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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 2.

FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 16, 1865.

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written by the author of "Barbara's History" for
All the Year Round, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

THE PROVINCIAL BUDGET.

WHEN it was ascertained that there was no falling-off in the trade of the country for the last twelve months, as compared with former years, the interest in Mr. Galt's financial statement ceased to a great extent. We had been told that the existing tariff was to remain unchanged; and when we learnt that the excess of the annual expenditure over the annual revenue was only a few hundred thousand dollars, instead of several millions, as feared and predicted, we learnt all that was really of importance to us in connection with the matter. That the tax on Promissory notes was to be extended to sums below \$100, and that a bill was to be passed for the protection of the revenue against fraud,—these, though important facts were scarcely sufficient to constitute the staple of a three or four hours speech. However, Mr. Galt had to speak. Is he not our Chancellor of the Exchequer? And a Chancellor of the Exchequer who would dare to introduce his budget unheralded by a long speech would be an abomination in Opposition eyes and a mark for the invec tives of Opposition eloquence. Had Mr. Galt neglected this standard task, Mr. Holton would have stormed against so flagrant a breach of British Parliamentary practice, and Mr. Dorion moaned over the ruins of Responsible Government and the Constitution. The Minister of Finance, then, we say, had to speak; and well he did it, considering the materials at his disposal. His remarks on the Reciprocity Treaty are chiefly interesting to the public as expressing the views of the Canadian Government on the question. He declares in the first place, that the portion of our trade depending on reciprocity does not exceed \$10,000,000, per annum; and in the second place, that if the Treaty were not continued or renewed, we could survive the misfortune, and find other channels for our products. We have always been of opinion that the benefits conferred on Canada by this Treaty have been exaggerated. The war with the South has added to the prevailing delusion in that respect, by the exceptional demand it created; but when affairs among our neighbours have settled down into their normal

condition, it will, we suspect, be found that there is little we have to send to them which they have not got themselves abundantly and to spare. Our lumber they must have, in the long run, tax it as they may; but it strikes us that the privilege of sending our agricultural produce into the American market bears some similarity to the proverbially unprofitable speculation of sending coals to Newcastle. The United States export largely almost every article with which we can supply them; and nature has been more bountiful to them, as regards both soil and climate, than she has been to these Provinces. The inference is evident; the advantage to be derived by us from reciprocity with the States is, under ordinary circumstances, far from being what many imagine it to be. The demand for our products during the late war offers no criterion by which we can judge of the future. The farmer, however, but especially the farmer's wife, is strong in the conviction that if deprived of the American market, their fowls, eggs and vegetables would lie rotting on their hands. Statistics tell a different tale; for from 1854 to the second year of the war, the exports to the States of the lighter products of our farms were comparatively of trifling value; and the loss of the traffic would be scarcely of consequence in a national point of view, nor do we believe that any class of our people would suffer from it to the extent they suppose. Of one thing we feel certain, namely, that a temporary treaty would be worse than none at all. If we cannot arrange one for all time, or at least, for a long period of years, we had better go on without it. If ten years hence we should be obliged to find new channels for our commerce we should have reason to curse the day that we entered into such close relations with our neighbours. This point will we trust, be kept in sight in any new treaty, for it is undoubtedly of vital importance. As regards the enlargement of our canals we cannot agree with the views expressed by Mr. Galt on that subject. He insists that the enlargement much depend on the action of the American Government in granting or withholding reciprocity. He remarked: "We have no trade ourselves which required such enlargement, no trade which of itself would justify, us in enlarging these canals. We would only be repaid for such improvements by obtaining the North American trade, and making it pay toll or otherwise contribute to our revenue. If, then, the Americans do not want to have any trade with us it would clearly be the greatest mistake in the world to enlarge our canals, which should only be done in the event of the Americans being desirous to send their produce by our route." We cannot perceive how the course to be followed by the Americans in this matter ought to govern us in regard to the extension and improvement of our inland navigation. Reciprocity or no reciprocity, we may still secure the carrying trade of the West, if our channels of communication with the ocean be found cheaper, safer and better than other routes. It was with that object in view that our canals were constructed, and we should

not be deterred from consummating that policy by the selfishness, the ignorance or the necessities of others. It is not likely that the Americans will impose export duties on their products seeking a market by the way of the St. Lawrence, and we do not see how otherwise they can prevent us from having a portion, at all events, of "the North American trade and making it pay tolls and contribute to our revenue." When our canals were designed, we had no Reciprocity treaty with the United States and Mr. Galt's definition of their intent and use are not warranted by the facts of the past or the present. We were much pleased with the Hon. gentleman's observations on the trade with the West Indies, which, like him, we trust to see increase at a more rapid rate than has been the case for a long time past. Formerly, Canada carried on a large trade with the West India Islands and British Guiana; in fact, was the largest consumer of their products, next to England. But that was some thirty or forty years ago. Several of our most respectable merchants, both in this city and Quebec, were engaged in the trade; but one by one they withdrew from it, either in consequence of heavy losses, or from finding a more profitable investment for their money. In 1827 the West India markets were partly opened to American enterprise; more facilities were granted to them afterwards, until gradually they drove our people out of the field. They were enabled to do so, chiefly because they were nearer by many hundreds of miles to the West Indies, and partly because our intercourse with the country was limited to one half the year, while they could make their trips to and fro at all seasons, circumstances of great importance in connection with a tropical climate, and its destructive effects on provisions and flour, of which our supplies in a great measure consisted. Still, we think that this trade could be revived, and that it might be made a profitable one. The Americans have a shorter voyage to make; but from the other advantages we command, especially in the cheapness and variety of all sorts of lumber, we ought to hold our ground against them and something more. Mr. Galt, in our opinion, has therefore done well in drawing attention to this old branch of Canadian commerce, and we hope he has not spoken in vain. We shall only further say that, take him all in all, Canada has reason to be anything but ashamed of her Minister of Finance.

"PRETTY FANNY'S WAY."

IT seems to be in the nature of things, at all events in the nature of things Canadian, that every public man who aspires to the position of a political leader must undergo the baptism of abuse. He must become the martyr of his party before he becomes its chief. The wounds he has received in battle, like those of the Roman candidate for office, constitute his claim to the popular suffrage. Mr. Baldwin, Sir L. H. Lafontaine, Mr. Draper, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, Mr. Car

tier, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. Brown, and others, have trodden the thorny path to greatness, bespattered with the vituperation of their opponents; and Mr. Holton is apparently wending his way to the same goal. Our readers are acquainted with Dr. Walcott's story of "The Pilgrims and the Peace." Before starting on his journey, one of the penitents had taken the precaution to boil the pease which he was condemned to carry in his shoes, and he performed his pilgrimage with great ease and comfort; the other, who had neglected the culinary process, crept painfully over the same road with weary limbs and bleeding feet. It is thus, too, in the race of politics. While some go lightly over the course, some sink on the route, or come in wounded and distressed. We imagine that Mr. Holton is one of those who have forgotten "to boil his pease," and that he suffers more from the omission than his pride and self-respect would willingly confess. But, if so, he ought to remember that he is only paying the penalty that others have paid before him, and which many will pay after him if matters are not greatly altered in this respect in the days to come. Perhaps, after all, these fierce onslaughts are merely "pretty Fanny's way." Certain African tribes, as a preliminary ceremony to electing a king, nearly stone him to death.

It is a pity, nevertheless, that this habit of showering personal abuse on the heads of political opponents should not be reformed. It is almost useless, often meaningless, and generally detrimental to the public welfare. That it does not improve either the manners or the morals of the community, we need scarcely say. Like the pillory in the olden time, it ceases to be a punishment even for crime, when it falls equally on the just and unjust; and political censure knows little distinction now-a-days. We have called it a habit; and, like similar habits and customs, it is destined to run its course with us as it has done with our elders, and perhaps our betters, since the days of Thersites downwards, leaving it a legacy to posterity, as a portion of our annals which our children will not be proud of. We need not go far for proof of our assertions. Within living memory every public man of any eminence among us has, at some period of his career, been the butt of slander and vituperation. Yet who believes now that Denis B. Viger was the enemy of his country? Who believes that Robert Baldwin was a hypocrite and a traitor? And both were called by these, and if possible, worse names, for several years before and after the union of the Canadas. The writers and orators of the United States have indulged in the vice of personal and political outrage in a degree seldom witnessed elsewhere in the present century. But, the instances are so numerous and so familiar to every one that we shall not attempt to recapitulate them. England has outgrown the era in the political life of a nation when opponents are covered with filth, as a substitute for argument; yet she has seen the day, when, both in Parliament and the Press, she was quite as guilty as her neighbours in that respect. The contests between Walpole and his assailants were of the most violent character; and Fox told Lord North that he would never rest contented until he saw his head rolling on the scaffold. The curious sequel to this ferocious threat, as all the world knows, was that shortly after, the accuser and the accused joined in forming

the celebrated coalition Ministry of 1783. We have at the present moment a parallel to the last case in the coalition between Mr. George Brown and his old enemies Messrs Cartier and J. A. Macdonald, whom he had been combating for years, and denouncing as the most corrupt ministers who ever managed the government of this or any other country, but whom now he has discovered to be, not "corruptionists," but pure statesmen and patriotic citizens. We do not blame Mr. Brown for the course he has pursued to allay the dangerous spirit of anger and discontent which certainly prevailed in both sections of the Province at the period that he accepted office, but we mention the fact as a warning to others, and the remembrance of which ought not to be lost on himself. A good rule in newspaper controversy is to write nothing about any one which you would not say before his face, in open debate, dispassionately and deliberately. If this were always done, much injustice would be avoided. Of course, however, no rules can bind the tongues or the pens of those mere *condottieri* of party who unfortunately are too numerous in the political world. There is one excuse, such as it is, which the Canadian journalists can advance in extenuation of the violence which often disfigures their columns. Daily papers prevail in great numbers, and most of them can only afford to employ a single editor who has to rack his brains for matter to spin into one or more articles, some 313 days every year. Few are entitled to more commiseration than such a man—unless it be his readers. Now, of all sorts of writing—not even excepting the prosy—the easiest is the abusive. Such is one of the chief sources of the violence of the Canadian press.

We are aware that this our homily will avail little in amending the evil of which we complain, and which is so detrimental to the respectability and usefulness of a noble calling. But we have discharged our conscience in the premises, leaving our words to fall upon good or barren ground, as fate and circumstances may direct.

REVIEWS.

Books for review should be forwarded, as soon as published, to the Editor, SATURDAY READER, Montreal.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE.

THOSE who have read Dr. Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe" do not need to be told that its author stands in the front rank of those bold thinkers who have pressed the study of speculative philosophy on the world of letters. The publication of that great work in 1863 created a profound sensation among the learned of Europe. Those who agreed with the author in the peculiar theory he sought to establish were enraptured with his powerful, and, apparently conclusive arguments, no less than by the literary ability displayed in every page; while those who disagreed with his theory found in his book such an imperial store of treasured records of uncounted histories and biographies, portraying, in a manner at once graphic and accurate, all the grand turning points in European story, that it immediately became a valued accession to almost every library. In the preface to his present work* the author tells us that "The Intellectual Development of Europe" has already run through a great many editions, reprints, and translations, and that this appreciation was again exhibited in regard to the four lectures delivered last winter before the New York Historical Society, which supply the frame-

* "Thoughts on the Civil Policy of America," by John William Draper, M. D., LL. D. New York: Harper Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

work of his present book. The proposition that mankind, as well as all inferior creation, is completely under the control of fixed natural laws, and that the social advancement of the human race is entirely dependent upon external circumstances, is not new. Comte, Buckle, and other eminent men have propounded the same theory, but to Dr. Draper is due the credit of putting it into something like practical shape, by bringing the history of the European and Asiatic races, the teachings of every accredited science, and all new discoveries, to its demonstration.

Dr. Draper has studied history; that is very plain; but whether the theory he deduces from it has been the result of the study, or the study the result of the theory, is another matter. The object of the present work is to show how this theory applies to America, with the view of giving direction to American politics and statesmanship. The book is divided into four parts, the first of which is devoted to an examination of the "Influences of Climate" or the social condition of man. We propose to confine our present remarks to this part of the work. It is difficult to compress into the limits of a review, even the outlines of a work of so wide a range, and of such unusual ambition; abstruse theories, are always made more intelligible by illustration; and it is not without regret that we are compelled to pass over the similitudes of unsurpassed beauty with which our author has adorned his pages. The doctrine sought to be established is the existence of "Controlling Law," to whose resistless influence man and all animal and vegetable creation are subject. This natural law, which exercises so important functions in the role of life, is made apparent to us by the influence of climate upon man. "The aspect of man," we are told, in colour and form, oscillates between two extremes. Submitted for a due time to a high temperature, he will become dark, or if to a low temperature, he will become fair. The form of the skull will also alter." No race, it would appear, is in a state of unchangeability, or able successfully to maintain its present physiognomy if the circumstances under which it lives undergo alteration. It holds itself ready with equal facility to sink to a baser or rise to a more elevated state.

"There are two typical forms of skull, popularly distinguished as the savage and the civilized. The former gives a detestable aspect to the countenance—a receding forehead, over which the hair encroaches on the eyebrows; the nostrils gaping, and seeming to enter directly backward into the head; the jaw projecting, the mouth open, the teeth uncovered. In the other the forehead is vertical; the brow expansive, and with an air of intellectuality; the face capable of expressing the most refined emotions; the eyes in an indescribable but significant manner manifest the exalted powers of the mind, and the lips are composed or compressed.

"Between these two typical extremes there are many intermediate forms. Extreme heat or extreme cold, a life of physical hardship, tend to the production of the baser; a life of ease in a genial climate, to the higher type. And since our pursuits, and therefore our modes of thought, and therefore our feelings, depend upon the climate we are living in, its influences will be indicated by the general construction of the brain, and therefore by the form of the skull.

"For perfection in the construction of the brain many conditions must be satisfied. It is not mere mass alone that is required, but also symmetrical organization of the several parts. The most prominent characteristic of this organ is its symmetrical doubleness. It consists of two halves, a right and a left; halves they ought hardly to be called, for each is complete in itself, and resembles its fellow. Every person has thus two perfect brains, each of which can conduct most of the usual mental acts. And, indeed, this symmetrical doubleness occurs throughout all that portion of the nervous system which is devoted, as physiologists term it, to animal life: so much so, that it might be affirmed that every person is composed of two symmetrical individuals, a right one and a left, which to a certain extent lead independent lives; for instance, one may be struck by palsy, the other may escape.

