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THE SATURDAY READER.

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

A SHORT RAMBLE IN JUNE.

AT this pleasant, sunny season of the year, when nature looks her loveliest—when the grass looks the greenest and the trees the gayest, clad in their new leaves and bright flowers, and the happy songsters of our woods are hymning forth their sweetest tunes—who can content himself with remaining in town, all hot and dusty as it is. Who does not feel impelled to wander forth into the green fields and shady groves of our glorious land; and there, far from the busy haunts of men, admire the wonderful works of creation, and adore their great Creator's name? This year, especially, when from one end of Canada to the other, all is excitement, and in every street of every city, town and village, armed men are hurrying to and fro; brave men, eager to hurl back the threatening foe, and ready and willing to sacrifice their lives for their country and their country's Queen; and when, from across the wide Atlantic come reports of wars and rumours of wars—when, perhaps, before this, "red battle has stamp'd his foot, and nations felt the shock," how soothing and refreshing it is to withdraw awhile from the toil and turmoil of life to some shady nook, in a retired wood, there to watch the performances of the insect hosts instead of gazing at the evolutions and exercises of military men—there, in quiet, to read the great and wondrous Book of Nature, instead of the exciting and oftentimes false, extras and telegrams.

Let us go where, instead of the gay coats of the infantry and artillery, we will see the splendid coloring of the butterflies and beetles, instead of being deafened and stunned by the warlike airs of military bands—by the rattling of musketry and the roaring of artillery—our spirits will be lulled to rest by the sweet singing of birds, and the gentle, soothing hum of insects; and on our return we will not be less backward in doing battle for our God and for our Queen; because we have been examining creatures that are curiously and wonderfully made, and have been gazing up through nature unto nature's God—who is also the god of battles. We will start, then, on our ramble and doubtless we will find—

"'Tis sweet to muse upon his skill displayed,
Infinite skill in all that he has made—
To trace, in nature's most minute design,
The signature and stamp of power Divine!
Contrivance intricate, express'd with ease,
Where unassisted sight no beauty sees;
The shapely limb, the lubricated joint,
Within the small dimensions of a point;
Muscle and nerve miraculously spun—
His mighty work; who speaks—and it is done!"

The first insect that we spy is a beetle lying quietly under the shelter of a log, seeking to sleep off the effects of its last night's debauch: this is the well known May-beetle, which also

rejoices in the high sounding and classical cognomen of *Phyllophaga quercina*. It is very common at this season of the year, and may be easily recognised, being of a chestnut brown color, smooth but finely punctured; each wing case has two or three slightly elevated longitudinal lines; the breast is clothed with a coating of yellowish down: the knobs of its antennæ contain three leaf-like joints: its average length is nine-tenths of an inch. It flies during the night, from the middle of May to the end of June, with a dull, humming sound, and when it sees a light will enter houses; when near this centre of attraction they appear to become immediately dazzled and bewildered, fly around the candle in a most ferocious manner—in their blind fury dashing themselves against every obstacle in the way of their mad career—hence they have obtained the name of "dors," that is, "darters," and have given rise to the expression "as blind as a beetle." In its perfect state it is very destructive to the leaves of trees, both fruit and forest, so that in some years they do serious damage. The cockchafer of Europe is nearly allied to this insect—this latter sometimes appears in vast numbers. In the year 1688, they appeared in immense swarms in the county of Galway, absolutely covering the hedges and trees, and clinging to each other's backs as bees do when they swarm, in huge clusters of thousands. During the day they were quiet, but as soon as the sun dipped below the horizon, and the shades of evening began to close in, the whole were in motion, and the humming noise caused by the vibrations of their wings sounded like distant drums. They entirely darkened the air, over a space of two or three square miles, and people travelling on the roads or fields found it difficult to make their way, as the insects were continually beating against their faces, causing great pain and annoyance. In a very short time the leaves of all the trees for miles around were totally destroyed, and the country was left as naked and desolate as if it had been the middle of winter instead of mid-summer. Swine and poultry destroyed them in vast numbers; while the native Irish, thinking that it was perfectly fair to devour those who had eaten up the whole produce of the ground, cooked them in various ways and used them for food. Towards the end of summer they disappeared quite suddenly. Mouffet informs us that in the month of February, 1574, there were such multitudes of chafers in the western parts of England, that those which fell into the river Severn completely clogged the wheels of the mills worked by that stream.

In its perfect state, its span of life is very short—each individual living only about a week, even if he be enabled to escape from his numerous enemies and destroyers. The females lay their eggs in a hole in the ground, which they dig to the depth of six or seven inches by means of their forelegs, which are armed with strong claws: in about a fortnight, from these eggs emerge little whitish grubs, each with six legs, near a red head, containing a mouth furnished with strong jaws. It remains underground for four years, changing its skin each spring, and committing often the most deplorable ravages on the roots of trees and plants: when its time is come, it burrows still deeper into the earth, forms an oval cavity, (which is lined with some glutinous substance,) and there, retired from the vulgar gaze, it changes its coat for the last time, sleeps its last sleep, and finally comes forth from its chrysalis state a perfect insect.

But here crawling swiftly about this plant, is a well known creature, one with whom we have been acquainted ever since our earliest childhood, and whose misfortunes were wont to

affect deeply our then sensitive hearts, drawing forth from us in infantile accents—

"Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children are burnt."

There are very many varieties of this pretty little creature; in fact more than two hundred have been named, described and catalogued. They are distinguishable chiefly by the colors of, and the spots upon their wing-covers: this one is *Coccinella bi-punctata*, it having two spots, one on either wing. These little beetles have been held in very high estimation from the remotest ages. In Germany these are called by the beer-drinking, tobacco smoking natives *Frauen* or *Marien-Kafer*, Lady beetles of the Virgin Mary; while in France they have the equally fine names of *Vaches de Dieu* or *Bêtes de la Vierge*, Cows of the Lord, or Animals of the Virgin. And they have good claims to be held in such esteem, for they are most beneficial to man in destroying those insects which if allowed to go on, propagating and increasing unchecked, would soon reduce the most fertile country into a barren and dreary wilderness—namely, the plant lice (*aphides*.) Lady-birds, both in their perfect and in their larva state, feed on these lice; and few trees, plants or shrubs infested by these disgusting and destructive creatures are to be found without this antidote for them. The grubs, which are of a flattened shape and bluish color, spotted usually with red or yellow, and furnished with six legs near the forepart of the body, are much more voracious than the mature insect: they creep along on the leaves of plants until they find the plant-lice, among which they ravage like wolves in a sheepfold; and then doubtless many an heartbroken aphid parent, pointing to the aldermanic dimensions of the lady, exclaim—

"Foul murder hath been done: lo! here's the proof!"

But these beetles of the Virgin Mary are not to be esteemed merely for their gormandising powers, but they ought also (according to some) to be ranked among the *materia medica*, and to have a place assigned them in the pharmacopœia; for it is a superior and never-failing remedy for tooth-ache, which is immediately cured by putting one or two mashed Lady-birds into the hollow tooth. A well known American entomologist says that he tried this application in two instances, and the toothache was immediately relieved; but he confesses he did not know whether the remedy or the faith of the patient acted therapeutically or the tooth ceased aching of itself. However let us by all means be charitable, and give the benefit of the doubt to the pretty little beetle; and let those who are troubled with pangs in their fangs collect these *coccinellidæ* during the summer months that they may give this simple remedy a fair trial. They, as well as all other insects of the hard-shell kind, may be killed by being immersed in a bottle of alcohol, in which they may be kept for years, if not exactly perfectly sweet, still perfectly fresh and without detriment to their brilliant colors.

Although most of these *aphides* are of no perceptible use to man, and would become a perfect scourge (being so very prolific,) unless their numbers were kept down, would cover the face of the whole earth and would eat every herb of the land and all the fruit of the trees, so that there would remain not any green thing in the trees or in the herbs of the field throughout all the land,—still one species is of very great importance as an article of commerce: we refer to the Cochineal insect, to which we are indebted for the most beautiful of the colors which are used to adorn the human form divine. In the days of "auld lang syne," when Cæsar Au-

gustus ruled the destinies of mankind, the most beautiful dyes, known as Tyrian purple, were extracted from certain species of shell-fish; but unfortunately for the Roman senators and their matronly wives, the coloring was so expensive that a single pound of wool dyed in this famed purple and scarlet could not be bought for one hundred and fifty dollars. For many ages past these fish of the sea have had peace, and the poor cochineal insect has been pressed into the service of man, to afford most brilliant red and purple colors. For a long time European savans were uncertain whether this was an animal, vegetable or mineral substance; in the latter part of the seventeenth century, the French naturalist, Plumier, shared the fate of most discoverers, and was considered *non compos mentis* because he pronounced the cochineal to be an insect: Runsscher, of Holland, who held the same opinion in the beginning of the eighteenth century, carried the cochineal cultivators before the court of Antigua, in the vale of Oaxaca, in Mexico, there to be examined with regard to the origin and nature of these creatures; and it was then fully established that he was correct in his supposition, and that the cochineal of commerce is really an insect in a dried state. It lives upon a species of cactus, and abounds chiefly in Mexico. There is no doubt that other species of the genus *Coccus* could be made to yield dyes equally bright and beautiful as those of the cochineal; and doubtless, some day or other, perhaps even before we again hear of that cute Yankee, who skinned mosquitoes and sold their hides for shoe-leather, man will press them into his service in order that he may turn an honest penny at their expense.

Gum shellac, which is so much used in the manufacture of varnishes, &c., is procured from a species of plant-lice that is found on the branches of the sacred banyan trees of India: and another species, found on the Tamarish trees upon Mount Sinai, by piercing the young shoots with their proboscis, cause them to discharge a large quantity of gummy secretion, which soon hardens and drops from the tree, and is quickly collected by the natives, who believe it to be the manna upon which the children of Israel fed, for forty years, in that self-same wilderness of sin. But we must return from these far-off lands, though so full of interest to every one, to our own Canadian wood.

Running about on these same trees and plants, yet with thoughts and intentions much less sanguinary than those which inflame the ladies, are those "little but exceeding wise" creatures, who, for well nigh three thousand years, have been held up to the men who wish a little more sleep and a little more slumber, as a pattern and example worthy their imitation. If we look closely we will see that all the ants ascending the trees are slim, hungry looking fellows, while those coming down descend lazily with their bodies swollen to their utmost limit; the reason of this sudden filling up of their inner man is, that the ants are extremely fond of the sweet fluid, called honey-dew, which is distilled from the plant-lice, who are, in fact, the milch kine of the ants. The lice and the ants live together on the best possible terms; the latter, though among the most carnivorous of insects, and as a rule most cruel to their weaker brethren, "treat the former with the utmost gentleness—caressing them with their antennæ, apparently inviting them to give out the fluid, by patting their sides. Nor are the lice inattentive to these solicitations, when in a state to gratify the ants, but actually yield the fluid when thus pressed, like well-bred cows, give up their riches to the buxom milk-maids. The ants tend them as carefully as a farmer would his kine, removing all dirt and rubbish about them, protecting them from their enemies, and in case of danger even carrying them away in their mouths most tenderly to a place of safety.

Man, who presses the whole creation, both animate and inanimate, into his service, and shews his lordship over this lower world, by taking from every creature, be it animal, vegetable or mineral, whatever will appease his wants or gratify his whims—who takes the silk

of the silkworm, which he dyes with the juices of the cochineal, to adorn his outer person; the honey of the bee to feed his inner man, and to cure the unpleasant effects sometimes produced by these stolen sweets, crushes the innocent and useful little lady-birds into his incisors and molars—does not pass over the ants, or allow them to escape without the payment of tribute as an acknowledgment of his universal dominion; while the Brazilians, Africans and Siamese, evidently wishing to avail themselves of the gift of every "moving thing" for meat, devour these little insects by myriads—prepared in every possible style either stewed, fried or roasted. The more civilised, refined and scientific Europeans who are a little more particular about the things that are good for food—(though Mr. Consett relates that while walking with a young gentleman in a wood, near Gottenburgh, in Sweden, he observed him sit down on an anthill, and with apparently great pleasure and gusto devour these insects, first nipping off their heads and wings, which doubtless would have caused a slight scratching and irritating sensation, while descending the red lane; this young ant-eater, said that their flavour was an acid, somewhat resembling, though much more agreeable, than that of a lemon), immolate thousands and tens of thousands of these little parsimonious emmets to obtain from them the acid, known as Formic Acid, which is valuable for many medicinal purposes, as well as for the perfume it yields when burnt. This acid is the venom which produces itching, accompanied by white swelling and inflammation, when one is unfortunately favoured with the sting by an ant.

But while, in some sylvan retreat, we are intently examining these ants, aphids and lady-birds, we are startled by hearing some amazonian mosquito blowing a charge with its clarion shrill, and ere we can escape—for they fly with astonishing rapidity, their wings vibrating three thousand times per minute—we are surrounded by hosts of these blood-thirsty sisters, who leap and dance around us like so many fiends, attacking us in a manner which throws the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade for ever in the shade, and exhibiting a perseverance, gallantry and heroism far surpassing that of Penthesilea and her noble dames, flying every one of them right into the jaws of death; and what is even more disagreeable, right into our own jaws, which have been slightly opened, to give vent to certain expletives, which would for ever ruin a saint in heaven if uttered by him there.

But to Canadian readers it is needless to dilate upon the various, but, by no means pleasurable sensations produced by the hum or the sting of the mosquito; it is hard to say which is the worst—its bark or bite: we think, however, that most if not all, will agree that "they are both worst." Perhaps it would not be amiss at this season of the year, to mention a few facts with regard to their manner of life from their youth up. The mamma mosquito lays her eggs in the water of some stagnant pool: they are long, oval and light; with her hind legs she arranges them side by side in an upright position, and gluing them together, makes them into a little raft, which floats securely on the surface of the water; in a short time, varying in length according to the heat of weather, these eggs burst, and from each issues a little wiggle-tail, which immediately commences swimming about and diving in all directions, and does so until it attains about three-sixteenths of an inch in length. During this period it changes its skin several times, never eats, and remains with its head downwards, as its breathing apparatus is in its tail: then it assumes a chrysalis form, and at first sinks to the bottom, afterwards rising, the pupa skin splits, and out of it springs the tiny little fly, like a Jack from its box—fully armed, as was Minerva when she sprang from the forehead of Olympian Jove—and fair to look upon as was Sin, when she issued forth from the majestic head of Satan. With its slender legs this little water-nymph perches itself daintily on the edge of its former coffin, which is now transformed into a lovely little canoe—a bark in which Queen Mab would be glad to sail over the deep

blue sea, with her waggoner, the small gray-coated gnat for her pilot; when this fills with water and sinks, the insect abandons its native element, spreads its tiny wings and flies away—piping its war-note, and thirsting for the blood which its natural weapons enables it to draw from its unlucky victims. (Any one who is philosophically inclined, may observe all these wonderful transformations by having a small pool of water under his bed-room window, and watching it attentively during the ensuing summer months.) The instrument with which the insect performs its sanguinary deeds is most curiously and wonderfully made: the visible proboscis is not that wherewith the little wretch wounds its enemy, but merely the sheath or scabbard which protects and incloses the knives and the pumps which pierce our skin and suck up our blood. These instruments are five bristles, (which may be seen by taking hold of the insect by the neck and squeezing its proboscis.) These bristles are like lancets with a hook at the end, and if the fly is unkindly driven away before it has finished its feast, these remain in the wound, causing greater pain and inflammation than would have ensued if it had been suffered to stay until it had fully satisfied itself with our life's blood, and then been allowed quietly and peaceably to withdraw and go about its business. When the hollow sting has entered the flesh about three-quarters of a line, and the insect has filled its body, the wound begins to itch and swell, not on account of the insignificant puncture, but of the venomous saliva which is injected into it, for the purpose, probably, of diluting the blood, which, perchance, would be too strong for such a delicate, fairy-like creature, unless weakened.

But, alas! the mosquitoes are getting very attentive to us, and so rapidly insinuating themselves, if not into our good graces, still upon our good — (unmentionables.) That we must, for the present, leave our bowler and read, for a time at least, no more "pages of that great green book, whose pen is the finger of God, whose covers are the fire kingdoms, and the star kingdoms, and its leaves the heather-bells, and the polypes of the sea, and the gnats above the summer stream."

Kingston, June, 1866.

R.

MUSICAL.

GOUNOD'S "Faust" still continues to absorb much of the attention of both opera houses in London. At Her Majesty's theatre, Mdlle. Titiens still performs the part of Margherita. At Covent Garden, Mdles. Antò and Patti are this season to alternate the part with Mdlle. Lucca, the German *prima donna*.

The singularly beautiful character of Margherita demands more than any one singer has yet portrayed. Mdlle. Patti is superb in the garden scene, especially in the "Air des Bijoux," but has not strength to grasp with the closing scenes. Mdle. Titiens, on the other hand, performs these scenes with the utmost effect, infusing into them an earnestness and vehemence quite overpowering; yet she fails completely to command the same interest in the soliloquy and love scene. Mdle. Lucca's performance of this part is spoken of as warranting unqualified eulogy, special praise being given to both soliloquy and love passages of the third act, and contrition and despair in the fourth. Her splendid soprano voice—one of the finest to be heard—bright, resonant, powerful, and fluent, together with her graceful acting, renders her performance of Margaret perhaps more lively and more impassioned than any other yet seen.

