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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 21. FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 27, 1866. FIVE CENTS.

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"THE FAMILY HONOUR."
BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

GOSSIP ABOUT GYMNASTICS.

It is only of late years that the advantages of physical education have begun to be understood. In this respect the Greeks and Romans were far in advance of us; for we find that their systems of education were arranged in such a manner as to carry out, at one and the same time, the improvement of the mental, and the development of the physical powers.

Gymnastics is a Greek word, and literally signifies "stripped of the encumbrance of clothes." In the age of Homer the art was chiefly confined to wrestling and boxing. It was reserved for Athens, at a later period of Grecian history, to reduce gymnastics to a science; and they were regularly taught in the Academy, the Lyceum, and in the Cynosarges Gymnasia built outside the city. Here the Grecian youth were instructed in leaping, racing, throwing the javelin, pugilism, and other species of combat. It was in such schools that the men were trained who, on the plains of Marathon, rolled back the wave of Asiatic despotism that threatened to overwhelm the liberty and civilization of Europe. Demosthenes, who, in his youth, was of an exceedingly delicate constitution, owed the vigour he possessed in manhood to the practice of gymnastic exercises; and the famous Agesilaus, who, because he was a puny and sickly infant, was flung from the Mount Taygetus, was indebted to the same art for that strength of body and mind which placed him among the foremost generals of antiquity.

At Rome, the elder Tarquin erected the first circus where the Roman youth engaged in gymnastic exercises. It was from constant practice in physical training that the Roman soldier was enabled to endure so much fatigue. He would march twenty miles in five hours, carrying, besides his armour, his baggage, weighing no less than sixty pounds. The Romans practiced swimming every day in the year, winter and summer; and in order to designate an ignorant and worthless man, they were wont to say, "*Nec literas didicit, nec natare*" (He has neither learned to read nor *to swim*). Horace, too, in his eighth ode, refers to this feature in the physical education of the Romans:

> "Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere?"

Which may be rendered, "Why dreads he to touch the yellow Tiber?" Shakespeare, with his wonderful knowledge of ancient manners, and with marvellous art, portrays the Roman fondness for swimming in the words he puts into the mouth of Cassius, when tempting Brutus:

> "For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
> The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
> Cæsar said to me, Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,
> Leap in with me, into this angry flood,
> And swim to yonder point?"

In the middle ages gymnastics consisted in tournaments, horsemanship, fencing, and breaking a lance; but the invention of gunpowder destroyed, for ever, the romance of the actual and mimic warfare of those times. It cannot be denied, however, that physical strength, when combined with mental vigour, even in the nineteenth century, carries with it almost as much respect as it monopolized in the days of Achilles and Ajax.

What has been termed, in impious slang, "Muscular Christianity," would seem to have for its object the development of the physical powers for the sake of themselves alone. But physical education, properly so-called, has, or ought to have, a very different aim. It ought to be pursued on the principle that, existing as there does, a mysterious sympathetic connection between body and mind, whatever tends to benefit one will contribute to the advantage of the other. Without entering upon the reasons for this physiological fact, we may be allowed to say, that, as a general rule, the student of history will find that the men who have handed down their names to posterity are those who, to great mental, added great physical power. Take, for instance, as representatives of this class, Alexander of Macedon, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, William of Normandy, Robert Bruce, William the Silent, founder of the Dutch Republic, Hugh O'Neill, Prince of Ulster, Oliver Cromwell, Wallenstein, Gustavus Adolphus, George Washington, Napoleon, Wellington, Palmerston. The only instance we can at present remember of a man of weakly body and vigorous intellect is William the Third.

To return to the subject of gymnastics. The appliances of modern gymnasia are excellent of their kind; but we may, perhaps, be permitted to express the opinion that the simplest, most natural and most inexpensive way of strengthening the body, diverting the mind, and preserving the health is walking. In this way, Washington Irving invigorated a naturally delicate constitution, and died at a ripe old age. Professor Wilson was, in his younger days, one of the most celebrated pedestrians North of the Tweed. The poet Wordsworth was fond of long solitary rambles. Charles Dickens, it is said, performs his twelve miles a day with ease. In this continent, the American and Canadian hunters and trappers perform feats of pedestrianism which would be almost incredible to a European;—and we can well believe what we were once told by an old Californian, that a practiced walker can tire out a mule. *A propos* of feats of marching, the retreat of the ten thousand Greeks has long been regarded as one of the most celebrated events in ancient warfare. The whole distance travelled in both the advance and the retreat, comprised 215 days' march; of 1155 parsangs or 34,650 stadia; about 3,465 geographical miles. The time employed was a year and three months. In later times the Duke of Wellington, when in India, marched his men on one occasion, seventy-two miles in one day. The women of Canada and the United States do not, as a general rule, practice walking to such an extent as their sisters in the British Islands. But the efficacy of pedestrianism, as a means of preserving health, is beginning to be better appreciated on this side of the Atlantic; and in Canada the fair sex have of late years become enamoured of snow-shoeing. Let every one, however, suit his own taste, and prefer the gymnasium if he think fit, or horsemanship, or any other kind of out-door exercise, so long as any of these agencies tend to preserve one of the greatest earthly blessings conferred upon man,—a sound mind within a sound body.

On a future occasion we may take an opportunity to make some observations on the mental and physical advantages of skating; and to show how in the struggle for the liberties of the Dutch Republic, the wild "Sea Beggers," advancing to the combat on skates, discomfited the best troops who upheld the reputation of the Spanish Infantry.

THE PROFESSIONS AND PRACTICES OF INSECTS.

Variety and diversity of form, shape and colour are everywhere visible; no two things in this world are precisely similar. This pleasing want of sameness,—this charming variety is especially seen in animated nature, and in no part of it more so than among the wonderful and oftentimes beautiful creatures, the insects.

Like the human race, the insects are divided into various ranks and grades,—into various castes, differing as widely from each other as do the sacred Brahmin and the poor degraded Pariah, or the free and enlightened Anglo-Saxon, and the ignorant, enslaved African. There are "all sorts and conditions of insects:" there are Emperors clothed in purple, and there are lazy beggars on the dunghill; there are Admirals of the Blue, who carry their colours high up aloft, and lowly Bombardiers in sombre black, who discharge their mimic artillery from the ground. Here we see the industrious labourer, busy at his work preparing for generations yet unborn, and there the lazy lounging beggar, enjoying the *dolce far niente*, after the fashion of Neapolitan lazzaroni. Here upon the leafy boughs, or before the gates of their subterraneous dwelling-houses, myriads of musicians are playing their fiddles, and in consort with the shrill piping of the bull-frog and the harsh screech of the owl, are producing that harmony which "soothes the savage ear," but sets the teeth of a civilized mortal on edge, and there the skilful architect is building his wonderful dwelling; while far overhead, in the deep blue sky, flutters a high nobility, clad in gold, silver and purple, whose food is the nectar of flowers, and whose very shrouds are of silk. These lovely creatures vary as much in size as they do in rank; they number among their hosts giant Goliaths and Liliputian gnats,—monstrous butterflies and microscopic beetles. Nor is it alone in externals that they differ among themselves, but they vary as greatly in their minds. We have the learned Bee, who constructs her cells after the most approved geometrical plan: and the stupid moth, who flutters about the light of a candle, until exhausted it falls into the flame, and dies like many a higher being, a victim to its own folly.

It is my intention, in this paper, to make a few remarks on the various professions and occupations in which the different members of insect society engage.

First, of the *haut-ton*, the Upper Ten, the aristocracy of this world: these are undoubtedly the Butterflies and Moths, or (as those who edit the "Who's who," and "the Peerage," of the insect kingdom, properly call them,) the members of the order of the Lepidoptera. The members of this order, (which is more widely scattered over the globe, than is the English order of the Bath, or the French Legion of Honour,) are certainly entitled to be considered *Gentry*. Blackstone, in his admirable Commentaries on the Laws of England, says, that a gentleman is one who can live without manual labour:—and among these creatures, these fairy beings of whom it is stated that, "Heaven's own wardrobe has arrayed their frames,"—we find no workmen toiling day after day, putting by their gains against a rainy season, and preparing provisions for the children that may come after them. They are not beggars and spongers, nor are they poor wandering musicians, "but all of them are aristocratic idlers, who, clothed in the

gayest colours, adorned with silver and gold and ornamented with ever-varying splendour have naught to do but seek their own pleasure, and charm away their brief existence, fluttering from flower to flower,"—dancing and flirting with their pretty female cousins, and satiating themselves with the sweet nectar, that the goddess Flora serves up in cups and goblets of every shape and every colour.

The members of this order although not, as a rule, so learned or so industrious as those of the order Hymenoptera (especially Madame Apis Mellifera and the Messieurs Formicæ) yet have some families among them, the junior members of which spend the greater part of their time in scientific pursuits, especially in making trigonometrical surveys of this mundane sphere; and as these poor creatures cannot obtain theodolites, and levels, and artificial horizons, they have to measure the whole distances with their bodies, as do the devotees of some Hindoo god, the space which separates their homes from the idol's temple; they are rightly entitled to the honourable title of Geometricians which they have gained.

These "swells" as well as the "common herd" of the insect world, are strong supporters and examples of the doctrine of Metempsychosis: they all undergo various transmigrations and transformations before they arrive at perfection, —each beautiful butterfly, each lovely moth, each handsome beetle, was

"Once a worm, a thing that crept,
On the bare earth—then wrought a tomb and slept;
But soon from its lowly cell of clay
It burst a seraph in the blaze of day."

It almost makes a Pythagorean of a man to see one of these dazzling beauties first in the form of a soft worm-like creeping thing, next like some pious nun or monk whose sands of life have well nigh run—wearing its own shroud or making its own coffin—then lying for a time in its tomb, and at last, suddenly spurning its tiny sepulchre and coming forth in resurrection attire, beauteous as a bride adorned for her husband.

This order of the Lepidoptera may be divided into three great classes; Butterflies, Sphinges, and Moths. The Butterflies enjoy themselves during the sunny hours of the day, quietly retiring to their homes when night throws her sable mantle over the world. The Sphinges, (so called from the strong likeness between which some of the juniors bear to the far-famed Sphinx of antiquity,)—make their appearance in the evening and morning during the pleasant hours of twilight. But alas, for morality! the moths like veritable rakes, only come forth in the darkness, and engage in their coquettish amours and illicit enjoyments when there is no eye to see them, and as soon as the sun arises they get them home to their caves and their dens, to sleep off the effects of their debaucheries.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to mention here a few of these "Fashionables," who are domiciled among us. Many of them have been named after ancient gods and demi-gods, kings and heroes. In the first place, among the Butterflies, we have Papilio Asterias, who is dressed in a black suit, adorned with two rows of yellow coloured spots, in imitation of buttons. Papilio Turnus is robed in yellow, with a black trimming spotted with yellow. Troilus and Philenor (likewise members of this ancient family of Papilio) also clothe themselves in sombre black. Another very common butterfly is Cobas Philodice: this creature's colour is yellow, with a dark border to its wings, in the centre of each of which is a silvery eye.

The chiefs of the Moths in Canada are the Saturnians. The Luna Moth, "fair empress of the night," is a splendid creature, with a dress of a delicate pea-green; along the front, there is a broad purple-brownish stripe, while behind are two tails of the same lovely green, after the most approved Parisian fashion. In the centre of each wing is a transparent eye, which rivals the finest diamond, surrounded with rings of white, red, yellow and black. Attacus Cecropia and Polyphemus, of the same family, are rather larger than the Luna, and although both very fine, want the magic tails. The Catocalidæ, although their upper wings are of sombre hues, yet below they have gorgeous colours: red, yellow, rose colour and magenta abound.

The Sphinges, as they neither dance in the merry sunshine, nor flit about among the gaslights, array themselves in very quiet colours. Our chief ones are, the Blind-eyed Smerinthus, which is faun-coloured, clouded with brown, except the hind wings, which are rose-coloured in the middle, and ornamented with an eye-like black spot having a pale blue centre. The Carolina Sphinx measures four inches across the wings, is of a grey colour, variegated with blackish lines and bands; on the body there are ten orange coloured spots encircled with black. The clear winged Sphinges have transparent wings and fan-shaped tails.

But I must not stay too long with these beauteous "children of the sun," as they have been poetically called, but pass on to the professions; and,

Secondly, of the highest of professional persons —the Preachers. The Preachers, or Mantises, belong to the same races as the musicians, mentioned below. these two families are, in fact, first cousins. A Preacher has a long, thin neck, with short green or greyish brown wings, and very long fore-legs, which they continually hold up heavenwards, in the attitude of prayer. In many countries these insects are considered very sanctimonious; they are said to be so divine, that if a child, who has lost its way, asks one the proper road, it will immediately, with a benign expression of countenance, point with one of its legs in the right direction. In the life of the Jesuit missionary, Saint François Xavier, we read that this celebrated man, on finding a Mantis, "and seeing it holding up its arms in deep devotion, asked it to sing the praises of God, whereupon the insect chanted a very fine canticle!" The Hottentots, also, hold the Mantis in high veneration. According to the traveller Sparmann, "it is worshipped by them as a tutelary divinity, and if it happens to alight on a man, he is at once looked upon as a saint, and considered the peculiar favourite of Heaven."

But, alas! "all is not gold that glitters"—all are not good who appear to be so; and there are deceivers in the insect world, as well as in the world in which we live and move. And the Mantis—this creature with such a saintly appearance, celebrated for its piety by the Christian Xavier, and revered as a god by the heathen Bushman—is an hypocrite, a wolf in sheep's clothing. "It borrows the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," and assumes this devotional position with its arms raised towards heaven, that it may the more easily seize any poor, unlucky fellow insect that may chance to come within its reach. The Preacher is not only a deceiver of the deepest dye, but is, moreover, of a cruel and blood-thirsty disposition. The Chinese know this characteristic, and keep them in little bamboo cages, and exhibit them to the gaze of the celestial inhabitants as prize fighters. In these pugilistic encounters, the conqueror, to make his victory doubly sure, seizes the vanquished, and — *væ victis!* — gobbles him up "without salt or bread." Whenever a male preacher and his wife (there are female preachers with them as with us, and theirs, like ours, make more noise in the world than the males) happen to have a domestic dispute, the wife, being by no means the weaker vessel, is not content, like good Mrs. Caudle, with giving her spouse "a curtain lecture," but, exhibiting an amount of muscular Christianity quite superfluous, attacks him with "malice aforethought," cuts off his head with a stroke of her scimitar-shaped foot, and devours him. *De gustibus mulierum non est disputandum.* The nature of females is the same everywhere!

Thirdly—I now proceed to mention a few facts about those who follow the profession of which Calliope, the daughter of the mighty Jove, was the patron and muse, and on which the tuneful Orpheus, Jenny Lind, the Black Swan, and a host of other men and women, have bestowed such fame, glory, and renown.

The chief musicians of the insect world are the Crickets. Of all performers, from the days of Tubal-Cain till now, these are the most persevering and enthusiastic. Some fiddle from morn till eve, others from eve till morn. The great poet Cowper, addressing one of them, says:

"Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play."

Among the crickets (as among the other insect tribes) the males alone are provided with musical instruments, the females have none. (What a comfort it would be to the world at large if all creatures had such quiet wives!) The instrument in use among the crickets is composed of a part of the wing-covers, the horizontal and overlapping part of which, near the thorax, is convex, and marked with large, strong, and irregularly curved veins. When the cricket wishes to begin his tune, he raises his wing-covers a little, and shuffles them together lengthways, so that the projecting veins of the one wing are made to grate against those of the other. Many people greatly admire the harsh, grating sound (called, by courtesy, music) thus produced. Mr. White, in his extremely fascinating work on the natural history of Selborne, says, that "the shrilling of the field-cricket, though sharp and stridulous, yet marvellously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas of everything that is rural, verdurous and joyous." Cowper expressed his ideas on the subject as follows:

"Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth;
Wheresoe'er be thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song both soft and sweet."

Further on he says, its song

"Endures the winter long,
Unimpaired and shrill and clear
Melody throughout the year."

Notwithstanding the opinion of these great men, "many consider the continued and monotonous sound which is kept up the whole night, all through summer and autumn (and by house-crickets during winter as well) both wearisome and sad, and think 'tis irksome at the dead of night to hear the crickets' unwearied chirp." However, it is a wise arrangement of Providence that all men do not admire the same thing.

The Cicadæ, belonging to the order Hemiptera, also are great musicians. They are lovely creatures, and have been celebrated for their music from the most ancient times. The ancient Greeks considered no sound more agreeable than the song (as they called it) of the cicadæ. They kept them in cages, the better to enjoy their music, and called them "the Nightingales of the Nymphs," "the Sweet Prophets of the Summer," and "the Loves of the Muses." The cicadæ were considered the happiest as well as the most innocent of creatures. Anacreon, in one of his odes, compares them to the gods; and Anaxagoras, the philosopher, said that they were most happy, as they had voiceless wives! As among the crickets, so among the cicadæ—the males are the only performers. They, however, play the kettle-drum, not the violin. The instrument on which they perform so well is thus described by Harris:—"Each male has a pair of kettle-drums, one on either side of the body, and these, in the seventeen-year cicada or locust, are plainly to be seen just behind the wings. These drums are formed of convex pieces of parchment, gathered into numerous fine plaits, and, in the species above-named, are lodged in cavities in the sides of the body, behind the thorax. They are not played upon by sticks, but by muscles and cords fastened to the inside of the drums. When these muscles contract and relax (which they do with great rapidity) the drum-heads are alternately tightened and loosened, recovering their natural convexity by their own elasticity. The effect of this rapid alternate tension and relaxation is the production of a rattling sound, like that caused by a succession of quick taps upon a slightly convex and elastic piece of tin plate. Certain cavities within the body of the insect tend to increase the vibrations of the sounds, and add greatly to their intensity." In some species the noise is so great that that it may be heard at the distance of a mile.

These are not the only insects which are blessed with musical powers; but space forbids me noticing any others on this occasion. V.