"These double organs do not double the intensity of our perceptions, but only render them more precise. For current uses one side of the brain alone may be employed, but when we require greater exactness both are brought into play. They can give a separate, or a conjoint, or, as some singular facts show, an alternating action. How often, when one hemisphere is engaged in some ordinary pursuit requiring its

steady application, does the other disturb it with suggestions of a different kind, as by a strain of music or by a line of poetry. We may indulge simultaneously in two trains of thought, but never in three, for the simple reason that we have a double, but not a triple brain. So, in the pleasing operation of castle building, one hemisphere listens to the romance suggestions of the other, accepting them with gravity as if they were true, though very well knowing that its comrade is only telling its life.

"Whatever interferes with the absolute equality of the right and left portions of the brain, effects the working of the mind. A skilful performer on the piano must use both hands with equal ease, and in like manner there is an ambidexterity of the brain. The metaphorical expression, a well-balanced mind, has really a profound scientific meaning. But, for securing in such a delicate organ as this absolute symmetry, how favourable all the external circumstances must be! An intolerable heat, a rigorous cold, misery, want, a depressed social state, render it almost impossible.

"Such are some of the singular results of the separate operation of the two portions of the brain.

"An artisan can never display his skill if his tools be imperfect; the mind can never demonstrate its innate excellence through a faulty apparatus. And hence we see that all that has been said about the influence of climate in controlling the development of man bears powerfully on this point. Our pursuits, our feelings, our modes of thought, depend on the theatre in which we live.

"When a nation emigrates to a new country, the climate of which differs from that of the country it has left, it slowly passes through modifications, attempting, as it were, to adapt itself to the changed circumstances under which it has now to live. Many generations may be consumed before a complete correspondence between its physiological condition and the climate to which it is exposed is attained.

"To bring those general principles to bear on the special case of the inhabitants of the United States, it is necessary to examine the topographical construction of the country, to examine its physical condition, its climate, its products, for such are the influences that model the character and determine the thoughts of men."

Our author here gives a very graphic description of the topographical construction of the United States. In the Northern States between the coast of New England and the West, there are four "well-marked strands of climate." On the sea-board the temperature is moderated by the ocean; a little distance inland there is an excessive contrast between the seasons. Still farther on, the temperature is again moderated by the great lakes; and still beyond that, we meet with another excessive one. Turning to the Southern States, the temperature is found more equable. The oceans and the Mexican gulf control the heat, and the seasons glide into one another without much change. In Iowa the difference in the mean temperature is 56°, while in Florida it is only 12°. Our author considers that excessive climates conduce to the welfare of man—if so, we Canadians must be very prosperous, for surely we have an excessive climate. "For the proper development of the character of man," says Dr. Draper "a succession of seasons is necessary. The absence of summer is the absence of taste and genius, and when there is no winter loyalty is unknown." This is a very convenient way of accounting for the late rebellion, and it is evidently Dr. Draper's way, for a little farther on (page 89), he says:

"And here I can not help making the remark, that whoever accepts these principles as true, and bears in mind how physical circumstances control the deeds of men, as it may be said, in spite of themselves, will have a disposition to look with generosity on the acts of political enemies. Even when in madness they have rushed to the dread arbitrament of civil war—a crime in the face of which all other crimes are as nothing—and brought upon their country immeasurable woes, he will distinguish the instrument from the cause, and, when he has overpowered, will forgive.

"Philosophy alone can raise man to that grand elevation which enables him to perform acts that centuries will admire. Philosophy alone can place him

"Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
Above the reach of flattery's baleful breath
The lust of lucre, and the dread of death."

Whatever influence this work may have upon the future policy of the United States, there can be no doubt, although the author does not appear to notice

it, that the policy lately pursued by the Republic is in direct contradiction to its teachings. He declares that the teaching of history from the earliest ages proves that an equableness of climate produces a sameness of ideas and interests; that the climate in the Southern States is more equable than in the North, that in the South "the pursuits of men have a greater sameness, their interests are more identical, they think and act alike," and significantly adds—

"In a restricted locality there may therefore be a sameness in the population; but in a vast continent, where there are all kinds of climate, there will inevitably be all kinds of modified men; their thoughts and their actions must necessarily be diverse. To unite them under one government becomes, then, proportionally more and more difficult.

Our author evidently considers the subjugation of the South a mistake, he looks upon nations as "groups of men" (page 13), whose pursuits have a sameness whose interests are somewhat identical, who think and act alike, and this he says can only be the case in a restricted country, as the South, and not "in a vast continent where there are all kinds of climate." Dr. Draper is too bold a thinker and too close an observer not to see the mistake his countrymen have made, but he very naively escapes the unpleasant task of telling them so by saying;

"But now, if there be a point on which America as a nation has come to an irrevocable resolve, it is that one government alone shall hold sway on this continent. Then let us look the physical difficulty plainly in the face. Though formidable, it is not insuperable."

The mistake made has placed the nation in difficulties which, though formidable, are not insuperable. The remedy pointed out by our author, when placed side by side with the evil, or, rather, with the cause of the evil, seems ridiculous. Formidable difficulties have been created by compelling two peoples, with essentially different pursuits and interests, and who cannot, under the natural controlling law, even think alike, to live under the same government, to form the same nation, and the remedy for these difficulties, the only remedy which makes them not insuperable, is to induce the people of both sections to live a sort of nomadic life, to keep constantly travelling from one place to another, so as to create a kind of artificial equalization in the climate; or, in other words, as the common government cannot produce the necessary atmospheric influences in all parts of the "vast continent," as it cannot produce a "succession of seasons" necessary to begot and foster loyalty, it is gravely recommended to cart the inhabitants from one district to another, for the purpose of submitting them to a "loyal" temperature. This is to be accomplished by increasing the facilities for locomotion, and will, no doubt, be instrumental in converting the inhabitants of "the vast continent" into a homogeneous family of happy Republicans.

(To be continued.)

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?*

JILTING is one of those offences against society which, however common or fashionable, is not the less reprobated by all who are animated by the finer feelings of our nature, the more so that amongst the most sensitive classes those who offend in this way are not generally visited with any open or legal punishment. What wonder, then, that we should be asked, Can we forgive one who has discarded, without any offence on their part, two lovers whom she had accepted, and one of them on two different occasions? Still, on reading Mr. Trollope's book, we almost feel a sort of inclination to throw the question back upon him in an altered form, and ask, Can you not forgive her? One great beauty in the writings of our author is the clearness with which he sets before us the emotions and feelings of his characters, which is peculiarly necessary in treating of this particular offence.

In his "Small house at Allington" he describes how Lilly Dale could endure to be deserted by her faithless lover Crosbie; how poor Johnny Eames endured his silent love for Lilly before his promotion to her own rank, and what were his feelings under the disappointment of being refused by her when he rose to a good position, and her own friends and great relations so earnestly wished her to marry him; and now we have the private feelings of Alice Vavasor, worthy John Gray, wild George Vavasor, and the other characters who figure in this volume. He gives us a pic-

* "Can You Forgive Her?" By Anthony Trollope. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

ture of real life, without much sensation or romance, and admirable delineations and contrasts of character in the persons of George Vavasor, Fitzgerald, &c.

All Alice Vavasor's troubles arise from her want of domestic affection, having no idea that the greatest of all earthly happiness is to be found within the family circle: that charity begins at home, and that they advance most the interests of society who attend first and most earnestly to their own household. She would marry all who proposed to her and still be troubled with solemn impressions that she was not making the best use of her life, but as she could not marry over one, she no sooner became engaged to one, than she thought she had done wrong, and wished the engagement broken off, as the best means of promoting the real happiness of herself and lover. In this way she nearly loses all chance of putting her life to any good use, or making any one happy.

The manner in which Mr. Trollope makes Alice free herself from one engagement and enter upon another, and the dialogues and letters with which he has embellished his story, are admirable and life-like, if we may be allowed the expression. Yet when we have finished reading his works, we always feel disappointed at something.

In the "Small house at Allington," Lilly Dale and John Eames are both left alone with their own peculiar sorrows, whilst we had all along felt sure she would at last forget the faithless Crosbie marry Johnny, and find in him one in every way worthy of her love. In a similar way George Vavasor, Burgo Fitzgerald and others in this story are disposed of in the most summary manner, without our having the least chance of ever knowing what became of them. In fact, we feel, when reading his books, as if we were spending the time pleasantly in company with friends; and when finished, that we are obliged to leave them at the very moment when our sympathy for, and interest in, them are deepest.

HAZ-BEN-ADN TO HIS PIPE.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Mocreschum—the substance out of which pipes bearing the name are formed—is supposed to be produced from the foam of the Euxine, hence the German name Mocreschum, sea-foam; in French *écume de mer*.

Come to my lips, thou foam-born flower
Of the dark-waved, deep Euxine;
Thou fountain of incense, sweeter far
Than the baquets of bees, I ween;
Thou well of delight, let me always drink
From thy fond and fragrant flow,—
Thou wizard that raisest before my sight
The ghosts of the Long Ago,
That come up on the wreaths you waft around,
With smiles on their brows of snow,
And bright as the dew-bathed lilies
That turn pale at the beauty they show,
When the melting moon of a mid-summer night
Walks the skies to see them blow.

Time hath woven, through locks once black as
night,

Full many a silvery thread;
And clearer before me day after day
Is the Land of the Twilight spread.
Come hither, my pipe, and thou and I
In the Past will a while sojourn;
Where the fairest rose-tree grow we will find
The cypress enshrouding an urn.
Alas! that pleasure's torch should go out,
And the lamp of memory burn!
Alas! that the idols youth set on high
We should come to despise and spurn!
Oh to banish those fends of remembrance
That they never might return!

Let metasto thee, thou bloom of the ocean's breath
Ah, how sweetly thy perfume smells!
As sweet as the flowers whose red lips met
Over Eden's rivers and dells.
From thy bowl, brown as Arab maiden's cheek,
What clouds of delight arise!
How they float and fall like a houri's robes,
In the airs of Paradise.
And the while thy fire burns lower still,
Like a warm heart wasting in sighs.
For some darling passion that fed its flame
Then fled as the Simoom flies—
I muse, till stars twinkle me greeting
From the threshold of the skies.

S. J. W.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

ON WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN IT.

ARTEMAS WARD'S father declared literature to be low. We may be inclined to take exception to this. However, a popular and very similar belief generally and unjustly obtains in Canada. The consequence is, that poetry has been below par, and that each publication has been consigned to the trunkmakers and greengrocers of the metropolis.

Some persevering people, with a devotion worthy a better cause, continue to rhyme. We cannot pause to enumerate every one who has written in Canada. Neither have we read all Canadian poetry. Neither do we wish to. We merely wish to review the course of Canadian literature, so as to bring our readers up to the present time.

We may commence with Mr. SANGSTER,* a Canadian writer, whose poetry is less read than it should be. He is more truly national, and less rhythmically offensive, than the rest of our poets. We may, at a future date, review his poems *in extenso*.

Mr. HEAVYSEGE has written *Saul*, and *Jephthah's Daughter*, which are epics. Not that we approve of selecting such subjects. The mind of the reader, instinctively compares these heroics with the simple Scriptural originals. One's heart does not beat in time with these venerable, but we dare say respectable persons. Their life and sentiment have nothing in common with ours of to-day. Consequently Mr. HEAVYSEGE is but little read. His language, too, at times, is inclined to be quaint, and crabbed—and yet some passages of his poems, more especially in his sonnets, are true Catholic poetry, lines with a man's heart beating in them. His blank verse has always seemed to us imperfect. Blank verse has other important requirements to fill besides that of containing ten syllables. The occurrence of such little words as "the" and "nor" at the end of a line, is, in a gentleman of his poetic taste, simply inexcusable.

Mr. PROCTOR, author of *Voices of the Night*, has a more varied and studied versification than any other of our provincial poets. His poetry claims to teach, at least, some lesson to its readers, and to do so with a voice of melody. Especially do his poems on the Indian mutiny commend themselves to his readers. As to his poems of regretting and loving—there is an undue amount of scenery, and we may say *rant*, for the passion. *De plus*, we must charge Mr. PROCTOR with, at least a suspicion of being a copyist of Lord Macaulay, and Alfred Tennyson.

Finally comes Mr. ASCHER. We hardly know how to judge him. His poems are very unequal. His blank verse, witness *Pygmalion*, is utterly incorrect. Such lines as

"And sunned with light of joyous effort,"

or this

"Trembled with reverberating shocks of sound,"

cannot be accepted by any fair criticism. His rhymes are frequently loose, such as *Chippewas* with *stars*, and *harm* with *calm*. Some of his poems descend into nabby-pambyism. Such are *Katie*, and *The Maple Tree*. His poems were written in haste, perhaps, and necessitated some inequalities in preparing such a large collection as he published. Injudicious praise induced many to rank him so high, that his faults when discovered, seemed doubly great. That unfortunate preface to his poems left an impression, that he could not write prose, on every one's mind. So much for his faults. Let us give him credit for being a lover of the ideals of home and the hearth. In this fast age it is not fashionable to our home influences and quiet tastes. Mr. ASCHER sings so reverently of his home and fire-side, that we instinctively reverence him therefore. No till was his epigraph selected,

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

And in such poems as *Only a Plank*, *Thanksgiving*, *Under the Trees*, and *Indian-summer*, he appeals to us in a quiet, scholarly, pensive tone, which is for Canada peculiarly his own. We may be inclined to differ with his views of society,

* *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and other Poems*: CHARLES SANGSTER.

and to doubt whether young ladies will flaxen hair always jilt their lovers for millionaires, but we must calmly pronounce him an amiable and an unassuming man if not a perfect poet.

These four writers may be called the Canadian poets. There are still half a dozen volumes upon our table of native poetry, through which we have glanced,—and waded sometimes. Indeed our minor poets are to our mind our best, and of these McCARROLL'S poems, more thoroughly accord with our idea of a minor poem, than do those of any other writer in Canada, THE FOREST BIRD not excepted. Our lady authors and our other poets will claim our attention at a future period.

Thus briefly, have we candidly stated the progress of Provincial poetry. The graver departments of literature will soon claim our attention.