NAPLES.—Mercadante's new tragic opera of *Virginia* has been very successful. The composer was called on twenty-nine times the first night. The following is the cast: Virginia, Signora Lottidella Santa; Tullia, Signora Morelli; Appio, Sig. Mirate; Icilio, Sig. Stiggelli; Virginio, Sig. Pandalfini; Arati, Sig. Marco; and Memmi, Sig. Volerio. The composer addressed a letter to Sig. Puzone, thanking him for the skill and care with which he had got up the work, and, also, expressing his gratitude to the

singers, musicians, chorus, and everyone else concerned.

THE NEW ENGLISH TENOR.—Mr. Hohler, the young English tenor, who has lately made his *début* at "Her Majesty's Theatre," has been most successful, both in his singing and acting, and there is little doubt entertained among connoisseurs that, with ordinary care and attention, he will eventually be as great an artist as Sims, Reeves, or Mario. Another triumph for the English musicians.

SCHUMANN ON SCHUBERT.—It is always gratifying to read the opinions which one genius holds towards another, especially where they are not influenced by professional jealousy, which, we feel sorry to say, will occasionally shew itself now, as well as formerly. The following remarks on Schubert, the greatest of German song-writers, will doubtless prove interesting to the lovers of the "*Erl-King*," "*Ave Maria*," "*Wanderer*," "*Cradle-Song*," etc., etc.:

"There was a time when I was unwilling to talk about Schubert, and only dared mention him at night to the trees and stars. Who is there that has not had his time of enthusiasm? Carried away by this new genius, whose resources seemed to me boundless and measureless, and deaf to everything that could tell against him, I knew nothing except through his medium. But as we grow older, and our demands increase, the number of our favourites becomes smaller and smaller. And this change proceeds as much from ourselves as from them. What composer is there of whom one retains the very same opinion through the whole of one's life? To appreciate Bach requires an amount of experience which it is not possible to possess in youth. Even Mozart's radiant glory is then too lightly esteemed; while, to comprehend Beethoven, mere musical studies are not sufficient, for he inspires us more at certain times with one work than with another. But it is certain that similar periods of life always have a mutual attraction; youthful inspiration will be appreciated by youth, and the force of the matured master by the grown man. Schubert will thus always be the delight of the young. His heart, like theirs, is always overflowing; his thoughts are bold, his execution rapid; he is full of the romantic legends of knights, ladies, and adventures, of which youth are so fond; nor is he without wit and humour, though not enough to disturb the tender sentiment at the base of his whole nature. Thus he excites the imagination of the player as no one else but Beethoven can; the imitability of many of his peculiarities entices one to imitate them, and one longs to utter the thousand thoughts to which he only slightly alludes. Such is he, and such the impression which he will make for a long time to come.

THE DRAMA.

"**T**HE pen is mightier than the sword," though judging from the present aspect of European affairs, the latter seems the favourite weapon with potentates there. We have been led into this train of thought, from having seen Mr. Charles Dillon's admirable impersonation of Cardinal Richelieu, to witness which is to enjoy an intellectual treat not often accorded to the lovers of the drama in Montreal. Mr. Dillon's assumption of the peculiarities of the aged Cardinal of Bulwer's play—the bodily infirmities, brought on by years of toil and thought for the good of France, which, however, have been unable to weaken the vigorous mind of the statesmen—was very artistic. The whole time Mr. Dillon was on the boards, we felt we saw, not the actor, but "the Richelieu" of History and Dumas. The part was worthy of the actor, and the actor was equal to the part. Richelieu's attempt to lift the two-handed sword, which years ago he had wielded so well, and his regret at his failure to do so, together with the thoughtful manner in which he uttered the remark "States can be saved without it!" and taking up the pen made the observation which heads this article, was very fine—as also was the tone of exultation at the ease with which he could

penetrate the designs of his many enemies, when he exclaims to the astonished DeMauprat—"These schemes are glass, the sun shines through them." Unfortunately we have not space to particularize all the beauties of this performance; but we cannot avoid noticing the dignity of the old man's action, when, drawing himself up to his full height, he invoked the power of Rome, "that power which was raised in the dark ages of the world to protect the weak against the strong," in aid of his ward, Julia, and as a prince of the church, defied the boldest of the unprincipled courtiers to step within the circle he had drawn around her.

Another good feature of Mr. Dillon's Richelieu, was the quiet, genial way in which he brought out the humour of the character, so admirably contrasted with the sternness of his demeanor, when occasion required it.

Miss Emma Madden acted the part of Francois the page very pretty. The other characters were creditably sustained, but the DeMauprat of Mr. J. L. Gossin was, perhaps, a little too tame.

As "*Belphegor*," the poor Mountebank who had the presumption to have a heart and to love his wife and children, Mr. Dillon made his audience alternately laugh and cry. The breakfast scene in the second act—Belphegor's unceasing endeavours to make his poor home happy—his grief at his poverty—the quarrel and reconciliation with his wife—and his tremendous outburst of grief and despair, when he finds, she has, as he thinks, deserted him—coupled with the convulsive clutching to his bosom of his son, "the only one in the world now left him"—was very touching. One stalwart swell, sitting near us "bearded like the pard" sniffed audibly, and even J. Q. must confess to a sympathetic bedimning of his spectacles.

In the *fête* scene, the appearance of the poor Mountebank and his boy, ragged, hungry, and footsore—his feeble attempts at reckless merriment, in the hope of making the fine company laugh, while his heart was breaking—the pathetic recital of the death of his horse—his careful solicitude for his son, and the wrath of the outraged husband and father, in the interview with the villain who had wronged him, were rendered by Mr. Dillon in such a manner as to entirely carry away with him the sympathy of his audience. In the last act, his assumed carelessness of manner, when under a false name he gains admission into the house of his wife's rich relatives, through which his eagerness to see her once more is very apparent; the cutting and ironical manner, in which, supposed to be a stranger, he describes his own conduct since she left him—the discovery of the truth, that she did it for the sake of saving their sick child from death—his joy thereat, and the manliness with which he disclosed his name and refused to give up his claims as a husband and father, were fine specimens of histrionic art.

Miss Reynolds, as Belphegor's wife, acted very naturally, quietly, and with much feeling; we hope to see this lady oftener in parts as well suited to her ability. We regret we cannot now speak of the Shakesperian parts Mr. Dillon has appeared in, but trust to do so shortly, as his rendering of them is very original, and give indications of deep and earnest study. It is to be wished, that a portion of the audience at this theatre was not in such a hurry, always to leave before the conclusion of the performances, in order to get out first—it seriously incommodes the sensible majority, and is an insult to those on the stage, who contribute to their pleasure—at least so thinks

JOHN QUILL.

LETTER FROM MR. BRYDGES.

WE have received, in pamphlet form, a copy of a letter, addressed by Mr. Brydges to the several Canadian Boards of Trade, in regard to trade between Canada and the Lower Provinces. The importance of the subject cannot well be overrated, and Mr. Brydges has brought to its consideration his accustomed energy and ability. We are told that his investigations have convinced him, that "a very considerable traffic, indeed, can, if proper means are used, be

carried on between Canada and the other Provinces." The difficulty which has hitherto existed in regard to the development of this trade has been the want of proper means of communication, and to obviate this difficulty Mr. Brydges is completing arrangements for putting on, during the month of September next, a line of steamers, to run between Portland and Halifax, continuously throughout the year—weekly at first, but to be increased as the extent of the trade may require.

There is little doubt but the facility afforded by these steamers will lead to an increased business between the provinces, but we are bound to say, that, in looking over Mr. Brydges' letter, we discover some important errors. We refer especially to the trade in flour. He says, "There can be no doubt, therefore, that as regards all the Lower Provinces, the price of flour must, from natural causes, so long as the present policy of the United States is continued, be cheaper in Montreal than in New York or Boston," and again, "The duties now imposed by the United States upon the importation of bread-stuffs from Canada, and the great cost of all their manufacturing operations render it certain that the comparatively lighter taxed country of Canada will be able to produce what the Lower Provinces require at much less price than can possibly be the case with the United States." A comparison of New York prices with our own, shows that the kind of flour imported into the Lower Provinces is to-day from 75c to \$1. per barrel cheaper in gold in New York, than with us. It may be said that this difference in rates is quite exceptional. We grant it, but in all ordinary years, the United States, as is the case with Canada, export bread-stuffs to Britain, and consequently English prices will, notwithstanding the burden of American taxes, govern both markets. True, a discriminating duty of 25c per barrel is now imposed in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, in favour of Canadian flour, but as an important offset to that, we may state, that freights from New York to Halifax rule fully 25c per barrel lower than from Montreal to Halifax. The error of Mr. Brydges' statement consists in the assertion, that prices must rule lower in Montreal than New York. We think however, we have written enough to show that if we are to secure the trade, it must be through the superior energy of our merchants—not that we shall be able to sell a cheaper, if so cheap, an article as our American neighbours.

Flour, although the most important, is fortunately not the only article we have to dispose of that the Lower Provinces require; and the chief value of Mr. Brydges' letter consists in the information it embodies with regard to other branches of export trade, our merchants may find it profitable to engage in. He has, of course, and properly so, from his position, written primarily, with a view to the development of Grand Trunk traffic; but we think, nevertheless, that he merits, and will receive the thanks of our mercantile community, for the important information his letter places before them.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A GREAT WORK ACCOMPLISHED.

The English reading public generally will be glad to learn that the second and concluding volume of *The Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, Living and Deceased, from the Earliest Accounts to the Middle of the 19th Century*, upon which its author, Dr. Allibone, of Philadelphia, has been unremittingly engaged since 1858, has at length been concluded. Our readers will remember that the first volume of this valuable work made its appearance in the above year, and deservedly drew from the press, and from literary men, savans and statesmen all over the world, the highest elogiums for the fullness and correctness of the information supplied in its pages, and the lucidity and order which characterises the arrangement of the work. Our readers can form some idea of the magnitude of Dr. Allibone's labours, when we inform them that the manu-

script, when fairly copied for the press, occupies 19,044 large foolscap pages and a few pages of large quarto; that the works of many authors of the same name, such as Smith, not an unusual patronymic, it is true, are chronicled to the number of *several hundred*, and that it took the author twenty-two months of constant work to write up the articles for a single letter of the alphabet. All honour to our American literary brother for the great service he has rendered to the world of letters.

Mr. James Hogg, the Editor of the *New Brunswick Reporter*, and the author of a volume of poems of some merit, died at Fredericton on the 12th instant.

Mr. T. F. Knight, of Halifax, already favourably known as a British American author, is preparing a work on the Fisheries of Nova Scotia, which will soon issue from the press.

Mr. Desbarats (Ottawa) has just published a neat volume of poems in the French language, from the pen of Mr. Arthur Cassegrain, of Quebec.

Major G. T. Denison, jr., of Toronto whose recent *brochure on outpost duties* has been so favourably noticed by the English press, has in contemplation the preparation of a narrative of the recent military operations on the Niagara Frontier.

L'Abbé Casgrain's *Life of Garneau* has appeared in book form.

Dr. Marsden of Quebec is writing a work on Cholera to be published both in Canada and the United States.

"The debates of the Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia, for 1866," reported by Mr. J. G. Bourinot, the editor of the *Evening Reporter*, Halifax, has just been printed by Legislative authority.

The report of the British American Trade Commissioners, of which the Hon. William McDougall, Provincial Secretary, is Chairman, is now in the press.

Rev. James Hubbert, of St. Francis College, Richmond, is preparing a work on the Canadian Flora, which is soon to go to press.

Rev. George Sutherland, of Charlottetown, is engaged in writing two new works, one on the Social Constitution and the other on Practical Religion.

Miss Frame of Halifax, has lately brought out a book of poems and sketches, which is well spoken of.

Rev. James Malcolm, of St. Ann's, U. C., will shortly bring out *Side Glances at Men and Things*.

Rev. W. Murray, of Cornwallis, U. S., is also working in the literary field on a historical work to be published in Britain.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ARMY LIFE ON THE BORDER. By Colonel Marcy, U. S. A., author of the "Prairie Traveler." New York: Harper and Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

THE GREY WOMAN AND OTHER TALES. By Mrs. Gaskell. Philadelphia: S. B. Paterson & Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Armada. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. A new supply, just received. Price \$1.12½. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Chandos. A Novel. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Held in Bondage," &c., Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Eccentric Personages. By W. Russell, LL.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.

Geological Sketches. By Louis Agassiz. Just Published. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Poems of Home and Abroad. By Wm. P. Tomlinson. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Roebuck. A Novel. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Gilbert Ruge. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.

Miss Majoribanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.

A New Novel by Charles Dickens. Joseph Grimaldi: His Life and Adventures. By Charles Dickens. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.

The Naval Lieutenant. A Novel, by F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipman," &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 40c.

The Tollers of the Sea. A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.

In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.

Beymistro. A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.

Brave Old Salt; or, Life on the Quarter Deck. A Story of the Great Rebellion. A Book for Boys. By Oliver Optic. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America, &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.

Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family; containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.

Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.

Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.

Essays, Philosophical and Theological. By James Martineau. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.

The Book of Roses. A Treatise on the Culture of the Rose. By Francis Pookman. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.

Garden Vegetables and How to Cultivate Them. By Fearing Burr, Jr. Beautifully Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.

Garden Flowers. How to Cultivate Them. A Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous, and Bedding Plants. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.

Culture of the Grape. By N. C. Strong. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York: Virtue & Yorstan. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.

Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.

Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goats, just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Letters of Life. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Hidden Depths: a new novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Jargal: a novel. By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c.

Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurried and Delayed Interments. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrell, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,
Wholesale and Retail Album Depot,
30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

AN old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for

the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written towards the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward booby who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read anything; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbours' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burnt his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavoured to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse-shoers, tenous and mortices, right-hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering pots, and when I succeeded, felt as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh happy months, when, after the horrible labours of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener, and hear her sing. My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden, as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said,

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be."

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet, and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew, by his bearing, with cruel, hard, grey eyes; and she sang, I know it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer, as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church?"

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything."

"Can you whistle me the morning hymn?"

I did so.

"Good; very good. Know anything of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play anything. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry those skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy,

and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing, I was well provided for, and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers, so rigid and stiff for every other impulse should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease, and exactness.

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it;" and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighbouring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so, too."

How I practised, morning, noon, and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself, with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. Oh! that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbours who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumours. Oh, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It began—harsh, inharmonious, out of tune—I know not why or how; but as it progressed, a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say,

"I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you."

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and

"delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for anything!"

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother; "the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecilia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you, with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. Oh, I'm sure, the like never was; and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there, in the long winter evenings, we used to sit; and while I played, she sang. Oh, those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sit in the old rectory parlour, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but, alas! not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now, and play once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

"FRAXINUS."

THE STAGE OF OLD.

THE stage is wonderfully conservative in its way. Hamlet's advice to the players might have been written yesterday instead of three hundred years ago. But spite of the tenacity with which the theatrical world clings to its traditions, its customs are not endowed with Median inflexibility, and Time has rung the changes behind the scenes as remorselessly as is his wont elsewhere.

In Shakspeare's day, the audience at a theatre was not confined to the body of the house, but occupied part of the stage itself. Sixpence was the usual price for a seat on the stage, but there were also 'twelvepenny stools,' though what the difference was is not clear, unless the higher charge was paid by those who brought pages with them to keep their pipes duly supplied with tobacco. Poets were admitted without payment—the mysterious free-list, that now-a-days is always suspended, being an institution as old as the drama. The fast man of that period—the 'young gallant' as he was called—went to the playhouse to shew off his clothes, and witch the ladies by displaying his proportionable leg, white hand, Persian locks, and tolerable beard; and

for such an exhibition the stage afforded the best opportunities. When the prologue was ready to go on, the gallant made his appearance with his three legged-stool, sat himself down on the rush-strowed boards, 'valiantly beating down the news and hisses of the opposing rascality,' and amused himself by taking a hand at cards till the third trumpet announced the commencement of the performances. Then he lighted his pipe, and whiled away the two hours occupied by the play by whistling accompaniments to the songs, crying at the merry speeches, mewing at the passionate ones, laughing at the serious scenes, criticising the actors loud enough to be heard all over the house, as was the custom of lords, knights, and templars; and filling up odd moments by tickling his neighbour's ear with a rush from the stage. If the plebeian spectators resented such behaviour by hooting, hissing, and throwing dirt, it was 'most gentleman-like patience to endure all this, and laugh at the silly animals.' If the gallant wished to shew his contempt of the play, he rose in the middle of it, saluted any of his acquaintances present, and departed with 'a screwed and discontented face.'

Inconvenient as the actors must have found this practice, they did not think of insisting upon a clear stage when the theatres were re-opened after the Restoration.

