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THE SATURDAY READER.

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FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 25, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

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PASSING EVENTS IN EUROPE.

IT is much to be feared that Earl Russell, as the new premier of England, will not succeed to the popularity of his predecessor. There will be little change in the *personnel* of the cabinet, except the absence of its late chief; but the magic of the name of Palmerston, and the qualities that made him so great a favourite in and out of Parliament, will no longer bring that support to the Government which, while he lived, was given to the man perhaps more than to the politician or statesman. In talents and knowledge, Lord Russell is far from being the inferior of Lord Palmerston; in fact he is the more accomplished man of the two; but he has not about him that charm which the late premier bore in public and private life, which cannot be described in words, but which all the great men who have influenced the affairs of nations possessed, and which has also been possessed by many who were not great men. Earl Russell is a man of exemplary private character; his amiable qualities have secured him the unbounded love and esteem of his friends and dependants, while his political career, from his youth upwards, has exhibited an unwavering consistency to the principles which he inherited from his ancestors, which he possessed when he first entered Parliament, as a very young man, and which he still professes, now that his course must be well nigh run. His name is indissolubly connected with all the great reforms which have made the last thirty-five years so memorable an era in English history, and in compassing which he has been one of the chief actors. Parliamentary reform, Catholic emancipation, Negro emancipation, free trade, and every measure calculated to improve the laws and institutions of England, to hasten the march of progress, to add to her greatness, and to advance her welfare, have received his advocacy and support. He may not be what the world calls a great man, but we suspect that posterity in passing judgment upon him will decide that he had as many of the elements that constitute greatness as any English statesman of his day and generation. He may have committed errors throughout his long public life; he may occasionally have been in the wrong, but how often has he been in the right. Does the record of Peel's career, of Palmerston's, of Derby's, of Gladstone's, of Disraeli's present such an example of consistency as his exhibits? But he has one glaring fault; he

is of the Whigs whiggish. England owes much to that party for the last two centuries, during the greater portion of which they have been the zealous friends of progress and reform. But politically and socially their leaders have been, and still are, an oligarchical *clique* who admitted no new men within their circle. They have been much more exclusive in this respect than the Tories who adopted such *parvenus* as Canning, Huskisson, Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, and others, sprung from the people, and whom they elevated to the highest posts in the state when they were in power. The Whig aristocracy patronised men of genius; but they were among them, not of them. Burke and Sheridan could only attain subordinate offices in the Whig governments of their day; and Sydney Smith, after fighting their battles while they were in opposition, was neglected when place and patronage were at their disposal. This, we suspect, will be the rock on which Earl Russell's administration will be shipwrecked. His ministry will be a ministry of lords: and the forbearance that was shown to Lord Palmerston on that head will not be shown to him. He must popularise his cabinet, make it more plebeian, or he must fall. The only new phase in what is called the Fenian movement in Ireland—because it doesn't move *lucens a non lucendo*—is the fact that it has been denounced by Archbishop Cullen, the Pope's Legate, in an Address to the diocese of Dublin, as, "a wicked and most pernicious organization." In France, Louis Napoleon has contrived to make political capital out of the cholera, there being nothing else to serve his purposes, for the time being. He and the Empress have visited the hospitals, a plucky act, for which the patients are reported to be duly grateful. He has also been liberal to them in gifts of money, but considering how he gets the cash, he can afford to be so. He does not believe that the cholera is contagious; and the example he has set will, no doubt, tend to diminish the terror with which the disease is regarded, and so be useful in saving life. There is mischief evidently brewing in Germany. We have always been persuaded that if political freedom ever dawn on the European continent, it will proceed from that country. Slowly, laboriously, but surely, the great German mind is at work, solving the problem of political reformation as it once did that of religious reformation; and when the hour strikes, a Luther will appear on the scene to cleanse the land of its abuses. A people so intellectual cannot, for ever, submit to a servitude so degrading as that in which the Germans are held by their princes and especially their nobles, whose privileges weigh more heavily on the masses than even the tyranny of governments, deriving their evil power from the support of armed hirelings paid from the earnings of those whom they aid in oppressing. Deputies from the minor German States lately assembled at Frankfort, the capital of the German Confederation, to consider some matters supposed to be of importance to the country generally. It was such a meeting as might be held in England, the United States, or Canada, as a matter of course. But there was no attendance of Austrian or Prussian deputies, and notes of the most insulting character were addressed by the governments of these countries to the senate of Frankfort on the subject. The Prussian note is particularly rude and insolent. The Frankfort Senate has behaved with great spirit; but what can that Free Town do against such opponents as the two great German powers? It is to be hoped that the other states of the Confederation will take up the question. If they do not, their claim to independence is a farce, and they will soon find themselves mere ciphers, to be threatened, ordered, and cajoled or silenced, just as the

wishes, interests, or caprices of Austria and Prussia may dictate. But we must trust that the day of reckoning will come, and that oppression will at last call forth the only remedy in such cases, resistance. Germany deserves a better fate than to be at the mercy of a King of Prussia and an Emperor of Austria; above all of such creatures as now fill the thrones of these countries. The young king of Portugal, who is travelling in Italy, has offered his services to effect a reconciliation between the Pope and Victor Emmanuel. As he is a great favourite with His Holiness and the son-in-law of the Italian monarch, he may succeed; but he has a hard task to perform. Greece, to which the world is so largely indebted for so much that constitutes modern civilization, must always be an object of interest to the people of Europe and America. King George seems to labour honestly and zealously to bring order out of the chaos which has been the normal condition of his little kingdom, since it acquired its independence. Brigandage still flourishes, and beards the Government; but better days are in expectation. Edmond About says that the Greek army was invented for the sole purpose of creating generals, and the navy for creating admirals. This abuse, among others, is to be rectified, which may be the more easily accomplished, inasmuch as from the emptiness of the public purse, the pay of the soldiers, sailors, and officers is seldom forthcoming, and must soon cease altogether, if affairs do not mend. The king surrenders to the national necessities one-third of his civil list, and he appears to have secured the services of one able and patriotic man, in the person of his chief minister, M. Kimaundamas. But, it is to be feared that the time for the regeneration of Greece has not yet arrived. A French traveller naively described the inhabitants of Athens, who still under the Turkish yoke, as being "the same *cannaille* that they were in the days of Pericles." and morally, they have not gained much for the last thirty or forty years that they have been their own masters. A crown must have powerful attractions when any sane man would accept the throne of Greece; and the poor young gentleman who has now the misfortune to be king of that classic land, is entitled to the sympathy of the whole world, whether he succeeds or fails in redeeming a country whose glories of the past and miseries of the present are in such sombre contrast, and in which, fallen though it be from its high estate, "all save the spirit of man is divine." It is again reported that Rome will soon be evacuated by the French troops. We cannot perceive the very great importance of this step, unless it be to satisfy the requirements of international comity. The Pope will keep on hand sufficient troops of his own to guard his person from violence, and his remaining territories will be as much under the safeguard of the French eagles, with the small French force now surrounding him, at Paris, as if they were in Rome. It may be doubted, too, if there is not more of sentiment than wisdom in the desire to make the city of the Bruti and the Gracchi the capital of a Kingdom of Italy. The most brilliant portion of Roman history is republican, not monarchical; and the dislike to kings, which even the first Cæsar could not overcome in the Roman mind, may yet linger in that of their descendants. Nay, not only does the ancient republic maintain a stronger hold on the love and veneration of all Italians than does any other era in their annals, but popular tradition everywhere is connected with the glories of Republican Rome. The revival of the kingly power there would sound like an anachronism, and the shades of the great men who made the eternal city illustrious, when to think of the future empire would have been

treason, cannot be banished from the scene of their exploits and triumphs. Is there not danger in the retrospection, especially with a people so imaginative and enthusiastic as the Italians? Napoleon also wishes it to be understood that the French evacuation of Mexico will shortly come to a close. It is even asserted that the Emperor in his next speech to the Legislative Chambers will announce the fact. But this is not probable. Maximilian is not yet so firmly established in his place that he can dispense with French aid. With the exception of the trouble in Frankfort, the general aspect of Europe is unusually peaceful.

DANTE.*

SIX hundred years have passed since Dante Alighieri was born. Florence had the honour of his birth, which took place in May, 1265, but he died at Ravenna, the city of his asylum, in 1321—a few months after completing his fifty-sixth year. In 1274, when nine years old, Dante first saw Beatrice, daughter of Folco Portinari, and that sight was to him a vision for life. This vision inspired the *Vita Nuova*, his earliest work, and subsequently expanded into the grand proportions and transcendent idealism of the *Divina Commedia*.

Yet it would seem that the actual relations of Dante with Beatrice, were neither close nor frequent. They were rather of a distant and formal kind. Beatrice became the wife of Simone de Bardi, and died at the early age of twenty-four years. Dante married Gemma Donati, and a family of seven children was the issue of the marriage. As Beatrice moves in the pages of Dante, commentators have become perplexed, and some have affirmed that she was a character purely symbolic. This position, however, cannot be regarded as tenable. There can be no manner of doubt, we think, that Beatrice is not a mere allegorical representation, but the representation of an actual woman, known in Florence, during the early life of Dante. His love for her was mystical, very pure and very worshipful. He says that "her aspect caused death to every other thought, and that her presence preserved man from all wrong, destroyed all enmity and all sensuous impulses, kindled the flame of charity, and put to flight pride and worth." This actual woman, however, became so thoroughly idealized in the great poem, that there are but scant traces of human nature left in her. There she becomes symbol of all that is highest, truest, and most desirable to human aspiration—symbol, indeed, of Divine Wisdom. Thus Dante speaks of her in Paradise:

"Mine eyes I raised,
And saw her, where aloft she sat, her brow
A wreath reflecting of eternal beams.
Not from the centre of the sea so far
Unto the region of the highest thunder,
As was my ken from hers; and yet the form
Came through the medium down, unmixed and pure.
'O Lady! thou in whom my hopes have rest;
Who, for my safety, hast not scorned, in hell
To leave the traces of thy footsteps marked,
For all my eyes have seen, I to thy power
And goodness, virtue, love and grace."
Parad., Cant. XXXI.

From the dawn of Christianity upon the world, until the thirteenth century, no great poet had appeared. Dante is the first great Christian poet. His ideal of womanhood differs entirely from that of the great poets of antiquity. The explanation of this is to be found in the more exalted morality and spirituality of the Christian religion. His great poem is based on medieval conceptions, of course, but in attitude and breadth of thought it soars far above and beyond anything peculiar to the middle ages. In the realms of scientific thought his marvellous insight led him to anticipate Newton by four hundred years in the matter of gravitation. In the lowest abyss he and his guide pass Lucifer wedged in ice, and they come to a point where they see the arch fiend "with legs held upward."—"Where is now the ice?" he asks his guide.

* Dante as Philosopher, Patriot and Poet. With an analysis of the *Divina Commedia*, its Plot and Epitodes. By Vincenzo Botta. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. Montreal: R. Wortington.

"How standeth he in posturo thus reversed?
And how from ere to morn in space so brief
Hath the sun made his transit? Ho! in few
Thus answering spake: 'Thou deemest thou art still
On the other side of the centre, where I grasped
The abhorred worm that boroth through the world.
Thou wast on the other side, so long as I
Descended; when I turned, thou didst o'erpass
That point, to which from every other part is dragged
All heavy substance.'"
Infern., Cant. XXXIV.

Dante as a poet occupies a pedestal all his own. For Italy he created a national language, and laid the basis of a national literature. He was a poet not merely for Italy but for humanity. The *Divina Commedia* is made the subject of special courses of lectures in the German Universities. Dante was patriot as well as poet, and spent much thought and active life in the service of his country. He was a foe to the political pretensions of the papacy, and wrote and laboured with a view to Italian unity and liberty. His views of duty were too exalted for the city of his birth, and Florence, to her eternal shame, doomed him to an exile in which he died. The fate of the public peculators in his poem, ought to be a warning to public peculators in all lands and all times. This class is plunged into a lake of burning pitch, and freely tortured by attendant demons. In passing through the abyss, the poet sees a fiend of "nimblest tread" running with a siner of this stamp firmly clutched; and, dropping him into the lake, he says to his fellow fiends,

"Him
Whelm ye beneath while I return for more;
That land hath store of such. All men are there,
Except Monturo, barterers:—Of 'no'
For lucro there an 'ayo' is quickly made."
Infern., Cant. XXI.

Our copy of Dante by Carey has, in this Canto, an illustration by Flaxman, which we respectfully recommend to the notice of all decorators of modern legislative halls in Ottawa or elsewhere.

In May last, the sixth centenary of Dante's birth was celebrated with great enthusiasm in his native land. The book before us by Signor Botta appears to have been drawn out by that event. It is evidently a labour of love on the part of the author, opportune in its coming, and valuable as a popular help to the study and appreciation of the great poet. A glance at the table of contents will show its value as a contribution to this end, and we hope it may attain a wide circulation hereabouts and elsewhere.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

THERE is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other." This saying of Butler's, we doubt not, had some force in his day, when it was the fashion to compress the contents of a work into the title-page, and this, to an almost offensive degree. But, to-day, when the fashion is with authors to assume a *non de plume*, and to usher their productions in an incognito, he would be indeed a skilful analyst and conjurer who would rightly divine the subject or purport of a book from its title-page. Take, as an instance, Mr. Ruskin's new volume, "Sesame and Lilies," with the more mysterious adjunct to the title of "King's Garden and Queen's Treasures"—who would infer the subject to be on books and women, how to read the first and how to educate the latter?

The reader, after considerable cogitation and shrewd guessing, might infer tolerably correctly the contents of such books as "Undertones," "Looking towards Sunset," "Soundings from the Atlantic," "Stones Crying Out," &c. "Horæ Subsecivæ" we know to be Leisure Hours, "De Profundis" we are told is a tale of the Social Deposits; but really of the titles of some works which have recently appeared, it would be a masterly mind that would arrive at a correct conclusion as to their contents. Thus it must be, that Reviews of works are so eagerly sought by book-readers, more as a glossary on the title-page of the books of the day than as a criticism on their merits.

We pass to our usual summary. In literature and art, we meet with first, an interesting volume to philologists, entitled "Chapters on Language," by F. W. Farrar, M.A., Trin. Col., Cambridge. A second series of "The Gentle Life," the first series of which contains perhaps the finest essays in the English language. The publication of Earl Derby's Translation of Homer's *Iliad* has set the classical scholars and versifiers vigorously to work. We notice, besides the works which appeared immediately after Lord Derby's—"The *Iliad* of Homer in English Hexameter Verse," by J. E. Dart, M.A., and "Homer and the *Iliad*," by Prof. Blackie, of the University of Edinburgh. This latter work, which from the reputation of the author, we are sure will be good, will be divided into three parts,—Homeric Dissertations; 2dly, The *Iliad* in English verse; and 3dly, Commentary, philological and archaeological. Two recent Scottish works will appease, for the time the cravings of the curious in ethnology and archaeology. They are respectively entitled "The Early Races of Scotland, and their Monuments," by Lieut. Col. Forbes Leslie, and "Ancient Pillar Stones of Scotland, their Significance and Bearing on Ethnology," by Geo. Moore, M.D. We note, as being reprinted from Geo. H. Lewis' Fortnightly Review, a new poem of Rob. Bulwer Lytton, "The Apple of Life," under the *nom de plume* of Over Meredith. It is an oriental legend, a little indelicate to some tastes, but beautifully wrought out. Mr. Redgrave gives us an account of the progress of Art in England under the title of "A Century of Painters of the English School, with critical notices of their works." In advance of steel engraving and wood-cut engraving as embellishments to books, we have now photography at work; and of the three, the latter is, we doubt not, capable of as much art-manipulation, and will become more acceptable in the illustration of books as the two former. And to connoisseurs, who cannot possess themselves of the originals of rare pictures, no one will question which of the arts would be more acceptable as a copyist than photography. Such a work as the following, produced as it is in photography, will go far to reconcile one for the absence of an original Raphael,—the great works of Raphael Sanzio of Urbino, a series of twenty photographs from the best engravings of his most celebrated paintings, with Vasari's Life, Notes, &c.

In the department of Science we have "Frost and Fire, Natural Engines, Tool Marks and Chips, with sketches taken at home and abroad, by a traveller," a work of most pleasing originality of thought; and in *Theology*, a new work by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, entitled "Man and the Gospel," and from the pen of Dean Alford, "Meditations, in Advent, on Creation, and on Providence." A volume of miscellanies from the collected writings of Edward Irving, and an excellent and welcome addition to the literature of the Holy Land scenery, from the pen of the author of the *Chronicles of the Schouberg Ootta Family*, entitled "Wanderings over Bible Lands and Seas." G. M. A.

"LONDON SOCIETY."*

It was Byron, we believe, who expressed regret that one of Moore's most exquisite melodies should bear the lackadaisical name of "Love's Young Dream." We, too, are somewhat inclined to carp at the title of one of the best English Magazines of the day, "London Society," the November number of which has just reached us. The young will find in its pages tales and poetry written with much ability, and unexceptionable in tone and morals; while graver readers may indulge in subjects more to their satisfaction. The engravings, also, are excellent.

The price for which this serial is sold ought to insure it a large circulation in Canada and other British Provinces; for British subjects can learn from its perusal nothing inconsistent with the sentiments and principles which they inherited from their fathers, and is the best legacy which they can leave to their children.

* "London Society," an Illustrated Magazine, London: 9 St. Bride's Avenue, Fleet Street. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Æsop The Fables of Æsop, with a Life of the Author. Illustrated with 111 Engravings from Original Designs by Herrick. Cr. 8vo. \$2.76. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Atlantio Tales. A Collection of Stories from the "Atlantic Monthly." 12mo. \$3.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Browning. Lyrics of Life. By Robert Browning. With Illustrations by S. Eytling, Jr. 40cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bulwer. The Apple of Life. By Owen Meredith (E. R. Bulwer), author of "Lucifer." 32mo. 20cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Company for Every Day in the Year. 12mo. Plates. \$2.76. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Saadi. The Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Muslo Hudeen Sheik Saadi, of Shiraz. Translated from the Original, by Francis Galdwin. With an Essay on Saadi's Life and Genius, by James Ross, and a Preface by E. W. Emerson. 16mo. \$1.76. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Smith. The Banker's Secret, or, Sowing and Reaping. By J. F. Smith. 8vo. 60cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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

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The Practice of Medicine and Surgery applied to the Diseases and Accidents incident to Women. By Wm. H. Byford, M.D., &c. pp. 608. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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LETTER I.