Kingston, C. W.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Just published, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Heavysege, author of Saul, a Drama, Jephthah's Daughter, &c. $1.25; full gilt, $1·50.
Book of Rubies (The). A collection of the most notable Love-Poems in the English Language. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Charles. The Song without Words. Leaves from a very old Book. Dedicated to Children. By the Author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family." R. Worthington, Montreal.
Charles. Winifred Bertram and the World she lived in. By the Author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family" (Mrs. Charles). 12 mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Dickens. Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Grant. Report of Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, of the Armies of the United States. 1864-65 8vo pp. 77. Portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Kingsley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," etc. 12mo. pp. iv, 397 Boston: *Ticknor & Fields.* Cl. $2. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Lander. Spectacles for Young Eyes. Romo. By Sarah W. Lander. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Quintilian. The Tenth and Twelfth Books of the Institutes of Quintilian. With Explanatory Notes. By Henry S. Frieze, Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Ruskin. Precious Thoughts, Moral and Religious. Gathered from the Works of John Ruskin. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Stevens. The Centenary of American Methodism: a Sketch of its History, Theology, Practical System, and Success. Prepared by Order of the Centenary Committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. With a Statement of the Plan of the Centenary Celebration of 1866, by John McClintock, D. D. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, $6,00; in half Calf Extra, $9.00.
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History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. $1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Charles (Mrs.) Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. Diary of Kitty Trevylyan. The Early Dawn. 3 vols. 16 mo. 75cts. New edition. R. Worthington, Montreal.
Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. $3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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OUR NEW TALE.

In our next issue we shall commence the publication of an original tale, of very considerable merit, written for the READER, by Mrs. J. V. Noel, of Kingston, a lady of distinguished talents, and well known as the author of "The Abbey of Rathmore," "Madeline Beresford," and other works, published in the Province. The scene of the tale will be partly in Canada and partly in England. We bespeak for our Canadian authoress a warm and generous welcome.

GOOD WORDS.

We have received from Messrs. Strahan & Co. the bound volume of "Good Words" for 1865. This excellent magazine is so well known that it is scarcely necessary for us to enlarge upon its merits. The pages of the volume before us are enriched with the contributions of many of the most eminent British writers of the day, amongst whom are Sir John F. W. Herschel, Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Chas. Kingsley, Alexander Smith, Jean Ingelow, Lyon Playfair, and Dr. Norman McLeod, the Editor. Two serial tales, "Alfred Hagart's Household," by Alexander Smith, and "Hereward, the Last of the English," are continued in each monthly part through the volume.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE ARGOSY.—The first number of this new magazine opens with Chas. Reade's new novel, "Griffith Gaunt." The scene is England "full a hundred years ago," and in the opening chapters we are brought face to face with the heroine, a strong-minded yet womanly woman, and her two lovers, one of whom is Griffith Gaunt, the hero. A hunting scene, two declarations of love, a quarrel and a sullen determination to rush into exile are incidents sufficient to commence with. The articles which follow are well written and readable. We notice among the writers several of the old contributors to "Good Words."

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE.—It would be difficult to name a Magazine which, in so short a period, attained to the circulation at present enjoyed by the Sunday Magazine. The name of its Editor, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, is a tower of strength, and in its peculiar field it is has distanced all its rivals. The articles, as its name would indicate, have all a religious bearing.

GOOD WORDS—For January contains the opening chapters of "Madonna Mary," Mrs Oliphant's new work. The scene is laid in India, where Mrs. Ochterlony, the "Madonna Mary" of the story, a loving, pure-minded English woman, sensitive as to the good opinion of those who surround her, is introduced to us. Her trials have already commenced, and the nature of those which are to beset her in the future is foreshadowed. A Gretna Green marrriage appears to be the foundation of the plot. Among the other papers we notice a sketch of the life of "Dean Swift," "Distinguished Settlers from abroad," an interesting account of recent additions to the Zological Garden, London. "The Story of John Huss," and "a Question of Minutes," a remarkable paper, bearing on capital punishment, by hanging, and illustrative of the vast range of thoughts which may rush through the mind of criminals during their last struggles. Messrs. Strahan & Co., and Dawson Bros.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW work by Sir Bulwer Lytton will shortly be published. It is to be called "The Lost Tales of Miletus."

THE "Correspondence de S. M. Napoleon I." does not pay its expenses. To prevent the publication being discontinued, the Emperor has guaranteed the expenses, by placing the necessary funds at the disposal of Prince Napoleon, under whose direction the work is brought out.

WE stated in a recent issue that M. de Lamartine is writing a life of Byron for the Paris *Constitutionnel*. It is hard to believe that he is responsible for the following sentence which the *London Review* extracts from a recent instalment of the biography as it appeared in the French journals. "The tombs of great poets inspire great passions. It was at Tasso's tomb that Petrarch during his first absence cherished his regretful remembrances of Laura." Petrarch died in 1374, and Tasso published the first edition of the "Gierusalemme Liberata," in 1581.

A COMPLETE verbal and glossarial index to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" is in preparation by a Mr. Hiram Corson, and will soon be published in London.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY, the *Times* correspondent at New York, now on a visit to England for the Christmas holidays, will return to his post early in the new year. The doctor's duties will be lighter than they were during the rebellion, and we suppose his future letters will be less obnoxious to the American people than his correspondence was during the heat of the great struggle.

STRANGE errors are sometimes made in English journals when they treat of American books and authors. The *Athenæum* reviews the letters of 'Major Jack Downing," originally published in America about thirty years ago, and treats it as a *new* book, though it was published a quarter of a century ago by Mr. Murray of London.

THACKERAY'S celebrated "Yellow-Plush Papers" and "Jeames's Diary," have been lately published in Paris in a cheap form—under the title of "Mémoires d'un Valet de Pied." There is a little story connected with this translation which very vividly sets before us the difference between publishing in Paris and publishing in London. The industrious translator, Mr. William L. Hughes, well known in the French capital for his knowledge of both English and French literature, was anxious to secure the copyright of his labour, and obtain the usual stamp from the Government officials. For that purpose, he sent his written request with a copy of the book to the Paris Board of Index for their authorization and protection. After a considerable time—occupied, it may be presumed, in carefully examining Thackeray's humour—the officials determined to refuse the license for the following sublime reason:—"Because the book contains strictures on the British aristocracy of such intense acerbity that remonstrance from Her Majesty's Government might be the consequence of its authorised circulation."

A NEW volunteer company, known as the "Authors' Corps of Artillery," has been formed in London. They are about to purchase two six-pounder Armstrong breech-loading guns, the money for which is to be raised out of a volume of miscellanies to be contributed by the different members. Amongst them, we believe, is the Poet Laureate.

A "Loyalist History of the American Revolution," particularly in the Province of New York, is about to be published in the United States after having been secluded for nearly a century. It was written by Judge Thomas Jones, who occupied the highest station in the Supreme Court of the Province previous to the Revolution, and who presided at the famous trial of the Trinity Church case. The manuscript fills five folio volumes, neatly written in the autograph of the author, and will probably, with the necessary editorial matter, make the same number of octavos. The MS. was for many years carefully kept out of sight, and not allowed to be consulted, as being a work that would create mischief and ill-feeling, from the facts recorded by the author bearing on the reputation of many popular favourites.

MR. WILLIAM MOENS, the English gentleman who was taken captive a short time since by Italian Brigands, and whose fate was so long in suspense, has written an account of his adventures. The work is announced under the title of "English Travellers and Italian Brigands:" A narrative of Capture and Captivity. If Mr. Owens is able to reproduce on paper the experiences he must have endured, his book cannot be wanting in interest of the most thrilling kind. It will be remembered how long the negotiations for his ransom were in progress, and were conducted with almost diplomatic formality. Mr. Moens's book will be in two volumes post octavo, with illustrations.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 309.

CHAPTER XIV. CONSCIENCE *versus* HONOUR.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."
SHAKESPEARE.

Great as the contrasts in human condition are every day, they present themselves most prominently on that day which good George Herbert calls

"The couch of time—care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light."

How differently rises the sun of that day to the thoughtful, pious sons and daughters of toil, and to the rich worldling!—to the spirits who are glad to go as loving children to a Father's house, and those who weary of the services, or never enter the portals consecrated to praise and prayer! How different, too, the measure of enjoyment both in the assemblies of worshippers, and from the calm face of Nature, on that sweet returning day! to some there is all fulness, to others mere vacuity.

As Miss Austwicke and her niece sat side by side in the carved and curtained old pew under the painted window, which had in its arabesque border a blazoury of the Austwicke crest—great as the outward contrast was between the tall, rigid form, and face becoming daily more severe in outline and expression, and the little soft dimpled creature, whose silky ringlets fell caressingly round her white throat, and shaded her delicate cheek, and who, kneeling in the coloured light that streamed through the window, might be taken for a pictured angel draped in prismatic radiance—great as this contrast was, yet, if we use our clairvoyant privilege, and look into the hearts of each, still greater was the difference. Gertrude was all gentle peace and humble gratitude. To her the sacred service was full of comfort and instruction. She did not think, poor child! of criticising the sermon. To her it was a message of truth, to be received reverently. Her young heart was open to the sweet influences of holy light, and the refreshing dews of the heavenly blessing. Little did she know of the uneasy throbbing, the absent bewildered spirit near her, anxious and troubled about many things, commanding an outward rigidity that passed for calm, yet entering upon that fatal task of endeavouring to reconcile what is opposite—to make right bend to expediency; still with a lofty scorn of what, in worldly phrase, she called "dishonourable," a proud abstract estimate of truth—not so much from religious obligation as from a belief that it was like ancestry and blood, a something that belonged to race. Why did Mr. Nugent invariably select such texts as were displeasing to Miss Austwicke? What did he mean by annoying her with what she called his prosing on "All things are naked and open with Him with whom we have to do?" How tranquilly little True's dark eyes were raised to the preacher, while Miss Austwicke felt glad that her veil fell down over her face, for she was half conscious of knitting her brow and setting her lips as if to numb some inward pang. How long and tedious! Would he never have done? Why did he not apply the lesson to the common people?—to her servants, who were present, sitting respectably in a row at the back? They, of course, should be warned of falsehood, and gossiping, and dishonesty. Such faults low people were all prone to. But all this talk of secret sins, of self-deception, of pride that wraps itself in a mantle of isolation before man, only to appear in filthy rags before God—what could Mr. Nugent mean?

She was so perturbed that on returning home she took refuge in her room, on the plea, by no means pretended, of indisposition; and so it fell out that Gertrude had an afternoon to herself in the library, and sought out among some treasures of old divinity for further elucidations of Mr. Nugent's subject, and came to an exactly different conclusion from her aunt as to his merits as a preacher. What the elder lady called Puritanical and pragmatic, Gertrude considered faithful and earnest.

Some consciousness that there was this difference of estimate kept each lady, when they met, from naming the curate, and had, indeed, prevented Gertrude having the pleasure she coveted of something more than a mere bowing acquaintance with Miss Nugent, the pleasant-looking sister who presided over the clergyman's home.

While the Sabbath hours passed thus at Austwicke, our acquaintance the packman was ruminating in a little lodging he had hired at a beershop at Milbrook, near Southampton. He was busy seemingly with pencil and paper, making calculations, sighing often as he did so, as if his reckoning would not come right; and repeating, in a muttering voice, one sentence over and over, "A dead loss, I doubt—a matter of thirty or forty pound a year—gone—clean gone."

His meal was as frugal as ever tavern furnished—bread and cheese and a draught of milk. The people of the house seemed to know him, for they let him have his refreshments in a little gable bed-room, out of the way of all intruders. He looked at his watch—a large tortoise-shell antiquity, in careful preservation—anxiously, and then out of the window, to mark the day's decline. The company of his own thoughts seemed pleasant rather than otherwise, for he refused a light, saying to the servant girl, with a grin that relaxed the tight puckers of his mouth, "One of the richest men in London, my lassie, said there was no need o' candle to talk by; and if he an' his freend could do their talking in the dark I'm weel able to do my thinking likewise."

They stared at him in profound awe—for, poorly as he was clad, and fared, the people of the house entertained a belief that Old Leathery was very rich; and to that there was added a hope that, as he was eccentric, he might befriend them ultimately. The wily old man's talk, when he came to take up his abode, had led them to some such conclusion. He had told them several tales that they were fond of retailing to their customers, to give zest to their ale:—How once a benevolent London lady had given a dinner on Sundays to a crossing-sweeper; and how, when the sweeper died, he left all his savings, some hundreds, to the lady. How Peter Blundell, the famous Tiverton carrier of olden times, made a great fortune; and in his will remembered every innkeeper that had ever, in his frequent journeys, been kind to him; so that, constructing their own theory about the real circumstances of their annual guest, notwithstanding his constant plea of poverty, and having plenty of that selfishness which so often blinds its possessor, they allowed Old Leathery to take his ease in the inn, much to his own satisfaction, and, as they hoped, to their future benefit.

CHAPTER XV. THE ACCOMPLICE.

"Still to guilt occasion sends
Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends. BYRON.

When the church bell had done summoning the people to evening worship, Old Leathery went out, and took his way along the somewhat lonely road toward Southampton. Crossing the railway, he came upon the shingly ridge at the muddy head of the Southampton Water, and, looking towards the glowing lights of the town in the distance, and those on the pier to his right, he seemed to be expecting some one. Heavy clouds swept over the sky in masses, that were only fitfully pierced by watery moonbeams. He had not walked long when he saw a tall woman advancing, who strode along at a quick pace, her shawl and skirts blown about by the wind, and her long arms swinging in unison with her steps, so that she looked like an advancing windmill. Her quick breathing, from the haste of her movements, could be heard even amid the frequent blasts of a squally wind.

As soon as she came near, Old Leathery said in his hard, dry voice, that cut the air like a razor, "Save your breath, Janet; don't be spending it at that rate. Save it, not to cool your parritch, woman, but to talk to me."

"Save!" panted the woman coming up to him; "I must save time, if I'm to stay yonder. I must na be running aff this rate."

"Ou, it's church-time, Janet: don't fash yourself or me. But say, noo, are ye sure ye were right when you repeated to me that he deceived the lassie, Isabel, and that it was na true about his being married afore?"

"I'm as sure as I live he said it."

"And he not wandering?"

"Wandering! He gave the papers all right. I touched the curtains to get a peep, but they were all done up close in the envelope; and I was as near being found out—for the sister got up quickly, for all as stiff and stately as she is, and was coming round to the side where I stood—but I had left the door in the papered wall ajee, and in I popped, as I have telled ye once—you know, when I gave you the only paper I could get. But I say, Sandy, hear me. I'm tired of this. I don't know what you're meaning to do, or what you're guiding me. These crooked ways are wearifu'."

"Wearifu'! Nonsense woman! What but crooked ways could have saved you or yours, I'd like to know!"

"So you tell me; but I'd like to get away. You promised me money for the voyage long since. I'm sure I've earned it; first and last I've worked well for you."

"Worked for *me*, Janet! Ye worked for yoursel.' If the way is crooked, ye know how it was that it ceased to be straight. Ye're surely forgettin'. My wife was never so mighty good to me, that I should put myself out of the way to save you her sister, from the consequence of both sin and folly."

"Sin! you, Sandy, to talk o' sin!" said the woman, lifting a white face and angry eyes to heaven.

"No one has mair right," he answered, huskily. "You forget, seemingly, that it was you betrayed the trust, and, by your carelessness, going after your sweetheart, caused the baby's death."

"Hush! there's some one coming," said the woman, in a panic of terror.

He looked round quickly, and assured himself it was only her terror that suggested an eavesdropper.

"I'll not hush, I say that, if they charged you wi' murder, they'd ha' proved it. Nae one wad have believed it was an accident—I, even, don't surely know. It was my weakness for you, as belonging to my wife's people made me trust your story; but I'm, maybe, wrong."

"Sandy you never said that to me before—never. You do know better."

"Well, we helped you in the only way we could. It was painful, but we could do no other, unless, indeed, we had let the law come in, and then——." He spread out his hands and threw them up, as if all would have been lost, adding, in a low voice—"And now I own I'm terrified when I think if it should ever be known; the last sin would be thought as bad as the first—the sub-sti-tu-tion!" He churned out the word slowly between his teeth.

"There, don't—don't speak of it!" she said; adding a moment after, desperately, "But I could *but* be ruined, body and soul, if all was known."

"It might be worse for Archie. Serve me, and I serve you. I have done so, most carefully; but any meagrims and stuff, and I cease to serve you. I saw a deserter branded at Winchester, only three weeks agone. I'd business wi' the doctor, in the prison; he's known me for years. I saw the branding-iron, Janet, go fizzing into the man's flesh."

"Sandy don't!" cried Janet crouching down and covering her face, her gaunt form seeming to writhe; while the dry voice, unheeding the interruption, went rasping on—

"And I thought, 'If that was Archie, now; and he'd be sure to get ten years beside.' Isn't he better off, though only a stable-helper—eh?"

"Weel, weel, what is't you want? I took this place, as you bade me, to be near the family; and I listened, when you hadn't told me, to what the dying man said, and found out, I fancy, something worth knowing."

"Ou, a trifle—a mere trifle. There's no fortune hanging to the name for the bairns. It's a name, and nothing more, if all's true that they have a right to it. It's of far more consequence to *you* to hide the past, whatever comes in the future."

"I have some money saved, Sandy. Be my

friend: lend me enough for Archie—he's a'most broke down and done for—and let us go over the sea and die, out o' the way, in peace."

"That cannot be a while. No; you must stay a wee bit longer, till I see if I can get the money together."

"And I've told you all I heard, and got the marriage lines, and now you put me off again," she murmured, beginning to cry.

"What can I do? It's your deed that makes it so difficult to get things straight. How can I restore the children? Answer me that. No, no, Janet. You must be patient, for your own sake. Listen. I want you to give notice, and leave your place at the hotel, and look for a chance of hiring yourself at Austwicke Chace. You'd not be so hard worked there, woman."

"Worked! it's all work, I must go," said she, roused by his last words to a sense of the swift-passing time.

"Yes, yes; but now listen. I'm trying to get something out of this Miss Austwicke—something to cover my losses, Janet. She'll never own these bairns—not she. She'll pay money—money"—he sunk his voice into a hissing whisper, and involuntarily clutched his hands—"to have the secret kept. I know it, and you know it. For reasons of your own you cannot ever tell, that I know; but if I can keep her well in hand, madam must pay for her pride. Let her get so far that she cannot go back, and your Australian trip and a bit of land at the end is safe for you and Archie."

"It's long in coming. Year after year I've waited, till I'm well nigh getting grey, Sandy."

"So much the better. Ye're so changed, ye'll never be known as the same, even if Mrs. Basil should by chance come—not you. Ye're bleached, face and all, Janet; so that if my wife Maggie rose from her grave she would not know ye. It would do ye good, and keep off the wrinkles awhile, to live in a quiet place like the old Hall. I know there's a wedding coming off there. Old Gubbins told me so in a chat I had wi' him lately. They like staid woman folk, and not young girls. Your forty year and odd will be no hindrance there—not, any more than it was at the 'Royal Sturgeon.' It makes ye respectable like. You prepare to leave, so as to get a good name, and be ready, and I'll maybe find a way to give you a lift. There's many a way, more than masters and mistresses know of, to get into places; only, mind you this—all depends on my knowing what goes on with Miss Austwicke. Keep your eyes open." He looked at Janet's staring orbs, and added, "I mean, see with them, and tell me all that goes on. The little one is there now."