Canada is in an anomalous literary position. The taste of her public is so mature that her authors must be men of talent and wholly devoted to their work. At the same time the country is so poor that literature will not pay as a profession, unless it be commercial or political. Thus our authors can rarely find a position in life affording an easy competency, and yet that leisure for study which is indispensable to success. Again: our authors have never appealed directly to the hearts of their readers. They might be national in the true sense of the word.—Instead of this, they try to satisfy our mental cravings with a dish of beaver, stewed in maple leaves. No one has as yet given us the simple songs of his experience, his love, his longing after home, his enjoyment, and that life of the heart which we all live. Such a poet will be the first man to popularize poetry among us. So we think.

—*Allid.*

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

The return of Sieur de Monts left New France entirely abandoned by the French, nevertheless, the next year, 1608, he constituted Champlain his lieutenant, and authorized him to make a voyage of discovery in the river St. Lawrence. This task Champlain gallantly accomplished, and founded the residence of Quebec.

Now, the Sieur Jean de Biencourt, called de Potrincoirt, before de Monts left New France, asked the latter to make him a gift of Port Royal. The Sieur de Monts did so, on the understanding that, during the next two years, de Potrincoirt should immigrate thither, bringing along with him many other families, for the purpose of civilizing and peopling the new possessions. De Potrincoirt promised to perform what de Monts desired. In 1607, the French colony having returned home, as has been already stated, de Potrincoirt asked Henry the Fourth to confirm the gift of de Monts. The king consented, and at the same time, resolving to place the new French colony on a firm basis, told his confessor, Father Coton, that he desired to make use of the religious Order to which this ecclesiastic belonged, in the work of converting the savages. The king commanded Father Coton to write to the Superior of the Jesuits, in order that the latter might select those who should be disposed to undertake the voyage across the ocean. His Majesty also informed Father Coton that he would summon these Jesuit missionaries the first opportunity, and promised two thousand pounds for their maintenance. Father Coton obeyed the command of the king, and it was very soon understood throughout all the Jesuit colleges, in France, that from them were to be selected a number of men for missionary purposes. Many came forward, and among others Father Biard, at that time teaching theology in Lyons. He was chosen, and was sent to Bordeaux at the end of 1608, for it was thought at Lyons the project of so powerful a monarch as Henry the Fourth, after having been made known for so many months, could not but be near its accomplishment. But Father Biard was deceived both as to place and time; for at Bordeaux people were astonished when they heard of the object of his visit, for at that place there was no sign of any expedition setting sail for Canada.

Towards the end of the next year, 1609, the Sieur de Potrincoirt came to Paris. The king, who thought he had crossed the sea, soon after

having obtained confirmation of the gift of Port-Royal, having learnt that he had not stirred from France, was displeased with him.—The Sieur was much concerned, and made answer, that since his Majesty had this affair so much at heart, he would now take leave of him, and from that moment would set himself about making preparations for the voyage.—Now, Father Coton, who was disheartened on account of Father Biard, having heard of the leave-taking of de Potrincoirt, sought him out, and offered him the companionship of some of the Jesuits. The reply was, that it would be better to wait till the year following; de Potrincoirt stating as soon as he arrived at Port Royal he would send back his son to France; and that, everything being better arranged, those whom it pleased the king to send might cross the ocean along with him. Thereupon de Potrincoirt left Paris, and consumed all the winter in making preparation.

The next year, 1610, he embarked at the end of February, and arrived very late at Port-Royal, not reaching that place sooner than the beginning of June. And the 24th of the same month, St. John the Baptist's day, he brought together as many savages as he could, and had some twenty-four or five of them baptized by a priest called Messire Jossé Flesche, surnamed the Patriarch. A little while afterwards he sent his son, Sieur de Biencourt, a young man about nineteen years of age, to France, to carry thither the news of the baptism of these savages, and convey speedy succour to Port Royal, for the party were very badly provided with the means of keeping away hunger during the winter.

De Potrincoirt based the finding of supplies on a partnership he had formed with the Sieur Thomas Robin, dit Coloignes, a young man who was heir of a noble family; by the terms of this partnership it was agreed that de Coloignes should furnish the settlement of Port Royal, for a period of five years, with all things necessary, and provide abundant means to enable trade to be carried on with the savages. In return for the outlay he was to receive equivalent emoluments. De Coloignes and Biencourt arrived in Paris in the month of August, and it was by them that the Court became acquainted with the baptisms, and new conversions already mentioned.

Now "Madame the Marchioness of Guercheville, among her other rare and singular virtues, being ardently devoted to the glory of God and the conversion of souls," seeing that so fine an opportunity presented itself, asked Father Coton if, at this time, some of his Company were not going to new France? Father Coton replied he was very much astonished at the Sieur de Potrincoirt, who had promised him that on sending back his son, he would summon those of the Order who had been delegated by the king, and that notwithstanding this, de Potrincoirt had made no mention of them, neither in his letters nor in his commands. Madame the Marchioness wished to know how the business stood, and inquired of de Coloignes, who replied that all charge of the embarkation had been entrusted to him; that he had no particular commission as far as the Jesuits were concerned; nevertheless, that he knew well enough de Potrincoirt would feel highly honoured to have them near him, that he, de Coloignes, would charge himself with their support, as he was also undertaking the rest of all the expense. "You will not be burthened with the expense," replied the Marchioness, "for the King defrays it." Thereupon de Coloignes communicated with the Provincial of the Order of the Jesuits, who, on these promises, directed Father Biard, then at Poitiers, to repair to Paris; and gave him for a companion, Father Enremond Masse, a native of Lyons. The two Jesuits, thus destined for the voyage to Canada, had a conference with the Sieurs Robin and Biencourt, and the place of departure was appointed at Dieppe the 24th October, the same year 1610; the two ecclesiastics were informed that at that time everything would be ready if the wind and tide were favourable. The Jesuits were very soon prepared. The Queen caused to be handed over to them five hundred crowns, promised by the late

* "France had become the arbiter of Europe. Owing to her powerful mediation, the Pope and Venice had been reconciled, 1607. Spain and the United Provinces had at last ended their long conflict, 1609.

King, Henry the Fourth, and, further, added a very excellent recommendation from her own lips. Madame the Marchioness of Verneuil, furnished them plentifully with vessels and sacred garments for the celebration of Mass. Madame de Sourdis supplied them freely with linen, and the Marchioness of Guercheville bestowed on them a very gracious provision for their journey. Thus equipped they took their way to Dieppe, and found themselves there at the time agreed upon.

But they were doomed to meet with disappointment. Far from being ready to sail, the vessel was not even refitted. Further, on their arrival, there was a great stir among the Reformed Party, for the Sieur Robin, who was bearing the whole charge of the embarkation, had given commission to two merchants of the other faith, named Au Chene and Au Jardin, to see after the refitting and cargo of the ship, under promise to satisfy their claims, and give them a share of the profit that would arise from the trade in furs and the cod fishery. Now, the merchants had scarcely done anything up till this time, and even then they began to draw back; for they became obstinate, swearing by their highest oath that if the Jesuits must enter the ship they would have nothing to do with preparing her for sea; that they did not refuse in any way, all other priests and ecclesiastics, indeed, they offered to support them; but for the Jesuits they had a confirmed antipathy. The Court was informed of this by letter, and the Queen directed the Sieur de Cigoigne, Governor of Dieppe, that he should make known to the Consistorial Superintendents to be her will, what her late lord and husband had projected during his life, namely, that the Jesuits should proceed to his dominions in New France, and, consequently, that if any made opposition to this voyage, they banded themselves against her wishes and royal pleasure. But the merchants did not advance a step, and for want of money the Sieurs Biencourt and Robin were forced to pass under their yoke, and had to promise and swear to them that the Jesuits should never enter the ship. This promise having been given, the merchants set about equipping the ship, seeing indeed that the Jesuits were no longer before their eyes, for they had retired to their College at Eu.

The Marchioness of Guercheville determined that the Jesuits should proceed on their journey. Having heard that all the money the merchants had furnished would not exceed four thousand pounds, she raised a collection among the great Princes and Lords of the Court, and this sum was very soon procured. She bethought herself that this sum, in paying the merchants, who had provided the cargo, and in debarring them from all partnership, would suffice, further, to confer two great benefits on New France. The first, that it would be a good fund for the perpetual support of the Jesuits in that country, without which they would be at the charge of de Potrin-court, or somebody else, and it would be necessary every year to return to France to seek alms for them. The second, that the profit of the furs and fisheries which this vessel would secure, would not be brought to France to be lost in the hands of merchants, but would be kept in Canada; and should remain in the hands of the Sieurs Robin and Potrin-court, and be employed in maintaining Port Royal and the French residing there; and it was arranged that this money having been placed and employed to the advantage of Canada, the Jesuits should have part and

Henry the Fourth went to humble the house of Austria; if we believe his minister, he designed to establish a perpetual peace, and to substitute law in place, by that state of nature which still existed among the members of the great European family. All was ready, a numerous army, provisions of all kinds; the most formidable artillery of the world, and forty-two millions in the vaults of the Bastille. A blow from a dagger saved Austria. The people suspected the Emperor (of Germany), the King of Spain, the Queen of France, the Duke of Epernon,—the Jesuits. All profited by the crime, but the fanaticism which pursued, during all his reign, a prince who was always suspected of being a Protestant at heart, and who wished to make his religion triumph in Europe, is sufficient to explain it. The blow had been attempted seventeen times before by Ravalliac. (Michelet's Modern History, page 194.) Ravalliac accomplished his fell purpose, on Friday evening, May 14th, 1610, by stabbing the king to the heart, while the monarch was driving in his carriage, which had been brought to a standstill by some obstructions in one of the streets of Paris.—W.

partnership with the Sieurs already mentioned, and share with them the emoluments which would proceed from it; the control and sale of the merchandise resting with Robin and Biencourt or their agents.

FLOWERS, SWEET FLOWERS.

FLOWERS, sweet flowers,
Flung from the hands of od'rous June!
To awake from a dreamy budding
Into a rapturous bloom.

Flowers, sweet flowers,
Born of a thought that was pure!
Blessed be God for such riches
To gladden the hearts of the poor!

Flowers, sweet flowers,
Nuns who are childlike and good!
Worshipping, fireless, priestless
In the mossy aisles of the wood.

Flowers, sweet flowers,
For the bride and the sheeted dead!
Speaking of hope to the living—
Of rest for the souls that have fled!

Flowers, sweet flowers!
May they fill with fragrance the air
When my soul shall escape from death
Up the shining slopes of prayer!

LOPES.

ONE morning, craving scenery, I went and set the house on fire.

I don't mean of course that I procured faggots and gunpowder and a fuse, and lit a match, and ran away and hid, while my family and their effects were being shot into the summer air like stars from a Roman candle. But I flew around, and put things in a commotion. I roused people, and poked and stirred them up, and gave them a good shaking like the sportive twins operating upon the small weeds. When every one was wide-awake and expectant, I followed up my advantage, and proposed MOUNTAINS. I said Mountains carelessly as if I were an antelope or an avalanche, and not at all with the air of a person who had only been accustomed to mole-hills.

Here was artful diplomacy. Assurance wins and wears what Diffidence would give his eyes to win.

If I had gone about my business bashfully and treated the subject alone, with all the respect which my prophetic soul accorded it, a thousand difficulties would have been put in the way. My people would have tripped on the bare possibility of a mountain, and tumbled back helter-skelter over each other on the plain again. As it was, my impudence made them gay, and *bonne m're* actually frisked off to purvey sandwiches.

They packed me into a little corner of the carriage just behind the horses' tails, and we drove gradually out of the village with all the dogs barking at us. I am not going to say what village. If I did, and if I told what a charming spot it is, and how near we are to the very prettiest view in all Canada, and how nature brews us air, that might be served to princes in golden cups, and how the bluest of rivers flows past us in exquisite beauty to the sea, we would be bored to death by tourists. Next summer metropolitan snobism would be ripe. People would come chattering up the river like a set of magpies and put on airs, and make a horrible fuss. Gentlemen with umbrellas under their arms (like historic Daniel) would pull tittering gibbering ladies up the mountain, and they would flirt all the way. When they got to the top, the ladies would blink at the scenery out of blue veils, and exclaim—

"How lovely!"

The gentlemen would curl their noses, stare at it through their eye glasses, and say—

"By Jove!"

Then they would go flirting down again, and my country would be my country no longer.

Mind, I don't want to be understood as degrading flirting and having my fling at it the way modern writers are forever pluming themselves upon doing. On the contrary, I am sure I don't know what the generality of men and women would do without it. But it does seem to me that there are times and seasons

when something else would be quite as profitable. David was not always pirouetting in an ephod before the Lord. And once and again people might pull up from the everlasting mouthing and grinning of conventional grimace and let their souls out in royalty or patches as their nature can afford.

But they do not and will not. So I will lead no vanguard of fashion, and folly up my mountain, but merely make the simple and ungeographical statement that we drove out of the village and down the road. And on either side as we went there were the most beautiful barley fields, across which the west wind kept driving the sunshine bewilderingly in waves of silver and gold. I know it was barley because I asked *bon père*; and he said so. As to the hay, I know it by its smell. An ineffable incense arose from the new mown fields, and entranced us in beatitudes. It buoyed me up into the purest ether, and made me so wild and reckless, that I felt equal to a pun, and accordingly said with an agricultural air,—

"What, Irish hay!"

Irish hay! How, Irish hay? No one could see how the hay could be Irish when the farms were French. What on earth did I mean? And so on indignantly. "Oh it's Tim O'Thy!" said I.

Now, although perhaps I say it, shouldn't I thought that not so bad a pun. I am sure I had seen worse with more pretence. But I got horribly snubbed, and was taking to unrectified low spirits, when some children came by and diverted me.

I want to say something about French Canadian children. They have smooth delicate dark skins, fine enough for a fairy. They have the most marvellously beautiful eyes,—eyes that glow rather than sparkle, and that are tender, soft, pleading, merry, and arch all at once mingled up divinely in a brown iris. They are not your murderous coal black eye, nor your English hazel, nor your Italian, nor your languid Southern eye, but each one's best "Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

Our *patois*, our Canuck, our run-down, corrupt, degenerate French tinkles silverly from their pretty lips as sound jingles from a harp, and, listening, you would wish no gayer music. I felt as if I could sit down beside them and kiss their eyes forever. I wanted to take them all away with me, and make them a part of me; and I could not resist a little vague pang of regret when *bon père* urged on the horses, and said tersely that I was a goose.