At length, the nuisance grew so unbearable, that the king interfered, issuing the following notification, dated February 25, 1664: 'Whereas complaint hath been made unto us of great disorders in the Attiring-house of the Theatre of our dearest brother, the Duke of York, under the government of our trusty and well-beloved Sir William Davenant, by the resort of persons thither to the hindrance of the actors and interruption of the scene—our will and pleasure is, that no persons, of what quality soever, do presume to enter at the Attiring-house, but only such as do belong to the company, and are employed by them.' If this had any effect at all, it was but temporary, for thirty years later, Mrs. Verbruggen, as prologue-speaker, said:

Before the play's half ended, I'll engage
To shew you beaux come trooping on the stage—
But hush! they're here already: I'll retire,
And leave 'em to the ladies to admire.
They'll shew you twenty thousand wits and graces,
They'll entertain you with their soft grimaces,
Their snuff-box, awkward bows, and ugly faces,
Between each act—performed by nicest rules,
They'll treat you with an Interlude of Fools;
Of which that you may have the deeper sense,
The entertainments at their own expense.

Queen Anne prohibited any person not belonging to the theatre going behind the scenes or appearing upon the stage; but Colley Cibber claims for himself and his co-managers the merit of having effected the desired reform. 'Among our many necessary reformations,' he writes, 'what not a little preserved to us the regard of our auditors, was the decency of our clear stage; from whence we had shut out those idle gentlemen who seemed more delighted to be pretty objects themselves, than capable of any pleasure from the play; who took their daily stand where they might best elbow the actors, and come in for their share of the auditors' attention. In many a laboured scene of the warmest humour, and the most affecting passion, have I seen the best actors disconcerted, while these buzzing mosquitoes have been fluttering round their eyes and ears.' The custom, however, was only scotched, not killed. An advertisement of the performance of *The Prophets* at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, in 1717, runs thus: 'Whereas there are a great many scenes to be moved in the opera, which cannot be done if persons should stand upon the stage; it is therefore desired that no persons will take it ill that they must be denied entrance on the stage;' and at the opening Covent Garden Theatre, in 1732, it was announced that to prevent the stage being overcrowded, the admission would be raised to half-a-guinea. Garrick succeeded in clearing the stage of its invaders in a great measure; but even in his time the audience encroached upon the actor's domain, and Juliet lay in her tomb surrounded by a couple of hundred fashionably-dressed people, though such solecisms were only permitted upon benefit-nights and special occasions.

When actors and actresses were, His Majesty's

Servants, *par excellence*, His Majesty's soldiers mounted guard every night on the stages of the patent theatres—perhaps a necessary precaution in these palmy days of the drama, when angry auditors were given to charging the actors sword in hand. When this custom first arose, we cannot say; it was not in vogue at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre before 1721, when a mob of gentlemen, after a conflict with the members of the company upon the stage, set to work destroying the hangings and other furniture of the interior of the house; and to prevent the recurrence of another riot, George I. ordered a guard to attend that theatre as well as the others. Stories are not wanting of these guardians of the stage being carried away by the force of the acting, and starting out of their professional immobility. There is a tradition of an unlucky Othello being shot by a soldier, who felt it impossible to stand quietly by while Desdemona was murdered; and during a performance of the tragedy of the Earl Essex when Lady Nottingham denied having received any ring from the unfortunate favourite, the honest sentinel, starting from his post, seized the representative of the treacherous dame, and exclaimed to the astonished stage-queen: 'It's false; she has it in her bosom!' Another sentinel is said to have been so overcome by Garrick's *Lear*, that he fainted when the old king's troubles came to their climax; a flattering testimony to the actor's power, which so delighted Garrick that he gave the susceptible warrior a guinea. Next night, his successor, having heard his comrade's story, thought to earn a guinea too; accordingly he fainted; but as Garrick that evening played *Ranger*, it is needless to say the ruse failed to extract anything but a grin from Davy. This story may or may not be true; we have our doubts; and if it was invented, fancy its inventor derived his inspiration from *The Guardian* of April 2, 1713, which contains the following relation: 'It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt Percy and Anne Bullen. One of the sentinels, who stood on the stage to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Percy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears; upon which the greater part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion of the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears, and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was so much moved that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. Percy had the gallantry to take notice of his honest heart, and gave him a crown to help him in his affliction.'

Ladies—or the sex is libelled—like to be seen as well as to see; but they were once seized with a fancy for screening their beauty from admiring eyes at places of public resort. The fashion of covering fair faces with black velvet masks was a freak of Elizabeth's reign; but the vizard attained its greatest popularity in the time of Charles II. Pepys noted the fact in 1660, and although such an ardent lover of pretty faces must have thought the fashion detestable, like a kind husband, he hurried off to the Exchange to buy one for his wife, and put her on equal terms with her acquaintances. The easy dames of that day found the mask very convenient, as it enabled them to exercise their tongues without restraint, and enter into sprightly contentions with the gentlemen with all the advantages in their favour. Pepys doubtless was an ear-witness of many such wit-combats, one of which he thus records in his *Diary*: 'To the King's House, to *The Maids Tragedy*, but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse. And one of the ladies would and did sit with her mask vizard all the play; and being exceedingly witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous

woman and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him; by that means setting his brains to work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard; but by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly.' Congreve seems to draw a distinction between ladies and mask-wearers:

The vizard-masks that are in pit and gallery,
Approve or damn the repartee and rallery.
The lady-critics, who are better read,
Inquire if characters are nicely bred.

But the dramatists grew so utterly shameless that no lady dared venture barfaced to the theatre, particularly on the first night of a new play but donned a mask to hide her blushes, or not to betray her inability to blush. Even when playwrights ceased to believe,

Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit,

the ladies were loath to give up their masks; and when they did, ladies that were not ladies wore them still in pit and gallery, till Queen Anne, determined to reform 'the indecencies and abuses of the stage,' peremptorily forbade any woman appearing masked at any of the theatres, and so crushed the fashion—for ever, it is to be hoped.

Sunday performances (very properly), author's nights (the more the pity), prologues and epilogues come in the category of obsolete theatrical customs. We wish we could say the same of another custom familiar to modern playgoers, which ought to be summarily abolished. We refer to the wearisome encore-system. Why do not managers imitate the directors of 'The King's Theatre in the Haymarket,' who, in the year 1714, wound up their playbills with the following announcement: 'Whereas, by the frequent calling for the songs over again, the operas have been too tedious; therefore, the singers are forbid to sing any song above once; and 'tis hoped nobody will call for 'em, or take it ill when not obeyed?'

THE LAST LOVE-EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A PHILOSOPHER.

THE Independence of the United States of America had been conclusively acknowledged and ratified by the Treaty of Peace of September 3, 1783; and, under the able direction of Benjamin Franklin, ambassador from the new Republic to the Court of Versailles, the diplomatic and commercial relations of the United States with France had been successfully established by Treaty, in consonance with the views and wishes of Congress.

Philadelphia ardently desired the return of her famed fellow-citizen who had displayed so much prudence and skill in effecting the great objects of his mission. He, no less anxious to return to America, never wholly free from the fear that his declining health might detain him in France, perhaps to close his life there, and, withal, that his most ardent prayer was to be spared to end his days in his native land among his fellow-citizens, and surrounded by his grandchildren—he yet seemed to seek a pleasurable excuse for the delay of his departure, under the influence of a sentiment which had less concern in the settlement of such collateral details as yet remained for adjustment, than the American philosopher had, perhaps, deemed possible, or cared even to acknowledge to himself at that period of his life.

During the latter part of his embassy to the French Court, he had taken up his residence at Passy, near Auteuil, in the environs of Paris.

In the latter charming village dwelt the widow of Helvetius.* The relict of Helvetius

* Helvetius (Claude Adrian), who had acquired an European notoriety by his celebrated work, 'De l'Esprit,' had early displayed many proofs of genius; but until the appearance of that work, in the forty-third year of his age, had never before published anything. It was condemned for its freedom of opinion by the Parliament of Paris, but his biographers make no mention of his recantation of the principles it put forth.

was a most amiable and gifted woman. She reckoned among her friends the most distinguished men of letters of the period, by whom she was never otherwise designated than as "The good lady of Auteuil."

Although she had passed that term of female life which has been so arbitrarily assigned as the climacteric to the fascinating powers of the fair sex, the widow of Helvetius was another exception to that questionable rule; and still most fascinating, both by the grace of her manners, and the attractions of her person. The gentleness of her disposition, the charming versatility of her intellect, together with the prudent deportment which had distinguished her throughout a life of considerable trial, and had placed her beyond the reach of all reproach, invested her, as it were, with an aureole of feminine grace and purity, to which all who came within the atmosphere of her intercourse paid homage of admiration and respect.

Strange as it may at first appear, when the then respective ages of the "good lady of Auteuil" and of Benjamin Franklin are considered, the American philosopher found the charm of her society too irresistible not to make a permanent alliance with her a serious subject of his thoughts; and in so much, at length, that he believed it desirable for his happiness.

On her part, the amiable widow had not the most remote presentiment of such a design; and always received Franklin as a friend who entertained no other sentiments towards her than those he had expressed, and as one in whose near society she would have esteemed herself happy to live.

Between Passy and Auteuil, a frequent intercourse of visits had for some time been established. Once in every week Madame Helvetius dined at Franklin's house, in company with the Abbé de Laroche, the physician Cabanis, who resided under her roof, and Morellet, another esteemed friend, but less frequent guest. Franklin, on the other hand, dined much more frequently at the house of the charming widow, where he often passed the whole evening, but had never yet paid her a morning visit.

The intercourse with Franklin was most cordial on all sides. The simplicity of his manners, his noble sense of right, and duty, which revealed itself in the most trivial things; his affability, the purity of his soul, his cheerfulness, and his delightful power of narration, were inexhaustible themes for admiration to Morellet.

Such in society was the man who had contributed so much to the elevation of his country to a free and independent state, and whom mankind has to thank for one of the most important discoveries of his time.

One morning, contrary to his usual custom, Franklin left his apartment at a very early hour, and summoned the young man who officiated as his valet and general servant, by his usual appellation of "Dick! Dick! I am going to Auteuil, get thee ready to come with me."

Dick, a born American, had served with some distinction in the War of Independence under Washington. On the reduction of the army, he left his immediate service about the person of that general to take service with Benjamin Franklin, to whom he became greatly attached. Richard, or Dick, as he was familiarly called by Franklin, was no servant of the common order. Trusty, and devoted from impulse and from principle, he was as good a Christian from faith as he was American by birth and feeling. He accompanied his master everywhere, and when not making the necessary preparations for Franklin's philosophical experiments, or engaged in other immediate duties, he was a diligent reader of his Bible. Like most young men of a genial tone of feeling, when conscious of the genuine rectitude of their principles, he was somewhat of an enthusiast, and never more so

than when the opportunity presented itself to speak of the land of his birth, or when the merits of his master were the subject of discourse.

In his spare moments he was fond of enlightening the minds of the other servants on the effects of the electricity, or of explaining to the simple peasants of Auteuil the great advantages of the lightning-conductor, invented by his master, Benjamin Franklin.*

No sooner was Richard called, than he made his appearance, and almost in less time than it took his master to communicate his intention, the gold-headed cane, hat, and gloves of the philosopher were handed to him, and, without further delay, master and man were upon their way to Auteuil.

Under the already glowing rays of a mid-June morning sun, that had begun somewhat to embrown the meadows, and lit-up copse, corn-field, and vineyard, with a dazzling flood of summer light, the travellers found the heat even at that hour oppressive, and quitting the high road, the paved *chaussée* of which reflected oppressively both the light and heat, pursued their way by side paths now become familiar to them, where they were screened at frequent and agreeable intervals by the friendly shade of trees. The philosopher walking slowly in front, evinced by nothing in his manner how much he was in reality concerned to reach the end of his journey with more expedition, while his servant following behind could scarcely suppress a feeling of impatience at the slowness of his master's pace.

Franklin found Madame Helvetius in her *salle de réception*, which looked out upon the beautiful garden of her house, from which close, and up to the very sill of the window, near which she had been seated, the thick foliage of the lime-tree spread its cool and refreshing verdure.

"So early a visitor, my worthy Dr. Franklin!" said the charming hostess, as she rose to receive him, "I hope it may be no unpleasant intelligence that you have to impart to me, and which has set you astray at so unusual an hour?"

"Not in the least, Madame Helvetius," replied Franklin. "I am come thus early to relate to you a circumstance that occurred to me last night!"

"Ah, then, dear friend, how charming it is of you. You are come to relate to me some pleasant little story?"

"Well, you shall judge for yourself, dear madame. You will perhaps recollect our conversation of last evening, and how I endeavoured, by most cogent arguments, to make you sensible that you ought no longer to lead thus a single life, but should marry again?"

"Oh, heavens! my dear friend, why revert to such a subject! Let us rather speak on some other."

"Is it then possible, Madame Helvetius, that you have not perceived the regret I feel in regard to the strange persistence with which you still persevere in your truth towards your deceased husband, which is not only without any reasonable ground of excuse, but perfectly futile?"

"At another time we will talk of that—at another time, dear friend!" interposed Madame Helvetius, with a simultaneous motion of her hand towards Franklin's white head, as though she would have smoothed down his grey locks.

"Well," resumed Franklin, "after our conversation of last night, I returned home, went to bed, and dreamed—that I was dead. Shortly I found myself in that Paradise where the souls of the departed enjoy imperishable happiness and repose. The gate-keeper of that Eden asked me whether I was desirous to see any of the spirits of the blessed; and I made a reply that I much

desired to be led where the philosophers were wont to meet. 'There are two,' replied the guardian, 'who much frequent a spot close by. They are most intimate neighbours, and take much pleasure in each other's society.' 'Who are they?' said I. 'Socrates and Helvetius,' was the guardian's reply. 'I have an equal esteem for both of them; but lead me first to Helvetius, for though I speak French, I am not a master of the Greek language.' Helvetius received me in the most friendly manner. He questioned me eagerly upon the present state of religious matters in France, and on the political subjects which most engaged the attention of Europe. But I, who had imagined he would have been more anxious to be informed upon matters that concerned him more nearly, and surprised that he made no inquiries about you, interrupted him at length in his interrogatories, and exclaimed, 'But, good heaven! have you no desire to know how fares your old faithful friend and partner in life, Madame Helvetius!—she who still loves you with such affectionate constancy! Scarcely an hour since I was in her house at Auteuil, and had the most convincing evidence of the undiminished interest and devotion with which she regards you, and cherishes your memory.'

"Ah!" said he—"you speak of my former matrimonial felicity. We must learn to forget those things here, if we would be happy. For many years I thought of nothing else, she was constantly before my mind, and even here I felt desolate. But at length I have found a consolation for the loss of her society. I have married another charming woman, and it would have been impossible to find one who resembled more my first wife, than her on whom my choice has fallen. She is not so handsome, it is true, as was my former spouse; but she is gifted with as much feeling, and intellect; and loves me tenderly. She has, indeed, no thought but to please me, and to render me happy. Stay awhile with me, and you shall soon behold her."

"Upon this I resumed. 'I perceive very clearly that your first wife is infinitely more true and constant than you are. Since your death, she has had several very advantageous offers of marriage, but she refused them all. I will candidly confess to you, that—I loved her myself with the most intense affection; but she remained cold and insensible to all my entreaties, all my arguments; in fact, she refused my hand from love for you!'

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear that she was so unreasonable, and pity her inconsiderate wilfulness; for she was indeed a most excellent, and truly lovable woman."

"At these words, Madame Helvetius made her appearance; and in her I recognised—imagine, only, who I saw before me? No other person than Madame Franklin! my old faithful American friend and wife! On the instant I laid claim to her as belonging to me—but, in a cold and somewhat repulsive tone, she said: 'For forty years and four months, nearly half a century, I was your wife. Rest satisfied with that. I have here formed another alliance, which will endure for ever.' Deeply chagrined to be rejected in so cold a manner by my departed wife, I immediately resolved to quit such ungrateful spirits. I longed to return to our planet, and behold once more the sun, and you! Say, shall we not avenge ourselves for such inconsistency?"

But the charming widow of Auteuil was by no means disposed to avenge in such a manner the faithlessness of the spirits which the American philosopher's brain had so vividly impressed upon him in his dream. Her determination to remain single had long been an unalterable resolve. Had such not been the case, it may be readily believed she would have hesitated before she rejected an offer that conferred with it so much honour, and which, had she accepted, would have bestowed upon her a name equally celebrated in two quarters of the globe.

As she sat opposite to each other at the open window, it was not without a certain degree of emotion that she gazed on the earnest, truthful countenance of him who spoke to her so frankly, and, with a cheerful hopefulness of soul at once so tender, so affectionate! She ap-

* The experiments by which he established the scientific fact that electricity and lightning are the same, are, as described by himself, singularly interesting. He made a kite of a silk handkerchief, and sent it up into the air, with an ordinary key fastened to the end of a hempen string, by which he held the kite in his hand. His son watched with him the results. Clouds came and passed, and at length lightning came. It agitated the hempen cord, and emitted sparks from the key, which gave him a slight electrical shock. Thus was the discovery made: the identity of lightning with electricity was clearly manifested, and Franklin was so overcome by his feelings at the discovery, that he said he could willingly at that moment have died.

