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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 18.

FOR WEEK ENDING JANUARY 6, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

## CANADIAN DEATH-ROLL.—1865.

The glories of our birth and state,  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against fate:  
Death lays his icy hands on kings;  
Sceptre and crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

SHIRLEY.

THE beautiful lines of the Elizabethan drama-  
list, which we quote, give a true illustration  
of the uncertainty and utter hollowness of every-  
thing of the earth earthy. The king as well as  
the peasant; the powerful leader of a mighty  
host as well as his meanest soldier; the wealthy  
lordling, whose ancestry dates back to a remote  
period, as well as the poor foundling who was dis-  
covered on the door-step;—must all elbow one  
another on the same road, on the same long  
journey, and must all mingle together in their  
original dust.

Thoughts such as these arise in our mind as  
we ponder over the lives of the many whom we  
yearly see carried to the tomb; and the question  
not unnaturally suggests itself whether men live  
for good or for evil. Alas! that we should have  
to make the confession for frail humanity, that the  
number of the latter strongly outweighs the for-  
mer. But as our duty is almost exclusively to take  
a retrospective glance at the obituary list for the  
memorable year which is now rapidly drawing  
to a close, and as our space for this purpose is  
necessarily limited, we will have to defer the  
consideration of this mournful topic until a future  
occasion.

The bill of mortality for 1865 is a heavy one.  
If, in Great Britain, the Premier, PALMERSTON, and  
in the United States, the chief Executive officer,  
LINCOLN, have been numbered with the illustri-  
ous dead, so have Canadians to mourn the loss  
of SIR E. P. TACHÉ, the head of Her Majesty's  
Government in the Province; and many other  
indigenous sons and residents who have been cut  
off by the untimely hand of death. The list is pain-  
fully large, and forcibly reminds us that the sands  
of that good old stock who have raised Canada  
to the position she now occupies on the map of  
the world, are nearly run out. Heaven guard  
those of them who are spared to us, and conserve,  
by their good example, in the right path, the ge-  
neration which is to succeed them.

Great havoc has been made amongst the public  
men of the Province. We need but point to the  
honoured names of TACHÉ, McLEAN, MORIN,  
McCORD, FERLAND, DEBRAUJEU, MOFFATT, GALE,  
MOARIS, and GORDON, as a sad exemplification  
of our statement. But to take the deaths in chro-  
nological order, we find that early in the year two  
pious churchmen died, one the REV. OACON RED  
of Frelighsburg, the oldest member of the Church  
of England in Lower Canada, and one of the  
most remarkable and learned ministers of the

day; the other, L'ANNE FERLAND, Chaplain of the  
Forces at Quebec, and a zealous member of the  
Church of Rome. M. Ferland had done much  
in the cause of Canadian nascent literature; his  
*Histoire du Canada* promised to be a valuable  
addition to what has already been written on the  
subject. He was not a brilliant man, but he had  
in him a patient industry which served him well  
in his literary researches and labours; to this  
was united one of the most genial and kindly  
dispositions which it has ever been our good for-  
tune to meet.

In the same month (January), DR. A.  
M. CLARK, formerly of the Indian army,  
expired at Yorkville. Mrs. CHRISTIE, wife of  
the historian of that name, the cheerful and  
ruddy faced old gentleman, well known to us in  
our boyish days, also died in the early part of  
the year. The most notable death in February  
was that of the HON. GEORGE MOFFATT, one of  
the oldest as well as one of the most upright and  
honourable of Canadian merchants, who died at  
his seat, Weredale Lodge, Montreal, on the 28th  
of that month. Mr. Moffatt had figured in the  
political arena, and his course therein had been  
marked with the same regard to the high prin-  
ciples which governed him in his professional pur-  
suits. Although an Englishman by birth, he bore  
an ardent attachment to the land of his adop-  
tion. His loyalty was pure, fervent and devoted.  
As a volunteer in '12, as a legislator in both  
charibers, in times of great public emergency,  
as leader of the constitutional association in '37,  
and as President of the British American League  
in '49, this was amply proved. There never  
existed so good a conservative or so stout a  
loyalist. How true the lines written in his  
memory:—

Oh! loyal friend—oh! statesman wise and just,  
Peer of Old England's noblest merchant sons—  
What though thy ashes mingle with the dust,  
Life's record lives—and speaks in trumpet  
tongues.

No need for monumental brass to grave  
Memorial lines for curious eyes to scan;  
Deep in our hearts we bear his epitaph—  
"One of God's noblest works—an honest man."\*

We next have to record, among those called  
away, the names of the Rev. RICHARD FLOOD, of  
Delaware, a member of the Established Church,  
who had done much in his neighbourhood for  
the spiritual welfare of the resident Indian tribes;  
MAJOR MUNDOCH McPHERSON, of Glengarry; MR.  
FREDERICK WIDDER, formerly chief commissioner  
of the Canada Company; MR. GILBERT T. BAS-  
TEDO, of Nelson, an old U. E. loyalist; MR. COLIN  
D. READ, of Hamilton, and MR. JAMES McDONNELL,  
an enterprising merchant of the "Queen City." Passing on, we come to the name of CAPTAIN  
BAXTER, a retired officer of the army, much  
esteemed in his locality.

The HON. SAMUEL GALE, late a judge of the Court  
of Queen's Bench in Lower Canada, was called to  
his fathers on the 15th April. He was "a loyal  
subject, a learned and upright judge, and a kind  
true, steadfast friend." As the author of the  
letters of "Nerva," he showed the possession of  
no ordinary ability as a public writer. The  
HON. ALEXANDER GORDON, a Life member of the  
Legislative Council, died in the same month.  
He had served the country as an officer of militia  
during the war of 1812. Was present at the  
taking of Detroit, and had the honour of being  
first to hoist the British flag over the conquered  
city. He was also in the action at Frenchtown,  
in the succeeding year and was seriously wounded  
there. He sat in the Legislative Assembly of  
Upper Canada, prior to the Union. Another old  
and valued citizen was carried away towards the

close of April, in the person of COL. E. W. THOM-  
SON of Toronto, also a volunteer in '12, and again  
in '37;—a member of Parliament in '36 (defeating  
the late Mr. W. L. Mackenzie), one of the con-  
structors of the locks on the St. Lawrence and  
Welland canals, one of the founders of the Pro-  
vincial Agricultural Association, and a repre-  
sentative of Canada at the London Exhibition  
of 1851, as well as an extensive farmer. Col.  
Thomson's career was one of singular benefit to  
his native country. We have next to chronicle  
the loss, in May, of MR. DUNBAR ROSS, Q. C., an  
advocate of great ability, and at one time  
Solicitor General for Lower Canada; of MAJOR  
CHARLES STUART of Zorra, formerly of the H. E. I.  
C.'s service in Madras; of MR. THOMAS SANDILANDS,  
manager of the Gore Bank at Guelph; of EDMA,  
the amiable relict of that fine old Canadian  
gentleman, SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON, Bart.  
D. C. L., Oxon; of MR. HENRY ATKINSON, who  
for half a century had been a prominent mer-  
chant of Quebec, and was a gentleman of a refined  
taste and education. One of the saddest of  
the many deaths of the year is that of a young  
Canadian soldier, LIEUTENANT JAMES EDWARD  
VAUGHAN, of the 2nd Battalion, P. C. O. Rifle  
Brigade, which occurred in India on the 17th  
May. Mr. Vaughan was a native of Quebec,  
and had distinguished himself in many of the  
most sanguinary contests of the last Indian  
Mutiny. He had also attained a remarkable  
proficiency in Oriental languages, and had  
passed the searching army examination on these  
subjects. Far away from the land of his birth—  
the scenes of his childhood, the home of his friends,  
he peacefully sleeps in his quiet Bengal grave.  
The demise of MR. BENJAMIN HOLMES, Collector of  
Customs at Montreal, took place on the 22nd  
May. In his day he had been a merchant of  
standing in the commercial Metropolis of British  
America. He also had been to the frontier in  
'12 and in '37—in the former had been taken  
prisoner by the Americans—and held until the  
end of the war. As member of the Legislative  
Assembly for Montreal in two Parliaments, he was  
invariably found ranged on the loyal side. He  
had besides held many important positions—the  
duties of which he had discharged with credit  
to himself and advantage to the interests of  
the institutions with which he was connected.

We now come to the name of MR. JUSTICE  
McCOAN, who expired at his seat, Temple Grove,  
Montreal, on the 27th June. The deceased Judge  
had filled many offices of trust and honour during  
his long and useful career. He had raised a com-  
pany and commanded a brigade during the re-  
bellion. He was Chancellor of the University  
of Bishop's College at his death. An ardent  
student of Natural History and Meteorology, and  
a lover of Horticulture, he evinced great interest  
in the societies which have been formed for the  
development of these important branches of  
study. He was, besides, a zealous member of the  
Church of England, and the void which he has  
left in the community will be long felt. The  
sudden death of that veteran politician and jour-  
nalist, as well as upright judge, the HON. A. N.  
MORIN, on the 27th June, occasioned a painful  
feeling throughout the whole of Lower Canada.  
He was a member of the Legislative Assembly  
before the Union, and long afterwards; the influ-  
ence of his pen as well as his voice had been felt  
in the councils of the country from an early period  
of his career, but no just estimate of the many im-  
portant services he rendered Canada can be formed  
until his life be written by some competent person  
acquainted with the momentous times in which  
he figured.

We have already briefly adverted to the  
loss Canada sustained in the death of SIR  
ERNEST PASCAL TACHÉ. The late Premier was

was not a great man, but in his day he had been of immense service to his native country. He had in him that spirit of conservatism which is opposed to wild, rash and often disruptive innovation, and was heart and soul a supporter of the Queen's Government. A good soldier, he had drawn his sword for his king in the second American war,—was present before Plattsburg with Sir George Prevost. A sagacious legislator, he had early been entrusted with the seals of office, and successively filled nearly every station in the administration, and had been twice Prime Minister. His funeral was one of the largest and most interesting that has ever taken place in Canada. The presence of the leading men of the Province, with the representatives of the learned professions, Colleges and Societies, combined with the attendance of the Regular and Volunteer forces, which marched in the procession to the mournful strains of the military band, the scene in the church with the coffin, (on which were placed the sword and hat of the deceased—a colonel in the British army) surrounded with innumerable lighted candles, the chaunting of the funeral songs, and the parting volleys over the grave in the village church-yard, had an impressive character on the assembled throng not soon to be forgot.

Proceeding with our melancholy history we find the names of HON. G. S. DEBEAUXEV, M.L.C., among the dead for this month; also of GENERAL ADAMSON, of Norval, C. W., an old and well-tried soldier, as well as member of the Legislature before the Union; Mr. E. F. RYERSON, County Crown Attorney for Perth; Mr. GUSTAVE JOLY, a Huguenot gentleman, and father of the member for Lotbinière; Mr. W. V. BACON, solicitor, Toronto; and in September, those of Mr. S. W. MONS, Joint Prothonotary of Montreal, and HON. JAMES MONNIS, M.L.C., an old member of the Reform party, who, as Postmaster General in the Hincks' Government, introduced the present uniform rate of 5 cents letter postage.

But, perhaps, the greatest loss Canada suffered during the year is that of the Ex-Chief Justice of Upper Canada, the HON. ARCHIBALD McLEAN, who died at Toronto, on the 24th October, after a long, active, memorable and useful life. He, too, participated in the stirring events of the years 1812, '13, and '14; was wounded at Queenston, taken prisoner at Lundy's Lane, and only released at the expiration of the war. The year 1837 saw the martial and loyal spirit of his nature as fully alive to the dangers which threatened the Province, as they had been in his more youthful days, and he commanded a division to repel the rebels at Montgomery's tavern. Mr. McLean had been a member of the Assembly of Upper Canada for many years, and was twice elected speaker of that body. He had been raised to the Bench as early as the year of the rebellion. His integrity as a Judge was never questioned. Truly was it said of him that he shed honour on the various positions which he so ably filled.

In this same month we recall a plentiful crop garnered to the chilly granary of death. Dr. SEWELL, of Ottawa, one of the most learned of the medical profession; Mr. DESRYERE, of Malmaison; COLONEL DUBBERG, of Murray Bay; Rev. R. A. FLANDERS, of Stanstead; Dr. BUCKLEY, of St. Hyacinthe, who had seen service in the British army during the Crimean campaign; Mr. JOSEPH CARY, late Deputy Inspector General; Mr. ROWLAND BURR, who took so deep an interest in the Georgian Bay Canal project; Rev. JAMES SKINNER, of London; and Mr. E. AMBROSSE, of the Gore Bank, Woodstock. Finally, to close the list, ere we roll up the fatal scroll, we find in the two last months of the year, the following recorded as having gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns: Rev. FATHER LEONARD, of Montreal; Mr. D. CARTIER, brother of the Attorney General; Major RYCKMAN, of Hamilton; Mr. P. LETOURNEAUX, of Montreal; Mr. T. EVANS of the same place; Mr. M. TESSIER, for a long period an Officer in the Commissariat Service, Colonel McKAY of Toronto, and Mr. J. MILNE, of Montreal.

Ere many days, another year will dawn upon us. How many of those who will extend a welcome to the new comer will survive to tell his history? Who will write the Canadian

Obituary of 1866? Should we not ask with the anonymous poet:

"But, watchman, what of the night,  
When the arrow of death is sped,  
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light  
Shall be my sleeping bed?"

That night is near, and the cheerless tomb,  
Shall keep thy body in store,  
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,  
And night shall be no more."

## OUR COMING LITERATURE.

THE close of the seventeenth and that of the nineteenth century were marked by the decline of English literature. At the former period the great writers of the Elizabethan age and their immediate successors gave place to the wits and withings of the time of Charles the Second, whose productions are a disgrace to our language. Frivolity, indecency, immorality, and profanity, ran riot. There were exceptions, it is true; but even Dryden and Butler, for instance, with all their genius present in their writings many of the worst faults of their wholly worthless contemporaries. It was the fashion to be filthy; and they must needs defile themselves, by "mangling with the puppies in the mud." They had to gratify the public taste of their day, and that taste was vitiated to an extent which we trust will never again be witnessed in any nation or community speaking the English tongue. It is as painful as wonderful to reflect that he who painted Zimri and Achitophel, who wrote "Alexander's Feast" and the Ode to St. Cecilia, should also have written some of the plays which bear his name, though now happily all but forgotten. The light that led him astray in these last works was certainly not light from heaven, whencesoever it may have proceeded. The literature of the close of the eighteenth century was chiefly characterized by feebleness, with again a few eminent exceptions. It strikes us that we are once more sinking into some similar slough of despond. The men who have cast a halo of glory on our literature for the last fifty or sixty years have passed or are fast passing away, and we cannot see those of the present generation who are fit to succeed them. We fear the age of giants is to be followed by the age of dwarfs. Nor do we say this as *laudatores temporis acti*, admirers of by-gone days. Who among our more youthful writers are to be regarded as worthy successors of Scott, of Byron, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Irving, Prescott, and many more, some living and some dead, whom we might name? If they are to be found, they are Josephs whom we know not. Our old men prophesied, but our young men only dream dreams, and their visions are of lean kind, foretelling a famine in the republic of letters. We have small literary men and women in abundance, of the new race; but this is not a case in which quantity makes up for quality. In fact, whenever great writers are scarce, the mediocrities take possession of the stage, and we accept them in the absence of their betters. Of our crowd of popular writers whose books now find delighted readers, how few will be remembered or read a score of years hence? Their elders and their equals or, perhaps, their superiors, have been forgotten, and so will they. Who now reads Monk Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Porter, and a long array of such writers whom our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to hold in such huge admiration? The jaws of darkness have devoured them up.

The authors are dust,  
Their books are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Well, they did the work allotted to them in their day and generation; and they and their tomes repose, side by side, sleeping the sleep that knows not waking. Yet no writer of the present time, 1865-6, is so great a favourite as Mrs. Radcliffe once was. The sensation her tales created seems absolutely incredible to us, and would be quite so, were not the fact so well attested. Monk Lewis was read everywhere—"upstairs, downstairs, and my lady's chamber,"—while the Misses Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," and "Thaddeus

of Warsaw" were pronounced miracles of human talent. Does not the knowledge of what these once famous personages were and are teach a lesson that ought not to be lost on us?

Let it not be supposed, however, that we object to the perusal of works of fiction. Far from it; there are novels that are worth their weight in gold. There is Don Quixote. What modern history, in as many volumes as the reader pleases, is it that the world would not rather see perish than this immortal production? There are many others, both in our own and other languages, which are scarcely less valuable. No, we do not object to novel-reading, and we are not ashamed to say it. Nay, for that matter, numberless famous men,—authors, statesmen, and warriors,—have been of the same opinion. We could name them by the dozen, but it will be sufficient if we mention Dr. Johnson, Charles James Fox, the poet Gray, George Canning, and Lord Jeffrey. But we confess that we dislike bad novels as much or more than we dislike bad writings of any sort. We think we can safely refer to our own pages in proof of our views on that point. We have avoided the publication of any tale or article in the least liable to reproach on the score of morality, sentiment or even style, for a vicious style is one of the many evils the reading public has to complain of. What, for example, can be more absurd than that species of composition of which the wisdom and wit chiefly consist of stale aphorisms and staler conceits embodied in bad spelling and bad grammar, and with which the literary market is inundated of late? If any one doubts the influence of the teachings of the press in this respect, let him look to the history of France, past and present. The encyclopedists had their day, and we all know the result; and we verily believe that the existing condition of that nation, social and political, is in a great measure attributable to the evil influence of the French writers of fiction. The United States is also suffering from the same cause. Not to speak of political journals, a species of literature has sprung up in the country almost as prejudicial to public morals as that which prevailed in England in the reign of Charles the Second. The difference between them is, that the one assumes a false sentimentality, the other prided itself in its undisguised profligacy and wickedness. Which of the two methods is the worst and most dangerous we will not pretend to assert, but both are decidedly bad. We, at least, have pursued and will follow a different course, and we trust, not altogether in vain.

But it is not the mere lack of first rate talent in our come or coming writers that we have most to dread. The tone assumed, and the taste evinced by many of them is still more to be feared. We have the spasmodic school, the eccentric school, the false sentiment school, the sensational school, the ungrammatical school, and a school combining all those faults. We repeat our conviction therefore, that we are in imminent danger of a disastrous revolution in our literature.