"What little one?"

"The lassie."

The woman's wide face and glassy eyes became more stony than ever, as she dropped her under jaw and stood repeating, in a guttural tone, from her throat the words—

"The lassie!"

"There, go home: Archie shall be safe, and your dreadful secret is buried with me. As soon as I recover my losses, and see my way straight, you shall go. I want you to go, poor Janet!"

The contemptuous pity with which he spoke seemed to add bitterness to the woman's feelings, for she suddenly turned round and said—

"Don't you pretend to pity me, or I shall hate you outright. I serve you, because I fear you; and you use me, because you cannot do without me."

"Well, I've no fear of you, that's one good thing, Janet. *I* fear nobody—not I. But I'll make some I know pay up, or wince before I've done with 'em."

As he spoke he screwed up his face into such a knot of ugliness, that Janet's wall eyes seemed to open wider with terror. She visibly shuddered, and, with a farewell sound, something between a groan and a sob, tramped off towards Southampton.

The man stood and watched her by the fitful light, until she was no longer visible; then he turned in the direction of his lodgings, muttering to himself—

"What's the use of keeping a raw on an old post-horse if you don't cut into it now and again?"

(To be continued.)

SATURDAY AND THE SATURDAY READER.

[The pleasant and lively gossip of the following article is our excuse for placing it before our readers.—Ed. S. R.]

I AM not twenty-two years old, nor have I ever been twenty-two miles away from home. All I know of the great busy world beyond the vicinity of Westminster Bridge, London, is by the newspapers and magazines, through which a great many fools, as well as wise men, trumpet abroad their opinions. To be sure I have formed my own estimate of humanity, as it was and is, by the study of popular authors, of whom Shakespeare is my favourite, and it is he who puts the words into Juliet's mouth,—"What's in a name? a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Now, I am not going to quarrel with my beloved Shakespeare, nor yet with his loveable Juliet, but I do think there is a great deal in a name; especially when the name is heard, and nothing in the shape of substance is visible at the time; and more especially when it is heard under circumstances tending to modify it to their own lustre, and *most* especially is it suggestive as belonging to a magazine.

How well I remember one Saturday morning, I awoke from sleep with something oppressively vague on my mind; but as my senses gradually came to recognize their owner, I remembered it was *Saturday*, and *that* was enough! Saturday never came without bringing dust, and ashes, and soap-suds, and brooms, and dish-cloths in disagreeable relationship to a quiet little lady like myself. This day, of all others, was horror itself to me, when a confused topsy-turviness of mind invariably succeeded the general upsetting of every movable article in the house. Already I fancied myself standing over a hot fire, stupidly wondering whether ham was beef, or roasting was boiling, and vainly endeavouring to recollect how many eggs went to one quart of milk in Mrs. Winslow's last pudding receipt, and trying to believe that the necessity of working was all a humbug! In vain, alas! for was it not *Saturday!*

At length I courageously managed to deck my dainty body in Biddy costume, determined to face the kitchen bravely; but hearing those two tormenting brothers of mine coming through the passage, I decided on not opening my door until they should pass, for they proved unusually provoking whenever I wore that brown calico with the large patch in front! Coming nearer, I heard Charlie saying, "Yes, Jack, I really like it; say we subscribe; it's meant to bring Canadian talent to light. I think it will prove a splendid weekly."

"Where did you say it was published?" came in Jack's gruff tone.

"The *Saturday Reader*—published in Montreal," answered Charlie.

Thereupon I issued from the room in which I had given all due honour to Morpheus, and, coming down stairs, was soon vigourously at work with all my physical strength, while mentally I was engaged with the new weekly, wondering what kind of a paper it was, and what possessed any man to give his Reader such a greasy title! (Pardon me, but I was scouring the sausage-pan at the time!)

"I wonder if it contains receipts for polishing brass kettles."—"Sally, those spoons are not finished!" interrupted the maternal voice.—"Yes, Mamma, I'm doing them."—"Or does it lecture all girls to do their work faithfully, without any scheming—if so, it is superfluous—the poor creatures get admonitions by the dozen through every penny sheet in the province! But no,—(Yes, Mamma, it was the china,)—it is meant to bring Canadian talent to light; then, likely, it intends getting up a competition among the working classes, for refinement of workmanship; no doubt that industry in gathering cob-webs for exhibition—(Exactly; I believe it was broken, Mamma,)—will be a laudable attempt in the land of the beaver, and—calico—*Saturday Reader!*—Why, perhaps it's a preparatory book to the *Sunday Magazine!* No; Guthrie prepares our—(it was in the right hand corner of the refrigerator,)—our minds enough for his own eloquence—his purity and simplicity of style requires nothing before it. This Montreal paper must be of a secular character, I fancy; but it has already become in my mind synonymous with *house-cleaning*."

Thus, and thus did I ponder—surrounded by that formidable array of pots and pans in the big back kitchen!

How different were my reflections in the evening when, sitting in the snug little parlour, in my new dress with the lace trimmings, I devoured every digestible syllable of the *Saturday Reader!* Kitchen weapons, and working spectres were forgotten; while I enjoyed a feast indeed! True I had read better articles, and appreciated more brilliant pieces, in my life, but this was Canadian born; young Canada opening her first literary blossoms, and I felt drawn toward it by a warm and homely tie.

Now, week after week it comes, with its buds of poetry,—its flowers of romance,—its branches laden with the gleanings from far-off lands,—and its fresh green leaves, giving the shade of healthy vigour to all its contents.

What a cozy feeling takes possession of the palpitating organ, when listening to the voices of our noble little land, that find their way to Montreal, and then come echoing throughout our household, speaking to our very selves!

It is a treat to receive *Good Words*, and all other delicious prints of the mother country, but the *Saturday Reader* makes us feel as if we had a social gathering every week in Mrs. Literature's drawing-rooms, where faces beaming with wit and intelligence present themselves. There sits Toronto on a sofa—the hospitable glow from the opposite grate throwing a rich brightness on his broad forehead, while all his sons and daughters contribute their share to the entertainment of the company. The Hamilton family are present too, with the Brantford youths, and London neighbours. In short all the gallant lads and rosy lasses of Canada are here enjoying themselves, while Montreal with its portly figure and massive brow, majestically occupies the arm-chair immediately under the chandelier, reading for our instruction the letters of his foreign ambassadors. Charles Dickens sends us his card all the year round too—the sensibly comical man that he is! All serve to make the drawing-room bright and inviting. Who would not ask for admittance? Hark! there is a ring at the door now! It is that dear little

SALLY SIMPLE.

London, January 6th, 1866.

THE CREED.

A METRICAL VERSION.

BY HENRY PRINCE.

[I]N God do I believe,—
The Everlasting and Almighty One,
Who framed both heaven and earth, stars, moon, and sun;
Who, for our sins' reprieve,
Gave JESUS CHRIST, His only Son, Our Lord;
Who was by Holy Ghost's divine accord
Conceived, and born of Virgin Mary mild,—
And bore his griefs with meekness of a child;
By Pontius Pilate's barbarous decree,
Was crucified on the accursèd tree;
Was dead and buried, and, like all flesh, fell
Into the dark and loathsome vault of hell;
That He arose upon the third sweet day,
Triumphant from the dead, and wing'd his way
To His Eternal Kingdom—borne along
With shouts seraphic, and angelic song;—
That now at God's Right Hand,
He sitteth in the majesty of pow'r,—
From thence shall come at the appointed hour,
(When earth aghast! *shall stand*,)
With all the pomp of Heavenly Host,
To judge this trembling world—both quick and dead.
And I believe in the Holy Ghost,
The Holy Catholic Church—CHRIST as its Head,—
The sweet communion of the saints above,
In sins forgiven by a Saviour's love;
The resurrection of this mortal frame,
And life to last when earth shall have no name.

January, 1866. AMEN, AMEN.

OLD PRIMROSE'S CRIB.

OUT of office hours my father was—and I am thankful to say, is—the kindest of men, but he by no means lets the grass grow under his feet in the way of business, nor under those of his son. At the time I write of, sovereigns were far from being plentiful as blackberries, and now and then he had hard work to keep his head above water. Consequently he passed for a hard task-master, and certainly office hours were long, and intervals of relaxation few. But how valuable those few were! Christmas was the great holiday of the year with us, of course. Did any swell ever look forward to anything in his life, as I did to that particular Christmas holiday? I doubt it very much. And now, at last, here it was. I walked forth from my father's counting-house a free man: free, that is, for the long space of three days. There was no more thought of business in my head, than if the West Indies had never been heard of. I wondered whether the people I passed in the street had such a holiday before them; I pitied those who looked too poor to take more than the festival day itself; I smiled in the faces of strangers from pure happiness. And they looked smilingly at me too, even some of the poorest, for was it not Christmas-eve? "Gentlemen, the office will be closed from this afternoon till Friday next." I had just heard my father speak the words, and they were still sounding in my ears. Three days' holiday! Three boundless, beautiful, merry, glorious days! And I knew so well what to do with them. Ah, did I not?

There never was, or could have been, in this world such a delightful little woman as Mary Primrose—such a bewitching, coaxing, artful, artless little maiden. She had big brown eyes, with such a saucy loving look in them, her hair was as soft and as glossy as seal-skin, and her lips as red and fresh as roses. Then she had a laugh that I defy you to help joining in—there was such a joyous ring in it—and the neatest, trimmest, roundest little figure. Old Mr. Primrose was a wealthy soap-boiler, and dearly loved his little daughter, who was his only child, and his heiress. But he domineered over her a little too, and when Mary and I first fell into that uncomfortable habit of blushing whenever we spoke to each other, we took very good care to turn our faces away from the old gentleman; who, however, was generally conning the current prices too deeply to notice our guilty looks. I used sometimes to dine at Mr. Primrose's, and sometimes to call in a formal way, and it is astonishing how often Mary and I used to meet, entirely by accident, in the Temple Gardens, near which her father lived. I fell in love with her, of course. Who could have helped it? And if she did not care for me, pray what was the meaning of that tiny dimple that used to spring up in each corner of her demure little mouth, whenever she saw me coming round the corner? But when I thought of Mr. Primrose, I trembled. He would never consent to his daughter's marriage with the son of a struggling merchant, and would banish me with scorn, telling me that I had deceived him—which, for that matter, was entirely true. So, after going through—in imagination—all the agonies of emigrating to Australia without letting Mary suspect my love, and returning in twenty years or so to find her wedded to another—of course I told her all about it. This was on one blessed 25th of December, just a twelvemonth before my story begins. Mary confessed that she loved me, and we wandered up and down the Temple Gardens, as happy and as thoughtless as two young kids. Mary had never looked so pretty as on that day, and what a delight it was to call her by her Christian name for the first time! My own name, by-the-by, is Joseph. I think she must have known it before, but I told it to her then, at any rate, and we both thought it quite a singular coincidence, considering my feelings for Mary, and that I had become engaged to her on Christmas-day.

After we were engaged, I used to visit my love: stealthily, I am ashamed to say, while Mr. Primrose was boiling his soap, or otherwise employing himself, in his counting-house. It was wrong, I am afraid, but Mary had no mother, and we did not dare to tell our story to her father, but trusted much in a vague future, when all things were to come right.

The reader knows now in whose company I meant to spend my Christmas holiday. Old Mr. Primrose, by a special dispensation of Providence, as I considered, was detained in the country by a slight illness, and his daughter remained in London, under the care of a great-aunt—a charming old lady, who never saw, heard, or understood anything. So Mary and I felt quite safe, and free to make our plans for meeting at church on Christmas morning, and she had even persuaded her aunt to ask me to dinner in the evening. On leaving my father's office on Christmas-eve, I turned towards the West End. I had a business errand to do for him in that direction, and as the counting-house had closed at three P.M., I had an hour's daylight still before me. It was a mild, grey winter's afternoon, pleasant enough to one who was generally at work till after dark. I went out of my way to cross the Green Park. It was a change from my daily walk in the city, and everything seemed beautiful on that day. I started at a brisk pace, enjoying the soft air, and had got half across the park, when I observed a young man walking a few paces in front of me. He was very smartly dressed in colours, somewhat light for the season, and his hat was stuck a little on one side of his head. He rather attracted my attention by the jauntiness of his walk and general appearance, and I found myself speculating as to what rank in society he might hold. He did not look quite like a gentleman, nor like a clerk, nor like a professional man. I settled at last that he must be a rich tailor's son and heir, and that his close-fitting coat, and broadly-striped full trousers were intended to act as an advertisement for his father. Just as I smiled at this notion, a slight gust of wind caught his coat pocket, and a small piece of paper, which had before been peeping from it, disengaged itself and floated to my feet. It was a mere scrap, but I picked it up and glanced at it, thinking that if it was of any consequence, I would hasten after its owner and return it. But when I had once looked at it, I continued to gaze and gaze, holding it mechanically in my hand, as if I had been turned to stone. Written on the paper were these words:—

"Dearest,—Meet me by St. Anne's Church this evening at seven,

"Your own M——."

But the handwriting! Could my eyes deceive me, or was it indeed Mary's, my Mary's—the girl I had sworn should be my wife, my heart's darling that I had loved so long? It could not—could not be, and yet I knew every letter of that writing so cruelly, so fatally well.

"I expect he's ill: he do look awful."

These words, spoken by a compassionate passer-by, awoke me from my trance. One single idea filled my mind, that I must not allow the man who had possessed the paper to escape me. I looked up; he was already nearly out of sight. The idea of losing him aroused my dormant faculties. I darted after him at full speed, and, breathless and panting, I overtook him just on the edge of the park. I touched him on the shoulder, he turned round, and showed me a handsome dark face, with small black moustaches and long eyelashes. He was astonished, I suppose, by my wild look, for after a moment he made a slight movement, as if to release himself from my hand. Only then I recollected that I must speak. I held out the paper in a trembling hand, and as I did so I saw, hanging to his fine gold watch-chain, a locket which I recognised as Mary's. Heavens! what a feeling it gave me, this confirmation of my worst suspicions. Nevertheless I spoke.

"I think you dropped this," I stammered, confusedly.

"Oh, thanks, yes, it is mine," and taking it carelessly, he was about to pass on with a slight bow, but I was not to be so shaken off.

"I beg your pardon," I said, casting about in my distress for Heaven knows what falsehood to tell him, "I am a stranger in London, and I feel rather unwell; perhaps you would not object to my walking with you until I can find some hotel?"

A very suspicious look glanced across his handsome face, but I suppose he saw that my agitation was genuine; and my dress respectable, for after an instant's hesitation he replied,

"Certainly: I am going to the B—— Hotel myself to dine, and if you please we can walk there together."

I joined him, and we proceeded in silence. The hotel he had mentioned was one of somewhat questionable reputation, and stood in rather a lonely street. It had grown almost dark, and a few drops of rain were beginning to fall by the time we reached it. I had collected my thoughts a little, and they resolved themselves into this—to persuade him to drink, if possible, on the chance of his becoming communicative in his cups, and to dog his footsteps to the trysting place, and there I would sting Mary's heart—if she had a heart—by my burning reproaches, and renounce her for evermore. As soon as we arrived at the hotel, I ordered brandy, on the plea of being faint, as indeed I was, and begged my companion to join me. He did so most affably, and I who had never done more in my life than drink a couple of glasses of light sherry after dinner, now poured down my throat a quantity of raw spirits. It did me good, though, I thought; my pulse bounded, and the blood in my veins seemed to circulate like fire. I began to talk to the stranger, to chaff him, to laugh—listening all the time to my own voice as if it belonged to some one else. He responded cordially. I asked him to dinner; I begged him to tell me what wine he preferred, I pressed champagne, brandy, liquor of all kinds, upon him, and partook of them freely myself. The quantity of alcohol that man must have imbibed during the meal is a perfect marvel to me now, and it seemed to affect him no more than so much water, as far as steadiness of manner was concerned. But at last he did grow talkative, and upon the very subject I longed for, yet dreaded so much.

"That scrap of paper you picked up—" he began. "Didn't you envy me? It was from a sweet little creature, I can tell you."

"Who is she?" I asked, feverishly.

"Nay, that's not fair; but I'll tell you her name. Mary. Pretty little Molly!"

The brandy I had drunk had began to stupify me, or I must have knocked those white teeth of his into his head.

"Did she give you that locket?" I asked, feebly pointing to it.

"Yes, that she did, the darling. Come," he added, rising, "you seem a good fellow; some day I'll introduce you to her, if you don't object. Many thanks for your dinner. Here's the bill."

The bill came to something fabulous, but I had my quarter's allowance in my pocket, and paid it without a word. The stranger looked at his watch. It was nearly seven.

"I must go now," he said, "to keep that little appointment, you know."

The little fiend! Had she not, I remembered now, dissuaded me from coming to see her on Christmas-eve, lest her aunt should suspect something, and I had allowed myself to be deceived!

"I mean to be there, too," I said fiercely, rising from the table, and pressing my hat firmly on the top of my head. "I rather think *not*," replied the stranger composedly; "good evening, young man; I hope we shall meet again."

He walked to the door, and I followed. A hansom cab was waiting, evidently by order. He stepped into it, and before I had mustered courage enough to stop him forcibly, the cab had driven off, and I was left standing, half excited, half stupefied, and almost drunk, upon the pavement, in a cold, drizzling rain. For a moment I felt stunned. I rushed back into the hotel, and called for another glass of brandy. Yes, that revived me. Into the street again, almost shouting for a cab, but not one was in sight. At any rate I knew the way to St. Anne's Church; it was not far off. I started at a furious pace and rushed through the rain, which penetrated to my skin, for I had left my great coat at the hotel.

But I felt nothing, heard nothing, thought of nothing, until I arrived under the shadow of St. Anne's Church, in time to see, by the gas-light, with my own eyes, the border of Mary's best shawl just disappearing into the recesses of that accursed hansom.

Then I stumbled, and fell.

How long and dreary the first three months of the New Year were! All that time a threatening of rheumatic fever hung about me, and made it impossible to fight against the depression of spirits that overwhelmed me. Boyish and foolish as I had been, I had loved Mary with my whole heart, and I suffered keenly from her loss. But as my health improved I buckled to again to my work. I may say now without vanity that there was something to be respected in the determination I then made, to do my duty at any cost, and to let no shadow of my grief fall upon my father or mother. I felt that I was a boy no longer, and I resolved to play a man's part in the world. Now and then I heard the Primroses mentioned, but not often, for their set was not the same as mine. So it went on all through that long summer and autumn, until the leaves had changed and fallen again, and the dreary November days came round. One densely foggy night I went to dine with some bachelor friends in the city; just before the party broke up, one of them said, turning to me, "You used to know the Primroses, I think, did you not?"