He, nevertheless, persisted in its publication; and, to avoid the consequence, came to England in 1764. He subsequently repaired to Berlin, at the invitation of the "Philosopher of Sans Souci," whose Court was ever open to the great thinkers of his time. On his return to France he led a retired life at Auteuil, and died 1771. His other works of note are "Le Bonheur," a poem, and "De l'Homme," 2 vols. 8vo., published after his death.

preciated at their full value the high esteem, and the sincere friendship, of which he had given her proof so incontestable in the solicitation for her hand. Neither in his manner, nor his words, had Benjamin Franklin made himself ridiculous. There was nothing of the love-sick dotard in his demeanour. Before her sat a sage, who spoke deeply impressed with the conviction that, in all the circumstances, and in every stage of life, no partner was so desirable and indispensable as a wife who was fitted to embellish our existence, to give two-fold increase to our happiness, to alleviate the cares and sweeten the bitter anxieties which are our inevitable fate, however highly or lowly cast; and, if destined to survive her husband, to make his death-bed one of peaceful resignation.

On the previous evening, in discourse with Madame Helvetius, Franklin had, indeed, purposely adverted to, and eventually dwelt with much earnestness upon, the propriety of her entering again the marriage state; but in doing so, whether from timidity or forethought, he had expressed his opinion in a general point of view only, without in the least permitting his own personal sentiments towards her to betray themselves. Nor in truth, during that conversation, whether from less vanity than most of her sex, or a less share of that innate perspicuity in matters of the heart, which most women possess, she had not in the remotest degree detected the deep interest he felt in the counsel he advised with such tranquil yet earnest eloquence.

But now, the amiable widow's eyes became suffused with tears; she leaned her arm on the window-cushion, and hid her face in her hand.

"Come, then," exclaimed Franklin, after a short silence, "come, then, charming lady of Auteuil, let us both avenge ourselves."

"Wist! listen! my dear friend, listen!" said Madame Helvetius in a low tone, and in an attitude of attention. "Do not speak, for I hear voices in discourse close to us."

Both gently rose from their seats, and putting aside as gently the foliage of the lime-tree branch that obstructed somewhat their hearing and view of what was passing in the garden beneath, they beheld there, seated on a stone bench, immediately under the window, Franklin's valet, Dick, in close discourse with Annette, the daughter of Madame Helvetius' gardener, a young maiden of seventeen, and a by no means unattractive specimen of those dark-eyed daughters of France, frequently to be met with among the peasant girls of the environs of Paris, whose rustic beauty is not a little enhanced by the charm of a costume both simple and picturesque.

Between the leaves of the lime-tree both Franklin and Madame Helvetius remarked that the heads of the two young people were so closely inclined to each other, that the fair hair of the American almost touched the black braided tresses of the maiden of Auteuil.

"Let me go, Monsieur Richard!" said the damsel, the light-olive complexion of her sunny cheeks suffused the while with a richer blush of red. "If madame knew that you were following me so, she would be sure to discharge me from her service. Let me go, I beseech you. Oh! I must go! There, don't you hear? I think my father called me to water his peas. Yes, and besides, I have not yet made the cheese for madame, nor yet skimmed the last night's milk!"

Nevertheless, Annette rose not from the bench on which she was seated. But that might be accounted for by the circumstance that Richard, though without the least effort to detain her, had put his arm round her slender waist, doubtless to prevent her from escaping.

On witnessing so much undue familiarity on the part of his servant, Franklin evinced great uneasiness, and from a sentiment of virtuous indignation his cheek became crimson red. He was about to speak in anger to the thoughtless young couple, when Madame Helvetius, putting her small white hand over his mouth, compelled him to silence, and to listen further.

"You will understand me, Annette," was Richard's reply to the maiden. "What I say to you, I would as openly say in the presence of Madame Helvetius and Monsieur Franklin. Go, call your father. if you will, and I will speak

before him. It is far from my thoughts to wrong you in your virtue; but in all sincerity I will marry you."

The young girl inclined her pretty head in silence, and as though her inmost heart responded in sympathy to the frank avowal of the young man's sentiments towards her, the slight motion made by the neat little foot that mechanically rubbed up the gravel path on which it rested, brought her somewhat yet closer to Richard. No further reply from her was needed.

"Well, then," continued the young man, "we will be married. I will open my mind to Monsieur Franklin. He will speak to Madame Helvetius, and then both will arrange matters with your father."

"Are you really in earnest, Richard? You wish to marry me?"

"In all truth and earnest I mean it, dear Annette. We will go to America, and you will see that it is the finest country in the whole world. Monsieur Franklin will give us some land, which I will cultivate. We shall be free there, and live content and happy. Oh, my dear Annette! if you but knew my magnificent native land! how gloriously the sun rises above our forests, you would long, as ardently as I do to be there; and the sooner the better, for I am sure you will learn to love it as I do. Compared to the grandeur of our rivers, your Seine and Rhone are mere insignificant brooklets; and in any one of our lakes you might sink all Paris, and not a vestige of it would be seen. Say but the word, Annette, and before Monsieur Franklin leaves the house, all may be settled."

"How?" said the maiden; her dark, soft eyes expanding with an expression of astonishment, and her whole countenance breathing, as it were, the doubt and curiosity which Richard's description of his native land had awakened in her simple mind; above all, at hearing of lakes in which all Paris would disappear, without leaving a trace of it. "Are these, then, such grand and beautiful things in your country?"

"Yes, Annette, indeed; and God knows that I speak the truth."

"And is there then also, there, a duck-pond, like here at Auteuil?"

"What! the duck-pond of Auteuil? That little pool of water you pass by at the entrance of the village—that mere ditch planted round with sickly trees, and full of nothing else but frogs and toads?"

"Yes, yes," resumed the village lass, withdrawing herself gently from Richard's circling arm. "A duck-pond like here, in Auteuil?"

"But, Annette! how can you then think of that duck-pond? You surely do not love me; and there is some young man in the village whom you like better than me?"

"No, Richard. But the duck-pond of Auteuil is more to my taste than your great lakes in which you seem to have a fancy to put all Paris; and then your rivers, as compared to which the Seine, my loved, beautiful Seine, the river of my native land, is but an insignificant brooklet! Richard, I will be your wife; but you must remain in Auteuil!"

"What, Annette? You would have me leave Monsieur Franklin? Have me abandon for ever my native land? That would be as though you would have me desert from the flag of my country! You would surely never require such a sacrifice from me, Annette? Reflect only a little that my country has need of all her citizens, however humble their station. That England, which could not crush us out, may again become our enemy. Good heaven! what would Monsieur Franklin say to such a thing, were I to tell him I would not return with him to America? Annette! I love you; I would willingly lay down my life for you, if my country had no call for it. Annette! my beloved Annette! there is yet something greater, something higher than love, than happiness; and that is the duty which we owe to the land that gave us birth. But you—you are not so situated. What can withhold you? France has no need of you, a humble maiden. You can leave your native land, and your absence would never be remarked; you whose name is perhaps not known beyond Au-

teuil, and who never can render any service to your country."

"You are in error, Richard!" replied the maiden, rising from her seat and assuming a graceful dignity of attitude that struck Richard with astonishment, as, with the spontaneous impulse of all her genial nature, she exclaimed, "I, too, love my country,—our beautiful France! And I will that my children, should it please God that I have any, shall love it too, as I do! Have you never heard in your America of that maiden of France, the humble village-girl of Domremy, who delivered our land, too, from the yoke of those proud English, against whom you have fought? Duty, you say, calls you back to America. My happiness binds me to France. You love your lakes, your rivers, your forests; I love the duck-pond of Auteuil, on whose banks I was born. As a child, I sported by that pond-side; and those sickly trees, of which you spoke with such contempt, were witnesses to the pleasures of my youth. Adieu, Monsieur Richard! Fare ye well! I must go water my father's peas, make the cheese for Madame Helvetius, and skim last night's milk."

With the native grace of her countrywomen, she curtsied slightly and slowly to her dumb-stricken and bewildered American lover; then turning from the spot in visible emotion, and eyes suffused with irrepressible tears, she hastened to the kitchen-garden, where her father had been engaged all the morning with his watering-pot.

"My dear friend," said Madame Helvetius to Franklin, "you are a more valuable citizen than Richard; at least you are more useful to and needed by your country than he. Will you—can you resolve to give up your America entirely? Will you end your days in France near the duck-pond of Auteuil, far away from your great rivers, your immense lakes, your sun that rises so gloriously over your virgin forests? I, for my part—I think like Annette. I prefer the little insignificant duck-pond of Auteuil to that new world that you have contributed so much to enfranchise. Your narrative of the dream is as charming as it was ingenious," she added; "but, my dear friend, what say you to the little narrative we have just heard together?"

Franklin spoke not. After a short pause, in which he seemed to be collecting himself, he raised the hand of the woman he loved to his lips, kissed it with respectful tenderness, and immediately sought the apartment of the physician Cabanis, who was to prescribe for him the regimen he was to follow during the long voyage across the Atlantic, in alleviation of the suffering he always experienced on the passage.

Annette left neither the duck-pond of Auteuil nor France. But, after the lapse of twelve months, she married one of her neighbours, who, in 1789, joined the army, and was accompanied by her on the march to the frontiers. Under the Empire, Annette played a brilliant rôle; and her husband fell gloriously on the field of honour in 1812.

As far as relates to Madame Helvetius, "the good lady of Auteuil" proved herself constant both to her predilection for that quiet village and her resolution to remain a widow. Her house was still the favourite resort of the most distinguished men of the day. Benjamin Franklin had for successors Turgot, Garat, Destut-Tracy, and Bernardin de Saint Pierre.* When Bonaparte, then First Consul was walking one day with her in her garden, she said to him, "General, you do not know how happy one can live on a small patch of this globe of scarcely three acres!" Those were truthful words from the lips of a woman who had rejected the hand of Benjamin Franklin, and preferred to live and die in a modest retirement, in which, sustained throughout by the noble impulses of a kindly heart and gifted intellect, the love of her country was, next to that of God, the constant aspiration of her gentle soul.

* The author of the beautiful story of "Paul and Virginia."

Savage.—A mark to show civilization how far she has travelled.

THE COMING OF NIGHT.

CHEERILY smiles the setting sun, lazily falls the evening,
 And many a picture sweet and soft the massy clouds
 are weaving;
 Darkly the broad blue wave flows on, with a stern and
 stately motion,
 As it wends its way, through rapid and rock, to the
 smooth and glassy ocean.

Faintly the sound of the evening bell marketh the hour
 of seven,
 Grandly the flash of the harmless fire lightens the azure
 heaven,
 Lights with a tinge of glorious hue each snowy bank
 and billow—
 While the burnished face of the bright red sun sinks
 on a silv'ry pillow.

Fitfully, suddenly, one by one the lights from the town
 come gleaming,
 Brilliantly down from Luna's car the watery beams
 are streaming;
 Ravishing rays of silver white, sweetly in glory lining
 Lordly hall and lowly hut with a curtain fair and shin-
 ing.

In matchless majesty near and far the twinkling stars
 are glowing
 Over the sable and jet black world, a wond'rous radi-
 ance throwing;
 Flushed and still are the dwellings of men—sleep has
 been all things chaining,
 And the wakeful watchman scans the sky, where the
 night queen now is reigning.

London, C. W. G. C.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 283.

Thanks to the directions of Montruel, pauvre Louise could not mistake the road; he arrived at the second landing upon which the doors of the dormitories, composing the infirmary of the abbey, opened.

But there were no monks to be met with in the cloisters—some had courageously run to oppose the invaders, while others had sought some hidden retreat.

For the present we must leave pauvre Louise to his embarrassments, which will, no doubt, distress those of our readers who are interested in him, and enter the cell of Jean Cador.

The scene that we have been describing occupied only a few moments. In the cell of Jean Cador, they were still in ignorance of the cause of that fracas, which had so suddenly burst out in the basement of the abbey.

The monks, servants, and men-at-arms who had left the cell at the first alarm, had not returned.

Only five or six monks, with Eve, Eric, Jean Cador, and the queen, remained in the cell; they could obtain no news of what was going on outside, and their anxiety increased every moment.

Though neither Eve or Eric could possibly guess what was going on, their vague terrors told them that it was the queen who was specially threatened.

Eric was constantly on the point of rushing out to discover what was happening, but he could not resolve to leave the queen; every minute the clamor grew more hoarse and threatening—there was not the shadow of a doubt that the invaders were advancing.

The thick walls of the old convent shook with the mad dancing of the conquerors, and at times the quick ear of Eve caught, among the confused cries, the adored name of her sister, Angel—

"Ingeburge! Ingeburge!"

"Good saints! who could be pronouncing that cherished name with anger and cursing?"

As to the monks they were afraid to leave and trembled to remain; they prayed, and demanded

who these invaders could be, who violated the holy places like Genserio or Attila.

Among all those in that narrow cell, the queen and Jean Cador alone preserved some sort of calmness.

The queen was still under the influence of the drama which had just been enacted, and in which she had played so large a part, and she constantly watched, with wild eyes, that man who had entered the convent to put her to death in exchange for the life of the king; and as she watched him, his recent words were constantly striking violently at her heart, at times the queen was tempted to exclaim—

"Deliver this man—break his chains—for he gave me my life: and he can save the king from the assassins' poignard."

But the words always stuck in her throat; something more than a vague sentiment of confidence was required to unchain a tiger ready to spring.

The queen no longer viewed things through the medium of her own mind—a combat was constantly going on in her own heart, and prevented her from hearing the noise that was raging beneath her.

When in spite of herself, her eye would meet that of the Syrian, resigned and melancholy, she was grieved, but at the same time frightened. It was like looking into an abyss which her simple eye could not fathom.

Mahmoud lay immovable on the spot where Eric and the men-at-arms had struck him down.

At the moment when the noise attending the forcing of the doors reached the cell, Mahmoud's face lighted up, and a rapid smile could be detected on his lips through the silky meshes of his moustache.

It lasted but a moment, and he resumed his cold and impassible look.

But nothing can escape the eyes of devoted affection. Eric had noticed that smile and watched Mahmoud with redoubled attention.

There was no possibility of his escape, for when the queen had given orders that he should be secured, they had bound him from head to foot, and he lay like an inert mass, scarcely able to turn his head freely.

Eric was watching him with eager eyes, not that he had any fear of his being able to make his escape, but to divine from his looks, the new danger which threatened Ingeburge. Eric, though he could read the dark face of Mahmoud like a book, and the sudden joy that he had exhibited, made him feel certain that those who were now approaching were enemies.

He drew the dagger that he had by precaution stuck in his girdle.

Mahmoud perceived Eric's action and a slight expression of contempt passed over his features.

The cell was poorly lighted, Eric's eyes still fixed on the Syrian, persuaded himself that he saw him tremble; at the same time his ear caught a sound as of cords straining and breaking.

Once he approached Mahmoud, and felt the cords that bound him, but Mahmoud maintained his silence and only smiled.

Every moment now augmented the anxiety and distress of those who remained in the cell—the shouting and noise became so threatening that they believed the destruction of the monastery had commenced.

The whole army of assailants had crowded into the inner court, and the cry of "fire!" and the light of torches had reached them through the cell window.

The monks knew no longer to what saint to address themselves for succour.

Suddenly, in the midst of the breathless silence that pervaded the cell, the grave voice of Mahmoud rose—

"If thou wilt release me from these bonds," said he to Eric, as the latter was stooping over and examining him, "I will save the queen."

"Then those who are coming intend to attack the queen?" said Eric.

"Those who are coming will deliver me if thou dost not," replied Mahmoud; "and it will be too late to save the queen."

"Then thou art of that party that is coming to kill the queen?" said Eric clutching his

poignard convulsively. "Thou ownest to it: thou hast said it thyself. But I swear that neither those who are approaching, nor any one else, shall deliver thee, for at the first blow struck against that door I will leave thee a corpse."

Mahmoud turned his head aside with an air of indifference.

"There is but one God," he murmured, "and Mahomet is his prophet. Destiny is written in the book of Allah. Allah does not wish that the queen should be saved."

A brighter light than that of the torches now shone upon the cell window which looked into the interior court; wild and obscene songs dominated over every other noise, and dancing could be plainly heard in the court below.

"The foreigner! the foreigner!" suddenly cried a great concert of voices, when the dance was finished; "We want Ingeburge, the foreigner, who is the curse of France, and the curse of the king."

The poor queen covered her face with her hands.

"That is my sentence," murmured she; "I pray you, my fathers, prepare my soul to appear before my God."

The stupefied monks remained motionless. But at last one of them, ceding to the supplications of the queen, placed himself beside her and in mistake commenced the prayer for the "agonized." Eve was on her knees, at the other end of the cell, immediately under the high and deeply bayed window which looked over the surrounding country; but it was necessary to mount to a stool to look through it, as it was several feet above the ground.

In singular contrast to the inner window which we have described as admitting a red light from the torches of the rioters, this outer window admitted the pure pale light of the moon, now playing upon the fair hair of Eve and giving a death like pallor to her brow.

