with a fervour which indicated more than a mere nightly parting, that Allan learned Mysie would leave next day. Marian's words, "I shall go with you to the station, dear," explained this to him; so that, as they returned, these two, Allan and Mysie, fell rather behind Gertrude and Rupert in walking, the conversation naturally was on her approaching departure. Mysie frankly said—

"I am no longer to be a pupil, Mr. Allan Austwicke. I am to begin teaching others."

Something of a start was perceptible to his companion as the result of her words. He had, in truth, heard her spoken of as Mr. Hope's ward, and, in very awkward astonishment he said—

"Really a teacher at the school?"

"Yes; a teacher at the school—just that."

"Well, those who teach are sure to learn," continued Allan, in rather a bewildered way.

"I don't teach exactly for any such motive, but as a vocation—a pursuit in life."

There was a heightened flush on her cheek, and a touch of pride in her tone, as she spoke. The night was so bright with moonlight, that Allan could see her face. It was just of that blooming beauty which is softened by the silvery beams; and the young man, as he looked at her, was too full of admiration to trust himself to speak. But the silence of each was eloquent—dangerously so; each was half conscious of absorbing the other's thoughts, and yet the one was saying to himself, "I've offended her, no doubt. She's a noble creature. Most girls have no pursuit in life—only trifling and nonsense." The other was saying, "He despises governessing, no doubt; but it doesn't matter. His likes or dislikes are nothing to me."

Just then, by that strange complexity of the human mind, in which thoughts come we know not how, the memory of her lost brother rose to Mysie's recollection very vividly. "Where was he? Should she ever see him more?" involuntarily she sighed at these mental queries.

"Your undertaking is very arduous, Miss Grant. Do you think you shall be happy?"

"Yes—that is, not unhappy, Mr. Allan."

"Surely, that is not enough."

"It ought to be."

"Oh! you should know nothing but happiness."

"That is not a common lot, and, I am sure, cannot be mine."

"Why not, Miss Grant?"

"Because I've some things to prevent it. I had once a brother—an only brother, Mr. Allan,"—her voice shook; she meant to have told him more, but she was obliged to end with the words—"and I lost him."

Whether or not Allan would soon have had an explanation given him that might have pre-

vented his coming to the conclusion that her brother was dead, could not be known, for just then the curate joined them.

Gertrude and Rupert, who were in advance, had been both mutually interested. Their acquaintance was now of some weeks' duration, and they were quite old friends—indeed, rapidly becoming something more: not, perhaps that time has much to do with youthful love, except to test its durability.

"I think, Allan," said Mr. Nugent, "you should go over the foot-bridge and meet your aunt. I saw her in Wicke Copse, half an hour ago, and I meant to have spoken to her, but I feared it might be intrusive."

"Was she going to the village?" said Allan, in great surprise.

"I think so; perhaps a kindly visit to some poor person."

"Is that so, Gertrude?" said Allan, as if he thought his sister must know her aunt's charities.

It flashed into Gertrude's mind that Ruth's illness had perhaps prevented her aunt having a messenger for any special purpose; but she merely shook her head in answer to her brother, who, leaving his sister for the curate and Rupert to see home, hurried off down to where the river was crossed by a foot-bridge, that led into a copse of low-growing and tangled underwood. He could not understand his aunt having any business so urgent in the village as to call her from home, or to induce her to take that unfrequented way to the village; still he went on to meet her, never doubting that if she had set off in some sudden access of benevolence, she would be glad enough to see him come to accompany her return. He entered the little wood; crossed it quite to the other side, went down the village street, saw nothing of his aunt, and, wondering if Nugent had been mistaken, he inquired of a rustic whom he knew, and who was leaning over a gate, whether he had seen Miss Austwicke.

"Why, yez; I do think, if ever I see the squire's sister, I see her a putting of a letter in the post-office half an hour ago, as ever was; but she seemed skeered like—anyhow, I thought so."

Allan, when he heard that, returned homeward, marvelling at his aunt's increasing eccentricities. He met Gertrude walking on the path that bounded the lawn, waiting for him. She pointed to her aunt's drawing-room as Allan approached, and said—

"See, Aunt Honor is at home. You had your walk for nothing. But how she came in I know not, any more than why she went. I fancy she returned through the churchyard, and in at the private gate."

"She went herself to post a letter! with a houseful of servants, and the general letter-bag, think of that, Gertrude! What mighty State secret can Aunt Honor have? How strange, dear True, she grows!"

"She does indeed, Allan. All things seem strange just now to me."

"And not the least strange is it that Miss Grant should be, as she told me to-night, commencing as a teacher in a school," responded Allan.

"Oh! as to that, Marian is a teacher, and all the better—at least, I wish I had some pursuit, something that made me feel less in the way, more of use to some one."

"Somehow, Gertrude, that lovely Mysie is different to Miss Hope—at least, I think so."

Gertrude looked for a moment curiously at her brother as they entered the house, and said, rather slowly, "I do not know, Allan, that you are called to make any comparisons between them."

CHAPTER L. DRIFTING ON.

"The voice may fail,
And the lips grow white and the cheeks grow pale;
Yet will ye know that nought but sin
Chafes or changes the soul within." W. M. PRAED.

The following morning brought a letter to the Hall of more importance to Mr. Nugent than any one else. It was the tidings of the death of the Rev. Mr. Craven, the non-resident Vicar of Austwicke, who had been so long an invalid, and yet whose death, as is often the case in chronic maladies, had at last been sudden. The living,

which was in the gift of the squire, had never been promised to Mr. Nugent, but there is no doubt both that gentlemen and the parishioners expected he would succeed to it.

It was, too, a something that rather relieved the anxiety which just at present had crept over the squire, that he could show his respect for a worthy young clergyman, by giving him the living.

A servant was despatched to the parsonage to ask Mr. Nugent up to the Hall. The man met the curate at the lodge-gate on his way to visit Ruth, at Gertrude's request, and also with a proposition of his own to submit. On entering the breakfast parlour—where Allan and his father were still lingering over the morning meal, and, as the ladies were not present, leisurely discussing newspapers and letters, as well as coffee and eggs—Mr. Nugent, as soon as the customary salutations were over, was the first to speak.

"I have to tell you, Mr. Austwicke, that Dr. Griesbach, who was summoned yesterday to a consultation at Winchester, has just sent us a telegram to announce his coming to spend a few hours with his son to-day, and it occurred to me he might benefit your poor servant. You know he is much consulted for fits."

"If he would see the poor woman it would, indeed, be very kind, and I should take it as a favour," said Mr. Austwicke; "and it is like you, my good friend," he continued, "to think of it—very like you—and all you have done, and are doing for the parish. But there, I need make no speeches about it. Here's a letter you must look at. Poor Craven has gone! He has been so far dead as to anything he could do here for years, that there's nothing to sorrow over in the actual fact having occurred. Austwicke could not have a better or more justly-valued vicar than you."

Mr. Nugent was silent a moment. It scarcely comported with his principles to flatter, any more than to solicit, an earthly patron; but he wrung Mr. Austwicke's offered hand in eloquentsilence. And as a good man lives in the atmosphere of prayer, there is no question his unuttered thanksgiving went up to the Great Head of the Church, that he was not to be removed from a people between whom and himself true affection and confidence subsisted. That was his first thought. No doubt he was not insensible to other considerations; for many that involved his future circumstances were comprehended in his having the salary, as he had long had the duties, of vicar. Marian would be his: a blessing he had not ventured to appropriate while his means were so small. His sister Harriet would realize her wish in joining Mrs. Maynard in her now well-established school.

Though all these considerations thronged his mind, he was yet anxious to see the sufferer, of whose mental state Gertrude had informed him. But she, on Martin naming that the clergyman was there, showed such agitation and reluctance, that it was judged best to postpone his visit until after Dr. Griesbach had been brought. Mrs. Austwicke, to whom the intelligence of the Doctor's coming to the Chace was announced, expressed her satisfaction, as she declared herself suffering under great prostration—a plea which Gertrude hoped would, in some measure, account for the strange and increasing coldness, amounting to aversion, with which her mother had treated her since her arrival. Even that morning, when Gertrude had made breakfast for Mrs. Austwicke in her dressing room, and striven with gentle, daughterly attentions to render her services acceptable, that lady appeared too absorbed in a book she was reading to notice her, and seemed greatly relieved when Gertrude timidly proposed leaving her to pay a visit to Miss Austwicke. Her words, "Well, yes, Gertrude, you can go to her at once, and then you may employ yourself with Miss Hope; we shall meet at dinner," were more cheerfully spoken than any that she had before addressed to her.

The singularity of Miss Austwicke's solitary walk the previous evening dwelt in Gertrude's mind painfully. She went into the little east drawing-room, and found Miss Austwicke leaning over an embroidery frame, so lost in thought

that she did not hear Gertrude's repeated tap at the door, but started, as if with an electric shock, when her niece stood beside her, and threw her arms round her neck, saying, in tender, deprecating tones.

"I did not mean to startle you, dear aunt; pray do not be angry with me."

Miss Austwicke unclasped her niece's hands, and said sadly—

"I'm not angry, True, but you are impetuous. Such demonstrative manners are not in good taste—at least, were not in my time; but everything is altered now."

"Not everything, dear aunt: love does not alter."

Miss Austwicke shook her head, and repeated, in a querulous tone, the one word—"Love?"

"Yes that is unalterable; and I do wish you would believe that, aunt; then you would let me do anything and everything that I could for you. I could have prevented your taking the trouble of going to the post-office yourself last—"

"Post-office! eh—what? I—what do you mean, girl?"

"Miss Austwicke's very lips were bloodless as she panted out the words, putting both her hands forward as if to thrust her niece away, her voice rising till it ended in a thin, faltering scream. Her emotion was so great that the young girl, greatly shocked, and not a little frightened, could only gaze for some moments in silence. Then, recovering herself, she looked round for water, and seeing none, ran to the bell; but Miss Austwicke, rising, with an imperious gesture of her head, forbade her. She stood silent, wholly unable to speak for some seconds: then a purple tint came to her white lips, and the tension, whatever it was, so far relaxed, that her breath came more freely.

Miss Austwicke sat down again, and leaned back in her chair, her face gradually acquiring the grey paleness which had of late been its characteristic. Gertrude knew not what to think. She dared make no further allusion to the subject which had been so strangely received. And she was struck with the fact that, as Miss Austwicke regained her usual composure, she entered rather circumstantially into the history of some little frights she had from servant's carelessness, which "always terribly shattered her nerves." It was not like her aunt's reserve either to detail trivialities, or to attach importance to them. But it might be quite in accordance with her self-reliant character to do battle with some lurking malady. To hint this, Gertrude knew, would be offensive; so she took the opportunity of telling the fact she had learned as she came to her aunt's apartments, that Dr. Griesbach was coming that day—a fact by no means uninteresting to Gertrude; all that related to the Griesbachs had great interest for her.

"You will see him, aunt?"

"Certainly, if he sees Ruth. I shall learn from him his opinion of her case. She is more my servant than your mamma's.

(To be Continued.)

A GLIMPSE AT THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

I LIVE in one of the Midland counties, where the cattle-plague is raging—has raged, I should rather say, as it seems now to be dying out, from the simple reason, that there are but few beasts left to be attacked by it: and going one day last week to my business, which, I may mention, is quite unconnected with agriculture, I met a gentleman skimming along the frozen road in a very light dog-cart, drawn by a beautiful bay. The driver was Mr. L—, a veterinary surgeon, heretofore better known by a familiar contraction of his professional title, but now an eminent local authority, referred to deferentially as the 'Government Inspector.' He pulled up at once, the mare amusing herself with cutting a slide on a convenient strip of ice, and then executing a *pas seul* as her master accosted me. A merry-looking man, as busy men often are, who has the supervision of a very large district infected with rinderpest, and is constantly to be seen flying about in all directions.

"Where are you going to-day?" I inquired. "Rounds, at F—," he replied; "an eight-mile drive; it's a lovely morning—will you go with me?"

I declined the offer, but he detected indecision in the tone of my refusal, and unbuttoned the driving-apron, turning it back from the vacant seat. The temptation was great, and I jumped into the dancing vehicle without tearing *much* of my trousers on the step, or sharpening *both* legs on the wheel.

"Emmie!" whispered my companion affectionately over the splash-board, and at the sound of her name the pretty mare bounded away. I suffered a slight inconvenience at first from being partially bonneted by the descent at regular intervals of my driver's whip on the top of my hat. I discovered that this was caused by his constantly raising his elbow in salutation as he was recognised and greeted by the people we passed. Sometimes we had to stop at the signal of an upheld finger, to relieve some friend's mind, anxious to know 'how things were going on;' and I thought the inspector's memory was heavily taxed when he was called upon to recollect in a moment how many cows had been lost or saved on all the farms he attended.

We arrived at length in the neighbourhood my companion meant to inspect. It was his first visit, it having been previously under the *care* (?) of another inspector, who had signally failed in his treatment of the plague; for he had commenced by adopting a ridiculous theory, and ended by becoming hopelessly intoxicated. Thus the district had been intrusted to L—, who, as he had besides to look after a large one of his own, found himself almost overwhelmed with engagements. He told me, for instance, that on the previous day he arrived at home, after a long day's drive, at 8 o'clock in the evening, and then, changing his horse, had to start upon a round of twenty-five miles, in another direction. On arriving at F—, a little town in a picturesque part of the county, surrounded by dairy-farms, we sought some conductor, who could introduce the inspector to his new sphere of usefulness, and found an excellent one in an obliging policeman, who seemed to be on intimate terms with every one in the neighbourhood. A rural constable does not at all resemble the reserved functionary who guards the London streets, but is a sociable sort of official, who adequately supplies in country places the want of a daily paper; leisurely strolling over an extended beat, he sees and chats with a number of people in the course of the day, and is consequently always 'posted up' in the latest local intelligence. Under his guidance, we drove to a farm which lay a short distance beyond the town. My companion, while skillfully guiding his mare over the difficult road which led to the homestead, learned from the officer the name and circumstances of the farmer to whom we were going, and whom we found standing despondently at his door. I must here remark, that most of the farms in this part of the county are held by men in a humble position of life, and consist almost entirely of pasture-land, on which great numbers of cows are fed and kept for the purposes of the dairy.

"Good-morning, Mr. —," said L— cordially to the farmer: "sorry to hear you've been so unfortunate. I've just come to look over your little stock—if you'll allow me."

"Certainly, sir," he replied; "but I haven't much left to shew you."