As a frontispiece to Mr. Gerald Massey's edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, there will be given a new portrait, or, as the editor styles it, a "recovered likeness of the man Shakespeare." The circular says:—"It is claimed for this new reading of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets' that it fathoms and unfolds a secret history which has been sealed for two centuries and a half, and solves one of the most piquant and important of literary problems. It shows how the things here written were once lived by Shakespeare and his friends; how the poet was still the player, and wore the dramatic mask in his 'idle hours'; how the 'sweet Swan of Avon,' like Wordsworth's swan, upon St. Mary's Lake.

'Floats double, swan and shadow.'

It corrects the grave errors made by superficial research, and clears up the mystery of Thorpe's (the printer's) inscription." We must not forget, however, that similar promises of clearing up the mystery hanging around these poems have before now been made by other editors.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published, this day, by R. Worthington:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Tour of Dr. Syntax. In search of the Picture, 8vo. Illustrated.

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

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

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

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual for 1866. 1 vol 8vo. Illustrated, \$1.50.

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

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

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

Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets. Elaborately Illustrated. 4to. \$3.00.

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

Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. 4to. \$1.50

Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert. Illustrated.

Bartlett's Footsteps of our Lord, Illustrated.

Bartlett's Nile Boat, Illustrated.

Maxwell's Irish Rebellion, Illustrated.

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

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

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## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 261.

## CHAPTER VIII. THE WRITING MASTER.

"The world is cruel, the world is untrue,  
Our foes are many our friends are few;  
No work, no break however we sue;  
What is there left me for to do?"

BARRY CORNWALL.

While these events had been transpiring at Austwick's Chace, there was an humble abode in the neighbourhood of London that was by no means uninteresting in them. In that populous district, now called South Kensington, there were, at the time we speak of, still some old houses standing in the lanes that intersected the nursery grounds between Brompton and Kensington, to the north of the Fulham Road. In a dilapidated cottage—so old that it probably had been standing when Oliver Cromwell occupied a dwelling near—there lived an elderly man, who might, from his looks, be described as an invalid, but that he never complained, and never left his work—that of writing master, to certain schools in the vicinity unperformed. Pale, thin, and lame, a stranger meeting him as he walked to and fro on his daily avocations, would have thought a tenant of a sick room had just struggled out for a breath of fresh air; though a second glance would have shown him clear grey eyes, in which pain had by no means quenched the light, and a well-cut, firm mouth, that showed a character more ready with endurance than complaint. We have said that the house occupied by this man was dilapidated yet, like himself, it had a certain air of respectability. There was nothing low nor sordid in the infirmities of either. The old, time-stained walls of the house, with the little, quaint bow-window of its parlour abutting about into the road, and which, like its door and doorstep, bulged a little out of the straight line by reason of age, was not without evidences of care and attention, to remedy the defects that could not be concealed. A drapery of ivy adorned the crumbling wall, and clung to the scattered eaves and overhanging gable; while the neatest little muslin blinds, in folds upon the casement, made it look something like a cheerful old face decorated with a cosy muslin cap. The paint on the door might certainly have been fresher, but it was impossible that the little oval brass plate, which announced "Mr. Hope" dwelt within, could have been more bright. Indeed, the constant burnishing had done by the letters of the name what some people did by its pronunciation nearly obliterated the H. The door-step, too, was a little alarming in its spotless whiteness—that is, if the mud of the lane had much encumbered the visitor's feet. Somehow the abode, as well as its master, seemed struggling to put a good face on its affairs, and to hold its own perseveringly on the narrow, debatable land that separates vulgar wealth and genteel poverty. It is upon the agonizing ridge of that same debatable land that the most desperate effort often has to be made to retain a place, and "Mr. Hope, Writing Master" had for some years clung with such a straining grip thereunto, that it was no wonder he was something worn and wasted in the effort.

But if the outside of the house bore such evidences of a struggle, the inside was still more demonstrative. The passage-oil-cloth was so worn that its original pattern was gone, yet, nevertheless, there was the polish of incessant dry rubbings on its sero surface; and the thin strip of carpet that covered the gaps and patches in the woodwork of the stairs boasted quite an arabesque of darns. In the best parlour, whose window we noted from without, there was a similar triumph of female ingenuity in the way of carpet darning. The old fashioned chairs that surrounded the centre table were so bright that, like many a venerable lady, they might be complimented on the admirable way in which they carried their age. A wonderful piano, made even before pedals were in use, and looking, in its oblong shape, mounted in a stand, not very much unlike a coffin on tressels, occupied one side of

the room, and responded asthmatically to any touch that might be laid on its yellow keys; while an old sofa, with its lame leg carefully banded up, was made, by a slouch cover, to look quite an interesting invalid. Indeed, there was nothing plethoric, gaudy, or upstart in the room. Even the ancient brass fender and long spidery fire-irons had a refined look, suggestive of purity and good breeding.

It was evening when Mr. Hope's knock at the door announced his return, and his daughter Marian Hope who been at needlework by the bow window, was rising to open the door when she was prevented by the swift step of a girl some years her junior, who, jumping up from that gasping piano we have named, ran to the front door; and her laugh of welcome, and the kiss that accompanied it, could be heard all over the little house.

"Don't be so boisterous child," said a quiet, not displeased voice; and Mr. Hope entering the parlour, was received by Marian more calmly, though a certain earnest anxious look showed she was not less interested than the younger and more demonstrative girl, whose salutations had elicited the slight reproof of their object.

"Father, you are not well?"

"Yes, Marian; oh, yes, I'm well enough. Don't worry either yourself or me about looks."

As he spoke the younger girl had taken his hat and brought his slippers, and the elder had placed his house-coat, while both were busied in putting carefully away the garments he took off; Marian stealing anxious glances as she did so, and resuming her inquiries with, "I don't want to be worrying, father, but I'm sure something has vexed you; and you're home earlier than usual."

"So much the better, my girl; then I'm not so tired. But get teal When one door shuts another will open."

The last part of the sentence was said absordedly, as if to himself, but Marian heard it, and leaning over the old arm-chair in which her father was seated, she bent down her head and whispered affectionately, "What door is shut?"

"Only Miss Webb's, Marian. They told me very politely to-day that they had long feared the walk was too much for me, and that, in short, a distant connection of theirs was coming to teach elementary drawing to the pupils, and he would undertake the writing."

"Oh, dear, father, and you have toiled so hard, and felt such an interest in the pupils at Miss Webb's! It's a sham of Miss Webb."

"My dear she professes it is out of kindness to me. My lameness, Marian—though it's nothing, just nothing—I think is more apparent."

"I am afraid it is really worse, father."

"Not a bit child. I'm equal to anything—that is, of course, in my way. And I certainly think that I have toiled to do justice to the young folks. And some have repaid me; some I shall be sorry to see no more. That sweet wee thing, Gertrude Austwick, she'll w's her old master; yes, she will, I know."

He rocked himself back and forward in his chair as he spoke, as if to lull some inward pain, and his words fell, not only on Marian's ear, but on those of her companion, who was just entering the room, and said—

"Is that the dear little clever young lady, father, that you so often tell me of?"

"Ay, Mysie, 'tis. I would that you, child, learned like her. But there, she and I have parted, and whether the bonny blossom grows into fruitage, or is blown off life's tree, as such a fragile thing most likely will be, is nothing to me. I'm a soft fool to care sae muckle about the weans. It's a weakness I must e'en shake off."

Mr. Hope did not generally betray his northern origin in his speech, but when he was deeply moved the old Doric came to his tongue.

Meanwhile the tea-table was soon laid, and a little warm cake was brought with a gleesome look by Mysie as the crowning triumph of the simple board, just as Marian seated herself and began to pour out tea. Mr. Hope, who had for a few moments, while these preparations were going on, sunk into a reverie, looked up and noticed the simple dainty that was handed to

him. He put it aside gravely, saying, "No luxuries Mysie; no, child, they always disagree with me. Brown bread, little one; that's my fare, and the best—fan the best for me."

Tears came into Mysie's eyes as she said, "Isn't such a luxury, father; and I toasted it myself—just as I used to toast it for—"

A look and gesture from Marian kept the speaker from finishing the sentence. She stopped rather awkwardly, and made no further attempt to press her handiwork; a very welcome interruption to the rather marked pause being made by the opening of the door, and the entrance of a youth with a portfolio in his hand.

"What! home so soon, Norry?" said Marian. "There's no class this afternoon, and I thought I might do something for the master." He bent his head as he spoke to Mr. Hope.

The setting sun, whose slanting beams fell athwart the little room, kindled up the face of the young speaker, and made it look its best. This Norry was a tall, rather loose-limbed boy, with a dark, strongly marked, and sallow complexion. Plain, most people would have called him—that is, if they had not chanced to look into his eyes and see him smile. It was very certain the dark well-defined brows could frown, and even in repose looked heavy. His hair clustered over and half concealed the height of his forehead, and as yet the carelessness of boyhood had not been superseded by the comboxy of youth. He did not care to smooth off his hair from his brow, or to let his dark face often break into a smile, whether people called him ugly for his carelessness or no.

He was certainly a contrast to Mysie, who, tall like himself, was a brunette, with the hazel eyes, white teeth, red lips, and the damask blush on the cheek that is so sparkling and attractive in a dark beauty.

Marian, whose age might be twenty-one or two, without anything that could be called beauty, had a face that won upon you by its look of goodness. No one noticed whether the features were regular, or complained that the complexion was nearly colourless, when they saw the mild intelligence of the clear grey eyes, or the tranquil sweetness of the mouth. Are there not some faces so full of spiritual grace that every one feels the presence of a lovely soul, and in meeting them is reminded of a better world? And yet these are rarely called beauties.

"How are you getting on, Norry, my boy?" said Mr. Hope, adding, "Mysie will not be satisfied unless her brother has the makings of a clever man in him—will she?"

There was evidently an effort on the part of the house to enlighten the gloom that seemed to be gathering over the little party, and so he spoke cheerily.

"I have regretted as a great misfortune your looking so much older than you are. Let's see, was it eighteen that neighbour Godfrey took you for last week? Why, that must be more than three years older than you are."

"I wish I knew my birthday like other people; then I should be more willing to believe that I am not fifteen yet," said the youth.

"We do have a birthday, Norry, and a very happy birthday, I'm sure, every year. The day we came to our dear mamma and papa Hope is surely the best birthday we could have," said Mysie.

"Ah, that's because you're a girl, that you say so; and girls never think—not they—about the rights of a thing—whether it's true like a line, or like a sum. I'll do for them if it just hits their fancy. I should like to know the true day."

"Now, Norry—for shame!"

"Hush, dear," interposed Marian. "I'm sure Norry does not undervalue the birthday we have always kept."

"Norry," said Mr. Hope, "ever be rigid for the right—true and exact as a sum in all things. But you will learn—ay, both of you will learn, as you advance in life—that it is not in mere human strength either to attain or keep that moral exactitude without higher aid and a loftier motive than human reason will supply. Be content, my boy. There are doubtless many orphans who do not know or have forgotten, their exact birthday; and I think there are few or none that

have been more tenderly cared for than you both have been by me and mine."

A flush mounted to the brow of the boy, turning his sallow face to a dark crimson, as he said—

"Mr. Hope—father—I know it. Forgive me!"

And Mysie, running towards the old man's chair, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

Poor children! theirs had been a chequered history, more so than they know; and yet Mr. Hope had not, as he thought, kept anything from them. For he was a Christian in word and deed, and strove to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. But the mystery was not the less.

#### CHAPTER IX.—THE ORPHANS.

"Dally struggling, though unloved and lonely.

Every day a rich reward will give;

Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,

And truly loving, thou canst truly live!"

Mrs. WINSLOW.

When Mysie and Norry retired at their usual early hour, and left Mr. Hope and his daughter alone, the conversation, as they sat together for an hour or so before bed-time, turned very naturally on their circumstances, and led unintentionally to the mention of the brother and sister. The teaching that Mr. Hope had now left him would certainly not suffice to maintain the humble home in which he dwelt. His daughter was the most careful and industrious of household managers, but there must obviously be an income to manage, and if that fails, the talent of thrift, however great it may be, must fail also.

Poor Marian Hope had, for a long time past, lived in some dread of what seemed now actually to have occurred. She had nursed her mother through an illness of two years; and, when death ended the long agony, there was left as a bitter addition to the sorrow a heavy debt necessarily incurred, which the honest pride of both father and daughter could not endure should remain. So Mr. Hope had walked, despite his lameness, many miles to his round of daily teaching, and had in the evenings done law copying when he could obtain it from the law stationers; and his daughter, besides dismissing their only servant and undertaking the work of the house, with occasional assistance from a charwoman, had toiled early on summer mornings, and late on winter nights, before or after the rest of the family were in bed, at embroidery; by which all that she had gained had been the means to keep her slender wardrobe in such a condition that it should neither shame her sense of propriety nor make demands on her father's failing income. And fail, indeed, it did most rapidly, particularly in this last year. Just as the payment of the doctor's bill for Mrs. Hope had given some respite to the cares of the survivors, the sources on which they depended seemed to be shut up against them; Marian believing, though she did not utter the painful thought, that her father's wan looks, infirmities, and threadbare dress over-weighed, in the consideration of those who employed him, their knowledge of his talents and respect for his character.

It was a hard lesson for her to have to learn in her early womanhood, that a jaunty air and good broadcloth were by some—nay, by most—more valued than worth or talent. It brought with it a bitter sense of wrong and injustice that she had never before experienced.

As for Mr. Hope, despite his cheerful name, he was one of those who seemed born both to bear and to dignify adversity. He had been in his youth in a Government office, that by some changes was reduced, he being one of the clerks thrown out. He had saved from the grave which had taken many of his children one child, this daughter Marian, when the alteration in his position and prospects occurred. By the advice of a few friends, he employed the small sum of money that he possessed in emigrating to, and buying some land in, Canada. If diligence would have done, in their new life, in the place of bone and muscle, Mr. and Mrs. Hope might have succeeded; as it was, he met with the injury that ended in permanent lameness, and his wife contracted in that rigorous climate the

pulmonary complaint that made her life one long disease; and it was in the hope of benefiting her health, or rather rescuing her from impending death, that, eight years previously, they had returned to England poorer than they left it, bringing with them the two children, Norry and Mysie. Then Mr. Hope, by the recommendation of a friend who had known him in his earlier days, obtained employment as a teacher, for which his fine penmanship and mathematical skill fitted him. The education of the two children had been carried on by himself and his daughter. Therefore, when, after a long pause, as they sat alone in their parlour that night, his daughter said to him, "Was ever anything settled, father, about Norry and Mysie—as to any pursuit in life, I mean?" Mr. Hope sighed heavily, and replied—

"If I had known, my dear, all the anxiety that the charge would involve, I think I should have opposed your dear mother. But she was bent on it, and the poor things were certainly wretchedly neglected when they came to us."

"Indeed they were! Young as I then was—not eleven, I think, father—I well recollect the little rough, unkempt things. Those must have been hard people—those Johnstons, father."

"They were rough people, child. I do not know that they were harder to the orphans than they would have been to children of their own. Johnston had been a schoolmaster in Scotland before he emigrated, and used to rule by force of hand more than brain; and his wife was just a maudlin slattern."

"Ho ill-used her as well as the children, I've heard mamma say."

"There were faults on both sides, doubtless; but the woman suffers most in such cases; I'm certain Johnston's wife did. What with hardships, and quarrels, and—"

"And whisky, father."

"Yes, and whisky, doubtless, she, like many more, did not live out half her days. I shall never forget going into their log hut and finding poor little Mysie lying fast asleep across the feet of the poor dead woman."

"Ah, yes, how that impressed poor dear mamma! She used often to say, 'We liberally took her from death—though Norry was in a worse condition.'"

"Norry had been taken on tramp by Johnston, and a tavern-keeper had so pitied the little foot-sore wean of four years old, that he set the police on Johnston's track, just as the neighbours came to me to write to him that his wife was dead."

"Did the neighbours think that the children were their own?"

"Yes, if they troubled themselves to think at all about them. Johnston was disliked as a quarrelsome fellow, and his wife as a drunkard. People avoided them, but your mother, Marian, was always drawn towards children."

"It was she that found out the children were not the Johnstons'."

"Yes, she discovered it one day when she was giving Mrs. Johnston some little wraps she had made for the bairns. To her surprise the woman said, in a maudering way, 'Ah, we would get proper things for them if we were paid properly. But the money comes so irregularly.' And then, having said so much, she told the truth—not that, as far as I know, they had previously wanted to conceal it; but they had never contradicted people who took it for granted they were their own children. Acquiescing in a falsehood is much the same as telling one, to my mind. However, we had the truth at last. The children's name was Grant, the parents were dead, but some kinsman—uncle, I think—paid for them, when the Johnstons offered to take them; a trifle, certainly, but enough to secure the Johnstons from any loss. Indeed, the money, well employed, might have been a help to Johnston; and it roused our indignation to think that the little ones were not better cared for than if they had been beggars. I was resolved to appeal to the magistrate of the district, and went to the cottage to see the state of the children for myself, when I found the end had come, as far as the miserable woman was concerned."

"Johnston was, I think, sincerely horrified when he was recalled to the scene his cottage

presented. In a newly-settled place like Villemont, the rougher, sort are often for taking the law in their own hands, and I thing he was only too glad to make his escape, leaving the children with us. He obtained a situation afterwards in New Brunswick, to manage a farm—for which he was better fitted than for school-keeping; and I'll do him the justice to say, that the stipend for the children, he has always sent regularly—six pounds five shilling a quarter—ever since we took them. I forgave him a quarter or so that winter he was laid up with rheumatism; since then it has come regularly.”

“But, father, that sum ought to have been increased as they grew older.”

“Of course it ought, and I have written to that effect to Johnston. But he tells me that he can get no more; indeed, that now the children—the boy—should be put to earn his living.”

“Wouldn't it be better, father, if you wrote to this uncle, or whoever he is?”

“I would willingly, my dear, if I knew where to write.”

“Did Mr. Johnston never tell you?”

“When the children came to us it was a time of such confusion with him that I am not surprised many things were forgotten. You and your dear mother, Marian, were concerned only to comfort and feed the poor things.”

A flush of gratified as well as tender recollection was on Mr. Hope's cheek as he spoke of his dead wife. They were very simple and unworldly in all things, and the fact of having rescued Norry and Mysie from an infancy of neglect and a training of vice, was such a permanent consolation, that the calculation of the addition to the butcher's and baker's bill were never made until the long illness of Mrs. Hope and the increased requirements of a growing boy and girl had forced it on their attention. Then Mr. Hope had written to Johnston, and asked, for the first time, the name of the children's uncle. He received a letter with a Montreal postmark, in which Johnston said he had again moved, and could not be sure of his future abode; that he was equally uncertain as to the children's relative; indeed, afraid that if he was applied to he might withdraw his assistance altogether, as the children had no legal claim on him. But he concluded a list of vague excuses by saying that the same stipend hitherto paid should be forwarded from a lawyer at Montreal.