From Miss Fannie Forester at Brantford, to her Mamma at London, Canada West.

June 14th, 1864.

DEAR MAMMA,—I'm in debt for a letter to you; Stop a bit—let me see—I'm afraid it is two; And before I left home I assured you I'd write A letter a week on each Saturday night. But Brantford, Mamma, such a very sweet place is, The beaux are so nice, and the girls have such faces; And that rattle, Jane Parker, with whom I'm now stopping, Besides a most lady-like penchant for shopping, So keeps the whole household blithe, happy and gay, With laughing and singing, and kitten-like play, That I scarcely get five minutes leisure a day; And then to a stranger all here are so gracious, 'Tis no wonder my promise to write proved fallacious— And I'm sorry to say, walking down by the river, I caught,—do not scold— a queer sort of a fever; 'Tis not typhoid, remittent, nor tertian I mean, Cousin Harry informs me it's called *Scarlatina*.

You remember you've oft tried to make me afraid Of an officer's sword, scarlet-coat and cockade, His gay, easy manner, his flattering tongue, As apt to mislead the unwary and young; But when told there would march through the town for the West, And encamp on the banks of the river to rest, Of Her Majesty's regiments, one of the best, I thought I might venture to see them march by, To hear the band play, and see England's flag fly, For, said I, I am certain that no danger lurks In one little peep at these terrible Turks, So I chose a becoming mantle and hat, And as for my heart,—pooh! I'd no fear for that.

The evening was cool, and the dear birds were singing, In my ears their delightful, rich music was ringing; While clouds of gay insects were buzzing around, Who seemed to chime in with their murmuring sound; The trees were fresh clad in their garments of green, Through their clustering branches the river was seen, Where the fishes were bobbing about in the stream, You would think they enjoyed the mild sun's setting beam.

I envy their life, oh! how often one wishes At this time of year for a swim with the fishes— The apple-trees now in the height of their bloom, Fill the air all around with the richest perfume. The sheep and the cattle are grazing around, While the milk-laden cows to their homesteads are bound, The picture is framed by the forest's dark screen, Amidst which a few farms, as if peeping, are seen— Near the stream about which a few words I have said, Thirty tents since the morn their white canvases have spread, And the dear Union-Jack flutters proudly o'erhead, I listen with joy to the organ's shrill sound, To the drums, fifes and clarions echoing round, O'er the river the melody sweetly floats, While the sun lights up brightly six hundred red coats. Now I own, dear mamma, that I did not delay To take to this scene of enchantment my way.

By the time we arrived at this "Vanity Fair," At least half of Brantford contrived to be there, And we'd passed as we bustled and jostled along, Of ladies and lawyers and doctors a throng, We found sheriff, and Judge, the Town Council and Mayor, Were paying respects to the "Chef Militaire," "Noble Colonel, your servants, just say if you please, How it is in our power to add to your ease," I was not to the *cortège* sufficiently nigh To hear with distinctness the Colonel's reply, But I caught the words "ladies" and "greatly desire The acquaintance of those, whom we so much admire." So the Sheriff, the Judge, the Town Council and Mayor, Introduced us in form to the officers there, And before I had either refused or consented, To Captain Tremorne I was duly presented.

You know, dear Mamma, that no girl o'er was briskeer To admire, to doat on—a beautiful whisker, And blacker or glossier or curlier will seldom Be seen on the cheeks of the choicest of *sweet-doms*, Than the sweet pair so jetty and fierce that adorn The cheeks and the chin of dear Captain Tremorne.

My mind, you know well, as its choicest of treasures Has always esteemed conversational pleasures; I had only just read through the volume by Russell, So to talk of the Russian campaign was no puzzle, For I don't seem to forget what I read like a dunce, And we seemed to strike up quite a friendship at once, As we strove how the heroes we best could extol Who gloriously conquered at Sebastopol. At Inkermann, Alma, and famed Balaclava! (How delightful it is to converse with the bravo,) I recited the poem, and never once blundered, That Tennyson wrote on the noble "Six Hundred;" While some girls near the tents were for jiggling and dancing, As if Captain Tremorne *cared a pin* for their prancing: For the band, marching round us, was playing quite gaily A lively quick step, then sang a *Chorale*.

Alas! friends must part, and the gloaming was nigh Tremorne was "on duty," and said with a sigh, As he left to attend to his company's "rations," That certainly one of the prettiest "stafors," Might at Brantford be placed, and if he had his way, At so charming a spot, he for ever could stay.

I was sleepless that night, so I thought 'twould be wise To get up quite early, and see the sun rise; It was scarce four o'clock when the men had to start, I strolled to the river, and saw them depart.

'Twas a noble display, for the sun rose up bright, And illumed their red coats and their arms with its light; But 'twas pain and not pleasure I felt at the sight— For I could not help feeling it hard to be borne, I'd no chance to say "farewell" to Captain Tremorne.

Now from that day to this my wild fancy is fed In the strangest of ways by a passion for red— I've now trimmed my bonnet to suit... 's new taste, My hair has red roses, red ribbons my waist, My Bertha has red bows, and red flounces my dress, Of shades nicely sorted, I trust you will guess.

And what's a queer, when at breakfast I've taken my seat, I've grown quite fantastic in what I can eat— It never is much, for my appetite's baddish, But I always can fancy a bright scarlet rasher, Red herrings, I love, you remember our cook Called them "soldiers," whenever of them we partook. At dinner time salmon with good lobster sauce, Or "Soupe à la tomate," may afford the first course. A red capicum always my plate is set nigh, And beets and red cabbage my pickle supply— You remember, mamma, in my juvenile days, How I followed some very particular ways; If my meat were half-cooked my aversion was great, And I left it with shuddering untouched on my plate, Nay so squeamish I was, that I scarcely could bear To hear schoolfellows singing Tom Moore's "Richard and Jane."

But now I should rise from the table unfed If my beef were not gushing with gravy, and red, And I drink with some pleasure a glass of red wine, If there's old port or claret wherever I dine— At dessert I'm oft tempted quite long to remain For from cherries and currants I seldom refrain, And a rosy-cheeked apple I never disdain— At supper some tongue, or ham sandwich is good, And shrimps and anchovies not often withstood.

At night I rest badly, so 'tis not surprising If I do not care often to view the sun's rising; But to look at his setting's a glorious sight, A pleasure, in which I indulge ev'ry night— Some clouds tipped with red, like rancid squadrons appear, And some like huge castles their tall turrets rear, So I often can dream I'm beholding the van Of the army assaulting some fiery Redan— While the sky's a red plain, where I see the sea founder, A red-hot cannon ball, ten times bigger and rounder Than Armstrong or Whitworth's great five hundred pounder!

I have said my sleep's bad; but one horrible night I had such awful dreams, that I woke in a fright— At first they were charming; I thought I was walking With Captain Tremorne, gaily flirting and talking, About uniforms, epaulettes, forget and such, And at balls and at parties who cut the most dash— "The soldiers," I said, "were with me the top-sawyers."

And I cared not a pin about doctors or lawyers, When over the hue of my dream came a change, 'Tis strange as it's true, and 'tis true as it's strange! For I thought as I lay snugly coiled in my bed That my skin, teeth, hair, nails, and my eyes were turned red— A red Indian squaw, with the poll of a parrot, Eyes like a white rabbit's, and nose like a carrot! Now more red on my cheeks I could easily bear, And red coral lips are the colour I'd wear, But coral don't suit with the tip of the nose, And a red breast like Robin's!—"c'est tout autre chose!"

I leaped out of bed, and exclaimed in affright, Like Shakspeare's King Richard, that "shadows to-night," Such errors have struck, that with "ten thousand soldiers" I sooner would meet, than have, hung down my shoulders, Long ringlets of red for the sport of beholders— I rushed to the mirror, and viewed with delight My hair glossy black, and my skin lily white, My eyes, teeth and nails were all perfectly right.

But thus to see visions and dream ugly dreams, To your suffering daughter quite horrible seems, And I do not know where I can find consolation, To render more easy this sad dispensation.

My brain seems quite addled, my pulse is too high, Sometimes I'm in tears, very often I sigh, I asked cousin Harry the best way to mend us, And remove, what he calls my "*Delirium Tremendous*." He's now reading hard as a student of physic, Can cure cough or cold, fever, ague or phthisis; Has become quite a dandy, and dresses so fimsil, But I'm sorry to add he's grown sandy and cynical— He said bump of hollows I would bid good, And hump-seed and cucumbers cool for the blood— For my diet, he told me, he greatly would fear If I fed much on goat's flesh or that of red deer, Water-lilies and purslane should be my potation; And from Galen he made a most learned quotation.

Then he said, Dr. Seaman, whose patient had taken A large dose of Inaudium, saved the man's bacon, (I use Harry's words) by a horsewhip applied With a vigorous hand to the poor fellow's hide; And declared the same regimen good to remove The feverish distractions occasioned by love— And he wrote a prescription had done good to many, "Verberibus ut flagellatur est bene." Then he prated of Mars and of Venus and Cupid, I wonder why boys are so dreadfully stupid— For I don't think relationship any apology For tormenting me with his Heathen Mythology.

I must see Doctor Bolus; nonsensical twaddle Is not very likely to run in his noddle; He's a grave sober man of sound practical sense, And does not to quizzical wit make pretence— With pill, draught or lotion I don't think he'll treat me

But write a prescription more likely to please me— I'm sure I shall die if I get no relief. And that physic will help me is not my belief, So, if dear Doctor Bolus desires to cure, He'll advise, what I'll gladly consent to endure. That Captain Tremore some fine morning shall bring (It will work like a charm, it will be the right thing.) A Parson, a Clerk, and a plain golden RING. He is stationed at London, I'll gladly come home, And no more, dear Mamma, will your fond Fannie roam.

TWO CHAPTERS OF L-FE.

CHAPTER I. "WOED AND WON."

WHAT has come over you, Llew?" and the speaker, a fair man, with a bright honest face, pitched down his fishing tackle, and seized the tiller of the boat. "You don't want to try whether it is true that waters cannot quench love?"

"I wish you'd not make such a confounded donkey of yourself," replied the other sulkily, getting red in the face, and showing temper in the tremble of the upper lip. The fair man gave him a quick glance, and then pulling his cap over his eyes, lay down on his back, saying presently, "Example is better than precept;" at least, the copy-book I used in my childhood had it so. You are in love; I have never been; you are evil tempered, bad company, and inclined to be quarrelsome. Ergo, love is to be avoided by those who desire to live at peace with their fellow-men." Then suddenly changing his voice and lifting himself up, he said: "Let's have a pull, Llew; the tide is on the turn, and will bring us in again; an hour's stretch will put your digestion in better order."

His companion, although he made no verbal answer, sat about doing what was required of him; he rolled up his lace, lighted a fresh cigar, and took to his oar keenly if not kindly. They pulled straight out for the matter of a couple of miles, neither breaking silence, then they paused, and Llew, looking a little ruffled, said:—

"I say, Charley, I've an abominable temper, and you shouldn't try to rile me, especially about you know what. I have got myself into a mess, and—and, the fact is, I mean to marry Alice in spite of them all."

"The deuce you do! then it's worse than I expected. What do you mean to keep a wife upon?"

"I'll emigrate."

"No you won't. It costs money, you see."

"I'll take a private tutorship."

"But they won't take your wife too. I'll tell you what you'll do: you'll drop the affair altogether. Seriously, you cannot afford to marry. Alice's father is a sensible old fellow; he won't have anything to say to you; he's as proud in his way as you are."

Llew made use of an expression by no means complimentary to his intended father-in-law, and his adviser went on:

"Or put it in another way. Suppose you could have her, and made her Mrs. Derwin tomorrow—how about your new relations? her people would be your people, you see."

"Stop that, Charley; I'm in earnest; I mean to marry Alice, and I mean to cut all her relations. Who was the parson you introduced me to at Tenby?"

"Corrish, an old Wadham man; he's got a curacy down in these parts somewhere, and is a capital fellow across country, and not so bad at brewing punch."

"Would he come over here for a day or two?"

"I don't see why he should not; but, why! you don't want him to do the splicing, eh?"

"Yes, I do—"

"Whew!" and Charley Shifner drew a long breath. "I hope you won't get angry, Derwin," he went on speaking very gravely, "but I'd rather not have anything to do with this, you are certain to repent it sooner or later. Not that Alice is not a good and pretty girl; I believe she's all that, old fellow; but it's her friends. And then your uncle, he'd put a spoke in your wheel at once. I wish you'd be reasonable. Let's cut away tomorrow; come, there's a good fellow; she's a dear little body, and it will be a wrench, you know, but better a scar than an open wound."

Charley spoke from his heart, and with a sincere feeling of anxiety for his friend; but that he had never been in love, and forgot that reason has sometimes very little to do with the tender passion. He paused, thinking his argument too clear not to take effect, and then, as Llew did not answer, he held his peace, mentally comforting himself with the reflection that his woras had told,—and—that his friend was thinking of them. They rowed leisurely on, dipping their oars slowly and quietly, the tide doing most of the work for them; just as the keel grated against the beach, Derwin said:

"We'll start to-morrow, Charley."

"That's a good fellow," and all the clouds passed away from Charley's face; "you'll never regret it."

"I don't intend to," was the reply, uttered in rather ambiguous tones; and then landing, the two men shouldered their tackle, "sh, and rugs, and mounted the hill to the little inn, where they had taken up their quarters a month before, with the intention of reading hard, an intention Shifner kept up as far as the Field and Bell's Life were concerned, while Derwin might very soon have made personal application of Byroa's lues,—

My only books were woman's looks;

the blue eyes, fair face, and light form of a neighbouring farmer's daughter having effectually banished all other power of study.

A few hours later, Derwin, pretending to go to bed, bade good night to his friend, and took his way out of the house, along the path leading to the castle, which, rising grimly against the moonbeams, was throwing mysterious shadows upon the hill-side. Not a breath of air moved the leaves or grass, or disturbed the surface of the river, down which, at being full tide, the stream was just keeping up a moving rain of silvery sparkles in the centre of the broad bosom of the water. There were very few people stirring at that hour; the villagers worked hard and early, and went soon to bed in those days, and the country folks, who, after the manner of the Welch, came down to bathe, saw no beauty in evening lights. So it was that Mr. Derwin used the castle road to himself, and having passed through the fir-wood and reached the open path upon the south side of the hill, he walked more slowly, pausing, and turning to look back now and then, as if in expectation of seeing some one. At last, reaching the steeper part of the hill, he sat down upon the grass, and, whistling softly, gazed over Carmarthen bay, lying quiet and lake-like between him and the dark mountain-outline of the Gower's land. The moon was full that night, and hung low in the blue heaven, casting a broad glistening path of light across the water, along which one solitary fishing-boat was gliding, the oars throwing showers of fiery sparks as they dipped in the water. It was very lovely, very peaceful and holy, but Derwin was only looking at, not thinking of it; he scarcely knew whether it was land or water, moonlight or daylight. Presently a quick light step came along the turf, and Alice Morgan stood by his side.

"You are shaking, darling," her lover whispered, as he held her hand, and gazed into the sweet eyes, growing unnaturally large and bright in contrast to her pale frightened face.

"Yes, surely; Mr. Shifner was talking to father, and they were saying you are to go to-

morrow," she looked around at him fixedly for a second or two, then lifting away his arm from her waist, she rose, saying in a loud hard voice,—"And it's true indeed then, and I might have known it all along. God forgive you for deceiving my heart, but it's me that's been foolish and blind. Yes, indeed, I knew you were a gentleman like the rest of them, but I thought I could read love and truth in your eyes."

Derwin had let her talk on, partly because he was tempted just for the moment to take Shifner's advice, partly because in her vehemence and despair there was a few spell and power in her beauty, and partly because it was pleasant to hear how the very passion she gave way to told of her love; but when she paused, with a long sobbing gasp for breath, he held out his arms, whispering:

"Alice, my beloved, you are coming with me."

She clasped her hands together, and bent forward as if to read his face, whispering in a low husky voice:

"God forgive you. Why are you tempting me?"

"It's no temptation, Alice, I swear," and as he spoke, he sprang to his feet, and took her hands in his. "You shall be my wife, I never meant anything else. I have no one to stop me marrying whom I please; and you, darling,—they'll never keep you from me."

Alice began to sob hysterically now; and shaking and crying, she clung to him, as he told her his plans, hopes, and promises, which, as he was excited, Derwin poured forth vehemently, and, as far as the feeling of the moment went, truthfully.

He told her his future could present no difficulty, which, with her by his side, would prove unconquerable, life must be all love and happiness, its very happiness tinged with the rosy hue, would look like blessings.

The moon rose higher and higher in the quiet sky, the silvery path was gone; inch by inch, the tide left the glistening sands, and Derwin still drew pictures of the time to come, of the world he was to show his wife, and Alice listened, nestling to his arms, and now and then asking some question, which from the very insight it gave him into her simplicity and innocence, stirred still more deeply the better feelings of his heart, and gave just enough light of pure love to blind him to the passion that was hurrying him on.

When they parted that night Alice had promised to meet him at the nearest railway station upon the morning following his departure from Llandstephen, and they were to be married in London.

Derwin did not take his friend into his confidence. Probably a railway carriage is not conducive to secrets. Perhaps he was beginning to doubt the prudence of his scheme. Shifner's noisy college chaff and talk was bringing back other feelings, and he grew more and more absent and nervous.

They reached Tenby in time for dinner, and Shifner, misinterpreting his friend's cloudy spirits, concluded that after all, if love could take such a hold upon a man like Derwin, it must be a still more desperate thing than he, Charles Shifner, had even imagined. There was only one cure he knew of, and that was to drown dull care; therefore he ordered a capital dinner, and persuaded Llew to try a peculiar combination of liquids, brewed in a special manner, concocted by a famous grand-uncle of Shifner's. But his experiment failed; Derwin pronounced it atrocious, and drank mildly of whisky-punch; so that Shifner out of veneration for his uncle's memory, did more than his duty to his own manufacture, and found it expedient to retire about midnight, assuring the waiter that he was going to be married next day to the maid of Llangothlen.

As soon as Shifner was safely out of the way, a dog-cart was ordered, and Mr. Derwin, leaving an explanatory note in the coffee-room, was driven off to the station, where he proceeded to the appointed rendezvous, where, veiled and frightened, Alice stood almost alone upon the platform, waiting for the train.

CHAPTER II. "LOVED AT LAST."