We went to the cow-houses; the yard, littered and disused, looked inexpressibly dreary and forsaken; while the numerous empty stalls, where five-and-twenty healthy cows had stood but a short time ago, told their own sad tale. Of all his beasts, the farmer had only three remaining—two he shewed us, with a gleam of satisfaction in his worn-looking face, chasing each other in a field some distance away; these had quite recovered: the third was evidently in an advanced stage of the disease; and, at a glance, the inspector saw that its case was a hopeless one: a poor lean animal, it stood with drooping head and quivering limbs—a touching picture of misery.

"You must kill her, Mr. —," said L—.

"Noa, sir; *don't* say that," appealed the poor

farmer earnestly. "I've lost 'em all, and I don't know what's to become of us."

"Now, look here," argued the inspector persuasively: "that cow *must* die. If you kill her, you will receive half her value, under the new regulations; if you do *not*, why, you know, as she is in such a state, I must, and then you'll get nothing."

This was to the point; and the farmer gave way, ordered a grave to be dug, and said he would destroy the cow in an hour from that time. It was arranged that the policeman should return to witness the death; and the owner of the animal, having stated its value at £16, L— made a memorandum, assured him that compensation would be paid, and with a few kindly words of condolence, took his leave. Taking up the constable into our vehicle, we drove away to another larger farm, where no less than forty-five cows had died. The tenant had never sold one from the time of the first appearance of the disease. He was an old man (he had been seriously ill, our conductor told us, from the shock he had experienced), and the savings of a lifetime were gone.

"I've lost my little all," he said to us, heart-broken.

I could not help fancying that his voice resembled that of poor Robson, when he used to play in pathetic dramas; but there was *real* trouble in this man's quivering tone, and a *real* ruined home at the back of the scene. With a trembling hand, he pointed silently to a field about a quarter of a mile distant, where a huge letter T was described by the arrangement of forty great mounds. In the graves under those mounds lay forty animals, and buried with them the thrift and industry of forty years of the farmer's life. Newspapers give 'graphic accounts,' no doubt, but I had never realised the cattle-plague until then. I looked out over the fields—perhaps somewhat longer than necessary—in order to give the farmer an opportunity of steadying his voice; and glancing at the Government Inspector, I detected him tilting his hat a little more out of the perpendicular than usual in an uneasy fidgety way. One cow was lying in an isolated shed in the yard. We went to look at her (passing more of the empty stalls that gave so chill an aspect to the place); the poor beast lay prostrate, her flanks heaving, her protuberant bones scarcely covered with skin, and her ribs raised with horrible distinctness above her fallen and almost fleshless sides. She was in a pitiable state, and had lain thus for many days, until she became covered with sores. The former inspector, carrying out some absurd notions of his own, had said that she need not be destroyed; and so the wretched animal had been inhumanly left to a terrible lingering death. Some young farm-labourers standing round were trying to induce her to eat, anxiously watching her, though hope was gone, for she had been the pride of the dairy. My companion, after examining the cow, with an expression of concern on his face that a London physician might have coveted, turned to the farmer and said, as gently as he could: "I am afraid she must be killed; it is impossible for her to recover."

The poor man sorrowfully nodded assent.

"Here," said L—, "which of you fellows will do it?—Will you?" he inquired of one of the labourers near.

The lad shook his head.

"Noo," replied he, "*oi conna do thot*," with a tone meant to convey that he usually was ready for any amount of slaughter, but on this occasion he was not in the vein.

"Here, will you?" said the inspector, turning to another of them; but he only received the same answer. "Damn it, then," said the inspector, "fetch me an axe." I confess I have never looked upon the expletive "Damn it" with the proper amount of right-minded horror, and have always, I am ashamed to say, secretly admired the many delicate shades of inflection the pronunciation of it is capable of receiving. On this occasion there was such a world of kindly sympathy expressed in the tone in which it was uttered, that the recording angel might have mistaken the vague curse for a blessing, and never have even entered it in his volume. They brought

a clumsy, heavy hatchet, and gave it to my friend. He sprang over the rail that fenced in the shed, asking me to draw the dying cow's head forward to receive the blow. I did so (not feeling at all like a butcher), and in another moment the young doctor had eased his patient's sufferings for ever. We fetched a cart-horse, and placed a chain round the dead animal's neck, in order that it might be dragged away to add to the size of the monster T. There was positively a bare path worn across the meadow, by the number of bodies drawn down it for burial. The horse, mournfully fulfilling his novel duties, slowly moved off. 'The best milch-cow I ever had!' the old man sadly said, as his favourite—dead, and oh! so wretched-looking, with strained neck, and glazed eye—passed at his feet. I remembered another funeral oration—one I had learned at school—of a far more grandiloquent character: comparison seemed grotesque, but the ruined farmer's parting eulogium touched me far more nearly than the elaborate speech of one Marcus Antonius had ever been able to do.

It was a very painful scene: the deserted yard, the vacant sheds, the silent dairy, and listless unoccupied herdsmen, composed a saddening picture, which might have been aptly entitled 'Trouble.' Expressing our sorrow for the misfortunes that had befallen him, and mentioning the compensation he would receive for the last animal he had lost (a sum which would scarcely pay the expense of digging that terrible T), we took leave of the poor farmer; but the hospitality of his class struggled through his grief, and he insisted on procuring for us a goblet of homemade wine before our departure. We then visited another farm, and another; all had been attacked by the plague, and all had suffered severely: at all we beheld the wretched desolation this awful murrain had caused. At one alone the tenant had been fortunate; he had died on the day the plague commenced. The farmers received us well, and were ready to listen to and accept any advice my friend offered them as to precautionary measures they should take whereby future infection might be prevented. But all their capital had been invested in cattle, all their cattle had been destroyed, and a very dark future opening before them, they all seemed overwhelmed and paralysed; though, as far as I could observe, they were patient and uncomplaining enough; and this not because they had no blame to lay on fellow-men, for grievous injuries have been in many instances inflicted on them. Tales of atrocity are already hinted at; and in years to come, when the story of the murrain is told in the chimney-corner of homesteads, they will be remembered and related.

It was late when we drove homewards. I was not so much inclined for conversation as when we set out, and my companion's flow of anecdote had somewhat abated. He had not previously seen the phase in the cattle-plague we had then witnessed. The infected farms he had visited in his own district were either held by wealthy amateurs, who, after trying expensive experiments, and losing all their stock, declared with disgust that they would 'give up farming;' or else by men who could turn for consolation to well-filled stackyards, and determine to buy no more cattle until the disease had subsided. But to these poor farmers the *cura bovm* was no mere gentlemanly pastime, nor had they 'bursting barns' to comfort them.

Unlike the man who claimed to be an authority on the theory of projectiles, because his leg had been carried away by a cannon-ball, I do not pretend to have gained any knowledge of the cattle-plague because I have seen its effects, but I have gained a knowledge of the ruin an epidemic may cause; and I would rather not hear any more bad conundrums on the *rinderpest*—please.

UNCLE INGOT.

'IF ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word.' So spoke Mr. Ingot Beardmore, drysalter and common-councilman of the city of London, to Dorothea Elizabeth, his widowed sister-

in-law, who had applied to him for pecuniary succour about three months after the death of his younger brother Isaac, her husband. There were harshness and stubborn determination enough in his reply, but there was no niggard cruelty. Mrs. Isaac wanted money, it is true, but only in the sense in which we all want it. She was only poor in comparison with the great wealth of this relative by marriage. Her income was large enough for any ordinary—Mr. Ingot said 'legitimate'—purpose, but not sufficient for sending her boy to Eton, and finishing him off at the universities, as it was the maternal wish to do. Mr. Ingot hated such genteel intentions; Christ's Hospital had been a fashionable enough school for him, and he had 'finished off' as a clerk at forty pounds a year in that very respectable house of which he was now the senior partner. With the results of that education, as exemplified in himself, he was perfectly satisfied, and if his nephews only turned out half as well, their mother, he thought, might think herself uncommonly lucky. Her family had given themselves airs upon the occasion of her marrying Isaac—'allying herself with commerce,' some of them called it—and Ingot had never forgiven them. He gloried in his own profession, although government had never seen fit to ennoble any member of it, and perhaps all the more upon that account; for he was one of those Radicals who are not 'snobs' at heart, but rather aristocrats. He honestly believed that noblemen and gentlemen were the lower orders, and those who toiled and strove, the upper crust of the human pie. When he was told that the former classes often toiled and strove in their own way as much as the others, he made a gesture of contempt, and 'blew' like an exasperated whale. It was a vulgar sort of retort, of course, but so eminently expressive, that his opponent rarely pursued the subject.

He rather liked his sister-in-law, in spite of her good birth, and would have, doubtless, largely assisted her had she consented to bring up her children according to his views; but since she preferred to take her own way, he withdrew himself more and more from her society, until they saw nothing at all of one another. He had no intention of leaving his money away from his brother's children; he had much too strong a sense of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Isaac had done (in youth, he had not time for such follies,) and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly straitened. Her own family very much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewellery. Their pin-money was very limited, poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing-machine. If Uncle Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them, but, as I have said, they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much human as ligneous; and his profile, Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain nobbly tree in the lime-walk of Clare Hall at Cambridge—much more like than any silhouette ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at

the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle Ingot's, 'If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me, madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a man of my word,' had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not Poverty, at least very urgent Want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot slippers and book-markers for his birth-day, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff that Bacon's emporium could furnish, at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks, in a clear and clerical letter, but there was never any enclosure. When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End—and sent her a pine-apple for the dessert, of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling towards his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humour. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for 'making it up' with his sister-in-law, within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach that it was not to be easily repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation, had grown to be true: he rarely went into society, and almost never in the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading, and 'see the old year out and the new year in,' in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stocking in these school-days that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account; secretly I think he esteemed him the more highly as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister, paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess; but this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st of December last, Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington Station, looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having obtained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several greatcoats, with his feet upon a hot-til, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable—when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's satisfaction, who should invade his privacy, just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

"Madam, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

"Only engaged to you, I think, sir," replied the charmer flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?"

Mr. Beardmore had never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with

an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time, his heart sank within him at the reflection, that the train was not to stop till he reached his destination—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection. She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Perhaps she was out of her mind—and at this idea Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration.

"Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old—your old polar bear?" asked the fair stranger, playfully as the train flew by Ealing.

"Nothing, madam, nothing; I am astonished at you," answered Mr. Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly-patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

"Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honour," continued the young lady with a peal of silver laughter; and with that, she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his warps, or ward her off with his muffetees, she had imprinted a kiss upon his horny cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault, that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. "O no, I am not mad," laughed she in reply to it; although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?"

"I shall give you in charge to the police, madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading."

"Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?"

"For an assault, madam; yes, for an assault."

"Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent in this manner?"

Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes.

"Do you suppose, you poor old dotting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are doing now in a manner that is enough to frighten one? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion, but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss you will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous."

"What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?" cried the old bachelor in an agony of shame and rage.

"I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favoured, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds—What! not so much? Well, then, here's another for your other cheek." Like a flash of lightning, she suited the action to her words. "There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You will have to give it to the poor's-box at the police station, if not to me. For I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of your disgraceful conduct to the guard at the first opportunity. I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive. You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that I kissed you, and not you me. What "roars of laughter" there will be in court, and how funny it will all look in the papers!" Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there. Mr. Beardmore's grim sense of humour was, as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds than to be made the laughing-stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind?

In short, Mr. Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that even-

ing anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich old drysalter was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle; but upon this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been "done" oppressed him. His lips were tightly sealed; his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them; his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which there was a five-pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, "seeing the old year out, and the new year in," his heart began to thaw under the genial influences of friendship and gin-punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, not without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

"I could really almost forgive the jade," said he, "for having taken me in so cleverly. I dare say, however, she makes quite a profession of it; and that half a score of old gentlemen have been coerced before now into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was as modest and ladylike looking a girl as ever you saw!"

"Was she anything like *this*?" inquired Mr. Whaffles, producing a photograph.

"Why, that's the very girl!" exclaimed the guest.—"Ha, ha! Tom; so you, too, have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun."

"A bit of fun!" cried Mr. Beardmore. "Why, she got a five-pound note out of me!"

"But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come, 'Yes' or 'No'?"

"If she will give me back my money, Yes."

"Very well," returned the host; "mind, you asked for her yourself;" and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.

"Here she is: it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof."

"Yes, uncle," said the young lady demurely. "Here is your five-pound note: please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma if ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word, I know. But what would be better still would be, to let me kiss you once more in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me—come."

"There go the church-bells!" cried Tom Whaffles. "It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your Uncle a kiss, child."

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquered; and between ourselves, although he made no "favourites" among his newly-reconciled relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

A GOOD-NATURED HUSBAND.

[The following narrative is truth in every particular, and is a veritable incident of a day's sport. The names, for obvious reasons, are altered.]

SOME years since I had the pleasure, in company with a sporting friend of mine, Mr. Briggs, of walking all day over a Cornish moor, in pursuit of snipe. I don't know whether you, most estimable reader (supposing you are a gentleman and sportsman,) ever had the felicity of tramping over a Cornish or any other moor of bog land for five or six hours, half-way up to your knees in water—but this I do know, that such kind of exercise is a wonderful sharpener of the appetite; and that when at about four o'clock in the afternoon of that particular day, we had blazed off our last barrel, and had found our way to the house of an acquaintance of my friend, a hospi-

table farmer, who lived at the edge of the moor, it was with a very unqualified sort of satisfaction, we sat down to pay our respects to the leg of mutton which had been provided for our dinner.

After dinner, what more natural than a smoke? So pipes were filled, and we "lit up." Mr. Tregarthen was the name of our host; he was a broad-shouldered, stout, red-faced, good-humoured, somewhat meek-looking man.

I cannot tell what Mrs. Tregarthen was like, as I never had the pleasure of seeing that lady. Mrs. Tregarthen was not at home; had she been at home it is probable that the touching and interesting anecdote, which I am about to relate, of Mr. T's amiability might never have reached my ears.

I mentioned just now that our pipes were filled, and we smoked for some time, lazily ruminating on the sporting incidents of the day in silence. At length, Briggs cried out, "Holloa; what's this—what have you got here, Tregarthen?" I followed Briggs's glance, and at once perceived what had occasioned his exclamation. In a corner of the room stood a little round old-fashioned, black oak table, on a pillar with three claws, and on the table rested a square glass-case, such as stuffed birds are placed in. In the case was the most extraordinary thing I ever saw in my life, to be so circumstanced; nothing more nor less than the full-sized, full-grown figure of a black and white bull-terrier. Ugly enough he must have been at all times, but distorted and damaged as his unfortunate features had been by the unskillful manipulation of the artist who had stuffed him, he presented an appearance at once hideous, ludicrous and villainous. At the best of times, in life, a creature of the Bill Sykes breed decidedly.

"Ah," said Tregarthen in answer to Briggs's outcry; "that's old Murkin; we've had him stuffed."