Marian fretted to herself over her father's increasing infirmities and decreasing income. That ominous, vague sentence, that conveys so much perplexity, was on her lips, “Something must be done, father.”

“Yes, child, no doubt; so I've been thinking all day, and many days. Indeed, I have written this week to Montreal to inquire what occupation Norry's relation has thought of for him. Meanwhile, child, we have much to be thankful for.”

As they thus spoke and looked at each other, there was a lambent gleam in their eyes, as if tears had started and been checked; and a little twitching about the father's lips compelled him to silence. He motioned with his hand towards a side-table, on which lay the family Bible. Marian understood the look, and fetching it, laid it before her father. He opened it, and finding the 103rd Psalm, pushed the volume towards his daughter, and leaning back in his chair covered his eyes with his hand.

Very sweet and low was the voice of Marian as she read out the words of praise and thanksgiving—that incense which, kindled by the Psalmist, has gone up through all generations, and as the last “Praise the Lord, oh, my soul!” fell from her lips, her father leaned on his crutch, and took up the hallowed strains in words whose fervent gratitude soared like a flame from the altar of a heart consecrated to all holy desires and loving trust.

(To be continued.)

## A SERMON ON PRECIOUS STONES.

**JEWELS** often depend upon their tint on, y for their names and value; the same identically composed precious stone being either an amethyst or piece of rock crystal, an oriental topaz or a ruby, by the addition or absence of a small portion of mineral pigment of different hue. Thus, a piece of rock crystal is comparatively valueless, whilst an emerald is one of the most costly of jewels; a ruby again is even more valuable than the diamond, whilst the topaz is of very inferior value. Even the faintest flush of colour often gives a value to the diamond which is far beyond its worth when pure—an instance this of the value of adulteration. Mr. Harry Emanuel, whose work on precious stones has afforded us the material for this article, illustrates this fact by stating that a diamond, the worth of which uncoloured would have been (from its weight, four and three-quarter grains) only \$100 was lately sold for \$1400, in consequence of possessing a vivid green tint.

The diamond, like most other jewels, is found generally in granitic gneiss, and in torrents of rivers distributed over the whole world, but they are mainly to be found in tropical countries. It would seem that where the sun shines with the greatest splendour, where the vegetable and the animal creation put on their most gorgeous colours, there also in the depths of the earth the vivid lustre of this gem shines the brightest, and assumes the largest proportions. The mines underground bloom as gorgeously as the flowers above. The diamond, as we all know, is composed of pure carbon crystallised, and is the hardest known substance. Indeed, this quality, upon which much of its value depends, has in many instances been the cause of its destruction, the old rude test of its genuineness being to place it upon an anvil, and to strike it forcibly with a hammer, the idea being that, if pure, it would rather break the hammer or bury itself in the anvil, than split. Of course, many valuable diamonds have been destroyed by this ignorant trial in times past. The diamond is split easily with the grain, but it is upon the tact and judgment with which it is cut and polished that much of its value depends. The gem is cut upon a wheel smeared with diamond dust—the only material that effectually touches it—and it is polished in the same manner, a steel disk being employed for the purpose, smeared with fine powder, and revolving at a great speed by means of steam power. At the present time the most fashionable form is the double cut, which presents a great number of facets, rendering the flash of the gem very brilliant. The Indian diamond cutters leave as much of the gem as possible when cutting; an instance of this was seen in the Great Exhibition of 1851, where the Koh-i-Noor was exhibited, in which the cutting followed apparently the original outline of the stone. This gem then looked like a mere lump of glass. Its weight was 186 carats. In the intervals between this and the last Exhibition it was, after much consultation, given into the hands of M. Coster, of Amsterdam, who recut it with such skill that, although it lost in the process 80 carats, it yet appeared quite as large, and was transferred at once into a blaze of light. When diamonds are found difficult to split, without fear of great loss, they are sometimes sawn with fine wires fitted into a saw bow and anointed with diamond powder and olive oil. Rose-cut diamonds are now coming much into fashion, as they are very brilliant in appearance at a very small expense of stone. It is really wonderful the delicacy with which these gems are cut, considering the smallness of their size; as many as fifteen hundred having been known to weigh only one carat.

The larger diamonds, from their great value, have all some extraordinary history. As a rule, like the stormy petrel, their appearance in the market in numbers is an indication of a storm. Their portability makes them the companion of royal fugitives, and more than one brilliant of value has witnessed bloody and tragical scenes. The Koh-i-Noor, for instance, has changed hands in many of the convulsions that occurred in India

before our advent. It was seized at the conquest of Delhi by Ala ed Din, and subsequently came into the possession of the Sultan Baber, the Great Mogul, in 1526; it continued in the possession of this line of princes until Aurungzebe entrusted it to a European to reset it. This he did, but so unskillfully that it was reduced from 793 carats to 186 carats—the size, in fact, it appeared in our Great Exhibition of 1851. The Emperor refused to pay the workman for the destruction of his jewel, and we think it speaks well for Aurungzebe, as Indian emperors went, that he did not take off his head at once. It afterwards fell into the hands of the great conqueror Nadir Shah, was passed on in his line, and finally it came into our possession at the capture of Lahore, and was presented to her Majesty by our troops, with whose family it will remain, we suppose, until some future conqueror seizes it to set in the crown of some empire yet to arise in the new world. The Cumberland diamond, of the value of 10,000*l.*, was presented to the Duke of Cumberland by the City of London after he had rescued the burghers from the Stuart dynasty at Culloden. We fancy the City would have kept their money had they foreseen that it would ultimately pass to the treasury of the King of Hanover. The Orloff diamond, set in the sceptre of the Czar of Russia, weighs 194½ carats, and possesses a most romantic history. It is said to have formed one of the eyes of an idol in a Brahmin temple, and to have been set in the peacock throne of Nadir Shah. It was stolen by a Frenchman, and ultimately fell into the possession of the Empress Catherine II. The Regent, or Pitt diamond, was so called from having been purchased by the Duke of Orleans, Regent of France, of Pitt, the Governor of Fort St. George. Scandal said that the governor stole it. It is certain, however, that it was purloined from the Garde Meuble in 1792, but was restored in a very mysterious manner. It was afterwards set in the pomel of the sword of the Emperor Napoleon I. The Florentine diamond, now in the possession of the Emperor of Austria, is said to have been one of three lost at the battle of Granson by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy. It was found by a Swiss soldier, and sold by him for one florin. It afterwards came into the possession of Pope Julius II., who presented it to the Emperor of Austria. The Sancy diamond's history is still more curious. It was actually taken from the body of the Duke of Burgundy, and found its way in 1489 to Baron de Sancy, who sent it as a present to the King of Portugal. The servant by whom it was being conveyed was attacked by robbers, when he swallowed the stone, and after his death it was found in his body. James the Second afterwards possessed it, and he sold it to Louis XIV. It disappeared in the French Revolution, but turned up again, which the renowned blue diamond, by-the-bye, never did, and was purchased by Napoleon I., who again sold it to Prince Demidoff. The Nassak diamond, of 78½ carats, was taken by the Marquis of Hastings at the Conquest of Deccan. The Hope diamond is of a sapphire blue, and since the great French diamond was lost it is considered the most unique gem of its kind in existence. In the Russian treasury there is a brilliant red diamond of 10 carats, and at Dresden there is a green diamond of 48½ carats, that once belonged to Augustus the Strong. The value of diamonds has considerably increased of late years, and as wealth goes on augmenting it is likely to increase still further. Brilliants increase in value as they increase in size in an extraordinary degree. Thus, a brilliant of one carat is worth \$90; of two carats, \$300; of three carats, \$600; of four carats, \$1,050; of ten carats, \$1,500. Beyond this weight they become fancy articles, and of course, fancy prices are demanded for them.

The most valuable of all jewels, however, is the ruby. This precious stone depends upon its colour, as we have said before, for its value. The ruby, sapphire, and oriental topaz are composed of identically the same materials, the red sapphire is a ruby, the blue ruby a sapphire, the yellow ruby a topaz. They are all termed Corundums, an Indian name. The ruby is the next hardest thing in nature after the diamond. The

**BLESSINGS.**—Run not after blessings; only walk in the commandments of God, and blessings shall run after you, pursue and overtake you.

**TWO IMPORTANT OBJECTS.**—The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects of life.

finest rubies are found in the kingdom of Ava, and in Siam; they are also found in Ceylon and in many parts of Europe.

The King of Burmah takes one of his titles from it, that of "Lord of the Rubies." In Burmah they are a royal monopoly, and none of any value are allowed by law to leave the kingdom. The finding of a fine ruby is made a state event, and a procession of grandees, with soldiers and elephants, are sent out to meet it. The colour varies from pale rose to deep red, but the tint that is most highly-valued is that of the "pigeon's blood."

Of old, many magical properties were assigned to the ruby. It was considered an amulet against poison, plague, evil thoughts, and wicked spirits, and its possession, as a consequence, kept the wearer in health. When he was in danger it was supposed to darken, and to become bright again only on the passing away of peril. One of the largest rubies in Europe is a French crown jewel, once adorning the order of the Golden Fleece. The King of Burmah is said to have one in his possession of the size of a pigeon's egg. A true "pigeon's-blood" tinted ruby of one carat is worth from \$70 to \$100; of two carats, from \$340 to \$400; and of four carats, from \$1,900 to \$2,200, which latter value is more than double that of a diamond of the same weight.

The sapphire, although composed of identically the same elements, with the exception of the colouring matter, is of far less value than the ruby. The colour often varies much in the same stone, some portions of the gem being very nearly black, whilst the other is of a light blue. The sapphire is invested by earlier writers with rare virtues, of course. It was said to be such an enemy to poison that if put into a glass with a spider or other venomous reptile, it would kill it; and a great many other virtues were attributed to it we need scarcely mention. The value of this gem does not, like that of the diamond or the ruby, increase with its size, although in smaller sizes it is even dearer than those brilliants, one of 1 carat of pure colour being worth \$100. These gems are liable to be imitated so closely as to deceive the best jewellers. Mr. Emanuel tells us, for instance, that "a noble lady in England formerly possessed one which is, perhaps, the finest known. The lady, however, sold it during her lifetime, and replaced it by an imitation so skillfully made as to deceive even the jeweller who valued it for probate duty, and it was estimated at the sum of \$50,000, and the legacy duty was paid on it by the legatee, who was doubtless chagrined when he discovered the deception." We have no doubt whatever that many other noble ladies have from "impecuniosity" substituted sham for real jewels with the like impunity: such is the faith we put in station, that even glass—seen through the sublime medium which surrounds a Duchess—shines like an emerald of the purest water.

The emerald and the beryl have the same chemical composition, and differ only in colour. The finest coloured emeralds are found in New Granada, in limestone rock. It is also found in Salisbury, and in Siberia. The Spaniards, it is asserted, came into possession of many hundred weight of emeralds when they conquered Peru: hence their value fell in the Middle Ages. Orientals, especially the Mahomedans, we should say, set great store upon the emerald, believing that it imparts courage to the owner, that it is an infallible preservative of chastity, and that the safety of women in childbirth is ensured by it. Like many other gems, the ancients ascribed many medicinal properties to it when ground down. The emerald is but rarely found perfect, it ranks next in value to the ruby. Perfect gems are worth from \$100 to \$150 the carat; but they do not, like the diamond or ruby, advance in price with the size. There are many large emeralds in Europe. There is one in the Austrian treasury weighing 2000 carats, and the Duke of Devonshire possesses one weighing nearly nine ounces.

The iridescent wondrous-tinted opal, we are told, is nothing but quartz and water. There are several kinds of opals, the chief of which are the precious or "noble" opal used by jewellers, the fire or reddish opal, the common opal, and

the Mexican opal. The flashes of colour in this precious stone are always most marked in a warm day, the knowledge that heat enhances the brilliancy of the stone always leads the dealer to hold it in his hand for some time before showing it to his customer. Fine opals are very valuable; as much as \$5000 has been given for a large stone for a ring or brooch. The ancients prized them very highly; and Pliny relates that Nonnius a Roman Senator, was sent into exile by Marcus Antonius, because he would not part with an opal of the size of a filbert, and valued at \$225,000 which the latter coveted. The finest known opal is in the Museum at Vienna, said to be worth \$145,000. There is also a very fine one among the French Crown Jewels.

The opal reminds us somewhat of the pearl a gem—if we may term a simple excrescence by that name—which has always been held in high estimation by mankind. The finest pearls come from the pearl fisheries at Ceylon. They are found in the shell of a large species of oyster; and it is believed, with much show of reason, that they are nothing more than some foreign body which finds its way into the shell, and which the fish covers with a secretion similar to that with which it lines its shell. A pearl, when sawn through, shows that this secretion has been deposited in layers, one upon another, round some central body, just in the same manner in which layers of phosphates are deposited in the human kidney round some foreign body, and resulting in the calculus or stone.

The pearl was anciently considered a preservative of virtue, although Cleopatra certainly did not dissolve hers with that intent. Although the pearl will dissolve in a strong acid, it is needless to say that vinegar is far too weak to produce such an effect. It is a pity to be obliged to demolish such a pretty story, but the truth must be told. The oriental pearl is just as much prized now as in ancient times. The charming harmony it has with a delicate skin has always made the necklace of this material so much valued. It used to be one of the boasts of the famous Lady Hester Stanhope, that water could run beneath her instep without wetting the sole of her foot, and that her pearl necklace could not at a little distance be detected upon her neck. Among the famous pearls existing at the present day is one belonging to the Shah of Persia, valued at \$290,000. Her Majesty was presented with a fine necklace by the East India Company, and the one possessed by the Empress of the French is famous. Those who possess fine pearls should remember that they are liable to be discoloured by contact with acids and gas, and noxious vapours of all kinds.

Mr. Emanuel gives some very valuable hints touching the means of ascertaining the identity of gems. As a rule, he says, stones, either cut or rough, which can be touched by the file are not precious stones. Again, he says, it is a very common practice to deceive persons by cementing a genuine stone on the top of a piece of glass, or a valuable gem, as the sapphire for instance, with a piece of garnet. These are so artistically formed that it is difficult to detect them. False pearls, as a rule, are always larger than real ones, the holes which in real pearls are drilled very small and sharp in mock pearls are larger, and have a black edge. Sham pearls are also much lighter than real ones, and much more brittle. There is a trick, too, in the setting of gems which is worth knowing. When jewels are set "open," the interior of the setting is enamelled or painted, to throw a tinge of colour into the gem; and where the diamond is in question, and it has a yellow colour, the inside of the setting is often of polished silver to correct this objectionable colour. In the matter of pearls again, it often happens that these are somewhat different in colour, which is easily perceptible when viewed separately. But when strung together they so reflect the light one upon the other, that these differences of tint are lost.

*Angling.*—One animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

## OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

Déjeuner, (Fr.), breakfast.  
De jure, (Lat.), from the law, by law, legally.  
Delenda est Carthago, (Lat.), Carthago must be destroyed.  
De mortuis nil nisi bonum, (Lat.), let nothing be said of the dead, but what is favourable.  
De mal en pis, (Fr.), worse and worse.  
De medietate, (Lat.), *In law*, a jury half natives, and half foreigners.  
De novo, (Lat.), anew, again.  
Dénouement, (Fr.), conclusion, a development of the plot of a novel or play.  
Deo fivente—juvante—volente, (Lat.), with God's favour—help—will (God willing).  
De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis, (Lat.), of everything in general, and a few other things in particular. Applied to a discursive speech or letter.  
De-plus, (Fr.), plus, more, besides.  
Dépôt, (Fr.), a store, a magazine, also a railway station.  
Déshabillé, (Fr.), an undress, a loose morning dress.  
Desideratum, (Lat.), a thing to be desired.  
Dernier resort, (Fr.), a last resource.  
Desunt cetera, (Lat.), the remainder is wanting.  
Détour, (Fr.), a circuitous route.  
De trop, (Fr.), too much, too many.  
De tout mon cœur, (Fr.), with all my heart.  
Detur digniori, (Lat.), let it be given to the more worthy.  
Dévoir, (Fr.), duty.  
Dicto tempore, (Lat.), at the appointed time.  
Dies non, (Lat.), a day on which courts are not held, as the Sabbath, &c.  
Dieu aidant, (Fr.), with God's help.  
Dieu defend le droit, (Fr.), God defend the right.  
Dieu et mon droit, (Fr.), God and my right.  
Dieu vous benisse, (Fr.), God bless you.  
Dii Penates, (Lat.), household gods.  
Dilettante, (It.), an admirer of the fine arts.  
Diminuendo, (It.), *In music*, a decreasing loudness of sound.  
Diseur de bon mots, (Fr.), a wit.  
Disjecta membra, (Lat.), fragments, the scattered remains.  
Divide et impera, (Lat.), divide and govern.  
Dolce, (It.), *In music*, softly.  
Doloroso, (It.), *In music*, pathetic.  
Domus, (Lat.), home.  
Donus amica, donus optima, (Lat.), home is home, be it ever so homely.  
Domine dirige nos, (Lat.), Lord direct us.  
Dos-à-dos, (Fr.), back to back.  
Dos d'âne, (Fr.), shelving on both sides; lit., a donkey's back.  
Double entendre, (Fr.), a double meaning.  
Doux yeux, (Fr.), soft glances.  
Dramatis personæ, (Lat.), characters represented.  
Droit des gens, (Fr.), the law of nations.  
Droit et avant, (Fr.), right and forward.  
Ducit amor patriæ, (Lat.), the love of my country leads me.  
Du fort au foible, (Fr.), from the strong to the weak, one with another.  
Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori, (Lat.), it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.  
Dum spiro spero, (Lat.), whilst I breathe, I hope.  
Dum tacent clamant, (Lat.), their silence speaks aloud.  
Dum vivimus, vivamus, (Lat.), while we live, let us live (well).  
Durante bene placito, (Lat.), during pleasure.  
Durante vita, (Lat.), during life.  
Durum telum necessitas, (Lat.), necessity is a hard weapon.  
Durum sed levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas, (Lat.), it is hard but patience renders unavoidable evils tolerable. Vulgo. What cannot be cured, must be endured.  
Dux femina facti, (Lat.), a woman was the leader of the deed.

"MARRIED couples resemble a pair of shears," says Sydney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

## EVER DRIFTING.

Drifting, drifting, ever drifting!  
On the rolling sea of life,  
Seldom we, our hearts uplifting  
From earth's shifting scenes of strife.