"Yes," I replied briefly, "a little."

"Can you tell me by chance who the old fellow's money goes to if his daughter happens to die?"

Dies! Mary dying! I could scarcely find voice to ask, "Is she ill?"

"Not particularly that I know of, but she always looks like a ghost now-a-days, and Charley Jones and I had a dispute as to whether old Primrose had any nephews. Pass the bottle, old fellow."

Not till I got into the street had I time to realize what I had heard, and then how miserable and heart-sick I felt. Those few chance words had shown me how little I had really overcome my feelings for Mary. She was as dear to me as ever. Oh, that she had been true! But I would not yield. I tried to crush down the pain, and walked resolutely toward home. My shortest way led through a by-street in a somewhat low neighbourhood, and here I turned into a dark archway with the intention of lighting a cigar. It was now twelve at night; the fog was somewhat less thick, but still dense enough to prevent the rays of light from a gas lamp just opposite the entrance from penetrating far into the archway. I tried two or three times to strike a match, but it would not ignite. I had given it up, and was about to emerge when I distinctly heard a voice close to me say in a low tone, "Old Primrose's crib." What was it that made me fancy I had heard the voice before? Sheltered by the darkness I turned my head, and there, standing under the gas lamp, dressed this time in shabbier clothing, but still with an air of flash gentility about him, I saw my rival again, dark and handsome as ever. I listened with breathless interest for the next words. He was with a man who bore the stamp of blackguardism in every feature: some denizen of the lowest slums of London. They had stopped, and I heard this man say, in a low cautious whisper, "You are certain the shiners are there?"

"Confound you, yes. I've told you so a hundred times. I got it all out of the little girl: but if you're afraid, leave it to me."

The man replied with an oath, and some whispering followed which I could not catch, but the last words were, "In an hour, then," and the men separated, each going a different way. I remained motionless till their footsteps had died away, and for some seconds after that. Those words had come to me like a revelation. I understood it all now. This man, who had supplanted me in Mary's affection was a thief: doubtless in the higher walk of the profession. I knew how easily, with his face and manners, he could counterfeit the gentleman, and he had won Mary's heart in order to discover from her what she, in her confidence, would easily reveal, where her father kept his money, and when he received it. No doubt the villain knew the house well. No doubt he had paid stealthy visits there, as, alas! I had done. But "in an hour," he had said; there was no time for thought, only for action. I might yet save Mary from the consequences of her own folly. Recalling my energies, I hurried to the nearest police-station, and roused the sleepy officials. They were lively enough, however, when I had told my errand; nevertheless the hour had expired before we—I and four stalwart police men—reached Mr. Primrose's door.

"If they are already inside, we must hide ourserves at the foot of the staircase," said one of these functionaries on the way.

"Why not watch the house outside?"

"The chances are they would escape the back way, and there is no time to find that, even if we could in this fog. But they must come down the stairs; you say the strong-room is on the first floor?"

The front door, as we expected, was unfastened, and yielded to a gentle pressure. Leaving one policeman to guard it outside, and one to watch the area, I and the other two entered noiselessly. The policeman's lantern showed the hall to be empty, and we concealed ourselves under the staircase. Presently a faint, very faint, noise was heard as of a muffled footfall. We held our breath, and listened. It drew nearer, it was coming down the stairs, and could that be—yes, it was—the rustle of a petticoat. Just at the right moment, as the foot of the second robber touched the mat on the floor of the hall, the policemen emerged.

"My friend, I've been looking for you a long time," said the one who secured my old acquaintance. A woman's shriek replied—a woman rushed forward, and threw her arms round the neck of the captive. He threw her off, with an impatient "Confound you, Mary, be quiet."

I knew her in a moment. She was—good Heavens! what a fool I had been!—not Mary Primrose, but her maid, a girl I had often seen during my visits of the previous year. Hardly knowing what I felt, I stood by doing nothing while the policemen handcuffed their prisoners, the girl sobbing by their side. Neither of the men had resisted, yet there had been a good deal of noise of one kind and another in the hall. A light appeared on the floor above. A voice I knew said, "Oh, what *is* the matter?" and looking up I saw my Mary—my own little darling—standing in the daintiest pink dressing-gown at the top of the staircase, peering timidly into the hall. Ladies, do not blush. She might have gone to a ball in that attire, for all I could tell, and been the beauty of the room; only she was without crinoline, and her pretty brown hair was all hanging about her shoulders. I could *not* help it. I sprang up the stairs, I took her in my arms and kissed her. I felt her breath warm upon my cheek: I poured out, I know not what follies and incoherencies. I believe we both cried like babies, till, looking up again, we beheld—in a magnificent dressing-gown, and a cotton nightcap—old Mr. Primrose glaring down upon us.

The next day he sent for me. In spite of my three-and-twenty years, I felt, when ushered into his presence, very much as I used to do when summoned before Mr. Smith, at Blackheath, to undergo corporal chastisement. But to my great surprise, and infinite relief, the old gentleman looked benignant.

"Sit down, Mr. Barlow," he said; "my daughter has been making a clean breast to me of her misdeeds. Pretty goings on there seem to have been in my house!"

"I know I was very wrong to come here without your permission, sir, but——"

"Well, well, boys will be boys. I'm not sure that I have not done the same in my time," he interrupted me, with a benevolent twinkle in his merry blue eyes for which I could have embraced him. "But what I want to know is this," he continued, "what have you been about for this last year? That child tells me she has not seen you since Christmas, and I can tell *you* she has been crying her pretty eyes out all summer."

Mary crying for me! I blushed like a girl, of course, and then I opened my heart, and told him every particular. He smiled when I came to the note and the locket.

"Well, I declare, Mary has been such a little fool that she deserves to suffer for it. I have heard all about it this morning. She *would* engage that wretched girl who has been taken to prison, just because she had a pleasant face and a clever manner. The girl had no character, and had been miserably brought up. So Miss Mary thought she would take her in hand, and educate her. The poor creature couldn't even write, and Mary actually let herself be persuaded into writing a note for her, to appoint her lover to meet her, because she thinks, I know, that I am a hard-hearted old brute to allow no followers. More than that, I know she suspected the girl of wearing some of her clothes at these meetings, and winked at it rather than get her into trouble. Anyone might have foreseen the result. The girl stole by wholesale. Mary [illegible] she finds now that many of her little trinkets are gone—and then at last, as might have been expected—a gang of thieves are let into the house. But there"—continued the old gentleman, subsiding from his excitement, "Mary has been punished enough. Bless her innocent heart, I suppose she couldn't be expected to see what would have been as plain as daylight to anyone else, and she hasn't been well lately, so I mustn't vex her any more."

"Oh, sir! then you do not forbid——"

"Why," said Mr. Primrose, interrupting me again, and speaking this time in a kind, fatherly way, "I don't deny that if I had found this out a year ago, I should have been justly angry, and probably forbidden you my house. But things are different now. I have made inquiries about you, and I find you bear the highest character, which I care for more than money in a son-in-law, though I *am* such an avaricious old tyrant. Besides that, you have saved me £3000, for if that beggar had succeeded in forcing my safe, and with so many hours before him, he would have got clear off with the booty. And so—shake hands, sir"—concluded the old gentleman, blowing his nose, and rising hastily; "I'll settle business matters by-and-by with your father. Now go and talk to Mary."

What a Christmas eve we had! Mr. Primrose gave a party, and my father and mother were there, and Mr. Primrose actually led my dear old mother under the mistletoe, and then and there saluted her. And we played at forfeits, and we had snap-dragon, and I stood with my arm round Mary's waist in the dark, and we were gloriously happy, and oh! how lovely Mary did look with that bunch of scarlet holly shining in her dark hair.

But how much more lovely she looked the next morning, with the winter sunshine falling on her pure, white bridal dress. It was our wedding day. Mary had wished it to be so, for she said all our anniversaries were Christmases.

"Except that foggy night last month," I remind her, as we are whirled away in a coupé on the Great Western line. "If it had not been for that robbery we should never have come together. I shall scold you by-and-by, my pet, for being such a little goose as to write such a note for that poor girl."

Mary hangs her head, and looks prettier than ever as she blushes.

"She told me it was only that she might appoint him to go to church with her next day; and ah! Joe," says the little rogue, creeping closer still into my arms, and hiding her rosy cheeks upon my shoulder, "when we were so happy ourselves, how could I refuse to do anything that I thought would make other people happy too on Christmas-day?" W. R.

Napoleon—A naughty boy who was put in a corner because he wanted the world to play with.

Ink—The Black Sea on which thought rides at anchor.

Sleep—The vehicle in which we visit our distant friends.

Pen—The plough with which the field of truth is cultivated.

Echo—The shadow [illegible] a sound.

Truth—The world's heir-apparent.

A NOVEL BULL FIGHT.

ON one occasion during my residence in California, in 1863, I had occasion to proceed upon business from Stockton to the mission of San José, a distance of between eighty and ninety miles. I was in the saddle betimes, as my business was of importance, and had made three or four miles before the first faint streaks of the coming day became visible in the east. The air was cool and balmy, and laden with the perfume of the flowers and herbage; whilst, as the sun arose, the dewdrops glittered everywhere upon the twigs and grass blades like diamonds. The deer, as they left their coverts to feed, gazed fearlessly on either side of the trail as I passed: every now and then I disturbed a bevy of quail, who, after a short flight, dropped in the edge of the chapparel, or into the wild oats. The country was rolling and park-like, dotted here and there with live oaks of immense size, standing singly, or with smaller trees in clumps.

After an hour or two's ride, Mount Diablo became visible in the distance, looming up cloud-like in the thin air; whilst, upon my left, the co[illegible]-range ran along almost parallel to my route. Gradually, the breeze ceased, and the air became close and oppressive, and continued so until I stopped for my mid-day halt, to allow my horse to feed. Unusually sultry as the day had been, it became still more so, and so silent, that not even the buzzing of an insect could be heard, and the air felt as though it had been heated in a furnace. Stretched on my blankets, I had tried to smoke my pipe, but even that lacked its usual soothing effect. Presently a low muttering sound was audible, which gradually increased; it was the moaning of the storm-wind, which came sweeping gustily along. Then came a flash of the most vivid lightning I ever saw, instantly followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, the signal-gun of the advancing storm, which rent the air, and made the earth tremble. A deep silence, for a brief interval, followed, which seemed more terrible than the previous uproar; then came the lurid flashes and crashing thunder, not in low, grumbling tones, but in deafening peals; whilst the wind roared, and the rain descended in sheets of driving water. For two mortal hours did the tempest rage, and the wild winds swept by, whilst I cowered under my blankets, with bent head, and back to the blast.

At first, the thirsty and parched prairie drank greedily up the flood of water poured upon it, but soon it became completely saturated, and could contain no more, and the overflowing waters collected in great pools.

My horse, who had at first been terrified by the thunder-peals and lightning flashes, had strained upon his picket-peg, as he plunged, snorting with terror, but had failed to either break the tough raw-hide lariat, or draw the peg; and satisfied that he could not get loose, I devoted my attention solely to sheltering myself as much as possible from the downpour.

Upon looking around when the storm had somewhat abated, what was my consternation to find that my horse, as soon as the ground had become thoroughly saturated, had pulled out the peg, and had left me on foot in the prairie. It was no use of thinking of pursuing my journey thus, and I sorrowfully prepared to retrace the long miles over which, I had ridden in the morning. Rolling up my saddle, bridle, and tin cup, in which I had made my coffee, in my saturated blankets, and hiding them as well as I could in some stunted shrubs, I followed in the direction my horse had started, hoping to be able to trail him by his hoof-marks in the softened ground, and by the *drag* of his long lariat and picket-peg, which I hoped might entangle themselves around some bush or sapling, and thus bring up my runaway to a stand-still.

It was not, however, without great difficulty that I could discern the trail, for the driving rain had washed it out, save here and there occasionally; but still by keeping *the line*, I managed now and then to come upon the traces of the fugitive. More intent upon the trail than on surrounding objects, I had proceeded four or five miles when I discovered that I had become an object of curiosity to a large herd of cattle, who were closing in upon me with no very friendly intention.

I had lived in Texas long enough to know how hostile prairie-cattle always are to footmen, though a horsman might ride close to them unregarded; I also knew how helpless I was when opposed to such a tremendous aggregation of brute-force as the three or four hundred wild cattle possessed who were now rushing bellowing towards me. The herd of cows, and steers, and yearlings was led by a fierce old bull, who occasionally stopped to tear up the earth and shake his horns; then again he would advance, the mass crowding together, switching their tails high in the air, uttering fearful bellowings, whilst they tossed their horns, staring wildly in mingled rage and wonder.

There was no time to hesitate; I had only just perceived my enemies in time. A herd of wild cattle rushing furiously at a man upon an open plain soon assist him in coming to a decision. Four or five hundred yards behind me was a tree which I had lately passed, and just behind that again some bushes along the margin of a little creek. I determined to make for the tree, and climb that if possible; if not, if I was too closely pressed by the thundering herd, I would try and gain the bushes, amongst which, or in some hole or cranny in the creek's banks, I might hope to conceal myself. Most pedestrian matches are timed, my race was not, but I have reason to believe that the same distance was never covered quicker by any mortal man. As I gained the tree, I looked back and saw the foremost of the herd about a hundred yards from me. I never was considered an extraordinary climber when a boy at school, nor perhaps are a pair of heavy Mexican spurs an advantage in climbing, but I went up that tree like a squirrel, and had just gained a safe position, when my pursuers rushed underneath. Although I had gained safety for the moment, still there was something very fearful in my position, for I could form no idea how long the fierce beasts, who were tearing up the earth, and glaring at me with their wild fierce eyes, would keep me 'treed.'

A most unlooked-for adventure relieved me. For some time, most of the herd remained gazing at me; but at length, as though feeling satisfied that I could not escape, they became less stationary, and moved about snatching pettishly at the grass, less from a desire of grazing, than from restlessness at their disappointment in failing to catch me before I could 'tree.'

Whilst thus sauntering aimlessly about, my especial enemy, the bull, strayed into the bushes that fringed the ravine, and suddenly there arose a fearful uproar, and it was evident that the tawny lord of the herd got into trouble.

A hoarse bellowing and confused growling, intermixed with a crashing of the bushes, whilst the taller saplings swayed to and fro, shewed that some desperate struggle was taking place on the edge of the ravine in which the bull was engaged, but what with I could not discover. Presently, the bull emerged with bloody head and huge furrows ploughed upon his shoulders, from which hung long strips of bloody skin-like ribbons. His eyes were red with rage, and it was evident he had no idea of giving up the contest, but had only retreated to gain an open space where he could fight to better advantage. Hitherto I had only noticed the bull as a ferocious beast, who had from pure ill-nature put me in serious danger; but now, as he stood glowing with rage, I could not help noticing his admirable proportions. Long, lithe, and wiry, he stood a perfect model of strength and activity, whilst his massive shoulders proved what force he could bring to aid the thrusts of his straight, long, sharp-pointed horns. I had not more than a second or two to take in these points, when his antagonist appeared upon the scene in the shape of a huge grizzly bear. No sooner was the bear fairly in the open, than the bull lowered his head, and charged straight and true at him, with the seeming force of a steam-engine. The bear rose up upon his hind-legs to receive the attack, and catching the bull by the horns, bore down his head upon the ground by his great strength and weight, clinging to the head with his fore-legs, while he worked his hind ones, clawing with his cruel talons the sides and shoulders of the bull. The match was an equal one, as far as weight was concerned, and nearly balanced in other respects; for whilst the bear worked 'tooth and toenails,' the sharp horns and greater activity of the bull served to equalize them as to weapons; and as both antagonists possessed equal courage and determination, it was clear the duel was to be *à la mort*, and the victory, I could see, between such well-matched foes depended upon accident. Locked together thus in deadly strife, they remained some minutes, the bull each moment striving, as it were, to contract himself for his repeated thrusts, and the bear endeavouring to hold the bull's head to prevent their force, never intermitting for an instant raking with his claws the ribs and shoulders of the foe. For a moment or two they seemed to pause for breath by mutual consent, a lull which the bull artfully took advantage of, by a sudden backward spring, to get clear of the bear.

During the whole of the combat, the other cattle had stood around in awe-struck wonder, not attempting in any way to aid their champion. The bull, covered with gore from the gashes cut by the claws, and the head gnawed by the teeth of the bear, was a horrible sight to see, though the bear appeared as yet but little injured. As soon as the bull had gained space sufficient to give impetus to his charge, he again rushed furiously at the Grizzly, and this time succeeded in plunging one horn into the bear's belly, and jerking his head up, brought away upon his horns some of the entrails of his foe; but the next moment he was borne back by the Grizzly, and both rolled over in another deadly struggle; and now so furious and rapidly did they fight, whirling over and over, that only an undistinguishable mass could be seen. Again the bull fought clear of his antagonist, but he presented a far more deplorable appearance than before, for one eye had been torn from the socket, and his ears hung in shreds, whilst all the forward part of his hips was a mass of blood and mud, and his tongue, which protruded beyond his swollen lips, had been bitten through, and hung by only a piece of skin.

But the bear had evidently had the worst of this second encounter, for he lay almost motionless, his entrails wound round and round him like gory belts; and whilst in this state, the bull gored him repeatedly, till finally a long shiver passed through the bear, and he lay dead. Convinced at last that his enemy was [illegible]d, the bull raised his head in triumph, and as well as his mutilated tongue permitted, gave a roar of victory. It was dearly purchased, however, for he tottered as he bellowed, and though he set his legs wide apart, he swayed from side to side; presently his head drooped lower and lower, till at last he sunk down groaning to the ground. Then came two or three vain efforts to recover his legs, and after a few convulsive shudders, he too lay dead beside his foe. The herd sniffed round the dead bodies for a few moments, and then, wild with terror, started panic-stricken across the prairie.

Finding the coast clear, I descended from my perch, and with a due appreciation of the dangers of foot-travelling, set off in search of my horse, expecting a grizzly bear to make his appearance from every clump of bushes that I passed. After a tramp of several miles, I was fortunate enough to find my horse, whose lariat had become entangled around some shrubs near which he had stopped to feed; and mounting him bare-backed, I turned his head towards where I had left my saddle and other *impedimenta*; nor was I sorry, soon after sunrise the following morning, to see the long avenue of stately live oaks which line the road as you approach the mission of San José.