"So you have, sure enough," said Briggs, taking his pipe out of his mouth, to have a long stare of astonishment and humorous incredulity at the remains of the defunct Murkin; "so you have; but I don't think he is much improved in appearance by the process. He was not a beauty when living; but, by Jupiter, the old fellow has reason to complain of his transfiguration!" Tregarthen blushed slightly, cast several uneasy glances at poor Murkin in his pitiful plight, and then said, "No; he ain't much of a picture to look at now, surely; it was none of my doing a-having him stuffed—it was my missis, ye know." "Oh, it was Mrs. Tregarthen, was it, that had him stuffed?" inquired Briggs, gravely. "Quite right—I think I remember now; she was fond of the dog. 'Fond on him,' cries Tregarthen; 'fond on him! she was that fond on him, that that dog had the best berth in the ship—the very best berth in the ship, Mr. Briggs;" and Tregarthen smoked away most vehemently, having for the moment reached the limit of his stock of words and his power of saying more.

"Ah, I see," said Briggs; "I see, delicate slices of roast lamb, at a shilling and fourteen pence a pound; under-done cuts of roast beef; popes'-eyes of legs of mutton; and veal in season, and so on, eh! Tregarthen."

"You may say that," said Tregarthen, "and buns, and sponge-cakes, and cream, and new milk, and bread and butter, and cold chicken for breakfast."

"Ha, ha; he was a lucky dog—a lucky dog," cried Briggs; and how did it happen Mrs. Tregarthen had him stuffed?"

"Why, you see, he died," says Tregarthen, "he died, and of course he had to be buried—leastways I thought so—and Mrs. T. took on dreadful about it, she did, for three or four days, and had a handsome coffin made for him by the carpenter. A real polished oak coffin, with German silver handles, and I had a grave dug for him deep enough for a Christian; and then, when it was ready, she said she would not have him put into the grave after all, for that somebody might take him up again, as the coffin was big enough for a two-year-old baby—which was quite true. She said she'd have him put in the big pool near the house, tied to a stone of about half a hundred weight or so, to keep him down.

So we got the big brewing cooler, and got the coffin aboard, and took it out to the middle of the pool, dropped it into the middle of the water, and down it went. You'd a thought there had been an end on him then, wouldnt you now—wouldnt you?" said Tregarthen, leaning back in his chair, and looking hard at Briggs.

"I certainly should," said that gentleman, "I most certainly should."

"I know you would" said Tregarthen with a deep sigh, "I know you would, and so did I, but it was not the end on him, by no means, nor a good deal neither. In the middle of the night—that night—Mrs. T. gave me a pretty hardish shaking and woke me up. 'Tregarthen' says she, in her sharp, quick way of speaking, 'Tregarthen.' 'Well my dear,' says I; 'what's the matter, is the house on fire, or has any one broke into it?' 'Neither the one nor the other,' says she, 'the house isn't a-fire, and nobody hasn't broke into it; it wasnt that I wanted you for.' 'Wasnt it,' says I; 'I am very glad to hear it my dear,' and I turned round to go to sleep again, but she shook me a second time, and harder. 'Tregarthen,' she says, very sharp and angry. 'Tregarthen I can't sleep, I can't sleep for thinking of that poor dear dog.' 'Why not, my dear,' says I; 'why not?'—'Why not!' says she; 'and he poor dear fellow, a-lying down at the bottom of that dark horrid pool. Now, can you, Tregarthen?' and here, she began to cry piteously. 'I didn't mean it, my dear,' says I; 'I didn't mean it; for I didn't know very well what to say to her.' 'Tregarthen,' she said, recovering herself all at once from her crying, 'I must have him up again.'

'Have him up again, my dear. What good would that do? You know you must have him buried somewhere if you do have him up again, and he could not be in a better place than where he is.' 'I don't know anything of the kind,' says she. 'I shall have him up, and I shall have him stuffed.'

"I could see it *had to be done*, and I said no more about it, and she wanted me to get up then, as she was afraid he'd be spiled if he was left there any longer; but it was no manner of use to get up then, it was pitch dark, and I told her so. But as soon as the light began to show, she called me again, and I got up before four o'clock and it took me and the carter a good two hours to get him up out of the water; but we did at last, and opened the coffin, and there he was all right and dry.

"Well, after breakfast I put him in a sack, and drove over to C— (about three miles,) and from there I went by train to B— station (eighteen miles,) and from there I had about two miles to go to the house of the man who stuffed the animals and birds. He was a little barber, and was a shaver and hair cutter, as well as a stuffer.

"I got a young man at the station to carry the sack and the dog for me for eighteen pence, but I did not like to tell him what it was. When we got to the barber's the young man throw'd the sack down on the floor and I pulled the dog out; and bless me that young man did stare to be sure when he saw what it was. 'Young man,' says I; 'you didn't know you was carrying *mate*, did you?'

'No,' says the young man, getting very red in the face; 'no, I didn't; if I had you might have carried it yourself: I wouldnt,' and he walked off. The barber looked very sulky, and wouldnt undertake him for a long time. He said he did not like the look of the animal nohow, but I could not go back with him, so I was obliged at last to give the barber two pound ten for doing him, case and all. I thought my missis would be delighted with him when he came home, but somehow or other when he did come home, she didn't hardly look at him, and didn't seem to care *nothing at all about it!*"

Poor Tregarthen seemed slightly excited when he had finished his story. After the lapse of a little while, he said, slowly and solemnly, "women be curious creatures."

"Good souls, good souls," cries out Briggs, "and I have great pleasure in drinking Mrs. Tregarthen's very good health," and he gallantly quaffed his bumper.

"Is that the moral of the story?" I asked.

"No," says Briggs.

"Mrs. Tregarthen never had any children, I think."

"Never," says Tregarthen.

"I thought not," says Briggs; "that's the moral of my story, my friend."

A LADY'S ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

IF there be an aggravating incident in this very trying world, it is assuredly that of being mounted on a non-progressive donkey, unarmed with any available whip, stick, spur, or other instrument of cruelty, and wholly at the mercy of a treacherous conductor, who pretends to belabour your beast, and only makes him kick, and keeps you behind your party, when you have every reason in the world to wish to retain your place in it. On horse-back you are a lord (or lady) of creation, with the lower animal subject unto you. On mule-back, or ass-back, you are a bale of goods, borne with contumely at the will of the vilest of beasts,—not where you please, but where, when, and how, it pleases.

An English party, who had outridden me, were concluding their luncheon as I reached the great Pyramid, and after declining their cordial offers to share it, I asked one of the ladies, "Had she visited the interior and Cheops' chamber?" "No. Some of the ladies and gentlemen had done so. The Arabs were a wild set of men, and she did not like to put herself in their power." Deeming the lady's caution must be over-developed, and too intensely interested to make very serious reflections on what I was doing, I engaged the Scheik at the door of the Pyramid to provide me with proper guides so soon as the English party had ridden away. Five strong Fellah-Arabs volunteered for the service, in spite of my remark that three were enough, and we were soon plunged into the darkness of the first entrance-passage. All the world knows how the Pyramid is constructed: a solid mass of huge stones, all so perfectly fitted that scarcely a penknife might be introduced in any place between them. The passages at the widest scarcely permit of two persons going abreast, and are for long distances so low as to compel the visitor to stoop almost double. The angle at which these passages slope upwards, is also one which, on the slippery well-worn floor, renders progress difficult as on the ice of an Alpine mountain. But oh! how different from the keen pure air, the wide horizon, the glittering sunlight, of the Alps, this dark suffocating cavern, where the dust, and lights, and breath of heated men, make an atmosphere scarcely to be breathed, and where the sentiments of awe and horror almost paralyze the pulse. Perhaps my special fancy made me then, as ever since, find a cave, subterranean passage, or tunnel, unreasonably trying to the nerves; but so it was—the awe of the place well-nigh overpowered me.

The arab guides helped me easily in their well-known way. One or two carried the candles, and all joined in a sort of song at which I could not help laughing, in spite of both awe and lack of breath. It seemed to be a chaunt of mingled Arabic and English (a language they all spoke after a fashion), the English words being apparently a continual repetition:—

Vera goot lady, backshish, backshish;

Vera goot lady, give us backshish;

and so on, *da capo*. Twice we had to rest on our way from sheer exhaustion, and on one occasion, where there is a break in the continuity of the passage, there was an ascent into a hole high up in the wall by no means easy to accomplish.

At last, after what seemed an hour, and I suppose was about fifteen minutes, since we left the sunshine, we stood in Cheops' burial-vault, the centre chamber of the Great Pyramid. As my readers know, it is a small oblong chamber, of course wholly without light or ventilation, with plain stone floor, walls, and roof, and with the huge stone sarcophagus (which once held the mummy of Cheops, but is now perfectly empty)

standing at one end. The interest of the spot would alone have repaid a journey from England; but I was left small time to enjoy it. Suddenly I was startled to observe that my guides had stopped their song and changed their obsequious voices, and were all five standing bolt upright against the walls of the vault.

"It is the custom," said one of them, "for whoever comes here, to give us backshish."

I reflected in a moment that they had seen me foolishly transfer my purse from the pocket of my riding-skirt to the walking-dress I wore under it, and which I had alone retained on entering the Pyramid.

"Well," I said, as coolly as I was able, "I intend, of course, to give you 'backshish' for your trouble, and if you choose to be paid here instead of at the door, it is all the same to me. I shall give three shillings English (a favourite coin in Cairo), as I said I only wanted three men."

"Three shillings are not enough. We want backshish!"

"There they are. They are quite enough."

"Not enough! We want backshish!"

I must here confess that things looked rather black. The Fellahs stood like so many statues of Osiris (even at the moment I could not help thinking of it), with their backs against the wall and their arms crossed on their breasts, as if they held the *flagellum* and *crux ansata*. Their leader spoke in a calm dogged sort of way to which they all responded like echoes.

"Well," I said, "as there are five of you, and I am rather heavy, I will give you one shilling more. There it is. Now you will get no more." Saying this I gave the man the fourth shilling, and then returned my purse to my pocket.

"This won't do. We want backshish!"

"It must do. You will get no more backshish."

"It won't do. We want backshish!"

Each moment the men's voices grew more resolute, and I must avow that horror seized me at the thought that they had nothing to do but merely to go out and leave me there in the solitude and darkness, and I should go mad from terror. Not a creature in Cairo even knew where I was gone. I should not be missed or sought for for days, and there I was unarmed, and alone, with these five savages, whose caprice or resentment might make them rush off in a moment, leaving me to despair. Luckily I knew well it would be fatal to betray any alarm, so I spoke as lightly as I could, and laughed a little, but uncomfortably.

"Come, come. You will have no more backshish, you know very well; and if you bully me, you will have *stick* from the English consul. Come, I've seen enough. Let us go out."

"We want backshish!" said all five of the villains in one loud voice.

It was a crisis, and I believe if I had wavered a moment, I might never have got away; but the extremity, of course, aided one's resolution, and I suddenly spoke out, angrily and peremptorily.

"I'll have no more of this. *You* follow there, take the light, and go out. *You* give me your hand. Come along, all of you."

It was a miracle; to my own comprehension, at all events. They one and all suddenly slunk down like so many scolded dogs, and without another syllable did as I ordered them. The slave habit of mind doubtless resumed its usual sway with them the moment that one of free race asserted a claim of command. Any way it was a simple fact that five Arabs yielded to a single Anglo-Saxon woman, who was herself quite as much surprised as they could be at the phenomenon.

O, how I rejoiced when the square of azure sky appeared at the end of the last of the passages, and when I at last emerged safe and *sane* out of the Great Pyramid! Dante ascending out of the Inferno, "a riveder le stelle," could not have been half so thankful. Away I rode home to Old Cairo on my donkey, and could spare a real laugh under the sunshine, when I found that the wretched old Arab Scheik, with whom I had left my riding-skirt, had quietly devoured my intended luncheon of dates, and then carefully replaced the *stones* in my pocket!

FRANCIS POWER COBBE.

RIEN DE NOUVEAU.

LITTLE white hand, now so thin and wasted,
As I lonely by the fire linger,
Ah! how strange my heart will feel without him!
And how strange, without his ring, my finger!
He would praise you—say yours were the smallest,
Softest taper fingers in the land,
When he called me, in his songs, "his lady
With the heart unmoved, and ringless hand."
It was years ago the night he kissed you,
In another, better life than this—
When he left upon you, at our parting,
Golden ring to mark his golden kiss!

Ah! how quickly fled I to my chamber,
'Fraid and startled, flushing guilty thing;
Kissed his gift, like love thoughts under love words,
So his kiss lay underneath his ring!
My right hand could give earth's week-day greetings,
Shade my eyes what time the west grew dim,
And I looked towards the western roadway,
But the left hand only gave I him.

For I said "the right hand is the world's hand,
Casts up house bills, drudges all its life,
This right hand is like a servant to you,
But the left is your faithful little wife."

Little hand, say, was it all a falsehood?
All a dream the days that we have known?
When you flung rich kisses from the lattice?
Or lay trustful happy in his own?
When you put the hair back from his forehead
The gold sunshine of his glorious hair—
When, at night, I kissed you in my dreaming,
To make sure the love and ring were there?
Were they false these words he said unto me?
Now before me in my thought he stands,
With such eyes—dark brown and witching pleaders!
When I gave my heart, in two small hands.

Which he kissed—and held against his bosom;
I was prouder than a new-crowned king,
When he said, "I come again, soon, darling,
On this hand to place another ring."
He came back, one golden eve in August,
Gaily rode he by my lattice, singing,
Softly flowed the river to the sea,
In the trees the convent-bell was ringing,
I sat at the lattice, watching for him,
Bending eager with my lips apart;
He rode on!—Oh! in the awful silence,
How I felt those hoofs beat on my heart!

Still the same red sky, and dusky water,
In the trees the low bell still chimed on,
But the song came fainter up the roadway,
And the rider and the horse were gone.
So, to part thus without any parting,
Was the hardest,—one could die at home,
Hopeful with one's face against the window,
Waiting for the steps that never come.
If he came but once before he killed me—
Though my heart would break, and my head swim,
Laid two kisses on my eyes, like death weights,
Though he slew me I would trust in him—

Take the ring off! Fling it in the fire!
No, I hide it in my wounded breast;
Poor white hand that grows so chill and wasted,
After all it perhaps is for the best.
He was false—but he was true before that—
Still around my heart old thoughts will linger,
But how strange my heart will feel without him!
And how strange without his ring my finger!
Castle Lonesomé. ALLID.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 123.

The queen, though she loved the holy prior well—for he had been her support and protector in her sad prison—was nevertheless anxious to be left alone with Eve, that she might enjoy more completely the souvenirs of her youth and of her country. As soon, therefore, as the old prior had disappeared among the trees, she drew

Eve to her breast, and held her a long time in her embrace.