As soon as their marriage was duly solemnized, Alice wrote to her parents: but no answer came; again and again she covered sheets of paper with petitions for pardon, but they all fell, or at least seemed to fall, unheeded, and at last she gave up writing, or speaking of her old home, trying hard to give up thinking too. But thought is not so easy of control, and many a bitter tear ran down the young wife's cheek in the silent watches of the night; tears that, alas! soon began to have a two-fold meaning, for already the spell was breaking. Collego terms had begun again, Derwin had taken his wife with him, and domiciled her carefully out of the way of the usual haunts of the collego-men. He had encountered Shifner, and a somewhat stormy altercation had been the result, Charley's code of honour and Mr. Derwin's not exactly agreeing; so that when his old friend did his duty, (all honour to him, a very painful one,) and called upon the bride, he knew very well by whose orders she was "not at home," and never repeated the experiment.

No one else called; for, although it was pretty well known that Derwin had married, he never spoke of it, or in any manner acted like a married man; and his friends resented this want of cordiality by pretending to ignore his marriage, the boldest now and then taking their revenge by chaffing him about his caged beauty.

And yet, though acting with such false pride towards his acquaintances, Derwin was not as yet an unkind husband; the gloss of first love had not worn off, and Alice was all that man could desire in a wife. The first vacation they went to a south-coast bathing-place, and there the trials that were afterwards to crush out every hope and joy began. Derwin met some old friends, and did not introduce his wife,—they were sure to patronise, and then laugh at her and him, he reasoned to himself; therefore he determined to leave the place, but not before he had promised to spend a fortnight with his friends at their country place. The prospect was a pleasing one. So he took Alice to London, and leaving her in lodgings, went to fulfil his engagement.

He had told her he would be a fortnight away, but the fortnight became four, five, then six weeks, and there had come neither letter nor tidings; and although horrible visions of railway accidents and sudden death in every imaginable form filled Alice's mind, she still waited, and dreading lest she might act contrary to her husband's wishes, or offend against the customs of the world, she made no inquiry. At last a new trial came upon her, she was without money; the landlady grew first impatient, then suspicious, and finally turned Alice out, upbraiding her with disgracing her house.

Alice was bewildered; there seemed only one alternative, and that was to go to Derwin's uncle's house, the address of which she fortunately remembered, and there obtain some intelligence of her husband.

The man-servant looked at her rather suspiciously as she asked whether he knew where Mr. Derwin had gone, and half closed the door as he replied:—

"Yes, ma'm, he's gone to Australia; his uncle got him an appointment, and he sailed three weeks ago, all of a hurry; hadn't time to leave any P.P.C.s."

How Alice bore the intelligence—how she concealed the death stroke, and managed to walk quietly away from the eye of the curious domestic—was one of those mysterious feats of self-command now and then accomplished by those whom the world looks on as the weakest,—women. The shock, though it fell suddenly, had struck deep into her heart; she never doubted its truth; something catching at her heart, and throbbing in her brain, told her it was even as the man said, and that he was gone. But why? wherefore had he not seen her—written to her? what business could have been urgent enough to drag him away without giving him space to bid her farewell? Very, very slowly she began to see the truth.

Wandering aimlessly from street to street, un-

conscious of time, and startling night revellers with her ghastly face and despairing eyes, she passed the night; and when morning dawned, cold, misty, and, in the great deserted streets of London, indescribably lonely, she began fully to comprehend the weight and depth of her husband's villainy, and her own desolation. Deserted by him for whom she had disobeyed and left her father and mother—what could she do? Suddenly the commandment she had broken flashed upon her, "Honour thy father and thy mother, and thy days shall be long in the land." She had dishonoured them, why should her days be prolonged? surely it was God's will that they should not be long; death would come soon, and if it did not come of itself, could she not seek it?

Starting up from the doorstep upon which she had half fallen, she walked hurriedly down the street, remembering that but a short time before she had passed a bridge, below which ran the broad dark merciful road to death, and crouching by the parapet, she tried to say her childish prayers, the same she had repeated at her mother's knee. Her mother! what was there in the word to cause such a thrill through the girl's frame, and send a wild sensation of life and tenderness pulsing in her veins?

Tears came rushing from her eyes, and bitter sobs mingled with the half wild, but wholly penitent prayer:—

"God forgive me if I thought of murdering my unborn baby, and spare me strength for its sake."

Poor people of every degree seem to cheat themselves into a belief that London is the very El Dorado of work and wealth—that you have but to say "Give me work," and employment stands ready. Alas! how many an aching heart, how many starving lips have mourned, too late, the terrible delusion!

Alice begged from house to house for work, and at last, wearied by disappointment, and conscious that her woman's time of trial was coming, she sought the last refuge of the homeless, and the baby, whose life had saved her life, was born in the lying-in ward of a city work-house.

As soon as Alice was able, she left the union, and by the help of one of the nurses, obtained work in shirt-making for a cheap out-fitting shop, badly paid enough, and requiring close sitting far into the night to make it bring in the barest livelihood, but work was no toil now; the tiny little creature, kicking and sprawling upon the floor beside her, gave her new energy; she was not stitching for her own life, but for the life of the child of whom God in his inscrutable wisdom and wise mercy had made her mother. As months passed into years the child thrived and grew; Alice worked harder and harder, early and late, but with a new sense of enjoyment and life springing up in her heart,—a sort of vague fore-shadowing that the child would somehow restore the husband of her youth, and bring back her past happiness.

Eight years had gone by since Derwin left her, when in passing a newspaper shop she stopped to pick up some torn scraps of paper, thinking there might be something to read to her boy. Almost the first name that met her eyes was that of her husband; it formed part of a sentence something about a death, and the succession of an unlooked-for heir. Staggering rather than walking into the shop, Alice pointed to the words, and asked the man if he could get her a newspaper with the paragraph complete. The man happened to be good-natured, and seeing the woman's distress, took some pains to hunt up a paper of corresponding date. Armed with this, Alice hurried home, and there read a curious story, the story of her husband's life, the portion mixed up with herself only left untouched; the first part she knew, but the part dating from his departure for Australia, was all new. He had, it seems, succeeded at first; and then by one of those crushing strokes of Providence, his good fortune had deserted him, all his newly-acquired wealth was swallowed up by unlucky speculations, everything he put his hand to failed, when, reduced to beggary, he left the colony and returned to England, there to find himself next

heir to one of the finest estates in Wales. Thither he had gone, welcomed and received as a sort of hero, and worshipped for the very troubles he had known.

"Has he ever sought me?" was Alice's first thought, as after reading the story nearly a dozen times over, she laid down the newspaper. "Has he tried to find me?"

Then she remembered how fruitless such a search would be. Who knew her? How could he trace her? She must write, and tell him where she was, and how she had suffered. So write she did, not once, but many times, hoping growing fainter each time. No answer came, and there seemed but one thing left,—to seek him out, and give him up his child, then hide herself away and die. Despair gave her renewed energy, and supported her during all the long weary journey; when footsore, hungry, and weary, she begged from cottage to cottage for the food and shelter necessary to support life: at last the trial was drawing to a climax; she heard the old familiar tongue again, and fancied every voice was that of an old friend.

But when she saw the house he had inherited, her heart sunk. How dare she, a beggar in rags, go up to that stately home and claim the master as her husband? In all her trouble and anxiety, no thought such as this had entered her mind, now it came with overwhelming force, crushing down every ray of hope. Irresolute, she stood by the lodge-gate, then turned away, only however to return, and gaze wonderingly again.

The lodge-keeper came out and she hid her boy's face in her shawl; then convinced, mother-like, that to see the child's face once was to remember him for ever, she took him down the road, and had him wait for her, and went back alone to question the old woman; but the gates were closed, and as she stood uncertain whether to ring or not, the quick trot of a horse upon the gravel of the avenue caught her ear; peering through the iron bars of the gate it needed no glance to tell her that the rider was her husband; and then, utterly powerless, deaf, blind, and only conscious that he was coming to her there, and that they were to meet, she stood clinging with both hands to the gate.

The lodge-keeper, hurrying out, thrust her angrily away, and as one side of the heavy iron gate swung open, Alice's agony burst forth, and a long inarticulate pent-up cry came from her lips, as, her hold relaxing, she fell almost under his horse's feet.

Derwin had seen the white face through the bars, and knew it again as instantly: and as he sat there, apparently waiting the opening of the gate, a thousand old long-buried feelings welled up, and beat fiercely at his heart. He saw himself in his true light: he knew he had been a blackguard—that the death-like face staring at him with such wild eyes might for all he knew be that of a mad woman, more, a mad wife, wretched, maddened by his crime. He dared not recognise her, and he dared not pass her; fascinated and spell-bound, he heard her cry and knew it was his name that rang out like an appeal to an avenging God. Then he saw the old lodge-keeper kneel down by her, and heard her cry out that the woman was dying in a fit.

Slowly and mechanically Derwin got down from his horse, and helped to carry the body into the lodge. As they did so, the child came running up, and, throwing his arms round his mother, began crying piteously. Derwin's self-control was leaving him now, and fearful lest he might betray himself he despatched the woman to the house for wine, and looking the cottage door, stood looking at her whom a few years before he had left in the pride of youth and beauty. Derwin was not such a hardened villain as he tried to make and think himself; like many another nature, so long as you kept out of his sight the misery or pain he was causing, he could go on in his own selfish, heartless course; but once bring him face to face with the sight of his crime, and the devil was cast out of him. No thought of his deserted wife had ever materially disturbed the newly-made squire's thoughts, until he kept that watch by what seemed her death-bed, and then he knew what he was and what he had done.

So absorbed had he been for a few minutes that he forgot the boy; when he did think of him, he stared long and inquisitively at the child's face, his own features gradually softening and growing strangely like his former self as he gazed.

"What is your name?" he asked hoarsely, and making an effort to speak calmly.

"Llewelling Derwin," replied the child.

A shock passed over the man's face; all strength, self-possession and control were swept away, and as the words, "My God forgive me!" burst almost unconsciously from his lips, big tears welled up, and blotted out the wondering face of the little boy.

Some of us may remember how, after a season of intense anxiety, sleep has fallen upon us, sleep—or rather a trance—during which the drama of illness, death, or danger, we have just escaped, or suffered, is reacted, and realized in its most dreaded shape; we may remember how we awakened from that sleep, our heart quivering with agony, and our eyes too wild to weep;—awakened to find the whole a dream, to look up at the newly risen sun, and to recognise the very fruition of hope.

Something like this was that awakening of Alice. Her first conscious glance fell upon her husband's face, not as she had seen it in that terrible moment, when she fainted, but as she had prayed to see it. There was no talk of pardon, or reproach; Alice silenced both. Both had suffered; and although the loving gaze of the wife missed much from the care-worn face resting upon her hands, yet she saw deep in the eyes the love that was to brighten her future life, and enable her to forget the sorrow of the past.

I. D. FENYON.

LINKS WITH THE PAST.

ATTENTION has recently been recalled—by the revival of a statement which has gone the round of the papers—to the extraordinary fact that a person is now living who has seen another who saw another who was present at the battle of Flodden Field, fought in 1513, in the reign of Henry VIII. The statement is to this effect:—

Henry Jenkins, a boy twelve years old, was employed to carry a horse-load of arrows, which were used by the English in resisting James IV., at Flodden. Jenkins lived to be the oldest man ever known in England, attaining the extraordinary age of 163, seventeen years more of life than were given to Old Parr. About the year 1600, Jenkins, when nearly 160 years old, was seen by Peter Garden, a youth sixteen years old. Garden lived to be 131 years old, dying at Auchterless, in Aberdeenshire, in 1775. There is a gentleman now alive who remembers seeing and conversing with this old man. We take occasion to note down a few more remarkable instances linking the present with the past.

It is very probable that the late Lord Palmerston saw and talked to a person who had seen another born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was thirteen years old when Macklin the actor died at the age of 105, and Macklin, one of the best known men in London, was born in 1690, so that he might very easily have known, and very probably did, aged persons who were born several years before Elizabeth died, and while Shakespeare was at the height of his career.

A gentleman eighty years of age, writing in 1851, stated that he saw in 1781 Mrs. Arthur, of Limerick, a venerable lady, who was present at the siege of Limerick in 1691, and described to him the horrors of the siege. Here the one link connected two dates 160 years apart.

Sir Walter Scott's mother had spoken with a person who recollected Oliver Cromwell's entry into Edinburgh in 1650. The lady survived till the year 1820.

William IV. used to relate that he had spoken to a butcher at Windsor, who had conversed with Charles II. The interval, therefore, touched the reigns of nine English sovereigns.

Lady Hardwicke, who died in 1853, at the age of ninety-three, had seen her grandfather at a

period when she was young, and he very old. Charles II. gave away the bride when their grandfather was married to his first wife.

Dr. John Mackenzie, living as a retired physician at Edinburgh, in 1841, has attended professionally a lady who was born so far back as 1667, in the time of Charles II. This was the Countess of London, who lived to complete her 100th year. She and her physician, therefore, had, between them, seen the reign of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Anne, all the four Georges, William IV., and Victoria.

There is no reason to doubt that Old Parr saw, or was seen by, his grandson. The one was born in 1483; the other died in 1756. The one was contemporary with events in the time of Richard III.; the other with events nearly to the time of George III.

The late Lord Chancellor Campbell used to boast pleasantly that he had conversed with old Sir Isaac Heard, the herald, who had conversed with a person who had witnessed the execution of Charles I.

A gentleman named Murray, who died only a few years ago, remembered having been told by the Earl of Mansfield, in 1787, that his lordship had conversed with a man who was present at the same execution.

The late Lord Lyndhurst was born in Massachusetts when that State was a British Colony, and before the United States Republic existed; yet he lived to see the year 1863. When the Prince of Wales was in America in 1860, he conversed with Ralph Farnham, who served as a soldier at the battle of Bunker's Hill in 1775.

If a man be very advanced in life when his son is born, the experience of the two may cover a wide stretch of time, without either of them living to a really very old age. There was a man living at Headley, in Hants, in 1852, who was the son of a man born so far back as 1697. The son, born when the father was seventy-two years old, lived to be eighty-three years old by 1852, and may, perchance, be still alive. Charles IX. of France had a son whose wife, if French history is to be trusted, did not die till 139 years after her father-in-law's death—the one event occurring in 1574, the other in 1713. Cardan, the physician, was born 150 years after the birth of his grandfather. Benjamin Franklin's grandfather was born before the end of Elizabeth's reign, although Benjamin himself lived to see thirty years of George III.'s reign. Charles Fox's uncle, Sir Stephen Fox, was Paymaster of the Forces so far back as 1679.

Sometimes the range of events which come within the experience of one family, depends on several generations being alive at the same time, owing chiefly to early marriages. Mention is made of one Mary Cooper, who, on an interesting occasion, said—"Rise up, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for her daughter's daughter hath a daughter." How many generations here claimed the venerable Mary Cooper as a progenitress, the reader will perhaps be able to count. Horace Walpole, when sixty-seven years old, was able to say that he had seen seven generations in one family.

Dr. Oppert, who has been recently in London, made a discovery, while there, and which is of considerable interest to Biblical archaeologists. In a new inscription of the king whose annals are on the Numad Obelisk, and whom he calls Salmaneser III., he found the name Achabbu Ciri'lay, "Abab the Israelite," as that of a king reigning in his sixth year. The names of both the king and his country are new; and the spelling of the latter is remarkable. This Salmaneser, who reigned at least thirty years, received presents from Jehu, whom he improperly calls the son of Omri, before the close of his reign; and he waged war with Hazael, King of Syria, in his eighteenth year. The last three royal names were discovered by Dr. Hincks in 1851. According to the Book of King there were thirteen years between the death of Abab and the accession of Jehu; and it was during this interval that Hazael began to reign in Syria. The contemporary Assyrian records are here in perfect harmony with the statements in the Bible.

GREEN MANTLE.

A TALE OF OLD MANCHESTER.

THERE were a good many of us at home; no lack of mouths to feed, and not too much to put into them; so when I had finished my schooldays—an event which occurred tolerably early—I was packed off to Manchester to serve an apprenticeship in a Manchester warehouse.

I had plenty of work there, and some little pay, and when my father had found me cheap lodgings in the house of an elderly couple, and had arranged the payment with them so as to leave me a small sum for pocket-money, he had me be a good lad and attentive to business, and left me to my fate.

My home was too far distant to admit of my visiting it oftener than once a year, when I obtained a brief holiday for the purpose, and I was terribly lonely in the busy populous town. I know nobody, and was shy of making acquaintances: my companions in the warehouse were off-hand, rattling fellows, little suited to my taste; so I subsided into my quiet lodgings, read, or rather devoured, all the books I could lay my hands on, and grew up a solitary in the midst of thousands. One passion I had, and that was to hunt up every relic of antiquity I could possibly manage to travel to; and there was not an old hall nor an old church within a circuit of twelve or fourteen miles that I did not make a pilgrimage to.

The vestiges of old Manchester claimed particular attention, and I haunted the neighbourhood of the "college" and the "old church," looking at the outsides of the old houses (I was too shy to think of asking permission to enter any of them) until I knew every chink and cranny in their weatherbeaten faces, and came to look upon them as my most intimate friends. Some of them were public-houses, and I ventured timidly, and at intervals, into these, calling modestly for a glass of ale, and peering into the odd nooks and corners, ducking, under the heavy beams, and trying often vainly, to look through the old green glass which obscured the long low windows.

Well do I remember my first visit to the "Old Sun," "The Poets' Corner," as it was then, and is sometimes yet called—the reverence with which I entered its time-honoured walls—and the disappointment I felt at not finding within it any one in the least like what I thought a poet ought to be. I went afterwards at various times with the like ill-success; and at last I contented myself with the outside and most picturesque view of it, and left the poets to keep up their records by themselves.

Thus it was that I grew up, working hard during working hours, and enjoying the books and the pipe which formed the occupation of my leisure, taking long rambles on foot upon the Sundays, and an occasional walk through the oldest, narrowest, and most tortuous streets I could find during the evenings of the week.

Long before my apprenticeship had concluded, I found myself permanently installed in the office, or counting-house as it was more grandiloquently called, and that, no doubt, was the fittest place for me; as years passed on, I became, by translation from stool to stool, packing clerk, invoice clerk, and book-keeper, obtaining an advance of wages with each change of position, until, as book-keeper, I was munificently paid at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and had reached the summit of my ambition.