KING George the Fifth of Hanover has lately composed an Italian opera, "The Hermit of the Peloponnesus," which is in preparation for performance. To this end he has engaged an Italian *troupe*, at a cost of twenty thousand *thalers*. King George, born in 1819, is not only a composer, but also an intelligent writer upon music

MY WEE FAIRY QUEEN.

Hush! winds of October!
Thy revellings cease;
Let the flutt'ring spirit
Go homeward in peace.
The bright little sunbeam
Is dimm'd of its sheen;
She's dying—ay, dying—
My wee fairy queen.

Soft! angels are whispering!
Her beautiful eyes
Are answ'ring their welcome,
Away to the skies!
The sweet lips are smiling—
For Jesus makes glad;
But, Oh! I am lonely—
My heart is so sad!

This child of fair beauty
My idol had been:
And proudly I called her
My wee fairy queen!
And e'en now her spirit
Is flutt'ring anon—
Lo! soaring without me,
Oh, God! she is gone!

Blow! winds of October!
Ay, dismally moan;
Wail! louder and louder!
Thy wails are my own!
Let thy blasts be as sharp
As my sorrow is keen;
And together we'll mourn
For my wee fairy queen.

London, October 24th, 1865. TATANIA.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 284.

At length, after a service that seemed to him as if it would never end, the worshippers came out again and went their several ways. He then entered the chapel, begged the favour of five minutes' conversation with the offic... ing clergyman, and was shown into the vestry.

A fragile-looking young man of about six or seven-and-twenty received him politely, pointed to a seat, and begged to know in what manner he could have the pleasure of being useful to him.

Saxon had no difficulty in telling his story. He had told it so often, and always with the same reservations on one or two points, that it now came to his lips with the readiness of an established formula.

He was in search of two friends who, he had reason to believe, had lately arrived in Bordeaux. The gentleman was a near relative of his own, and he was intimately acquainted with the family of the lady. Her name was Rivière. She was about seventeen or eighteen years of age, and dressed in deep mourning. He was the bearer of very important intelligence, and had travelled from England expressly to see these friends, if only he were so fortunate as to obtain some definite information respecting them. And then he concluded with an apology for the trouble that he was giving, and the time that his narrative occupied in the telling.

The clergyman, sitting with one hand over his mouth, and his eyes fixed attentively upon the ground, heard him to the end, and then, in a very quiet clear voice, said:

"Will you oblige me with your name?"

"Certainly. My name is Trefalden."

"Is Trefalden also the name of your relative?"

Saxon hesitated.

"I do not think that he is travelling under that name," he replied, with some embarrassment.

"Do you mean, Mr. Trefalden, that your friend is travelling under an assumed name?"

"I mean—that is, I believe—he is travelling under the name of Forsyth."

The clergyman pressed his fingers nervously against his lips.

"This is strange," he said.

"If you know anything, for Heaven's sake do not hesitate to tell it!" cried Saxon, impetuously.

"I am bound to hesitate," replied the clergyman. "I do not know whether I ought...."

"If it be your duty to help the helpless and baffle the unrighteous, you ought—believe me, sir, you *ought*—to speak!"

The young clergyman looked at him fixedly, and after a moment's pause, replied:

"I do believe you, Mr. Trefalden. I also believe that I am engaged to marry those two persons to-morrow at Drouay."

Saxon changed colour, opened his lips as if about to speak, checked himself, stood up, sat down again, and said in a low deep voice:

"I am glad to find that I am in time."

"To be present at their wedding?"

"No—to prevent it."

The clergyman looked as if he had half anticipated this reply.

"If I am to refuse to perform the ceremony, Mr. Trefalden, you must furnish me with an adequate reason," said he.

Saxon was sorely tried between his desire to screen the good Trefalden name, and the obvious necessity for stating his case plainly.

"If I place a great confidence in you," he said, presently, "will you promise not to betray it?"

"Unquestionably."

Saxon looked at him as if he would fain read his very heart.

"You are an utter stranger to me," he said, "but I think you are a man of honour. I will trust you."

And then, having looked out into the chapel and seen that there was no one within hearing, Saxon sat down and related all the story of his cousin's perfidy.

CHAPTER XCII. MR. GUTHRIE'S TESTIMONY.

The clergyman's name was Guthrie. He was lodging at the house of a small propriétaire at Drouay, as the old femme de charge had said, for his health; and hither, according to the statement which he gave in return for Saxon's confidence, a gentleman came out from Bordeaux to visit him in the evening of the foregoing Wednesday—that is to say, on the evening of the very day that the Daughter of Ocean landed her passengers at the Quai Louis Philippe. This gentleman said that his name was Forsyth. The object of his visit was to engage Mr. Guthrie to perform the ceremony of marriage between himself and a lady then staying at the Hôtel de Nantes in Bordeaux. Mr. Guthrie arranged to marry them on the Saturday, and this matter disposed of, Mr. Forsyth, who was a remarkably pleasant person, made some observations about Drouay, and asked if there were any apartments to be had in the neighbourhood. He then added, that the lady whom he was about to make his wife had lately lost a near relative, and would be glad to escape from the noise and bustle of Bordeaux to so retired a spot. Mr. Guthrie then volunteered to accompany him to a little château near by, which was to be let furnished, and Mr. Forsyth engaged the first floor on the spot. There was at first some little difficulty about the matter, as the propriétaire was unwilling to let any part of his house for less than one month; but Mr. Forsyth who was apparently as rich as he was agreeable, offered a fortnight's rent in advance, and promised that, although the lady would probably not remain there more than a week, the whole month should be paid if her occupation of the rooms caused monsieur la propriétaire to loose a more advantageous tenant. The next morning he escorted Miss Rivière to Drouay, installed her at the Château de Peyrolles, and having introduced her to Mr. Guthrie, and recommended her to that gentleman's care and attention, took his leave.

Mr. Guthrie had at that time no idea that his new acquaintances had only arrived in Bordeaux the day before; or that they have travelled direct from England. He first learned these facts from Miss Rivière. He was exceedingly surprised when she farther informed him that they were about to proceed to New York by the next steamer leaving Bordeaux. If Miss Rivière had not spoken of their plans so simply, and been in such profound sorrow for the loss of her mother, he would have perhaps suspected a clandestine match; but as it was, he only wondered en passant at the oddity of their arrangements, and then dismissed the subject from his mind. On the Friday Mr. Forsyth came down to Drouay to call upon Miss Rivière, and, at her desire, postponed the marriage till Monday. It seemed to Mr. Guthrie that Miss Rivière was perfectly willing to become the wife of Mr. Forsyth. The love was unquestionably on his side; but she seemed to hold him in the highest possible respect, and to look up to him in all things. Having so recently lost her mother, however, it was natural that the young lady should be anxious to wait as long as might be practicable before contracting this new tie. As the arrangement now stood, Mr. Guthrie was to perform the ceremony privately at the Château de Peyrolles on Monday afternoon, and the newly-married pair were to embark on board the American mail steam-packet Washington for New York direct on Tuesday morning. Mr. Guthrie added, that he had found himself much interested in Miss Rivière. He had lent her some books, called upon her several times, and done what he could to alleviate the monotony of her brief sojourn at Drouay. In the mean while Mr. Forsyth, through respect for her grief and her solitude, had with much delicacy kept aloof from the Château de Peyrolles, and had, in fact, only been down once from Bordeaux since Miss Rivière's arrival there. Mr. Guthrie believed that Mr. Forsyth had since then gone upon business to Angoulême.

Here the clergyman's testimony ended.

CHAPTER XCIII. THE CHATEAU DE PEYROLLES.

A tiny white building in the French mediæval style, with some six or eight glittering extinguisher turrets, a wholly unreasonable number of very small windows, and a weedy court-yard with massive wooden gates, was the Château de Peyrolles. The house was white; the jalousies were white; the gates were white. In short, a more comfortless and ghost-like dwelling it would be difficult to find, even in the south of France. Built upon a slight—a very slight—eminence, it overlooked a wide district of vineyards, and stood islanded, as it were, in the midst of an endless green lake, which stretched away for miles on every side. Here and there rose a cluster of village roofs, surmounted by a landmark of church-spire; here and there the peaked roof of some stately châteaux; but the villages were few, and the châteaux far between. A long straight road, bordered on each side by tall poplars, swept through the heart of this district, passing close beside the gates of the Château de Peyrolles, and vanishing away into the extreme distance, like an avenue in a perspective drawing.

Along this road—the vines heavy with black grapes, coming down in most places to the wayside, with now and then a patch of coarse pasture in between—Saxon drove from Bordeaux to Drouay that memorable Sunday afternoon. He had taken a light carriage and four good post-horses from his hotel, and so went over the ground at a brilliant pace. The Rev. Angus Guthrie, having made his afternoon discourse of of the very briefest, accompanied him. They spoke but seldom, exchanging now and then a word or two on the coming vintage, or the weather, which had become heavily overcast within the last two hours and threatened a storm; but as the road lengthened behind them, their observations became fewer, and then altogether ceased.

"This is Drouay," said the clergyman, after a silence of more than half an hour.

Saxon started and looked out of the window.

"And that little white building?"

"The Château de Peyrolles."

A strange feeling of agitation and reluctance came upon him.

"Now that it comes to the point," said he, "I feel like a coward."

"I do not wonder at it," replied Mr. Guthrie; "you have a painful duty before you."

"Still, you do not think she loves him?"

"I do not indeed."

"I wish to Heaven I could be sure of that," said Saxon, earnestly—so earnestly, that the

young clergyman looked up at him like a man who is suddenly enlightened.

"In any case, Mr. Trefalden," he replied, "you could only do what you are now doing. Mercy under these circumstances would be cruel injustice. Shall we alight here? Perhaps it would be better than driving up to the château."

The postilions had pulled up before the door of the village auberge; so the travellers got out, and went up the private road on foot.

"You don't think it would come better from yourself, being a clergyman?" said Saxon, as Mr. Guthrie rang for admission.

The clergyman shook his head.

"Certainly not. I could only repeat what I have been told; you can tell what you know."

"True."

"But, if you prefer it, I will see Miss Rivière first, and prepare her for your visit."

"Thanks—thanks a thousand times."

An elderly woman opened the door, smiling and curtseying. Mam'selle, she said, was in the grande salon "au premier:" so Mr. Guthrie went up, while Saxon waited in a little anteroom on the ground floor.

He was cruelly nervous. He tried to think what he ought to say, and how he ought to begin; but he could not put the words together in his mind, and when the clergyman came back at the end of ten minutes, it seemed to him as if he had not been absent as many seconds.

"I have given her your card," said Mr. Guthrie, "and told her that you are Mr. Forsyth's cousin. Go up to the first landing, and through the door that faces you as you ascend the stairs. I will wait here for you.'

He went up, his heart beating painfully against his side; and then he paused a moment outside the door.

CHAPTER XCIV. WHAT PITY IS AKIN TO.

He found himself in a small outer salon opening through wide folding-doors into a large room beyond. A dark figure sitting beside an open window rose slowly at his approach, and a very low soft voice, in reply to his muttered salutation, bade him be seated.

"I trust," he said, "that Miss Rivière will pardon an intrusion which must seem unpardonable till it is explained."

"You are welcome, sir," she replied. "If only as Mr. Forsyth's relative——"

She raised her eyes to his face for the first time, faltered, coloured crimson, and, after a moment's hesitation, added:

"I think we have met before."

Saxon bowed profoundly.

"I believe," he said, "that I once had the honour of being useful to you for a few moments."

"You never gave me any opportunity of—of thanking you, Mr. Trefalden," she said, pressing her hands tightly together in her extremity of embarrassment.

"You gave me more thanks at the time, madam, than were merited by so trifling a service," replied Saxon; his self-possession all coming back to him at the sight of her timidity. "It seems strange that we should next meet in so very different a place."

"Very strange."

"But I had so much difficulty to trace you here, that I began to fear we should not meet at all."

"Do you come from Angoulême?"

"No; I have followed you from England."

"Indeed? I—I thought you had perhaps met Mr. Forsyth in Angoulême, and——"

"My cousin does not know that I am in France," replied Saxon, gravely.

"How happy he will be to see you!"

Saxon looked down in silence.

"And—and he will be here in about an hour and a half," added Miss Rivière, with a glance at the pendule on the mantelshelf.

"This evening?"

"Yes. He returns to Bordeaux to day, and will lodge to-night at the auberge in the village."

As she said this, Miss Rivière, surprised by the undemonstrative way in which Saxon received her information, again lifted her eyes.

"I—I hope there is nothing the matter," she said anxiously.

Saxon hesitated.

"I cannot say that I am the bearer of good news," he replied,

"Oh dear, I am so sorry!"

"I am sorry too," said he; "more sorry than I can tell you."

The compassionate reluctance of his manner seemed to startle her.

"What do you mean?" she said, with evident apprehension.

"I mean, that it grieves me to the soul to inflict the pain which my intelligence must give you."

"Must give *me!*" she faltered, looking for an instant quite white and scared. Then, smiling sadly, she shook her head, and turned her face away. "Ah no," she said; "that is all over."

"If I could indeed believe, Miss Rivière, that you would be indifferent to the tale I have to tell, my anxiety would be at an end," said Saxon, eagerly. "Will you forgive me if I ask you a very strange question?"

"I—I think so."

"Do you love my cousin?"

Miss Rivière turned a shade paler, and said with some dignity:

"Mr. Forsyth is my best friend in the world—my only friend—and I honour him as he deserves to be honoured."

"But if he were *not* your best friend, Miss Rivière? If instead of doing you service, he had done you wrong? If that honour which you pay to him were utterly unmerited—what then? Nay, forgive me—I do not wish to alarm you; but I am here to-day to tell you terrible truths, and I now only implore you to listen to them patiently."

"I am quite willing to hear what you have to say, Mr. Trefalden," Miss Rivière replied; "but my faith in your cousin will not be easily shaken,"

"My own faith in him was not easily shaken." said Saxon. "Like yourself, I believed him to be my friend."

"Of what offence do you accuse him?"

"He has robbed me."

"Robbed you?"

"Yes—of two millions of money."

Miss Rivière looked at him with a sort of incredulous bewilderment.

"Of money?" she faltered. "You say that he has robbed you of money?"

"I trusted him with two millions, and he has robbed me of every farthing," replied the young man, pitilessly direct. "Nor is this all. He has robbed your cousin, Lord Castletowers, of twenty-five thousand pounds more."

"Mr. Forsyth does not know Lord Castletowers."

"Mr. Forsyth may not know Lord Castletowers, but William Trefalden, the attorney-at-law—knows him perfectly well."

"William Trefalden—who is he?"

"William Trefalden is Mr. Forsyth—William Trefalden is my cousin—William Trefalden is the man to whom Miss Rivière was about to give her hand to-morrow."

The young girl half rose from her chair, and Saxon could see that she was trembling from head to foot.

"I do not believe it!" she exclaimed. "It is monstrous—incredible!"

"It is true."

"What proof have you?"

"Not much; yet, I think, enough to convince you. Do you know my cousin's handwriting?"

"Yes."

Saxon took a card from his purse, and laid it before her.

"Do you recognise it?"

"Yes—this is his hand."

"Read it."

The young lady read aloud: "'*Mrs. Rivière, Beaufort Villa, St. John's Wood.* What does this mean? We never lived at St John's Wood."

"Yet that is the address which William Trefalden left at Brudenell-terrace, when you removed to Sydenham."

"That is very strange."

Saxon produced a crumpled letter, and laid that also before her.

"Do you recognise his handwriting here as well?"

"Undoubtedly. Am I to read it?"

Saxon hesitated.

"It—it is his farewell letter to a poor woman he once loved," he said. "There is nothing in it that you may not read if you wish it."

Miss Rivière read, and returned it in silence.

"You observe the signature?"

"I do."

"You see that you have been imposed upon by a false name, and that others have been imposed upon by a false address?"

"Yes—I see it; but I do not understand——"

"Will you tell me how it was that you could not leave word with your landlady to what seaport you were going when you left Sydenham?"

"Mr. Forsyth did not decide upon Clevedon till we reached Paddington."

"Can you tell me why you have been taken from London to Clevedon, from Clevedon to Bristol, from Bristol to Bordeaux, instead of embarking direct for the States from either Southampton or Liverpool?"

"I do not know—I was not aware that we were pursuing an unusual route."

"But you see it now?"

"I see that we have made an unnecessary détour; but I do not know why——"

"Permit me to tell you why. Because this journey is not the journey of an honest man, but the flight of a felon—a flight planned for months beforehand, and planned with no other end in view than to baffle inquiry and defeat pursuit. You leave Brudenell-terrace, and, thanks to the false address given, all trace of you is lost. You leave Sydenham, uncertain of your destination. You spend a few days at an obscure watering-place in the West of England, and then embark on board a merchant steamer plying at uncertain dates between Bristol and Bordeaux. With what object?—simply that you may take your passage out to America from a French port, instead of sailing direct from London, Southampton, or Liverpool. In order to do this, you perform a tedious journey and lose many days by the way; while had you started from Liverpool, you would by this time have been within a few hours of New York. But then William Trefalden had committed a gigantic fraud, and he well knew that none of our great English ports were safe for him. He knew that my agents might be waiting for him at every point from which he would be likely to escape; but who would suspect him at Bristol? Who would confront him at Bordeaux? Who would arrest him as he landed, and say, 'Give up the two millions you have stolen, and resign the lady you have wronged?'"

Miss Rivière listened, her eyes fixed, her lips parted, her face becoming gradually paler, as Saxon, in the intensity of his earnestness, laid his facts and inferences one by one before her.

Then the young man paused, seeing that she was convinced, but grieved also at the cost of how rude a shock that conviction was purchased.

"These are cruel truths," he said; "but what can I do? I *must* undeceive. I have tracked you from house to house, from city to city, for no other purpose than to save you from the fate to which you are devoting yourself; and now the minutes are going fast, and I am forced to speak plainly, or it will soon be too late to speak at all!"

Miss Rivière wrung her hands despairingly.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she cried, piteously, "why are you not here to tell me what I ought to do?"

"You believe? You are convinced?"

"Yes—alas! I am convinced; but shall I forget that this man was my father's early friend—my mother's benefactor?"

"If William Trefalden told you that he was your father's early friend, Miss Rivière, it was as false as the name under which he made himself known to you!"

"Ah, you do not know all that he did to serve us! You do not know how he sought us out when we were in poverty, how he——"

"Pardon me—I *do* know it. He sought you out, because I gave him your card, and requested him to do so. He bought your father's paintings on my account solely; and he never saw Mr Rivière in his life. I never meant to tell you; but this leaves me no option."