Every moment nearer, nearer!  
Eternity's great unknown shore,  
Oh, for faith! and vision clearer  
In the future, evermore.

Drifting, drifting, ever drifting!  
Down the swift broad stream of time;  
Here we toil, with ceaseless shifting,  
Longing for a fairer clime.

Drifting, drifting, morn keeps breaking!  
On our tiny bark so frail;  
We oft dreaming, then awaking,  
Without rudder, compass, sail.

Ever drifting! earth still binds us,  
And a lingering look we cast  
On some charming spot behind us,  
Pleasures buried with the past.

Ever drifting! onward driven  
At the world's capricious will;  
Gracious Father! guide to Heaven  
Whisper to us, Peace be still.

Drifting, drifting! Lord, we perish!  
Was the Galileans cry;  
Years are passing! Hope we cherish  
Save, Oh save us! ere we die.

Durham, 12th Dec., 1865.

CANADIA.

## NUMBER 15.

SHE was exceedingly lovely as she stood with her gloved hand resting lightly on Tom Hosten's arm. Her oval face with its rose-tinted cheeks and coral lips, was a study for an artist, and the sparkling brown eyes, one moment veiled beneath the long lashes, the next fitting round the room—gazing at everything except at those two large blue eyes opposite, which followed her every movement, with so much of admiration in their pertinacious stare that the rich blood would have mantled her face had she observed it. Poor Dick Bolson, who invariably boasted that his heart would ever prove invulnerable against the brightest glance or the most bewitching smile, stood gazing at her utterly blind to the fact that he was seriously compromising his good manners, when Tom, disengaging himself from his fair companion, approached him.

"What's the matter, Dick?" with a vigorous shake of the arm. "Are you bewitched?"

"Who is she?" came, with a deep sigh, from Dick's lips.

"Which one do you mean?" rejoined Tom, innocently. "That stout, old lady yonder, with the flushed face and discoloured nose?"

"Don't bother, Tom; I mean the lovely girl you were conversing with not a minute ago. She is whispering now into the stout old lady's ear."

"Why, that's my cousin, Lizzie Hannah. Shall I introduce you?"

"You would confer a great favour on me by doing so," said Dick, eagerly.

A moment afterwards the introduction took place. Miss Hannah was as accomplished as she was beautiful. She conversed familiarly on most topics, and as Dick listened to her sweet voice, and watched her bright smiles and the bewitching play of the clear brown eyes, he thought her, indeed, a prize well worth the winning; he was not hopelessly in love, of course, but he deemed himself a good physiognomist, and in the charming face before him he saw no guide. The evening was therefore a pleasant one to him, and when the party broke up he thought himself very fortunate, indeed, in having the honour of escorting her home. The little hand lay in his a moment before parting at her father's door, and perhaps he held it a little tighter than was consistent with their recent acquaintanceship, for she drew it back suddenly. She was not angry, however, for the next moment she said:

"Such an intimate friend of Tom's will always be welcome whenever he chooses to call."

"Thank you," I shall certainly avail myself of the privilege; answered Dick, and she disappeared.

The house was a two-story brick one on—street, St. Lawrence Suburbs, and the number 15. Dick was particular, for he did not intend to let many days elapse ere he called on one who had so favourably impressed him.

Brown eyes and the graceful figure of Lizzie Hannah formed an important feature in his dreams that night, and he awoke in the morning anxious for the day to pass, so that he might have the happiness of seeing her in a more tangible shape. It was not to be, however. A telegram summoned him to Toronto on urgent business and that evening, instead of enjoying delightful converse with Miss Hannah, he was being whirled away at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. He swallowed his disappointment and resolved to bond sturdily to the business in hand, in order to forget the bright face that so persistently haunted him. He was partially successful, for he had but little time to think on the wound the little god had made while discussing commercial matters with hard, practical business men. But the reaction came, when eight days afterwards we find him returning to Montreal. Was he caught at last, this stoic, who had resisted successfully the most captivating smiles, the tenderest glances? Had a week's absence done more towards leading him captive to those brown eyes, than a daily draught from their lucid depths? He did not believe in love at first sight, but he felt an earnest longing to stand again in the presence of Miss Hannah, to press again the little hand that had been so suddenly drawn from his at their first parting.

He reached Montreal early in the afternoon, and at seven in the evening was on his way to—street, number 15. His ring brought the maid of all work to the door.

"Is Miss Hannah in?"

"Yes, sir; but she is unable to see any one at present," was the answer. "She is confined to her room with one of her old attacks."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Dick, "has she been long ill, and is her case considered dangerous?"

"She's been sick but a few days, and the doctor says she will be well in a week. Shall I tell her who called?"

"Certainly," said Dick, fumbling in his pockets for a card. He searched in vain; his card case had been exhausted in Toronto.

"Tell her, with my compliments, Dick—Mr. Bolson—Bolson," was the confused answer; and he turned homewards, feeling grievously disappointed.

His anticipations were rudely blasted, but her illness increased his interest in her tenfold; and as he could not see her personally, he determined in some way to evince the sympathy he felt for her. A lovely bouquet, containing a slip of paper, on which D. B.'s compliments and a speedy recovery were written was sent to her every morning. He refrained, however, from making inquiries, because he did not wish others to see how interested he was in her convalescence. In Tom Hosten he saw a possible rival, and therefore he avoided the subject in his presence.

It was a gloomy week for Dick, and only those who have been similarly situated can tell how glad he was when the messenger he employed to carry his tokens of sympathy to number 15 brought him back word that Miss Hannah would be happy to see him that evening.

He made an elaborate toilet, and with a heart throbbing with delicious anticipations, he rung the door bell just as the clock struck the half hour after seven. The same maid of all work answered his summons, and bidding him follow her, led him into the parlour. A bright fire burned in the grate, and seated close to it, in an invalid chair, was a lady, whose wrinkled brow, and silver streaked hair bore witness to more birthdays than single ladies like to acknowledge. Temper, and none of the gentlest, was plainly visible in the close set round eyes, prominent nose and thin lips. A stereotyped smile

somewhat relieved her features from the effects of her recent illness. As Mr. Richard Bolson entered the room she held out her hand for him to press. A chill ran through his frame as the cold, bony fingers tightened around his own.

"How can I ever repay you?" she murmured, with a tender glance at his troubled face.

"For what, madam?" was Dick's response; "I am not aware that you are in any way indebted to me."

"How generous you are, but must I tell you that your delicate attentions did more towards hastening my convalescence than all the doctor's skill. Oh! it is sweet to have a sympathizing friend when one is ill. I have wished for this so long, and now that I am beloved, (clasping her hands) I can scarcely realize my happiness."

Dick stared at the pathetic lady in blank astonishment. A dim presentiment that something was wrong crept over him.

"Shall I soon have the pleasure of seeing Miss Hannah?" he managed to articulate.

"Miss Hannah is what they call me to distinguish me from my eldest sister. Our surname is Merton. I suppose sickness has altered me much, but I shall soon be quite well. How very considerate of you to send me those lovely flowers."

"There must be some dreadful mistake here," said Dick, the perspiration starting to his face, "is this number 15?"

"Why, yes. It used to be twenty-five, but the houses were all renumbered by the corporation the week before last. What is the matter my dear Mr. Bolson?"

Dick prayed for the earth to open and swallow him up. Here was a dilemma for a fastidious man.

"I most sincerely beg your pardon," said he, rising, I was not aware that the houses had been renumbered; in fact, I was out of town at the time. A particular friend of mine, Miss Lizzie Hannah used to live at number 15; and on my return, hearing she was ill, I sent the flowers, through ignorance; to the same number."

"Miss Lizzie Hannah?" shrieked the invalid. Oh, my poor heart! Mary, Mary! quick, I shall faint!"

"I am very much grieved," commenced Dick, edging towards the door, "that I should have been the innocent cause of—"

"Will you leave the house, you vile, deceitful creature!" she broke in, stooping for the poker to throw at him.

Dick made a dash for the door, almost knocking the breath out of Mary, who was hastening to obey the call, and gained the street.

"What a precious mess I've got into?" mentally ejaculated Dick, sneaking home as quickly as possible. "Catch me sending bouquets to an invalid again, unless I'm allowed to present them in person."

He tried to keep it secret, but somehow it leaked out; and no one laughed more heartily over it than Lizzie Hannah. It is supposed, however, that she has taken compassion on him, for no lover can be more attentive to his lady love than Dick is to the charming Lizzie.

G. H. H.

Montreal, Dec., 1865.

How many calves tayles, asks *Demuandes Joyous*, behoueth to reche frome the erthe to the skye? R. No more but one, an it be longue ynough.—D. Why dothe an oxo or a cowe lye? R. Bycause she cannot sytte.—D. What people be they that love not in no wyse to be prayed for? R. They be beggars and poore people, whan men say "God helpe them," when theye aske almes.—D. What space is from ye hyst space of the see to the depest? R. But a stone's cast.—D. Whiche ben the most profyttable sayntes in the chyrche? R. They that stande in ye glasse windowes; for they kepe out the wyndo from wastynge of the light.—D. What is it that freseth never? R. That is hoto water.—D. Why dooth a doggo tourne hym thryes aboute or that he lyeth him downe? R. Bycause he knoweth not his beddes head from the few.—So much for the jokes of Merry England in the yere of our Lorde a mcccc. and xi.



## LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

ARE you, reader, one of those thrice-happy mortals whose mental machinery neither loses nor gains, but works on with uniform regularity? Can you rise to address an assembly, or sit down to your desk for more guarded utterance, with the consciousness that what you speak or write is sure to come up to a certain average, not disgracefully below your former performances? Do your thoughts never come crowding on your brain in such turbulent confusion, that before you have finished moulding one, another pushes it out, and the perplexed listener has to interpret your meaning from the heads and tails of incomplete sentences? Is your memory clear and ready, always providing you with, at all events, familiar names and words in common use? If so, it is much to be feared that you are harsh and uncharitable towards those whose minds are less happily constituted than your own; that you characterise their forgetfulness as carelessness, their abstraction as affectation, their incoherence as a sure symptom of despicable folly; for it is exceedingly difficult for an orderly mind to contemplate anything approaching to confusion or want of method with common patience; it cannot comprehend that what comes so instinctively to itself, is unattainable by a different organisation. Of course, a confused, a hesitating, or inconsequent style of speaking is a great defect; but it is one which so often arises from a redundancy rather than a lack of sentiments and illustrations, that it should be treated with leniency. Indeed, it is singular to observe how often an empty-headed man, without one original idea in his possession, can pour out well-turned sentences without hesitation, and upon every subject, by the hour together; while his intellectual superior, who has thought deeply and earnestly upon the same topics, sits by in silence, or stammers, becomes involved in his sentences, puts one word for another, and makes an exhibition of himself rather than of his opinions.

When a man combines power of thought with fluency of speech and the faculty of arranging his ideas, he is a delightful conversationalist; if, in addition, he has good lungs, an uvula which does not tickle, and sturdy tonsils, he is a born orator; let him add industry and a capacity for business, and there is your statesman.

All men who are deficient in the three first qualities—namely, thought, fluency, and order—are liable to the *lapsus linguæ*, and if they declaim much in public, will sometimes excite unintentional merriment by their blunders. How we laugh, even at the present day, at the elaborate mistakes of Sir Boyle Roche. The famous "There he stands, Mr. Speaker, like a crocodile, with his hands in his pockets, shedding false tears," may surely be considered a slip of the tongue: he would not have written such a sentence. He possessed a creative imagination and fluency of speech, but was entirely deficient in the power of arranging his ideas: comparisons, illustrations, invectives overflowed his brain, and came pouring out of his mouth in a heterogeneous torrent. Take, for instance: "Mr. Speaker, sir, I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; but I will nip him in the bud!" Here are three distinct images jumbled up into a ridiculous sentence. A man with an equally fluent tongue and a brain of inferior reproductive energy, would have stuck, say, to the flower, some poisonous plant probably, would have sown it, watered it, pampered it for a quarter of an hour before the nipping process, and probably impressed his audience with the idea that he had made a very respectable speech.

The more ordinary slips of the tongue are caused either by nervousness or by the mind wandering away while the unruly member is left to trip unguided over some oft-repeated words, and the effect produced by such mistakes is sometimes very ludicrous. It is astonishing how seldom actors stumble in this way: one would fancy that men repeating the words of another, night after night, and obliged all the time to think of their actions, the expression of their faces, and, above all, their cues, would be pecu-

liarily liable to blunder; but though they often forget their parts, and are driven to "gag," it is almost always the author, not the actor, who suffers. I remember one very ridiculous *lapsus* made by an actor, however, which may not be familiar to the reader. The play was *Lear*, and the performer who represented the king got on well enough till he came to his lament over the unfilial conduct of his daughter Goneril:

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,  
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child.

Which the unhappy man rendered:

How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is  
To have a toothless child.

A reading not quite so tragic as the original.

A still more terrible thing must it be for a clergyman to make a ludicrous blunder of this description while conducting the service; the more solemn the cast of our thoughts at any particular moment, the more comic does any absurdity seem, and he must have been a very serious person indeed who refrained from smiling when the officiating minister read: "He spake the word, and cathoppers came, and grasspillars innumerable." The best thing which could happen to one who made such a slip, would be not to perceive it; that is, if he were a man who found a difficulty in keeping his countenance upon trying occasions, a task, however, which the majority of clergymen seem to find simple enough.

It is a singular phenomenon of the human mind, that if a man makes a slip of the tongue without noticing it himself, or being corrected by others, in the course of a repetition or recital, the chances are that the same *lapsus* recurs on the next occasion. A friend of ours, who is one of the best gentlemen light-weight riders in England, an ardent fox-hunter, and a most melodious vocalist, has a first-rate hunting-song in his repertoire, which is always called for on convivial occasions, but in the course of singing which he as invariably as unwittingly trolls out the most fearful heresy that a sportsman could utter:

"When hounds are in cover, your place is inside"

—instead of *outside*, as, of course, it stands in the text, and as my friend fancies he sings it.

These last instances are pure slips of the tongue, as those first treated of are perhaps of the brain; but there is a description of *lapsus* in which the powers of thinking and the organs of speech seem to stumble at the same time.

The Count de Roncy, who was rather famous for these ingenious blunders, went to call upon Madame de Thianges when she was very ill.

"And how are you to-day, madame?"

"No, better, count. I cannot get a wink of sleep."

"Dear, dear; how is that?"

"It is those church-bells, that keep up one ceaseless din day and night. I do wish something could be done about it."

"Why don't you have straw laid down before the door?" cried De Roncy, his face lighting up as he thought of this ingenious expedient.

A better illustration of the compound *lapsus* I allude to, is perhaps afforded by the following anecdote of a Gascon soldier at Rome who was being lionised by some Italians, and whose patriotic soul refused to admit any superiority in St. Peter's over the churches of his own country. "That a cathedral!" he said, shrugging his shoulders: "why, in the country I come from, there is one the nave of which is a thousand yards long."

"Oh, oh, oh!" chorused the Italians.

"Fact, I assure you," insisted the Gascon; "and it is twice as broad!"

"Well, well," he said afterward to the comrades who bantered him on the slip he had made; "perhaps I did overdo it. I was going to make it square, only they took me up so sharply that I had not time to think."

This is something like the famous addition of "and a hare" of the man who did not excite sufficient surprise by dropping a leash of birds to one barrel, and exemplifies the blunder I allude to. The mind was quite clear about what it meant to say, and the tongue perfectly

ready to obey it up to the last moment; then came a confusion or obscuration of the intellect for one second, during which the tongue seemed to cut a caper.

The results of a *lapsus linguæ* are not, however, always comic; the tongue, especially of a nervous person, will sometimes blurt out what the heart most desires to conceal, though life may be forfeited by the stumble. How fearful it must be to have committed a murder or some other great crime, and to go about the world in a state of constant dread lest some chance word, some unguarded expression, should give our fellow-men the clue which they are seeking! For when the will is constantly and earnestly set to keep watch over the tongue, the little demon seems to take a malicious pleasure in thwarting such excessive pains: let persons of a certain temperament only go about long enough with the fixed thought, "Whatever happens, I must never say so and so," it is ten to one they do say it eventually.

Indeed, secrets of any kind are odious things, and the picturesque costume of the period would hardly have compensated one for living in the days of the Civil Wars and the later Stuarts, when one always had a letter or a token in one's pocket fraught with danger to hundreds, or a dear relation hiding amongst the coals or the jam-pots, or emulating the cats in gymnastic performances upon the gutter, while the emissaries of the dominant party sought for him with blazing torches, sharp swords, and shocking observations.

And then the torture! If the reader be a lady, the *question* applied to her in youth was probably mental; but the masculine student may, when a boy, have had his arm twisted round, and smart blows of cruel knuckles applied to the upper part until such time as he apologised for an offence or disclosed a secret. If so, he can form some slight idea of the struggle between a firm will, devotion to a friend or a cause, and a weak and slipping tongue, in the furnace of intense bodily suffering. Thank God, we of the present day are spared all this, save by our own fault, or in very exceptional cases; but there is a very common form of the *lapsus linguæ* which may cause us great mental pain and distress. Happy is he who has never tossed about through a sleepless night, devouring his remorse and shame, and regretting, oh! how bitterly, that he cannot at any cost or sacrifice recall words which have slipped out of his mouth in a moment of passion, of epigrammatic inspiration, or of pure inadvertence. I remember to this day with a hot feeling of shame setting that riddle about a squinting man being born in the middle of the week, looking both ways for Sunday, to a lady who had a cast in her eye, fully twenty years ago. The worst was, I saw my blunder with confusion and hesitation in the middle. Ugh! I cannot bear to think of it. I know a most amiable lady who is constantly making slips of this sort. I have heard her ask a man who had married three times, whether he thought that a widower who loved his first wife could ever bear to see a second in her place! To an officer of artillery, she put the question, whether it was true that his branch of the service was entirely composed of men rejected by the engineers? she inquired of a patriotic member of one university, why the other was so much more gentlemanly? she confided her opinion to a strange Roman Catholic in a railway carriage, that no member of his communion could possibly be truthful. I myself, who am convinced that she would not for the world intentionally hurt the feelings of the meanest creature in it, have often been staggered, and thought for the moment that she must have aimed her random shots.

The most serious *lapsus linguæ* on record is that of the sailor on the look-out who saw a rock, and called out "Larboard!" instead of "Starboard!" drowning dozens by the slip; and it was in consequence of that lamentable affair, I believe, that the word "Port" was substituted for "Larboard" in naval nomenclature.

*Tyranny.*—Knocking people on the head or the crime of standing upright.