All at once Eve rose to her feet; for at her end of the cell a new noise reached her, borne through the outer window on the cool breeze of the night; but it was only palpable to her, for the fracas in the inner court deafened every other ear.

Eve climbed upon the stool and leaned through the window; but the confused and silver rays of the moon seemed to have covered every object as with a diaphanous veil. The noise which at first reached her only faintly, had now swelled up into great distinctness, and Eve could hear the tramp of horses' feet and the clicking of arms. Straining out of the window to her utmost, she could now perceive through the bare branches of the trees, the light dancing on the glittering steel.

Eve was but a young maiden, yet this was not the first time that she had seen steel helmets and polished armour reflecting the rays of the moon.

Suddenly she cried out—"The men-at-arms! the king's men-at-arms!"

Mahmoud, at that sound, raised his head quickly. Eric, who was watching him with redoubled attention, was astonished to see that the face of the Syrian brightened up at Eve's words instead of becoming more gloomy; he therefore doubted the possibility of his being able to understand that mysterious man.

The queen also, on hearing the name of her husband, had quitted her place.

"Are the men-at-arms numerous?" demanded Mahmoud.

"They cover the whole road," replied Eve, in a voice tremulous with joy. "And he who leads them," she added pressing both hands on her heart, "oh! I recognize him—I recognize him!"

Mahmoud turned his ear in the direction of the interior.

"If they are within hearing, young maiden," said he, in a voice which checked the joy of poor Eve. "Call them—call them quickly, or I fear they will be too late."

"Albret!" shouted Eve at the window. "Albret! my lord and my friend!"

But alas! her cry was smothered in the dark night, and when she tried to repeat her cry, those within the cell could scarcely hear the sound of her voice, for a thundering clamor had

just then broken out from all parts of the invaded monastery; the mob, which had been momentarily arrested by prior Anselme, had cast aside that last barrier, and were rushing up the great staircase uttering obscene songs and horrible blasphemies.

At the same time the fire which had been lit in some corner of the building by these mad men, was already shaking its wild and threatening mane of flames.

Death was all around. Eve and queen Angel fell into each others arms, resolved to die together.

Eric was obliged to support himself by the couch that Mahmoud had so recently occupied. The monks, frightened out of their senses, flew out of the cell and scattered in every direction.

Mahmoud-el-Reis alone preserved an almost supernatural calm.

He turned his ear to the right, then to the left, as though weighing in the mysterious balance of his instinct, the chances of the first arrival out of the two opposing noises.

Was it the poignard or the sword, the assassin or the saviour, whose star was to be in the ascendant?

CHAPTER VIII.

Pauvre Louise was industriously threading the corridor, now in this cell, now in that; and had some one possessed the power of examining minor details in those terrible moments, some one could not have failed to observe how visibly poor Louise grew in bulk, whenever he emerged from the cell he had visited.

Whether it was owing to the influence of the feminine surname he had assumed, or of the role he had daily played, as a woman, in the purlieus of Notre Dame, we cannot say; but certainly pauvre Louise exhibited all the weakness of good house-keepers with regard to linen; he evidently adored linen.

We have known ourselves such worthy women of the citizen class, who had a passion for hoarding sheets and towels equal to the passion of any miser who ever heaped up gold, filling large wardrobes to such an extent, that when these honest women were called to a better world, their heirs stood in ecstasies before the heaped treasures of chemises, handkerchiefs and table cloths.

And thus it was with pauvre Louise, which proves that if her education had not been much neglected, she might have become a discreet person, full of innocence and habits of economy.

Pauvre Louise had this devouring passion for linen, and each time that he entered an infirmary cell, whether occupied or not—whether it contained a corpse or a living being—pauvre Louise had no delicacy, but borrowed the sheets of every bed indiscriminately, till he bore round his body three or four pair of sheets, besides half a dozen good shirts.

But while gratifying this inoffensive taste, pauvre Louise did not lose sight of the golden chain promised him by the unknown woman; and the first monk that he met coming from the queen's cell found the cutlass of pauvre Louise at his throat.

"Ah! now—mon père!" said he to the monk, tell me where hast thou hidden Jean Cadore, the image-cutter?"

The monk, in the last extremity of terror, fell upon his knees, but could not utter a word.

Pauvre Louise laid hold of a second and a third monk; and at last fell in with one who had just sufficient strength left to point with his finger to the cell of Jean Cadore.

But at this moment the flames were making serious inroads over the whole of the buildings which surrounded the exterior court, and the swarm of marauders rushed towards the staircases, the keener scented found their way to the wine cellar,

Just as pauvre Louise had taken the first step towards the cell of Jean Cadore, the cloister of the second story was invaded by Tristan and his crew; but in spite of the diabolical noise created by the advance of these brave boys, above it all could be distinctly heard the noise of battle below.

Whether the archers of the convent had at last rallied and taken the offensive—whether unexpected reinforcements had arrived from Paris—nobody in Tristan's troop could determine.

Pauvre Louise, at any rate deemed it advisable to act with expedition. Entering Cadore's cell, he found himself in the presence of two women. Eve and the queen instinctively rushed from the human butcher.

"Oh! ho!" said Louise, "my job is here!" then he looked at Eric and then at Mahmoud-el-Reis.

"Which of you two is Jean Cadore, the image-cutter?" he asked.

"I am," replied Eric, without a moment's hesitation, and turning to Mahmoud he whispered hurriedly, "If thou deniest it thou art a dead man."

Mahmoud remained silent, but as Eric left him a moment to approach the new comer, he gave his body a sudden wrench and snapped the cords which bound him asunder.

A deep sigh escaped from the breast of the liberated Syrian.

"Ah! ha!" said pauvre Louise, "then thou art Jean Cadore, the image cutter. It is thee, then, who is to show me which of these two women is queen Ingeburge?"

As Eric was about to reply, Eve advanced and anticipated him, exclaiming, "I am the queen."

The remainder of this scene, though it may here take us some minutes to relate it, was but the work of a moment.

Pauvre Louise made a spring and seized Eve by the throat, thinking himself fortunate in meeting such an opportunity of gaining his gold chain legitimately.

Eric immediately seized him from behind by his thick hair, and dashing him to the ground drove his dagger up to its hilt in his breast.

Pauvre Louise neither moved nor uttered a sound, his rubicund face lost none of its color and he lay like a mass of inert flesh under the feet of Eve's brother.

"The foreigner! the foreigner!" cried the mob, who entered the cell at the heels of Tristan.

Tristan, intoxicated with wine, as well as by the riot, was always occupied in searching for that beauty—that divinity—that he had first seen at the window of Thomas, the lodging-keeper. Compelled to confine himself to Latin, according to his agreement with the clerk, Samson, he profited by the occasion to sport some descriptive verses, where Virgil spoke of Venus, Dido, Nereus, or Galatea.

On perceiving Eve, he waved his cap over his head, and shouted—

"At last. *Eu! Ecce!* She is here! Behold her!" He flew towards the young girl; but behind him and his troop of beggars, other voices could now be heard, crying, "Kill! kill! in the king's name!"

For a moment there ensued a tumult and a *mêlée*, which we have no power to describe.

Glittering helmets rose over the faded caps of the sham scholars, and a sea of blood soon inundated the floor of the cell.

Eric, believing the last hour had arrived, sprang upon Mahmoud with his uplifted dagger, exclaiming—"I promised thee thou shouldst not see the queen killed."

He struck a furious blow at the Syrian's breast, but the latter rose as by magic, while his hands fell at his feet. Snatching the dagger from Eric's hands, with a blow of his fist he prostrated him on the floor of the cell.

Then putting Eve aside, who was embracing the queen, he took the latter on one arm, and carried her off triumphantly, brandishing over his head, with his disengaged hand, the dagger he had taken from Eric.

The handsome page Albret split, at one blow of his sword, the skull of his old friend, Tristan, just as that gallant youth was attempting to snatch a kiss from the prostrate Eve.

Tristan stretched himself out with his arms extended, and Albret immediately turned, with upraised sword, to bar the flight of Mahmoud; but Albret had to succumb in his turn—struck by a blow in the neck from Mahmoud's dagger.

And then Mahmoud, towering over the whole crowd like a giant—his nostrils dilated, his eyes on fire, and brandishing his bloody weapon, while the fainting queen still lay lifeless on his arm—dashed like lightning through men-at-arms and marauders alike, and disappeared in the darkness beyond, but the echo of his deep voice could be heard proclaiming aloud—

"There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!"

While the poor dying king of the students replied, with the last verse of the *Æneid*, in accents half choked with his own blood—

"*Viaque cum gemitur fugit indigna sub umbras.*"

Thus died the learned scholar, Tristan, practicing scholastic lessons with his dying breath.

Studios and peaceable travellers, who run over the whole globe to learn what are the manners and customs of far-off countries, if you would judge by a glance of the eye of the political situation of an empire, mark well the noses of its statues.

If the statues have whole noses, in a good state of preservation, you may boldly affirm that that country is free from all civil commotion; but if, on the contrary, the statues should be without noses, or should be able to exhibit mutilated noses, make up your mind that internal revolution is working there.

Why should revolutionists be inspired with such savage violence towards the noses of statues? What can these wooden, marble, or plaster noses of statues have done to revolutionists? We cannot tell; but this we know that history and philosophy may ponder a long time before they discover the solution of that mystery. The fact, however, exists: for example, with us Frenchmen, to recall all the outrages inflicted on the noses of our statues, is to tell the story of all our misfortunes for the last eighty years. And this is how it happens, the people are passing on—the people with that powerful hammer which breaks up empires and republics alike—must break some unfortunate nose off—they cannot help it. Then come the bourgeois, trembling and groaning—he spies the nose in the dust, and picks it up. If the people are saddened, the bourgeois carries the nose to the company of police, and says, "See what damage has been done by the rabble." But if the people gain the upper hand, the bourgeois will preserve the sacred dust under his watch glass, and exclaim—"Ah! this people! this great people! how admirably it breaks noses! and for twenty years after he will still show that sacred dust to his children, repeating for the thousandth time these remarkable words: "On such a day, in such a year, the people and I, we broke that nose off in taking the Tuilleries. Ah! my children! may you never see the scenes that I have seen!" And the little sucking advocates and the baby notaries and discounters would feel a strong desire to break noses when they should be old enough to imitate their idol papas.

The day after the assault delivered by the sham students of Paris against the wall of St. Martin-hors-des-Murs, the damage done did not appear to be much—a great part of the building seemed scorched—windows had been knocked out, and tapestry had been torn, but everything could easily be restored to order; and the general aspect of the building had not much changed. If the rogues had only left intact the noses of the stone statues of the saints which were standing in the vestibules, on the stair-cases, in the cloisters, and refectories.

All these holy images were uniformly mutilated, presenting sad countenances, and exhibiting in the middle of their faces fresh marks of the indignities they had suffered.

They had buried the dead, of which there had been many, both among the archers of the convent and among the ranks of beggardom. All, however, was now calm; and next morning the chapel, hastily restored, was in a condition to be used for the offices of the community.

There was one thing most difficult to repair, which was the void produced by the wine-thirst of the monks by the inextinguishable thirst of the sham students. The abbey of St. Martin-hors-des-Murs had very fine and well stocked

cellars. When they had cleaned these vaults and driven out the beggars who had spoiled them, they sought in every direction for Queen Ingeburge, who had disappeared without leaving any trace behind her. They sought her in the gardens, in the courts, and in the neighbouring fields. The poor queen was nowhere to be found

To be continued.

SENT TO GRAN MORFEW.

IN order to comprehend the full horror of the fate foreshadowed in the above expression, it would have been necessary to cultivate a close personal acquaintance with Mistress Jael Morfew, our maternal grandmother, during those not unrequited periods of her life, when a temper, naturally irritable, and wholly undisciplined, became, under the influence of toothache, furious and implacable.

Gran terminated a somewhat tedious spinsterhood by marrying, late in life, the only man she ever feared or respected—her dentist. The match was brought about in an unusual way. She bit him. His friendly steel was in the act of closing upon a formidable old fang, when its neighbours closed fiercely upon *him*, inflicting an injury so severe as to evoke all there was of tender and womanly—it was not much—in Gran's bosom, in a burst of sympathy that amazed the sufferer, and probably acted healthfully on herself. At all events, it must have been such softening change that emboldened Mr. Morfew, before that hand was healed, to offer it to his assailant, for good and all.

He must have enjoyed a splendid practice, since it enabled him to bequeath her, at his death, the uncontrolled disposal of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. This, with her own fortune of fifty thousand, placed her in a position to exercise a very respectable amount of caprice and tyranny; and so excellent was the use she made of it, that her only child, my mother, not then sixteen, quitted the house one winter's evening, as if fleeing from the presence of a maniac, and was found freezing and fainting in the snow. She never recrossed that miserable threshold. Borne tenderly into a poor cottage on the neighbouring moor, she was nursed and comforted by its humble inmates, the parents of her rescuer, a young soldier, at home on furlough. This was the first meeting of my parents. Their last was in that dismal field of India, where my father, then a commissioned officer, abandoned with other wounded, through miserable necessity, was found, by love's unerring instinct, and saved from the jackal and the wolf, to breathe his last upon a loving Christian heart.

My first distinct and reasonable recollections are associated with a period when I, a child of six, and my sister Grace, aged four, dwelt with my mother in a pretty little honeysuckle nest of a cottage, whose garden skirted one of the rich green lanes of Devon. My mother's health had failed in India, and although the soft airs of western England had somewhat restored her, it was evident to many, if not, at the time, to us her children, that the springs of health and vigour were irremediably affected. *Afterwards*, I learned to understand well enough the wistful looks with which she had often regarded us, as she felt the stealthy approach of the destroyer, coming to lay desolate our little world, and hand over her tender orphans to the mercy of one who never knew what love and pity meant.

Ah, if I had been suffered to know the worst! It was a cruel compassion that concealed from us our impending orphanhood; it made the shock only more deadly. It added to my life a remorse never to be effaced; for I was a jealous child, and when I noticed that my mother's mournful loving eyes dwelt ever longest on my sister—melting, at such moments, even into tears—my selfish little soul rose in bitterness against them both. I could not know for certain, as afterwards, that she was thinking what future was in store for her shy, simple, sensitive darling, under the government of terrible Gran Morfew!

Our Gracie was such a fairy-child, that it seemed, if she were not touched delicately, she might dissolve or fly away altogether. She was

also so like a flower, that I am not romancing when I aver that I have seen her golden curls and little rosy face moving among the flowers, where it had been her fancy to hide, without, for a moment or two, discerning the difference. She was brimful of loving, playful ways, and of a nature so fond and gentle, that I believed she would have caressed her greatest terror in the world, a beetle, if Signor Scarabæus could have been by any means put upon honour not to do her serious bodily hurt. Gracie was, past comparison, the greatest coward in this world. I have before me still the look of wild, wondering terror that stole, on the very slightest provocation, into her large blue eyes, and at which, in those early, thoughtless days, I have often laughed, secretly exulting in my own superior hardihood.

I know that I must have been rough and bitter—indeed, at all times, more like a brother than a sister in my dealings with Gracie—for, though I loved her heartily, my contempt for her utter want of courage led to my treating her with less gentleness than such a nature demanded. I was wrong in saying 'like a brother.' A brother might have been rude and overbearing (I have seen no worse tyrants than little brothers), but he would not, as I did, have made a parade of his protection.

Especially in my moods of jealousy, poor Gracie must have suffered not a little. To be a coward, was no particular merit. I could not imagine why the little timid thing should be a greater pet and favourite than I. It was hardly for her superior beauty. At all events, I, though dark of tint, was pronounced, by the excellent judges who resided in the neighbouring cottages, the prettier of the pair.

Strange as it may seem, my mother lingered on for three years after—as I subsequently understood—her medical attendant pronounced the case hopeless. It was as if her fond anxious love held together the decaying mansion of the flesh, and prolonged her struggle with death until her darlings were strengthened to begin theirs with the world.

Before she died, she essayed one fond, half-hopeful effort to reconcile herself with her implacable mother. Although that object failed, one favourable result was obtained: Mrs. Morfew coldly announced her intention of not allowing us—when orphaned—to become chargeable to any parish, and even went the length of promising that, for a certain period after that event, we and our attached nurse, Emma Rusbridger, should remain in the occupation of our cottage-home.

Those only who knew Gran Morfew can fully estimate the comfort of this little concession. I believed it soothed my mother's heart more than if Gran herself had come down, in her mighty old coach, with the towering horses, and taken us to her rocky bosom on the spot; for, though Gran was but human, and was known to have yielded to an occasional emotion, she was never known to forgive. It was certain she would see in us only the confirmation of the wrong she considered she had received. Our best hope, therefore, was that her unconcealed repugnance might preserve the form of keeping us at a distance, permitting us to 'dwell with humble livers, in content,' rather than be shut up in the 'glittering grief' of her luxurious but loveless home.