The young girl covered her face with her hands and wept silently. Her tears went straight to Saxon's heart. He felt an inexpressible desire to take her in his arms, and tell her that he would give his life to comfort and protect her. But not daring to do this, he only said, in his boyish way:

"Pray don't cry. It makes me feel that I have been very cruel to you!"

But she made no reply.

"I cannot tell you," he went on, what I have suffered in the thought of inflicting this suffering upon you. I would have borne the double share gladly if I could. Do forgive me."

Still she wept on. He ventured a little nearer.

"I know how hard it is," he said tenderly. "I have had to go through it all. He was my friend, and I thought he was the very soul of honour. I would hardly have believed it if an angel from heaven had told me that he would be false to his trust."

"But he was my only friend!" sobbed the girl. "My only friend in all the world!"

"No, no," cried Saxon, "not your only friend! Don't say that! Don't think it! Look up—look in my face, and see if it is not the face of a truer man than William Trefalden!"

And so kneeling down before her to bring his face upon a nearer level, the young man touched her hands timidly, as if he would fain draw them away, yet dared not take them in his own.

"Do look at me!" he pleaded. "Only once—only for one moment!"

She lifted her face, all pale with tears, and glancing at him shyly, tremblingly, like a frightened child, saw something in his eyes which brought the colour back to her cheek in a flood of sudden scarlet.

"Oh, if I only dared to tell you!" he said, passionately. "May I?—may I?"

He took her hands in his—she did not withdraw them. He kissed them; first one and then the other. He leaned closer—closer.

"I love you, Helen," he whispered. "Can you forget all this misery, and be my little wife? My home is in Switzerland where I have a dear father who is a pastor. We are a simple people, and we lead a simple life among our flocks and pastures; but we are no traitors. We neither betray our friend, nor deceive those we love. Tell me, darling, will you love me a little? Will you come and live with me among my own beautiful Alps, far, far away?"

She smiled. He took that smile for his answer, and kissed the lips that gave it; and then, for a few minutes, they laughed and cried and rejoiced together, like children who have found a treasure.

"You must wear this till I can get you a smaller one," said Saxon, taking a ring from his finger and putting it upon hers.

"It is very beautiful," said Helen. "What is it?—a crystal?"

"No a diamond."

"A diamond! I did not think there were any real diamonds in the world so large as that!"

"I will give you a necklace of them, every one bigger than this."

"What are you then? A prince?"

"A citizen-farmer of the Swiss Republic."

"Then the Swiss are very rich?"

"Not they, indeed; but I am the richest man in the Canton Grisons, and my wife will be a great lady—as great a lady as her aunt, Lady Castletowers."

"Do you know Lady Castletowers?"

"Yes; her son is my most intimate friend. He is the dearest fellow in the world. You will be so fond of him!"

"I do not know any of my relations," said Helen, sadly, "except my aunt Alethea—and she does not love me."

"She will find out that she loves you dearly when you wear your diamonds," laughed Saxon, his arm round her waist, and his curls brushing her cheek.

Helen sighed, and laid her head wearily against his shoulder.

"I do not want Lady Castletowers to love me," she said; "and I do not care for diamonds. I wish we were going to be poor, Saxon."

"Why so, Helen?"

"Because—because I fancy poor people are happier, and love each other better than rich people. My father and mother were very, very poor, and——"

"They never loved each other half so much as we shall love each other!" interrupted Saxon, impetuously. I could not love you one jot more if I were as poor as Adam."

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that I am the happiest fellow in all the world! But tell me, Helen, did you never care for William Trefalden? Never at all?"

Helen shook her head.

"I respected him," she said. "I was grateful."

"But did you not love him a little?"

"No."

"Not in the least?"

"Not in the very least."

"And yet you would have married him!"

"Think how lonely I was."

"That is true—poor little Helen!"

"And he loved me. He was the only person in all the world who loved me."

"Except myself."

"Ah, but I could not know that! When did you first begin to love me, Saxon?"

"I hardly know. I think ever since I found you were in danger of marrying William Trefalden. And you?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Nay, that is not fair."

"Indeed I will not."

"Then I shall conclude that you do not love me at all."

"No, no!"

"Positively yes."

She turned her face away, half crying, half laughing.

"You have been my hero," she whispered, "ever since the day of our first meeting."

CHAPTER XCV. BROUGHT TO BAY.

With closed windows, lighted lamp, and curtains jealously drawn, Saxon Trefalden and Mr. Guthrie sat together, ominously silent, in the larger salon of the Château de Peyrolles. On the table were placed pens, paper, and ink. The ante-room was left in darkness, and the folding-doors between stood a little apart. All was very still—in the house no voice, no footfall, no sound of life; out of doors, nothing but the weary moaning of the wind, and the creaking of the weathercocks upon the turrets overhead.

They were waiting for William Trefalden.

Miss Rivière had withdrawn to her chamber, partly to escape all sight or hearing of the coming interview, and partly to make such slight preparation as might be necessary before leaving the chateau; the clergyman having promptly volunteered to find her a temporary asylum with the family of an English merchant settled at Bordeaux. It was therefore arranged that the carriage should be in readiness at the back entrance shortly after seven o'clock; and then, as soon as was practicable, they were all three to hasten back to Bordeaux as fast as Saxon's post-horses could carry them. In the mean while the appointed hour came and went, the two men waited, and still no William Trefalden made his appearance.

Presently the pendule on the mantelshelf chimed the quarter.

Mr. Guthrie looked at his watch. Saxon rose, went over to the nearest window, pushed aside the curtain, and looked out. It was now dusk; but there was still a pale, lurid gleam upon the horizon, by the light of which the young man could see the great clouds rolling together overhead, like the mustering of many armies.

"It will be a wild night," he said as he resumed his chair.

"Hush!" replied the clergyman "I hear wheels."

They listened; but the vehicle came along at a foot-pace, and went slowly round by the yard at the back of the chateau.

"It is only our own post-chaise," said Saxon. And then they were again silent.

Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, and the pendule chimed again. It was now half-past seven.

All at once, Saxon held up his hand, and bent his head attentively.

"I hear nothing," said the clergyman.

"I hear a carriage and pair—coming very quickly—from the direction of Bordeaux!"

Mr Guthrie smiled doubtfully; but Saxon's trained ear could not be deceived. In another moment the sound became faintly audible, then grew gradually louder, and ceased at last before the gates of the chateau.

Saxon looked out aga

"I see the carriage outside the gates," he said. "They are opened by a boy carrying a lantern. He alights—he pays the driver—he crosses the court-yard—the carriage drives away. He is here!"

With this he dropped the curtain and turned down the lamp, so as to leave the room in half shadow; while Mr. Guthrie, in accordance with their preconcerted plan, went out into the dark ante-room, and took up his station close against the door.

Presently they heard William Trefalden's voice chatting pleasantly with the housekeeper in the hall, and then his footsteps on the stairs. Outside the door he seemed to pause for an instant, then turned the handle and came in. Finding himself in the dark, he deposited something heavy on the floor, and, guided by the narrow line of light between the folding-doors, moved towards the second salon. As he did this, Mr. Guthrie softly locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Slight as the sound was, the lawyer heard it.

"What's that?" he said quickly, and stopped half way.

He listened holding his breath the while; then sprang forward, threw the doors open, and passed into the adjoining room.

As he did so, Saxon turned on the full light of the table lamp, and the two men stood suddenly revealed to each other face to face.

"At last—traitor!"

A frightful pallor—that deadly pallor which is born not of fear but of hatred—spread itself slowly over William Trefalden's countenance and there remained. No other sign betrayed the tumult within. Haughty as an Indian at the stake, he folded his arms, and met his cousin's eye unflinchingly.

Thus they stood for a second or two, both silent. Then Mr. Guthrie came in from the ante-room, shut the folding-doors, and took his seat at the table; while Saxon resumed his former place, and, pointing to a chair standing apart from the rest, said:

"Please to sit there, William Trefalden."

The lawyer, with a sharp glance of recognition at the clergyman, flung himself into the chair.

"May I ask what this means?" he said, contemptuously. "An amateur Star Chamber?"

"It means justice and retribution," replied Saxon, sternly.

Mr. Trefalden smiled, leaned back in his chair, and waited for what should come next. He knew that all was over. He knew that this fairy gold had turned to withered leaves, and that the paradise of his dreams had suddenly vanished away, leaving in its place only the endless desert and the burning sands. He knew that the edifice which he had been rearing month after month with such consummate skill, was shattered to dust—that the die on which he had staked reputation, country, personal safety, and his worldly future, had turned up a blank at the very moment when he believed the prize his own. He knew that Helen Rivière would never, never now be wife of his; would never grace his home and gladden his heart with her smiles; never learn to give him love for love, in all the weary years that were to come! He knew that from this time forth he was a marked man, a branded felon, dependent on the mercy of the kinsman whom he had betrayed; and yet, knowing all this, his self command never wavered, his eyes never quailed, his voice never faltered for an instant. He was desperate; but his pride and his courage were at least equal to his despair.

Saxon, sitting at the head of the table with his head leaning on his hand, looked down for some moments in silence.

"I have not much to say to you, William Trefalden," he began presently; "and what little I have to say must be said briefly. To reproach one who could act as you have acted would be

idle. If you had any heart to be touched, any sense of honour to be awakened, neither you nor I would be sitting here to-night."

Still smiling scornfully, the lawyer listened, apparently with the greatest indifference.

"To keep, then, to plain facts," continued the young man, "you have defrauded me of two millions of money: you have that money in your possession; you are at this moment my prisoner, and I have but to call in the aid of the village police, and convey you to Bordeaux in the carriage which now waits below for that purpose. Such is your position, and such is mine. But I am unwilling to push matters to extremity. I am unwilling to attach public scandal to the name which you are the first of our family to disgrace. For my uncle's sake and my own, and for respect to the memory of many generations of honest men, I have decided to offer you a fair alternative."

He paused and referred to a slip of paper lying beside him on the table.

"In the first place," he continued, "I require you to restore the money of which you have robbed me. In the second place, you must sign a full confession of your guilt, both as regards the two millions stolen from myself, and the twenty-five thousand pounds of which you have defrauded the Earl of Castletowers. In the third place, you must betake yourself to America, and never again be seen on this side the Atlantic. If you agree to these conditions, I consent to screen you from the law, and will give you the sum of one thousand pounds to help you forward honestly in the new life before you."

"And supposing that I decline the conditions," said Mr. Trefalden, calmly. "What then?"

"Then I simply ring this bell, and the boy who just now opened the gates to you will at once summon a couple of sergents de ville from the village."

The lawyer only elevated his eyebrows in the least perceptible degree.

"Your decision, if you please."

"My decision?" replied Mr. Trefalden, with as much apparent indifference as if the subject under consideration were the binding of a book or the framing of a picture. "Well—it appears to me that I am allowed no freedom of choice."

"Am I to understand that you accept my conditions?"

"I suppose so."

"Where then is the money?"

"In the adjoining room. You have out to take possession of it."

Mr. Guthrie rose, fetched the carpet bag, and placed it on the table.

"Your keys, if you please."

William Trefalden produced three small keys on a ring and handed them to the clergyman.

"You will find the money excellently invested," he said, looking on with unruffled composure while the bag, the deed-box, and the cash-box were successively opened. The contents of the last were then turned out upon the table, and Mr. Guthrie, with a view to ascertaining whether the whole sum was actually there represented, proceeded to examine each item separately. But he found, after a few minutes, that the attempt was fruitless. The notes and specie offered no difficulties, but of notes and specie there was, comparatively, but a small proportion, while the bulk of the booty consisted of securities of the value of which he could form no opinion, and precious stones which it would have needed a lapidary's knowledge to appraise.

"I confess," he said, "that I am wholly unequal to the task of verifying this money. It needs a better man of business than myself."

"Then it must go unverified," said Saxon, taking up rouleaux and papers as they came, and thrusting them back again, pell-mell into the box. "I am no man of business myself, and I cannot prolong this painful investigation beyond to-night. We will go on to the declaration."

"If you will tell me what you wish said, I will draw it up for you," said Mr. Guthrie.

Saxon then whispered his instructions, and the clergyman's pen ran swiftly over the paper. When it was all written he read the declaration aloud.

"I, William Trefalden, of Chancery-lane, London, attorney-at-law, do acknowledge and confess to having obtained the sum of two millions sterling from my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, with intent to defraud him of the same, and I confess to having deceived him with the belief that I had invested it for his use and advantage in the shares of a certain suppositious Company, which Company had no actual existence, but was wholly invented and imagined by myself to serve my own fraudulent ends. I also confess to having invested those two millions in such foreign and other securities as I conceived would turn to my own future profit, and to having fled to England with the whole of the property thus abstracted, intending to escape therewith to the United States of America, and appropriate the same to my own purposes.

I likewise confess of having, two years since, received the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds from my client, Gervase Leopold Wynneclyffe, Earl of Castletowers, which sum it was my duty to have straightway paid over into the hands of Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Bread-street, London, for the liquidation of a mortgage debt contracted by Lord Castletowers some four years previously; but which sum I did, nevertheless, appropriate to my own uses, continuing to pay only the interest thereof, as heretofore, in the name of my client.

"And I allege that this confession, both as regards the offence committed by me against my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, and as regards the offence committed by me against my client, the Earl of Castletowers, is in all respects substantially and absolutely true, as witness my signature, given in presence of the under-mentioned witnesses, this twenty-second day of September, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and sixty."

Mr. Guthrie, having read the statement through, passed it across the table. William Trefalden, still leaning back carelessly in his chair, affected to smile at the lawyer-like way in which the clergyman had rounded his sentences, but, as the reading proceeded, frowned, and beat his heel impatiently upon the polished floor.

Saxon pushed the inkstand towards him.

"Your signature," he said.

The lawyer rose—took up a pen—dipped it in the ink—hesitated—and then, with a sudden movement of disdain, flung it back upon the table.

"You have your money," he said impatiently. "What more can you want?"

"I require the evidence of your guilt."

"I cannot—will not sign it. Take your money, in God's name, and let me go!"

Saxon rose, pale and implacable; his hand upon the bell.

"The alternative lies before you," he said. "Sign or I give the signal."

William Trefalden cast a hasty glance about the room, as looking for some weapon wherewith to slake the hatred that glittered in his eye; then muttering a fierce oath between his teeth, snatched up the pen, and, as it were dug his name into the paper.

"There, curse you!" he said, savagely. "Are you satisfied?"

Mr. Guthrie affixed his own signature as witness to the confession, and Saxon did the same.

"Yes," the young man replied. "I am satisfied. It only remains to me to fulfil my share of the compact."

And he selected Bank of England notes to the value of one thousand pounds.

The lawyer deliberately tore them into many fragments.

"I would die a dozen deaths," he said, "sooner than owe a crust to your bounty."

"As you please. At all events, you are now free."

Hereupon Mr. Guthrie rose, took the key from his pocket, and unlocked the door. The lawyer followed him. On the threshold he turned.

"Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a low, deep, concentrated tone, "if ever man hated man, I hate you. I hated you before I ever beheld you, and I have hated you with a tenfold hatred from the hour when we first met face to face. Remember that. Remember that my deadly curse will be upon you and about you all the days of your life—upon your children and upon your children's children—upon your marriage-bed, and your death-bed, and your grave. There is no sorrow, no disease, no shame, that I do not pray may embitter your life, and blast your name in this world—no extremity of despair and anguish which I do not hope may fall to your portion in the next. Take this for my farewell!"

There was something frightful in the absence of all passion and fury, in the cold, calm, deliberate emphasis with which William Trefalden uttered this parting malediction; but Saxon heard it with a face of solemn pity and wonder, and looked at him steadily from the first word to the last.

"May God forgive you as I do," he then said devoutly. "May God in his infinite mercy forgive you and pity you, and soften your heart, and not visit these curses upon your own unhappy head."

But William Trefalden was already gone, and heard no word of his cousin's pardon.

CHAPTER XCVI. GONE!

Steadily sternly, William Trefalden went down the broad stone stairs and into the hall. Here the housekeeper, coming from the empty dining-room and wondering what great trouble was in the house, started at the sight of him, as if he were a ghost. He passed her as he would have passed a tree by the roadside, took his hat mechanically, and went out. At the gates he paused. The key was on the inside; but he fumbled with it confusedly, and could not turn the lock. The housekeeper, looking after him with a sort of vague terror, called to Jacques to open the gates for monsieur; whereupon Jacques, clattering across the yard in his sabots, came running, lantern in hand, and turned the key in an instant.

Monsieur passed out into the lane like a man in a dream, and having gone a few steps, stood still and leaned against the wall. The wind blew fiercely, bringing heavy drops of rain with it every now and again; but of this he seemed unconscious. Then he went slowly down the lane and out upon the high road. To the right lay, Bordeaux, a good ten miles away; to the left, bordering the road for some little distance on either side, but lying for the most part somewhat back among the vineyards, came the village. He stopped, walked a few yards in this direction, a few yards in that, and then stopped again, feeling faint and stunned, and all unlike himself.

It was a case of reaction, mental and physical.

He had gone through a terrific ordeal, and it had now begun to tell upon him, body and brain. Dimly conscious of this, he tried to collect his thoughts—tried to consider what it was that he wanted to do, and which way he should go next. Then he suddenly remembered that he had been travelling since noon, and had not dined that day. He would go to the auberge in the village, and there get some food and some brandy—above all, some brandy. It would put life into him; steady him; lift this weight from his brain, and restore him to himself.

Acting upon this instinct, he made his way to the Lion d'Or. Two old peasants, chatting over their half bottle of thin red wine in a corner of the public room, looked up as he came in; and the master of the house, recognizing the English monsieur, who was to occupy his best bedchamber that night, left his game of dominoes and rose respectfully. Did monsieur desire to see his room? The room was quite ready, and he thought monsieur would be content with it. Could monsieur have refreshment? Without doubt. Monsieur could have whatever refreshment he pleased—a cutlet, an omelette, a dish of ham, a fowl even, if monsieur did not object to wait while it was cooked. Good; a cutlet—a cutlet and some cognac. He had excellent cognac; vieux cognac, if Monsieur indeed preferred it to wine. Monsieur should be served immediately. The cutlet would not take five minutes to prepare. In the mean while, would monsieur be pleased to occupy this small table by the window?

William Trefalden dropped into the chair placed for him by the landlord, and there sat in a kind of stupor—his hat on, his elbows resting on the table, his chin supported on his hands.