## THE SMALL CHRYSANTHEMUM.

THREE stands, with stem and foliage broken,  
On banished Autumn's ravaged land,  
A round white flower, her simple token,  
The farewell of her royal hand.

Each leaf with sad and pensive air  
Its fellow-leaves she placed between,  
As if she thought: 'Will any care  
To know by this where I have been?'

Then wrapped her many-coloured dress  
In folds of gray November mist,  
And left, with black dishevelled tress,  
A lonely bird upon her wrist.

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 268.

## CHAPTER LXXVI. THE CRY OF THE CHIU.

Their path lay down by the shore, and the sun was low before they reached the house of which they were in search. It was a large, rambling, half-ruinous place, with the discoloured plaster all scaling away from the walls; an old stone trough standing out in the road close by, and bundles of stored hay and straw sticking out through the shutterless windows of the basement story. A few half-starved oxen were lying about on the scant sward behind the house; a cock strutted on the dunghill before the door; and two sickly-looking women plied their distaffs under the shade of a vine in a crazy little pergoletta, overlooking the sea.

These women dropped their work with alacrity when accosted by Lord Castletowers, and hastened to provide the travellers with such poor fare as the place afforded, and it was poor enough; an omelette, a loaf of rye bread, a plate of salted fish, and a little fruit, was all they had to offer; but Saxon and Castletowers had not fasted all day for nothing. They feasted as heartily as if their table had been spread in the best hotel in Naples, and emptied a bottle of the thinnest country wine with as keen a gusto as if it had been "long imprisoned Cæcuban" or "fiery Falernian."

When at length they had eaten and drunk and were satisfied, and had recompensed the good women of the house for their hospitality, it was quite dusk—the magical dusk of an early autumn evening in south Italy, when the earth is folded to rest in a deep and tender gloom which scarcely seems like night, and the grass is alight with glowworms, and the air kindling with fireflies, and the sky one vast mosaic of stars.

The difficult part of their undertaking was now at hand. Even in traversing the coastroad between the podere and that point where their boat lay moored, they had to exercise all the discretion of which they were masters. It was important that they should neither attract, nor seem to avoid, observation. They had to tread lightly, without risking the appearance of caution; to walk neither slow nor fast; to avail themselves of the shelter of every rock, and wall, and bush along the road, and yet not to seem as if they were creeping in the shade; and, above all, to keep open eyes and ears, and silent tongues, for fear of surprise.

Going along thus, they soon left the solitary podere behind. There was no moon; but the darkness was strangely transparent, and the mountainous outlines of the twin islands, Ischia and Procida, were distinctly visible on the far horizon. Where the languid sea just glided to the shore, a shifting phosphorescent gleam faintly came and went upon the margin of the sands; and presently, lying a little way off, with her sails all furled like the folded wings of a sleeping bird, the Albulia came dimly into sight.

They paused. All was profoundly quiet. Scarce a breath disturbed the perfect stillness of sea and shore. Now and then a faint shiver seemed to run through the tall reeds down by the water's edge; but that was all. Had a pebble fallen,

the young men must have heard it where they stood.

"I don't believe there's a living soul on this beach but ourselves," whispered Saxon.

"Heaven grant it!" replied the Earl, in the same tone.

"What shall we do next?"

"I think we cannot do better than go down to the boat, and there lie in readiness for whatever may happen."

They found the boat just where they had left it six or seven hours before, and their sailor lying in it at full length, fast asleep. Without rousing him, they crouched down in the shelter of the reeds, and waited.

"You have your revolver, Trefaldon?" whispered the Earl.

"Yes, in my hand."

"And you can pull an oar, if necessary?"

"Of course."

The Earl sighed impatiently.

"This cursed arm," said he, "renders me more helpless than a woman. Hush! did you hear a footstep on the sand?"

"No; I heard nothing."

"Listen."

They listened breathlessly; but all was still, like death.

"There is something awful in the silence," said Saxon.

"I wish to Heaven we knew what the signal would be," muttered the Earl.

And then they lay a long time without speaking or moving.

"I feel as if my limbs were ossifying," whispered the Earl by-and-by.

"And I never longed so much in my life to do something noisy," replied Saxon. "I am at this moment possessed by an almost irresistible impulse to shout 'Viva Garibaldi!' Hush! what's that?"

It was a faint, plaintive, distant cry, like nothing that the mountaineer had ever heard before, but the Earl recognised it immediately.

"It is only the chiu," said he.

"The what?"

"The chiu—a little summer owl common throughout Italy. I almost wonder we have not heard it before; though, to be sure, the season is somewhat advanced."

"The creature has an unearthly note," said Saxon. "There, I heard it again."

"It seems to be coming this way," said Castletowers.

He had scarcely spoken, when the melancholy call floated towards them for the third time. Saxon dropped his hand suddenly upon his friend's shoulder.

"That is no owl's cry," he whispered. "It is a human voice. I would stake my life on it."

"No, no."

"I tell you, yes. It is the signal."

The Earl would not believe it; but Saxon imitated the note, and it was echoed immediately.

"There," said he, "I told you so."

"Nonsense; all owls will do that. I have made them answer me hundreds of times."

But Saxon pointed eagerly forward.

"Look!" he said; "look, close under that wall yonder. Don't you see something moving?"

The Earl stared into the darkness as if he would pierce through it.

"I think I do," he replied; "a something—a shadow!"

"Shall we not show ourselves?"

"Suppose it is a sentry! Try the cry again."

Saxon tried the cry again, and again it was promptly echoed. He immediately roused the sleeping seaman, and stepped out cautiously beyond the shelter of the reeds.

As he did so, the shadow under the wall became stationary.

Then he listened, advanced a few paces, treading so lightly and swiftly that the sand scarcely grated under his feet; and, having traversed about half the intermediate distance, came to a halt.

He had no sooner halted, than the shadow was seen to move again, and steal a few yards nearer.

And now Saxon, watching the approaching

form with eyes trained to darkness and distance, was struck with a sudden conviction that it was not Colonna. As this doubt flashed through his mind, the shadow stopped again, and a low, distinct, penetrating whisper came to him on the air:

"Chi è?"

To which Saxon, quick as thought, replied: "Montecuculi."

Instantly the shadow lifted its head, cried aloud, "Chiu! chiu! chiu!" three times in succession, and, leaving the gloom of the wall, came running up to Saxon where he stood. It was not Colonna, but a slight, active boy, clad in some kind of loose blouse.

"All's well," he said, in Italian. "Where is your boat?"

"Close at hand."

"Is all ready?"

"All."

"Quick, then! He will be here instantly."

They ran to the boat. The lad jumped in, the sailor grasped his oars, Castletowers kept watch, and Saxon stood ready to shove off.

Then followed a moment of anxious suspense.

Suddenly the sharp, stinging report of a rifle rang through the silence. The boy uttered a half-suppressed cry; and made as if he would fling himself from the boat; but Saxon, with rough kindness, thrust him back.

"You young fool!" said he, authoritatively, "sit still."

At the same moment they beheld the gleam of a distant torch, heard a rush of rapid footsteps on the beach, and saw a man running down wildly towards the sea.

Saxon darted out to meet him.

"Courage!" he cried. "This way."

But the fugitive, instead of following, staggered and stood still.

"I cannot," he gasped. "I am exhausted. Save yourselves."

A tossing fire of torches was now visible not a couple of hundred yards away in the direction of Cumæ, and more than one bullet came whistling over the heads of those on the beach.

In the meanwhile, Saxon had taken Colonna up bodily in his arms, and strode with him to the boat, like a young giant.

As he did this, a yell of discovery broke from the lips of the pursuers. On they came, firing and shouting tumultuously; but only in time to see the boat shoved off, and to find a broad gap of salt water between themselves and their prey.

"Viva Garibaldi!" shouted Saxon, firing his revolver triumphantly in their faces.

But the lad in the blouse snatched it from his hand.

"Give me the pistol," he said, "and help with the oars. How can we tell that they have no boat at hand?"

The boy now spoke in English, but Saxon scarcely noticed that in the overwhelming excitement of the moment. The voice, however, sounded strangely familiar, and had a ring of authority in it that commanded obedience. Saxon relinquished the weapon instantly, and flung himself upon his oars. The boy, heedless of the bullets that came pattering into the water all about their wake, leaned over the gunwale and discharged the whole round of cartridges. The soldiers on the beach, looking gaunt and shadowy by the waving torchlight, fired a parting volley. In the meanwhile, the boat bounded forward under the double impulse, and in a few more seconds they were, if not beyond range, at all events beyond aim in the darkness.

## CHAPTER LXXVII. A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SAIL.

Pulling swiftly and strongly, the rowers threw a force energy into their work that soon left the reedy shore far enough behind. Each moment the glare of the torchlight grew fainter on the shore. Each moment the hull of the Albulia seemed to become bigger and blacker. In the meanwhile, no one spoke. The boy, having fired out all Saxon's cartridges, crept to Colonna's side, and there crouched silently. The Italian had sunk exhausted in the bottom of the boat, and lay with his head and shoulders leaning up against the side; Castletowers steered, and the

two others bent and rose upon their oars with the precision of automatons.

Presently they shot alongside the yacht, and were hailed by the familiar voice of Saxon's honest master. Then a light flashed overhead, a rope was thrown and caught, a ladder lowered, and in a few seconds they were all on board.

"Thank Heaven, you're safe!" exclaimed Lord Castletowers, turning to Colonna, as soon as his foot touched the deck.

But the Italian leaped heavily upon his shoulder, and whispered:

"Hush! Take me below. I am wounded."

"Wounded?"

"Not so loud, I implore you—not a word here?"

"But not badly?"

"I don't know—I fear so."

"Good God, Colonna!"

The crew were busy hauling in the boat, and unfurling the sails. Even the boy and Montecuculi were doing what they could to help; for life and liberty depended now upon the speed with which they could put the yacht before what little breeze was blowing. They must get away, no matter in which direction. It was the one vital, imperative, overruling necessity.

Under cover of the haste and confusion on deck, Lord Castletowers helped his friend down the cabin stairs, assisted him to the sofa, struck a light, and hastened to examine his wound.

"Where are you hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

"Lock the door first."

Wondering somewhat at the request, the Earl obeyed. Then Colonna, with his own hands, opened the bosom of his shirt, and Castletowers saw that he was wounded just above the left breast, about an inch below the collar-bone. The spot where the ball had penetrated was surrounded by a broad purple margin; but there was very little blood, and scarcely any laceration of the flesh.

"It does not look so bad," said the Earl, "and seems scarcely to have bled at all."

"It is bleeding inwardly," replied Colonna, feebly. "Give me a little brandy."

The Earl hesitated.

"I am not sure that you ought to have it," he said.

"I must have it—I—I——"

His voice faltered, and a ghastly look came upon his pallid face.

"I will call Montecuculi," said the Earl, with a throbbing sudden, undefined terror. "He understands these things better than I do."

Colonna half raised himself upon the couch.

"No, no," he gasped; "wait—do not alarm—"

Then, making a desperate effort to articulate, he pointed to his throat, and fell back insensible.

At this moment some one tried the cabin door on the outside, and finding it bolted, tapped loudly on the panels.

The Earl rushed to open it.

"Run," he cried, seeing the boy whom they had just brought off from shore; "fetch some cold water—call Signor Montecuculi! Quick—the Colonna is badly wounded, and has fainted away!"

But the lad, instead of obeying, thrust the Earl aside, uttered a piercing cry, and flung himself upon his knees beside the sofa.

"My father!" sobbed he, passionately. "Oh, my father!"

Lord Castletowers drew back, full of amazement and pity.

"Alas!" he said, in a low tremulous tone. "Miss Colonna!"

In the meanwhile, those on deck were moving heaven and earth to put as many miles of sea as might be possible between the yacht and the coast. The breeze was languid and fitful; but, such as it was, they spread their sails to it, and, tacking about, made some little progress.

By degrees, the shadowy outline of the hills faded away in the darkness, and shortly after midnight a brisk south-west wind sprang up, as if on purpose for their service.

All that night they ran before the breeze, making close upon fifteen knots an hour, and bearing right away for Corsica. All that night

Giulio Colonna lay in the little cabin below the deck of the Albula, sometimes conscious, sometimes unconscious, passing from fainting fit to fainting fit, and growing hourly weaker.

CHAPTER LXXVIII. "THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL."

Pale, silent, unwearied, Olympia sat beside her father's couch through all the hours of that dreary night, wiping the cold dews from his brow, bathing his wound, and watching over him with a steady composure that never faltered. Sometimes when he moaned, she shuddered; but that was all.

Towards dawn, the Earl beckoned Saxon quietly away, and they went up on deck. The morning was now grey above their heads, and there was no land in sight. The breeze had dropped with the dawn, and the Albula was again making but little way. Both sea and sky looked inexpressibly dreary.

"How does he seem now?" asked Montecuculi, hastening towards them.

The Earl shook his head.

"Sinking slowly, I fear," he replied. "The fainting fits are longer each time, and each time leaves him weaker. The last endured for twenty-seven minutes, and he has not spoken since."

The Ferrareso threw up his hands despairingly.

"Dio!" he exclaimed, "that it should end thus!"

"And that it should end now," added Castletowers. "Now, when the great work is so nearly accomplished, and the hour of his reward was close at hand!"

"How does the signora bear it?"

"Like a Colonna—nobly."

"I will go down and share her watch while you remain on deck. It is something to look upon him while he is yet alive."

With this the young Italian stole gently down the cabin stairs, leaving Saxon and Castletowers alone.

"Alas! Trefalden," said the Earl, after a long silence, "this is a calamitous dawn for Italy."

"Do you not think he will live the day out?"

"I think that he is going fast. I do not expect to hear him speak again in this world—I scarcely expect to see him alive at noon."

"If we had only kept that surgeon with us one week longer!"

"Ay—if we had!"

"Poor Olympia!"

"Poor Olympia, indeed! I dread to think of all she has yet to suffer."

And they were silent again.

"I cannot conceive what we are to do, Trefalden, when—when it is all over," said Lord Castletowers, presently.

"Nor I."

"He ought to rest with his own people; and it must be my task to convey his poor remains to Rome; but, in the meanwhile, what is to become of her?"

"I can escort her to England."

"Impossible, my dear fellow! You have not the time to travel slowly. You ought, even now, to be night and day upon the road; and, do what you will, may still be in London too late!"

"Stay," replied Saxon, quickly; "I can suggest a plan. I know of two ladies—English ladies—who are now residing at Nice. My cousin knows them well; and if Miss Colonna would consent to accept their protection till such time as you had returned from Rome, and could take her to Castletowers——"

"An excellent idea, Trefalden—nothing could be better!"

At this moment Montecuculi came back, anxious and agitated.

"You had better come down," he said, in a low, awe-struck tone. "I think he is dying."

"So soon!"

"Indeed, I fear it."

They went. Colonna still lay as when they saw him last, with his head supported against a pile of pillows, and a blanket thrown across his feet and knees; but it needed no second glance to see that a great change had taken place within the last half hour. A ghastly, grey hue

had spread itself over his face; his eyes seemed to have sunk away into two cavernous hollows; and his very hands were livid. For two hours he had not moved hand or foot. For more than two hours he had not spoken. His heart still beat; but, so feebly, that its action could with difficulty be detected by the ear, and not at all by the hand. He still breathed; but the lungs did their work so languidly, and at such long intervals, that a stranger would have taken him for one quite dead. Now and then, not oftener than once in every fifteen or twenty minutes, a slight spasmodic shudder, like the momentary ruffling of still waters, passed over him as he lay; but of this, as of all else, he was profoundly unconscious.

"Has he moaned of late?" asked Lord Castletowers.

Olimpia, with one of her father's cold hands pressed between her own, and her eyes intently fixed upon his face, shook her head silently.

"Nor moved?"

She shook her head again.

After this, the Earl stood for a long while looking down upon the face of his early friend. As he did so, his eyes filled with tears, and his heart with sorrowful memories—memories of days long gone by, and incidents till now forgotten. He saw himself again a boy at Colonna's knee. He remembered boyish pleasures promoted, and vacation rambles shared. He thought of classic readings under summer trees; of noble things said, and done, and hoped for; of high and heroic counsel solemnly given; of privations uncomplainingly endured; of aspirations crushed; of arduous labour unrecompensed; of a patriotism which, however mistaken in many of its aims, was as gallant and ardent as that of the noblest Roman of them all.

Remembering these things—remembering, too, the open hand, the fearless heart, the unstained honour which had characterised the dying man in every relation and act of his unselfish life, too Earl felt as if he had never done justice to his virtues till this moment.

"Alas, poor Italy!" he said aloud; and the tears that had been slowly gathering in his eyes began to fall.

But at that word—that omnipotent word which for so many years had ruled the beatings of his heart, coloured his every thought, and shaped his every purpose—a kind of strange and sudden thrill swept over Colonna's face. A livid mask but the instant before, it now seemed as if lighted from within. His eyelids quivered, his lips moved, and a faint sound was audible in his throat.

"Oh God!" cried Olympia, flinging herself upon her knees beside him, "he is about to speak!"

The Earl held up his hand, in token of silence.

At that moment the dying man opened his eyes, and a rapt, radiant, wonderful smile came upon all his face, like a glory.

"Italia!" he whispered; "Italia!"

The smile remained; but only the smile. Not the breath—not the spirit—not Giulio Colonna.

CHAPTER LXXIX. O BELLA ETA DELL'ORO!

Careworn and intent, his lips pressed nervously together, his brow contracted, his eyes, hand, and pen, all travelling swiftly in concert, William Trefalden bent over his desk, working against time, against danger, against fate. All that day long, and half the night before, he had been sitting in the same place, labouring at the same task, and his work was now drawing to a close. Piles of letters, papers, memoranda, deeds, and account-books crowded the table. A waste-paper basket, full to overflowing, was placed to the left of Mr. Trefalden's chair, and a large cash-box to the right of his desk. Although it was only the fifteenth of September, and the warm evening sunlight was pouring in through the open window, a fire burned in the grate. The fragments clinging to the bars and the charred tinder-heap below, indicated plainly enough for what purpose that fire had been kindled.

The sun sank lower and lower. The sullen roar of the great thoroughfare rose and fell, and never ceased. The drowsy City clocks, roused up

for a few moments and grown suddenly garrulous, chimed the quarters every now and then, and, having discharged that duty, dozed off again directly. Then the last glow faded from the house-tops, and the pleasant twilight—pleasant even in City streets and stifling offices—came gently over all.