As I got more money to spend, I purchased more books and made longer excursions, and at length, from my retiring habits and scrupulous punctuality, I was complimented in the office by the title of "The Old Bachelor," which set very lightly upon me. I made and attempted to make no friendships. During my brief visits to the library at the old college, indeed, I picked up a sort of acquaintance with one of its constant frequenters, the mustiest old bookworm in the lot, whom I found there when I went in and left there when I came out, and should have believed to live there but that I knew no candles were admitted, and that at night the books would be useless to him without them. He was a strange figure, dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a

neckerchief twisted round his throat in a sort of wisp, a pair of great goggle spectacles upon his nose, and with two, three, or four folios usually ranged round him, one for reading, the others for comparison and reference. I had the good fortune once to hand him a ponderous tome which had slipped from his knees whilst he was intent upon another placed upon the stand before him; and after that time, if by chance he glanced up, which might happen once in a month perhaps, whilst I was in the reading-room, I was sure of a kindly nod at least before he glanced down again.

Once, in a difficulty, I ventured to refer to him, and I was no little astonished by the flood of erudition poured in consequence upon me. He knew everything that had been written upon the subject, and gave me the key to my puzzle immediately, together with half a hundred references wherewith still further to elucidate it. Afterwards our relationship became almost that of master and pupil; and I may say that we became in some sort friends, though our only place of meeting was the library.

The rule in our office was, that every one employed should be there and at work at nine o'clock in the morning; and accordingly at twenty minutes before nine, precisely, I passed the clock in the old church tower on my way to it. I believe that every clock in the back street in Strangeways in which I lived was timed by my movements, much in the same way in which my watch was timed by the church clock as I passed. From long habit this comparison had become a necessity, and the only temptation I ever had to omit it was occasioned by the passing the same spot, at my precise moment, of a young lady dressed in a green mantle, whom I met morning after morning, and whose fresh, pleasant face I got to look for until I fancied that missing it would almost cast a gloom upon the day. It was long before I did miss it: month after month, through the long winter, wet or dry, hail, rain, or snow, at twenty minutes to nine I met Greenmantle, as I called her in my own thought, opposite the old church tower. Very soon I knew her as well as any old house in the city, or out of it, and could have described every fold in her dress and every feature in her sweet face, but I had no one to describe them to at that time, and I am not going to begin now.

I was a young man of five and-twenty-then, but as shamefaced as a girl: if I fancied that Greenmantle looked in my direction, I coloured to the top of my head, I believe, and hastened onward; if she passed without appearing to notice me, I was miserable for the day.

Gradually, I put together a little history for her, but as it was incorrect except in two of its more insignificant particulars, it need not be detailed here. She had usually a roll of music with her, so I knew she was a governess somewhere, and that was all I could make out with certainty. I wanted to know all about her, who she was, where she lived, what relatives she had, and, above all, I wanted to know her. I had got to love her before I had exchanged a word, or even a nod, with her. Her face was the index to all goodness, and I felt that I must win her, or die. If I was as shy as a girl, I was every bit as romantic; and I actually upset all the neighbours' equanimity by starting from my lodgings ten minutes before my accustomed time, and so persuading them that every clock in the street was ten minutes behind time. But I missed seeing Greenmantle. I ran back, indeed, just in time to see her skirt disappear in the distant crowd; but that did not content me, and for weeks I became a true timekeeper again. Then I tried being late: I left my lodgings at the accustomed hour, indeed; but I loitered upon the road, and Greenmantle passed me almost at my own street end. I lingered and watched, but she went on and on until I could distinguish her no longer. Then I turned and ran,—ran at the top of my speed to the office, which I reached five minutes after nine, in time to find every one, from the master, downward, speculating upon my being seriously unwell, or possibly defunct. Thus things went till midsummer; I met Greenmantle, without appearing to recognize her, every morning, and I spent hours every evening in visiting places in which I thought it pos-

sible to meet with her; but, except at that precise spot, at twenty minutes before nine, I never had the luck to find her.

I had even begun to speculate upon the possibility of obtaining a day's holiday, in order to discover where she went to, and, possibly even, where she lived. I dwelt upon the idea, delighted, but the obstacles appeared insuperable. Could I say that I had urgent private business? Of course. But of what nature? I could not summon courage to tell a lie, and perhaps still less could I have told the truth.

One morning, Greenmantle did not appear. It was at midsummer, and we were busy with our annual balance-sheet; it was all but complete, and I had to sign it: instead of Richard Naylor, I signed, "Greenmantle." I tore off the corner surreptitiously, spilled some ink upon the mutilated remnant, and toiled far into the night to produce a clean copy, which I had very nearly signed "Greenmantle" again.

For the next week or two I was miserable: that Greenmantle must be enjoying her holiday, I knew well enough; but it was no slight deprivation to find myself alone, morning after morning, at the accustomed hour.

I determined I know not what; I would speak to her: I composed numberless pretty speeches; one or two fresh ones for every day: I committed them resolutely to memory: I conned them over as I walked, in the office even; and I made mistakes in the books: my ledger, which no pen-knife had ever touched, was disgraced for ever: and still Greenmantle came not.

It was the middle of August, and I ought to have started upon my annual journey home. I stirred not, and made no sign.

At length I was ordered off. I was getting thin and ill, and my master saw it, and told me to go into the country for ten days. I obeyed in part; but instead of going into the country, I commenced a systematic search for Greenmantle. I questioned everybody: cabmen, policemen, porters: many had seen her, but none lately, and none knew where she lived. I was pursuing my search still, and a week of my leave had nearly expired, when, coming suddenly into the marketplace, I saw Greenmantle; I was sure it was she, but some carts intervened, and before I could reach the spot, she was gone.

Here was new life, new hope for me! I spent long hours in the market next day, with Bowens' spectacles always looking at me and seeming to ask what I did there; but I was rewarded at last. I saw Greenmantle coming, and pushed towards her through the crowd. I reached her, and should have spoken: it was her mantle, but the bonnet was different, so was the face!

Here was disappointment doubly deep! I was reckless; my timidity had flown, and I spoke to the girl who wore the mantle I had been seeking so long. She was Greenmantle's sister, Greenmantle was ill; had been very ill; but she was better. Oh! yes, she was getting strong again; they did not live far from there. I was mad, I believe, and I fancy the girl thought so. I bought grapes, oranges, apples, flowers, and I wanted to buy wine for her. I poured my purchases into the skirt of the green mantle, and insisted upon seeing it home.

I sent messages of love, sorrow, happiness: I was grieved for this and happy at that, miserable for the other; I was eloquent and beside myself. I talked more in the ten minutes which it took us to go through the market and to the top of Smithy-door than I had done for months before; and when I was dismissed at the door, I stood gazing absently at the old picturesque building which held nearly all I cared for, until I turned sick and faint from excess of joy.

I went there in the evening, and knocked timidly (after many efforts) at the door. The woman of the house told me Greenmantle's name. "Yes, Miss Walton and her sister lived there: Miss Walton had been ill; but she was mending nicely; she would give my card, would say that I had called; would I wait then?" I felt very nervous, but I would wait, and in a few moments the sister came to me: Greenmantle had recognized me; Greenmantle would see me: would I walk upstairs?

It was an old-fashioned house, and I had never

before seen one so charming; the stairs were of old oak, wide and spacious; I sprang up them with alacrity; three flights were passed, and then, in a large wainscoted, poorly-furnished room, I found Greenmantle, pale and propped with pillows, but with a pleasant smile of welcome on her worn, dear face. I could do no more than I had done, she said: they were well off, they were rich: at least they had sufficient to last them for some time: but she was glad to see me; it was like seeing an old friend. Then Greenmantle spoke of books, pictures, flowers; led me to my own subjects, and appeared to listen with interest. I was eloquent; I was inspired; I astonished myself in particular; but I had no time to think of it then. Her sister told me to go: Greenmantle was tired; but I might come again: the next day if I chose. I did choose, and I chose to go for many a day after. I haunted the neighbourhood of their lodgings; and I have a particular affection yet for the large old window near the top of the most picturesque old house in Manchester, that at the higher end of old Smithy door. From that window Greenmantle has often looked kindly down to me.

She recovered rapidly; her sister said that I was her best doctor; and after I had spoken my love, which I did soon, and without any very extraordinary bungling in doing so, she told me her plain, simple story. Their father was a tradesman in a distant town; and they had been carefully educated, partly with the idea that they might have to fight their own way: father and mother had both died suddenly, and almost at the same hour, and there was nothing left for them but their piano and some trifling articles of furniture which their father's creditors had presented to them. They had an uncle in Manchester (he was in the next room, and I must get his consent); so they had come here, and Greenmantle had maintained both her sister and herself by her exertions as a governess. She had continued her sister's education, too, and she hoped now that she could supply her place.

And so Greenmantle went, with a radiant face, to call her uncle; and I awaited, in fear and trembling, his much-dreaded approach. First I heard a great clatter of falling books, then a merry laugh and a shuffling of slippers, and then the door opened and Greenmantle entered leading by the hand—my old friend of the college library!

I sprang to him; I think I should have liked to kiss him, for he shook me warmly by both hands, muttered something about being happy,—good boy, good girl, very good girl; and then he joined our hands together, and shuffled away to his books again.

And then Greenmantle made her confession. She had known me quite as long as I had known her: indeed she thought longer, for several times she had passed me whilst I was looking at my watch: she saw that I was punctual; she saw that I was fond of books; she guessed that I liked pictures; she knew that I liked flowers; she had known my name long since; she knew that her uncle had met me; and crowning confession of all—but that was not made till after we were married—she produced my portrait, which she had painted for herself in secret, after, as she said, she knew that I loved her, and hoped that I would some day tell her so.

So Greenmantle's sister began to pass the old church at twenty minutes to nine every morning, and for a little while I used to meet and bid her "good morning" there: but as soon as I had got my cage ready I took home my bird; and now we have turned Greenmantle into a ring-dove, leaving the owl and linnet to keep house together, till the linnet settles in her own nest (which, judging from appearances, will not be long first), and then the owl is to come to us, and I am to rummage both his books and his brains at my pleasure. J. P.

NONE of us really wishes to exchange our identity for that of another, yet we are rarely satisfied with ourselves.

A TITLE may be a diamond to the possessor, but nine persons out of ten will put very little value upon it unless it is polished and set.

WILD-BOAR HUNTING IN INDIA.

THIS sport is far superior to fox-hunting in England. Perhaps in fox-hunting more skill is required to "pick" the fences and choose a good line of country, but an old and experienced boar-hunter will tell you that it is not an easy task to give a good account of a "long lean tusker" with the condition of a Derby favourite, and the cunning of a Derby favourite's owner. You must in most cases follow his line of country, which is invariably the worst he can choose;—over rocky ground intersected with deep nullahs and ravines, and not unfrequently, if he can find it, through short thorny jungle, or over black rotten soil, riven and cracked in all directions. A gallop at racing pace over such ground, with long spear in the rider's hand, and the prospect of a charge from the foe in the rider's mind's eye, require nerve and skill.

The low price of grain, and the moderate rate of servants' wages, enable most officers in India to keep two or three horses, and a "tattoo," a most useful and enduring little animal, that fully supplies the place of a cover hack. In most "pig-sticking" countries the horses are reserved solely for that purpose, and are kept in race-horse condition, for the pace they have to maintain, although rarely extending beyond four miles of a stretch, is such that good condition is absolutely indispensable. The tattoo carries his owner to the meet (not unfrequently thirty miles distant); to parade in the morning; and to the mess-room at night.

In most stations where the neighbouring country affords "pig-sticking," a tent club is constituted; each member subscribing a few rupees monthly, and so forming a fund, out of which the "shikaree" and beaters are paid. In general the villagers are very ready and willing to give every information in their power concerning the haunts of the boar, for the damage he does in the sugar-cane, kates, and cholam-fields is very great indeed. A "sunder" of hog will very frequently travel ten or fifteen miles in a night in search of food, and will canter the same distance back in the morning; but occasionally, in quiet parts, they will lie down in fields that have grain high enough to afford them shelter, and will remain there.

The best hunting-grounds are the large sandy plains, with here and there a narrow long belt of toddy jungle. In these jungles the wild-boar delights. The club "shikaree" is constantly away on the look-out for marks or news of hog, and, as soon as he has obtained authentic intelligence of a sounder, he returns immediately to give information to the "sahib log." The next day is fixed upon for the hunt, and away goes the "shikaree" again to the villages near the appointed rendezvous to collect beaters. Tents, servants, provisions, and beer (the last a most indispensable adjunct), are sent on by each sportsman, and in the evening all start on their "tattoos" for the meet. These meetings are by no means the least agreeable part of the business, when all are seated outside the tents after dinner, imbibing brandy-pawny and smoking cheroots. But many cheroots and much brandy-pawny are not beneficial to the nerves, so the wisest and best sportsmen retire early.

Betimes in the morning the camp is all alive. Horses neigh, horsekeepers shout to one another, and cries for coffee and boots resound on all sides. Daylight in India bursts suddenly with a flash upon the sight, and, though a man has begun to dress in the dark and with the aid of candles, before he has finished it is broad bright day.

On coming forth under such circumstances, the sight is pretty and exhilarating. The snowy tents pitched here and there among the green and shady mangoe-trees; the picketed horses in the act of being "marlashed" and prepared for the hunt; "boys" boiling coffee at a fire made under an old mangoe, and at which three or four followers are toasting their hands and squatting; a small bonfire, around which are seated some two hundred individuals of all ages and descriptions, but nearly all alike as to squalor and dirt, the sweat caused by former days of toil being

apparent on their bodies in the form of a dry white scurf, so that they remind one of a cab-horse that has dried in the wind. It is not cold; there is a nice cool soft and refreshing breeze; but natives, even in the heat of the summer, invariably crouch round a fire in the mornings.

A cup of coffee and cheroot, and we are ready to start for the cover, but before doing so we may glance at one or two of the most prominent men in the hunt, most of whom are out now, looking to their horses and gear: a precaution never to be forgotten by a careful huntsman. The first to attract attention, is a tall good-looking young fellow talking to his horsekeeper in a jargon he fondly supposes to be Hindostanee, but which sorely puzzles his man, who has the strongest possible idea what it is not, and the weakest possible idea what it is. The rosy colour of his cheeks, and the incipient down upon his lip (which he is constantly stroking as he speaks), denote the youngster coming under the denomination of "griffin." This is his first essay at pig-sticking, and all last night he disturbed the other occupants of the tent he slept in, by jumping up, over and over again, to see if it were nearly morning. Yesterday, too, his unfortunate tattoo, with exceedingly nobby-looking legs, was made to go nearly double distance by reason of his rider's constantly rushing off after some jackal or antelope, with a wild hope of spearing the creature—and at other times he carried his spear always poised and unpleasantly near to the small of his next neighbour's back. But time and practice will correct that, for his heart is in the right place. He is looking with admiring eyes upon a wild bull-necked Persian horse, which no amount of argument will persuade him is not an Arab of the purest breed. It looks sulky just now, probably foreseeing a hard day's work. At a little distance from this ardent young sportsman is a small spare wiry man of about fifty years of age, as straight as an arrow, dressed in an old-fashioned but neat brown coat and trousers to match, and a flat low-crowned hat nearly the colour of his coat. His features are sharp, and tanned with exposure to the climate, but he has a bright piercing eye. He has been some thirty years in the service, only three of which have been passed in England. But he is as hard as he looks, and would outlive any younger man in a hard day's work. He is as good a sportsman as he is an officer, and he is considered to be one of the best in the service. The grey muscular Arab that he is mounted on, is the very counterpart of its rider, and in condition to gallop for a man's life. All its equipments are in first-rate order—so is his horsekeeper, who is just now shouldering a serviceable Joe Manton, and a spear with a head so bright that it glistens again in the sun. The next person, with a face like Don Quixote's, barring the beard, and with a complexion perhaps a little more ruddy than the famous knight, has an immensely long body and very short legs, and is clothed in a large-patterned check cotton cloth jacket, of a cut peculiarly its owners'. He is smoking a huge Trichinopoly cheroot, and is a mighty collector of cheroots. Also, of boots: rows upon rows of which, in immense numbers, decorate all his rooms.

But the coolies, headed by the "shikaree," are moving slowly forward in the direction of a long narrow belt of toddy jungle: a most likely looking spot. The "shikaree" has an old single-barrel gun, his badge of office, and a large broad-bladed knife stuck in his girdle. Each coolie is armed with a thick long bamboo, and very many of them have tom-toms, cholera horns, and rattles. The toddy bund, which extends nearly due east and west, is about a mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad. On the north side there is a sandy plain stretching away some three or four miles, and bounded by a low range of rocky hills covered with cactus and thorn-bushes. This is the direction the boar will most probably take, and as there are beaters enough to extend along the whole line of the bund, it is decided to beat it from south to north. A short council is held as to where the different horsemen shall place themselves, and soon the signal for the commencement of the beat is given. Then arises most unearthly noises; noises calculated, one would

say, to frighten the most courageous of beasts, and noises that no human beings but natives could make. But to the "pig-sticker" it is a charming noise, and as melodious to him as the whimper of the fox-hound is to the English sportsman. Unearthly as the uproar is, the boar but sulkily responds to it, and jogs slowly and stubbornly but silently along the undergrowth. Just previous to breaking cover he stops, as it were, to consider his line of country, then suddenly leaps forth with a long lopping canter that does not seem to be fast, but which will try the speed of the fleetest horse in the hunt. A shriek of "Gone away!" and some twenty horsemen burst forth from the cover like so many devils. The boar slightly increases his pace, and the race fairly sets in. A little to the right it is rather rocky, and there are some ugly dry water-courses which he thinks will puzzle his enemies, so he makes for them. But all his tactics are of no avail. A grim-bearded old stager, mounted on a flea-bitten grey Arab, that bounds over the rocks and nullahs like an antelope, has been slowly but surely creeping up; and before the boar has completed two-thirds of his journey, he finds this cool and determined-looking customer riding alongside of him. Such presumption makes him whet his tusks again with rage, and turning short round with a couple of savage grunts, he charges ferociously, but it won't do. The spear is down in an instant, and by his own impetuosity he has stabbed himself deeply just above the shoulder-blade; and the gallant flea-bitten grey, with a light bound forward, has kept clear of his tusks. His fate is now sealed, for the delay occasioned by the charge has let up some of the other huntsmen. He charges first on one and then on the other, receiving deadly wounds each time. At last, exhausted by loss of blood, without a groan or a grunt, he sighs his last breath away. It is useless to attempt to beat the same piece of jungle over, for those hogs that remained in when the first broke cover have long ago sought refuge in flight in another direction; but the "shikaree" knows of another likely spot some three miles distant, and it is immediately decided to proceed thither. This time a whole sounder break forth at once, and the hunting-party is broken up into two or three different lots. Two huge tuskers and one sow are the result.