His hair and clothes were damp; his feet were deadly cold; his teeth chattered: but of all this he was wholly unconscious. He only knew that he felt crushed and paralysed, that he wanted to think of something and had no power to do so, that the brandy would put him straight—the brandy! the brandy!

He called for it impatiently, and while the landlord went to fetch it, fell to wondering again what the thing was that he failed so strangely to remember. It tormented him. It haunted him. He seemed ever on the point of seizing it, and, failing to seize it, groped about in a kind of mental darkness that was inexpressibly painful.

Then the brandy came—about a quarter of a pint in a tiny decanter, accompanied by a liqueur glass equally diminutive. He pushed the glass angrily aside, poured the whole of the spirit into a tumbler, and drank it at a draught. It went down his throat like fire; but he had no sooner swallowed it than the pressure on his brain was relieved. After a few moments he felt warmer, steadier. Then his thoughts cleared suddenly. He remembered all that had happened; and with memory came back the whole flood of rage, grief, hatred, love, despair.

He knew now what the thought was—that vague thought which had so oppressed and eluded him a few moments since. It was vengeance.

Ay, vengeance. Bitter, deadly, terrible vengeance—vengeance swift and bloody! He told himself that he would have it, be the cost what it might. He would give his own life for it willingly, and count it cheaply purchased. The word mounted to his brain, throbbed in his pulse, tingled in his ears, mastered and took possession of him, like a fiend.

He knew that he must plan his vengeance quickly. It must be planned, prepared, executed at once. The blow must fall as suddenly and fatally as the shaft of the lightning. How was this to be done? With what weapon?

The landlord came bustling in with a pile of covered plates in his hands and a napkin under his arm. Monsieur's dinner. Monsieur would find that the cook had done her best at so short a notice. Here was a little soup; here also were cutlets, fried potatoes, and a dish of beans. The omelette would be ready for monsieur as soon as monsieur was ready for the omelette.

But William Trefalden was in no state to do justice to the fare before him. He tasted the soup, and pushed it aside. He tried to taste the meat, but set the morsel down without putting it to his lips. The brandy had supplied him with a factitious strength, and he now loathed the sight and smell of solid food. One thing he took, however, from the dinner-table—a knife.

He watched his moment, and slipped it up his sleeve when no one was observing him. It was a short black-handled knife, worn to an edge on both sides—a knife that was to all intents and purposes a dagger.

This done, he rapped impatiently for the landlord, bade him remove the dishes, and called for more brandy.

The landlord was distressed beyond measure. Was not the soup to monsieur's taste? Were not the cutlets tender? Would not monsieur permit him to bring the omelette? Hélas! was monsieur finding himself ill? Would monsieur choose a cup of tea? More cognac? Good. *Monsieur should have it immediately.*

The cognac was brought, and he drank again eagerly; this time from a wine-glass. The craving for it was irresistible. It was a second-rate spirit, more fiery than strong; but it stimulated him; spurred him to his purpose; nerved his arm and quickened his brain. For all this, he was not intoxicated. He felt that he could drink a bottle of it without producing that result. So he drank, and drank again; and as he drank, the fire coursed through his veins till at last he felt that he could sit there, brooding and silent, no longer.

He rose and went out hurriedly. The two old peasants shook their heads over their wine and looked after him. Diable! There was surely something strange about the man. Was he ill? Or mad? Or had he drunk too much cognac? Bah! was he not an Englishman, and used to it? Englishmen, look you, mon voisin, drink cognac like water!

The rain was now driving furiously before the wind, and sweeping down the road in great gusts, before which the poplars moaned and shivered like living things. What with the sudden shock of cooler air, and what with the fever in his blood, the lawyer reeled at first meeting the wind and rain, and could scarcely keep his feet. But this was only for a moment. He recovered himself instantly, and fighting his way in the teeth of the storm, crept under the lee of the houses till he came to the side road leading to the Chateau de Peyrolles. He found it with difficulty, for the night was pitch-dark and the rain blinding. On the high road where all was open, it was yet possible to see a few feet in advance; but here in the lane, shut in by trees and high walls on both sides, he could only feel his way along like a blind man.

At length he came upon the gates. They were again locked upon the inside. He tried them—tried to slip his hand between the bars and turn the key in the lock; but the bars were too close, and he could not get his fingers far enough. Then he stopped, clinging to the gate with both hands, and staring in. The darkness was so intense that he could not distinguish the outline of the house; but he saw lights still burning in some of the rooms. One in an upper chamber especially fixed his attention. Was that window hers?

Oh! the passion, the despair, the desperate longing that seized upon him at this thought! If he could but see her once again!—see her; speak to her; touch her hand: tell her how, though false to all the world beside, he had been true at least to her from first to last! He felt that he had never half told her how he loved her. He had never even kissed her—never once; for his respect had been as profound as his love, and from one so young, so helpless, so bereaved, he had not dared to claim the smallest privilege of a lover. He felt now that he would give his soul to clasp her in his arms and press his lips to hers. Good God! how he loved her! How his heart hungered for her!

He shook the gates with all his might—strove to clamber over them—flung himself against them; but in vain. Then he pressed his face against the bars, like a prisoner at the prison gate, and, sobbing, called upon her name. But his voice was borne away by the wind, and the pitiless rain drove in his face and mingled with his tears.

While he was yet clinging there in the darkness with his eyes fixed upon the upper window, the light suddenly vanished. He had made so certain that it was her light and her window, that the disappearance of that little spark fell upon him like a blow. He felt as if the last link were now broken between them—the last hope gone.

Almost at the same moment, he saw a lantern (carried apparently by an invisible hand) moving across the upper end of the court-yard. Again he shook the gates, and shouted furiously. The lantern paused—moved on—paused again; and at last came quickly towards him. Then the bearer held it high above his head with one hand, shaded his eyes with the other, and asked roughly—"Qui est là?"

It was Jacques—the same Jacques who had *let him out an hour or two before, and who,* recognizing his voice, again unlocked the gates and admitted him.

"Tiens!" said he. "They are all in bed là bas."

William Trefalden's heart leaped with fierce exultation.

"No matter," he replied. My visit is to the gentleman. Tell me where he sleeps. That is enough."

What gentleman, m'sieur?"

"He who came to day with the English curé. Quick! Time presses, and my business is urgent."

"But the strange gentleman is no longer here. He went away about half an hour after monsieur."

"Went away!"

"Yes, m'sieur—in a cabriolet with four horses, taking Monsieur le Curé and the young lady with him."

"Dog, it is a lie!—a lie, and you are paid to tell it! Give me the truth—the truth this instant, or I strangle you!"

And, half beside himself, the lawyer twisted his hands in the lad's collar as if he meant what he said.

"Ah, monsieur!—for the love of God, monsieur!—it is indeed the truth—if you kill me for it, it is the truth!"

"Where is Madame Bouïsse?"

"Gone to bed, m'sieur!"

"Then wake her—tell her I must see her. If she were dying, I must see her. Do you hear?"

"Yes, m'sieur."

Trembling from head to foot, Jacques picked up the lantern which he had dropped in his extremity of terror, and led the way into the house. They went straight to the housekeeper's chamber, where William Trefalden thundered at the door as if he would bring it down. Madame Bouïsse made her appearance, well nigh startled out of her wits, and wrapped in the counterpane of her bed.

It was quite true—undeniably true. The young Englishman was gone, and had taken mam'selle with him. They left about twenty minutes or half an hour after monsieur took his departure. Madame Bouïsse believed they were gone to Bordeaux. Monsieur was free to search the house if he chose; but he would assuredly find that she, Madame Bouisse, was not deceiving him. They were gon

Gone!

Without waiting to hear or utter another word, he snatched the lantern from the boy's hand and rushed up-stairs. From suite to suite, from floor to floor, through rooms yet full of the evidences of recent occupation, down again, out of the house, and across the court-yard he went, shivering the lantern to fragments on the wet stones as he reached the gates! Then he paused, turned, lifted up his hands in the darkness, heaped curses on the place, and raged against it impotently, like a madman.

Till now he had been comparatively calm. Busy with his scheme of vengeance, he had put restraint upon his words, and even to a certain degree upon his looks. But now—now he no longer attempted to curb the fire within—now the lava-tide of rage and hate welled-up and overflowed, and bore him along, unresisting.

Gone!

Impelled by an instinct that seemed to take the place of sight, he ran down the lane and out upon the high road. The Lion d'Or was now closed for the night; but he battered fiercely at the door till it was opened. The landlord, sleepily obsequious, ventured to remark that monsieur was late; but William Trefalden interrupted him at the first word.

"I must have a cabriolet and post-horses," he said. "At once—do you hear?"

The landlord shook his head,

"Mon Dieu, monsieur!" he said, "the Lion d'Or is not a posting-house."

"But you have horses."

"None, monsieur."

"Then where can I get them? Quick—quick, for your life!"

"Nowhere in Drouay, monsieur."

"*But is there no farmer, no shopkeeper, no* creature in the place who can be found to drive me to Bordeaux? I will pay anything. Fool! do you understand?—*Anything!*"

But the landlord only shrugged his shoulders and protested that not a soul in Drouay would be induced to undertake the job at such an hour, and in such weather.

The lawyer clenched his teeth, and stamped with rage.

"Then I must walk," he said. "Give me some more brandy before I go."

The landlord held up his hands in feeble expostulation. Walk! Great Heaven! Walk three leagues and a half in this terrible storm! Let monsieur only listen to the rain—listen to the wind—think how dark it was; and how lonely! Besides, monsieur was wet through already.

But Mr. Trefalden broke in with a fierce oath, and bade the man hold his peace and bring the brandy instantly.

Then he poured out a half a tumblerful, drank it recklessly, flung a napoleon on the table, and rushed out again into the storm.

He was now utterly beside himself—his brain reeling, his blood on fire, his whole frame throbbing with fever and fury The landlord of the Lion d'Or, thankful to be rid of him, shut and barred the door and went straightway up to bed, resolved not to admit him again under any circumstances. In the mean while he seemed to have lost sight of his determination to walk to Bordeaux, and went raving and gesticulating up and down the village, where all, except himself, were sleeping quietly.

Thus pacing to and fro like a caged beast, he suddenly became aware of the approach of a travelling-carriage. On it came, thundering through the one straggling street of Drouay, with flaring lamps, steaming horses, splash and clatter of wheels, and the loud cracking of the postilion's whip. He ran to meet it—he shouted—he implored to be taken up—he would pay any price only to stand upon the step, if they would let him! But the postilion took him for a beggar, and shook his whip at him; and the travellers inside, cut off from him by windows opaque with damp, and deafened by the rattle of their own wheels and the pelting of the rain upon the carriage roof, neither saw nor heard him. Still he ran beside it, panting and shouting—tried to clutch at the traces, but, receiving a savage lash across the hands, fell back and made a desperate effort to spring up behind. But all in vain. He missed his hold; and the carriage swept on, and left him there despairing.

Still, still he ran, fated, irresponsible, headlong—now stumbling among the sharp flints in the road—now getting up with hands all cut and bleeding—now pausing to take breath—now fancying he could still hear the retreating wheels; and so, drenched, giddy, breathless, his hat gone, his face and clothes disfigured with mud and rain, rushing blindly on again!

Each moment the storm increased and the wind rose higher, till at last it culminated in a terrific hurricane. Then the thunder came up in heavy peals, the lightning burst over the plain in rapid flashes, and the wind tore up the vines by the roots and whirled them wildly away, with all their vintage promise, towards the sea. Yet still, urged forward by that fierce thirst which blood alone could slake, with murder in his heart and madness in his brain, William Trefalden ran—fell—struggled to his feet—staggered on again—fell again—and so for miles and miles!

Next morning early, when the storm-clouds were drifting off raggedly towards the west with now and then a gleam of uncertain sunshine between, a party of peasant folk coming up from the way of Medoc found the body of a man lying face downwards in a pool by the roadside. His clothes, face, and hands were torn and blood-stained. He had a watch upon his person, and in his waistcoat-pocket a porte-monnaie full of bank-notes and napoleons. No letter, no card, no token by which it might be possible to identify him, could be discovered upon the body. His very linen was unmarked.

The honest country-folk laid this nameless corpse across one of their mules, and brought it charitably into the dead-house at Bordeaux. Having lain there unclaimed for forty-eight hours, it was buried in the new cemetery beyond the walls, with a small black cross at the head of the grave, on which the only inscription was a row of numerals. His watch, his money, and his clothes were awarded by the préfet to the poor of the parish in which the body was found.

EPILOGUE.

The world knows the Italian story by heart. How Garibaldi entered Naples; how, at Della Catena, he saluted Victor-Emmanuel as King of Italy; how he sheathed his sword when the great work was so far done, and went back to his solitude at Caprera, are facts which need no recapitulation. Had one man lived but a few months—nay, a few weeks—longer, the tale might perchance have ended differently. Where we now read Florence we might have read Rome; for "Regno d'Italia" on printed stamp and minted coin, a word of broader significance and more antique glory. But the ideal Republic died with Giulio Colonna, and was buried in his grave.

In the mean while, Olimpia's life became a blank. Her father had been the very light of her inner world. Bred in his political faith, trained in his employ, accustomed to look up to him, to work with him, to share his most secret councils, his wildest hopes, his fears, his errors, and even his personal dangers, she seemed to lose the half of her own soul when he was snatched from her. Then came the sudden change of programme—a change to her so bewildering, so unworthy, so fatal! Mistrusting Sardinia, and scorning the very name of a monarchical Italy, Olimpia conceived that her father's memory was insulted in this compromise, and so, in the bitterness of her resentment and grief, withdrew herself altogether from the work in which her life had been spent. Avoiding all with whom she had laboured and acted in time past, and keeping up no more than the merest thread of intercourse with even those whom she used to call her friends, she then made her home at Chiswick, in the quiet house to which Saxon had conducted her on the evening of their arrival in London. Here she lived solitary and apart, cherishing her sorrow, mourning the great scheme unachieved, and learning that hard lesson of patience which all enthusiasts have to learn in this world sooner or later.

Not thus Lord Castletowers. Too English, too unprejudiced, and it may be added too sensible, to attach paramount importance to the mere shibboleth of a party, he welcomed the settlement of Italian affairs with a heartiness that he would perhaps scarcely have ventured to express very loudly in the presence of Colonna's daughter. Where she refused to recognise any vital difference between a monarchical government and a pure despotism, he was far-sighted enough to look forward to that free and prosperous future which most thinking men now prophesy for the kingdom of Italy, nor was he slow to perceive that there might be hope for himself in the turn that matters had taken. The Italian question thus far solved, Italy would no longer need so much support from her well-wishers. With a liberal monarch at the head of the nation, a parliament to vote supplies, and an army to defend the national territory, the whole system of patriotic black-mail levying must necessarily collapse. Olimpia would therefore no longer feel herself bound to sacrifice her hand to "one who could do more for Italy" than himself. So the Earl loved and hoped on, and wisely bided his time.

Wisely, too, he applied himself in the mean while to the improvement of his own worldly position. Occupying his friend Saxon's vacant chambers in St. James's-street, he devoted himself to his parliamentary duties with a zeal that drew upon him the attention of one or two very noble and influential personages. Having made a couple of really brilliant speeches during the spring session of 1861, and happened to be upon the spot when a man of ability and tact was needed at a moment's notice, he had the good fortune to be entrusted with a somewhat delicate and difficult mission to one of those petty German potentates who make up for very small territories by gigantic pretensions, and balance a vast amount of pride against a scanty revenue.

The Earl, as a matter of course, acquitted himself perfectly, and began thenceforth to be talked of among his elders as "a rising man." Then the Duke of Doncaster smiled graciously upon him, and several of the cabinet ministers fell into the way of asking him to their political dinners; and the end of it all was, that just before the setting in of the long vacation, Gervase Leopold Wynneclyffe, Earl of Castletowers, found himself inducted one morning into a very neat little vacancy in the Perquisite Office, where the work was light and the salary heavy, and the chance of promotion considerable. Then, and not till then, he ventured to renew his suit to Olimpia Colonna.

The moment was favourable. A year of mourning had passed over her head, and the intense solitude of heart which had been at first her only solace now began to weigh painfully upon her. She had had time to think of many things—time to live down some errors and outlive some hopes—time also to remember how long and well the Earl had loved her; how worthy he was of all the love that she could give him in return; how he had shed his blood for her Italy; and with what devotion he had performed the last sad duties of a son towards her father's wishes. Besides all this, her occupation was gone. She could no longer immolate herself for Italy, for the simple reason that Italy was satisfied to rest awhile upon her present gains, and preferred being left to settle her own affairs in a quiet constitutional way. The disaster at Aspromonte convinced Miss Colonna of this truth, and of the stability of the new régime. And over and above all these considerations, Olimpia loved the Earl. She had loved him all along—even when she refused him; and now, after a whole year of sorrow, she loved him better than before. So she accepted him—accepted him very frankly and simply, as a true woman should, and promised to be his wife before the ending of the year.

Secure in the consciousness of her splendid birth, Olimpia never dreamed for one moment that Lady Castletowers could be other than content and happy in this new alliance of their houses. That the proud Alethea Holme-Pierrepoint would in this solitary instance have been prepared to sacrifice blood for gold—nay, would have actually welcomed a Miss Hatherton with her two hundred and fifty thousand pounds more gladly than a portionless Colonna, was a possibility that could by no chance enter within the sphere of her calculations. So when Lady Castletowers came over to see her the next day in her humble suburban home, and kissed her on both cheeks, and said all the pretty and gracious things that the mother of her betrothed husband was bound, under the circumstances, to say, Olimpia accepted it all in perfect faith, nor guessed what a bitter disappointment lay hidden beneath that varnish of smiles and embraces. The Earl, having himself borne the brunt of her ladyship's displeasure, was, it need scarcely be said, careful to keep the secret very close indeed.

In the mean while, Saxon Trefalden had gone back to Switzerland; and there, despite the urgent remonstrances of those dear friends who missed his little dinners and his inexhaustible cheque-books, persistently remained. In vain did the Erectheum lift up its voice in despair; in vain did Blackwall lament and Richmond refuse to be comforted, and Italian prima donnas sigh for banquets and bracelets gone by. The boyish, laughing, lavish millionnaire was fairly gone, and declined to come back again. The Syrens might sing; but Odysseus only stopped his ears, and sailed by unheeding.

The Earl alone knew that he was married; but even the Earl knew no more. He felt it to be somewhat hard that his friend should neither have invited him to his wedding, nor have taken him in any way into his confidence upon so important a matter. He could not but be conscious, too, that there was something strange and secret about the whole proceeding. Who had he married? Was the bride pretty or plain? Rich or poor? Dark or fair? Gentle or simple? What was her age? Her name? her rank? her nation?