"Thank thee—thank thee!" murmured she, through her tears—"since I set foot on the land of France, I have never had but this one moment of true happiness, and it is thee who hast given it me, my well beloved Eve; thank thee—thank thee!" They mingled their tears and their smiles, while unintelligible words fell from the lips of Eve, who was more overcome than the queen herself.

"How beautiful thou hast become, my little sister," resumed Ingeburge, holding Eve off, the better to examine her. "When I departed from that dear country—which would to God I had never left—thou wert still a child; now thou art a tall and beautiful girl. Yes! yes! thou art indeed beautiful, my sister Eve!"

"And thou, also, my sister Angel—who wert renowned as the most beautiful, in the days of which thou speakest—how pale thou art? But thy paleness suits well thy royal brow! Oh, my queen and my sister, how blind and how heartless that man must be?"

Ingeburge turned away her head, with a sorrowful smile.

"He is my lord," said she, "and I love him. Speak of him ever as though he loved me."

"And who knows but he shall love thee yet, Angel?" exclaimed the young girl, whose blue eyes suddenly sparkled. "The Bohemian woman has captured his soul, by the aid of sorcery, that is as well known in Denmark as at Paris. But the king said in my presence to-day—'Queen Ingeburge is holy—queen Ingeburge is beautiful.'"

"The king!" stammered out the poor queen, "the king said that? speaking of his imprisoned wife. Ah! sister Eve! thou wouldst deceive me;" and she tried to withdraw her head—but Eve retained it and covered it with kisses.

"I have much to tell; listen, my sister, Angel, and never distrust me; for though it were even to save thee, I could not tell a lie!"

Seated, side by side, on the grey stone bench, both young and smiling—both happy in their mental restoration—the resemblance to each other was not so great as it would appear at first sight. Eve was the rustic beauty; but Ingeburge, to the exquisite softness of her physiognomy, added the proud beauty of royal blood.

Eve had been speaking for a long time, relating her adventures in the simple poetry of her native tongue; the queen was wrapt in attention and lost nothing, and the different impressions produced by the exciting tale of Eve, were reflected and passed over her sensitive features like the images of clouds and birds passing over the polished surface of a lake.

"Ah! the good lord!" said the queen, at the moment when the young Dane came to that part of her story in which she related her weariness on the evening of her meeting with the chevalier Dieudonné, who had opened the gates of Paris to her and her brother, Eric.

"Yes, my sister," said Eve, whose smile had now an arch expression. "The chevalier Dieudonné is very good; and since that he has done still more for me."

"Relate it—relate it, my child," said the queen impatiently.

Eve desired nothing better. When she came to the ride she had taken in company with handsome page, Albret, from the liberties of Notre Dame to the tower of the Louvre, it was the queen's turn to smile archly.

"Hast thou any previous knowledge of him?" asked the queen.

"It was he who lent us his horse," replied Eve.

"But before he lent you his horse?"

"No," said Eve, "I had never seen him before that."

"And what did he say to thee on the road, my child?"

"Nothing up to the moment when he entered into the alley of elms, which is behind porte St. Honoré."

"And when you had entered under the elms which are behind the porte St. Honoré?"

"Then," replied Eve, without hesitating, and

looking frankly in the face of the queen, "then my sister, he told me that he loved me."

"Oh! these pages," cried the queen laughing, "and that made thee very angry—did it not, my sister?"

Eve blushed; for she thought the queen's words sounded like a reproach, and she felt quite unable to acknowledge the page had not made her angry.

"Ah, if thou couldst know, my sister," murmured she, "how that page spoke of thee! and with what an air of sincerity he compared thee to the angels; I love everybody who speaks well of my darling princess."

"And therefore thou art in love with page Albret?" continued the queen.

"I told him that I believed I should love him."

The queen was about to open her mouth to give expression to a moral, but Eve closed it with a kiss. "I know all thou wouldst say," said she "and it is not necessary to tell it me, my sister; and if I had remained alone in this great city and without protectors, of what use would have been all our fatigues and our long journey? I desired to see thee happy; and if I remain the worthy daughter of my honest father, what signifies a word or a smile more or less?" and Eve resumed her narrative, without giving the queen time to reply.

"The page conducted me over a draw-bridge to a great gate, where hung a horn which he sounded. We entered, without dismounting, under a dark arch which led to the interior of the fortress. I was still in my boy's clothes; the page assisted me to dismount, in a narrow court surrounded by high buildings.

"Eve," whispered he in my ear, as we passed through a vestibule supported by large carved pillars, 'pardon me if I cannot tell thee beforehand who is the chevalier Dieudonné; I should betray the orders of the master that I serve.'

"It is needless to say that I was not in the dwelling of a simple chevalier; and then thou knowest, my sister, that in the summer palace of thy noble father, king Canute, we amused ourselves by studying the escutcheons of all the Christian princes. I can emblazon a crown nearly as well as a herald-at-arms, and I saw all around me, the crown, with globe and cross, and the azure field, sprinkled with golden lilies without number."

"What!" exclaimed the queen, whose eyes began to open wide and who was losing her colour.

"I guessed," pursued Eve, "that the chevalier Dieudonné was the king."

"The king!" repeated Angel, who instinctively drew close to Eve.

"But all prepared as I was," resumed Eve, "when the page raised a screen of cloth of gold, and introduced me into the immense hall, where I saw the royal throne under its velvet canopy, I felt that my strength was leaving me and I had no longer any courage. The chevalier Dieudonné, bare-headed and without arms, was then all alone, pacing up and down, with long strides, and seemingly lost in reflection. In my agitation I turned, as though to seek the support of Albret, but the thick drapery had separated us, and I was alone with the king of France."

The queen drew still nearer.

"During a minute, but which appeared to me an age"—continued the young girl—"the king pursued his pensive promenade—then stopping suddenly, looked me in the face, and bid me approach. I obeyed, and bent my knee to the ground."

"Has Albret warned you?"—muttered he, frowning.

"No! dreaded sire," I replied, for I know the title by which to address the king; "upon my eternal salvation I swear that your servant has not betrayed your orders. If any one is to be punished it should be me alone, who deceived the king on entering into his palace, as one looks for the presence of God, on passing over the threshold of his temple."

"Eve, Eve," muttered the queen, "that was an act of impiety."

"The king did not appear to me offended by the comparison," replied the maiden with a certain complacency; "my sister Angel do not

scold me—I felt the necessity of winning the king's good graces, and I thought," added she, with a look of pride "that no old courtier could have steered his bark more skilfully through that difficult passage."

The simple girl did not know that it was the policy of the king that had helped her at that trying moment. We should add, however, the beauty of Eve to the policy of the king, for these things never jostle with the most hardened politician.

"The king continued to regard me," resumed the maiden, "and I thought I saw that in spite of his frown, he had a strong desire to smile. I remained kneeling with my hands joined; I must acknowledge that I had somewhat forgotten my rôle of a young boy, and I was scarcely conscious of the costume I wore. When the king called me 'young man,' I trembled from head to foot, for I felt that I was on the point of betraying a very important secret. The king now fairly smiled.

'Come,' said he, with a little severity in his voice, 'we do not yet know how to lie!'

"And as he saw I was about to reply—he interrupted me with a look full of indulgence—

'Child,' said he, 'never try to deceive the king. The king knows all!'

"I was overwhelmed by these words which seemed to reproach me with ingratitude; for that man was my benefactor, as well as the king of France; and I had still, under my surcoat, the purse full of gold that he had given me the night before.

'My daughter,' resumed he in a gentle voice, 'I guessed your sex at the moment I welcomed you with your brother. The king knows all; and I know that you come from that country beyond the Northern Ocean; and I know also that you came to seek the princess Ingeburge, and to succour her in her peril.'

"He did not say the queen," interrupted Angel.

"No," replied Eve, "he did not say the queen; but have patience my sister, and hear my tale to the end."

"I know," continued the king, "through what countries you have passed; people have told me that your brother, Eric, the mason, carries a poignard as well as a trowel; but there are already so many poignards in Paris destined for the breast of the king, that the king scarcely heeds, my daughter, a poignard more or less."

"In saying this he looked at me with a calm and intrepid air; he does not boast, for that heart never knew fear."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Ingeburge, pressing the young girl as though to thank her, "that is a brave chevalier, my sister!"

Eve continued.

"Would it make you very happy, my daughter," said the king, "if I were to tell you that you were going to see that princess again, who appears so dear to you?"

"My dreaded sire," replied I, pressing with both hands my palpitating heart, "for nearly a year I have journeyed and suffered—supported by that hope alone."

'Are you noble?' asked he.

"In the north country," I replied, "all laborers are men-at-arms. My father is a labourer and I may be the chamber-woman of a queen."

The countenance of Ingeburge assumed an expression of reproach.

"And thee also," murmured she, "thou darcest not, then, say the queen."

"No, my sister," retorted Eve resolutely, "I dared not—because, above all, I desired to see thee—to be near thee—to serve thee on my knees. And when one desires to gain something from the powerful, it is necessary to name things as they do."

This little Eve had, after all, some tincture of the *savoir vivre*: it comes naturally to young girls of sixteen—we know not how.

"The king smiled," continued she, "and touched me on the chin."

'Ah well, master Adam,' said he, mocking me, 'I consent to your happiness. You shall be your queen's page from to-day, and you must enter the convent.'

"I restrained my transports out of respect for the presence of the king, but I thought that the

presence of the Holy Father himself could scarcely have prevented me from leaping with joy. I rose like one beside myself, and seized the king's hand to kiss it a thousand times.

'Well! well! my child, proceed; I see that thou art honest.' And it was here that the king added—'You do well to love that beautiful and holy woman, who suffers with such resignation, and who has not deserved her suffering.'

Torrents of tears rolled down the cheeks of queen Angel.

For some time Eve remained mute, respecting the profound emotion of her sister. After awhile she again resumed her tale. "The king made me a sign to withdraw, and as I moved towards the door—he added—

'Your brother, Eric, has nothing to fear from me; I have no suspicions of those who love queen Ingeburge.'

Ingeburge raised her eyes to heaven, plunged in a sort of ecstasy. One intoxicating hope came over her, in spite of herself.

"The king said to me," concluded Eve, "Princesses are always surrounded by liars, even when they are unhappy. If any one has told Ingeburge of Denmark that the king of France has suspected her of having purchased the knife of the Syrian assassin, they have deceived her, and I wish that Ingeburge should know it."

"I!" exclaimed the distracted queen, "I! has any one, then, dared to accuse me of that frightful crime; and is it possible that there exist murderers who threaten the life of the king?"

"Both the life of the king and the life of the queen," said Eve, impressively.

The handsome countenance of Angel assumed an angelic expression.

"My God!" murmured she, "my poor life is as nothing; but the life of the king of France—the life of my husband—for he has proclaimed me his wife before God's altar, and God alone can break the tie that unites us. Has he sufficient guards to protect him, Eve? Has he faithful friends around him?"

That word *friend* seemed to awake a souvenir in the mind of the young girl, and instead of replying to the queen, she allowed her thoughts to run aloud:

"He who said 'I came to Paris to kill a woman,' lives at the Louvre, and calls himself the friend of the king!"

The queen did not understand her.

After some moments of silence, during which her deep emotion was somewhat calmed, she asked her young companion if she had related all that the king had said to her.

Eve seemed to awake as from a dream, for she thought of the threatening discovery that she had made under the walls of the very abbey in which they were now confined, and she thought also of the prophecy of Mila, who had foretold that meeting, as well as that with the sovereign arbiter of the queen's destinies. The words of Amaury Montruel rung in her ears as though she heard them at that moment.

"The king!" said she, trembling; "true—I had forgotten something—the king said to me, just at the moment when his page Albert raised the arras and came to conduct me here.—'Take this parchment, and announce to the princess of Denmark that she will receive a visit from me before the sun goes down!'"

The queen rose from her seat, but so agitated that she could scarcely stand—for she could not believe that she had heard aright.

"Phillip!" exclaimed she at last, "I shall receive a visit from Phillip Augustus before the sun sets! Why hast thou not told me that before?" and then she added with great volubility, "Oh! Eve, I have hardly time to make myself beautiful; and I desire to be very beautiful if Phillip Augustus is coming to see me. I have never seen him once since that happy and that cruel day."

The poor queen was like one out of her senses. All at once she ran towards the monastery, then turned and ran back again.

"My *vennen!*" exclaimed she, "my well-beloved flowers, which have brought me all the good fortune of this day—for it was only this morning

that I first saw them blow—there were none yesterday! And when I first spied their sweet blue heads peeping out of the grass, my soul rejoiced. Let us remain here, my child, and gather all the *vennen*, for they will all disappear to-night. Dost thou remember how beautifully they used to set off our fair hair? Let us twine garlands of them for my head-dress. Help me, my little Eve. If thou helpst me, the king will find me pretty; and perhaps...."

She could not finish—but a smile of childish coquetry played upon her lips.

The tears came into Eve's eyes—and why? They twined the garlands; and the sweet flowers of the north shared their beauties with the admirable blonde hair of the queen.

It was a rare toilette that they made on that grey stone bench, and in the austere solitude of that convent garden; and a mysterious sadness hovered over the scene. Eve would have smiled, but hid her head to weep—and why?

As to the queen, all decked with her graceful garlands—she looked as beautiful as the beautiful Angels of heaven; but alas! the poor queen was fated to be deceived. Eve wept, because she had not yet told the queen all.

Eve had not yet told the queen that at the moment when she was leaving the great hall of the Louvre, she turned round to make the king a last reverence, and that she had then seen at the end of the hall, the golden arras open, and a young, beautiful, but haughty woman enter, whose bitter smile seemed to say, "I have heard all!"

A woman who had in her eye, a look of implacable hardness,—tall and richly dressed—a coronet on her brow, loaded with precious stones—the broad fillet of which scarcely hid the jet black hair which fell over her masculine forehead.

The king exclaimed, with some agitation, "You here! Agnes, my dear."

And Eve had heard that woman in the royal coronet say—

"You shall not go!"

This was what Eve had not told the queen before. And it was for this that Eve wept!

CHAPTER IX.

The sun went down—and Ingeburge, all decked as she was—still waited, clinging obstinately to her fond hopes.

The sun went down but still the king came not. At the hour when he should have come, a dazzling cavalcade, composed of lords and noble ladies, were following the right bank of the Seine and proceeding to the city of Paris.

It was madame Agnes and her suite. Madame Agnes had taken a fancy to visit that evening the works of Notre Dame, attended by nearly all the great vassals of France, now transformed into eager and supple courtiers by the rough lesson they had received the night before.