Still Mr. Trefalden worked on; his eager pen now flying over the page, now arrested at the base of a column of figures, now laid aside for several minutes at a time. Methodically, resolutely, rapidly, the lawyer pursued his task; and it was a task both multifarious and complicated, demanding all the patience of which he was master, and taxing his memory to the uttermost. He had told his clerks that he was going out of town for six weeks, and was putting his papers in order before starting; but it was not so. He was going away, far away, never to set foot in that office again. He was turning his back upon his cousin Saxon, for ever and ever.

He had intended to do this weeks before. His plans had been all matured long enough in advance. He was to have been in Madeira, perhaps many an ocean-league further still, by this time; but fate had gone against him, and here, on the fifteenth of September, he was yet in London.

Mrs. Rivière was dead. They had believed her to be gaining strength at Sydenham, and she had seemed to be so much better; that the very day was fixed for their journey to Liverpool, when, having committed some trifling imprudence, she caught a severe cold, fell dangerously ill, and, after lingering some three or four weeks, died passively in her sleep, like a sick child. This event it was that delayed William Trefalden in his flight. He chafed, he wearied, he burned to be gone—but in vain; for he loved Helen Rivière—loved her with all the depth and passion that were in him, and, so loving her, could no more have left her in her extremity of grief and apprehension than he could have saved her mother from the grave. So he waited on, week after week, till Mrs. Rivière was one day laid to rest in a sheltered corner of Norwood Cemetery. By this time September had come, and he well knew that there was danger for him in every rising of the sun. He knew that Saxon might come back, that the storm might burst and overwhelm him, at any moment. So he hurried on his final preparations with feverish haste, and thus, on the evening of the fifteenth, was winding up his accounts, ready to take flight on the morrow.

Now he untied a bundle of documents, and, having glanced rapidly at their endorsements, consigned them, unread, to the waste-paper basket. Now he opened a packet of letters, which he immediately tore up into countless fragments, thrust into the heart of the dull fire, and watched as they burned away. Deeds, copies of deeds, accounts, letters, returned cheques, and miscellaneous papers of every description, were thus disposed of in quick succession, some being given to the flames, and some to the basket. At length, when table and safe were both thoroughly cleared, and the twilight had deepened into dusk, Mr. Trefalden lit his office-lamp, refreshed himself with a draught of cold water, and sat down once more to his desk.

This time he had other and pleasanter work on hand.

He drew the cash-box towards him, plunged his hands into it with a sort of eager triumph, and ranged its contents before him on the table. Those contents were of various kinds—paper, gold, and precious stones. Paper of various colour and various qualities, thick, thin, semi-transparent; t. bluish, yellowish, and white; gold in rouleaux; and precious stones in tiny canvas bags, tied at the mouth with red tape. Money—all money; or that which was equivalent to money!

For a moment, William Trefalden leaned back in his chair and surveyed his treasure. It was a great fortune, a splendid fortune, a fortune carried off, as it were, at the sword's point. He had his own audacity, his own matchless skill to thank for every farthing of it. There it lay, two millions of money!

He smiled. Was his satisfaction troubled by no shadow of remorse? Not in the least. If

some fresh lines had shown themselves of late about his mouth and brow, it may be safely assumed that they were summoned there by no "compunctious visitings." If William Trefalden looked anxious, it was because he felt the trembling of the mine beneath his feet, and knew that his danger grew more imminent with the delay of every hour. If William Trefalden cherished a regret, it was not because he had robbed his cousin of so much, but rather that he had not taken more.

Two millions of money! Pshaw! Why not three? Why not four? Two millions were barely his own rightful share of the Trefalden legacy. Had not Saxon inherited four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds, and in simple fairness should not he, William Trefalden, have secured at least another three hundred and eighty-eight thousand for himself?

There was one moment when he might have had it—*one* moment when, by the utterance of a word, he might have swept all, *all*, into his own hands! That moment was when Saxon gave him the power of attorney in the library of Castletowers. He remembered that his cousin had even proposed with his own lips to double the amount of the investment. Fool! over-cautious, apprehensive fool that he had been to refuse it. He had absolutely not *dared* at the moment to grasp at the whole of the golden prize. He had dreaded lest the young man should not keep the secret faithfully; lest suspicion might be awakened among those through whose hands the money must pass; lest something should happen, something he said, something he done to bring about discovery. So, fearing to risk too much, he had let the glorious chance slip through his fingers, and now, when he might have realised all, he had to be content with less than half!

"Well; even so, had he not achieved the possession of two millions? As he thought thus, as he contemplated the wealth before his eyes, he saw before him, not mere gold and paper, but a dazzling vision of freedom, luxury, and love. His thoughts traversed the Atlantic, and there—in a new world, among a new people—he saw himself dwelling in a gorgeous home; rich in lands, equipages, books, pictures, slaves; adored by the woman whom he loved, and surrounded by all that makes life beautiful. Nor did he omit from this picture the respect of his fellow-citizens, or the affection of his dependents. The man meant to live honestly in that magnificent future; nay, would have preferred to win his two millions honestly, if he could. He had too fine a taste, too keen a sense of what was agreeable, not to appreciate to its fullest extent the luxury of respectability. William Trefalden liked a clean conscience as he liked a clean shirt, because it was both comfortable and gentlemanly, and suited his notions of refinement. So he fully intended to sin no more, but to cultivate all manner of public and private virtues, and die at last in the odour of popularity.

This delicious dream flashed through his mind in less time than it occupies in the recital. Hopes, regrets, anticipations, followed each other so swiftly, that the smile with which his reverie began had scarcely faded from his lips, when he again took up his pen and proceeded to note down in their order the particulars of his wealth.

For months past he had been quietly and cautiously disposing of this money, not selling out the whole two millions at once, but taking it a little at a time, placing some here, some there, and transferring the greater portion of it, under his assumed name of Forsyth, to foreign securities.

One by one he now examined each packet of notes and shares, each rouleau of gold, each bag of precious stones; returned each to the cash-box; and entered a memorandum of its nature and value in the pages of his private account-book. This account-book was a tiny little volume, fitted with a patent lock, and small enough to go into the waistcoat-pocket. Had he lost it, the finder thereof would have profited little by its contents, for the whole was written in a cunning cypher of William Trefalden's own invention.

English bank-notes to the value of thousands and tens of thousands of pounds; notes of the Banque de France for tens of thousands and

hundreds of thousands of francs; American notes for tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars; Austrian notes, Russian notes, Belgian and Dutch notes, notes issued by many governments and of the highest denominations; certificates of government stock in all the chief capitals of Europe; shares in great Indian and European railways; in steam navigation companies, insurance companies, gas companies, docks, mines, and banks in all parts of the civilised world—in India, in Egypt, in Rio Janeiro, in Ceylon, in Canada, in New Zealand, in the Mauritius, in Jamaica, in Van Diemen's Land; rouleaux of English sovereigns, of Napoleons, of Friedrichs d'or: tiny bags of diamonds and rubies, each a dowry for a princess—money, money, money, in a thousand channels, in a thousand forms—there it lay, palpable to the eye and the touch; there it lay, and he entered it in his book, packed it way in his cash-box, and told it over to the uttermost farthing.

He alone knew the care, the anxious thought, the wearisome precautions that those investments had cost him. He alone knew how difficult it had been to choose the safe and avoid the doubtful; to be perpetually buying, first in this quarter, then in that, without attracting undue attention in the money market; to transact with his own unaided hand all the work connected with those purchases, and yet so to transact it that not even his own clerks should suspect how he was employed.

However, it was all over now—literally all over, when, at half-past nine o'clock in the evening, he at length turned the key upon the last sun in his account-book.

Then he took a deed-box from the shelf above the door, locked the cash-box inside, and put the key in his pocket. This deed-box was inscribed in white letters with the name of a former client—a client long since dead, called "Mr. Forsyth."

Having done this, he placed both in a large carpet-bag lined throughout with strong leather, and fitted with a curious and complicated padlock—a bag which he had had made for this express purpose weeks and weeks back. Last of all, having strapped and locked the bag; locked the empty safe; stirred the ashes beneath the grate, to see if any unburned fragments yet remained; cast a farewell glance round the room in which so many hours of his life had been spent; put out his lamp, and put on his hat, William Trefalden took up the precious carpet bag, and left the place, as he believed, for ever.

But it was not for ever. It was not even for ten minutes; for behold, when he had gone down the gloomy staircase and unlatched the house door at the end of the passage opening upon the street, he found himself face to face with a tall young man whose hand was at that very moment uplifted to ring the housekeeper's bell—a tall young man, who stood between him and the lamplight and barred the way, exclaiming:

"Not so fast, if you please, cousin William. I must trouble you to turn back again, if you please. I have something to say to you."

#### CHAPTER LXXXI. FACE TO FACE.

Olimpia's fortitude broke down utterly when all was over. She neither sobbed, nor raved, nor gave expression to her woe as women are wont to do; but she seemed suddenly to loose her hold upon life and become lost in measureless despair. She neither spoke nor slept, hungered nor thirsted; but remained, hour after hour, pale, motionless, speechless as the one for whom she mourned. From this apathy she was by-and-by roused to the sharp agony of a last, inevitable parting. This was when her father's corpse was removed at Civita Vecchia, and Lord Castle-towers left them in order to attend the poor remains to their last resting-place in Rome; but this trial over, and her disguise exchanged for mourning robes besitting her sorrow and her sex, Miss Colonna relapsed into her former lethargy, and passively accepted such advice as those about her had to offer. The yacht then went on to Nice, where, in accordance with Saxon's suggestion, Olimpia was to await the Earl's return.

It is unnecessary to say that Saxon cast an

chor in vain in the picturesque port of that pleasant town. In vain he called upon the English consul. In vain applied to the chief of police, to the postal authorities, to every official personage from whom he conceived it possible to procure the information of which he was in search. The name of Rivière had not been heard in the place.

He examined the visitors' list for the last three months, but found no record of their arrival. He inquired at the bank with the same unsatisfactory result. It was the slack season, too, at Nice—the season when visitors are few, and every stranger is known by name and sight—and yet no ladies answering in any way to his description had been seen there that summer.

Having spent the best part of a day in the prosecution of this hopeless quest, Saxon was forced at last to conclude that Mrs. and Miss Rivière were not merely undiscoverable in Nice, but that they had never been to Nice at all.

And now, he asked himself, what was to be done? To leave Miss Colonna among strangers was impossible. To remain with her at Nice was, for himself, equally impossible. However, Olimpia cut the knot of this difficulty by announcing her desire to be taken at once to England. She had friends in London, dear and tried friends, who had laboured with her in the Italian cause for many years, among whom she would now find tender sympathy. She expressed no wish to go to Castletowers, as she would surely have done a few months before; and Saxon, knowing the cause of her silence, dared not propose it to her.

So, having written a hasty line to Lord Castletowers, informing him of their change of plans, Saxon despatched his yacht to Portsmouth, bade farewell to Montecuculi, who was now hastening back to south Italy, and conducted Miss Colonna back through France as fast as the fastest trains could take them. On the fifteenth of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they landed at Dover. By eight o'clock that same evening, the young man had conducted the lady to the house of a friend at Chiswick, and, having despatched a hasty dinner at his club, posted down to the City—not so much with any expectation of finding his cousin at the office, as in the hope of learning something of his whereabouts. What he actually anticipated was to hear that the lawyer had disappeared long since, and was gone no one knew whither.

He was therefore almost as much startled as the lawyer himself, when the door opened, as it were, under his hand, and he found himself standing face to face with William Trefalden.

"This is indeed a surprise, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, as they withdrew into the passage.

"I fear, not an agreeable one, cousin William," replied the young man, sternly.

But the lawyer had already surveyed his position, and chosen his line of defence. If, for a moment, his heart failed within him, he betrayed no sign of confusion. Quick to think, prompt to act, keenly sensible that his one hope lay in his own desperate wits, he became at once master of the situation.

"Nay," he replied, quite easily and pleasantly, "how should it be other than agreeable to welcome you back after three months' absence? I scarcely expected, however, to see you quite so soon. Why did you not write to tell me you were coming?"

But to this question, Saxon, following his cousin up the staircase, made no reply.

Mr. Trefalden unlocked his office door, lit his office lamp, and led the way into his private room.

"And now, Saxon," said he, "sit down, and tell me all about Norway."

But Saxon folded his arms, and remained standing.

"I have nothing to tell you about Norway," he replied. "I have not been to Norway."

"Not been to Norway? Where then have you been, my dear fellow?"

"To Italy—to the East."

He looked hard at his cousin's face as he said this; but Mr. Trefalden only elevated his eyebrows the very least in the world, seated himself carefully in his accustomed chair, and replied:

"A change of programme, indeed! What caused you to give up the North?"

"Chance. Perhaps fate."

The lawyer smiled. "My dear Saxon," he said, "you have grown quite oracular in your style of conversation. But why do you not sit down?"

"Because you and I are friends no longer," replied the young man; "because you have betrayed the trust I placed in you, and the friendship I gave you; because you have wronged me, lied to me, robbed me; because you are a felon, and I am an honest man!"

Mr. Trefalden turned livid with rage, and grasped the arm of his chair so fiercely that the veins swelled upon his hand, and the knuckles stood out white beneath the skin.

"Have you reflected, Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a deep, suppressed voice, "that this is such language as no one man can forgive from another?"

"Forgive!" echoed Saxon, indignantly. "Do you talk to me of forgiveness? Do you understand that I know all—all? All your treachery, all your baseness! I know that your Overland Company is a lie. I know there are neither directors nor shares, engineers nor works. I know that the whole scheme was simply a gigantic fraud devised by yourself for your own iniquitous ends!"

The lawyer bit his lips, and his eye glittered dangerously; but he kept his passion down, and replied, with forced calmness:

"You know, I presume, that the New Overland Route scheme was a bubble. I could have told you that. I could also have told you that I have not the honour to be the contriver of that bubble. On the contrary, I am one of its victims."

Saxon looked at him with bitter incredulity; but he went on:

"As for your money, it is all safe—or nearly all. You have lost about sixteen thousand pounds by the transaction—I, as many hundreds."

"If it were not that I can scarcely conceive of so much infamy as would be implied in the doubt," said Saxon, "I should say that I do not believe one word of what you tell me!"

"You will repent this," said Mr. Trefalden, grinding the words out slowly between his teeth. "You will repent this from your very soul!"

Saxon put his hand to his brow, and pushed back his hair in an impatient, bewildered way.

"If I only knew what to believe!" he exclaimed, passionately.

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"If you will have the goodness to come here to-morrow at twelve," he said, "I will send one of my clerks with you to the Bank of England, to satisfy you of the safety of your money. In the mean while, I do not see that anything is gained by a conversation which, on one side, at least, consists of mere vituperation. Have you anything more to say to me?"

"Yes. Where are Mrs. and Miss Rivière?"

"Mrs. Rivière is dead. Miss Rivière has returned to Florence."

"You told me they were at Nice."

"I believed it when I told you so, but I was mistaken."

"One more question, if you please. What have you done with the twenty-five thousand pounds due to Mr. Behrens?"

The lawyer rose haughtily from his seat.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Simply this—what have you done with the twenty-five thousand pounds placed in your hands by Lord Castletowers two years ago, for the payment of Mr. Behrens' claim?"

"This, I presume, is meant for another insult?" said Mr. Trefalden. "I decline to reply to it."

"You had better reply to it," cried the young man, earnestly. "For your own sake, I counsel you to reply to it. To-morrow will be too late."

The lawyer took a card from the mantel shelf, and flung it disdainfully upon the table.

"There is Mr. Behrens' card," he said. "Go yourself to him to-morrow, and ask whether his mortgage has been paid off or not."

Saxon snatched up the card, and read—"OLIVER BEHRENS, Woolstapler, 70, Bread-Street E.C."

"God forgive you, if you are again deceiving me, William!" he said.

But Mr. Trefalden only pointed to the open door.

"Whatever more you may have to say to me," he replied, "I will hear to-morrow."

Saxon lingered for a moment on the threshold, still looking earnestly, almost imploringly, in the lawyer's face. Then, once more saying "God forgive you, if you are deceiving me!" he turned away, and went slowly down the stairs.

*To be continued.*

**PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.**—At a recent meeting at Edinburgh of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, the following communication was read from Dr. Stevenson Macadam on the poisonous ingredients in Pharaoh's Serpents:—"The chemical toy which is now sold largely in many shops in this city, at prices ranging from 3d. to 1s. each, is composed of a highly dangerous and poisonous substance, called the sulphocyanide of mercury. The material is a double-headed poisoned arrow, for it contains two poisonous ingredients, viz., mercury and sulphocyanic acid, either of which will kill. Experiments have been made by me upon the lower animals, and I have found that one-half of a sixpenny Pharaoh's Serpent is sufficient to poison a large-sized rabbit in an hour and three-quarters. A less dose also destroys life, but takes longer to do so. The toy, therefore, is much too deadly to be regarded as merely amusing; and seeing that it can be purchased by every schoolboy, and be brought home to the nursery, it is rather alarming to think that there is enough of poison in one of the serpents to destroy the life of several children. And the more so that the so-called Pharaoh's Serpent is covered with bright tinfoil, and much resembles in outward appearance a piece of chocolate or a comfit. I hope that the rage for the Pharaoh's Serpents will die out in Edinburgh without any disastrous consequences, though such have occurred in other places; but it is certainly an anomaly in the law of the kingdom that a grain of arsenic cannot be purchased except under proper restrictions, and that such articles as Pharaoh's Serpents, containing as deadly a poison, may be sold in any quantity, and be purchased by any schoolboy or child."

**AN IMPROVED PROCESS OF TANNING.**—Letters patent have been granted to M. François Pfauhauser, of Winsley Street, London, for the invention of an improved process of tanning. The preliminary preparation of the hides, whether fresh, dry, or salted, to render them suitable for immersion in the tanpit, is precisely the same as hitherto practised. When the calf skins or ox hides are freed from hair, well cleaned and washed, they are placed in the tanpit or vat, the best manner of doing so being to suspend them. The substance which in the improved process replaces oak bark or other tanning, is obtained by transforming sulphate of iron by means of a chemical operation, furnishing a solution possessing the property of tanning the stoutest hides in a few days. The transformation of the nature of the sulphate of iron is very simple, and is effected by burning it in an oven on a cast iron platform heated from beneath until red-hot, and the substance being constantly moved about becomes transformed into a powder of a reddish colour, when it is removed, and the operation repeated for a fresh supply. The liquid is obtained by pouring water into an earthenware vase or other suitable receptacle, then adding a part of the substance obtained as above described, which rapidly dissolves if continually stirred with a stick or ladle; the liquid is then allowed to rest and deposit until perfectly limpid, when it is run off. This liquid being very strong, serves to prepare the liquid in the tanpits or vats, according to the degree of strength which it is desired to give it, using for this purpose Beaumé's hydrometer, or any hydrometer which the tanner may prefer.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

## AZREEL AND THE THREE BROTHERS.

By X. Y. Z., Montreal.