HOW TO KEEP MIND AND BODY IN HEALTH.—"I am always obliged to breakfast before I rise—my constitution requires it," draws out some fair votary of fashion. "Unless I take a bottle of port after dinner," cries the pampered merchant, "I am never well." "Without my brandy-and-water before I go to bed, I cannot sleep a wink," says the comfortable shopkeeper; and all suppose they are following Nature; but sooner or later the offended goddess sends her avenging ministers in the shape of vapours, gout, or dropsy. Having long gone wrong, you must get right by degrees; there is no summary process. Medicine may assist, or give temporary relief; but you have a habit to alter—a tendency to change—from a tendency to being ill to a tendency to being well. First study to acquire a composure of mind and body. Avoid agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially before or after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper—endeavour to look at the bright side of things—keep down as much as possible the unruly passions—discard envy, hatred, and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result. When your meals are solitary let your thoughts be cheerful: when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. "Unquiet meals," says Shakspeare, "make ill digestions;" and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion.—Walker's Original.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—Lord Clarendon.

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 172.

CHAPTER XLII. THE MAUSOLEUM.

There was a very curious object in Castletowers Park, the shape of which was like a watchman's lantern, and the material blue granite. It stood on a little eminence in a retired corner of the domain, was approached by a double row of dwarf cypresses, about three feet and a half in height, and enshrined the last mortal remains of a favourite hunter belonging to the late Earl. It was called "The Mausoleum."

A more hopelessly ugly edifice it would be difficult to conceive; but the late Earl had intended it to be a model of elegant simplicity, and had wasted some hundreds upon it. Being abroad when his old horse died, he scrawled a rough outline of the Temple of Vesta on a sheet of foreign note-paper, and sent it up to his steward with instructions to hand it over for execution to a Guildford stonemason. But the Earl was no draughtsman, and the stonemason, who had never heard of the Temple of Vesta in his life, was no genius: and thus it happened that the park at Castletowers came to be disfigured by an architectural phenomenon compared with which the toll-houses on Waterloo Bridge were chaste and classic structures. The Earl, however, died in Naples, in happy ignorance of the deed that had been done, and his successor had not thought it worth while to pull the building down.

When Saxon rose from his seat, under the great oak, it was yet so early that he was tempted to prolong his walk. So he went rambling on among the ferns, watching the rabbits, and thinking of Miss Colonna, till he found himself, quite suddenly, at the foot of the little eminence on which the mausoleum was built.

It so happened that, although he had been more than ten days at Castletowers, he had never before strayed into this particular corner of the park. The phenomenon was consequently a novelty in his eyes, and he walked round it wonderingly, contemplating its ugliness from every side. He then went up and tried the door, which was painted to look like green bronze, and studded all over with great hexagonal bosses. It swung back, however, quite easily, and Saxon walked in.

The place was so dark, and the day outside was so brilliant, that for the first few moments he could see nothing distinctly. At length a dumpy pillar on a massive square base came into view in the centre of the building, and Saxon saw by the inscription carved upon it (in very indifferent Latin) that the object of all this costly deformity was a horse. And then he sat down on the base of a column, and contemplated the mausoleum from within.

It was, if possible, uglier inside than outside; that is to say, the resemblance to a lantern was more perfect. The dumpy column looked exactly like a gigantic candle, and the very walls were panelled in granite in a way that suggested glass to the least imaginative observer. Had the stonemason possessed but a single grain of original genius, he would have added a fine bold handle in solid granite to the outside, and made the thing complete.

While Saxon was thinking thus, and lazily criticising the late Earl's Latin, he suddenly became aware of a lady coming slowly up between the cypresses.

He thought at first that the lady was Miss Colonna, and was on the point of stepping out to meet her; but in almost the same instant he saw that she was a stranger. She was looking down as she walked, with her face so bowed that he could not see her features distinctly; but her figure was more girlish than Miss Colonna's, and her step more timid and hesitating. She seemed almost as if she were counting the daisies in the grass as she came along.

Saxon scarcely knew what to do. He had risen from his seat, and now stood a little way

back in the deep shadow of the mausoleum. While he was yet hesitating whether to come forward or remain where he was, the young lady paused and looked round, as if expecting some one.

She had no sooner lifted up her face than Saxon remembered to have seen it before. He could not for his life tell when or where; but he was as confident of the fact as if every circumstance connected with it were fresh in his memory.

She was very fair of complexion, with soft brown hair, and large childlike brown eyes—eyes with just that sort of startled, pathetic expression about them which one sees in the eyes of a caged chamois. Saxon remembered even that look in them—remembered how that image of the caged chamois had presented itself to him when he saw them first—and then, all at once, there flashed upon him the picture of a railway station, an empty train, and a group of three persons standing beside the open door of a second-class carriage.

Yes; he recollected all about it now, even to the amount he had paid for her fare, and the fact that the lost ticket had been taken from Sedgebrook station. Involuntarily, he drew back still further into the gloom of the mausoleum. He would not have shown himself, or have put himself in the way of being thanked, or paid, for the world.

Then she sighed, as if she were weary or disappointed, and came a few steps nearer; and as she continued to advance, Saxon continued to retreat, till she was nearly at the door of the mausoleum, and he had got quite round behind the pillar. It was like a scene upon a stage; only that in this instance the actors were improvising their parts, and there were no spectators to see them.

Just as he was speculating upon what he should do if she came in, and asking himself whether it would not be better, even now, to walk boldly out and risk the chances of recognition, the young lady decided the question for him by sitting down on the threshold of the building.

Saxon was out of his perplexity now. He was a prisoner, it was true; but his time was all his own, and he could afford to waste it in peeping from behind a pillar at the back of a young lady's bonnet. Besides, there was an air of adventure about the proceeding that was quite delightful, as far as it went.

So he kept very quiet, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of alarming her, and amused himself by conjecturing what imaginable business could bring Miss Rivière of Camberwell to this particular corner of Castletowers Park. Was it possible, for instance, that the Earl had been insane enough to have the phenomenon photographed, and was she about to colour the photograph on the spot? The idea was too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. And then the young lady sighed again—such a deep-drawn, tremulous, melancholy sigh, that Saxon's heart ached to hear it.

It was no sigh of mere fatigue. Unlearned as he was in man and womankind, he knew at once that such a sigh could only come from a heart heavily laden. And so he fell to wondering what her trouble could be, and whether he could help, in any anonymous way, to lighten it for her. What if he sent her a hundred-pound note in a blank envelope? She looked poor, and even if—

But at this point his meditations were broken in upon. A shadow darkened the doorway; Miss Rivière rose from her seat upon the threshold; and Lady Castletowers stood suddenly before Saxon's astonished eyes.

CHAPTER XLIII. WHAT SAXON HEARD IN THE MAUSOLEUM.

Lady Castletowers was the first to speak; and her voice, when she spoke, was measured and haughty.

"You have requested to see me again, Miss Rivière," she said.

"I have been compelled to do so," was the almost inaudible reply.

"And I have come here at your request."

Lady Castletowers paused, as if for some acknowledgment of her condescension in having done so; but no acknowledgment came.

"I must, however, beg you to understand quite distinctly that it is for the last time," she said, presently. "It is impossible that I should hold any future communication with you otherwise than by letter, and then only at stated periods, as heretofore."

The young lady murmured something of which Saxon could not distinguish a syllable.

"Then you will oblige me by saying it at once, and as briefly as possible," replied Lady Castletowers.

Saxon felt very uncomfortable. He knew that he ought not to be there. He knew this to be a strictly private conversation, and was quite aware that he ought not to overhear it; and yet what was he to do? He could still walk out; it was true, and explain his involuntary imprisonment; but he had an instinctive feeling that Lady Castletowers would not have come to meet Miss Rivière in the park if she had not wished to keep the meeting secret, and that his presence there, however well he might apologise for it, would cause her ladyship a very disagreeable surprise. Or he might stop his cars, and so be, virtually, as far away as in his London chambers; but then he felt certain that this young girl whom he had assisted once before, was now in some great trouble, and he longed to know what that trouble was, that he might assist her again. So, as these thoughts flashed through his mind, Saxon concluded to stay where he was, and not stop his cars—at least for the present.

Lady Castletowers had requested Miss Rivière to state her business at once, and also to state it briefly; but it seemed as if the task were strangely difficult, for the girl still hesitated.

At length she said, with a kind of sob:

"Lady Castletowers, my mother is very ill."

And then Saxon could see that she was weeping.

"Do you mean that your mother is dying?" asked the Countess, coldly.

"No; but that she must die, if the necessary means are not taken to save her."

"What do you mean by the necessary means?"

"Doctor Fisher says that she must go to some place on the Italian coast—to Nice, or Mentone," replied the girl, making a great effort to steady her voice, and keep her tears from falling. "He thinks she may live there for years, with care and proper treatment; but—"

"Why not here, with care and proper treatment?" said Lady Castletowers.

"He says this variable climate is killing her—that she is dying, day by day, as long as she remains in it."

"It is her native climate," said Lady Castletowers.

"Yes—but she was so young when she left it, and she has lived so many, many years of her life abroad."

"Well?"

The girl lifted up her face, all pale and tearful as it was, and looked at her—just looked at her—but said never a word. It was not an indignant look—nor an imploring look—nor even a reproachful look; but it was, at all events, a look that Lady Castletowers seemed to understand, for she replied to it, and the reply, though spoken as haughtily as ever, had in it something of the nature of an apology.

"You are aware," she said, "that your mother's annuity is paid out of my own private means, and without my son's knowledge. And my private means are very small. So small, that I find it difficult to meet even this obligation, inconsiderable as it is."

"But you will not let her die, Lady Castletowers! You cannot—you will not let her die!" And the young girl wrung her hands together, in the passionate earnestness of her appeal.

Lady Castletowers looked down, and seemed as if she were tracing patterns on the turf with the end of her parasol.

"What sum do you require?" she said, slowly.

"Doctor Fisher said about thirty pounds—"

"Impossible. I will try to give you twenty

pounds for this purpose—in fact, I will promise you twenty pounds; but I cannot do more.”

Miss Rivière was about to speak; but the Countess slightly raised her hand, and checked the words upon her lips.

“The annuity,” she said, “shall be paid, as usual, into the hands of whatever foreign banker you may indicate; but I beg you both to understand that I must be troubled with no more applications of this kind.”

The girl's cheek glowed with sudden indignation.

“You will be troubled with none, madam,” she said. “Had there been any other person in the world to whom I could have applied for aid, I should not have claimed your assistance now.”

Her eye dilated, and her lip trembled, and she said it firmly and proudly—as proudly as Lady Castletowers herself might have done. But the Countess passed her as if she had not spoken, and swept down the little avenue of cypresses, without taking any further notice of her presence.

Miss Rivière continued to stand in the same proud attitude till the last gleam of her ladyship's silken skirts had disappeared among the trees. And then her strength suddenly gave way, and she sat down again upon the gloomy threshold, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

CHAPTER XLIV. THE ART OF SPELLING OUT.

It was no wonder that Saxon could not be found when he was wanted, or that it was late before he returned to the house. His imprisonment lasted altogether more than an hour; and when Miss Rivière at length rose and went away, he took a long walk round in another direction, in order that he might be able to account for his absence.

He had no sooner made his appearance, however, in the drawing-room, than the Earl carried him off to Signor Colonna's study, and there left him. The Italian met him with outstretched hands; and Olimpia, who was writing busily, looked up and smiled as he came in.

“What am I to say to you, Mr. Trefalden?” exclaimed Colonna. “How shall I thank you?”

“Pray don't mention it,” said Saxon, shyly.

“How can I help mentioning it? An act of such munificence—”

“I should be so much obliged to you,” interrupted Saxon, “if you would say nothing about it.”

“You may compel me to silence, Mr. Trefalden; but every true heart in Italy will thank you.”

“I hope not, because I don't deserve it. I did it to—please Miss Colonna.”

“Then I hope that you at least permitted her to thank you as you deserve to be thanked, Mr. Trefalden,” said the Italian, as he glanced smilingly from the one to the other. “And now will you pardon me if I ask you a question?”

“I shall be happy to answer a thousand.”

“You have given us your cheque for a very large sum,” said Colonna, taking the paper from his desk, and glancing at it as he spoke. “For so large a sum that I have almost doubted whether your banker will cash it on presentation. It is unusual, at all events, for even millionnaires like yourself, Mr. Trefalden, to keep so many loose thousands at their bankers'. May I ask if you have given this a thought?”

Saxon stared hard at the cheque across the table, and wondered whether Olimpia had really doubled it or not; but the slope of the desk prevented him from seeing the figures distinctly.

“I have thought of it,” he replied, with a troubled look, “and—and I am really afraid—”

“That your balance will be found insufficient to cover it,” added Colonna, entering a brief memorandum on the margin of the cheque. “It is fortunate that I asked the question.”

“I am very sorry,” stammered Saxon.

“Why so? It is matter of no importance.”

“I was afraid—”

“I do not know, of course, how your money is placed,” said Signor Colonna, “but I should suppose you will have no difficulty in transferring to Drummond's whatever amount may be necessary.”

“It's in government stock—that is, a great part of it,” replied Saxon, mindful of the New Overland Route Railway and Steam-Packet Company, Limited.

“Oh, then you will only have to sell out. Nothing easier.”

Nothing easier, indeed! Poor Saxon!

“You may have to go up to town, however,” added Colonna. “By the way, who is your stockbroker?”

But Saxon did not even know what a stockbroker was.

“My cousin manages my money for me,” said he; “I must go to him about it.”

“Mr. Trefalden of Chancery-lane?”

“Yes.”

Signor Colonna and his daughter exchanged glances.

“I do not see that you need trouble your cousin this time,” said the Italian, after a moment's hesitation.

“Why not?”

“Because a lawyer has nothing to do with the transfer of stock. He can only employ a stockbroker for you; and why should you not employ a stockbroker for yourself? It is more simple.”

“I don't think my cousin William would like it,” said Saxon, hesitatingly.

“Pray pardon me, but is it well that you should defer so much to his opinion? Might it not lead him to think himself privileged to establish some sort of censorship over your actions?”

Saxon was silent. He knew that his cousin had already established that censorship, and that he had submitted to it. But he did not feel inclined to acknowledge it.

“The present,” said Signor Colonna, “is a case in point. Your cousin is no hearty friend to our cause. He never gave sixpence to Italy in his life, and he will surely regard this noble gift of yours from an adverse point of view. Why then place the matter before him? If he disapproved you would not withdraw your donation—”

“Of course not!” exclaimed Saxon, hastily.

“And you would offend him if you persisted. Be advised by me, my dear Mr. Trefalden, and act for yourself.”

“But I don't know how to act for myself,” said Saxon.

“I will put you in the way of all that. I will introduce you to my friend, Signor Nazzari, of Austin Friars. He is an Italian Jew—a stockbroker by profession—and worthy of whatever confidence you may be disposed to place in him.”

Saxon thanked him, but his mind was ill at ease, and his face betrayed it. He was sorely tempted by Signor Colonna's proposition. He shrunk from telling his cousin what he had done, and he knew that William Trefalden would be ten times more annoyed than he was by the Greater or transaction; but, on the other hand, he abhorred deceit and double-dealing.

“But won't it seem sly to William?” he said, presently. “I won't do what's sly, you know. I'd put up with anything sooner.”

Signor Colonna, who had been writing his countryman's address on a slip of paper, looked up at this and laid his pen aside.

“My dear sir,” he said, “I but advise you to do as other gentlemen do in your position. No lawyer does stockbroker's work.”

“That may be, and yet—”

“You might as reasonably send for your lawyer if you were ill. He could but call in a physician to cure you, as he would now call in a stockbroker to sell your stock.”

“I wish I knew what I ought to do!” ejaculated Saxon.

The Italian glanced impatiently towards his daughter, but Olimpia went on writing, and would not look up. She knew quite well that her father wanted her to throw in the weight of her influence, but she had resolved to say nothing. The great work was hers to do, and she had done it; but she would not stoop to the less. So Colonna went back, unaided, to the charge, and argued till Saxon was, if not convinced, at least persuaded.

And then it was arranged that Saxon and Vaughan should go to town together on the

following day—the millionaire to draw out his money, and the dragon to dispose of it as Signor Colonna might direct.

CHAPTER XLV. WHAT HAPPENED THE EVENING BEFORE.

The morning was cold and grey, quite unlike the glowing golden mornings by which it had been preceded for the last fortnight, as Saxon Trefalden and Major Vaughan sped up to London by the fast train that left Sedgbrook station at 9.45.

They were alone in the compartment, sitting silently, face to face, each busy with his own thoughts. The landscape was dull outside. A low mist shrouded the pleasant Surrey hills, the steam hung in the damp air for a quarter of a mile behind the flying train, and the plummy elms that came in places almost to the verge of the line, looked ghost-like and shadowy. It was such a day as French authors love to describe when they write of England and English—a day when the air is heavy and the sky is grey, and Sir Smith (young, rich, handsome, but devoured with the spleen) goes out and cuts his throat on Primrose Hill.

Dreary as the day was, however, these two travellers were no less dreary. Saxon's thoughts were troubled enough, and Vaughan's were all gloom and bitterness. As he sat there, knitting his brows, gnawing the ends of his long moustache, and staring down at the mat between his feet, he was going over something that happened the evening before in Lady Castletowers' drawing-room—going over it, word for word, look for look, just as it happened—going over it for the hundredth time, and biting it into his memory deeper and sharper with every repetition.

This was what it was, and how it happened.

Dinner was over, coffee had been handed round, and Major Vaughan had made his way to a quiet corner under a lamp, where Olimpia sat reading. He remembered quite well how the light fell on her face from above, and how she looked up with a pleasant smile as he sat down beside her.

They fell into conversation. He asked first if he might be forgiven for disturbing her, and then if she had any commands for Italy. To which she replied that her only commands concerned himself; that he should fight bravely, as, indeed, she had no need to tell so daring a soldier, and come back safe when the cause was won. Whereupon, the thing that he had resolved never to say rose all at once to his lips, and he asked if there would be any hope for him when this had come to pass.

“Hope?” she repeated. “Hope of what, Major Vaughan?”

And then, in a few strong, earnest words, he told her how he loved her, and how, to win her, he would endure and dare all things; but she, looking at him with a sort of sad surprise, replied that it could never be.