Perhaps so; for prose. But our poets now; of what are they thinking, that they should leave these children unsung? They write a great many (bad) verses descriptive of the maple, the four seasons, and other national subjects, but not a word do I see about our straw-hatted, bare-footed, beautiful eyed children who would, beside an Italian grape vine, set twenty poets raving. Perhaps I do the profession injustice. I have not, it is true, read every rhyme to which the press in Canada has had the generosity to give a local habitation. Very few persons have the time and the constitution for such indiscriminate bolting. But, as far as I know, the praises of my darling's eyes have been left to our raftsmen, who vociferate lustily from their canvas—

"Vive la Canadienne,
Et ses jolis yeux doux."

Another thing about these children is their manners. In our village, where the English population outnumbers the French, they are not, it is true, very polished. "Old country" clods, where they are thick, heavy, and abundant enough, will in time press out the politeness from even French nature. So, for a few miles, the boys along the road, staring at our carriage boorishly enough. But as the onions, and tobacco plants, and poppies increased in the gardens; and the door yards were swept cleaner, and pink calico babies became more frequent, we saw a change in the people; and, after a while, every boy whom we met took off his hat to us with the grace of a little courtier; while men in blue and gray *stoffe*, bolder with size, or confident from acquaintanceship, sung out cheerfully but deferentially to *bon père*, "Quiens! comment ça va?"

We surveyed round four angles of our journey. The fifth brought us to a road, where, straight before us, and but half a mile off, rose the mountain. Not much of a mountain, perhaps, if you are grand, and drag an Alp beside it. But we liked it, and gave it greeting of no stinted plaudit. Green wooded to the top, where it rounded into a pretty scallop, upon which a little chapel and cross kept sacred sentry, it stood in verdure like the very spirit of sylvan bliss; and, as we ap-

proached, we spoke our minds out in such bursts of speech and mirth and sparkle, that it could not but have pleased the ghost of old Pan if haply he sometimes stalks thereabouts.

Here was the mountain at our noses; but somewhere in space there still prowled, floated, and shrunk between us and possible views, a guide, a boat, and a river. If we could not find guide, guide would not lend boat, boat would not bridge river, and we would never get up the mountain at all. It was all the fault of the river. Not but that if nature had niggardly refused a river to the landscape, we might have made shift, like a nation of old, to foot it on dry land. But the river was there—a dirty, miserable little fact enough, but still a fact; and a fact that could not, for instance, be jumped over, or swam across, or waded through, but that called gurglingly for a boat and the owner thereof.

We have heard of an apocryphal man who would purvey us such boat, and further act as sumpter and cicerone up the flowery paths of pleasure, lest tumbling, unwary, into pitfalls, we should owe our burial to public charity of birds like the babes in the wood. I have read their history in crockery, upon mantle shelves, and know all about them.

To ferret out this lurking Charon and bit, this prancing Pegasus, became therefore now the business of life. *Bon père*, confident of achievement, entered into dialogue with a small girl in a garden; a whip-handle and a hoe being chosen weapons of cratory.

It seemed to be a question of residence.

"*La-bas*?" asked the whip-handle, vacillating indefinitely nowhere.

"*La-Bas*" answered the hoe, indicating indefinitely somewhere.

"*La maison blanche*?" resumed the whip-handle, with an opening sense of locality.

"*La maison blanche*?" concluded the hoe, falling bashfully to its vocation.

From the white house there rambled forth in a pair of droll blue trousers, made very high in the neck, our representative, boat owner, ferryman, and beast of burden. A little old smiling Frenchman was this negotiatory Charon, very much impressed with our grandeur, but particular as to his manners. And nothing would do but we must enter his house and repose ourselves some moments after our tour; and if we had thirst his woman would purvey us water from the source. His woman, in flannel raiment, came and wooed us from the doorway. So in we went. And such a neat house as it was! The floor scrubbed quite white with strips of gay rag-carpet over them—and a stiff sofa flanked by home-made chairs elm-bark bottomed, so narrow that one could only seat half of one's self at a time;—and coloured saints hanging up in halves on the walls; and a pleasant cat purring round in a piece of bias sunshine; and an open window, and through it a glimpse of a garden full of the brightest poppies.

Into the garden Mrs. Charon carried us timidly, and began running around the onion beds in the most distracting way, breaking off poppies with two-thirds of an inch of stem which our party held with embarrassment to their English noses. I, who am half sister to Jean-Baptiste, and can stand *pavots* and *cocricots*, stole a couple of red and white ones with such stem as satisfied my early conceptions of stems, and fastened them in my hair to the intense enjoyment of the old lady, who commenced a wild fandango in approval. Charon himself, somewhat jealous of his wife's superior dissipation, came out and begged us to re-enter the house to look at his best room.

The holiday air of the place rather staggered us as we entered. In one corner was a yellow-curtained blue valanced bed, swollen with feathers. There was no wall to be seen for saints: and a strip of gilt framed looking glass eighteen inches by seven, and strangled in pink taretane, stood over a bureau which swarmed with Virgins. The grand triumph of the room was a wax doll in crimson satin and tinsel, under a glass case, which he told us with pardonable pride was *L'Enfant*.

"That is a *scapulaire*," said he as I took one up and looked at it. "The *voyageurs* wear that round their neck. *Et ils ne sont jamais noyés*. The *Sainte Vierge* takes care of them," he added with mild confidence.

The dear, simple, reverent old goose! I almost felt my eyes fill as I saw the tender and holy care with which he replaced the greasy rag.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE ZIG-ZAG PAPERS.

ON SABBATH BREAKING.

THIS morning I rose late. It was Sunday, consequently I took luxuriously, and thankfully, a double portion of the especial, and choicest gift of God, the sleep which He giveth His Beloved. Then I breakfasted. Future generations and all time will be glad to hear this, that on a certain Sunday one Allid breakfasted. Some people would not think this worthy the dignity of fruit. I do. It's a fact. Then I rode away a dozen miles to spend the Sabbath. It was a glorious day—a real Sunday. The sun flung great blazes of yellow light over the yellow outfields. On both sides of the road were fields of stately corn, tasselled and golden as from imperial armories, standing up like armies of prosperity. A non ocean of clover, green and crimson, musical with bees, and whence the wind blew a faint rich odour up into your nostrils. In one of them stood a Platonic cow—a cow who had attained the *summum bonum* of earthly existence. Never till now did I appreciate the poetic truth, and beauty of the simple expression, "being in clover." Happy you, said I, wading amid the blossom and bloom measureless content expressed in the whisk of your tail, *bonhomie* and fragrant thanksgiving steaming from your nostrils—who could be a cow? Here I was (fortunately) interrupted by a large dog who could jump at my mare's throat, and then when I had passed, stand on ridiculously motionless forelegs and agitated haunches baying like a critic. There were still little flickering wreaths of mist curling indistinctly up the hills northward, and the beauty and calm blue rest and charm of August were in the air.

There was only one drawback to my calm enjoyment of the natural Sabbath, and that was the fact that I met a woman in a sulky driving a white horse. Women in sulkies driving white horses are anachronisms (I use the word in the Palmerstonian sense). The sulky is always very rigid and Sunday looking as to its springs, and very greaseless and creaky as to its axle. The white horse has the stringhalt in both hind legs and a raw on his shoulder. The woman drives with one rein in each hand, the hands very far apart, clucking cheerfully and hauling at the horse's head, or angling for imaginary trout with the whip about the small of the horse's back. From all such women who drive on both sides of the road when they meet you *libera nos*. But despite this annoyance and the flies, we bowled on merrily over twelve miles of road past hayfields tanned and brown into the village. "The village of——?" asks my enquiring reader.

Quite right, quite right. As I was saying we drove into the village. It's a piece of mud-puddle curiously disguised with dust in summer and snow drifts in winter. This delectable piece of road is bordered for a very little way by various houses and fences in various stages of tumble-downness. One house has to distinguish it from houses in the abstract a thick growth of maple and balm of Gilead trees around it, which keeps the verandah green and fresh in the hottest summer noon, pleasant as a thought of cool lips on one's brows in fever, I remember one afternoon when a gray pelting rain was in all the land, there were two swallows twittering outside. We heard them in the library you don't know how cosy and comfortable it made one to hear that low homelike cheep in the pause of the slanting rain against the Western wall. There is a blue river before it running seaward between most glorious trees. There is a white little rapid gust above. There is also a wharf with the invariable concomitants of cordwood and a flagstaff, and where an old woman with a basket is exercising continual faith in an invisible steamboat which will ultimately convey her and the basket to an unknown destination. There is a big dog lying across the side-walk. He is very black generally, very shaggy as to his neck and the tip of his tail—very closely shaven as to the rest of his body. He looks like the British Lion in mourning over the result of the New Brunswick elections. That's all except a young man with emblems of hope upon his (paper) shirt collar. Also there is a periodical young man with very nice boots, who haunts the village for a short space of time, then disappears with a disgusted expression of countenance and is never seen again. There are finally young men in moderate number who are addicted to buff coloured felt hats, and a certain game called Quahetes. (Query, Quoits?) They play much better than they pronounce, like German chess magnets.

I arrived. The young man with the emblems of hope upon his paper shirt collar removes his pipe to say

"Hullo!" Having discharged this duty he smoked himself into a state of coma whence he emerges to ask, if all pugilists are troubled with fistula. He then disappears incontinently, and is not seen until dinner time when he appears, resplendent, most unselfish and hearty laughter at jokes other than his own, and good fellow generally.

"Well, and so," (orthodox conjunction) I went to church. The place was a little wooden school house. The walls were not over clean. The congregation was large, and the building small. The general effect produced was one of perspiration and drowsiness, coupled with an inclination to criticize. I cannot say that tears came into my eyes during the singing of the hymn. It was sung to a peculiar tune which admitted of a sneeze or cough liberally between bars, without in the least detracting from its melody. The prayers did not melt my heart. Perhaps I am a cynic. The sermon was bold as regarded its grammar. The preacher told us we were "obnoxious" to the wrath of heaven. *Obnoxious* "is good," as Polonius remarked of "mobbed queen." It's a big word for a country audience who have much faith and little comprehension. In its most impassioned parts it was a frenzy of Wesley's Hymns, and the Canticles. I do not think I was much edified by this particular sermon.

And so then we had dinner, and after dinner we strolled away into the upland pastures. When I say *we*, I mean, not the additional *we*, but myself and another one with sweet eyes. We read a manuscript which some day, you, my kind reader, may criticize. I wish you could read it as we did on the green turf under the blue sky, when one's blood beats in unison with the author's thoughts, and the words flow musically in tune with the wind fluttering the leaves.

Now this was very wrong of me I dare say. I should have read a cheerful sermon on Original Sin, and heard the Reverend Melchisedec Howler preach his audience into a state of religious hysteria. I should have spent my Sabbath bluey and "pokily." But I did not. I cannot cramp my soul into four narrow grimy walls. I have a keen appreciation of the ridiculous and want to laugh out when I hear the snore of a pious but sleepy deacon, or the eccentricities of a pious but ungrammatical clergyman.

The fact is, I was busied, hurried, and worried all week. And on the Sabbath my soul was an hungered and I went out walking as the disciples long ago, through the cornfields, and I took and ate the sacred Sabbath corn of the beautiful. One could lie down on the earth of which he is, to which he tends, and it should preach him an eloquent homily, making him proud of his birth and unafraid of his death. There is a religion in nature on such a Sunday as to-day. I am looking at God face to face, through the veil of quiet country beauty. A truce is to all earthly care, in the blue August haze through which glimmer the occasional elms, in the cove, brown silence and shadow of the farther woodland. The grass is green, and alive with insects—pied with yellow buttercups and blue wind flowers. Over me is a maple flinging gold and shadow on my face and breast. There is a Sabbath calm everywhere. In the untravelled roads yonder—and in the ripples of the yellow oats. In the smotherless chimney clear against the soft sky. In the blue sparkle of yonder river and the peaceful outlines of the distant hills—intense green at their base and at the summit delicate purple, tracery of slopes, fainting into the soft sky. The sky is not clear and sharp, it is mellow and like soft eyes deep with love and kindness. No voice of earth to break the calm, only the half heard twitter of a bird, and a lost wind in the trees.

And here I lie down and we are both silent, and our eyes are very large with thought. I think I could almost hear the musical footfall, and the silver chime from the Beautiful City. I know we shall inherit no pyrotechnic, nor no pastoral paradise, as some preach. One, however, is impelled to believe in Heaven, on such a Sunday. Am I, oh most straitest, so wholly to blame for taking the Sabbath of God to the mind through the body. I believe in the Christ of the corn field. So I muse oddly and try to picture the bliss beyond, the city of the pearly gate and the golden street, the ceaseless worship and the endless song—the home where there is no more sorrow and headache, and heartache—where all tears are wiped away and night cometh never—the country where God shall be eternally and unchanging as a cool stream and shade, and perfect beauty to our souls. Will not heaven be a summer and a Sabbath to us?

The sun is slowly westering, when we go homeward. We have talked on the verandah until it was cool and dim, and the bats wheeled noiseless in the fading gray. I think we talked in the sitting-room till the clock on the mantle, actuated by conscientiousness, and withheld by considerations of politeness, did not like to strike midnight, but went as close thereto as it truthfully could.

I have my social theories about everything. Especially am I decided about clocks. Clocks are a social evil. I don't deny their occasional expediency. If I had my way (I won't, so I may as well be generous), I'd abolish all clocks, with striking apparatus attached thereto. No I wouldn't. Most energetically should the time-piece rattle and whirl when the Reverend Bora Slowcoach has preached more than twenty minutes. They should strike joyfully in all offices where the clerks are hardworked, and where the humanizing influences of office chairs and leather cushions are unknown. Also when little girls in white book muslin and broad blue esches are waiting for the carriage to drive them to a children's party—eh Mabel? They should tinkle gently and hopefully to the mother watching by the baby's cot till the long hours bring day dawn and the hopes which are born of light. But as to that clock on the mantel in the sitting room, I'd always leave it about 9.30 p.m. It always would say "it is time that people who must be up early in the morning were in bed." The same to little folks. As for us, we have only half an hour more, dear. And it would go on being "half hours more" eternally. Ah! a horrible time-piece that chimes the silver from our voices and the silver to our hair, cannot you be merciful to us?