To be completed in four numbers.

Continued from page 271.

The words of Kaliphernes seemed to arouse the vindictive jealousy of Haroun, "Why this mockery?" cried he. "Why this shame? Away with the faithless."

But by this time Ali had been restored to a knowledge of his situation.

"Commander of the faithful, hold," he cried, "I am no Greek, I am Ali. This story is false. I have a brother Mahmoud, whom I left this morning at the caravanserai of the Crescent. This lady's story is true."

The Caliph would have hurried them to execution, but Jaffier, the Grand Vizier, gently insinuated, "This is a doubtful case. Dreams sometimes reveal to the Anointed Chief of the Faith, the truth. Let the Caliph sleep on this strange story."

"So be it," said Haroun.

At the tribunal next evening, the unhappy Ali and the still more wretched Selina were brought to the presence of the Caliph. The officers of the law reported that at the caravanserai it was stated that two brothers had indeed dwelt there and disappeared together the previous day, but that whether they were Greek or Arab, Dionysius or Ali, none knew.

The Caliph's anger had greatly abated, but his justice was still to be satisfied.

"Lead them to death," said he, in a sad tone.

As the executioner led Ali to the block, Ali perceived that he was Azreel, whom he had met in the desert. On seeing him, Ali, who was of a high and martial spirit, turned to the Caliph, and lifting his hand to Heaven, called out in a loud voice,—

"I appeal from the Caliph, who abides but a few years, to Truth which is eternal, and I demand of Azreel, the life which he has promised."

"Hold," cried the Caliph. "Who is this that hath bargained with Death. Presumptuous man, reveal the meaning of your words."

On this Ali came forward, and at the foot of the throne, told the story of his adventure in the desert.

"This is passing strange," said Haroun. "But what proof have we that this, like the other story, is not false?"

"Commander of the Faithful," said the executioner, coming forward, "there dwells in this city a certain Selim, the son of Hussein, who possesses a ring, which is a talisman of great power, inasmuch as the wearer can tell at once whether any statement made is true or false."

"I know Selim well and have heard of his ring, but thought it an idle story. Let him be summoned," commanded Haroun.

The officers of the law returned, bringing Mahmoud, who, on being asked for Selim and the ring, explained that Selim had gone to the desert that day, after giving him his daughter and the ring.

"Lord of the East," said Mahmoud, "I am but a bulrush in a dried marsh. Of what use to me is this mighty talisman? But thou! who art the judge of the people, shouldst know beyond doubt the secrets of hearts. This ring is thine."

The Caliph's eyes sparkled with delight as he placed the splendid gem on his finger. "Mahmoud," said he, "so much wisdom and so much generosity, are worthy of great power, be Cadi over thy quarter of the City of Bagdad."

Mahmoud bowed to the earth and retired a little space, while Haroun made trial of the virtue of the ring.

Ali was led forward and Kaliphernes also. At the story of Ali, the gem flashed and sparkled, but when Kaliphernes spoke its lustre faded, and it became dull.

Mahmoud stepped forth, "Great Caliph!" said he, "when summoned before you I knew not the importance of my voice. This Ali is my brother, and his story is true. I know nothing of the other one."

"How is this," cried the Caliph, "dost thou

say that yesterday morning thou hadst not bread and to-day thou art the benefactor of monarchs?"

"God is Great!" replied Mahmoud, "I am indeed only an earthen vessel, but I have been filled with gold; I am an iron lamp, but with the Caliph's oil I shall give much light."

"How came all this to pass?" asked Haroun. Mahmoud, knowing the patience of the Caliph, knelt and told all that has been related herein of himself and Selim.

"Allah is great," cried the Caliph, "false Kaliphernes art thou, indeed, Dionysius? If so, tell the whole truth, and I will spare thy life."

At these words, the Greek confessed the truth, and admitted that jealousy and revenge had instigated him to the crime.

Haroun ordered his tongue to be cut out and that he should at once leave the City.

"Mahmoud," said the Caliph, "thou art plainly pointed out by Fortune as her favorite. Be Governor of Bagdad."

Then turning to Ali he said, "Thou hast suffered unjustly, worthy youth! Be thou Captain of my body-guard, for I see thou hast a faithful and brave heart."

The brothers, after thanking the Caliph in a proper manner, embraced, and rejoiced over their good fortune and sudden greatness.

Ali had been Captain of the Caliph's body-guard about a month, and was one day returning from placing the guard around the outer walls of the palace, when a small gate opened in the wall, and a black slave beckoned silently to him. Ali asked what was wanted of him, but the slave only impatiently shook the gate. Being of a dauntless, yet inquisitive temper, Ali entered the gate, and closing it behind him beheld a veiled lady in the shadow of the shrubbery. She immediately advanced and taking Ali's hand, lifted her veil, saying—

"Ali, hast thou forgotten Selina, whose life is due thee?"

"Unhappily, I have not," replied Ali, who had been smitten by the wonderful beauty of the lady, but dared not own it to his heart.

"Art thou willing to risk a little to serve me," asked the lady.

"My life," said Ali.

"Know, then, that the jealous Zobeide has again conspired against my life, and that unless I escape this night I die to-morrow. I have here jewels enough to enrich us both, and in the Isles of Greece we may pass a long and happy life, secure from the fear of the tyrant."

At another time, with another person, Ali would have reflected on the gratitude and duty he owed the Caliph, but so great was his infatuation of Selina, that he readily consented to be at the gate at midnight, with swift dromedaries, to carry her off.

With this agreement they parted, and Ali went to make the arrangement for his flight. His heart throbbled with a wild delight, and he chafed at the slow hours. At last, just at midnight, the lady issued from the gate, and a slave assisted her to mount the dromedary. With a mutual caution to silence, Ali took the leading rein of her dromedary and they turned towards the desert. Swiftly they stole away.

When they had reached a place where they could speak with safety, Ali began with the most violent protestations of affection, but the lady speedily silenced him by showing great agitation. They proceeded with rapidity across the desert, until just as the luminous amber of morning smiled over the grey desert, they reached a well. Dismounting, he was assisting the lady to dismount, when instead of availing herself of his aid, before he was aware, she hurled him with great violence to the earth, and springing upon his chest, throttled him; at the same time, she lifted her veil and revealed a face black and hideous as a nightmare, but which Ali recognized as that of a hunchbacked slave of the Caliph, called Kimo. In vain he struggled and entreated: the dwarf, seated astride his chest, his knees pinioning the arms of his victim; his sinewy and talon-like fingers playing with his throat, loomed into a genii, gigantic, red-black—the Heavens recoiled and fell—Ali knew no more.

When he recovered from his stupor, he found himself supported in the arms of an old man,

who bathed his face and chafed his hands. Young and vigorous, he soon rallied, but his mind still wandered.

"Who art thou?" he cried, "Art thou, Azreel, again come to demand my life? If so, take it, I implore thee, and remand me back to night and oblivion."

"Nay, young man," said the Sheikh, "I am not Azreel, who comes not when he is called, but when he is sent. This is, indeed, his fountain, but he seems to have abandoned it. I am Selim of Bagdad. I find thee robbed and nearly murdered. When thou art better tell me thy case, I may assist thee."

When Ali had rested and eaten and refreshed himself, he found that his wounds and bruises were not serious, except that his left eye had been totally blinded. Although this grieved him much, he told his story to Selim with a steady voice.

When he concluded it, Selim gave him a letter. "This," said he, "I found on thy breast."

Ali hastily opened it and read:

"Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad, To Ali, Captain of the Body Guard, His faithful and amorous slave, Greeting:

"It hath pleased Heaven to give a discerning mind unto the Commander of the Faithful. Dionysius the Greek, who has lost the use of his tongue, still retains the use of his intellect and pen, and wrote the following audacious epistle to the Caliph:—'Tyrant, I am beyond thy power, but I leave thee a legacy: use thine eyes, and know that Ali loves Selina.' I instantly turned to the valuable ring of Selim, presented to me by Mahmoud, and learned that he spoke the truth. Knowing that woman is fickle, I arranged the little interview in the garden, at which I was present, having opened the gate as a slave, and tested the fidelity of my honest captain. I am not cruel, so I gave Selina liberty to follow the devoted Ali; but she preferred the palace of Bagdad to the sands of the desert, and intrusted to the amiable and intelligent Kimo, the task of enlightening Ali, at such time and place as he may think best. Ali will agree with the Caliph that a change in the chief command of the body guard is advisable.

"Health and constancy to Ali! Allah is great!"

When Ali read these cruel words he groaned and beat his breast. "Better," cried he, "that I had unjustly perished, than to become the mock of the world, and to have forgotten, too, duty and honor. I am justly punished, and return to Azreel the gift he made me."

"Alas," sighed Selim, "Azreel does not recall his gifts. He is an Angel, not a man."

Ali, the victim of shame and contrition, continued to dwell with Selim several years, living on dates and water, and learning wisdom from the sage. Gradually, Selim forgot his weariness and woe, in the task of imprinting his knowledge on a mind so receptive and vividly impressible as that of Ali. One day, as they were engaged in these pleasing tasks, a swift dromedary was seen skimming towards them over the desert. As it drew near, Selim said to Ali, "My son, behold the beast of Azreel, so long have I waited for him, and so fully have you engaged my mind, that I could well have waited longer, but the will of Allah be done. Farewell, and forget not my instructions."

So saying, he arose and, bidding Ali farewell, drew his mantle around him. The dromedary halted, Azreel silently stretched out his hand, and they moved away; but Selim kept his eyes fixed on Ali, whose own were blinded by tears. He wiped them away, and his friend was no longer seen.

Ali remained a month mourning by the fountain, and reflecting on the wonderful truths he had learned from Selim. At length, he left the desert, and adopting the garb of a Hakim, went from city to city, healing the sick.

His fame preceded him. At last he came again to Bagdad, and, going to the house of Mahmoud, governor of the city, asked if he desired aid. The governor of Damascus had sent a special messenger before, to inform Mahmoud that the most potent Hakim-Ben-Ahmed, would be with him. Thus

forewarned, Mahmoud received him with great distinction, and not the less, that the messenger of the governor of Damascus told him that he had lost an eye in a contest with a geni, who guarded the treasures of the earth, and was vanquished by him. Mahmoud soon had occasion to believe this story, for he offered the pretended Ben-Ahmed ten purses of gold, which that sage courteously declined, asserting that "gold was but dross to the wise," Mahmoud had never seen the like of this since he became rich, and mentioned it to the Caliph. In the meantime, the "so-called" Ben-Ahmed wrought great wonders in Baghdad.

One day Mahmoud summoned his guest and politely informed him that Selina, a favourite lady of the Caliph had long been sick, beyond the skill of the physicians, and that he had persuaded the Caliph to ask the advice of Ben-Ahmed. When the Hakim was brought into the presence of the Caliph, he was asked what reward he would consider an equivalent of his services. He replied at once, "Commander of the Faithful, I need but one thing to complete my power over disease. It is the ring of truth, which you are said to possess, once the ring of Selim."

"Truly, you value highly your services," said the Caliph,

"Verily, you value lightly your favourite's life," replied the Hakim.

"Audacious slave, do you mock me?" burst forth the Caliph. "Thou shalt die."

"And so shalt thou, and all," said the Hakim.

"But soonest Selina. Time carries not; before sunset thy favourite perishes, unless I aid her. I can do nothing without the ring. A monarch who knows the truth may be just, but not happy. A physician, who knows it not may be lucky, but not wise."

Haroun looked upon the ring. It sparkled almost with the glow of animated intelligence.

"Thou speakest the truth now," said he.

"Alas, to part with this treasure, but it has not added to my happiness." He drew it from his finger and placed it on that of the Hakim.

"Hakim, thou art royally paid. Do thy duty well."

"That consciousness is a richer guerdon than thy ring," said the Hakim.

Mesroul led the Hakim through the apartments of the palace to where Selina lay on a gilded couch, in splendid state, and transcendently beautiful, but bent with an intense sorrow and with her hand pressed on her heart. All withdrew a sufficient space, and the Hakim bent down beside the favourite. "Lady," said he, "I have come to heal thy woes. I bear the power of cure, but thou must tell me the truth."

"Go, kind Hakim," answered Selina, "I am past cure."

"Not so," said the Hakim. "Thou alone knowest the cause of thy disease, which is of the mind and not the body, I fear. Tell me the whole truth and I will cure thee, if I have to call Ali from the dead."

"Thou art Ali," said the lady looking up quietly, "but oh! how sadly changed. That dwarf said he had killed you, and Haroun let me believe it. I will tell thee the whole truth. My ingratitude and wicked betrayal of thy great love, wrought on me so, that when I thought on thy misery and death, remorse brought me to this pass. Forgive me."

Ali looked on the ring. It sparkled with truth. "I forgave thee long ago."

"We have both suffered," continued the lady, "I was not your willing betrayer, for I loved you then, but the victim of an inexorable master." The ring still sparkled.

"I believe you," said Ali.

"What he then compelled me to propose, let us now effect," beseechingly said Selina.

"Is there then, aught left in the maimed and disfigured Ali to attract woman's love?"

"Yes," replied Selina.

"What?"

"Your soul."

"Alas!" cried Ali, "let us abandon these thoughts. We sinned against each other, and we have again met and forgiven. Let us learn to suffer—but it may be to die,—let us keep our faith unshaken and fulfill our duty."

"Thou sayest well, Ali," cried Selina. "I ask thy forgiveness; I cannot live without thee. I must die, great heart, but I love thee in death." With these words she rose from her couch, and throwing her arms around Ali, instantly breathed her last.

A great cry went up from the domestics, who rushing upon them with difficulty disengaged the arms of Selina, and pinioned Ali.

"Who art thou, accursed sorcerer," shrieked Mesroul, fearful of his own life, when the Caliph should learn the termination of this scene. "Lead me apart and I will tell thee," said Ali.

The slave, who had lifted Selina from his bosom, led him apart, and as Mesroul was drawing forth and examining the edge of his scimeter, thus addressed Ali.

(To be continued.)

## COLUMNS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

### GAMES.

IT is the season of family reunions, of bright smiles, happy faces and merry laughter. The young folks are "Home for the Holidays," and both old and young are anxious to provide amusement for the long evenings. We propose, in the interest of our young friends, to devote a column or two to sketches of Parlor Games. Some of them may be old to many of our readers, but we trust enough may be culled from them to afford amusement to many bright and happy gatherings of young folks both during and beyond the Holiday Season.

### FORFEITS.

#### MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

The leader of this game addresses the party with the remark, "My mistress is dainty, and she does not like peas—what shall we get her for dinner to-day?"

One may suggest, "Roast beef, potatoes, and plumpudding."

The leader gives a shake of the head, demands a forfeit, and turning to the next, repeats, "My mistress is dainty, she does not like peas—what shall we give her for dinner?"

"Roast pork and parsnips!" cries another.

"She does not like them, pay a forfeit;" and the same question is repeated.

The third, perhaps, suggests "Boiled mutton and cauliflower, and dry bread."

"These will please her," replies the leader, and he pays a forfeit.

If only two or three are in the secret, the game may proceed for some time, to the intense mystification of the remainder, who have no idea what they have said to incur or escape the penalty. It depends merely on a play of words. The mistress not liking "P's," the players must avoid giving an answer in which that letter occurs. As the same proposition must not be repeated twice, those even in the plot are sometimes caught; as the reply they had prepared for themselves is occasionally forestalled by another player, and they have no time for consideration.

#### THE CROTCHETY CONCERT; OR, DUMB BAND.

Each of the party selects an instrument, on which they are expected to *pretend* they are performing—one chooses the violin, and proceeds to play it. Another sets herself in a graceful attitude; draws a chair before her, and sweeps the strings of an invisible harp. Another runs her fingers up and down a supposed piano-forte, for which a table forms a substitute. A fourth places his hands on an angle with his mouth, turns the head a little on one side, and moves the fingers quickly, in imitation of a flute-player's position, features, and action, &c., &c. The "leader" having been selected, takes his place in front of the band, and having determined what piece of music shall be performed (which ought to be some well-known air, chorus, march, &c), holds up his *baton*, or roll of music, and spreads out the other hand as a signal for "the whole band" to commence playing on their instruments, and *making* music which imitates their respective sounds. The leader then claps his *baton* on his left hand, which is a signal for the band to stop; then he instantly imitates the violin, and the

violinist must pretend to play; from which he passes to the drum, and so on to various other instruments, and all at once holds up *both* hands as a signal for a grand crash, and he thus alternates as quickly as possible the different orders for silence, *solos* and *concertos*: the failure of any player to imitate his leader, or obey his orders, of course entails a forfeit. The sound of the various voices, the sudden pauses, the timid *solos*, the incessant changes, are all productive of great amusement. For quietness, this game may be played dumb.

### THE ELEMENTS.

In this game the party sit in a circle. One throws a handkerchief at another, and calls out *ATTA!* The person whom the handkerchief hits must call out the name of some bird, or some creatures that belong to the air, before the caller can count ten; which he does in a loud voice. If a creature that does not live in the air is named, or if a person fails to speak quick enough, a forfeit must be paid.

The person who catches the handkerchief throws it to another in turn, and cries out *EARR!* The person who is hit must call out some animal, or any creature which lives upon the earth, in the same space of time allowed the other.

Then throw the handkerchief to another, and call out *WARR!* The one who catches the handkerchief observes the same rules as the preceding, and is liable to the same forfeits, unless he calls out immediately, some creature that lives in the water. Any one who mentions a bird, beast, or fish twice, is likewise liable to a forfeit.

If any player calls *FIN!* every one must keep silence, because no creature lives in that element.

### THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

All the company join hand in hand in a circle, except one who is placed inside, called the mouse, and another outside, called the cat. They begin by running round, raising the arms; the cat springs in at one side, and the mouse jumps out at the other; they then suddenly lower the arms so that the cat cannot escape. The cat goes round mewing, trying to get out; and as the circle must keep dancing round all the time, she must try and find a weak place to break through. Soon as she gets out she chases the mouse, who tries to save herself by getting within the circle again. For this purpose they raise their arms. If she gets in without being followed by the cat, the cat must pay a forfeit and try again; but if the mouse is caught she must pay a forfeit. Then they name who shall succeed them: they fall into the circle, and the game goes on as before.

### THE FEATHER.

Procure a feather of the lightest possible kind, then cause the company to sit round in a circle. Launch the feather in the air and it will be everybody's duty to take care that it does not fall upon him or her under pain of a forfeit. Although this may seem very simple it will be sure to cause a great deal of hearty laughter.