He had never dreamed that it could be. He had told himself a thousand times that he was mad to love her; that he should be ten times more mad to declare his love; and yet, now that the words were spoken, he could not bring himself to believe that they had been spoken in vain.

So, with an eager trembling of the voice that he could not control, though he strove hard to do so, he asked if time would make no difference; and she answered, very gently and sadly, but very firmly—“None.”

None! He remembered the very tone in which she said it—the dropping of her voice at the close of the word—the sigh that followed it. He remembered, also, how he sat looking at her hands as they rested, lightly clasped together, on the volume in her lap—how white and slender they showed against the purple binding—and how, when all was said, he longed to take them in his own, and kiss them once at parting. Well; it was said, and done, and over now—all over!

And then he looked out into the grey mists, and thought of Italy and the stirring life before him. He had never cared much for the “cause,” and he now cared for it less than ever. Olimpia's eyes had been the “cause” to him; and, like many another, he had attached himself to it for her sake alone. “Ej” that muttered title

now. He needed excitement; and any cause for which there was work to be done and danger to be encountered, would have been welcome to him.

In the meanwhile, Saxon, sitting in the opposite corner, had his own troubles to think about. He was not at all satisfied with himself, in the first place, for the part he was playing towards his cousin. He could not divest himself of the idea that he was doing something "sly," and that idea was intolerable to him. In the second place, he was not quite comfortable with regard to Miss Colonna. He had not begun exactly to question himself about the nature of his admiration for her, or even to speculate upon the probable results of that admiration; but he had become suddenly aware of the extent of her power, and was startled at finding to what lengths he might be carried by his desire to please her. William Trefalden had said that she was capable of asking him to take the command of a troop; but a vague consciousness of how Olympia was capable of asking him to do a great deal more than that, had dawned by this time upon Saxon's apprehension.

And then, besides all this, he could not help thinking of his adventure in the mausoleum, and of the strange interview that he had involuntarily witnessed between Lady Castletowers and Miss Riviere. The girl's sorrowful young face haunted him. He wanted to help her; and he wanted advice as to the best way of helping her. Above all, he wanted to penetrate the mystery of her claim on Lady Castletowers. He would have given anything to have been able to talk these things over with the Earl; but that, after what he had heard, was, of course, impossible. So he pondered and puzzled, and at last made up his mind that he could consult his cousin on the subject while he was up in town.

Thus, absorbed each in his own thoughts, the two men sped on, face to face, without exchanging a syllable. They might probably have continued their journey in silence to the end, if, somewhere about half way between Sedgebrook station and Waterloo Bridge, Saxon had not chanced to look up, and find his companion's eyes fixed gloomily upon him.

"Well," said he, with a surprised laugh, "why do you look at me in that portentous way? What have I done?"

"Nothing particularly useful that I am aware of, my dear fellow," replied the dragoon. "The question is, not what you *have* done, but what you *may* do. I was wondering whether you mean to follow my example?"

"In what respect?"

"In respect of Italy, of course. Are you intending to join Garibaldi's army?"

"No—that is, I have not thought about it," replied Saxon. "Is Castletowers going?"

"I should think not. His mother would never consent to it."

"If he went, I would go," said Saxon, after a moment's pause. "There's camp-life to see, I suppose; and fighting to be done?"

"Fighting, yes; but as to the camp life, I can tell you nothing about that. I fancy the work out there will be rough enough for some time to come."

"I shouldn't mind how rough it was," said Saxon, his imagination warming rapidly to this new idea.

"How would you like to march a whole day without food, sleep on the bare ground in a soaking rain, with only a knapsack under your head, and get up at dawn to fight a battle before breakfast?" asked Vaughan.

"I should like it no better than others, I dare say," laughed the young man; "but I shouldn't mind trying it. I wish Castletowers could go. We've been planning to make a tour together by-and-by; but a Sicilian campaign would be a hundred times better."

"If he were as free as yourself, Castletowers would be off with me to-morrow morning," said Vaughan; and then his brow darkened again as he remembered how not only Saxon, who he suspected of admiring Olympia Colonna, but the Earl, of whose admiration he had no doubt whatever, would both remain behind, free to woo or win her, if they could, when he was far away.

It was not a pleasant reflection, and at that moment the rejected lover felt that he hated them both, cordially.

"Which route do you take?" asked Saxon, all unconscious of what was passing in his companion's mind.

"The most direct, of course,—Dover, Calais, and Marseilles. I shall be in Genoa by eight or nine o'clock on Sunday evening."

"And I at Castletowers?"

"How is that?" said Vaughan, sharply; "I thought you said your time was up yesterday?"

"So it was; but Castletowers has insisted that I shall prolong my visit by another week, and so I go back this evening. How we shall miss you at dinner!"

But to this civility the Major responded only by a growl.

CHAPTER XLVI. WILLIAM TREFALDEN EXPLAINS THE THEORY OF LEGAL FICTIONS.

Signor Nazzari was a tall, spare, spider-like Italian, who exercised the calling of a stock and share broker, and rented a tiny office under a dark arch in the midst of that curious web of passages known as Austin Friars. He had been prepared for Saxon's visit, by a note from Colonna, and met him in a tremor of voluble servility, punctuating his conversation with bows, and all but prostrating himself in the dust of his office. Flies were not plentiful in Signor Nazzari's web, and such a golden fly as Saxon was not meshed every day.

It was surprising what a short time the transaction took. Colonna might well say nothing was easier. First of all they went to the Bank of England, where Saxon signed his name in a great book, after which they returned to Austin Friars, and waited while Signor Nazzari went somewhere to fetch the money; and then he came back with a pocket-book full of bank-notes secured around his neck by a steel chain—and the thing was done.

Thereupon Major Vaughan solemnly tore up Saxon's cheque in the stockbroker's presence, and received the value thereof in crisp new Bank of England paper.

"And now, Trefalden," said he, "fare you well till we meet in Italy."

"I've not made up my mind yet, remember," replied Saxon, smiling.

"Make it up at once, and go with me in the morning."

"No, no; that is out of the question."

"Well, at all events, don't put it off till the sun is all over. If you come, come while there's something to be done."

"Trust me for that," replied Saxon, with a somewhat heightened colour. "I won't share the feasting if I haven't shared the fighting. Good bye."

"Good-bye."

And with this, having traversed together the mazes of Austin Friars and emerged upon the great space in front of the Exchange, they shook hands, and parted.

Saxon turned his face westward, and went down Chesham on foot—he was going to Chancery-lane, but he was in no hurry to reach his destination. He walked slowly, paused every now and then to look in a shop window, and took a turn round St. Paul's. He pretended to himself that he went in to glance at Nelson's monument; but he had seen Nelson's monument twice before, and he knew in his heart that he cared very little about it. At length inexorable fate brought him to his cousin's door; so he went up the dingy stairs, feeling very guilty, and hoping not to find the lawyer at home. On the first landing he met Mr. Keckwith with his hat on. It was just one o'clock, and that respectable man was going to his dinner.

"Mr. Trefalden is engaged, sir, with a client," said the head clerk, to Saxon's immense relief.

"Oh, then you can say that I called, if you please," replied he, turning about with great alacrity.

"But I think the gentleman will be going directly, sir, if you wouldn't mind taking a seat in the office," added Mr. Keckwith.

"I—perhaps I had better try to come by-and-by," said Saxon, reluctantly.

"As you please, sir, but I'm confident you wouldn't have to wait five minutes."

So Saxon resigned himself to circumstances, and waited.

The clerks were all gone to dinner, with the exception of Gorkin the red-headed, whom Saxon surprised in the act of balancing a tobacco-pipe upon his chin.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," laughed he, as Gorkin, overwhelmed with confusion, lifted the lid of the desk and disappeared behind it as if he had been shot. "I should like to see you do that again."

The boy emerged cautiously, till his eyes just cleared the lid, but he made no reply.

"It must be difficult," added Saxon, good naturedly, trying to put him at his ease.

"It ain't so difficult as standing on your head to drink a pint of porter," said the boy, mysteriously.

"Why no—I should suppose not. Can you do that also?"

The boy nodded.

"I can put half-a-crown in my mouth, and bring it out of my ears in small change," said he. "If I'd half-a-crown handy, I'd show you the trick."

Saxon's fingers were instantly in his waistcoat-pocket, and the half-crown would have changed owners on the spot, but for the sudden opening of William Trefalden's private door.

"Then you will write to me, if you please," said a deep voice; but the owner of the voice, who seemed to be holding the door on the other side, remained out of sight.

"You may expect to hear from me, Mr. Behrens, the day after to-morrow," replied the lawyer.

"And Lord Castletowers quite understands that the mortgage must be foreclosed on the tenth of next month?"

"I have informed him so."

"Must, Mr. Trefalden. Remember that. I can allow no grace. Twenty thousand of the money will have to go direct to the Worcestershire agent, as you know; and the odd five will be wanted for repairs, building, and so forth. It's imperative—quite imperative."

"I am fully aware of your necessity for the money, Mr. Behrens," was the reply, uttered in William Trefalden's quietest tone; and I have duly impressed that fact upon his lordship. I have no doubt that you will be promptly paid."

"Well, I hope so, for his sake. Good morning, Mr. Trefalden."

"Good morning."

And with this Mr. Behrens came out into the office, followed by the lawyer, who almost started at the sight of his cousin.

"You here, Saxon!" he said, having seen his client to the top of the stairs. "I thought you were at Castletowers."

It would have taken a keener observer than Saxon to discover that the wish was father to Mr. Trefalden's thought; but there could be no doubt of the relationship.

"Well, so I am, in one sense," replied the young man. "I'm only in town for the day."

"And what brings you to town only for the day? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh, no—nothing at all. I—that is you—"

And Saxon, unpractised in the art of equivocation, floundered helplessly about in search of a reason that should be true, and yet not the truth.

"You want to consult me about something, I suppose," said the lawyer, observant of his perplexity. "Come into my room, and tell me all about it."

So they went into the private room, and William Trefalden closed the double doors.

"First of all, Saxon," said he, laying his hand impressively on the young man's shoulder, "I must ask you a question. You saw that client of mine just now, and you heard him allude to certain matters of business as he went out?"

"I did," replied Saxon; "and I was sorry—"

"One moment, if you please. You heard him mention the name of Lord Castletowers?"

"Yes."

"Then I must request you, on no account, to mention that circumstance to the Earl. It is a

matter in which he is not concerned, and of which there is no need to inform him."

"But it seemed to me that he owed twenty-five thousand—"

William Trefalden smiled, and shook his head. "No, no," said he. "Nothing of the kind. It is a simple transfer of capital—a private transaction in which the Earl's name has been incidentally used; but only his name. He has nothing to do with it, personally—nothing whatever."

"But—"

"But you heard only the end of a conversation, my dear fellow, and you misunderstood the little you did hear. You understand that this is not to be repeated?"

"Yes—I understand," replied Saxon, doubtfully.

"And I have your promise to observe my request?"

Saxon hesitated.

"I don't doubt you, cousin William," he said bluntly; "though, of course, you know that without my telling you. But I don't know how to doubt my own ears, either. I heard that big, cross-looking old fellow distinctly say that Castle-towers must pay him twenty-five thousand pounds by the tenth of next month. What can that mean, if not—"

"Listen to me for three minutes, Saxon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden, good-humouredly. "You have heard of such things as legal fictions?"

"Yes; but I don't understand what they are."

"Well—legal fictions are legally defined as 'things that have no real essence in their own body, but are acknowledged and accepted in law for some especial purpose.'"

"I don't understand that either."

"I should be surprised if you did," replied his cousin, with a pleasant smile; "but I will try to explain it to you. In law, as in other things, my dear fellow, we are occasionally glad to adopt some sort of harmless hypothesis in order to arrive at conclusions which would otherwise cost more time and trouble than they are worth. Thus, when a legal contract is made at sea, the deed is dated from London, or Birmingham, or any inland place, in order to draw what is called the recognisance of the suit from the Courts of Admiralty to the Courts of Westminster. Again, a plaintiff who brings an action into the Court of Exchequer fictitiously alleges himself to be the Queen's debtor. He is not the Queen's debtor. He owes the Queen no more than you owe her; but he must make use of that expedient to bring himself under the jurisdiction of that particular court."

"What intolerable nonsense!" exclaimed Saxon.

"One more instance. Till within the last eight years, or so, the law of ejectment was founded on a tissue of legal fictions, in which an imaginary man called John Doe lodged a complaint against another imaginary man called Richard Roe, neither of whom ever existed in any mortal form whatever. What do you say to that?"

"I say, cousin, that if I were a lawyer, I should be ashamed of a system made up of lies like that!" replied Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden flung himself into his arm-chair, and laughed.

"I won't have you abuse our legal fictions in that way," he said. "These little things are the romance of law, and keep our imaginations from drying up."

"They ought not to be necessary," said Saxon, who could not see the amusing side of John Doe and Richard Roe.

"I grant you that. They have their origin, no doubt, in some defect of the law. But then we are not blessed with a Code Napoleon, and perhaps we should not like it, if we were. Such as our laws are, we must take them, and be thankful. They might be a great deal worse, depend on it."

"Then is it a legal fiction that Castle-towers owes Mr. Behrens twenty-five thousand pounds?" asked Saxon.

William Trefalden winced. He had hoped that the woolstapler's name would have escaped

Saxon's observation; but it had done nothing of the kind. Saxon remembered every word clearly enough; names, dates, amount of money, and all.

"Precisely," replied the lawyer. "Lord Castle-towers no more owes Mr. Behrens twenty-five thousand pounds than you do. He would be a ruined man at this moment, Saxon, if he did."

"He does not behave like a ruined man," said Saxon.

"Of course not. He would not be filling his house with guests and giving balls, if he were. So now all's explained, and I have your promise."

Saxon looked earnestly in his cousin's face. He fancied that no man could look another in the face and tell a lie. Many persons entertain that belief; but a more mistaken notion does not exist. Your practised liar makes a point of staring into his hearer's eyes, and trusts to that very point for half the effect of his lie. But Saxon would not have believed this had an angel told him so. Therefore, he looked in his cousin's face for evidence—and therefore, when William Trefalden gave him back his look with fearless candour, his doubts were at once dispelled, and he promised unhesitatingly.

"That's well," said the lawyer. "And now, Saxon, sit down and tell me what you have come to say."

"It's a long story," replied Saxon.

"I am used to hearing long stories."

"But I am not used to telling them; and I hardly know where to begin. It's about a lady."

"About a lady?" repeated William Trefalden; and Saxon could not but observe that his cousin's voice was by no means indicative of satisfaction.

"In fact," added the young man, hastily, "it's about two or three ladies."

Mr. Trefalden held up his hands.

"Two or three ladies!" said he. "How shocking! Is Miss Colonna one of them?"

"Oh, dear no!" replied Saxon, emphatically—perhaps a little too emphatically. And then he plunged into his story, beginning at his first meeting with Miss Rivière at the Waterloo Bridge station, and ending with the adventure in the mausoleum.

Mr. Trefalden heard him to the end very patiently, putting in a question now and then, and piecing the facts together in his mind as they were brought before him. At length Saxon came to a pause, and said:

"That's all, cousin; and now I want you to tell me what I can do."

"What do you want to do?" asked the lawyer.

"I want to help them, of course."

"Well, you have the young lady's address. Send her a cheque for fifty pounds."

"She wouldn't take it, if I did. No, no, cousin William, that's not the way. It must be done much more cleverly. I want them to have money regularly—twice a year, you know—enough to keep her poor mother in Italy, and pay the doctor's bills, and all that."

"But this annuity from Lady Castle-towers—"

"Lady Castle-towers is as hard and cold as marble," interrupted Saxon, indignantly. "I had rather starve than take a penny from her. If you had heard how grudgingly she promised that miserable twenty pounds!"

"I never supposed that her ladyship had a hand open as day, for melting charity," said Mr. Trefalden.

"Charity!" echoed Saxon.

"Besides, I doubt that it is charity. There must be some claim.—Surely I have heard the name of Rivière in connection with the Wynn-cliffs or the Pierreponts—and yet—Pshaw! if Keckwiteh were here he could tell me in a moment!"

And Mr. Trefalden leaned back thoughtfully in his chair.

"I wish you could suggest a way by which I might do something for them," said Saxon. "I want them to get it, you see, without knowing where it comes from."

"That makes it difficult," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And yet it must not seem like almsgiving."

"More difficult still."

"I thought, if it were possible to give her some sort of commission," said Saxon doubtfully, "a commission for coloured photographs of the Italian coast, you know—would that do?"

"It is not a bad idea," replied the lawyer. "It might do, if skilfully carried out; but I think I hear Keckwiteh in the office."

And then Mr. Trefalden went in search of his head clerk, leaving Saxon to amuse himself as well as he could with the dingy map and the still more dingy law books.

At the end of a long half hour, he came back with a paper of memoranda in his hand.

"Well?" said Saxon, who was tired to death of his solitary imprisonment.

"Well, I believe I know all that is to be learned up to a certain point; and I have, at all events, found out who your railway heroine is. It's a somewhat romantic story, but you must sit down and listen patiently while I relate it."

CHAPTER XLVII. A PAGE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

Every student of English history is familiar with the noble and ancient name of Holme-Pierrepont. A more stately race of men and women than the bearers of that name never traversed the pages of mediæval chronicle. Their famous ancestor, Thierry de Pierrepont, "came over," as the phrase is, with William the Bastard; but he was only the younger son of a younger son, and the houses which look back to him as their founder are, after all, but offshoots from that still more ancient line that held lands and titles in Franche Comté, three centuries before the great conquest.

How Thierry de Pierrepont came to be lord of many a fair and fertile English manor; how his descendants multiplied and prospered, held high offices of state under more than thirty sovereigns, raised up for themselves great names in camp and council, and intermarried with the bravest and fairest of almost every noble family in the land, needs no recapitulation here. Enough that the Holme-Pierreponts were an elder branch of the original Pierrepont stock; and that Lady Castle-towers, whose father was a Holme-Pierrepont, and whose mother was a Talbot, had really some excuse for that inordinate pride of birth which underlaid every thought and act of her life as the ground-colour underlies all the tints of a painting.

The circumstances of her ladyship's parentage were these.

George Condé Holme-Pierrepont, third Lord Holmes, of Holme Castle, Lancashire, being no longer young, and having moreover encumbered a slender estate with many mortgages, married at fifty years of age, to the infinite annoyance of his cousin and heir-presumptive, Captain-Holme Pierrepont of Sowerby. The lady of Lord Holmes' choice was just half his age. She was known in Portsmouth and its neighbourhood as "the beautiful Miss Talbot"; she was the fifth of nine daughters in a family of fourteen children; and her father, the Honourable Charles Talbot, held the rank of Rear-Admiral in the Royal Navy. It is, perhaps, almost unnecessary to add, that Miss Talbot had no fortune.