Eudes III., Duke of Burgogne, was then attended only by a single page, and there also were the earls du Perche, d'Artois and de Dammartin. Jean de Nesle, Raymond de Poitiers, and nearly all those whom we cited as being present at the secret conference held under the presidency of the Bishop of Orvieto, the lateral legate of the holy see.

By the side of Agnes de Meranie capered Amaury de Montruel, lord of Anet, dressed in the richest attire, and mounted on a magnificent genet of Cordovan.

The bourgeois of Paris pushed and crowded to get a good view of that elegant cavalcade, and many were the biting sarcasms that were uttered on the purity of the king's couch.

On the other side of madame Agnes might be seen Herbert Melfast, Archbishop of Canterbury, looking like a colossal red pepper, and covered with jewellery, the product of more than one raid.

Behind, in the crowd, our friend, Tristan the scholar, was capering as well as he could upon an old steed which, in happier days, had been a war-horse. The worthy clerk, Samson, also bestrode an ancient looking animal, whose sires could be judged by his own long and sharp-pointed ears.

Mixing with the peaceable bourgeois were an active and noisy crew, crying, "Largess! largess!"

and cudgelling all these near them that would not join in the cry.

On turning the great bridge, Amaury Montruel drew up close to the side of Agnes, and pointed out to her, in the crowd of spectators, a tall man carrying over his shoulders a stone-cutter's hammer.

(To be Continued.)

THE QUEEN OF THE MOON.

FAIR Goddess of Dreams!

Dreams, gentle, and bright,
Come down from above,
Come down to my love,
Enchantress of night.

Make me kneel at her feet,
Make me gaze in her eyes,
Make me clasp her dear hand
(O! that magical wand!)
While she whispers "arise."

Press my lips to her brow;
To her warm young cheek
Let the warm blood rush—
The innocent blush
Of the gentle and meek.

Grant it—fair goddess,
O! grant this sweet boon,
And, by my true love,
By "The bright stars above,"
Thou'rt Queen of the Moon.

* * * * *
Shine brighter, ye stars,
As great Sol at noon
Illumine all streams,
For the Goddess of Dreams
Is Queen of the Moon.

W. B. C.

THE PASSION OF MARTIN HOLDFAST.

THERE were ten of us; but four brothers and five sisters had died ere I reached manhood. So, too, had my father and mother. I was left quite alone in the old house—half manor-house, half farm-house—before I was five-and-twenty.

Half manor-house and half farm-house—for I was one of a race that had thought it no shame to farm the scanty acres that many generations had tenaciously clung to. We had come of gentle blood—a stream seldom warmed by genius or struck by the imagination, but unstained by baseness and untainted by vice or disease; a simple family, discharging simple duties, and satisfied by simple pleasures. The Norwoods were a many-acred house; but in ours there had been none such as Gerald Norwood, who had been the shameless paramour of a graceless queen. The Savilles held a greater place in the county, but the Holdfasts had been honest, God-fearing gentlemen and modest women, who stayed at home, while Kate Saville's trim ankles and short petticoats were piquant toasts at Whitehall; while Frank Saville was selling his fickle faith as his sister Kate had sold her blushes and her smiles. We had no eminent historical names on a roll that yet went back—son succeeding father in unbroken line—to a time when the craft of Danish freebooters still prowled round the stormy headland or entered the river mouth—ere yet the Stuarts were knighted; no famous ancestors who had shot their countrymen like crows, who had harried their neighbours' kine, who had soiled their hands with French or English gold.

I know not on God's earth a more abandoned and desolate spot than that on which the original Holdfast had chosen to establish his house. He must have been a blinded Pagan; no member, certainly, of any of those Christian societies which built their fanes on the pleasant Strath of Moray, or in the fertile valley of the Tweed.

The gaunt old house had once been gay enough; but its cheerfulness had died out as the unnoted years went by. My father, who held some small office in the Customs or the Excise, was one of the truest gentlemen I ever knew—

doing his work quietly, simply, unostentatiously; and hating with a perfect hatred whatever savoured of noisy display or vulgar charlatanism. The constancy, the thoughtfulness, the piety of a mother's love surpass all other love (for other love is hard to earn, and seldom repays the spendthrift who squanders his own to win it); and though mine went away before I had learnt to value rightly that unspeakable tenderness, I think we shall meet in heaven—if I get there. Yet, long after many of us had been taken, the Heughs, spite of its gauntness, was a merry house. There was always a pleasant clatter in the farm-yard. Dandy barks distractedly at the geese, who hiss at his performances: Ciss, with her two chubby hands in the pockets of her jacket, looks on admiringly: the black cat on the top of the water-butt has his tail in the air: Jess, the pretty maid-of-all-work, is up to her armpits in soap suds, to which she occasionally treats Jim when his attentions become embarrassing: shrill cocks and hens, and a perennially indignant turkey-cock, add to the clatter. But the court-yard has grown silent. Poor little Ciss—"sair hauden down by the bubbly-jock"—has escaped from her persecutor; and Jess, grown old and crusty, does not splash her swain with soap suds any more. She still keeps the Heughs, it is true—she and I and Donald being all that remain of a score or so—but her face is not so pleasant to look upon as in the old days; and Donald has been heard to swear, when hard pressed at times, that Jim's once blooming mistress is "a thravn deevil." O pallid ghosts of rosy loves, where be your golden nets in which the fowler was snared—your kisses and smiles.

The old place was very lonely by this time; but when a man is hardy in body and soul; loving the open air, his gun, his horses, his dogs; when he is five-and-twenty years old, and six feet two in his stockings, he has no right to be permanently unhappy.

There was only one house near, which was not utterly hard and prosaic and unlovely. An air of romance—the only romance I thought that lingered anywhere about—blew through Marvell Park. But Marvell Park was empty, and had been empty for many years.

The chief approach to the park was distant about a mile from the gaunt old house that I have been describing. The gates were massive, yet the iron-work was of a quaint, delicate pattern, the work of foreign artists. But it had grown green and mildewed by long neglect. A stone pillar stood on either hand; on the top of each a strange cat-like creature, in act to spring, grinned at the passer-by. A scroll ran round the capitals: "Swift and Sure." Our scabbard is very bare; but what wood we have, lies within the walls of Marvell Park. I am not persuaded that it adds, except in winter, to the cheerfulness of the place; for it consists almost exclusively of evergreens, worn by the east wind into ghastly and grotesque figures; until as one nears the house, a sombre avenue of yew and cypress shuts out the sunshine. On a neighbouring knoll stands a group of Scottish firs, rent by lightning and storm—a group of ragged Titans. The house itself belongs to the latter half of the seventeenth century, and consists mainly of chimneys. Little quaint, comical turrets have broken out all over it, like the small-pox. The rain is carried away in pipes that are extremely visible, and falls from the mouths of singularly droll demons into an ancient mote that is now turned into a flower-garden. The narrow windows are filled with stained glass, figured over with roses and lily-flowers and the arms of the House of Marvell. And the arms of the House of Marvell are chiselled in full above the doorway—three cat-like creatures, in act to spring, and the motto "Swift and Sure."

Of the present Marvells I knew little or nothing. I knew indeed that the old lord, who had lived, not at Marvell Park, but at some princely palace in a remote Highland county, had recently died, and that the quotation from Catullus had been duly inscribed upon the head-stone; I knew that he had, perforce, left the title and the bulk of his estates to a son whom he had driven from the castle, because he (the son) had unfilially

persisted in attending the parish church of a Sunday when he was needed to make the fourth at a rubber; I knew that he had left Marvell Park to a distant cousin—a plain Henry Marvell, who had long held a high diplomatic post at a Continental Court. More than this I did not know, and my ignorance was shared by all my neighbours; and if Mr. Jobson the factor, or Madge Carmichael were better informed, they kept their knowledge to themselves.

Opposite the point where, at low-water, the sea, a dyke or embankment has been formed. The land lies low, and, until this dyke was raised, had been frequently flooded. I sat here, gun in hand one afternoon about the middle of the month of February. The tide was full, and washed the pebbles on the other side of the dyke. It was a true February day—cold, cheerless, inhospitable. The evening shadows were already gathering into the sky while I sat and watched the ducks as they flew up and down the bends of the river, and an old seal which thrust its bullet head occasionally above water to squint at the salmon nets. Angus the tacksman, had urgently implored me to free him from the depredations of this wily old rascal. He declared, with tears in his eyes, that it had made his life a burden to him. It had had a bite out of every large salmon he had caught this year and once or twice when entangled among the nets it had viciously smashed them, right and left. The old thief was keeping his distance just now, but a bright-eyed vigilant northern diver was sailing within shot. He had come up with the tide, and, having finished his afternoon meal, was looking about him before going off to sea. I had raised my gun, half-minded to give him the benefit of a cartridge, when the sound of skates on the frozen canal at my back—shrill in the frosty stillness—caught my ear, and I turned around.

Artemis and her train! one of her nymphs at least. On she came, with the swift, lithe, indolent ease of an accomplished skater—hissing through the keen February air—her cheeks rosy with the cold and the fleetness of her flying feet. She came; who I knew not; I knew only that a lovely apparition had rushed swiftly out of the February gloom, and had steadied herself at my side. Colour enough for you, my pre-Raphaelite masters! A dark purple jacket, skirt of the same colour, only a shade lighter, looped up above an orange petticoat; a wide-awake, covered with the skin of some strange animal—a leopard or panther—with a black-cock's feather stuck coquetishly at the side. I could not tell whether her face was pretty or the reverse; but I felt at least that she was supremely graceful, that every movement betrayed an exquisite abandon, that each supple limb was soft and pliant and obedient to the lightest behest of the soul. I thought, somehow, of the glorious riot of the tiger-cubs in Rubens' famous pictures,—perhaps the painter's skin suggested the association. Beautiful as a wild animal—it might be as fierce and cruel.

She had stopped at my side, but she did not notice me at first. "How beautiful!" she whispered to herself, as she looked across the embankment. A wintry gleam of sunshine had struck the sand-hills, making them all golden, and lighted up for a passing moment the sullen sea. "How beautiful!" and then suddenly, with a little cry of pain, "Ah! my foot!"

She stopped to undo her skate, and she saw me. She took me, perhaps, for a poacher or vagrant, for she gave a sharp hurried glance backward along the canal; but her alarm, if she felt any, lasted but a moment. "I am afraid I must trouble you," she said, turning her eyes full upon me. "I must ask you, Mr.—, Mr.—?"

"Holdfast," I answered; for her voice interrogated.

She smiled; then I saw rightly how beautiful she was. Her smile lighted up her face as the sunrise lights up the sea.

"I am so glad. You are our neighbour, you know—or rather you don't know. Could you undo my skate? It hurts my ankle. I am May Marvell."

She held out her foot—a small, clean-cut, shapely foot, cased in a matchless little boot. A Middleton artiste might have seen such a boot in

his dreams, but certainly no such boot had he actually handled. A few inches of mauve stocking, tight and tant, were visible above the boot; for her petticoat, without being exactly scrimp, like those which Swiss maidens wear in the Oberland, was obviously a very serviceable article, not by any means designed to restrict the free use of the limbs. I loosened her skate, and she thanked me with easy composure.

"I have lost John, our fat coachman, to whose care I was made over. The ice must have given way with him. But, though it gets dark at mid-day here, I cannot loose my way, can I?"

I explained to her as well as I could (for I was dazed by her beauty and the unexpectedness of her descent: had Aphrodite, as of yore, suddenly manifested herself out of a cloud, I could not have been more so) that there was a short cut across the bents to Marvell, and offering to show her the way to the Park-gate, advised her to quit the ice and her skates. She did so at once—with perfect docility, and without a shadow of distrust, accepting the guidance of a stranger.

I was shy and awkward, I dare say, but, with the tact of perfect breeding, she showed no consciousness of my blunders. That February walk though the gathering gloom decided the course of my life. Her manner was frank and unreserved. She talked rapidly—at least, words came rapidly to her, and she flung them from her—clear, bright ripples of talk, dashing ever into a spray of mockery. Yet her grey eyes dreamt as freely as they mocked; they were soft and when at rest, rested upon you with voluptuous pensiveness. In her eyes, indolent yet restless; in the gliding and swimming grace of her gait; in her talk, passionate yet ironical; in her easy goodness and transient flashes of fierceness, one had glimpses of a nature that might perhaps have scared away a wiser man than I was.

We met Mr. Marvell at the Park-gate, anxious about his daughter. She introduced me at once, "This is Mr. Holdfast, papa, our neighbour at the Heughs"—for she had learned all about me already—"he has been so good as to bring me home, when I had lost my way." His manner was simple and courteous, and as I left he promised to call for me on an early day, and hoped that we might meet often, now they had come home. "The Holdfasts and the Marvells must have known each other of old."

I did not go home at once. I slowly retraced my steps to the point where we had met—very slowly. Yet I seemed to tread on air. A sudden rosy rapture had entered into my life. The old landmarks were transfigured; I hardly recognised them. I had taken a first deep draught of the wine of love. The moon had already risen, and a sea of silver light quivered and pulsed at my feet. But I saw her face only—the pure ample brows; the full lips, red and curled; the great grey thoughtful eyes, with their long lashes; heard only the quick bird-like twitter of her laugh; felt only the pressure of her hand, which had pressed mine at parting. An hour ago, wintry shadows brooded upon the sea; but these had been lifted up like a curtain, and the Queen of Love had come forth from her chamber, and with breathless ardour, with tumultuous joy, I had kissed the hem of her robe.

Our intimacy quickly ripened. The Marvells had come down to take possession at a season when the great county families were in town. Thus they had no neighbours of their own set, and they gladly welcomed me. Miss Marvell was as active as a squirrel, and needed an active cicerone among the sand-hills and along the shore. Her father was indolently urbane—indolently urbane as man who, having seen many cities and many men, takes momentarily a deep draught of repose; and he liked a rustic listener who did not waken him into keen intellectual strife. Bright fire lay not far below the surface, I could believe; but I never penetrated, never cared to penetrate, behind the crust of his bland cynicism. Rival diplomatists said that on occasion his fangs were sharp; but they were kept while I knew him well under the fur.

I struggled from the first in a blind, inefficacious way against the fascination of this girl.

But she took me captive as a snake takes captive a bird. Before many days had passed I gave up the contest, and passively submitted to be carried whithersoever my good or evil fate might lead.