In reply to the first announcement of his friend's marriage, the Earl had ventured delicately to hint at two or three of these inquiries; but as Saxon limited his rejoinder to the fact that his wife was "an angel," Lord Castletowers naturally felt that the statement was hardly so explicit as it might have been.

On all other points Saxon was frank and communicative as ever. He laid his every project before his friend as unreservedly in his letters as if they two had been sitting face to face over the fire in the smoking-room at Castletowers, or leaning side by side in the moonlight over the taffrail of the Albula. They were delightful letters, filled to overflowing with all kinds of general detail: now telling of the new château which was already in progress; now of the bridge just built at Ortenstein, or the road to be

made between Tamins and Flims, now describing a national fête at Chur, or an entertainment at the Château Planta, now relating all about the cotton-mills which Saxon was erecting in the valley, or the enormous pasture tracts lately purchased, and the herds of Scotch cattle imported to stock them; now giving a sketch of the design just received from the architect at Geneva for that church at Altfelden on which Pastor Martin's heart had been set for the last thirty years—keeping the Earl constantly au courant, in fact, of every particular of his friend's busy and benevolent life among the simple people of his native canton.

At length it was the Earl's turn to announce the happiness so shortly to be his; and then Saxon wrote to entreat that the newly-married pair would extend their wedding-journey as far as the valley of Domleschg, and be his guests awhile. "My wife," he said, "desires to know you, and my uncle loves you already for my sake. On your wedding-day you will receive a parcel of papers, which you must accept as a souvenir of your friend."

The "parcel of papers" proved to be the title-deeds of the two farms sold to Mr. Sloper, and the title-deeds of Mr. Behrens' "box" and grounds at Castletowers. The farms were worth from ten to twelve thousand pounds apiece, to say nothing of the "fancy price" which Saxon had paid for the woolstapler's property. It was not a bad present, as presents go, and it made a rich man of the Earl of Castletowers, but he little thought, as he wrung Saxon's hand when they next met at Reichenau, that to the man who had presented him with that princely wedding gift he owed not those farms alone, but Castletowers itself—Castletowers itself, with the ancestral oaks of which he was so proud, and the rare old house in which his forefathers had lived and died for centuries before him. That was the one secret that Saxon never confided to him—not even when, walking together under the apple-trees at the foot of the church-hill, he related the story of his own marriage, of his cousin's perfidy, and of the fate from which he had interposed to save Helen Rivière.

"And that," he said, "was how I came first to know her—how I came to love her—how I won her. I brought her home at once to the little château yonder. My uncle adored her from the first moment, and she adored him. I was almost jealous—that is, I should have been jealous, if it hadn't made me so happy. When she had been living here for about a month or five weeks, we came up one morning, all three together, to this little chapel upon the hill, and my uncle married us. There was no one present but Kettli and the organ-blower. After my uncle had blessed us and the ceremony was all over, we embraced and bade him adieu, and walked along the Thusis road till the cabriolet overtook us; and so we were married and went away, and no soul in Reichenau knew it till we were gone. We were so happy!"

"It is a strange story," said the Earl, "and a pretty story; and the best part of it is that you and I are cousins, Saxon, after all."

"Nay," replied Saxon, grasping his friend's hand in both his own, "it is not much to be only cousins when we have been brothers so long!"

A word remains to be added respecting the other moiety of the great Trefalden Legacy; that moiety which, according to the will of the testator, was to be bestowed in the edowment of a great charity, chiefly for the benefit of "Decayed Tradesmen, Mercantile Men, Ship-Brokers, Stock-Brokers, poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical Professions, and the Widows and Orphans of each of those classes respectively." For the accommodation of these widows and orphans, the will went on to direct that a plot of freehold ground should be purchased, and that "a Suitable and Substantial Building" should be erected thereon under the superintendence of "some Eminent Architect;" and this building was to be called "THE LONDON BENEVOLENT TREFALDEN INSTITUTION."

It is delightful to know that all this will certainly be done—some day. The money fell due on the third of April, 1860, and the sum then transferred to the credit of the trustees amounted to just four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and odd pounds. Since that time the exertions of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and Corporation have been beyond all praise. To say that they have either thought much, or done much, up to the present date, would perhaps be premature; but they have eaten an incalculable number of dinners on the subject, which, to the civic mind, means precisely the same thing. At these dinners they generally entertain a certain "Eminent Architect," which "Eminent Architect," being retained at a splendid salary for just so long as the works shall remain in progress, is naturally and laudably anxious to devote his life to the task. He therefore submits a plan now and then, or the modification of a plan to the intelligent after-dinner criticisms of his honourable employers; and in that position the building-question now stands.

What site that "Suitable and Substantial Building" is destined to occupy, how much it will cost, what it will be like, and at what remote period in the future history of the world it may probably be completed, are questions which the present generation is advised not to consider too curiously. No intelligent and unprejudiced person can doubt, of course, that when the ground is bought, and the building is built, and the bills are all paid, and the dinners are all eaten, and the resident manager, clergyman, physician, secretary, housekeeper, and servants of the establishment are salaried on a scale befitting the splendour of the foundation, there will yet remain something for the "DECAYED TRADESMEN, Mercantile Men, Ship-Brokers, Stock-Brokers, poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical professions, as well as for the Widows and Orphans of each of those classes respectively." In any case, however, the claims of these insignificant persons will not have to be considered in our time; how, then, can we do better than eat, drink, and be merry, after the enlightened fashion of our honourable friends, the Trefalden Trustees, and so leave the future to take care of itself?

THE END OF "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY."

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

1. I am making	aaaaaaaaa a *quarrels* a aaaaaaaaa	husband family wife.

3. Place the first 25 numbers (1 to 25) in five rows, of five each, in such a manner that the sum of any five, taken horizontally or perpendicularly, shall be 65.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. I am a word of five letters; behead me, and I become a celebrated English singer; again behead me, and I name an ancient vessel.

2. I am a word of five letters frequently used durig the late war; behead me, and I am what is often seen on the St. Lawrence; again behead me, and I am a nautical term.

TRANSPOSITION.

1. LAREY josy, who selfa nad flingteo!
Hangvisin tinwhi het orhu;
Nirouse, kurmy stow dinsw, gatnibo
Moco dna herwit yorve wrolef.
Nac I ni het deovrur dandglo,
Singtac won sti rauldag darbe,
Chiwh eth taumun sortsm stum dandes,
Nad eswbo stairfo morsf sumt deaf.

2. WOOORMTR. What many look for, but few find.

ACROSTIC.

1. A river in Asia.
2. A manufacturing tower in France.
3. A Lake nearer home.
4. A City in Scotland.
5. One of the United States.
6. A Volcano.

The initials of the above will give you the name of a European kingdom, and the finals its capital.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. Divide the number 50 into two such parts that if the greater be divided by 7 and the lesser multiplied by 3, the sum of the quotient and the product will make 50.

2. A farmer goes to a cattle fair intending to invest $800 in cattle; he does so, and buys 100 head. He pays for sheep $1.50 per head, cows $52 per head, and oxen $65.50 per head, to the extent of the $800. How many of each does he buy? The next day the farmer resells his purchase at a profit of $100. The sheep at an advance of about 20 p. c., the cows at an advance of about 15 p. c., and the oxen at an advance of about 10 per cent. What prices does he get for each?

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS, &c., No. 19.

Conundrums—1. Because it contains fowl in pieces. 2. When it is a little bare (bear). 3. Because it is an internal transport. 4. Because it holds a gall-on.

Riddles—1. Parents. 2. Several words will answer-such as st-one, dr-one, cr-one.

Decapitations—1. This-his-is. 2. Boat-oat-at. 3. Stone-tone-one-ne.

Acrostic—1. Fenelon. 2. Ishmael. 3. Vidocq. 4. Evangelist. 5. Felix. 6. Ontario. 7. Raphael. 8. Knight. 9. Samuel.

The Initials form Five Forks.

Charades—1. The only suggested answer we have received to this Charade is "Wo-man," but this does not appear to us to answer the requirements of the verse. 2. Macaulay.

Transpositions—1. The Song of the Shirt. 2. The Grand Trunk Railway. 3. Patience.

The following answers have been received:

We have given up so much of our space to the conclusion of "Half a Million of Money" that we can, this week, only give the names, or initials, of those who have forwarded answers without indicating the questions which they have respectively solved.

Non Muto, Peregrine P., T. McC., H. H. V., F. B., Cloud, Angus, William P., John H., Silvia, Ambrose, N. M., Augusta H., McD., Violet, Chas. S.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ST. URBAIN ST."—We have again to thank you for your kindness. The Games and Problem will, no doubt, be very acceptable to our readers.

W. A.—Your Problem will appear shortly. A more thorough examination now satisfies us of its soundness. Shall be pleased to receive further favours.

PHILIP.—It is difficult to decide; in our opinion, however, you are entitled to claim the match.

PROBLEM No. 7.—Solutions received from "St. Urbain St.;" J. McL.; W. P.; Theo., Quebec; and R. B., Toronto.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 7.

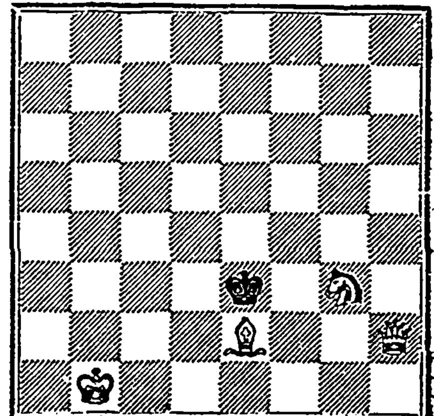
WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd.	K. moves.
2 Kt. to K. B. sq.	Anything.
3 Kt. or B. Mates.	

PROBLEM No. 9.

BY A. ROTHMALER, OF PRUSSIA.

(*From the Era Tournament, by Löwenthal.*)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. K. C., Quebec.—One objection was that in almost every case where the additional syllable was used, the rhythm of the line was marred. We like the second copy better, and will publish it in an early issue. Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

Kate Seymour, McL.—Received—will appear shortly.

F. B.—We should be glad to meet your views, and those of your friends, but cannot possibly do so in the matter referred to—at least not for several months to come. The information is valuable to many of our readers, and we simply follow in the lead of many English Literary Journals.

Wymbledon.—Many thanks.

Artist.—Glad to see that you have acted upon our suggestion. The article will appear in the course of a week or two.

K. L. J.—We have not found time to read the M.S.; will return it, if not required.

Hattie.—Contributions to our Pastime Column are very welcome, and we are much obliged to you for the assistance you render us; but don't you think, it would be impossible to make out "the toast" from the slight clue given?

Dellna.—It was impossible to insert the article in our present issue. If accepted, it will appear next week.

Peregrine P.—We do not feel alarmed. Perhaps you think we have forgotten our promise; but if so, you are mistaken, and we intend to convince you that we don't deserve the threatened "scolding." Our opinion is that it would render the solution more easy. Much obliged.

S. S.—We hope to hear from you frequently. A little pleasant gossip is refreshing, and we are sure that you can gossip pleasantly.

Georgie.—Your note and the MS. are to hand. We will reply, by mail, in the course of a few days.

Phillip R.—We believe Mr. McLaughlin received some appointment from Government, in connection with the Emigration Office, and left Canada, for Scotland. He published several small volumes of poems a few years since.

Ellen W.—It is the intention of the Publisher to prepare cases for binding the Reader. Number 26 will complete the first volume which will contain 416 pages.

F. R. S.—Respectfully declined.

George S.—The questions appear to us too easy of solution.

Josse.—The "Peep O'Day Boys" were a band of Irish Insurgents, who first appeared in 1784, and were for a long time the terror of the country. They visited the houses of their antagonists at break of day.

J. T.—We are unable to give you the information you require.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS

Maccaroni or Vermicelli Pudding.—Take two ounces of maccaroni; simmer it in a pint of milk until it is quite tender. Add a pint of cold milk, beat up five eggs, and a teacupful of white sugar, and flavour it with lemon or peach-water, butter a pudding dish, and stir the pudding all together, and bake it one hour.

Arrowroot Pudding.—Mix a tablespoonful of arrowroot in two of cold milk; pour it into a pint of boiling milk, in which dissolve a teacupful of white sugar; stir it constantly, and add a little mace, or any other kind of spice, and four eggs. Bake it half an hour in a dish lined with paste. If it is preferred to look clear, substitute water instead of milk, and add one more egg.

Boiled Custard Pudding.—Beat five eggs, whites, and yolks separately; add a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and one pint of milk or cream. Butter a tin mould that will hold the mixture; set it into a saucepan of boiling water; cover the mould with a piece of muslin, and be careful that the water does not boil into the mould. Boil the pudding twenty minutes; take it from the water about ten minutes before serving; then take it out carefully. Serve with wine sauce.

Veal Pot-pie.—Take a scrag or breast-neck of veal; cut it into slices about an inch thick; fry some slices of salt pork in an iron pot; flour the veal; lay them into the hot fat, and let it brown a little; add water enough to just cover the meat; let it simmer about half an hour; season it with pepper and salt; dredge in a little flour. Have ready a common paste; roll it about half an inch thick, just large enough to cover the meat; cover the pot with a hot iron cover. Let it cook gently about three-quarters of an hour.

A Nice White Soup.—Break up a shin of veal; let it soak in cold water about two hours; then put it to boil in four quarts of water, with an onion, a little mace, pepper, and salt; let it boil about five hours. Strain it through a sieve, and set it away to cool until the next day. Then take off all the fat, wiping it with a cloth, to be sure; put it to boil. When quite hot, if not well seasoned, add whatever may be required; mix two spoonfuls of ground rice with water; stir it in till it boils, then add a pint of good sweet cream, and give it one boil.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Vessels made of zinc should never be used for holding milk, as when milk is allowed to repose in contact with this metal a lactate of zinc is formed, as well as a compound of casein and oxide of zinc both of which are extremely injurious if taken into the system. A solution of sugar, which stood a few hours in a zinc vessel, was found to contain a considerable quantity of salts of that metal.

Artificial Ivory.—The process by which the most successful imitation of natural ivory is obtained appears to consist in dissolving either india-rubber or gutta-percha in chloroform, passing chlorine through the solution until it has acquired a light yellow tint, next washing well with alcohol, then adding, in fine powder, either sulphate of baryta, sulphate of lime, sulphate of lead, alumina, or chalk, in quantity proportioned to the desired density and tint, kneading well, and finally subjecting to heavy pressure. A very tough product, capable of taking a very high polish, is obtainable in this way.

The Colouring of Gold.—Different shades of colour are given to ornaments of gold, by exposing them to chemical agents, which dissolve out a portion of the copper and silver alloy, while they have scarcely any action on the gold. The French jewellers possess a number of recipes for giving colour to gold, the most common of which is a mixture of two parts nitre, one part sea salt, and one of Roman alum. The jewels are kept in a solution of these chemicals, at a boiling point, from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, when they are then taken out, and washed in water, and the operation is finished. The surface of the gold is dull, but perfectly uniform, but can be made lustrous by burnishing. They lose about one sixteenth of their weight by this operation.

Ventilation.—Some interesting experiments have been made at Cherbourg, in the presence of a government commission, on a new system of faciliating respiration in the noxious atmosphere of wells and mines. The inventor's name is Galibert. One form of this apparatus is a reservoir containing 110 litres of atmospheric air, to which two tubes are adapted. These tubes are fixed in a piece of horn, which is placed between the teeth. The operator straps the reservoir on his back, stops his nostrils with an instrument provided for the purpose, protects his eyes with closely-fitting spectacles, and breathes as slowly and quietly as possible through two tubes. There is another variety of the apparatus, in which the reservoir is dispensed with, and the ends of the tubes are left in the open air, but with this no exploration deeper than 15 or 20 metres can be made. With the other, the operator may remain with impunity, even in the most deadly vapours, for twenty or twenty-five minutes. The experiments were pronounced entirely successful.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A husband can readily foot the bills of a wife who is not ashamed to be seen footing her stockings.

A dentist advertises that he will "spare no pains" to render his operations complete and satisfactory.

Why is a stock gambler like a railroad train? —Because he may be expected to smash up at any moment.

A New Name for the Tooth-ache.—Grinder-pest.

An Address on the Departing Year. By a Policeman.—Now then, now then! what's all this year about?"

The earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman; and yet, at one season, he always harrows her bosom, and at another plucks her ears.

A celebrated Oxford scholar, who professed indifference to music, was once asked what he had thought of an orchestra which had been performing a grand overture, he replied that he only was impressed "by the wonderful coincidences of the fiddlers' elbows."

Our fair Cousin Fanny says she is really surprised at the ridiculous complaints which men keep making about crinoline; for, of course, they must admit that the widest of petticoats cover but two feet!

A tall fellow persisted in standing during a performance, much to the annoyance of an audience, and was repeatedly requested to sit down, but would not, when a voice from the upper gallery called out, "Let him alone, honey; he's a tailor, and he's *resting himself.*" He immediately squatted.

Solomon's Riches.—"Ma," said an intelligent, thoughtful boy of nine, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was."—"Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother.—"Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

Charles Fox used to brag that he could go lightly shod in wet weather without getting cold, and with much good humour told the following incident. Walking in Oxford Street he found a tug at his pocket-handkerchief, and seized the culprit in the very act of abstraction. On getting to the police station he asked the fellow whether anything in his face had procured him the honour of being selected for the attempt. "Why, sir," was the reply, "your face is well enough; but, noticing you wear thin shoes on the slushy pavement, I at once set you down for a Tom Noddy."

After quoting from John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, a witty fellow says that a hoopskirt hanging out of a shop door reminds him of a peel of a belle.

The household furniture of a deceased barrister was being sold in a country town, when one neighbour remarked to another, that the stock of goods and chattels appeared to be extremely scanty, considering the rank of the late owner. "It is so," was the reply; "but the fact is, he had very few causes, and therefore could not have many effects."

During dessert, a bottle of Constantia was produced, which for age and flavour was supposed to be matchless. It was liquid gold in a crystal flagon, a ray of the sun descending into a goblet, it was nectar which was worthy of Jove, and in which Bacchus would have revelled. The noble head of the House of Russell himself helped his guest to a glass of this choice wine, and De Grammont on tasting it declared it to be excellent. The Duke of Bedford, anxious to judge of its quality, poured out a glass, which no sooner approached his lips than, with a horrible contortion he exclaimed, "Why, what on earth is this?" The butler approached, took the bottle, applied it to his nostrils, and to the dismay of his master pronounced it to be castor-oil!—*Drafts on my Memory, by Lord W. P. Lennox.*