### JACK'S ALIVE.

Take a thin strip of wood and light it well at one end, then blow out the flame and allow it to smoulder. The game consists in passing this from hand to hand, each as he receives it calling out "Jack's alive." A forfeit is claimed from the person in whose hand the spark expires. The eagerness to get rid of the dying fire: the deliberation with which the two words are pronounced while the fire burns tolerably brightly, make the interest of the pastime.

### CRYING THE FORFEITS.

Much difficulty is generally felt in selecting good sentences for those who have forfeits to redeem. We append a few, in order to assist our young friends.

They may be then sentenced as follows:—

Repeat the alphabet backwards.

Rub one hand on your forehead, and at the same time strike the other on the chest without changing the motion of either for an instant.

To keep silence and preserve a serious face for five minutes, whatever your companion may do to cause you to laugh.

Pay a compliment and undo it afterwards to every one present.

Sing a verse from four different songs without stoppin', or else repeat four lines of poetry from different pieces.

To be blindfolded, and fed with cold water till you guess who is feeding you.

Compose a verse of poetry or a conundrum.

Take a Journey to Rome. The person must go round to all the company, and tell them that he is going on a journey to Rome, and that he will feel great pleasure in taking anything for his Holiness the Pope. Every one must give something to the traveller. (The more cumbersome or awkward to carry, the more fun it occasions). When he has gathered all, he is to carry the things to one corner of the room, and deposit them, and thus end his penance.

Take Hobson's Choice. Burn a cork one end, and keep it clean the other. You are then to be blindfolded, and the cork to be held horizontally to you. You are then to be asked three times which end you will have? If you say "Right," then that end of the cork must be passed along your forehead; the cork must then be turned several times, and whichever end you say must next be passed down your nose; and the third time across your cheeks or chin. You are then to be allowed to see the success of your choice in a looking-glass.

Repeat a passage of poetry, counting the words aloud as you proceed, thus:—The (one) king (two) doth (three) keep (four) his (five) revels (six) here (seven) to-night (eight). Take (nine) heed (ten) the (eleven) queen (twelve) come (thirteen) not (fourteen) within (fifteen) his (sixteen) sight (seventeen)! This will prove a great puzzle, and afford considerable amusement.

Yawn until you make several others in the room yawn. This should be allotted to one of the male sex.

Propose your own health in a complimentary speech, and sing the musical honours.

Put two chairs back to back take off your shoes, and jump over them. (The fun consists in a mistaken idea that the chairs are to be jumped over, whereas it is only the shoes!)

Take the Blind Man's Choice. The one who is to pay a forfeit stands with the face to the wall; one behind makes signs suitable to a kiss, a pinch, and a box on the ear, and then demands whether the first, second, or third, be preferred; whichever it chances to be, is given.

Crawl around the room on all four forwards. Your forfeit shall then be laid upon the floor, and you must crawl backwards to it, without seeing where it is placed.

Ask the penitent what county he would like to represent in Parliament; when the selection is made, he is to spell its name backwards, without a mistake; if he fail, he knows not the requirements of his constituents, and must lose his election.

To be at the Mercy of the Company. This consists in executing whatever task each member of the company may like to impose upon you.

Kiss your own Shadow. Place yourself between the light and the person you intend kissing, on whose face your shadow will be thrown.

Go into Exile. The penitent sent into exile takes up his position in the part of the room the most distant from the rest of the company—with whom he is forbidden to communicate. From there he is compelled to fix the penance to be performed by the owner of the next forfeit, till the accomplishment of which he may on no account leave his place.

Dance the Blind Quadrille. This is performed when a great number of forfeits are to be disposed of. A quadrille is danced by eight of the company with their eyes blindfolded, and as they are certain to become completely bewildered during the figures, it always affords infinite amusement to the spectators.

GAMES.

THE LAWYER.

The company form into two rows, opposite to and facing each other, leaving room for the "Lawyer" to pass up and down between them. When all are seated, the one who personates the lawyer will ask a question or address a remark to one of the persons present, either standing

before the person addressed or calling his name. The one spoken to is not to answer, but the one sitting opposite to him must reply to the question. The object of the lawyer is to make either the one he speaks to answer him, or the one that should answer to keep silent. No one must be allowed to remind another of his turn to speak, under the penalty of a forfeit. When the lawyer has succeeded in either making one speak that should not, or finding any that did not answer when they should, they must exchange places with each other, and the one caught becomes lawyer.

BUFF WITH THE WAND.

Having blindfolded one of the party, the rest take hold of each other's hands in a circle around him, he holding a long stick. The players then slip round him once and stop. Buffy then stretches forth his wand and directs it by chance; and the person whom it touches must grasp the end presented, and call out three times in a feigned voice. If Buffy recognises him, they change places; but if not, he must continue blind, till he makes a right guess.

COPENHAGEN.

First procure a long piece of tape or twine sufficient to go round the whole company, who must stand in a circle, holding in each of their hands a part of the string—the last takes hold of the two ends of the tape. One remains standing in the centre of the circle who is called "the Dane," and who must endeavour to slap the hands of one of those who are holding the string before they can be withdrawn. Whoever is not sufficiently alert, and allows the hands to be slapped must take the place of the Dane, and in their turn try to slap the hands of some one else.

SHADOW BUFF.

This game is played as follows:—If there is a white curtain at the window it may be fastened at the bottom, so as to make a smooth surface; or in the absence of a white curtain, a tablecloth may be fastened upon the wall. The one chosen to act the part of Shadow-buff sits before the curtain, with the back to the light and before the company. When all is arranged they pass by on the opposite side of the room, so as to cast their shadows on the white surface. Hats, caps, shawls or any other article of dress may be put on and other means used to disguise themselves, such as walking lame, &c. Buffy is to guess the name; and when correct, the person named is to change places.

CONSEQUENCES.

Some slips of paper or pasteboard being provided, the same number are appropriated for the different words which are to be written on them; say, for example, a dozen of each. Then write on one dozen the names of twelve ladies; on another parcel the names of twelve gentlemen; on the third dozen the name of a place, as "a church," "at the Crystal Palace," &c. Then write on the fourth packet some circumstance in which the supposed parties were placed, or what they were doing, as "buying an album," "eating buns," "rowing in a boat," or anything likely to form strange contrasts. Lastly, on the fifth dozen of slips write the "consequences," or what happened to the parties. You may say, for instance, that "they kissed and made it up;" that "they quarrelled and parted;" that "they got their feet wet;" that "they lived very happily ever afterwards."

When the slips are all ready, they are shuffled, each part separately, and then delivered to five persons to read aloud in order thus:—

- A reads "Mr. Bird."
- B reads "Miss Hawk."
- C reads "Were together at the Crystal Palace."
- D reads "Eating buns."
- E reads "The consequence was, they kissed and made it up."

The papers must be folded, or, if cards, laid with the blank side upwards before the players, that they may not know beforehand what they have to read. They will last a long while, when once made, and if shuffled every game will afford an infinite variety of "consequences."

THE SECRETARY.

A secretary is appointed who distributes to every player a blank piece of paper. Each one writes his name and returns it. The papers are mixed and again distributed, when everybody writes something under the name concerning the character, &c., of the owner of it. Once again they are collected and read by the secretary. Nobody knows who it is who has satirised or complimented him, as the case may be; and if the players are clever, the result is amusing.

HUNT THE HING.

All the company are seated, or stand in a circle, each one holding a ribbon which passes all round. A large brass, or other ring is slipped along the ribbon, and while all hands are in motion, the hunter in the centre must try to find out where it is. The person with whom it is caught becomes the hunter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 16.

We omit this week our usual Pastime column, and simply give the answers to No. 16.

Puzzles.

- 1 You sigh for a cipher,  
But I sigh for thee;  
O sigh for no cipher,  
But O sigh for me,  
And O let my sigh, for  
Thy sigh for be,  
And give sigh for sigh, for  
I sigh for thee.
2. General Forbes took his forces into the East Indies.
3. 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1=45.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9=45.  
8, 6, 4, 1, 9, 7, 5, 3, 2=45.
4. 50=L. add 0, then 5=V, add the first four of "Each" =E. Answer LOVE.

Charades.—1. Week. 2. Bannockburn 3. Rubrick.

Enigma.—Glass.

Transpositions.—1. Wedlock. 2. A consummation devoutly to be wished. 3. Conscience makes cowards of us all.

Want of space compels us to omit the answers received.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"St. Urbain St."—The Problem by W. A. admit of a second solution, by playing 1. E. to K. 5th. With a slight alteration this difficulty might be obviated.

Correct solutions to Problem No. 4 received from "St. Urbain St.," J. McL., and F. H. A., Jun., Quebec.

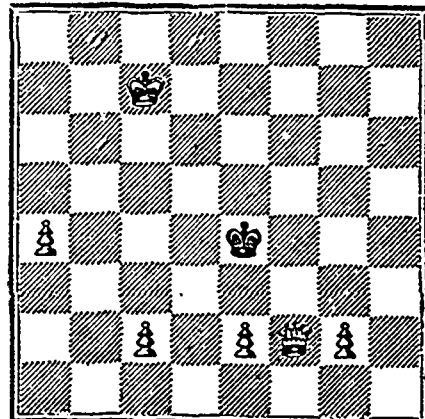
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 4.

- |                     |             |
|---------------------|-------------|
| WHITE.              | BLACK.      |
| 1 R. to Kt. 5th.    | P. moves.   |
| 2 B. to Kt. 4th.    | P. takes B. |
| 3 R. takes P. Mate. |             |

PROBLEM No. 6.

By T. P. BULL, SEAFORTH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**W. O., LYNDEN.**—The postage on the READER is twenty-six cents for the year, if paid in advance; when not paid in advance, it is one cent per number. Messrs. Oowler & Stevenson published the "Montreal Bank Note Reporter" for some time, but it is now discontinued, owing, we presume, to the fact that the American national currency is rapidly replacing the circulation of the old States banks.

**HATTIE.**—Received, and will have our early attention.

**HAMILTON.**—The changes are remarkable. Will insert in an early issue.

**H.**—Received. Thanks!

**A. LeC.**—The question referred to the use of the word "Homœopathics" in one of the "Scarlet Fever" letters. We never intended to recommend "Homœopathiser" in place of "Homœopathist," the term generally applied to the disciples of Hahnemann. The exigency of rhyme, we suspect, induced Mr. T. to use "Homœopathics." We shall be happy to hear frequently from A. LeC, but must express our belief that he would not have written the last paragraph of his letter were he in possession of the facts respecting the points to which he refers.

**ARTIST.**—It is well enough to "try," but we scarcely think we can recommend you to "Try, try again." You would find it difficult to emulate the marvellous inconsistencies of the person referred to. Please forward the MS.

**L. P. C.**—The answers are all correct.

**Y. K. E.**—Respectfully declined.

**F. B. D.**—We receive subscriptions for the half year, and should you leave the country at the expiration of six months, as you anticipate, will return one-half of the amount sent. We must have overlooked that part of your letter containing the answers. Will insert your communication in an early issue.

**ELLEN P.**—Declined. You have probably copied the article correctly.

**R. W. S., TORONTO.**—The anecdote is new to us, and will probably be inserted.

**JAS. T.**—We do not, as a rule undertake to return rejected MSS., but will make an exception in your case, should we not publish the article.

**VICTOR.**—We found the idea impracticable; and, further, the circulars requesting information, which we addressed to secretaries of the various Lodges, were replied to in but very few instances.

**PHILIP.**—We have handed your note to the Chess Editor, who will reply to your query in a short time.

**AGOST.**—Previous to the reign of Cæsar Augustus, the month was called "Sextilis."

**B. S.**—We make it a rule to avoid all comment on questions of the character you refer to us.

**W. G.**—Yes, to your first question; No, to the second.

**J. H.**—If you do not obtain the READER regularly through the agent, you had better have it mailed to your address from the office direct.

## PARLOUR MAGIC.

**TO SUSPEND A RING BY A BURNT THREAD.**—The thread having been previously soaked two or three times in common salt and water, tie it to a ring not larger than a wedding-ring. When you apply the flame of a candle to it, though the thread burn to ashes, it will yet sustain the ring.

**TO PRODUCE A COLOUR WHICH SHALL APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR.**—Put into a decanter some volatile spirit, in which copper filings have been dissolved, and it will produce a fine blue tincture; if the bottle be stopped, the colour will immediately disappear, but when it is unstopped the colour soon returns. This experiment may be repeated frequently.

**TO MAKE WATER FREEZE BY THE FIRESIDE.**—This curious feat can only be performed in winter. Set a quart pot upon a stool before the

fire, throwing a little water upon the stool first. Then put a handful of snow into the pot, having privately conveyed into it a handful of salt. Stir it about for eight or nine minutes with a short stick, and the congelation will be effected.

**TO PRODUCE AN ELECTRIC SPARK FROM A PIECE OF BROWN PAPER.**—Thoroughly dry before the fire a quarter of a sheet of rather strong brown paper, place it on your thigh, holding it at the edge with one hand, while with the cuff of the sleeve of the other you rub it smartly back and forwards for ten or fifteen minutes; if the knuckle be then placed near the paper it will emit a brilliant spark accompanied with a snapping noise; the prongs of a fork similarly placed will produce three distinct streams of light. The experiment must, of course, be performed in the dark, and the trouser, and coat be of woollen cloth.

**TO MAKE A CONE OR PYRAMID MOVE UPON A TABLE.**—Roll up a piece of paper, or any other light substance, and put a lady beetle, or some such small insect, privately under it: then, as the insect will naturally endeavour to free itself from its captivity, it will move the cone towards the edge of the table, and as soon as it comes there will immediately return, for fear of falling; and by thus moving to and fro, will occasion much sport to those who are unacquainted with the cause.

**THE MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE.**—Pierce a few holes, with a glazier's diamond, in a common black bottle; place it in a vase or jug of water, so that the neck is only above the surface, then with a funnel fill the bottle: and cork it well while it is in the jug or vase. Take it out, and notwithstanding the holes in the bottom, it will not leak; wipe it dry, and give it to some person to uncork. The moment the cork is drawn, to the party's astonishment, the water will begin to run out of the bottom of the bottle.

**A SIMPLE DECEPTION.**—Stick a little wax upon your thumb, take a by-stander by the fingers, show him a sixpence, and tell him you will put the same into his hand; then ring it down hard with your waxed thumb, and, using many words, look him in the face; suddenly take away your thumb, and the coin will adhere to it; then close his hand, and it will seem to him that the sixpence remains; now tell him to open his hand, and if you perform the feat cleverly, to his great astonishment he will find nothing in it.

**TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL FIRE-BALLS.**—Put thirty grains of phosphorus into a Florence flask, with three or four ounces of water. Place the vessel over a lamp, and give it a boiling heat. Balls of fire will soon be seen to issue from the water, after the manner of an artificial firework, attended with the most beautiful coruscations.

**TO MAKE FIRE FLASH FROM WATER.**—Pour a small quantity of clear water into a glass, and put a piece or two of phosphoretted lime into it. In a few seconds flashes of fire will dart from the surface of the water, and end in curls of smoke rising in regular succession.

**TO MAKE WRITING LUMINOUS IN THE DARK.**—Fix a small piece of solid phosphorus in a quill, and write with it upon paper; if the paper be then placed in a dark room, the writing will be beautifully luminous.

**FIRE PRODUCED BY WATER.**—Fill a saucer with water, and let fall into it a piece of potassium, of the size of a pepper corn, which is about two grains. The potassium will instantly burst into a flame, with a slight explosion, and burn vividly on the surface of the water, darting at the same time from one side of the vessel to the other, with great violence, in the form of a beautiful red-hot fire-ball.

**TO MAKE AN EGG STAND ON ONE END.**—To accomplish this trick, let the performer take an egg in his hand, and while he keeps talking and staring in the faces of his audience, give it two or three hearty shakes, this will break the yoke, which will sink to one end, and consequently make it more heavy, by which, when it is settled, you may make it, with a steady hand, stand upon the glass. This would be impossible while it continued in its proper state.

**HOW TO LIFT UP A FLINT GLASS BOTTLE WITH A STRAW.**—Take a straw which is not broken or bruised, and having bent one end of it into a sharp angle, put this curved end into the bottle, so that the bent part may rest against its side; you may then take the other end, and lift up the bottle by it without breaking the straw, and this will be the more readily accomplished as the angular part of the straw approaches nearer to that which comes out of the bottle.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"PAPA," said a little boy to his father the other day, "are not sailors very, very small men?"—"No, my dear," answered his father. "Pray what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" "Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

MRS. PARTINGTON, having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new Almanac, begged him to cut them all out, as she had heard that when anybody was poisoned, nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote, and it would cure him. Did the old lady mean an antidote?

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

An advocate having lately gained a suit for a poor young lady, who was very ugly, she remarked, "I have nothing to pay you with, sir, but my heart." "Hand it over to the clerk, if you please. I wish no fee for myself," he replied.

In Louisville, a few nights ago, an escaped convict was found hidden in a hoghead of peas, and remanded to jail. He thought it hard that he couldn't be allowed to rest in peas.

Two dandies were, some time ago, taken before a Dublin magistrate charged with "intending to fight a duel." The justice, who was a shrewd and waggish man, had strong doubts as to the really pugnacious inclination of either of the professed belligerents, so he dismissed them upon a promise "not to carry the matter further;" but added, "Gentlemen, I let you off this time; but upon my conscience, if you are brought again before me, I'll positively bind you both down to fight." They did not offend a second time.

A GALWAY bailiff, having been questioned as to whether he had spoken to any of the locked-up jury during the night, gravely answered, "No, my lord; they kept calling out for me to bring them whiskey, but I always said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, it's my duty to tell you that I'm sworn not to speak to you!'"

Horace Walpole on one occasion observed that there had existed the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system in the politics of Queen Anne, as at the time he spoke, under the reign of George the Third. "But," added he "there is nothing new under the sun!"—"No," said George Selwyn, "nor under the grand-son!"

Sheridan being asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

SHARP REPARTEE.—A countryman was sowing his ground, when two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him, with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the countryman replied, "Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."

SOME men were in a tavern, and, when at the height of their jollity, in came a friend whose name was Sampson. "Ah," said one, "we may now be securely merry, having neither serjeant nor bailiff; for, though a thousand such Philistines should come, here is Sampson, who is able to brain them all." "Sir," replied Sampson, "I may boldly venture on as many as you speak of, provided you lend me one of your jaw-bones."

A lady asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud. "Madam," said the minister, "when you see a fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."