I cannot write of my mother's death; enough to say, she was translated from us. The shadow we had been so long accustomed to watch and tend, passed into the world of shadows. Henceforth, Nurse Emma united in her own person the offices of guardian, steward, governess, cook and general director. Except for a slight tincture of authority, she was the same kind, devoted Emma as before. One habit of hers alone underwent a change; whereas she had been used, almost from our cradles, to wield Gran Morfew's name as a symbol of terror and punishment, she abandoned that weapon altogether.

'Do that again, Miss Mildred, and you go to Gran Morfew!'

'Very well, Miss Gracie! Gran Morfew's coach is a-coming for you in five minutes. Hark! there's the wheels.'

'As sure as my name's Hemmer—both you naughty girls!—you'll be sent to Gran Morfew, and nobody 'll hear no more about either of you!'

This never-failing remedy for exuberant spirits had to be dispensed with. Emma knew that we were living on Gran's bounty, and was dumb.

There was no perceptible difference in our mode of life; if anything, Nurse Emma appeared to be in the possession of more money than our dear mother. We were somewhat better dressed than formerly—had more playthings—and, to our breathless delight and surprise, a donkey—an actual living donkey, possessing ears and lungs, such as no human ingenuity could simulate—was added to our establishment.

Once every three months, a young gentleman came to pay us a morning visit. His hair was light, long, and rather oily. He seemed to prefer bright colours and decided patterns, and, though we never saw him ride, always wore spurs, whose jingle appeared to afford him satisfaction. He was partial to the village ale, a fair allowance of which, with bread and cheese, was always placed upon the table when he was expected. He never once disappointed us. In the height of a storm which no rational creature, not under the pressure of most urgent circumstances, would have dreamed of braving, this faithful young gentleman, with locks lank and dripping, and spurs too much incrustated with mire to emit the slightest melody, made his appearance as usual. His luncheon finished, Emma was wont to present him with a bundle of bills and a little red book. With a single glance, he seemed to cast up the whole of the accounts; then, placing money on the table, he received a written paper from Emma, and the business part of his visit was concluded. Then followed a game of romps in the garden, for he was a very affable young man, and, though somewhat embarrassed with his spurs, would take part in a game of hide-and-seek (in which he always made Emma join) with great delight.

When he went away, he invariably forgot something, and, stopping just at the turn of the path, would beckon Emma to him. They were invisible, round the corner, for about two seconds, when Emma would be seen fleeing back, with her face the colour of a peony, and adjusting the cap, about the size of a crown-piece, which she wore at the back of her curly brown head.

At first, I thought he must have slapped her, but, my condolences being ill received, I said no more. However, the perpetual recurrence of this incident excited my curiosity to such a degree that, one day, just as our visitor began to shew signs of departure, I slipped away, and concealed myself behind an elder-bush that commanded the usual place of meeting. All occurred, as before, until the pair had whisked round the corner, when, to my unbounded surprise, the young gentleman caught Emma round the neck, and kissed her!

'What nonsense 'tis!' was, I think, Emma's remark; and making a slight blow at him, which did not reach its object, she vanished.

Too much interested to care for consequences, I bolted from my ambush, and was next moment at Emma's side.

'What did he do *that* for, Emma?' I panted breathless.

'You naughty, sly, deceitful heavesdropper!' said Emma, giving me a shake. 'You shall go this very day to wicked Gran Mor— Now, Lor' forgive us, what are you a-making me say?'

'Emma,' I persisted firmly, 'what *did* he do it for?'

'He done his dooty to his employer, Miss Milly,' returned Emma: 'that's enough.'

'Thank you, Emma; that's all I wanted to know. You needn't be so cross,' I said; and the conversation terminated.

I forget after what precise number of these periodical visits it was, that the smart young gentleman, Mr. Slithers, announced to us, rather mournfully, that, on the succeeding quarter-day, chops had better be superadded to the accustomed banquet; also, that pale sherry, if such a fluid were recognised at the *Three Jolly Ploughboys*, should be substituted for the humbler beverage, inasmuch

as we should be visited on that occasion, not by himself, but by Mr. Samuel Pinkerton, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, his Principal.

The peaceful pastoral ideas suggested by the "Inn" and "Fields" were entirely dissipated by the impressive manner in which Mr. Slithers pronounced the concluding word. Poor Gracie at once burst into tears, and Mr. Slithers, who was always upset by infant sorrow, took a confused and hasty leave—so hasty, indeed, that on this occasion he did his duty to his employer without the ceremony of beckoning Emma round the corner.

Gloom fell upon Honeysuckle Cottage when he was gone, and with the last gleam of his departing spur, we felt that we had lost a friend.

All three of us—nay, the very donkey himself, who was manifestly gloomy and troubled in mind—partook of the conviction, that an unfavourable change was impending in our mode of life. A dread, that none of us dared to put in words, was undoubtedly present to all—that Gran Morfew might be intending to break up our home, and take us to her own.

Time swept by only too quickly. The day came—and the Principal. A last desperate proposal, from Gracie, that we should all go to bed, and pretend to be ill, leaving the donkey to explain matters, being overruled, we busied ourselves in preparing such a Cottage-feast as might propitiate our terrible guest; and all was completed, when we heard the distant gate swing roughly to, and a powerful step come up the walk.

There was no knock; but after a momentary pause, the door slowly opened, and a large, full, brown face, very near the top, peered savagely down into the room, the body remaining outside.

"Where are my lambskins? Oh, *here* they are!" growled the intruder, with an expression like that of a famished ogre.

Gracie uttered a loud shriek, and dived under the table. Down came the head about three feet, and the Principal, his ogre aspect changing to one of the most ravishing good-humour, stood before us. He must have been standing on the garden-stool; but he was naturally tall. He was also very stout; and his big brown face—the size of our tea-tray—undulated with a kindly, pleasant smile, entirely corroborated by his small but bright brown eyes, and at once destructive of every childish fear. I held out my hand to him; but Gracie, with a quicker instinct still, crawled from her refuge, and clasped his mighty leg! It was a fortunate act for her, that seal of a mutual confidence, so instantly begun, so long and faithfully observed, by both the great and little friend. Still, it was such an odd thing for Gracie to do—Gracie, who held even Mr. Slithers in a kind of awe—that I stood positively confounded, as the Principal, his eyes twinkling with delight, lifted the little thing, and, sitting down, placed her on his knee.

I was not at all jealous of that; on the contrary, I took it rather as a compliment to my advanced age, that he did not do the same to me, and busied myself with Emma in putting the finishing-touches to our banquet. Meanwhile, the Principal and Gracie rattled on as if they had been old friends just reunited after a long separation, and had an immense deal to say to each other.

"Aha!" I heard the Principal suddenly exclaim; "you know my name, it seems?"

"Yes; Mith' Pigwiggin," said Gracie promptly.

"Say it again, my pet."

"Mith' Pigwiggin," repeated Gracie distinctly.

"Good. And a very pretty name I've got," said Mr. Pinkerton complacently. "Pig-wig-gin." It seemed as if he were storing it in his memory. He was. I have scores of letters, in his large, neat, clerical hand, and every one of them is subscribed, "Your loving friend, Pigwiggin."

It was lucky we had no secrets at Honeysuckle Cottage, since, in about a quarter of an hour, Miss Gracie's prattle had made our visitor acquainted with our entire domestic history and doings—our wants, our wishes, our views on divers subjects, down to the probable cause of the protracted indisposition of a neighbouring duck, who, though nominally resident across the way, passed much of her unoccupied time with us.

Suddenly, Gracie was seen to be curiously in-

specting the Principal's boots, and passing her tiny palms gently over and over the heels.

"Well, fairy, what's the matter?" asked the Principal.

"Mith' Pigwiggin, where are your 'purs?"

"Purs! Ah, *spurs!* We Londoners don't have much use for spurs, dear. Spurs for soldiers," said the Principal.

"Is Mith' Slithers a soldier?"

"Slithers a soldier. No. Why?"

"He wear 'purs—'purs as long as that"—measuring her little arm nearly up to the elbow—"all bright silver." (Gracie was not as yet grounded in her metals.)

"Mis-ter Slith-ers wears *spurs!*" repeated the Principal, in unfeigned astonishment. "An attorney's clerk jingling about in silv—I'll spur him! A fellow, too, that never was across even a rocking-horse in his life!"

After this little episode, we went to lunch, Gracie still, to the Principal's evident delight, doing the honours of the mansion, feeding our guest with tit-bits, as if he were a pet chicken, and hovering about him like a benevolent little fairy, to whom he had been given in especial charge. Despite these attentions, the Principal, for so vast a man, ate very little. The meal was soon over, and his face—all our faces—looking a little graver, he proceeded to business.

Our cottage, alas! was to be immediately handed over to another occupant; Emma—dear, faithful Emma—discharged, and ourselves transferred to—the—(Mr. Pinkerton seem to hesitate) to the house of Gran Morfew.

These terrible tidings were not softened by the mode of imparting them. I had never seen a great grown-up man stammer and colour as did the Principal. I was sure that, as he glanced at Gracie's scared little face, a tear came into his brown eye; but he took an immense pinch of snuff, and tried hard to look as if he enjoyed it.

My poor Gracie! Perhaps she felt injured that her chosen friend should be the bearer of this long-dreaded announcement. At all events, it occasioned a momentary coolness between them. Gracie came weeping to me; while the Principal, making such sonorous use of his handkerchief, that the donkey, who was never out of hearing, felt it his duty to respond, took Emma apart, and held a conversation which seemed to have a reassuring effect upon her spirits. Then he returned to us, and having re-established relations with Gracie, there ensued another merry chat, until the Principal, after looking at his watch, gave a little start, and rose to go.

He bade us a brief but kind farewell, and was striding away, when Gracie caught him by his ample skirts.

"Top, 'top, Mith' Pigwiggin! you've forgotten."

"Forgotten what, darling?" asked the Principal.

"Your duty to your employer," said Gracie, to our utter amazement, and with perfect distinctness.

"My *what?*" exclaimed the Principal, as much taken by surprise, as if a wren had opened its beak, and uttered some moral reproof.

"You haven't *kidned* anybody at all!" said Gracie, in the same rebukeful tone.

"No more I have!" returned the Principal, breaking into one of his pleasant smiles. He kissed us both; Gracie twice. So *that's* my duty, is it? How do you know that, little one?" he added gravely.

"Mith' Slithers does it to Emma; and Emma said he did his duty to his employer," faltered Gracie, with some misgiving; for Emma had uttered a low shriek at the fatal words, and flushed to the very roots of her brown curls.

"Mis-ter Slithers!" repeated the Principal. He glanced at Emma, but with a good-humoured twinkle in his eye. "Spurs! kissing!" I heard him mutter. "A pretty choice of a messenger I seem to have made!—Come, my little ones, be busy now with your packing, and have all ready by Saturday: I shall come for you myself. My love to the donkey; best wishes to the duck. Emma, come and open the gate for me. Don't be afraid, Emma, my duty's done!"

The two walked away for a few paces, then stopped, and spoke for a minute, when Emma

came skipping back, wiping her eyes, but otherwise in excellent humour; thereby causing great relief to Gracie, upon whose mind there had begun to dawn an impression that she had better have kept her ideas of duty to herself.

The interval, up to Saturday, passed like a melancholy but somewhat hurried dream—in which a donkey took a very active and intelligent part, and a duck, in precarious health, was always, though welcome, getting in the way. For the former cherished inmate, a home that promised tranquillity, if not bliss, had been found; and with drooping of ears on one side, and weeping on the other, the last farewells were being taken, when the prodigy of Gran's carriage, with the elephantine horses, was seen entering the lane—looming so large, that Gracie hazarded a hasty calculation whether much trouble and discomfort might not be saved by removing in it cottage and all.

The Principal, beaming with smiles—followed by Mr. Slithers, sad and spurless, a degraded knight—descended at the gate. The final arrangements were quickly made; and Mr. Slithers being left in charge, pending the new tenant's arrival, we started for Gran Morfew's dreaded mansion, Emma being allowed to attend us thither, though she was not to remain.

Towards evening—for it was many miles, and Gran's horses, though immense, were slow—we approached Coldstone Towers; and now it was that I began, with an unusual sinking of the heart, to observe a decided change for the worse in the tone and bearing of our hitherto gentle conductor. Happily, my Gracie, overpowered with fatigue, kept falling asleep, and was but vaguely conscious that something was going wrong.

We drew up at the great entrance. Everything at Coldstone Tower seemed colossal. The steps up to the portico might have served for giants. The columns that sustained it, were almost terror-striking, in their girth and height. The two stupendous beings that admitted us—while a third hovered in the dim distance of the tremendous hall—appeared like giant guardians of some chanter's domain.

Mr. Pinkerton spoke a few words apart to the third individual, who had white frizzly hair, and was dressed in black, with glistening knee-buckles, which caught Gracie's eye; but there was no time to investigate the phenomenon. The Principal took a hand of each, and we ascended a wide, velvet stair, down which ran a balustrade of crimson silk, tasselled with gold. The next minute we were marching and trotting, according to our stature, across a plain of rich carpet, towards a canopied sofa, placed near the fire. We had approached within a yard, when a hand, gleaming with rings, shot sharply out. The Principal stopped short, as if a snake had sprung at him! The fingers of the warning hand were long and white; and so lean, that I remember wondering, even at that moment, how upon the earth they managed to retain those large and lustrous gems with which they were literally covered.

"No nearer," said a cold hollow voice—out of a heap of coverings on the couch—and following the direction of the sound, I beheld Gran Morfew. Only her face, however, was visible. She was covered with a mountain of shawls, and seemed to be suffering from ague; for, despite the summer, her wrappings, and a fire, her shivering made the canopy above her vibrate. I found, however, that this was her chronic state.

"I trust you are somewhat better, madam?" said Mr. Pinkerton, with a sort of guarded cheerfulness, such as one might assume in caressing a dangerous dog.

"Then you are a fool," was Gran's polite reply. "All are fools, who yield themselves to a groundless trust. You have got that beggar's brats, I see. O—h!" she concluded, forcibly repressing another shiver; with a violent gnash of her teeth. She always did this—which led me to observe that her teeth were large, white, and strong—though her face was withered and very old—and the shrunken features made her great gloomy eyes unnaturally large.

"Take away those icicles! See how they make me shiver!" moaned the wretched old woman, her menacing hand quivering with passion as much as ague.

The Principal drew us back.

"That is better," resumed she, looking relieved. "Now—to have done with all this—shake that imp, sir, and stop her whimpering."

Mr. Pinkerton, with his eyes nailed on Gram, gave Grace an admonitory jog.

"Have you agreed with those women? Can they take them to-morrow?"

"I waited for your final directions, madam," said Mr. Pinkerton in a voice that was not a bit like his own. "Misses Hollabone and Skimpin are—are not?"

"Why don't you go on?" said Mrs. Morfew, with another shiver and gnash. "Not what. I see. I must tell them myself." She raised herself a little, and fixed her gloomy eyes, filled with quiet hate, alternately on Gracie and me. "I have not sent for you, children, to give you clothes, and food, and toys, and servants, and a sumptuous home: I hate you both too much for that. I have been somewhat misled"—she darted a suspicious look at Mr. Pinkerton. "You were too happy in that cottage; I took you from it. That mad was spoiling you; I have dismissed her. I cannot turn you into the streets, for the world would say rude things of me; and, besides, even our reasonable prejudices should be indulged with moderation. So I have treated with some kind ladies" (a malignant grin)—"sweet, benevolent ladies, my little souls—to nourish and educate you, dears" (Gran grew quite tender), "in their own quiet peculiar way. There are two things, darlings, but you won't mind those. Miss Hollabone never has fires; and oh! (shivering) "how cold you will be at first—only at first, you know. And there are no holidays. You go to-morrow, and you come back to your Gran—dear, loving Gran—in five years."

I felt the Principal's hand tighten. I think he had noticed the sudden quickening of my pulse. But it was not from fear. The cold mocking malice with which Gran had spoken inspired me for a moment with the spirit of a tiger-cat. My sole desire was to fly at her, and strike her cruel face.

"Your good friend there has taken much pains to find this happy home; haven't you, Mr. Pinkerton?" resumed Mrs. Morfew.

"I—think they will be happier there—than here," replied the Principal, looking at her.

Gran laughed almost merrily, but a shiver stopped it.

"You understand, sir, all I wish?" she said impatiently.

"Perfectly," he replied. "I will deliver them myself to Miss Hollabone to-morrow, and communicate to that—hem!—benevolent lady your desire that they should be educated in the quiet peculiar manner you speak of, and for which that secluded neighbourhood offers such excellent facilities." And he smiled at her with an expression that, for the first time, sent a thrill of terror to my heart.

Gracie, half-unconscious as she was with fatigue and fear, must have felt the same, for I saw her cast up at her treacherous ally a look of wonder and rebuke that must have pierced his heart, if he had seen it. But the false Pigwiggan was not heeding her; he jerked us almost roughly by the hands.

"Come, make your courtesies, children, if you have been taught so much manners: say good-bye to your kind grandmamma, and come along with me."

I cannot answer for Gracie's manner on this trying invitation; mine, I fear, were wanting, for I remember, at this hour, Gran's face as she answered to my look—shaking those white talons till the jewels rang: "Well, well, child. Gran will remember."