This marriage was celebrated some time in the summer of 1810; and in the month of October, 1811, after little more than one year of marriage, Lady Holmes died, leaving an infant daughter named Alethea Claude. Well-nigh broken hearted, the widower shut himself up in Holme Castle, and led a life of profound seclusion. He received no visitors; he absented himself from his parliamentary duties, and he was rarely seen beyond his own park gates. Then fantastic stories began to be told of his temper and habits. It was said that he gave way to sudden and unprovoked paroxysms of rage; that he had equally strange fits of silence; that he abhorred the light of day, and sat habitually with closed shutters and lighted candles; that he occasionally did not go to bed for eight and forty hours at a time; and a hundred other tales, equally bizarre and improbable. At length, when the world had almost forgotten him, and his little girl was between four and five years of age, Lord Holmes astounded his neighbours, and more than astounded his heir, by marrying his daughter's governess. (To be continued.)

THE "SILENT LAND."

She would not allow him to be buried, but carried the corpse wherever she went.—"Life of Jesus of Spain."

I.

LONELY in her palace weeping,
Dim-eyed watch beside him keeping,
Deemed she not that he was sleeping,
Far away in the "Silent Land."

II.

On couch of gold and purple laid,
Banner and crown and cross displayed,
She had herself her love arrayed,
For his sleep in the "Silent Land."

III.

Vain all consolation given,
Vain their earnest talk of Heaven—
Talk of sins and sorrows riven,
By that sleep in the "Silent Land."

IV.

She only smiled and shook her head,
And bade them come with lighter tread,
For he was sleeping, and not dead,
Far away in the "Silent Land."

V.

So she sat beside him ever,
Widow's garments wore she never,
Nought her heart from his could sever,
Tho' he slept in the "Silent Land."

VI.

Watching by that which once had been,
Never again to smile was seen
That woful, widowed, distraught queen,
Till she drew near the "Silent Land."

VII.

But then in their joy once more a bride,
She laid her down at Philip's side,
And calmly drifted down the tide
To her sleep in the "Silent Land."

LA BABBIATA.

Continued from page 174—Conclusion.

"Leave her alone," said the lad; "she has a strong will; what she does not wish, not even a saint could persuade her to do;" and with that he took a hurried leave, ran down to the boat, undid the rope, and stood waiting for the girl.

She nodded once more to the hostess of the tavern, and then sauntered slowly towards the boat. She first looked round, as if she expected other passengers to appear. On the shore, however, there was not a human being; the fishermen were either asleep or out at sea with their lines and nets; at the doors sat a few women and children asleep or spinning, and the stranger; he had come over in the morning were waiting for the cool of day to return. Laurella could not look back very long, for before she knew what he was doing, Antonino had taken her in his arms, and carried her like a child to the boat. Then he sprang in after her, and with a few strokes of the oar they were on the open sea. She had seated herself at the forepart of the boat, with her back half turned towards him, so that he could only see her profile; her features were graver than usual; there was an obstinate expression round the delicate nostril; over the low brow the hair fell thickly, and the full lips were tightly closed. After they had gone on a little while in silence, the sun began to scorch her, so she took the cloth in which the bread was wrapped and threw it over her head. Then she began to make her dinner of the bread, for she had tasted nothing at Capri. Antonino could not see her do that for long. He took out one of the orange baskets, and handing two oranges to her, said: "There is something to eat with your bread, Laurella; don't think that I kept them for you; they rolled out of the basket into the boat, and I found them when I put the empty baskets back again."

"You eat them," said Laurella; "the bread is enough for me."

"They are refreshing in the heat," said he, "and you have been a long way."

"They gave me a glass of water up on the mountain," said she; "that has refreshed me already."

"As you like," said he, and let them drop back into the basket.

Repeved silence. The sea was smooth as a mirror, and hardly rippled round the boat; the white sea-birds who built in the caves on the shore pursued their prey without their usual cry.

"You might take the two oranges to your mother," began Antonino again.

"We have some at home," said she, "and when they are finished, I shall buy fresh ones."

"Oh, take them to her from me."

"She does not know you," said she.

"You might tell her who I am," persisted he.

"I don't know you either," said she.

It was not the first time that she had so ignored him; a year before, when the painter had just come to Sorrento, it happened on a Saturday that Antonino was playing "Boccia," with other young fellows of the place in the square near the principal street. There the artist first met Laurella, who passed along without seeing him, with a pitcher of water upon her head. The Neapolitan, struck with her appearance, stood and gazed after her, though he was standing in the very middle of the space chosen for the game, and might have cleared it in three steps. A ball which hit him roughly on the ankle soon reminded him that this was not the place for such meditations. He looked round as if he expected an apology; the young boatman who had thrown the ball stood silent and defiant in the midst of his friends, so that the stranger found it advisable to avoid an altercation, and walk away. Yet the incident had been talked about more than once when the painter openly courted Laurella.

"I don't know him," said she, hesitatingly, when the painter asked her whether she refused him for that rude lad.

They sat in the boat, like the bitterest enemies, and yet the hearts of both were beating wildly. The good-tempered face of Antonino was violently flushed; he struck into the water so that the spray splashed over him, and his lips trembled as if with angry words. She pretended not to notice him, but putting on her most careless look, leant over the edge of the boat, and let the water run rippling through her fingers. Only her eyebrows still quivered, and it was in vain that she held her wet hands against her burning cheeks to cool them. Now they were in the middle of the sea; far and near not a sail was to be seen; the island had disappeared, and the coast lay far away bathed in sunshine; not even a seagull broke the solitude.

Antonino looked round; a thought seemed to rise within him. The flush suddenly died from his cheek, and he let the oars fall.

Involuntarily, Laurella turned to look at him, startled, but fearless.

"I must put an end to this," broke forth the other; "it has lasted too long already, and I only wonder that it has not made an end of me. You don't know me, you say? Have you not observed long enough how I have passed you as if senseless, because all the while my heart was bursting to speak to you? and you, you made a wicked face, and turned your back upon me!"

"What had I to say to you?" said she, shortly; "I saw quite well what you were after; I was not just going to give myself up to the first person who cared for me; for as a husband, I don't like you; neither you nor anybody else."

"Nor anybody," screamed he; "you won't always say that, because you have sent off the painter. Bah! why you were only a child then; some day you will feel rather dull, and then, proud as you are, you will take the first you can get; no one knows his future."

"Possibly I may some day change my mind: what does it matter to you?"

"What matters it to me?" he broke forth, and sprang from the bench so that the boat all but upset—"what matters it to me? and you can ask such a question when you see the state I am in. I only know that I'd rather die than allow myself to be so treated!"

"Have I ever engaged myself to you?" said she; "can I help it if your head is turned? What power have you over me?"

"Ah! true enough," said he; "it's certainly not written down, nor has the lawyer put it into Latin, and sealed it: but this I know, that I have as much right to you as to go to heaven if I am an honest fellow; do you fancy that I will stand by to see you go to church with another man, while all the girls go by and shrug their shoulders? and I to be insulted like that?"

"Do as you like," said she; "I shan't be afraid, however much you threaten; besides I shall do as I like!"

"You will not say so long," said he, and trembled from head to foot; "I am man enough not to have my whole life blighted by such a piece of insolence. Do you know that you are here in my power, and must do what I like?"

It was now her turn to tremble, but she turned her flashing eyes upon him.

"Kill me if you dare," said she, slowly.

"One must not do anything by halves," and his voice grew softer; "there is room for us both in the sea; I can't help you, child," and he spoke in a dreaming, almost tender tone; "but we must go down, both of us, and at the same time, and now!" he screamed, and suddenly seized her with both arms. But in an instant he drew back, his right hand covered with blood, for she had bitten him deep into it.

"Must I do what you like?" screamed she, and pushed him from her; "let us see if I am in your power," and with that she sprang over the edge of the boat into the water, and for an instant disappeared; she rose again, however, directly. Her little skirt was clinging tightly to her, her hair was undone by the waves, and streamed about her neck; she made no sound, but swam with all her might towards the shore.

He stood in the boat leaning forwards, his looks fixed upon her, as if a miracle was being worked before his eyes. At last he roused himself, seized the oars, and with all the strength he could muster, pulled after her, the blood all the time dropping from his hand into the bottom of the boat. In an instant he was by her side, quickly as she swam.

"By the Holy Virgin," he screamed, "come into the boat; I was mad, God knows; what was the matter with me? it was like a flash of lightning, so that I did not know what I said or did. You are to forgive me, Laurella, only spare your life, and come back into the boat!"

She swam as if she heard nothing.

"You cannot swim to land," said he, "it is still two miles; think of your mother; if anything were to happen to you, she would die of grief."

She measured the distance from the coast with her eye, then without a word she swam to the boat, and grasped the side.

He stood up to help her, and as he did so, his jacket, which was lying on the bench, slipped into the sea as the boat leaned over to one side by the weight of the girl.

Dexterously she lifted herself into the boat, and took her former seat.

When he saw her safe he took to his oars again.

She meanwhile wrung out her little skirt and squeezed the water from her hair; as she did this she saw the blood in the bottom of the boat; she cast a quick glance at his hand, with which he plied the oar as if there was nothing the matter with it.

"There!" said she, and handed him her handkerchief.

He shook his head, and rowed on.

At last she went up to him, and bound the handkerchief tightly around the deep wound. Then she took the oar from him, much as he tried to hinder her, and seated herself opposite him, not looking at him, but steadily at the oar, which was stained with his blood, and with which she rowed on swiftly and steadily.

They were both pale and silent; as they drew nearer to land, they met several fishermen, who were going to lay their nets for the night.

They called out to Antonino, and teased Laurella, but neither looked up nor answered a

word. The sun was still pretty high over Procidia when they reached the port.

Laurella shook her skirt, which had dried again, and sprang on shore.

The old spinning-woman who had seen them start in the morning, again stood on the roof.

"What's the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she called down; "blessed Jesus! the boat is covered with blood."

"It's nothing, commare," answered the other. "I tore myself on a nail; to-morrow it will be all right; the confounded blood is always so ready to run, it looks more dangerous than it is."

"I will come and put on herbs for you," said the old woman; "stop, I am coming now."

"Don't trouble yourself, commare; it's done, and to-morrow it will be all right and forgotten; my skin is sound and heals quickly enough."

"Addio," said Laurella, and turned towards the path which led up the mountain.

"Good night," called the lad after her, without looking at her.

Then he carried the things out of the boat, and climbed up the little stone stairs to his house.

There was nobody in the two rooms in which Antonino now paced backwards and forwards. Through the wooden shutters of the little windows came a fresh breeze which he had not felt on the sea, and the coolness and the solitude did him good. He stood for a long time before the picture of the Madonna, and looked devotedly at the little silver paper glory which was stuck over it; but to pray did not occur to him. For what should he ask, when he had no longer anything to hope for? The day seemed to him to stand still; he longed for the night, for he was weary and exhausted with the loss of blood. His hand began to pain him violently; he seated himself on a stool, and undid the bandage. The blood now burst forth again, and he found that his hand was much swelled round the wound. He washed it carefully, and cooled it for a long time. When he looked at it again, he distinctly saw the mark of Laurella's teeth. "She was right," said he, "I was a brute, and deserved nothing better. I will send her back her handkerchief to-morrow by Giuseppe, for she shall not see me again." Then he carefully washed the handkerchief, and spread it out to dry, after he had again bound up his hand as well as he could. Then he threw himself on the bed and closed his eyes. The moon was shining in the room, and the pain in his hand, awoke him out of a half-slumber. He was just getting up to bathe it again, when he heard a rustling at the door.

"Who's there?" he cried. He opened the door, and Laurella stood before him.

Without a word she entered. She threw off the handkerchief from her head, and placed a little basket on the table. Then she drew a long breath.

"You came to fetch your handkerchief," said he; "you might have spared yourself the trouble, for I meant to ask Giuseppe to take it to you in the morning."

"It's not the handkerchief," she answered quickly. "I have been on the mountain to get herbs for you, to stop the bleeding; there," said she, taking the lid of the basket.

"You give yourself too much trouble," said he; "it's already much better, and if it were worse, it would only be what I deserve. But you should not be here at this time; if some one were to meet you, you know how they gossip, though they don't know what they talk about."

"I don't care about anybody," said she passionately; "I must see your hand, and put the herbs on it; you can't manage it yourself."

"I tell you it is unnecessary," said he. "At least let me see for myself," and without another word she seized the hand, and untied it. "Jesu Maria!" cried she, with a shudder, when she saw the great swelling.

"It has swelled a little," said he, "but the swelling will soon go down."

She shook her head. "In that state you won't be able to go in the boat for a week."

"The day after to-morrow, I think," said he quietly; "besides, what does it matter?"

Meanwhile she had fetched a basin, and again washed the wound, he standing and bearing it

like a child. Then she put herbs on it, which at once relieved the burning, and bound up the hand with stripes of linen from her basket.

When it was done, he said, "Thank you; and listen, if you would do me another favour, forgive me for the madness which got the better of me, and forget all that I ever said or did. I don't know how it was; you never gave me any occasion for it, that I am sure of, and you shall never again hear anything from me to wound you."

"It is I who must ask your pardon," she broke in; "I ought to have put everything differently, and more pleasantly to you, instead of irritating you by my stubbornness; and then besides—the wound!"

"It was self-defence," he exclaimed; "it was high time that I should be brought to my senses; besides, as I said before, you did me good, and for that I thank you. And now go away to bed, and there—there is your handkerchief, which you can take with you."

He handed it to her, but she remained standing, as if struggling with herself; at last she said, "I made you lose your jacket too, and all the money for the oranges. It all came upon me afterwards; I cannot give you another, because I have no money, and if I had it would belong to my mother. But here is the silver cross which the painter gave me the last time he came. Since then I have not looked at it, and I don't like keeping it any longer in the box; it is worth a few piastres, my mother said, and if you sold it, your loss would be partly recompensed, and the rest I will try to earn by spinning at night."

"I won't take anything," said he, brusquely, pushing away the bright little cross which she had taken out of her pocket.

"You must take it," said she; "it may be an immense time before you can earn anything with that hand. There it lies, and I will never set eyes on it again."

"Then throw it into the sea," said he.

"It is not a present that I make to you, it is no more than your right."

"Right? I have no right to anything of yours," said he. "If you should ever meet me again, do me the favour not to look at me, so as not to remind me of what I owe you. And now good night, let this be all," he put the cloth and the cross into the basket, and shut down the lid.

When he looked up and saw her face, he was terrified; great tears were streaming down her cheeks, without her making an effort to stop them.

"Maria Santissima!" cried he, "are you ill? why, you are trembling all over."

"It's nothing," said she, "I am going home," and she staggered to the door.

Here she could no longer control her tears, and leaning her head against the side of the door, she burst into loud and passionate sobs; but before he could reach her to detain her, she had suddenly turned and thrown herself on his neck.

"I cannot bear it," she screamed, clinging to him; "I cannot listen when you say kind words to me, and let me go away from you, with all the blame on my conscience. Beat me, kick me, curse me,—or if you still love me after all, there, take me and keep me, and do what you like with me—only do not send me away from you."

He held her for a moment sobbing in his arms.

"Do I still love you!" he cried at last. "Holy Mother of God! do you believe that all the blood in my heart has been drawn out by that little wound? Do you not feel it beating as if it must burst my breast to get to you? If you only say so to tempt me, or because you pity me, go, and I will forget it all; you are not to think that you owe it to me, because you know I am suffering through you."

"No," said she firmly, looking up from his shoulder, and fixing her streaming eyes passionately upon his face, "I love you, and—nay, why should I hide it from you—I have long feared and struggled against it; and now I will be different, for I cannot bear not to look at you when I meet you. Now I will kiss you," said she, "so that if you were ever again to feel doubtful, you might say to yourself, she has kissed me, and Laurella would not kiss any one but the man she has chosen for her husband." She kissed him three

times, and then she tore herself away, and said, "Good night, dearest! go to rest, and cure your hand, and don't come with me, for I am not afraid, not of anybody, but of you."

With that she glided through the door, and disappeared in the dark shadow of the wall.

Long after he remained at the window gazing out on to the dark sea, above which the stars seemed to float!

The next time the little padre curato emerged from the confessional, where Laurella had been kneeling a long while, he laughed gently to himself. "Who would have thought," said he to himself, "that God would so soon take pity on that wayward girl? and I blame myself that I had not attacked that demon of obstinacy more strongly! But our eyes are shortsighted for the ways of heaven. Well, the Lord be praised, and grant that I may live to be rowed over the sea by Laurella's boy! Heigh-ho, la Rabbina!"

I. VON G.

CHOLERA.

WHEN cholera is almost at our doors it becomes a love to make ourselves acquainted with its nature, symptoms, and, if possible, origin, in order to be prepared to meet the disease should it extend its work of destruction to this country. At a very recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences a paper was read upon the subject of cholera, by Dr. Jules Guérin. As the writer gives the result of his experience of the epidemic in the year 1832 and at subsequent periods, and as he concludes that it is a malady characterized by premonitory symptoms, and curable, we translate his memoir:—

"Before," says M. Guérin, "the epidemic of cholera which ravaged Europe in 1832, it was generally admitted that this terrible scourge attacked its victims in the most sudden manner, and struck them down with a degree of violence that was only comparable to the effects of a lightning stroke. All the writings of this period take up this view of the disease. Meanwhile, at the commencement of the epidemic of 1832 I perceived that it was quite otherwise. About a week after the appearance of the disease I wrote in the following terms to the *Gazette Médicale*:—Most of the patients attacked with cholera have been for several days, or even weeks, labouring under a disturbed condition of the digestive organs, which did not appear sufficiently serious to them to deserve careful attention; such even has been their carelessness on this point, that we have often been obliged to question them very closely in order to elicit information from them. It is only after having been asked three or four times whether they have had diarrhoea that they give a satisfactory reply. From this we conclude, (1) That in many cases where this diarrhoea has not been noted there is reason to suspect carelessness in observation on the part of the patient. (2) That this diarrhoea, the precursor of cholera, should receive the careful attention of medical men, parents, and of even the authorities, who should recommend to the poorer classes—and publish the recommendations by all the means at their disposal—to pay proper attention to this state of the digestive system, and should make known to them the fatal consequences of neglecting to treat the diarrhoeal attack." This opinion, which had its origin in facts, was developed and confirmed by them. In proportion as the patients crowded into the wards of the Hotel Dieu, where I especially carried on my observations, my conviction became more and more strengthened. Out of 600 patients questioned in the most careful manner, 540 had shown symptoms of cholera (premonitory diarrhoea) before their entry into the hospital. From this I concluded, on the 12th of April:—

(1) "That cholera is always preceded and announced by a series of symptoms, to which—with a desire to caution the public—I have given the name of cholera.