It was a pleasant house, but nowhere so pleasant as in May's boudoir. Her room was like a wild bird's nest, from which soft mosses and clustered branches shut out the faintest breeze. The girl was hardy out of doors, but inside she basked in the heat. Thick curtains hung in ample folds about the windows; soft furs were thrown over easy chair and sofa; a tiger's skin lay on the hearth-rug. The walls were hung with clever satirical sketches, drawn by men who knew more of society than of art: a group of girls and horses from Rotten Row, a Parisian exquisite from the Bois, an actress pressing a shower of bouquets to her breast, the Treasury Bench in the House of Commons with the Minister asleep under his hat—the trifles of a courtly and brilliant leisure. Half the poetry and fiction of the day might be found in the handy book-shelves which were built into odd corners; and on the table the last volume of the latest French novelette. And, in a low easy-chair beside the fire, as a spider in the midst of its web my mistress sat, the red light touching the gold in her tawny hair, and tinting with a warmer blush the delicate bloom of her cheek. At such times she looked superb; the cat dreaming on the hearth-rug was not more naturally graceful or more indolently happy. Yet it was the body only that reposed; her mind expanded like a flower in the warm light, her imagination grew vivid, her perception became keen and vigilant and sensitive. I thought sometimes that there must be a piece of ice in her nature which needed to be thawed to make her perfectly happy. She would have rejoiced, as the wild creature on whose lustrous fur her dainty satin slippers rested had rejoiced, in the fierce sun of the tropics.

"Do you know, papa," she said one day, while we were seated together in the afternoon twilight, "that I sometimes fancy I have got no soul?"

"You have got a temper, at least, my dear," said her father, blandly.

"Don't chaff me, papa—that is one of those modern habits that don't sit well on an old-fashioned gentleman of the grand school. But I really fancy sometimes that a good hard frost would freeze me into a lump of ice!"

"To be made into gin-sling, or some hideous Yankee drink, ultimately," Mr. Marvell suggested.

But she turned away from him with a little impatient shrug, and addressed herself to me.

"That church of yours is quite to my taste; Dr. Hackaback is such a ridiculous old dear. We must have him here papa. Mr. Holdfast likes him as much as we do. And the sisters Peterson! I could study their bonnets for ever. A man must have made them; no such hideous deformities ever entered into the heart of woman."

"Is it possible that these creatures can have immortal souls?" Mr. Marvell maliciously interpolated. But May took it up.

"Don't suggest such an idea. I would rather be turned into that horrid gin-sling—with a little grimace at her father—" than have to meet them every day in heaven. Is Dr. Hackaback a good man, Mr. Holdfast?" she continued, with an air of innocent inquiry.

I supposed that he was very much like his neighbours.

"Then I must get him to be my confessor. I have no end of iniquities to confess. But he must choose between me and the Misses Peterson. I am sure that their opinions are evangelical—such bonnets!—and you know I belong to the Broad Church, Mr. Holdfast."

"I fancy Mr. Holdfast is not much interested in your theological experiences, May dear. She is very tenacious, Mr. Holdfast, is May. Ten days ago she wanted to be a nun, and asked me for ever so much to buy a veil."

"Don't tell tales, papa. You know it was a Brussels one I wanted. But I belong permanently to the Broad Church."

"Well, I never heard of a Broad Churchman being made a bishop; so don't go and marry the curate, May."

"How can you say say so, when you know that Saint Paul was the first bishop of the Broad Church? Surely Saint Paul was good enough even for Miss Jemima Peterson. I am sure she is called Jemima, Mr. Holdfast."

"Your friends of the Broad Church," said Mr. Marvell, "make things pleasant, at least."

"And why shouldn't things be pleasant?" May retorted. "I am a coward at heart, and the dreadful stories these Evangelical people tell and the way they swear at you, frightens me out of my wits."

Mr. Holdfast thought that pleasant things were very nice in their way, but that things in this world had a constant tendency to make themselves unpleasant. Nor was it possible to shut them entirely out from us, however much it was to be desired. We ourselves could not be depended on. Frightfully unpleasant things haunted the heart and imagination. That abject capacity for fear—what does it mean? Does it mean that there is something outside of us which corresponds to the faculty within us—which rouses the spasms of dread that shoot across the mind—which wakens the sleeping horror? Old divines, in their figurative way, called it "the wrath of God."

Such was my view, expressed more or less clearly. Mr. Marvell, on the contrary, was disposed to believe that horror was a creation of our own weakness. "It is a matter of the nerves," he declared.

May certainly liked things to be pleasant. I think she was naturally of a brave spirit; but she shrunk from whatever was disagreeable. She wrapt herself in soft furs; she made herself a warm nest; she strove in every way to shut out from her the ugly things of this world—want, pain, disease, sin, death. And thus they became more terrible to her imagination, for they are things that require to be looked in the face, and that grow full of menace to the half-averted eye. She lived in the senses; and, like all who do so habitually, she had become timid and easily scared in the presence of the supernatural.

In one of our scampers across the sand-hills, I brought her to the old churchyard of the district. On a bright green margin of turf that overhangs the sea, bounded by a low wall through which our mountain ponies easily made their way, half-a-dozen old headstones, telling how Alexander Davidson, Elspit Bell, and such like, had died in the odour of sanctity, and "a broken chancel with a broken cross," where venerable Culdces had worshipped God after their fashion—such was the place. Railed off from the common earth, but rank with coarse grass and nettles, was the burial-ground of the Marvells—unopened now for many years, for, as we know, the late head of the house had chosen another resting-place. Peering through the railings, we could read how "May Sybil Marvell" had been laid there a century before, and how some semi-pagan mourner had in the classical anti-scriptural view of the time, compared her to *that* Lesbia:

*Illa Lesbia quam Catullus unam
Plus quam se, atque suos amavit omnes.*

"She was my great-grandmother," said May, after a long pause.

Then we turned our horses, and rode silently along the bushless downs.

She had been in gay spirits during our ride, but now she spoke not a word. Then turning upon me she said almost fiercely—

"Why did you bring me *there*? It makes me shudder to think that we must come to that. How I hate death! Were we made only to be put away in such places, to rot beneath those loathsome nettles? Martin, this is cruel of you."

I would have excused myself, but she would not listen.

"Let us gallop along the shore," she said; "the sweet salt air will drive such fancies away. Thank God, there is life in me yet awhile."

She urged her pony with bridle and whip, and we galloped for a while along the firm shore. Soon the roses came back to her cheek; her eye flashed as the pace grew fleet; the blood danced merrily in her veins.

"I beg your pardon, Martin"—she called me Martin now, as if I was a cousin or a servant (in fact, she had discovered some old cousinship, as she said; the only indication of kinship I could find—and this was later—was in a clause of my grandfather's last will and testament, where he warned his sons to beware of friendship or alliance with "the treacherous and fickle Marvells")—"but the world is so lovely, and life is so sweet, and then it is all so dark and dreary outside. Let us banish these evil fancies, and say good-bye to the King of Horrors."

We had come to the fishers' village, and I dismounted for a moment to tighten a girth. As we paused, a sweet voice rose from a group of women who were seated on low three-legged stools in front of the cottages, baiting the lines for tomorrow's fishing. The words of the song, I think, were these:—

THE FISHER LAD.

I.

Elsie, the lass with the golden curls,
Sings like the thrushes and climbs with the squirrels:
All night-long she sleeps in her nest,
And dreams of the fisher-boy out in the West.

II.

All night-long he rocks in his boat,
And hums a song as he lies afloat—
A song about Elsie, the rosiest rose
That blooms on the cliff where the night wind blows.

III.

The dun duck dives, and the roving lark
Flits, with shrill whistle, into the dark;
And, heaving the herring-nets over the side,
Night-long the fisher-boy drifts with the tide.

IV.

Under his feet the herring are streaming;
Over his head the stars are dreaming;
And he sits in his boat as it rocks in the bight,
And watches and waits for the morning light.

V.

The wind is soft, and the stars are dim,
But never a mermaid whispers to him;
And the siren may warble her softest note,
But she won't beguile him out of his boat.

VI.

At break of day from the sandy bay
He draws his nets, and he sails away;—
"Over the foam let gipsies roam,
But love is best when it stays at home."

May listened with delight "It is Maggie Beaton, the cripple," I whispered.

"What a musical voice! I must get the air and the words. Let us speak to them. You know them, I suppose?"

We rode forward, and they greeted us with natural courtesy. May took possession of one of the three-legged stools and sitting down beside the crippled child, fondled and caressed her. The child gazed admiringly upon the glorious beauty of the face, and was easily induced to repeat the simple air. May had a retentive memory, and in a wonderfully short space had made the air and the words her own. Then with a compassionate caress to the child, and kindly greeting to the older women, she mounted again, and we rode home.

That night we loitered together over a bundle of new books that had just arrived. She was keen and bright, piquantly provoking, as was her way. She always dressed splendidly for dinner, and when she came in, brilliant as a leopard, she shook her head at me with a defiant smile. May was or could affect to be serious at times (not when her father was present—father and daughter treated each other with habitual badinage), but Mr. Marvell made no pretence to more than tentative convictions at any time. "We cannot afford to have convictions in my profession," he said. "My chief insists that we should believe in the Turkish Empire (which, between ourselves, is dead and buried); but we are expected in other respects to keep our eyes open. A man with convictions is commonly as blind as a beetle."

They knew everybody and everything. The great names in art and literature and politics, which to me were remote abstractions, represented to them familiar intimacies. They had dwelt long in the most brilliant capital of Europe, and had mixed in its most brilliant society. Such talk as theirs was could not fail

to fascinate a man who had passed his days among the sand-hills, and who had contemplated the great excitements of life from afar. Everything about them bore the impress of habitual intercourse with poets and artists and statesmen. Verdi had given Miss Marvell a song which was part of the opera on which he was at work, and which was to be his *chef-d'œuvre*; Thackeray had drawn a comical picture of himself and his spectacles at her feet, on the last page of her volume of Tennyson; a noble historian had written some pretty jingle about her eyes and the skies, and the seas and the seas, in an album which the Empress had sent her on Christmas morning. So our talk over the bundle of new books was very lively—horribly unjust often, I dare say; but then this gave it its piquancy, and nobody was hurt.

Then we tired of criticism, and May went to the piano. "What do you think of this, papa?" she inquired, and then she sang the little air which she had got from the fisher girl. Her voice was sweet as heaven; I never heard the same bird-like, bell-like notes in any other voice, save one. Then again she discoursed soft, sad music, and anon dashed into the riot of a wild Hungarian waltz.

"You recollect how they danced it at Pesth, papa? It was the wildest, most picturesque thing imaginable. Do you know the step, Mr. Holdfast?"

"No, I don't dance."

"I can teach you it in a minute; like all these national dances, it looks intricate, but is in reality perfectly simple: see this is the step."

And then bringing her feet out of her ample skirts—clean-cut, servicable, matchless little feet—she showed me how it was done.

"You are not so clumsy as I expected. Now give me your hand and put the other round my waist. So—so. Oh, you ungrateful bear, you have torn my dress," she exclaimed with a little shriek of affected dismay, as she jumped from my arm.

As I walked home that night I understood how men and women had died for love. I had caught glimpses of a passionate rapture which might kill like *angina pectoris*. I had held her in my arms, she had leant against my heart, her hair had fanned my cheek. I did not sleep all night; I was sick with love; with love from which, as the Athenian poet said, none escape, neither mortal man nor the Undying Ones:—

And who has thee is MAD.

I knew all along that I was nothing to her; yet I do not believe that she meant to break my heart. She liked to breathe the incense of admiration, of love; my love gratified her senses as did fresh flowers and dainty colours; she could not, at the risk of losing a useful devotee, make it quite plain to him that he was to expect no love in return; and besides—a lover's temper should be unselfish. Why, Antony had thrown away the whole round earth for Cleopatra's lips.

Fawning, caressing, fierce, supple; yes, surely, the wild creature's blood was in her veins. Even while she *purred*, the claws were never very far under the fur—were drawn out and in, often in the very wantonness of pleasure. Yet she could relent at times to true pity and a natural tenderness—as it seemed.

April that year was provokingly fickle. Sunny showers and rain-touched sunbeams chased each other the livelong day. The spring was born amid laughter and frequent tears.

On one of these days we were surprised by sudden storm. We were not far from the Heughs at the time when the rain began, and we made at once for the gaunt old house. Somehow it did not look quite so gaunt with the rain-clouds driving across the roof—it looked gaunter always in the quietude of summer days. Ere we reached the door we were drenched to the skin, for the water came down in torrents. It was one of those storms when the heaven abandons itself to the luxury of tears, and weeps without restraint.

For the first time my mistress stood beneath my roof-tree, her gay plumes sadly dragged. Jess, however, though grim, was fertile in expedients, and she took Miss Marvell under her

wing. In a little while May returned, so disguised that I hardly knew her, to the little parlor where I waited. She had donned an old-fashioned silk dress, that had been intended originally for a much larger woman, and her exquisite rosy smile flashed out from below an enormous hood that my grandmother or my great-grandmother had worn.

"I am the ghost of your grandmother come to rebuke you for your sins," said May. "My beloved grandchild," she continued, with charming mock gravity, "I have returned from the next world, where I am comparatively comfortable, solely on your account. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and I do not like the company you keep. These English people at the Park are undermining your principles. Already you have begun the downward career. You walked in the fields last Sabbath; next Sabbath you will steal the spoons; then you will take to drinking and smoking; then you will run away with old Goody; then you will mess when Dr. Hackaback is preaching. Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed," and the anxious representative of Holdfasts drew the cloak round her face, and groaned over the backslidings of the house.

Her mimetic power was perfect. She would have made a great actress.

"That queer old duck, Goody," she continued, in her own voice, "is a perfect treasure. She allowed me to ransack your grandmother's wardrobe. I hope you like the result,"—and she made me a stately curtsy, such as old Mrs. Julian Holdfast may have made about the beginning of the last century.

I admitted that it did credit to her taste.

"I've a great mind to keep it for our theatricals in summer—it *does* become me, I think. Martin, what a lovely face!"

As she spoke, she pointed to a picture on the wall—a bright, true face, on which all the charities that make life sweet were written.

"My mother's portrait."

"Your mother?" she said, in an altered tone. "It is a face one might trust for ever. Martin, you are happier than I. You had a mother; I never knew mine. Perhaps"—here she paused.

A softer mood than I had ever known in her succeeded. I looked away; for there was a trouble in her voice. I looked away; had I not done so, I must have fallen at her feet, and kissed the hem of her robe. I never loved her so wildly, so passionately, either before or after, as I did at that moment. Her eyes, travelling round slowly and dreamily, rested on me; she recovered herself directly, her exquisite sensitiveness warned her what was coming—told her of the words that quivered upon my lips.

A keen, defiant light came into her face. It said as plainly as words, "No—I shall not and cannot hear you. I do not love you. Speak a word, and I leave you for ever." But aloud she only said, coldly, "I think the carriage must have come."

We had despatched Donald to the Lodge to bring it on, and Goody presently appeared to announce that it was at the door.