Mr. Pinkerton dragged us rudely away. We passed to a small room at the far end of the corridor. It was lighted. There was a table spread, and a servant in waiting.

"Bring supper," said the Principal; "and send that woman—what d'ye call her?—Emma."

"What would you please to have, sir?"

"Something warm for me; crust and cup of milk for these torments," was the reply.

The man looked almost pityingly at Gracie, but Mr. Pinkerton made an impatient gesture, and he quitted the room. Almost before the door

had closed, Gracie was caught up in the arms of her Pigwiggan, and loaded with soothing caresses. From these and from his broken words—hastily uttered for fear of interruption—it became evident to us that there were two Pigwiggans—one for us, and one for Gran; and that, whatever cause we might have to complain of the latter, it was in no degree to interfere with our relations towards the former. Content with this assurance, Gracie laid her little golden head upon the shoulder of her recovered friend, and forgot the troubles of the day in sleep.

THE SEA SERPENT.

"I BELIEVE in the Great Sea-serpent." Unconsciously, I uttered these words aloud, as I stood one night on the fore-castle of an American clipper. We had just escaped from the China Sea, after sixteen days' hammering against head gales, and were gently gliding into the Pacific under a crowd of cotton canvas, which, in the full moonlight, almost pained the eye by its brightness. The deck was crowded with a strange, motley mass of human beings, the prevailing type of humanity being Chinese, for we had about six hundred Celestials on board, rushing to the El Dorado of California.

The sailors were men of all nations, and a vast variety of costume; many of them wore red shirts, thereby relieving the monotonous blue cotton of John Chinaman. I had wandered forward, and, finding myself alone on the fore-castle, had been standing there, mayhap, half an hour, enjoying the rare luxury of solitude, and watching the porpoises darting backwards and forwards across our bows, as the noble old ship rose to each long smooth swell, and then made a stately bow towards the blue hillock, as it swept away from her.

It was a mild, peaceful night, and doubly delightful after the pitching and tossing, the jerking and groaning, we had undergone for a fortnight. My thoughts naturally reverted to the mysterious inhabitants of the element on the surface of which we were floating. What wonderful creatures might at that very moment be beneath our keel, perhaps never requiring, possibly unable, to reach the surface! The monsters which are revealed to us by the microscope may have mammoth relatives; the fantastic forms of fossil reptiles may be outdone by living creatures beneath us, and possibly in view of those playful, long-snouted porpoises beside me. Perhaps the sea-serpent; ah, the sea-serpent! Imagination at once mounted on stilts; memory brought before me the various accounts of its appearance, accounts so numerous, so full in detail, attested by so many witnesses, and agreeing in the main so thoroughly with each other, that it seems impossible to discredit them. The objection raised by Professor Owen, that none of its bones have been found, weighs little against the positive evidence of the captain and officers of the British man-of-war, so lately as 1848, that they passed within one hundred yards of a snake which they estimated to shew sixty feet of his body above water and to have probably forty feet more underneath.

That sea-snakes of small size do exist cannot be questioned. A few miles off the coast of Borneo, I have passed many hundreds of them on the surface of the smooth sea, measuring about eighteen inches or two feet in length, and of a dark colour, barred with yellow. I recollect what a stampede took place one night on board a ship lying in the Hooghly, opposite Calcutta, when the fore-castle was taken charge of by a six-foot snake, which had crawled up the chain cable and through the hawsepipe.

Turning these matters over in my mind as I stood alone in the bows of the ship, the words I have commenced this paper with involuntarily found utterance; "I believe in the Great Sea-serpent."

"So do I, sir," came back to me like an echo. The voice came from near my feet, and, looking closely at the place, I found an old salt coiled up on the heel of the cathead, but hidden from me before by the black shadow of the jib. The

man was quite a character on board, singular in appearance and manner, rough and surly with strangers, but improving on acquaintance. He was a thorough seaman, and had already proved himself one of the most reliable men on board for any service requiring courage or judgment. Our crew had found nicknames for each other, and I had learned to distinguish Irish Mike, Soldier Harry, and One-eyed Sam. The old sailor beside me was known by the soubriquet of Jake the Whaler. He spoke in such a marked and earnest tone, that it roused my curiosity. "Why do you believe in the great sea-snake; have you ever seen him, Jake?"

"I have, sir," said Jake.

The tone and look of the old man were like those wherewith the Ancient Mariner chilled the blood of the wedding-guest. Not another word passed for several minutes; Jake seemed in a reverie, and, for myself, I was wondering whether the old man was mad, for I could not doubt his being thoroughly in earnest. That voice and look could not have been assumed by the best actor that ever wore buskin. After a pause, during which I lighted my pipe and sat down on the anchor-stock, I said: "Come, Jake, tell me all about it; when did it happen, and where?"

"I never tell it now, sir," said he, "I can't bear to be laughed at, and told that it was all delirium and fever. For two years past, I haven't even heard the name of the sea-serpent; though day and night I think of him, and shall while I live."

"But, Jake," said I, "you need not fear that I shall laugh at anything told in earnest; and of all things in the world, I should like a yarn about the sea-serpent."

"Don't call it a yarn, sir," said Jake; "'tis too true and too horrible to be called a yarn."

"Fok'sle thee," hailed the mate from the waist of the ship.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered my companion.

"Strike eight bells."

As the eight measured strokes were given, and the sweet, sharp sound filled the air, followed by the boatswain's hoarse voice, I felt that all chance of hearing Jake's story for that night was over, and strolled back to the poop, had my nightly glass of grog, and turned in determined to find an early opportunity of learning the old sailor's secret.

Early next morning, I came on deck, and found a strange and menacing change of weather had taken place. The wind had died away, and the ship pitched uneasily in a heavy, confused swell. A heavy bank of clouds was rising in the southwest, illuminated every few moments by vivid flashes of lightning. The barometer had been gradually falling, and the men were engaged taking in the light sails. Fitful puffs of wind sang through the rigging, and the sails alternately thrashed back on the masts, and then tugged forward, straining at their tackle like chained fiends. The main-course was now reefed, and the topsail brailed up sharp, looking like a row of great bladders as it blew out from the yard. I glanced to windward, and saw the rapidly-advancing bank of cloud edged with white, where the coming blast ploughed up the sea in its course.

"Send another hand to the wheel, Mr. Blow," shouted the captain.

The words had scarcely left his lips when the gale struck us and the ship keeled over till the water rushed in at the ports, and everything loose on the decks flew into the lee-scuppers. The halliards of the upper topsail-yards were let go, but, while the yards were coming down, the foresail tore adrift, split into long streamers, which fluttered out, flapping and cracking like gigantic stockwhips, till they were borne off by the gale. The ship righted, and gained way at the same moment, and we flew through the water with the wind on our quarter.

For eleven days and nights the weather never moderated, and we ran before the gale at a terrific rate of speed, crossing the North Pacific in as short a time as it had ever been done by a sailing-vessel. There was but little chance of hearing Jake's yarn during this time, but I kept the matter in my mind, and when at last the gale ceased, and we were no longer rushing through

the creaming foam pursued by great, green mountains with threatening crests, but calmly gliding towards the golden land, I got the old sailor to unburden his mind to me, and shall now try to give an accurate version of his story, though I cannot follow his exact words.

"'Tis eight years, sir," said he, "since I shipped aboard of the brig *Mermaid*, bound from Liverpool to the west coast of Africa on a palm-oil voyage. She was a poor craft, and we had a bad set on board of her. The skipper spent most of the time he was sober in tormenting the cabin-boy, but, after the poor lad was lost overboard—most of us thought he jumped over to escape his tyrant—the captain was seldom off his sofa, where he lay swigging rum and swearing at the steward. The mate had to navigate the brig, and he was such a stupid, thick-headed fellow, that it was little wonder we ran off our course, and made the African coast a little below Cape Blanco, and far to the northward of where we ought to have been. Our water had fallen very short, and the mate coasted along for some miles till we found a small bay, and, after considerable search, discovered a stream from which we could fill our casks. He brought the brig to an anchor about a mile from the coast—the breeze was very light, and the sea almost calm.

"The next day we were busy getting water, but we made slow work of it, as the small stream was nearly dry. The mate didn't much like stopping where we were, so close to the shore, but he had no choice, for it fell dead calm, and kept so for a whole week. It was on the evening of the third day after anchoring that the captain came on deck and sat down on the break of the poop, smoking his pipe. He was almost sober, and had a quieter way with him than usual, but suddenly he dropped his pipe, and gave two or three wild shrieks, like a frightened woman. The mate ran to him, and asked what was the matter.

"Look there, look there!" he said, pointing to the water, about a boat's-length from the brig.

"I looked at the place, and saw a queer swirl on the surface, and the stain of blood, just as if a whale had been lanced, and sounded.

"There was a big shark there," says the skipper, his eyes staring, and trembling all over—"there was a big shark there, lying quiet on the surface, and suddenly a great pair of jaws opened and seemed to swallow him as you might swallow a shrimp."

"Only another shark falling foul of him, captain," says the mate; "I've often seen them bite each other."

"The skipper called out for rum, and lay down on the deck, shaking as if he had the ague. The mate looked at me, shook his head, and said: 'Gone mad at last,' and I certainly thought that liquor had turned the captain's brain. We soon learned what good reason he had for his terror.

"It was not more than an hour afterwards that he rose alongside, and with his head as high as our mainyard, looked down on the deck, opening and shutting that horrible mouth the skipper had first seen."

"What rose alongside, Jake?" said I.

"The Sea-serpent," said Jake, in the solemn earnest tones he had used when speaking to me first on the subject.

I had the conviction that the man was in earnest. "Well," said I, "tell me all about it; and first, what length and thickness might he have been?"

"Judging by the length of our brig, sir, I think he must have been good two hundred feet, and he looked more like a monstrous conger-eel than anything else I can think of. His body was as thick as a cart-horse, and his head was flat like an eel's, and a couple of fathoms long. He had great gills, too, like an eel. His eyes were very big and bright; and when he lifted his head, opening and shutting those frightful jaws, as he had a habit of doing every few seconds, he was the most awful sight you can fancy. Some of the men said they saw his teeth, and that he had a double row like a shark, but I can't say that I saw them myself. It was his eyes, sir—his eyes I was always looking at, and

always with a fear that I should find them looking right at me. His skin was dark and glossy, like the skin of a whale—I didn't see a hair anywhere about him; and when we afterwards saw him swimming about, he wriggled through the water eel fashion; and you could see that the dark colour of the back got gradually lighter on the sides, and the belly was nearly white. But those matters I noticed afterwards, for at the time I speak of, when he rose alongside, and stared down on our decks, as I've told you, I was sitting on the deck cleaning some brass-work, and when I looked up, and saw that dreadful head, I just sat where I was, and stared at him with my mouth open, till he sank down gently out of sight.

"My head felt dizzy and my eyes dim for half a minute, and then I heard the captain howling, and saw that he was lying on the deck flat on his face. The mate and myself lifted him up, but he kept shrieking, and wouldn't open his eyes; so we carried him below, and laid him on the sofa. On the cabin table was the captain's case bottle of rum, and the mate filled himself a full glass, and drank it off; then he filled a glass for me, but his hand shook so that a good part of it was spilled. When I went on deck again, I found that the men had shut themselves up in the fore-castle, in spite of the heat, and two of them, who had been ill with coast fever for some days, were now quite out of their senses. Well, sir, that night the steward got so frightened by what he had seen, and by the horrible yells of the skipper, that he went forward amongst the men, taking a small keg of rum with him; and the hands were soon all drunk, and fighting among each other like devils. The mate and myself took it in turns to mind the skipper; and about daylight, I was wakened from a short snooze by a sudden quiet coming over the ship, and there was the captain quite dead, his chin fallen, and his eyes wide open. The same afternoon, the two men who had been ill of coast fever died, and there were three others in their berths raving. Twice that day we saw the great snake—once about a mile from us, and the next time some six miles out to seaward, and we hoped he had left us altogether; but on the next day, he rose about two hundred yards from our starboard beam, and moved his head about as he had done at first. Eight times in all we saw him, sir; and once the steward, who was wild with drink, got the captain's gun out, and would have fired at him, but the mate took it out of his hands. On the seventh day from the time we came to anchor, the weather suddenly changed, and a heavy tornado came on, and blew us right out to sea. We had lost most of our spars, being so short-handed; and as soon as the gale moderated, we hove overboard the captain and four of the hands who had died in that bay, but whom we had been afraid to bury before, lest the snake might take a fancy for human flesh. At last, we reached Sierra Leone, nearly dismantled, and with only three hands on board fit for duty. We got help from another vessel before we could bring the ship to anchor; and after that, I remember nothing, till I found myself recovering from fever in the Sierra Leone hospital, my head shaved, and my limbs as weak as a child's.

"The brig had left the port with a new crew, and the few survivors of her former crew had returned to England in another ship. They laughed at me when I told them about what we had seen and gone through; they told me it was only my dreams when I had brain-fever. I wish I could have thought so, sir; for it was all too true—too true."

Again the sharp, sweet sound of the ship's bell, again the hoarse call of the watch, and old Jake the Whaler and I parted company.

Theatre.—The world within four walls.

Amusement.—A help to teach us how to organize labour.

Character.—The only personal property which everybody looks after for you.

Contentment.—Thought reposing on a bed of roses.

CHILDREN.

CHILDREN and childhood have been surrounded with an atmosphere of poetry, and have been invested with all the charms of poetic fancy:—

"Angels are talking to them in their dreams—
Angelic voices whispering sweet and clear."

They are supposed to hold some intercourse with the world of spirits, and their very smiles are interpreted to mean communion with a world unseen. Their gestures, tones, and language are the constant theme of poets, and moralists take them for their text. For ordinary mortals like ourselves they possess a wondrous charm; and they are a relaxation to the man of business or the student, who can unbend to them, when to all the world beside they are unapproachable. The painter makes them his study, and they have been among his most successful works, for infancy appeals and pleads to all alike. When they are tricked out in muslin and silk, and toddle in after dinner, every eye lights up, and they become the centre of all attraction, and later on their lisping and their sayings become household words, and their elders learn to speak a language which they have caught from infant lips. The affection of a little child is almost the only thing which a suspicious nature does not distrust. There is something in the simple, untutored, spontaneous return with which a child meets its overtures that disarms it at once of that reserve with which more or less it surrounds itself in all its intercourse with the world. But there is another side of the question which, in all fairness, ought not to be attributed so much to the children themselves as to those who are their natural guardians. Who does not know what is meant by an *enfant terrible*? and who that has suffered from it can be blamed for railing against children as a nuisance? A child of quick intelligence and much observation, who has a certain faculty of putting one and one together—who hears and listens attentively to all that is passing around, both in the nursery and in the drawing-room—who is suffered to live on too familiar terms with its elders—who has but little tact and less self-control—who blurts out all that comes into its little mind without regard to time or place, and says the most *mal-a-propos* things that can be imagined—whose pert sayings are retailed as cleverness by ill-judging parents and servants in its presence, till it has learnt to value them as having some merit in them—who is allowed to engross all the attention with its stories and its prattle, to the evident annoyance of those who see no charm in it—such a child is indeed one of the greatest pests of society.

But it is, we repeat, more the fault of others than of the child. Amused by the smartness of its sayings, or by the quickness of its perceptions, parents encourage it for their own amusement, and laugh at it, while in the nursery it finds favour, because it is one of the means by which nurses and nursemaids learn what is going on in the drawing-room. But this is a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways, for if it reveals the tactics of the drawing-room, those of the nursery and housekeeper's-room do not escape. With eyes and ears well open, a ready tongue, and a retentive memory, children become dangerous to friend and foe.

No bland amenities can be successful while one of these "sweet little pets" is at hand with its revelations, its explanations, and its glosses, for it is sure to remember how mamma said she was glad to hear that Mrs. So-and-so was going away. An amusing story is told of a lady who once pressed a friend to visit her in the country. On his arrival at —, he was at once shown to his room, the dressing bell, as he was informed, having already rung. On entering the room in which the company assembled before dinner, he found himself alone with a little girl, elegantly dressed, who, as the event proved, was quite up to the occasion. He spoke to her in language which he supposed to be suited to her years, and, for a time, they got on very well together, when she presently bethought herself that she would

like to know the name of her new friend. He at once complied with her request, and told her his name, to which she instantly replied, with the utmost *naïveté*:—"Oh, then, you are the man that mamma says has sung himself into society!" Pleasant announcement in the first moments of an arrival at a strange house! especially when it suddenly flashed across our friend's mind that it had been a special proviso in the invitation he should bring all his music with him. But there is no end to the stories which almost every one has to tell of the *mal à propos* sayings of these blessed little pests. If a friend is pressed to stay, and regrets his inability to do so, the *enfant terrible* is sure to say it is glad of it. It is in vain to hope to dissemble your love or your aversion, if, in some unguarded moment, no secret has been made of either. "Little pitchers have long ears," and people are apt to forget this when they talk over the things which most deeply interest them, forgetful that the tongue of the young and old alike is an unruly member. Precocious children, who have not been kept in their proper place, and whose tongues have been allowed to run on *ad libitum*, have not unfrequently been the disturbers of domestic happiness. Tale-bearing is an odious habit, whether in the old or young, and no fireside is safe against its attacks. An amusing instance occurred, within our memory, of a petted child who was suffered to accompany her father in a round of visits which he proposed to make. His visits being made, he brought her back to her mother, with the evident expectation of some praise for his punctuality. Mamma, in her gladness, drew the child towards her, gave her a kiss and was on the point of expressing a hope that she had been amused, when she was cut short by the "sweet child" saying, "Ah, that is just what papa did to Mrs. —." It was impossible for her unfortunate father to contradict or explain. There he stood convicted, no doubt inwardly resolving that when he went visiting in future he would leave his *enfant terrible* at home.