And for answer it tolls out One! I took my white-handed goodnight an hour ago. The house is trustful and quiet. Every one save myself is asleep. Peace and pleasant dreams to their pillow. I wonder will I ever be famous? If I am, and people in 2145 come to celebrate my tercentenary they may make a pilgrimage to this house and in my same forget not my friends. They will reverently remember that every inch of floor and wall is poetry. It represents more than mere plank and mortar. It stands for hospitable thoughts, and kind words, and kinder deeds, which I would not have others who remember me forget. I shall remember them forever.

There is a book on my bedroom table. I like to see it there, it has a homelike look about it. I have just opened it at these words:

"The sun shall no more be thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee as everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw herself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." This will be our future and our abiding Sabbath, I trust.

AL. D.

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS.

LONDON REVIEW.

THERE can be no doubt that Clubs, in the commonest sense of the word, are wanted as much amongst labouring men as in any other class. Their homes contain one sitting-room at most, and where there are children the wives are often only too glad to get the men out of the way for an hour or two in the evenings, if only they will keep out of mischief. But, except in the long summer evenings, the men will not, we were going to say cannot, keep out of mischief, mischief being, for this argument, unluckily synonymous with the public-house. They have simply no other place to go to under cover, and cannot be expected to take such ease as they get at the street corners.

Indeed, there are very few who do not in theory dislike the public-house, and desire something better—so that there is no idea which is more popular, at the first blush, amongst them than this of Clubs. But their notions of such an institution are very different, ranging from a public-house of their own up to an educational establishment like the Working Men's College. Hence arises the difficulty of establishing these Clubs successfully. The usual course of operations is something of this kind: One or two of the intelligent men in a district get hold of some of the publications of the Union, and communicate with the Secretary, who forthwith arranges to come down and hold a meeting. This meeting is generally crowded, and the deputation from the Union enlarge upon the advantages of the pro-

posed institution. One gentleman dwells upon the social side—a comfortable smoking-room, good and cheap tea and coffee, possibly good and cheap beer also, dominoes, chess, bagatelle, and lots of newspapers and talk—in fact, has in his own mind's eye, and puts before his audience, the counterpart of a West-end Club, arranged to suit subscribers of pence instead of subscribers of guineas. Another is full of the advantages to accrue from discussions, lectures, classes, and readings, which, he urges, are a necessary part of such institutions. Then the Secretary, probably, throws in a few more suggestions, in the shape of provident and co-operative societies, a penny bank, music classes, cricket and rowing clubs, and a great picnic organization for the summer months. The audience listen eagerly, put down their names by scores as members, and go away with the impression that millennium is close at hand in Peddlington (New-town—each, however, carrying away with him just that part of the picture which jumps with his own fancy.

The experiment is a very interesting one, and is, as yet, in its infancy. The danger as it appears to us, (speaking with much diffidence on a subject so complicated) into which the Union is likely to fall, is that of going too fast, and trying to do too much. It has established 116 Clubs in two years and a half, or at the rate of nearly one a week; and, in addition to this its chief function, has started a Magazine, is endeavouring to obtain funds for a large central hall, and to form "district organizations" under the management of "local district secretaries," whereby to promote fellowship between neighbouring Clubs, and the formation of new ones in all places where they are now wanting. We doubt whether all this machinery will not hinder the work rather than help it. If labouring men of all classes can be brought out of the public-houses, and if they can be taught to appreciate Clubs sufficiently to subscribe to them, to bring their Friendly Societies, and Trade Societies, and Burial Societies there, to frequent them themselves both for social and educational purposes, no doubt our towns, great and small, would be far more decent and Christian places than they are now. We, too, look forward to the time when this great change will take place; we rejoice to recognize the signs that it is approaching; but we doubt whether its advent will be hastened by forcing. Every Club that is started without adequate means retards the movement. Every call you make on friends for central halls, district organizations, magazines, and the like ambitious projects, diverts funds and power from more humble and pressing work. It may be that all these things are necessary, that the time for them is fully come, that the Union is only judiciously guiding and not running away with the coach. If so, all is well; but we would in real friendliness beg the Council to remember that it is more true of the class they are striving to help than of any other, that what they do for themselves is worth more than all that can be done for them; and that if they want good butter they must let the cream rise.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

MOST readers of the daily papers, we suspect, incontinently skip all paragraphs which seem to relate to Working Men's Clubs, Working Men's Institutes, and the like. Such paragraphs and the stories they contain, are delightful to the professional philanthropist, but to the rest of the world they are as dust to the eyes and vinegar to the teeth. We know very well that the working-man neither has nor wants to have part or lot in them. He does not intend to abandon the bright comfortable room of his tavern, where he can have his pipe and glass and free converse, for a dingy chamber where he cannot get anything more exhilarating than a cup of tea or a glass of cold water, where smoking is strictly forbidden, and where his imagination is oppressed by spectral parsons and spectral capitalists morally patting him on the head and bidding him, like a virtuous artisan as he is, attend church regularly and avoid the Trade Union. This is the kind of thing which no artisan who is not a shameful prig can help detesting with all his heart and soul. He distinctly declines to be made a good and valuable citizen at the price. The spirit of Lord Brougham hovers crushingly over those so-called Clubs. The frowsy smell of Social Science haunts very room; and even the strictly objectionable newspaper, and the glass of cold water, and the copy of Paley's Evidences, edited by the noble President of the Club, seem to be tainted with something dreary and dusty and unwholesome. Then, of course, the virtuous citizen should never play cards. They are

too exciting, and are surrounded with all manner of evil associations. Chess and draughts are the only diversions which it is safe for the inflammable artisan to indulge in. True, the philanthropic gentleman who begins the evening by a speech to this effect at a committee meeting, probably winds up by a rubber at his own Club. And he would feel rather exasperated if, on reaching his favourite haunt, he found that his own committee had made a ruse forbidding the sale of wines and spirits in the club-house, and peremptorily excluding cigars. But of course there is all the difference in the world between the two cases. The patron of the working-man has probably been occupied all day with nothing more exhausting than the invention of fussy philanthropic schemes. His nature demands a little fillip. A sonorous speech exhorting the artisan to thrift and industry and self-denial is a capital form of refreshment for a man who is half-dead with idleness. A vigorous denunciation of the public-house makes a man enjoy a Club so much more keenly, which is simply a public-house on fashionable and exclusive principles. The sense of calm yet glowing comfort which springs up in a man after beseeching other people to be good, and to work hard, and to deny themselves, must be experienced before it can be understood. It is something altogether peculiar for the gratification which it gives. And exhortations to others to be virtuous make people of a certain turn of mind feel quite as happy, and esteem themselves quite as lofty, as if they had practised the given virtues in their own persons. Then, too, it is so much cheaper a means of securing this very desirable end. Your own virtue must cost something. The virtue of your neighbours, on the other hand, does not cost you a single taste or pleasure. . . . The Secretary of a Club at Coventry writes to the Times to describe an institution which he seems to think is a model for a working-men's Club. Its accommodation is all that could be wished. The members may smoke, play cards, have wine, spirits, and beer, and carry on "free discussion of religion," any day of the week except Sunday, when the house is closed. Of course, it would be unspcakably infamous to smoke or discuss religion on Sundays. But it is rather startling to find that the principle on which the committee elect members is "to exclude no man who can, in the broadest sense of the term, be considered a gentleman." This is, indeed, the kind of talk which is peculiarly liable to allure working-men to a Club. The artisan hates nothing so bitterly as to hear people call him "one of God Almighty's gentlemen," or to hear a man of good income and wearing fine clothes say, "I, too, am a working man." It may be quite true that the man in fine clothes works a great deal harder than the man in fustian, and that the man in fustian has a kind heart and an upright disposition, which is all that is meant by the title of "God Almighty's gentlemen." But the artisan knows that his patron is not a working-man in his sense, and that he himself is not a gentleman in his patron's sense. It is mere philanthropic cajolery to talk to working-men about their being gentlemen in "a broad sense" of the term. . . . The artisan sees through all this moonshine about "the broad sense of gentleman," and "social equality," and the rest of it, as clearly as anybody does. He likes to enjoy himself, but in his own way, and among his equals. Like a wise man, he positively won't be "raised" and "improved" and "elevated." The best class of artisans work hard, and enjoy their pipe and a glass at night, and talk politics and religion in a rough but rather sentimental way, and don't let a chance of getting on in the world go by. Any "raising" they know they must do for themselves, and they don't want to be gentlemen in a broad sense, or to associate with gentlemen in an uncommonly narrow sense. . . . There is such a thing as public opinion among the working-classes, though it is very often of an extremely objectionable kind. The important point about the proposed Clubs, and every other scheme of a similar sort, is to give this public opinion free play, by forbearing to pester those who have to form it and work it by patronage and eloquent talk from those who cannot help looking on a working-man as a fallen gentleman who wants raising.

PLEASURE.—Whenever we drink too deep of pleasure, we are sure to find a sediment at the bottom of the cup, which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.

GRATITUDE AND GENEROSITY.—Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich one.

WAITING.

WAITING many a lonesome hour,
Waiting ever, aye for thee,
Till the sunbeams on the tower
Slant and fade from off the lea,
Till all light from maiden's bower
Slips into a hazy sea.

Waiting while the snowdrop springeth,
Piercing thro' the ice-bound sod,
Waiting while the summer bringeth
Flowers, sweet offerings to her God;
While the sun of autumn flingeth
Golden gems, and corn-fields nod.

Waiting while cold winter stealtheth
O'er the sunshine-loving earth,
Waiting while the Yule bell pealeth
Sounds of blessed joy and mirth;
Waiting until Time revealeth
To my soul of bliss the birth.

Waiting while my spring is waning,
Melting into summer days;
Waiting, only patience gaining,
No reward, no meed of praise;
Waiting, till of life remaining
There will be but faintest rays.

Waiting? What reck I of waiting
Days and months and years maybe?
If Time only is creating
In thy breast more love for me,
Then am I far over-rating
Life-long years of misery.

Youth and love shall not be hoarded,
I can wait, and war with strife,
If to me may be accorded
One brief hour thro' all my life,
When—and oh! how well rewarded
I may hear thee call me—"wife."

AGNES STONEHEWER.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LOVE-AFFAIRS.

IT is interesting to follow the course of Louis Napoleon's amours. The first flame of the present emperor of the French was Eleonore Gordon, the daughter of a French captain who fell in Spain. Eleonore was the Prince's *confidante* in the Strasbourg attempt. She was a singer, and made advances to the pretender at Baden in the summer 1836. It is said that she had dreamed that she would become Empress of the French. In any case she behaved very courageously. While Louis Napoleon was unsuccessfully haranguing the troops in the Finkmatt barracks, the gendarmes were already knocking at the door of Miss Gordon, whom Persigny had just informed that the prince's enterprise was a failure. Miss Gordon burnt all the papers referring to the *éméute*—the lists of conspirators, the correspondence with them; and when the gendarmes threatened to break the door in, she placed a chest of drawers against it, so as to complete her *auto-da-fé* at leisure. It was owing to her presence of mind, consequently, that so little came to light at the trial. Louis Napoleon held Miss Gordon in affectionate memory for a long time. When Louis Blanc visited him at Ham, in 1845, he spoke kindly about her. Almost simultaneously, Louis Napoleon had fixed his eyes on the Queen of Portugal, who was then fifteen years of age. The portrait of Maria da Gloria produced an impression on him, and he would not have been indisposed to become King of Portugal. But the matter did not go on quite right, in spite of all the exertions made by his relatives. On December 14th, 1835, Louis Napoleon in an official letter, declined the Portuguese candidature in these words:—"Convinced that the great name I bear will not always be a cause of exclusion from my fellow-citizens, because it reminds them of their glorious years, I calmly await, in a free and hospitable land, the time when the nation will take back to its bosom those persons who were banished by the foreigners in 1815. The hope of some day being able to serve France as a soldier and citizen strengthens my mind, and is more in my eyes than all the thrones in the world." At that time, however a third lady was

the rival of the singer and the queen. This was Mathilde, King Jérôme's seventeen-year-old daughter. She seemed to have loved Louis Napoleon sincerely. When he was transported to America, on board the *Andromeda*, he thought with sadness of his cousin, and wrote the following in his journal: "When I was taking Mathilde home a few months ago, we entered the park together, and saw there a tree which had just been destroyed by a tempest,—upon which I said to myself, that our marriage plans would be destroyed by destiny in a similar manner. What my mind then darkly foreboded has since become the truth. Have I during this year enjoyed the whole amount of felicity granted to me in this world?" Mathilde, who was born at Trieste on May 27th, 1820, was a great beauty, of short stature, but well formed; with a head of classic shape, large, flashing eyes, and expressive regular features. Her blooming complexion served as a relief to her light flaxen hair. Soon after her marriage with Prince Anatole Demidoff, her charms faded away, and her face assumed an expression of weariness. When Louis Napoleon became President, Mathilde did the honours in his house. In 1840, Louis Napoleon was enamoured of the lovely Lady S—. He wore her colours at the tournament which Lord Eglington got up in Ayrshire. From the tournament he proceeded to Boulogne. At the fortress of Ham, whither he was conveyed after the Boulogne failure, he fell in love with a girl of the name of Badinguet, the daughter of a wholesale baker in the town. By her he had two children, of whom Miss Howard afterwards took charge, of course for a large allowance. Miss Howard was a robust English beauty, who cost Louis a great deal. He made her Countess de Beaurgard, and purchased her a splendid villa near Paris. In 1849 she had a *fausse-couché*; and the Parisians still remember, as if it were to-day, how straw was spread in front of the house of the President's mistress. It is notorious that it was the Howard who, in the winter of 1861, drove the Empress to Scotland by her audacity; she took a box in the opera exactly opposite Eugénie's, and stared at her through her glass in a most provocative way. The last of Napoleon's loves, the Countess Eugénie Montijo, was the happiest of all—she became Empress. In 1848, Louis Napoleon was for a while the admirer of Madame Katergis, a charming *blondine*, to whom Cavaignac also paid court. Louis is said to have defeated the general with the lady, who lived apart from her husband.—"Napoleon III. and his Court." By a Retired Diplomatist.

RAILWAY ACROSS THE ALPS.