"Goodbye, Goody," she said, as she tripped down the narrow stair. "Can I take any message to your grandmamma?"

I resolved that I should go no more to the Park. It was clear, lure me on as she might at times, that she did not love me. And I—this poisonous joy which had crept into my blood was eating up my life. But I would cast it out; and so for a week, gun in hand, I tramped over the sand-hills, returning at night weary and fagged and wretched.

At the end of the week came a note from May:—

"Dear Mr. Holdfast,—I have been in bed a week, but am better. Kate Saville comes next month, and we must begin our rehearsals. But I cannot make up my mind what play to choose. Will you come and help me to-day? Pray do. You know we dine at seven.—M. S. M."

Of course I did not go: of course you would not have gone? Perhaps not: if you and I were wiser than Solomon, and older than Methuselah. Otherwise I think I know what road we would take, and where it would lead us.

I had resolved to keep myself well in hand, but my passion was visible in my face. I think that even Mr. Marvell must have noticed it; for after dinner, as we sat for a moment over the wine, he led the conversation to his daughter. He probably knew more of her experience than I did, and good-naturedly desired to warn me.

"She is a clever little witch, is May, but as untameable as a fly. It is a pity she is such a tremendous coquette—only all women are coquettes. Fill your glass, Mr. Holdfast; I got that wine from Metternich."

He held up his own against the light, as he continued:—

"I think a taste for sound old claret is about the soundest taste we can cultivate. And it is a duty to single out sound enjoyments: for the zests of life are easily exhausted. The horizon grows grey; enjoyment flags; the senses fail us. We close up all the avenues to pleasure before we know that they are so few. And when they come, the supreme rewards of success are poor and valueless. Your mistress's kiss does not burn as it used to burn; the truth is, she bores you. You don't relish the wit and the entrées as of yore; your stomach is not what it was, and you weary of D——'s old jokes. You remember how your pulse beat when the Premier praised that speech, and Lady Ida's curls touched your cheek in the waltz; or rather you don't recollect a bit—you have forgotten all about both: poor Sir Robert has been dead for a year, and Lady Ida is as fat as her mother. My good sir, a woman is only—a woman; and when you once get behind the scenes, you learn how far you have been imposed upon, and swear never again to find a world of romance in a sheet of pasteboard and a pot of paint."

He filled his glass and paused meditatively.

"You know Clavering by name—an obstinate old ass; he made a terrible mess in China. Well, Clavering once said a good thing—by mistake. At a dinner of the men of our time at Cambridge, he got pathetic over those who had left us, and made a delightful malapropism: "Some of them are happily dead,—others, alas! are married." Our shout of laughter discomposed him terribly: and when he found that he had transposed the words, he insisted on putting them right—amid still noisier shouts. But I think the first edition was, after all, the true one, and had I been Clavering I would have stuck to it."

This was the philosophy that ushered me into the drawing-room, where the witch sat dreaming in the fire-light.

A witch, indeed, as you would have confessed had you heard her sing that night to an arch, saucy air, half passionate, half-mocking, that suited the words well, Lodge's delightful song:—

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet;
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed, amidst my tender breast.
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest:
Ah! wanton, will you?

And if I sleep, then pierceeth he
With pretty slight,
And makes his pillow of my knee
The livelong night;
Strike I the lute, he tunes the string;
He music plays, if I but sing;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
Ah! wanton, will you?

Rosalind can mock a little at love even while she complains, but I had taken the disease in its worst shape, and was past jesting. A physician—could we physic Love!—would have said from the beginning that my malady was mortal.

Our theatrical projects, however, kept us in the meantime constantly employed. But although we ransacked the library, we could not agree upon a piece. This play was too warm, that was too cold; we could not muster performers for one, nor properties for another.

"I wish we had a poet among us," said May; "only poets are such dull people to have in a country-house. I knew a poet once. I was left to amuse him, and he nearly bored me to death. He told me that he had lost his heart to a particular friend of mine, but I didn't believe him; he had written so many rubbishing poems

about the affections, that he had no heart left to lose. Do you recollect the song he wrote for me, papa, and which you said he had stolen from Master Lovelace? It went somehow thus, I think:—

With jeers and tears and smiles,
And awful wilful wiles,
The May her groom beguiles;
But my May keeps the grace
Of true love in her face.

Sweet is May's hawthorn hedge,
And by the water edge,
The murmur of the sedge
But my May's sweeter far
Than hawthorn hedges are.

The thrush repeats her tale,
And the sad nightingale
With passion floods the vale;
But my May's whisper thrills
My soul among the hills.

The kisses of the May
Are scattered every day
On all who come this way;
But my May's lips are kept
Like chastest violet.

And so the foolish fellow run on, with much more on the same key. But he might help us now, could we lay on hands on him. Do you recollect what he was called, papa?

But Mr. Marvell had entirely forgotten.

"We couldn't well advertise for him, I suppose; so we must do without him, and take one of these two. Which is it to be?"

The first was a little gay French vaudeville—artless as the best art is, but exquisitely graceful and petulant. There was absolutely nothing in the story, but the people in it talked about nothing in the most charming way. The hero and his mistress made desperate love; but they clearly didn't care a copper for each other, and their passion ran off in epigrams. "My beautiful lady," said the lover on his knees at last (he went down quite leisurely), "My beautiful lady, have pity on me." And the lady answered, "No, I have no pity. *Je suis la belle dame sans merci.*" And so the play ended.

No, that would not do. May felt perhaps that it was overlike the play she had on hand; so we chose the other. It was Goethe's *Egmont*.

When I think of May now, I strive to think of her as "Clara." She was essentially an actress; if she could not be true and brave and honest and loving, she knew that truth and honesty and love were excellent things, and on the stage, at least, she could rise to the heroic mood. Hers was not the martyr-spirit which can go

Through the brief minute's fierce annoy
To God's eternity of joy.

She would have shrunk from "the fierce annoy" as she shrank from whatever displeased her senses; yet as she read of hero and martyr, her grey eye kindled and flashed and quivered. And May Marvell when she clutched her bosom with her hands to stay the beating of her heart, because at midnight she hears the tread of armed men, and Egmont comes not, was, I believe, not less great than Rachel, or Ristori, or Helen Faucit.

Kate Saville had not yet appeared, and Miss Marvell and I read the great play together. There was something in it—in Clara's unreflective rapture, in Egmont's heroic recklessness—that fascinated her imagination.

I was but a sorry Egmont, I fear,—so poor a performer that Miss Marvell sometimes snatched the part out of my hand, and swore (as ladies swear) that she would be the Count herself. And then, muffling herself in some coverlet or shawl that lay at hand, she would show me with adorable petulance how it was done; how Egmont, bending over his mistress, had unclashed his cloak, and disclosed the jewelled collar of the Golden Fleece. "But this is not *thy* Egmont."

I wonder sometimes that I lived through it all. I was like a man in strong fever, now on fire, anon my teeth chattering with cold. I was in rapture and in agony. This witch had poisoned my blood. As she bent over me that night, as I felt her breath touch my cheek, I was as jealously mad, as fiercely miserable, as Othello. I knew that my senses were deserting me: this potent enchantress had changed me into some wild animal that I did not recognise; and I fled affrighted

from her spells. What if I should smother his in my blind rage as the Moor smothered his bride? As I looked out on the black pools or water on which the moonlight lay, I swore that, come what might, I should not go to her again.

I kept my word. I did not approach the Park. But Fate was stronger than my will. I was to see her once more beside the sea.

She had been walking, and she came up to me with a beautiful flush on her face.

"Kate Saville has come," she said, "and we are ready for a rehearsal. Where have you been for ever so long?" Then, without waiting for my answer, "I hope you are perfect in your Egmont?"

"I do not mean to be Egmont," I answered, gloomily.

"You are not going to desert us, surely?"

"I shall not act."

"Mr. Holdfast, this is too bad. Kate will be inconsolable."

But I would not. She never asked my reason; she knew by instinct what I meant. She should have gone then; but she still waited.

"Will nothing tempt you? Come up to-night. Kate shall give you a song, her voice is superb; and I—I will give you a smile," the coquette added, while a lovely one crossed her eyes and lighted up her mouth.

"Temptress!" I muttered, eyeing her almost savagely.

"My dear Martin," she said at once, quite seriously, "what ails you? One would fancy that you took me for a witch. I suppose the best that you expect is to see me ride away on a broomstick,"—and she affected to pout like a spoilt child that has been crossed.

But I looked her full in the face (for I had ceased to fear her—I was reckless and desperate), and I saw that her eyes did not defy me.

Then came the end,

I took hold of her hand as we stood together, and clasped it in mine. She was not offended; she did not resist; I fancied there was an answering pressure. Her touch kindled all the blood in my body into a blaze. I turned, and looked her full in the face. The smile had faded off the upturned mouth and cheeks, which were pale with fear or passion or love, but it still lingered in her eyes, and I felt that her eyes consented. I stooped down and kissed her on the lips. I was mad with love and her lips did not resist. For a moment they clung to mine, or seemed to cling. Had Heaven been in the other scale, I could not have foregone that kiss. Then the softness died out of her eyes; her face grew set and hard and cruel; she curled herself out of my arms, and retreating swiftly and stealthily, gained a little knoll, from which she turned and faced me. Her eyes were full of menace; she crouched a little, as if with angry shame; at the very moment, I thought of a panther-cat in act to spring.

"Sir!" she said flushing out magnificently, "have you forgotten that you are a boor?"

The voice rang with mockery and bitter pride; yet, turning suddenly, she bowed her face into her hands, and sobbed convulsively. Her being shook beneath the storm. It was not a summer shower; it was a convulsion of nature. I was by her side in a moment: my arm was round her waist; she was tugging at the strings of her hat. "Loose them!" she said; "they are choking me." She sat down on the bank, but for many minutes could not control her hysterical sobs. Her whole nature was moved,—perhaps it needed such a convulsion to teach her that she had a heart.

"May," I asked, penitentially, "what have I done?"

"Martin, you have humbled me bitterly. It is my fault; I know that I led you on. I have been false, light, unmaidenly."

"You are the delight of my eyes," I murmured, passionately.

"No, no!" she replied, piteously; "do not speak so. You cannot be so sorely hurt; it would make me miserable to think that you were hurt."

"Hurt!" I exclaimed; "it is a hurt I shall carry with me to the grave—gladly." Then such a look of pained entreaty crossed her face, that I stopped abruptly. For a moment there was silence; but she did not speak.

"May," I whispered, "you know how I love you; cannot you love me a little?"

"No," she said, steadily through her sobs; "I have no love in my heart. I am too hard to love. I do not love you." I turned very pale; and her eyes sought mine pitifully. "Martin, how I have deceived you? You must have known how cold my heart was. Why have you been so blind?"

"May—May!—might you not learn to love me?" "It is impossible," she said. Her tears were dried, and she had gathered herself up to go. Her face was hardening again. Her mood had changed—as I pressed her. I felt the chill coming. "It is impossible. It cannot be."

Yet I persevered; what will not a man do for dear life when he is drowning? "Do not shut hope out from me," I said.

"It is best to speak plainly at once," she replied—and her voice had recovered its clear, musical mocking ring; "I cannot give you my love, for—among other reasons—it is pledged to another. Lord Audley—"

"Audley!" I echoed, mechanically. "Yes, Audley—the House of Commons man. Audley is my betrothed," and then added, God knows with what bitterness, "My lord, my lover, my hero, my Egmont."

It was not the fact which froze me; it was her tone, in which there was no love, no compassion, no mercy, either for me or for that other.

"Are you a woman?" I said moodily, yet with unnatural calmness—for I was dazzled by her cruel beauty—"Are you a woman, or a tiger's cub?"

Then I turned upon my heel, and left her where she stood. She did not call me back; yet I fancy sometimes in my dreams (it was fancy only) that I heard her say "Martin" softly, amid a low burst of weeping. I never saw her again.

I never saw her again. My heart was still hard against her when I heard one say, "She is dead." Even in death I did not forgive her. Had she not burned up my heart; had she not lured me to the very gates of hell; had she not left me with a slight, dainty, scornful, mocking adieu? But one day (when my fever was over, for I had been stricken by the plague of which she died) I wandered listlessly, mechanically, along the shore till I reached the churchyard among the sand-hills. A new name I noticed was carved upon the wall. Another "May Sybil Marvell" had been laid out of the sunshine, under where the rank nettles grow. Then—remembering who had last stood by my side on this turf, remembering that April evening—my heart forgave her, and all my fierce love turned into tender pity. She might have been fickle and treacherous; but at least she had had my whole heart; and she had been to me what no other woman could be again.

And it may be (I say sometimes to myself, as the old bitterness returns for a moment) that I am her debtor. She taught me in a few days the lesson which old men, even in their fourscore years, have sometimes failed to learn. It takes long to squeeze the fever of hope out of the heart; many a bitter dismissal, many a sharp disillusion, to make a man utterly happy and apathetic. But I took my dose at a draught, and since that hour am cured.

The British Museum was established by Act of Parliament in 1753. This national collection of antiquities, books and natural curiosities, is one of the most valuable and extensive in Europe. It was founded in consequence of the will of Sir Hans Sloane, bart. (an eminent physician and naturalist, born at Killinleah, in the North of Ireland, April 16, 1660, and died at Chelsea, Jan. 11, 1752) who left to the nation his museum, which cost him upwards of £50,000, on condition that Parliament paid £20,000 to his executors, and purchased a house sufficiently commodious for it, which proposal was readily accepted. Several other valuable collections were united to that of Sir Hans Sloane, and the whole establishment completed for the sum of £85,000, which was raised by way of lottery. The following sums were voted by Parliament: for the Townley Estates, £20,000; Lansdowne manuscripts, £4,925; Greville minerals, £8,200; Elgin marbles, £35,000; Burney's Library, £13,500; to print the Codex Alexandrinus, £2,000.

PASTIMES.

GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMOREMS.

1. 500 and *we 50 an 50* = a county in Canada.
2. 50 "*eg 1 n*" = a city in Scotland.
3. 1000 "*go 61 es*" = a city in France.
4. 1 "*s 50 nob*" = a city in Portugal.
5. 651 "*an E*" = a large Danish island.
6. 100 "*en 1*" = a city of Italy.
7. 1 "*rat 50 brag*" = a British Military Post in a foreign country.
8. 10 "*eat s*" = one of the United States.
9. 50 "*ako 5 E 51*" = a village on Lake Ontario.
10. 500 "*a few 500 nwo 50 n*" = a British Province, also a large Island.

The initials will give the name of one of Britain's most celebrated Generals.

ALPHA, Stratford, C. W.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

(FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.)

1. Write down in figures the sum of eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven.
2. What eight numbers multiplied by nine will give a product of all one's? And what eight numbers multiplied by nine will give a product of all two's?