We think that, in connection with this subject, the duty to children is twofold. First, that they should be taught from their earliest childhood that it is both dishonourable and wrong to repeat what they hear; and secondly that care should be taken not to place upon them a burden too heavy to bear, by talking too openly and indiscriminately before them of things which we do not wish to hear repeated again. If their elders are imprudent enough to talk rashly before them, let them be taught the virtue of that reserve which prevents tale-bearing; but let it be remembered that it is cruel and wrong to try the temper of the children by forcing upon them a habit which is opposed to the free nature of childhood. We think it as wrong to do this as to place money, and other valuables, within the reach of servants, with no other purpose than to test their honesty. It must tend to destroy, in some degree, the simplicity of a child's character; it must rob it of some of its freshness. If a child is made to walk sooner than its little strength allows, the mistake will be seen in the distortion of its limbs; so, with regard to their mind and character, if children are put into forced and unnatural positions, the result will be some malformation, such as slyness, untruthfulness, or that precocity which renders them detestable.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREM.

- 1. 651 and Horn him 50 = A village in Canada.
- 2. 501 " Do side men run = A Saxon monarch.
- 3. 203 " In guard = An Italian historian
- 4. 503 " No pan Sal = A town in the United States.
- 5. 500 " Oh! a 50 £ goose = A prominent building in Upper Canada.
- 6. 1000 " Get a pear? No! = A fruit.
- 7. 500 " Oh! egg burns = A town in the United States.
- 8. 50 " Well no fog = An American author.
- 9. 51 " Mail in = A peak of the Andes.
- 10. 1 " A star cant shine = A town in Canada West.

The initials reveal the name of a Canadian college.

R. T. B.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete I am what we do every day; behead me, and I am a place of amusement in winter; again and I am a useful liquid.
2. Complete I signify value; behead me, I become an article of food; once more and I am welcome in summer.
3. Complete I denote anger; behead me and I am seen in monasteries; behead again and I am a bird; replace my head and curtail me, and behold an animal.

R. T. B.

RIDDLE.

What kind of fruit was seen in the ark?

CHARADES.

I am a word of 10 letters.
 My 6, 3, 8, 4, is a journey.
 My 9, 10, 6, is an insect.
 My 1, 3, 5, 6, is a vehicle.
 My 3, 2, 6, is an animal.
 My 1, 5, 4, is an article of clothing.
 My 3, 9, 4, 6, is a trance.
 My 3, 5, 6, 2, 10, is a small cane.
 My 7, 9, 6, 1, 7, is applied to birds.
 My whole is a range of mountains.

A. PYNE.

ACROSTIC

1. An English king.
 2. A Russian Czar.
 3. A celebrated Grecian philosopher.
 4. An ancient battle.
 5. A part of the eye.
 6. A gallant naval hero.
 7. A Roman emperor.
 8. A heathen God.
 9. A king of Scotland.
 10. A celebrated Grecian painter.
 11. A book of the old Testament.
- The initials will reveal the name of a celebrated Grecian general.

A. PYNE.

ANAGRAMS.

ROMAN EMPERORS.

1. I ran at G.
2. I pen us up
3. Ma mix in A.
4. No satin net C.

A. PYNE.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. What a man should always cleave to.
2. What a man sometimes makes of my first.
3. What a wise man never is.
4. A girl's name.

OLIVE.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM, &c. No. 43.

Arithmorem.—Colombia, Arkansas.—1, Calcutta. 2, Ophir. 3, Lanark. 4, Odessa. 5, Milan. 6, Benares. 7, Indijirka. 8, Algiers.
Transpositions.—1, Post Office. 2, City Bank. 3, St. Lawrence Hall. 4, Ottawa Hotel.
Charades.—1, Cur volunteers. 2, Pine apple. 3, Eyc-glass. 4, Roe-buck.
Word Puzzle.—Look above you, look below you, look on each side of you, and see that nothing vexes nor crosses your eyes.

Square Words—

- | | |
|------------|------------|
| 1. W I N G | 2. R E S T |
| I R O N | E V E R |
| N O R A | S E R E |
| G N A T | T R E E. |

Arithmetical Problems.—The numbers are 8 and 14.

The following answers have been received:
Arithmorem.—Nellie, H. H. V. Argus, Camp Flora G.

Transpositions.—Irene De Forest, Nellie, Dido, Isabel, H. H. V.

Square Words.—Isabel, Dido, Irene De Forest, Nellie, Tip, Argus.

Charades.—Irene de Forest, Nellie, Dido, Isabel, Tip, H. H. V., Camp, Argus.

Word Puzzle.—Tip, Isabel, Dido, Irene De Forest, H. H. V., Argus, Flora G.

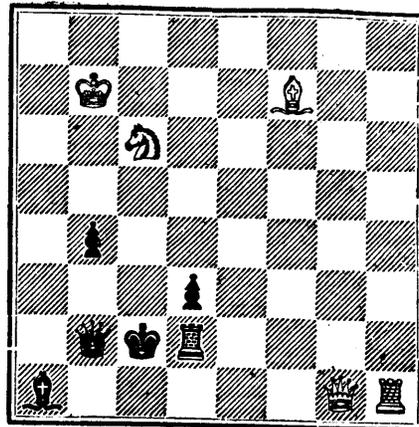
Arithmetical Problem.—H. H. V., Camp, Argus, Geo. L.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 32.

By W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 31.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. R to Q 5. P or R takes R or (a, b, c, d, e, f).
 2. Q to B 4 Mate.
- (a) 1. _____ R to K 3, or B to Kt 3.
 2. Q to K 6 Mate.
- (b) 1. _____ B chs, R to B 3, B to K B sq. or Q 3.
 2. Kt to Kt 5 Mate.
- (c) 1. _____ R to Kt 3, B to Kt sq. or B 4.
 2. Q to B 5 Mate.
- (d) 1. _____ R to Q 3, B to Q sq. or B 3.
 2. Kt takes R Mate.
- (e) 1. _____ P to Kt 7.
 2. Kt to B 2 Mate.
- (f) 1. _____ P to B 6.
 2. B to Q 8 Mate.

ENIGMA No. 12.

(From Kling and Horowitz's "Chess Players.")



White to play and Mate in four moves

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 10.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. R to Q 6 (ch.) K takes R
2. P to K B 4 (ch.) K takes P.
3. R to K Kt 6 dis. Mate.

Brilliant dash at the Divan between Messrs Gossip and Kirkpatrick.—Era.

CUNNINGHAM GAMBIT.

WHITE. (Gossip.)

BLACK. (Kirkpatrick.)

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 P to K 4. | 1 P to K 4. |
| 2 P to K B 4. | 2 P takes P. |
| 3 K Kt to B 3. | 3 P to Q 3. |
| 4 P to Q 4. | 4 K B to K 2. |
| 5 K B to B 4. | 5 K B to R 5 (ch.) |
| 6 P to K Kt 3. | 6 P takes P. |
| 7 Castles. | 7 Q B to R 6 (α.) |
| 8 Kt takes K B (β.) | 8 Kt 2nd P takes P (ch.) |
| 9 K to R sq. | 9 Q B takes R (c.) |
| 10 Q takes Q B. | 10 Q takes K Kt. |
| 11 Q takes B P (ch.) | 11 R to Q sq. |
| 12 Q to B 8 (ch.) | 12 K to Q 2. |
| 13 Q to B 5 (ch.) | 13 K home. |
| 14 Q B to Kt 5. | 14 Q to K 8 (ch.) |
| 15 R takes R P. | 15 K Kt to B 3. |
| 16 Q Kt to B 3. | 16 Q takes Q R. |

And White Mates in six moves.

- (a) K Kt to B 3 would have given him a tolerably good game.
- (b) B takes B P would have had equal, if not greater effect.
- (c) Again K Kt to B 3 was preferable; White now wins easily.
- (d) The termination is exceedingly well played by Mr. Gossip.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. T. B.—Your favours are always appreciated.

CADET.—We shall be happy to receive any contributions you may think proper to forward.

ALLIE N.—Nostrums by the hundred are advertised, but they are all equally valueless. Stimulating applications to the skin may prevent the hair from falling off, but we do not know of anything that will cause it to grow where nature has not planted the roots. Why does not Allie bid her brother be patient? there may be a good time coming.

J. McJ. P.—Permit us to observe that one or two really good contributions will be more valuable to us than a dozen hastily written articles. We cannot use the verses forwarded, because while many of the thoughts are really beautiful, the rhymes are frequently bad, for instance "vales" with "bells," praise" with "Paradise." If we accept any articles we shall be happy to accede to your request.

R. V. R.—In the neighbourhood of five thousand. We forward you with the additional numbers a bound copy of the first volume.

JAS. B.—Respectfully declined.

M. H.—We trust we shall never see the question of "Woman's Rights" agitated in Canada in the repulsive manner it has been in the adjoining Republic. There are, however, two sides to every question, and M. H. is quite correct in stating that the propriety of admitting women to the privilege of the franchise has been freely discussed in the mother country. Recent papers inform us that Mr. Mill presented to the imperial parliament a sensible and able petition signed by fifteen hundred women praying for the extension of the franchise to widows and unmarried women possessing the needful property qualification. A female parliament might probably on the whole speak and act as sensibly as the gentlemen at Ottawa, but most men will believe that woman's sphere is "home;" it is there her gentler virtues shine, and we should be disposed to regard as an unmixed evil the adoption of any measure that would lead her even into the turmoil of an election contest.

TIPSTAFF.—Your strictures are just, but the Editors of the Journals referred to probably understand what their readers appreciate. Our belief is that few columns are read with more interest, by a large class at least, than those criticized by Tipstaff. The papers are printed to sell, and we suppose the publishers care but little from whence they draw their readers.

BARBUS.—Your proposal is respectfully declined.

G. H. J.—The Hudson Bay Territory is estimated to contain an area of two million five hundred thousand square miles. This would be, if handed over to us, a pretty large addition to the new confederation, but much of it is unfit for actual settlement.

A. B.—Will you favour us with your address?

W. P. W.—"What I saw on the Grand Trunk" is respectfully declined.

FASHION.—Probably "The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine."

MISCELLANEA.

LIBERTY.—Brasidas, the famous Lacedaemonian general, caught a mouse; it bit him, and by that means made its escape.—"Oh Jupiter," said he, "what creature so contemptible but may have its liberty, if it will contend for it."

THE bones of a gigantic sea monster have been discovered on the beach near the mouth of the Una, in San Paulo.

AMONG the advertisements in a late London daily, appeared the following:—"two sisters want washing."

CREDIT.—There are two directly opposite reasons why a man sometimes cannot get credit; one is, because he is not known; and the other, because he is.

A NEW illustrated journal, called the War Telegraph, is about to be issued in Florence. It will appear twice a week, but during the war will publish a supplement every day, containing the military bulletins.

MISS BELLE BOYD, or rather MRS. BELLE BOYD HARDINGE, the Southern heroine, is now in Manchester, performing at the Theatre Royal.

MUZZLING A DOG ON HIS TAIL.—One of the acts passed last year in Paris, that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, a man was brought up for infringing. In defence he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" said the justice.—"Oh," said the defendant, "the act says nothing as to where the muzzle should be placed; as I know my dog hates a muzzle, I put it on his tail."

THE cost of the maintenance of the Austrian Army is £120,000 a day, or forty-three millions eight hundred thousand a year. Not very dear for a million of men.

THE coffin which contains the mortal remains of Gustave III., requiring repair, was recently opened in presence of the King and Queen of Sweden; the face of the deceased was found to be in perfect preservation.

"A PRUSSIAN TRICK" is a saying all over Germany, and an excellent illustration of the meaning was given the other day at Glewitz. The train was leaving with the militia, when their wives and sisters flung themselves on the rails before the engine. The station master compromised by allowing the women to accompany the train, but in different carriages. These carriages were attached, train moved off, but left the women's carriage behind.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

W. K. MARVIN, New York, claims as a new metal or alloy a composition consisting of chromium, cast-iron, and wrought-iron, compounded for the construction of safe-boxes, vaults, doors, and other burglar-proof structures, by casting the same of the metal described.

AMONG the curiosities which will figure at the Paris Exhibition, a perpetual motion pendulum is announced, which has already been oscillating for three years without interruption. The inventor of this apparatus is a well known watchmaker in Paris, but he will not as yet allow his name to be published. Three years is scarcely a test of perpetual motion.

A NEW and singular source of magnetic iron has been discovered. It appears that the shavings of iron and steel, and especially the long spirals produced in turning iron on the lathe, are highly magnetic, especially in the case of soft iron. This magnetism is permanent; and M. Greiss, the discoverer, has observed that the south pole is always at the end which is first touched by the tool.

TO TOBACCO SMOKERS.—The Count de la Tour du Pin has given a valuable hint to tobacco smokers. It is a current opinion that the most expensive tobacco contains the least nicotine; and the Count gives a plan by which a man may smoke caporal, and only get the effects of the best Havana. It is very simple. Only place somewhere between the pipebowl and the mouth of the smoker, so that may be traversed by the smoke, a pledget of cotton wool soaked in a solution of tannic or citric acid, and that will arrest the greater part of the nicotine. According to the experiments of the Count, the proportion of nicotine in the original smoke to that in the smoke after it has passed through the cotton is as seven to two.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

BEWARE how you have dealings with a man taller than yourself: he can always overreach you

A PAPER, in the interest of one of our politicians, boasts that he "can stand upon his intellectual capital." We suppose it means that he can stand upon his head.

WHEN is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.

SOORY.—A wag, on hearing that a man had given up chimney-sweeping, expressed surprise, as he thought the business *sooted* him.

"How are you to-day?" inquired a doctor of his patient.—"A little better, thank you."—"Have you taken any dinner to-day?"—"Yes, a little goose."—"With appetite?"—"No, sir, with sauce."

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?"—"Certainly not, ma'am," replied the gallant philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

THE easiest way to get a living, says a vagabond poet, is to sit on a gate and wait for good luck. In case good luck don't come along, you are no worse off than you were before.

"Come, Bill, it's ten o'clock; I think we had better be going for it's time honest folks were at home."—"Well, yes," was the reply; "I must be off; but you needn't go on that account."

SHAMEFUL PERVERSION OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE.—An esteemed contributor, who henceforth will be so no longer, sends us the following:—Why is the stomach-ache like a celebrated English poet?—Because it's an ache inside (Akenside).

A NEWSPAPER REPORTER says of a very elegant female pickpocket:—"She rarely speaks to any one; is always quiet, gentle, smiling, and genteel—comes like a sunbeam, and, like it, steals noiselessly away."

THE editor of an eastern paper says, "We have adopted the eight hour system in this office. We commence work at eight o'clock in the morning, and close at eight in the evening."

BONE FEVER.—A Central America correspondent gives an expressive idea of the delights of bone fever, which prevails in that latitude, when he says that often, when first attacked, did he lie in his berth "and revel in luxurious recollections of the happy days when he was only sea-sick!"

A GENTLEMAN was always complaining to his father-in-law of his wife's temper. At last papa-in-law, becoming very wearied of these endless grunblings, and being a bit of a wag, replied, "Well, my dear fellow, if I hear of her tormenting you any more I shall disinherit her." The husband never again complained.

ORIENTAL WIT.—A young man going a journey, entrusted a hundred deennars to an old man. When he came back, the old man denied having had any money deposited with him, and he was had up before the Khadee.

"Where were you, young man, when you delivered this money?"

"Under a tree."

"Take my seal and summon that tree," said the judge. "Go, young man, and tell the tree to come hither, and the tree will obey when you show it my seal."

The young man went in wonder. After he had been gone some time, the Khadee said to the old man, "He is long. Do you think he has got there yet?"

"No," said the old man; "it is at some distance. He has not got there yet."

"How knowest thou old man," cried the Khadee, "where that tree is?"

The young man returned, and said the tree would not come.

"He has been here, young man, and given his evidence. The money is thine."

SOME of the police, or rather their sub-agents, in France, are very exacting. A man going into a gallery lately was hailed by an official in a three-cornered hat and blue coat, and told to "deposit his cane." "But, monsieur," said he, "I never carry a cane."—"But depose your cane then, foolish fellow, and do not stop the others."—"But I tell monsieur that I have no cane; my good grandfather had—"—"Be off with your good grandfather, and deposit your cane."—"But, monsieur l'Employé, I do not number among my goods any cane whatever."—"Then you can't come in. Here is the *consigne*—Before entering you deposit a cane!"