WHILE the Mont Cenis tunnel has only succeeded in forcing its way about one-third through the thickness of the mountain, and the period of its completion is still variously estimated at from four to ten years, a method has been proposed, and experimentally tried, for carrying a railway over the pass itself. And the experiment seems likely to prove that the work can thus be effectually done.

The present gap in the railway communication on the Mont Cenis route is of a length of forty-seven miles, between St. Michel on the French, and Susa on the Italian side. The service is performed by diligence, with all the discomfort incident to that mode of travelling, and in bad weather, or after heavy falls of snow, it is liable to be for some days interrupted altogether. Everything has been done, however, that can be done with such methods of transit. The road is excellent; it is of an average width of thirty feet, and as it zigzags up the mountain it is nowhere of a steeper gradient than one in twelve. But this incline, though not excessive on a road, is far beyond the power of any locomotive on a common railway. Yet no better course than the road takes could be laid out by any engineering skill, at any practicable cost, across the pass. The question then was, how to construct a line of railway following the curves of the road, so as to enable an engine to take up with speed and safety a train of carriages where nothing but horses and mules had before trodden.

It is solved in this way. An ordinary line of rails is laid down on the outside edge of the road, occupying so much of it as is necessary for the purpose. On these the engine and carriages run in the usual way. But between the rails there is further laid a central rail, lying on its side, and supported at a height of seven inches above the ground. This central rail bears no weight, and no wheel runs on it. But below the engine there are two horizontal wheels, which work against it, one on each side, being pressed to it by springs, capable of being regulated to any pressure. These wheels are driven by independent cylinders. Thus, when the inclination becomes so steep that the bite of the ordinary driving-wheels, obtained from the pressure of the weight of the engine against the rails they run on, is insufficient to propel the train: when they would, in fact, merely slip round without advancing: the horizontal wheels come into play, and, by their bite on the central rail, not caused by weight, but by the springs that force them against it, they furnish the requisite increase of resistance which enables the engine to advance. And, since the strength of their bite upon the central rail does not depend on the weight of the engine, but on the force of the springs and the regulating means which the engine-driver can bring into play, it is thus possible at once to employ a light engine, and to make the whole steam power it can exert available for propulsion, without losing any of it by 'slip.' So much as regards the mounting of steep incline. But the central rail plays an equally important part in descending.

It is then used as furnishing means for employing a break power. In an ordinary railway it is the weight alone of the engine, or break-van, which gives the power of resistance by which a train can be stopped. When the breaks are applied at their utmost force they can do nothing more than stop the wheels from revolving, just as a chain round the spoke of a waggon-wheel stops it, and converts it into a drag. The very most they can do, therefore, is to make the wheels they are applied to slide instead of turning round, and only by the friction thus caused can they retard the motion of the rest of the carriages. But if the horizontal wheels on the Mount Cenis line have breaks applied to them, and at the same time are forced against the central rail, there is a means of retardation provided which is quite independent of weight. Moreover, they may for such a purpose be supplied not only to the engine, but to every carriage in the train, thus affording the means of stopping each independently, and of holding in reserve an enormous break-power over the whole train for use in case of emergency. But, finally, the central rail possesses yet another advantage. The hold which the horizontal wheels take of it make it impossible that the carriage to which they are attached should leave the rails it runs on. Hence, with this precaution the trains may safely pass round the sharp curves of the road, and the passengers may, without alarm, look from the windows down the walls of rock along the edge of which they are borne at double the speed and with far more than the safety of diligences dragged by mules; for the engine cannot take fright, nor stumble at a critical point, and the carriages are actually locked to the road they travel on.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between the high and low rank, and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanour; whoever is honourable to himself, and in judgment to others; and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a gentleman; and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Man is strong—Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgment—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.

JEANNIE'S BLUE E'E.

Oh, bright are the gems on a queen's snowy brow;
And sweet are the flowers that on mossy banks grow;
But brighter by far, and sweeter to me,
Is the kind countho glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

As some beaming star in heaven's blue dome
Kludly bechts up the pilgrim's way home,
So my heart's lighted up, and my steps bound with
glee,
When I feel the kind glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

When I'm weary and worn, despairing and sad,
What is't lights my eye? makes my brow clear and
glad?
Makes my heart bound with joy, gay, gladsome and
free?
'Tis the sweet winning glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

She's fairer to me than the sweetest wee flow'r
That e'er bloom'd in beauty, on bank, or on bow'r;
Oh, to gain but her love, I could lay down and dee
For one tender glance o' her bonnie blue e'e.

Give the miser his gold, and the warrior fame,
The friendless a friend, and the nameless a name,
The mean rafe to greatness; but, oh! give to me
Only one loving glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

May her brow aye be clear, and her glance ever bright,
Her bosom aye happy, her heart ever light;
May sorrow and care far, far from her flee:
May a tear never dim her bonnie blue e'e.

And when her sun sets on that glorious shore,
Where parting, and sorrow, and sin are no more—
With my whole soul I pray that the last glance may be
A glance full of peace in my Jeannie's blue e'e.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 9

CHAPTER II. ANNO DOMINI 1860.

Two persons sat together in a first floor room overlooking Chancery-lane. The afternoon sky was grey, and cold, and dull; and the room was greyer, colder, duller than the sky. Everything about the place looked sordid and neglected. The rain-channelled smoke of years had crusted on the windows. The deed-boxes on the shelves behind the door, the shabby books in the book-case opposite the fireplace, the yellow map that hung over the mantelpiece, the taped papers on the table, were all thickly coated with white dust. There was nothing fresh or bright within those four walls, except a huge green safe with panelled iron doors and glittering scutcheons, fixed into a recess beside the fireplace. There were only two old-fashioned horse-hair covered chairs in the room. There was not even a carpet on the floor. A more comfortable place could scarcely be conceived beyond the walls of a prison; and yet, perhaps, it was not more comfortable than such places generally are.

It was the private room of William Trefalden, Esq., attorney at law, and it opened out from the dull dreary office in which his clerks were at work. There was a clock in each room, and an almanac on each mantelshelf. The hands of both clocks pointed to half past four, and the almanacs both proclaimed that it was the second day of March, A. D. eighteen hundred and sixty.

The two persons sitting together in the inner chamber was the lawyer and one of his clients. Placed as he was with his back to the window and his face partly shaded by his hand, Mr. Trefalden's features were scarcely distinguishable in the gathering gloom of the afternoon. His client—a stout, pale man, with the forest of iron grey hair about his massive temples—sat opposite, with the light full upon his face, and his hands crossed on the knob of his umbrella.

"I have come to talk to you, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "about that Castletowers mortgage."

"The Castletowers mortgage?" repeated Mr. Trefalden.

"Yes—I think I could do better with my money. If short I wish to foreclose."

The lawyer shifted round little further from the light, and drew his hand a little lower over his eyes.

"What better do you think you could do with your money, Mr. Behrens?" he said after a moment's pause. "It is an excellent investment. The Castletowers estate is burthened with no other encumbrance; and what can you desire better than five per cent secured on landed property?"

"I have nothing to say against it, as an investment" replied the client; "but—I prefer something else."

Mr. Trefalden looked up with a keen, inquiring glance.

"You are too wise a man, I am sure, Mr. Behrens," said he, "to let yourself be tempted by an unequal rate of interest."

The client smiled grimly.

"You are too wise a man, I should hope, Mr. Trefalden," rejoined he, "to suspect Oliver Behrens of any such folly? No, the fact is that five per cent is no longer of such importance to me as it was seven years ago, and I have a mind to lay out that twenty-five thousand upon land."

"Upon land?" echoed the lawyer, "My dear Sir, it would scarcely bring you three and a half per cent."

"I know that," replied the client. "I can afford it."

There was another brief silence.

"You will not give notice, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, quietly, "till you have seen something which you think likely to suit you?"

"I have seen something already," replied Mr. Behrens.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; in Worcestershire—one hundred and thirty miles from London."

"Is not that somewhat far for a man of business, Mr. Behrens?"

"No, I have my box in Surrey, you know, adjoining the Castletowers grounds."

"True. Have you taken any steps towards this purchase?"

"I have given your address to the lawyers in whose care the papers are left, and have desired them to communicate with you upon the subject. I trust to you to see that the title is all as it should be."

Mr. Trefalden slightly bent his head.

"I will give you my best advice upon it," he replied.

"In the mean time, I presume, you would wish to give notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage."

"Precisely what I came here to do."

Mr. Trefalden took up a pen, and an oblong slip of paper.

"You will allow twelve months, of course?" said he interrogatively.

"Certainly not. Why should I? Only six are stipulated for in the deed."

"True; but courtesy,—"

"Tush! this is a matter of law, not courtesy," interrupted the client.

"Still, I fear it would prove a serious inconvenience to Lord Castletowers," remonstrated the lawyer.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds is a largesum."

"Lord Castletowers' convenience is nothing to me," replied the other, abruptly. "I'm a man of the people, Mr. Trefalden. I have no respect for coronets."

"Very possible, Mr. Behrens," said Trefalden, in the same subdued tone; "but you may remember that your interest has been paid with scrupulous regularity, and that it is a very hard matter for a poor nobleman—Lord Castletowers is poor—to find so heavy a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds at only six months' notice."

"He did not think it too short when he gave me the bond," said Mr. Behrens.

"He wanted money," replied Mr. Trefalden, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, and now I want it. Come, come, Mr. Trefalden, Lord Castletowers is your client, and you no doubt you would like to oblige him; but I am your client too—and a better one than he is, I'll be bound!"

"I trust, Mr. Behrens, that I should never seek to oblige one client at the expense of another," said the lawyer slyly. "If you think that I would, you wrong me greatly."

"I think, sir, that, like most other folks, you have more respect for a lord than a wool-stapler," answered the man of the people, with a hard smile. "But I don't blame you for it. You're a professional man, and all professional men have those prejudices."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Trefalden. "I have none. I am the son of a merchant, and my family have all been merchants for generations. But this is idle. Let us proceed with our business. I am to take your instructions, Mr. Behrens, to serve Lord Castletowers

with a notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage in six months' time?"

Mr. Behrens nodded, and the lawyer made a note of the matter.

"I am also to understand that should Lord Castletowers request a further delay of six months, you would not be disposed to grant it?"

"Certainly not."

Mr. Trefalden laid his pen aside.

"If he can't find the money," said the wool-stapler, "let him sell the old place. I'll buy it."

"Shall I tell his lordship so?" asked Mr. Trefalden with a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"If you like. But it won't come to that, Mr. Trefalden. You're a rich man—aha! you needn't shake your head—you're a rich man, and you'll tend him the money."

"Indeed you are quite mistaken, Mr. Behrens," replied the lawyer, rising. "I am a very poor man."

"Ay, you say so, of course; but I know what the world thinks of your poverty, Mr. Trefalden. Well, good morning. You're looking pale, sir. You work too hard and think too much. That's the way with you cleveraving men. You should take care of yourself."

"Pshaw! how can a bachelor take care of himself?" said Mr. Trefalden, with a faint smile.

"True; you should look out for an heiress."

The lawyer shook his head.

"No, no," said he, "prefer my liberty. Good morning."

"Good morning."

Mr. Trefalden ushered his client through the office, listened for a moment to his heavy footfall going down the stairs, hastened back to his private room, and shut the door.

"Good God!" exclaimed he, in a low agitated tone, "what's to be done now? This is ruin—ruin!"

He took three or four restless turns about the room, then flung himself into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"He might well say that I looked pale," muttered he. "I felt pale. It came upon me like a thunder-stroke. I a rich man, indeed! I with twenty-five thousand pounds at command! Merciful powers! what can I do? To whom can I turn for it? What security have I to give? Only six months' notice, too. I am lost! I am lost!"

He rose and went to the great safe beside the fireplace. His hand trembled so that he could scarcely fit the key to the lock. He threw back one of the heavy iron-panelled doors, and brought out a folded parchment with the words "Deed of Mortgage between Gervase Leopold Wynclyffe, Earl of Castletowers, and Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Bread-street, London," written upon the outer side. Opening this document upon the desk, he resumed his seat, and read it carefully through from beginning to end. As he did so, the trouble deepened and deepened on his face, and his check grew still more deathly. When he came to the signatures at the end, he pushed it from him with a bitter sigh.

"Not a flaw in it!" he groaned. "No pretext for putting off the evil day for even a week beyond the time! What a fool I was to think I could ever replace it! And yet what could I do? I wanted it. If it were to do again to-morrow, I should do it. Yes, by Heaven! I should, be the consequences what they might."

He paused, rose again, and replaced the mortgage deed in the safe.

"If I only dared to burn it!" said he, with a lingering glance at the fire. "Oh if—"

He took a letter from the table, and stood looking for some moments at that signature.

"Oliver Behrens!" he mused. "A bold hand, with something of the German character in that little twist at the top of the O, easy to imitate; but then the witness—No, no, impossible! Better expatriation than such a risk as that. If the worst comes to the worst, there's always America."

And with this he sank down into his chair again, rested his chin upon his own palms, and fell into a deep and silent train of thought.

CHAPTER III. RESOLVED.

As William Trefalden sat in his little dismal private room, wearily thinking, the clouds in the sky parted towards the west, and the last gleam of daylight fell upon his face. Such a pale eager face as it was, too, with a kind of strange beauty in it that no merely vulgar eye would have seen at all. To the majority of persons, William Trefalden was simply a gentlemanly

"clever-looking" man. Attracted by the upright wall of forehead, which literally overbalanced the proportions of his face, they scarcely observed the delicacy of his other features. The clear pallor of his complexion, the subtle moulding of his mouth and chin, were altogether disregarded by those superficial observers. Even his eyes, large, brown, luminous as they were, lost much of their splendour beneath that superincumbent weight of brow. His age was thirty-eight; but he looked older. His hair was thick and dark, and sprinkled lightly here and there with silver. Though slender he was particularly well made—so well made, that it seemed impossible to him to move ungracefully. His hands were white and supple; his voice low; his manner grave and polished. A very keen and practised eye might, perhaps, have detected a singular sub-current of nervous excitability beneath that gravity and polish—a nervous excitability which it had been the business of William Trefalden's whole life to conquer and conceal, and which none of those around him were Lavaters enough to discover. The ice of a studied reserve had effectually crusted over that fire. His own clerks, who saw him daily for three hundred and thirteen dreary days in every drear, year, had no more notion of their employer's inner life than the veriest strangers who brushed past him along the narrow footway of Chancery-lane. They saw him only as others saw him. They thought of him only as others thought of him. They knew that he had a profound and extensive knowledge of his profession, an iron will, and an inexhaustible reserve of energy. They knew that he would sit chained to his desk for twelve and fourteen hours at a time, when there was urgent business to be done. They knew that he wore a shabby coat, lunched every day on a couple of dry biscuits, made no friends, accepted no invitations, and kept his private address a dead secret, even from his head clerk. To them he was a grave, plodding, careful, clever man, somewhat parsimonious as to his expenditure, provokingly reticent as to his private habits, and evidently bent on the accumulation of riches. They were about as correct in their conclusions as the conclave of cardinals which elected Pope Sixtus the Fifth for no other merits than his supposed age and infirmities.