(2) "That cholera is the first stage of cholera.

(3) "That cholera, properly so called, is only an advanced stage of a disease which has hitherto been unknown in its first or premonitory period."

(4) "That it is always possible to arrest the development of the mortal stage of cholera by attacking the disease in its curable one."

"The existence of a prodromic or premonitory period in cholera is certain. This truth was accepted and admitted at the period of its announcement, by the majority of physicians. The exceptions have hardly an existence, and are more apparent than real, being due to the absence of powers of careful observation on the parts of the patients."

"Since 1832 there have been at short intervals three new epidemics of cholera. Moreover, this dreadful malady has spread during the same period, or successively over the various countries of Europe and Asia. Has it in every instance conformed to the laws of its first evolution? Has the prodromic or premonitory period always preceded the mortal stage of this disease? It is of the highest importance that the reply to these questions should be in the affirmative. For if this view—regarded in its origin as one of the conquests of science and a benefit to humanity—receives from all recorded observation the character of an unimpeachable truth, it is essential that it be published in all populations and countries, as affording a sheet anchor (*une ancre de salut*) in the perils which menace human beings. Now, having been requested by the Academy of Medicine to superintend the general report upon the epidemics of cholera, I have been placed in possession of all the scientific documents, home and foreign, relating to the subject. The result of an examination of these I have the honour to communicate to the Academy. Commencing with England, we find the following remarks in the report of the 'General Board of Health,' published in 1850:—'Whatever doubts there may have been during the epidemic of 1832 as to the existence of prodromic symptoms (diarrhoea), the experience of the last epidemic solves the question completely. In one case, where the first symptoms were minutely inquired into, it was found that of 500 patients, almost all, without exception, had been previously attacked by choleric diarrhoea of ten or twelve days' duration. Dr. Burrows states that the replies of the patients showed that the "rice-water" discharge of cholera was always preceded by others of a different, though unhealthy character. Dr. McLoughlin states—"I believe I am correct in concluding, that of 3,902 cases of cholera, I have not found one without prodromic diarrhoea."

"In France they are the same confirmations as in England. M. M. Lévy found that of 142 patients (at the Hospital of Val-de-Grâce) there were only six without prodromic symptoms. In 95 cases the diarrhoea had lasted for two, three, four, and even a greater number of days. A general inquiry, instituted by the 'Comité Consultatif d'Hygiène,' during the epidemic of 1853, gives the following as part of its report:—"From the 1st of November, 1853, to the 22nd of January, 1854, of 974 choleric patients admitted to the hospitals of the capital, 740 had been attacked with premonitory diarrhoea, the others appeared exempt or were unable to give exact evidence." To these authentic statements I may add those which have been made by the different departments of France in reply to the questions of the authorities. Almost all the local physicians answer that cholera commences in the great majority of cases by diarrhoea and other premonitory symptoms. The cases of sudden cholera, if they really exist, do not exceed 5 or 6 per cent."

M. Guérin's report is important as being the one presented to the Academy, and is especially valuable for the extracts from the various official reports which he has appended to it.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following affecting epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shato:
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Nanny Dornay eighteen forty.

The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.—*Madame de Staël.*

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.—*Lavater.*

PASTIMES.

ACROSTIC.

1. An early English king.
2. A constellation.
3. A great reformer.
4. A vicious Roman emperor.
5. A celebrated astronomer.

The initials form the name of one of the seven wise men of Greece.

PUZZLES.

1. Two men having an eight gallon cask of ale to divide equally between them, found some difficulty in making the division, as they had only a three gallon and a five gallon measure. With some scheming, however, they overcame the difficulty. Query—how?

2. From six take nine,
From nine take ten,
From forty take fifty,
And what remains then?

3. Arrange the nine digits (1, 2, 3, &c.) in such a way that their sum when added shall be exactly 100. The cypher is not to be employed, nor either of the figures used twice.

ENIGMA.

A word I am of letters six,
A good familiar name;
If forward I am read, or back,
The word is still the same;
Curtail me by my head and tail,
And, wondrous to relate,
I'm still a name, and, stranger still,
Forward or backward, which you will,
I alter not my state;
Again remove my tail, you'll see
Another name possessed by me.

2. I am composed of only 4 letters, and express: 1. What all wish to do. 2. Transpose, and I am what all should avoid. 3. Transpose, and I am an article of lady's dress. 4. Transpose, and I am a noted Scripture character. 5. Transpose, and I am despicable or mean.

CHARADES.

1. In my first I sometimes ride,
To my second I am tied,
My whole is never satisfied.
2. My first is ever taking flight,
Yet always hoarding treasure;
My second is in many lands,
Of various lengths the measure;
My first and second speak in tones
Of misery and mirth;
And in my whole they tell a tale
Before it reaches earth.
They bloom a fair creation
In our gardens and our groves,
And give a timely warning
When my last is on our stores.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Hard case.
2. Nine thumps.
3. Inner coil.
4. Guess a fearful ruin.
5. Tim in a pet.
6. I mean to rend it.
7. Daniel R.
8. Ah! would ye loose strife

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. LICSSNHITAE. An art much sought after.
2. APCSOSM. Invaluable.
3. HILLYALERATEWINRATCONIO. Is thought by many to be of considerable importance to the public interest.
4. WONBOLOROHBSRNOHSATIRE. A patent medicine.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. There are two numbers such that if ten times the difference of their fourth powers be divided by the difference of their squares, the quotient will be equal to twenty-nine times their product; and the sixteenth part of the sum of their fifth powers is equal to 6314. Find them.
2. What number is that, which being multiplied by 3, the product increased by 4, and that sum divided by 8, shall give a quotient 32?

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., &c., No. 10.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. M-adder. 2. P-carl. 3. P-ruth.

CONUNDRUM.—Because he is a *Sea-king*, what never was.

REBUS.—1. Steam. 2. Ozone.

CHARADE.—Pastime column.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Aroid the witch, the rump fed ronyon cries. 2. Forget the faults of others and remember your own. 3. A soft answer turneth away wrath. 4. The Ottawa River. 5. Notre Dame. 6. Transposition.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Sanatory Reform. 2. Fenian Brotherhood. 3. Nelson's monument. (The last letter of the first transposition was printed G instead of Y.)

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1. Their income was £125; A. spent £100, B. £150. 2. The numbers are 8, 3, 2. 3. The principal and interest at the end of the sixth year would amount to \$869.25.

The following answers have been received:

Transpositions.—All, F. B. D.; Themistocles; Artist; E. H. A.; Q. E. D.; Peter; Argus; 2 and 3, E. R. A.; H.; A. A. H., Quebec; 1 and 2, W. J. F.; W. H. F., Oshawa; Gloriana.

Conundrum.—Peter; Argus; E. H. A.

Rebus.—1 and 2, W. J. F.; Q. E. D.; F. B. D.; W. H. F.; (to the first W. H. F. sends us a poetical answer, for which we have not room). Gloriana; Peter; E. R. A.; P. Malloy; E. H. A.; A. A. H.; Argus; Themistocles; 1st Artist; H.

Charade.—H.; Themistocles; A. A. H.; E. H. A.; E. R. A.; Gloriana; W. H. F.; F. B. D.; Q. E. D.; Peter; W. J. F.; P. Malloy.

Anagrams.—No complete answer has been received; the following answer part: Gloriana; Argus; Themistocles; H.; E. H. A.; E. R. A.; W. H. F.; W. J. F.; Peter; A. A. H.; Artist.

Transpositions.—"Peter" makes the first "A strong fire arm," which is correct as the letters were printed. 2nd and 3rd H.; Peter; Urso; E. R. A.; 3rd Artist; A. A. H.; E. H. A.; W. J. F.; Gloriana; George Massey; Themistocles; Q. E. D.

Arithmetical Problems.—1st and 2nd, A. Greenhill; P. Malloy; E. R. A.; F. B. D.; W. H. F.; Geo. Massey; Gloriana; Peter; W. J. F.; 1st, E. H. A.; "William's" query has elicited a number of answers; we give that forwarded by F. H. A. with which W. H. F., H. H. V. Student and Sussex agree nearly. F. B. D. has evidently mistaken the question.

COMMON SALT AS A MANURE.—Common salt, applied in the Spring at the rate of twenty bushels per acre, has been found very beneficial to asparagus, broad beans, lettuce, onions, carrots, parsnips, potatoes, and beets. Indeed its properties are so generally useful, not only as promoting fertility, but as destroying slugs, &c., that it is a good plan to sow the whole garden every March with this manure, at the rate above specified. The flower garden is included in this recommendation; for some of the best practical gardeners recommend it for the stock, hyacinth, amaryllis, ixia, anemone, colchicum, narcissus, ranunculus, &c.; and in the fruit garden it has been found beneficial to almost every one of its tenants, especially the cherry and apple. On lawns and walks it helps to drive away worms, and to destroy moss.

SUN SPOT.—Mr. Frederick Brodie, of Uckfield, Sussex, in a letter to the *Times* on the 10th ult., describes the shape of the spot on the sun, or "solar crater," as he calls it. On the morning of that day it was tolerably circular; the upper edge of the crater (or of the penumbra) had a mean diameter of about 38,000 miles, and the lower edge (or the umbra) about 15,000. Two long promontories of luminous matter projected from opposite sides of the penumbra across the umbra; one was about 4,200 miles in length, the other about 3,000 miles; in about three hours' time the whole of this latter promontory was separated, and moved away from the penumbra, breaking up into detached portions. Clouds prevented further observation of the wonderful forces in active operation in this solar crater.

The chameleon, which is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.—*Swift.*

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, that he keeps his at the same time.—*Swift.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C., MISSISSQUOI.—*A propos* to the times; will insert.

ALEXIS.—Too long; some of the shorter pieces might suit us better.

OLIO.—We have already noticed and corrected the error you point out. Thanks for the solution; we did not doubt that your proposition admitted a legitimate answer.

NEMO.—You are correct.

THEMISTOCLES.—Much obliged, your contributions are very acceptable.

A. G., HAMILTON.—Shall be glad to hear from you frequently.

FINTY.—We did not notice the mistake until after the charade was in print. Of course Meerschau is correct. Will avail ourselves of your contributions in our next issue.

ARTIST.—We cannot promise that we will insert the biographical sketch until we have an opportunity of perusing the manuscript. Perhaps you had better forward it, but first condense your matter as much as possible.

PETER.—The problem is amusing, and we will place it before our readers in an early issue.

W. H. F., OSHTAWA.—Did not Lord Byron write one on the same lotter?

EROSTRATES.—Will insert one or both of your communications as space offer. Please forward the S. at your convenience; if accepted, will attend to your request; if not, the MS. shall be returned.

E. H. A.—We are exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and will avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of referring to the work you mention.

F. B. D.—One or two of the stanzas are defective, the others read pleasantly and smoothly. We insert the three last.

FAREWELL.

Look at me, look at me, sweetly and trustfully,
Out of the depths of those wonderful eyes.
Let me read "Love" in their azure transparency.
Love that braves all things and still never dies.

Speak to me, speak to me, softly and soothingly,
In the sweet tones that have charmed me so long,
Soon in my ears those same tones will ring mournfully
Like the wild strains of some half forgot song.

Kiss me, love, kiss me, love, fondly, if tearfully,
Each kiss must bring us still nearer the last.
But soon like gems in the caverns of memory [past.
They will brighten the present with thoughts of the

J. L.—All in good time. Much obliged.

LIMA.—We hope to be able to announce our new serial tale within a fortnight. Our readers will benefit, we hope, by the unexpected delay which has followed our first reference to this subject.

T. M.—We have repeatedly stated that all the back numbers are now in print, and can be obtained at the Reader Office.

HAMILTON.—Your article will appear in an early issue. The moral it conveys is a sad one.

LECTOR.—Will write you in the course of a few days.

FELIX.—You cannot claim the cost of the goods, but only their actual value at the time they were destroyed. No Insurance Company would, or ought to, pay you more.

S. W.—We intend in future to devote more space to reviews of new books. Much obliged for your suggestion; you can best aid us by extending our circulation in your neighbourhood.

CHESS.—We have by no means forgotten our promise. The chess column will be commenced at once, and we trust our chess-loving friends will aid us in making it generally interesting to the fraternity.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MEERSCHAUM-MAKING IN NEW YORK—Meerschau is made on a large scale in New York, by saturating carbonate of magnesia in silicate of soda, or soluble glass—care in selecting a good quality of magnesia being the only requisite for success. The profits are immense.

PERPETUAL MOTION—The *Comte Cavour*, a Turin journal, confidently announces that the

problem of perpetual motion has been solved by M. Louis Caucreé Rizzo, a mechanic of Strasburg, who, the same journal asserts, has invented a machine which finds its motive force within itself without any external aid. Nay, more; it is to be seen at work at Naples, where it has been applied to raising water, but M. Caucreé hopes to render its application universal. Meanwhile, it seems, he has obtained a patent for fifteen years from the Italian Government. The machine will, most probably, "run out" before the patent.

NEW GALL INSECT.—Mr. W. Couper has recently described a parasite on the common creeping ryegrass. It belongs to the *Hymenoptera* or bee order of insects. As soon as the larva issues from the egg it places its head downwards in the gall, remaining in that position till it eats its way through. About the end of September it ceases to feed, and prepares to meet a Canadian winter. By this time the gall is hardened, and the larva remains in a torpid state, becoming active again in the spring, and changing to perfect insects in time to attack the young grass of the season. Baron Sacken regards it as belonging to the genus *Eurotoma*.

Mr. Frank Buckland suggests, on the strength of some experiments which were made some years since, when an epidemic prevailed in the Zoological Gardens, that chlorate of potash should be used as a remedy for the cattle plague.

A PEA-SHELLING MACHINE.—To facilitate the tedious operation of shelling beans and peas, the *Scientific American* tell us that a Mr. Price has invented a machine. The details are simple enough, being merely a pair of rollers covered with india-rubber, similar to those used in wringing machines, and mounted in a wooden frame, in the same general way. These rollers are connected by gearing with a shaft and crank, so that when the same is turned the rollers will revolve also. In the bottom of the compartment, in which the rollers work, there are holes. These holes let the peas and beans fall into the drawer below. By turning the rollers, the pods are drawn in, and the compression causes them to burst open and deliver the peas on the other side in good order.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

MUSSUM CONTRIBUTIONS.

A SEEM of street yarn.
A TOOTH from the mouth of a river.
A LEAP from a branch of the Mississippi.
A HAIR from the forelock of time.
A PHOTOGRAPH of the night-mare.
A PETAL from the "flower of the family."

"WHAT is the difference between an organist and the influenza?"

The one *knows* the stops—the other *stops* the nose."

MODERN DICTIONARY.

FIN-ISH.—Having fins.
GRIMACE.—A dirty card.
WARD-SHIP.—An iron clad.
HEIR-SHIP.—A balloon.
HU-MAN.—A carpenter.
IN-CITE.—Visible.
IN-FIRM.—Well inserted.
JAR-GON.—A broken vessel.
KIDNAP.—The hair of a young goat.
LI-ABLE.—Ability to tell a falsehood.

THE man who had his feelings hurt, revenged himself by cutting an acquaintance.

SOMETHING NEW! Old maids are at a discount no longer but may be mated off at once. Apply at the *Feller* Institute.

DEAN SWIFT, when dining at a corporation dinner at Leicester, was rather severe upon a poor, sleek, quiet alderman. In the course of the dinner he was helped to the wing of a duck, and immediately called for mustard. "Doctor," said the alderman, in perfect innocence of heart, "you eat duck like a goose."

A PLAOGARD in the window of a patent medicine vendor, in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, reads as follows:—"The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."

WHAT is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?—Stop a minute.

WHY is a child who gets stout as he gets taller, like a newspaper reporter?—Because he picks up information.

HOW CHILDISH!—The mismanagement of the Atlantic cable is distinctly proved by the admission of those on board the Great Eastern, that they have left it in charge of buoys!

A GENTLEMAN recently received an unpaid letter (for which the postman charged him two-pence) commencing—"Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose—"Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

THERE was a certain "Daft Will," who was a privileged haunter of Eglinton Castle and grounds. He was discovered by the noble owner one day taking a near cut, and crossing a fence in the demesne. The earl called out, "Come back, sir, that's not the road," "Do ye ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?"—"No," replied his lordship.—"Weel, hoo do ye ken whether this be the road or no?" said Will.

WOMEN FROM OPPOSITE POINTS OF VIEW.—"I would not be a woman, for then I could not love her," says Montaigne. Lady M. W. Montague says, "The only objection I have to be a man is that I should then have to marry a woman."

A CURIOUS COMBINATION OF NAMES.—Sir Thomas Winnington, in *Notes and Queries*, states that formerly the three names "Wise," "Parsons," and "Hunt" were to be seen at St. Clement's, Oxford, and that the undergraduates very naturally read them consecutively and without stops.

LAW.

An upper mill and lower mill
Fell out about their water;
To war they went—that is, to law,
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,
And hotly they contended,
When foes grew slack, the war they waged
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,
Were settled without bother;
One lawyer took the upper mill,
The lower mill the other.

The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious.—"Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed.—"What, madam, have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?"—"Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call him an actor."

You may call me irritable if you like, but it would take a good deal to make me cross just now," remarked an old lady who wanted to get from one side of the street to the other, when two railway vans, a fire-engine, five omnibuses, a dozen Hansom cabs, and a drove of bullocks were coming along at full speed.

ACCORDING to an ancient proverb, we had always understood that "a cat may look at a king." In Wurtemberg, however, it seems nothing under the rank of nobility can hope for that delightful privilege. Orders have been given that all renters of boxes in the royal theatre of Stuttgart, who do not belong to the titled classes, should be removed from the right side of the theatre, where they could look at the royal box, to the left side, where they can't! If His Majesty is so averse to the sight of common folks, we can't help thinking he had better stay away from the theatre altogether. There are, we should say, some people on the stage itself who don't hold absolutely princely rank. Perhaps, however, the king thinks that though the actor may be a commoner in private life, his profession, at any rate, *makes him appear* upon the stage.—The worst yet!