CHARADES.

1. I am a word of 7 letters.
My 5, 7, 4, 1 is a garment.
My 6, 4, 3 is a vehicle.
My 3, 2, 4, 1 is a vessel.
My 7, 4, 1 is a grain.
My 5, 7, 6, 2, 4 is a beverage.
My 6, 4, 1 is an animal.
My 3, 7, 2, 1 is now on my feet.
My 1, 4, 3, 4, 6 is the French name for my whole.
My whole is a gentleman's delight and his wife's aversion. POLLY.
2. My *first* in ghosts 'tis said abounds,
And whenever she takes her rounds
My *second* never fails to go,
Yet oft attends her mortal foe.
If with my *whole* you quench your thirst
You sink for ever in my *first*.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete I am a report; beheaded I am violent; again and I am a tree.
2. Complete I am a fish; beheaded I am a woman's name; beheaded again and transposed, I am a beverage.
3. Complete I am a tree; beheaded I am an animal.
4. Complete I am a reproof; beheaded I am part of an animal; again and transposed, I cease to be.

ANAGRAMS.

(STREETS IN MONTREAL.)

1. Jet gas stream.
2. Son at ten I.
3. Ad ten more.
4. Her O. K. robes.
5. Torch reeds.

GARDE.

SQUARE WORDS.

My *first* is one of great power
And made my *next* every hour
To all my *third* a token shew
My *fourth* is where sweet violets grew. B. B.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. CPIWKISCPKRPEA, a favourite work of a favourite author.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A person imported a piano bearing a duty of twenty-five per cent, and sold it at a loss of five per cent; had he sold it for \$12 more he would have gained one per cent. What had the manufacturer for the piano? H. H. V.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREMS, &c. No. 34.

Arithmorem.—Jacques Cartier. 1 Jordan. 2 Argenteuil. 3 Cambridge. 4 Quarles. 5 Ulster.

- 6 Edgar. 7 St. Helena. 8 Cupid. 9 Anacreon. 10 Rinderprest. 11 Tyndale. 12 Invernary. 13 Euclid. 14 Richelieu.

Fruits enigmatically expressed.—1. Cur-r-ant. 2. Nectar (n) ine. 3. Ap (e)-ric (e)-o-te (a). 4. Mul (e)-berry. 5. Pea-ch (erry).

Charades.—1. Hamilton. 2. Horn-pipe. 3. Co-nun-drum.

Decapitations.—1. Well-ell-two l's. 2. Scrape-crape-rape-ape.

Arithmetical Problems.—I. 108 miles by steam-boat, 84 on foot and 90 by railway.

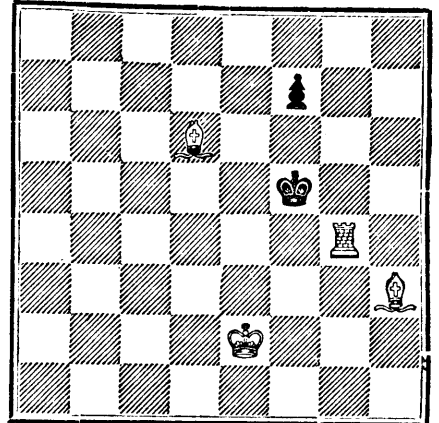
The following answers have been received:

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 24.

By MR. W. ATKINSON, MONTREAL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 22.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. K to K 8th.
2. R to Q 7th.
3. R Mates

Anything.

ENIGMA No. 3.

- Q Kt 7. Q B 8. Q Q 5.



Q 3.

White to play and Mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 1.

1. Q to Q Kt 5th. R to Q 4th (best.)
2. Q to Q Kt 8th (ch.) R to Q sq.
3. Q to Q B 7th. R to Q 2nd.
4. Q to K 5th (ch) and wins.

Game played between Max Lange and Richter, in Prussia.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE. (Max Lange.)

BLACK. (Richter.)

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------|
| 1 P to K 4th. | P to K 4th. |
| 2 K Kt to B 3rd. | Q Kt to B 3rd. |
| 3 B to Q B 4th. | B to Q B 4th. |
| 4 P to Q Kt 4th. | B takes Kt P. |
| 5 P to Q B 3rd. | B to Q K 4th. |
| 6 P to Q 4th. | P takes P. |
| 7 Castles. | P to Q 3rd. |
| 8 Q to Q Kt 3rd. | Q to K 2nd. |
| 9 P to K 5th. | P takes P. |
| 10 K R to K sq. | Q B to Q 2nd. |
| 11 B to Q 6th. | B to Q Kt 3rd. |
| 12 B takes Kt. | P takes B. |
| 13 B to Q R 3rd. | Q to K B 3rd. |
| 14 R takes P (ch.) | Q B to K 3rd. |
| 15 Q to Q R 4th. | Castles. |
| 16 P takes P. | B to Q 4th. |
| 17 Q Kt to Q 2nd. | B takes Kt. |
| 18 Kt takes B. | B takes Q P. |
| 19 Q to Q R 6th (ch.) | K to Q 2nd. |
| 20 Kt takes B. | Q takes R. |
| 21 Q takes P (ch.) | K to Q B sq. |
| 22 Q to Q R 8th (ch.) | K to Q 2nd. |
| 23 Q takes R (ch.) | K takes Q. |
| 24 Q to Q B 6th (ch.) | |

and White wins.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

ALPHA, STRATFORD.—Much obliged. We are always glad to receive contributions of the kind you have favoured us with.

L. N.—The answer appeared in No. 34; Your solution is not quite correct, as you will see by referring to that number.

ANXIOUS.—We are not aware that a single case of cholera had occurred in England up to the sailing of the last steamer. The overcrowding of the two vessels referred to was sufficient to breed disease of a malignant type. **ANXIOUS** must not be over-anxious, but whilst using the precautions suggested by Boards of Health and Sanitary Committees, endeavour to keep her mind calm and unruffled. Medical men are agreed as to the fact that over-anxiety and fear predispose the system to attacks of the terrible disease which may visit us ere many weeks have passed.

J. F. F.—We acknowledged the receipt of your several communications in our last issue, and beg to refer you to that notice.

R. HAMILTON.—The solution is correct, but was received too late to be acknowledged under the usual heading.

POLLY.—The satisfaction is by no means slight, for we are always glad to welcome new correspondents, especially those who feel an interest in the **READER**. Available contributions to our pastime column are always acceptable, and we hope to receive further favours from **POLLY**.

ONE INTERESTED.—We believe the *trichina spiralis* has not been discovered in Canadian pork, but a committee of the Chicago Academy of Sciences have been examining the flesh of swine slaughtered in that city. They report that over thirteen hundred hogs were examined and of these twenty-eight were found diseased. In some cases the number of worms in a cubic inch of meat was as high as 18,000. All pork should be thoroughly cooked, or well smoked before it is eaten.

R. J. W.—We are compelled to decline your proposition.

DILEMMA.—Caustic is the most effectual cure, but if you apply it you must be prepared to see your hands disfigured for a time. You will scarcely mind that, we suppose, if you can attain the end desired.

MARY H.—"Route" should be pronounced as if it were written "root." "Wind" in poetry may be pronounced to rhyme with "find," "mind," when the rhyme requires it.

W. S. L.—We really cannot discover the drift of your remarks.

YOUNG CANADA.—A member of Parliament cannot hold office under the crown, and retain his seat, consequently when a British M. P. is desirous of relinquishing his parliamentary honours he accepts the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. The office is a sinecure, and is relinquished by a member as soon as it has enabled him to secure the end he had in view in accepting it. We should have stated that no member of the House of Commons can resign his seat unless he be disqualified in some way or other.

MAPP.—Consult the advertisement sheets of the *London Times* or *Telegraph*.

A. J. F.—We are sorry we cannot publish the verses forwarded.

Geo. B.—A constant routine of gymnastics will tend to render the body more supple, and remove the stiffness you complain of.

GERTRUDE.—"The Family Honour" will probably be completed in about six weeks.

H. A.—Should read an article in the last number of the "Trade Review." It is the opinion of Dr. Hunt that gold may be found, in paying quantities, in many districts of Lower Canada.

OLIVER TWIST.—We can only say that the MSS. will receive our careful attention if you decide to forward them.

J. M. D.—We are not acquainted with the ingredients used in the preparation of the varnish mentioned.

VIOLLET.—Respectfully declined.

PHILLIP H.—It is the old tale of Bullem and Boatem.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We stated in a late issue that

specimens of the Sewing Machines, to be awarded to those of our friends who procure ten annual subscribers to the **READER**, may be seen at the stores of the agents in Hamilton, London, Ottawa, Toronto and Quebec. They are very useful machines, and will prove invaluable additions to a household.

MISCELLANEA.

THERE is in England and Scotland an army of 378,000 men, all more or less effectively trained and armed, and ranged round a nucleus of 71,000 seasoned soldiers.

In the late civil war in America, 220 battles were fought: in Virginia, 89; in Tennessee, 87; in Missouri, 35; Georgia, 12; South Carolina, 16; North Carolina, 11; Alabama, 7; Florida, 5; Kentucky, 14; the Indian Territory and New Mexico, 1 each. There were 17 naval engagements.

The cost of the losses by the cattle plague in the county of Chester will be greater than that of all the other counties in England put together, excluding Yorkshire.

A Geelong paper says that ten couple of rabbits were introduced in the colony in 1859, and already 50,000 have been killed. The hares that have been introduced are rapidly multiplying.

DINNER TIME.—Until towards the middle of the seventeenth century people were in the practice of dining at ten and eleven o'clock in the forenoon. "With us," so reads the preface by Hollingshead, "the nobility, gentry, and students, do ordinarily go to dinner before noon, and to supper at five, or between five and afternoon. The merchants dine and sup seldom before twelve at noon and six in the afternoon, especially in London. The husbandmen dine, also at high noon, as they call it, and sup at seven or eight; but out of the town, in our universities, the scholars dine at ten."

NAPOLEONIC COMPLIMENT.—The Emperor, notwithstanding the eccentricity of the Marquis de Boissy, is very good friends with him, and he exclaimed the other day, "Ah! marquis, we meet again, *enfant terrible*."—"Not terrible, your majesty," was the reply, "but devoted. I wish, sire, you had many such."—"No, no, marquis," answered his majesty; "one, I feel, is enough."—A compliment, or the reverse, but capitally put, as leaving such an equivocal interpretation.

INFALLIBLE RECIPE.—For Preserving the Complexion—Temperance. For Whitening the Hands—Honesty. To Remove Stains—Repentance. For Improving the Sight—Observation. A Beautiful Ring—The Home Circle. For Improving the Voice—Civility. The Best Companion to the Toilet—A Wife.

ONE OF THE OLDEST VESSELS AFLOAT.—The barque "Truelove," a ship of the old school, recently sailed from Hull, being the only vessel despatched this year from Hull to Davis Straits whale fisheries. The Truelove is one of the oldest vessels afloat. She was built at Philadelphia, United States, in 1764, and is consequently 102 years old. At that time the spot on which she was built was one of the plantations from which much wood was taken for the building of British vessels.

It is said that the ivy will not cling to a poisonous tree, or other substance. What a pity that the tendrils of a woman's heart have not the same whole some and salutary instinct.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

NEW TEST FOR POTASH.—Biting taste of soda is recommended by M. Plun Reit as a precipitant of potash. The solution is made by dissolving tartaric acid in water, dividing the solution into two parts, saturating one of these with carbonate of soda, and then mixing the remaining acid solution. The liquor containing potash must be slightly acidulated before the re-agent is added.

ARTIFICIAL ALABASTER.—Magnesia obtained by calcination from chloride of magnesium will when exposed to the action of water for some months, acquire considerable consistency, and become

hard enough to cut marble. A lamina of this magnesia of moderate thickness is translucent as alabaster. With this substance casts may be taken as if with plaster of Paris, only the former sets under water. A mixture of chalk and magnesia in powder, made up into a paste with water, is good for moulding, and will become exceedingly hard under water.

PURIFYING SMOKE.—The invention of Messrs. Bourgeois and Mathieu, communicated to Mr. Henry, patent agent, Fleet Street, has for its object to purify smoke from soot, and is also applicable to other purposes in which gas or vapour is to be separated from matters held in suspension therein. For this purpose the smoke, gas or vapour, is led into a passage, and caused to pass down through it, and while descending, is subjected to the action of water or other liquid driven through it in showers or jets, so as drop more quickly than the smoke, gas, or vapour descends. The soot or impurities are thus driven off, and may be collected in order to be utilized.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL

"FATHER, I was reading to-day about illuminated manuscripts: what were they lighted with?" "With the light of other days, my son."

THE RIGHT ORGAN.—Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. "What is to be conceived the organ of drunkenness?" said the professor.—"The barrel-organ," interrupted Bannister.

WHEN a young lady hems handkerchiefs for a rich bachelor, she probably sews, in order that she may reap.

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" asked the master of an infant school. "I have!" shouted a six-year-old at the foot of the class. "Where?" inquired the teacher, amused by his earnestness. "On the elephant!" was the reply.

It is said "the hare is one of the most timid animals, yet it always dies game." Why shouldn't it, when it is made game of?

EASY REMEDY.—"I like to hear a child cry," jocosely said the Abbé Morold.—"Why?"—"Because then there is some hope of his being sent away."

A WESTERN paper, describing the *début* of a young orator, says that "he broke the ice felicitously with his opening sentence and was almost immediately drowned with applause."

"Isn't it pleasant to be surrounded by such a crowd of ladies," said a pretty woman to a popular lecturer. "Yes," said he; but it would be pleasanter to be surrounded by one."

A PUNNING SERMON IN THE REIGN OF JAMES I.—This dial shows that we must die all; nevertheless, all (pronounced ail) houses are turned into ale houses; our cares into cates; our paradise into a pair o' dice; matrimony into a matter o' money; and marriage into a merry age. Our divines have become dry vines. But ah, no, it was not so in the days of No-ah. Ah, no!

LOW WATER.—The water in some of the mill streams must be quite low, judging by the story told of a man who stopped to get a pail water for his horse, when he was requested by the miller to get it below rather than above the mill, as he had kept his wife melting snow all day to furnish water enough to keep the machinery in motion.

An ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are N R G; that the two which contain nothing are M T; that four express great corpulence, O B C T; that two are in a decline, D K; that four indicate exalted station, X L N C; and three excite our tears, yet when pronounced together, are necessary to a good understanding—L E G

SCARCITY OF WIVES.—It is said that in New South Wales an old maid is a much rarer animal than a black swan. It is asserted that the fair emigrants receive offers of marriage through speaking-trumpets, before they land from the ship; and if one accepts the proposal she signifies it by holding up the finger on which she expects the wedding-ring to be placed.