Lost in anxious thought, William Trefalden sat at his desk, in the same attitude, till dusk came on, and the lamps were lighted in the thoroughfare below. Once or twice he sighed, or stirred uneasily; but his eyes never wandered from their fixed stare, and his head was never lifted from his hands. At length he seemed to come to a sudden resolution. He arose, rang the bell, crumpled up the memorandum which he had written according to Mr. Lehren's instructions, and flung it into the fire.

The door opened, and a red-headed clerk made his appearance.

"Let my office lamp be brought," said Mr. Trefalden, "and ask Mr. Keckwiteh to step this way."

The clerk vanished, and was succeeded by Mr. Keckwiteh, who came in with the light in his hand.

"Put the shade over it, Keckwiteh," exclaimed Mr. Trefalden, impatiently, as the glare fell full upon his face. "It's enough to blind one!"

The head clerk obeyed slowly, looking at his employer all the while from beneath his eyelashes.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked, huskily.

He was a short fat, pallid man, with no more neck than a Schiedam bottle. His eyes were small and almost colourless. His ears had held so many generations of pens that they stood out from his head like the handles of a classic vase; and his voice was always husky.

"Yes. Do you know where to lay your hand upon that old copy of my great-grandfather's will?"

"Jacob Trefalden of Basinghall-street, seventeen hundred and sixty?"

Mr. Trefalden nodded.

The head clerk took the subject into placid consideration and drummed thoughtfully with his fat fingers, upon the most prominent portion of his waistcoat.

"Well, sir," he admitted, after a brief pause, "I won't say that I may not be able to find it."

"Do so, if you please. Who is in the office?"

"Only Mr. Gorkin."

"Desire Gorkin to run out and fetch me a Continental Bradshaw."

Mr. Keckwiteh retired; despatched the red-headed clerk; took down a dusty deed-box from a still dustier corner cupboard; brought forth the old yellow parchment for which his employer had just inquired, and slipped the same within the lid of his desk. Having done this, he took the armful of mouldy deeds from another shelf of the same cupboard, and littered them

all about the desk and floor. Just as he had completed these arrangements, Gorkin returned, breathless, with the volume in his hand, and Mr. Keckwiteh took it in.

"And the copy?" said Mr. Trefalden, without lifting his eyes from an old book of maps over which he was bending.

"I am looking for it, sir," replied the head clerk.

"Very good."

"Gorkin may go, I suppose, sir? It's more than half past five."

"Of course; and you too, when you have found the deed."

Mr. Keckwiteh retired again, released the grateful Gorkin, placed himself at his desk, and proceeded with much deliberations to read the will.

"What's at the bottom of it?" muttered he, presently, as he paused with one fat finger on the opening sentence. "What's wrong? Something. I heard it in his voice. I saw it in his face. And he knew I should see it, too, when he called out about the shade. What is it? What's he peering into about? Why does he want this copy? He never asked for it before. There ain't a farthing coming to him, I know. I've read it before. But I'll read it again for all that. A man can never know too much of his employer's private affairs. Not much chance of learning a great deal of his either. Confounded private he keeps 'em."

He read on a little further, and then paused again.

"Why did he lend for that Continental Bradshaw?" he questioned to himself. "Why can I go, too, when there's plenty to be done here, and he knows it? He wants me gone—why? Where's he going himself? What's he up to? Abel Keckwiteh, Abel Keckwiteh, my best of friends keep your right eye open!"

And with this apostrophe he returned to the deed, and proceeded with it sedulously.

"Well, Keckwiteh," cried Mr. Trefalden, from the inner room, "have you found the copy?"

"Not yet, sir," replied the trusty fellow, who was then rather more than half way through it. "But I've turned out a boxful of old parchments, and I think I shall be sure—"

"Enough. Look closely for it, and bring it as soon as it turns up."

"It will turn up," murmured Mr. Keckwiteh, "as soon as I have finished it."

And so it did, about five minutes after, when Mr. Keckwiteh made his appearance with it at his master's door.

"Found? That's right!" exclaimed the lawyer, putting out his hand eagerly.

"I won't be sure, sir, till you've looked at it," replied the head clerk, with becoming modesty.

Mr. Trefalden's fingers closed on the document, but his eyes flashed keenly into the lustreless orbs of Mr. Abel Keckwiteh, and rested there a moment before they reverted into the endorsement.

"Humph!" said he, in a slightly altered tone.

"Yes—it's quite right, thank you. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Mr. Trefalden looked after him suspiciously, and continued to do so, even when the door had been closed between them.

"The man's false," said he. "None but spies have so little curiosity. I shouldn't wonder if he's read every line."

Then he rose, locked the door, trimmed the lamp, dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and began to read the will. As he read, his brow darkened, and his lip grew stern. Presently he pushed the deed aside, and jotted down row after row of cyphers on a piece of blotting paper. Then he went back to the deed, and back again to the cyphers, and every moment the frown settled deeper and deeper on his brow. Such a complex train of hopes and doubts, speculations and calculations as were traversing the mazes of that busy brain! Sometimes he pondered in silence. Sometimes he muttered through his teeth; but so inaudibly, that had there even been a listener at the door (as perhaps there was), that listener would not have been a syllable the wiser.

He took up a little almanac printed on a card, and cast up the weeks between the fourth of March and the third of April. There were not quite five. Not quite five weeks to the expiration of this long, long century, during which Jacob Trefalden's half million had been accumulating, interest upon interest—during which whole generations had been born, and lived, and passed away! Good Heavens! to what a sum it had grown. It had amounted now to nine million five hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and odd pounds! Words—mere words! His brain refused to

realize them. He might as well have tried to realize the distance between the sun and the earth. And this gigantic bequest was to be divided between a charity and an heir. Half! Even the half baffled him. Even the half seemed too vast to convey any tangible idea to his mind. Even the half amounted to four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and odd pounds. Pshaw! both were so inconceivable that the one produced no more effect upon his imagination than the other.

He took up his pen, and made rapid calculation. Supposing it were taken as an income at five per cent? Ha! one could grasp that, at all events. It would produce about two hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds a year. Two hundred and thirty-eight thousand a year! A splendid revenue, truly; yet less than the income enjoyed by many an English nobleman; and not one penny more than might be very easily and pleasantly spent by even a poor devil of an attorney like himself!

It might have been his own that princely heritage—nay, would have been, but for the cursed accident of birth! It might have been his; and now to whom would it fall? To a stranger—an alien—probably to an uncultivated boor, ignorant of the very language of his forefathers! Oh, the bitter injustice of it! Had not he at least as fair a right to this wealth? Did not he stand precisely in the same degree of relationship to the giver of it? By what law of natural justice was the descendant of the eldest son to revel in superfluity, while he, the descendant of the youngest, stood on the brink of ruin? Had it even been left for division between the survivors, both might have been rich; but now—

He rose, pale and agitated, and paced restlessly about the room.

But now, was it not evident that this heir was his born foe and despoiler, and had he not the right to hate him? Was not the hand of the desperate man against all men, even from the very beginning? but was it not first raised against those who have wronged him the deepest? William Trefalden was a desperate man. Had he not appropriated that twenty-five thousand pounds paid over to him by Lord Castle-towers two years ago, for the liquidation of the mortgage, and did not ruin and discovery stare him in the face? Having hazarded name and safety on one terrible die known only to himself, should he now hesitate to declare war upon his enemy, who was the possessor of millions?

He smiled a strange smile of power and defiance, and ran his finger along the black lines on the map. From Dover to Calais—from Calais, by train to Basle—Basle to Zurich—Zurich to Chur. At Chur the rail-ways terminate. It could not be far beyond Chur where these emigrant Trefaldens dwelt. It would take him three days to get there, perhaps three and a half—perhaps four. He would start to-morrow.

His decision once taken, William Trefalden became in a moment cool and methodical as ever. All trace of excitement vanished from his face, as a breath clears from the surface of a mirror. He thrust the Bradshaw in his pocket, scribbled a hasty note to his head clerk, carefully burned the cyphered blotting-paper in the flame of the lamp, and watched it expire among the dead ashes in the fireplace; locked his desk; tried the fastenings of the safe; glanced at the clock, and prepared to be gone.

"A quarter to seven already!" exclaimed he, as he unlocked the door. "I shall be too late to-night!"

He had spoken aloud, believing himself alone, but stopped at the sight of Mr. Keckwiteh, busily writing.

"You here, Keckwiteh!" he said, frowning. "I told you you might go."

"You did, sir," replied the scribe, placidly; "but there was Heywood and Bennett's deed of partnership to be drawn up, so I would not take advantage of your kindness."

Trefalden bit his lip.

"I had just written a line to you," he said, "to let you know that I am going out of town for a fortnight. Forward all letters marked private."

"Where to, sir?"

"You will find the address here."

And Mr. Trefalden tossed the note down upon the clerk's desk, and turned towards the door.

"Glad you're going to allow yourself a little pleasure for once, sir," observed Mr. Keckwiteh, without the faintest gleam of surprise or curiosity on his impassive countenance. "Begging pardon for the liberty."

His employer hesitated for an instant before replying.

"Thank you," he said, "but pleasure is not my object. I go to visit a relation whom I have neglected too long. Good night."

With this he passed from the room, and went slowly down the stairs. In the passage he paused to listen; and when in the street, stepped out into the middle of the thoroughfare to look up at the windows.

"Strange!" muttered he; "but I never suspected that fellow so strongly as I do to-night!"

He then glanced right and left, buttoned his coat across his chest, for the March wind blew keenly, and walked briskly up the lane, in the direction of Holborn. As he neared the top of the street, close to its junction with the great thoroughfare, a thought struck him, and he flung himself back, by a rapid movement, into the recess of an old-fashioned doorway. There was no lamp within several yards. The doorway was dark and deep as a sentry-box. There, with eager ear and bated breath, he waited.

Presently, apart from the deep hum of traffic close by, he heard a footstep coming up—a footstep so light and swift that at first he thought he must be mistaken. Then his practised ear detected a labouring wheeze in the breath of the runner.

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated he, poised his right arm, set his teeth, and stood ready for a spring.

The signals of distress grew more distinct—the step slackened, ceased—drew near again—and Mr. Abel Keckwith, panting and bewildered, made his appearance just opposite the doorway, evidently baffled by the disappearance of his occupant.

He was not long left in doubt. Swift as a panther, William Trefalden swooped down upon his man, and dealt him a short powerful blow that sent him reeling, pale and giddy, against the wall. It was surprising what muscles of steel and knuckles of iron lay perdu beneath the white superficialities of that supple hand.

"Dog!" said he, fiercely, "do you dare to spy at my heels? This is not the first time I've suspected you; but I advise you to let it be the last time I convict you. Ay, you may scowl, but, by the Heaven above me! if I catch you at this game again, you'll repent it to your dying day. There! be thankful that I let you off so cheaply."

And having said this, William Trefalden walked coolly away, without vouchsafing so much as a glance to a couple of delighted boys who stood watching the performance from the opposite side of the street.

As for Abel Keckwith, he recovered his breath and his equilibrium as well as he could, though the former was a matter of time, and caused him to sit down, ignominiously, on the nearest door-step. When, at length, he was in a condition to retrace his steps, he rose, shook his fat fist in a passion of impotent rage, and indulged in a volley of curses, not loud but deep.

"I'll be even with you," gasped he, more huskily than ever. "I'll be even with you, Mr. Trefalden, if I die for it! You're something to hide, but you shan't hide it from me. I'll know where you live, and what you do with your money. I'll find out the secret of your life before I've done with you, and then let us see which will be master!"

To be continued.

COTTLE, in his "Life of Coleridge," relates the following amusing incident:—"I led my horse to the stable, where a sad perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but after many strenuous attempts I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but after several unsuccessful efforts he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on; 'for,' he said, 'it was downright impossibility for such a huge os frontis to pass through so narrow an aperture.' Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'Ha, master,' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this!' when, turning the collar upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment; each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained."

OLD PEOPLE are as anxious as handsome ones to perpetuate their features; probably having lived so long with their ugliness, they have become attached to it.

HOPE RASHLEIGH.

Continued from page 7.—Conclusion.

"It is not an easy matter to convince me that my child has committed a theft," said John Rashleigh, gravely, and turning away his head.

"I did not think of it as a fault at the time, dear papa," she cried, flinging herself into his arms. "I wanted it for poor Anne Rogers, chiefly; I did not want it for myself. Forgive me, dear, dearest papa, for having been so disobedient and wilful, and do not blame or accuse Grantley any more! I am the only one to blame, and he has been far nobler than I deserved." Here she burst into tears, and buried her face in her father's breast. "Won't you forgive me, dear papa?" she sobbed again after a short pause, kissing his cheek which her tears made almost as wet as her own.

John Rashleigh could not resist this. Hope had never yet been unforgiven even when she had not shown contrition, and the unusual softness of her mood to-day could meet with nothing but the most fervent response.

"Do not cry, Hope! Dry your eyes, child!" he said, tenderly. "There, there! Let us have no more about it. I quite believe you, and I quite believe that you did not know you were doing anything wrong, and that you were only thoughtless and impulsive, as usual. And as for you, boy" (to Grantley), "I am sorry that I accused you so hastily; so, shake hands, and think no more about it. You cannot expect me to say more than that I am sorry," he added pleasantly, as Grantley still hesitated. The blow on his cheek yet stung, and it was rather early days to take the hand which had struck him. "No gentleman can want more than an apology, and a father can only express his regret to a son; so shake hands, boy, and let us all forget what has been a very painful misunderstanding."

That word did what the feeling had failed to do. Grantley grasped his cousin's hand warmly; he had conquered all his boyish pride and manly indignation by the simple name of father.

"I have made you suffer, Grantley," said Hope, as her father left them, and again she laid her hand in his.

"I would have borne more than this for your sake, Miss Hope," he answered, pressing her hand between both of his, and looking at her lovingly—she not haughty and disdainful as usual, but downcast, bashful, and repentant.

"I do not know what we shall do without you, Grantley," she then said very gently; and as she spoke she turned pale, and he felt her hand trembling in his.

"Oh! you will soon forget me. I have so often displeased you, you will be glad to get rid of me," Grantley answered.

"I do not think we shall," said Hope, in a low voice. And then there was a moment's silence.

All this time they were standing with their hands clasped in each other's in the hall which had just been so noisy and heated with the late storm passing through.

"You have not displeased me; it is I who have been ill-tempered," Hope continued, in a still lower voice, still softer and richer in its tones. "I ought to ask you for forgiveness, Grantley, before you go, for I have often behaved so badly to you."

"You must not do that," he exclaimed hastily, and his eyes filled up with tears. "I could not bear that, Miss Hope. I cannot bear to hear you even blame yourself for anything."

"Grantley!" she said; and then she stopped and said no more.

Still with her hand in his, still looking down on her as she stood with bent head and lowered eyelids before him, he drew just a shade nearer to her.

"You spoke?" he asked.

She laid her other hand on his arm.

"I am much obliged to you for all that you have done for me these many years," she said, almost in a whisper.

The words were formal but the voice and tone were not; the downcast eyes, the parted lips, the cheeks now crimsoning and now paling, the heaving breast, the pride swept away beneath the swell of this unusual tenderness and girlish gratitude,—all told of something deeper and warmer stirring in that impetuous heart than what those quaint, formal words expressed.

"Do not say that you are obliged to me for anything, dear Miss Hope," said Grantley, himself secretly

able to speak; "it has been honour enough to me to be allowed to serve you."

"No one has ever done so much for me," she said.

"Because no one ever" He stopped in his turn, and said no more; then, after a pause, he went on: "I have done nothing for you unwillingly, Miss Hope. If you had asked me at any time to give you my life I would have done it as freely as I would have given you a flower. I have had but one object—that of serving and obeying you; and I have had but one desire—that of pleasing you. I have done the first the best way I could if I have failed in the last sadly. But I want you to remember me when I am in India," he went on to say, "and to remember me with as little dislike as you can, and I am so glad to-day, for the last thing you will have to remember of me will be my faith to you."

The tears were swelling in her eyes, as in his.

"I shall never forget to-day," she said gently, "nor how good you have always been to me, dear Grantley."

"I am glad you can say that, dear Miss Hope. I am glad I am going to India too, though I shall never see you again; for if I stayed in England I should only fall out of favour again, and then I should have the pain of seeing you hate me more than ever, perhaps."

By this time the tears were running down her face.

"I have never disliked you, Grantley," she said. "I have pretended to do so, but it was mere pretence; and I have tried, but I could not. I like you better than you like me, Grantley—a great deal."

"Hope!"

What was it? What happened? What madness took him? Neither of them ever knew, boy and girl as they were; but Hope found herself clasped to his heart, with her arm round his neck, and their flushed, wet, youthful faces laid against each other.

But they were not in smooth water yet, and had something more formidable before them than even their own misunderstanding and childish blindness had been. Though John Rashleigh might forgive a girlish freedom like that of which Hope had been guilty, it was by no means certain that he would forgive this far graver sin. The light of his eyes and the pride of his heart, she for whom lords and princes would not have been too good, to give herself away at sixteen to a poor relation! Hope knew all the trial to be passed through. It must be met, however, and that at once, unless she and Grantley would undertake a clandestine correspondence—for which the one was too proud and the other too honest; or unless they would give up each other—which neither would hear of. What she anticipated came to pass, in even exaggerated form. The father was furious; violent beyond anything she had dreamed possible; but, girl as she was, she was firm, and Grantley would not yield her so long as she would hold to him.

Then came that terrible collision of two wills equal in strength, and the battle of love and pride which tears a man's very soul. Look which way he would, there was no comfort for John Rashleigh; and refusal or consent was equally madness and despair. But he must decide. The proud man had to balance with the father; and eventually the father won the day. Yet he would not consent to the marriage for many years even after they had come to riper age than what is generally held ripe enough; and when he did—when Grantley came back from India with a character and repute of his own, and his cousin found that both poor relation and daughter had not swerved a hair's breadth from their young loves, and were minded to marry without his consent if it could not be with—even then, when forced to yield, Grantley found his roses decidedly not without thorns. His sweetness of temper, though conquered before the end came; and when John Rashleigh was dying, he confessed that Grantley had been the best son, and the dearest, father ever had; and that now, when the things of this world were slipping away from him and he was beginning to learn their emptiness, he was glad that Hope had married one who, by his better influence, had made her a nobler and a gentler woman.

"But you were a thief after all, my boy, and stole a greater treasure than a paltry banknote," he said lovingly, not an hour before he died.

QUEENS.—Of sixty-seven queens of France only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery and sin. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest.

THE PORTRAIT.

IT was only a head, and was perhaps the smallest picture in the gallery. At first I took it for a Murillo, but learned afterwards that it was by his great master, Velasquez. It was the portrait of a lady between eighteen and twenty, surpassingly beautiful, but of a beauty essentially Spanish. The complexion, though dark, was so incomparably clear, that it charmed the eye far more than the pearl-like fairness of northern climes. The classical severity of a brow and forehead over which the hair was plainly braided, was tempered by the sweet expression hovering round the mouth. If it had not been for the deep, sad, subdued expression of the full eyes, the general expression would have been almost haughtily commanding. But those eyes so large, so lustrous, so finely formed, so expressive of the sorrow-stricken emanations of a lofty and sensitive soul, few could gaze upon them without tears dimming their own.

The magic touches of the master's pencil had been limited to the face and the upper part of the neck. It was left to the imagination to supply the graceful form of the fair original—the bust and arms moulded on some perfect Grecian statue, and fingers like those of the vestal who stirs up the ashes of the sacred fire with a golden bodkin.

Blonde northern beauties, fair girls, and stately matrons, blue-eyed and golden-haired, hung either side of the lovely Iberian, like lilies of the field around some rare exotic; and immediately above it, attached to it by a black silk scarf, was the portrait of a cavalier-looking fellow with a courtly air, and the love-locks of Charles the First's time. The interest inspired by those eloquent eyes was heightened by this strange companionship, and a wilder tale of human passion than that which explained it seldom falls within the sober limits of truth.

When that "bright accidental star," Queen Elizabeth, departed this life, and James of Scotland reigned in her stead, strange tidings of matrimonial negotiations with the most ultra-Roman Catholic Court in Europe disturbed the British house-holder. The Nonconformist preachers improved the occasion to adorn their harangues with visions of Smithfield fires relighted, Jesuits guiding the helm of state, and an inquisition sitting *en permanence* at Whitehall. By-and-by it was whispered from mouth to mouth—and this time the rumour chimed in with the popular taste—that their young prince, disdainful Court etiquette, aspired to win his bride like some knight-errant of old. Poetry and romance still lingered on English ground. A great change was approaching, and already loomed in the distance, but as yet the puritan element was overawed by the gallant and chivalrous spirit that Spenser had clothed in flowing numbers, and Sidney and Raleigh in deeds of heroic daring. So when the Prince of Wales sailed from England with a flowing sheet, and it was bruited abroad that he had adventured a perilous journey for the love of a lady fair, the people applauded, and, despite the drum ecclesiastic sounding through the land, drank success to the Spanish alliance.

At the time this journey to Madrid was planned, one of the most devoted and favoured adherents of the Duke of Buckingham was Sir Edward Listowel. His father had been a favourite of King James, and one of that monarch's earliest customers when he took to speculating in baronetries. In due course of time he died, leaving vast possessions to his only son. Much to Buckingham's chagrin, the King refused to include Listowel in the personal suite of the Prince, and persisted in limiting the number to three: Sir Francis Cottington, Sir Richard Graham, and Endymion Porter. It was therefore finally arranged that Sir Edward should join them in Madrid with Lord Denby, Lord Kensington, Lord Cecil, Lord Howard, and the other young nobles who were to form the Prince's Court. These cavaliers were specially chosen for their gallant bearing and showy accomplishments; yet even among them the apt pupil of the courtly Buckingham, who had acquired both the winning manners and the views of his patron, was almost unrivalled.

In the month of July, 1623, a bull fight was

held in Madrid, for the purpose of displaying the national pastime to the Prince of Wales. These spectacles were always eagerly welcomed by the fair Iberians. The galleries of the bull-ring were the arena for the display of their charms and their toilettes—better adapted to the national character than the ball-room and opera of modern times. Like the fair dames in some tournament of old, they smiled approval upon the gallant feats of their preux chevaliers in the enclosure, and their full Cleopatra-like order of beauty, most effective when in repose, was suited to the position. The Spanish cavaliers were not sorry for an opportunity of eclipsing for the nonce their English rivals who had attracted far too much attention. The romantic errand of the Prince had turned the heads of the young ladies in Madrid, and his retinue fell in for no small share of his popularity. As foreigners, they were to some extent regarded as privileged persons, and held excused from many of the niceties of Spanish etiquette, so adroitly framed to throw impediments in the way of speedy acquaintance. It may easily be supposed that the Spanish *Hidalgos* by no means approved of these arrangements; indeed the chief enjoyment they promised to themselves in this bull-fight was that for once they would be the sole objects of attraction.

The eventful day arrived. The sun, fast sinking towards the west, shone upon the magnificent appointments of the cavaliers, superbly mounted on Andalusian steeds, as one by one they entered the arena. The galleries were filled with all the beauty of Madrid. Jewels flashed, plumes waved and bright eyes sparkled. But, alas for the cavaliers! it soon became painfully evident that the attractions of a bull-fight could not compare with the novelty of a Prince-errant, and that glances which ought to have rewarded the prowess of the champions were monopolised by the gallery assigned to the Prince and his attendants.

As for the strangers, they were warmly interested in the spectacle, and enthusiastically applauded the superb horsemanship and cool daring of the combatants. No one was more engrossed by the scene than Sir Edward Listowel, until, leaning eagerly forward to get a better view of a close encounter between the infuriated bull and one of the cavaliers, he caught a glimpse of a face partly turned towards him, so beautiful even in that crowd of lovely women, that bull, cavaliers, matadores, and everything else, were at once forgotten. The English Court in King James the First's reign was remarkable for the degree of beauty that adorned it; but Listowel felt in an instant that anything so lovely as this he had never seen. It was a young lady between eighteen and twenty. She was speaking when he first caught sight of her. The sweet musical tone of her voice, the beauty of her lips as her words overflowed, to use Homer's metaphor, the pearl-like enclosure of her teeth, the graceful lines of her figure, resolving themselves with every moment into new and ever-charming combinations, exceeded his wildest ideal of female loveliness. She was the original of the portrait; but then there was health as well as beauty in the cheek, and brightness and animation in the eyes instead of that deep and desolate sadness which strikes the spectator so vividly in those of the picture.

For a few moments Listowel was completely bewildered. But he was not a man to lose his self-possession for long. Habitually cold and cautious, he looked again and again to make sure that his first glance had not deceived him. He scrutinized carefully and critically the peculiar points of her national beauty, mentally reviewing at the same time the ladies of the English and French Courts most celebrated for their charms, and the more he gazed the more he found to admire. "I will wait a little while," thought he, "for an opportunity of addressing her, and if none should occur I must make one." For he it knew that Listowel was not one of those lovers who are satisfied with worshipping their divinities at a distance; nor had it ever been his habit to let his admiration remain long unknown to its object. An opportunity, however, did occur, and that shortly.

The combat was progressing vigorously; the bull made a succession of splendid rushes, and the interest of the spectators was excited in a

corresponding degree, when suddenly a thrill of horror appeared to seize the vast multitude, causing it to surge to and fro in wild and uncontrollable excitement. The sparkling countenance of the fair girl whose variations Sir Edward had been admiringly watching became blanched with terror, as she fell back in her seat, and covered her face with her hands. He looked up and sprang to the edge of the gallery to ascertain the cause of the sudden excitement. The bull had cleared with a bound the palisade between the arena and the humbler portion of the spectators, who fled in all directions. But promptly to the rescue came a matadore. One moment his long knife gleamed in the air, the next, the huge animal staggered and dropped at his feet. Loud "Vivas" rent the air; the crowd, more frightened than hurt, gathered round the foam-covered carcass, and Listowel, as he returned to his seat, addressed the young lady in a few appropriate words, begging her to calm her agitation, as the danger was over and no one injured. She withdrew her hands from her eyes, and raising them to the young Englishman, whom she had observed springing forward at the first alarm, answered, "Are you certain, sir? I thought I saw the terrible animal trampling down all before him."

"Fair lady, the sport is over as far as that bull is concerned, and before he could do any mischief he was despatched by one of the matadores.

The conversation once begun, Listowel took good care not to suffer it to languish. He spoke Spanish fluently. His accent, it is true, was unmistakably English, but that very circumstance, indicating that he was attached to the Prince's suite, was, as he knew full well, more likely to advance his suit with any lady in Madrid than if he had been a *grandee* of the first class. He did not yet know Olivia de la Pena, or he would have felt how little impression things of that sort made on her mind. Donna Olivia was most curious about England and the English, their manners, and modes of thought.

"And they are all heretics?" she asked, crossing herself.

"By far the greater part," answered Sir Edward; "but," he added, for he did not relish the tone in which she had spoken, "those distinctions are things of the past: religious animosities are forgotten; and our Prince is now come over, like some knight of old, to woo the King's sister, whilst the Pope himself is about to sanction their union."

"But still he is a heretic," persisted Donna Olivia, rather giving utterance to her own thoughts than addressing her companion.

"Sits the wind in that quarter," thought Listowel, "it is hard, but I can trim my sails to meet it. He has been educated in the reformed faith," he replied, "but one of the distinctive features of our doctrines is, that they sanction, and even encourage, inquiry. Our religion is instilled into us in youth, but if the judgement of maturer years rejects it, we never hesitate to recant our errors."

"Oh indeed!" exclaimed Olivia; and her cheek kindled, and her eyes flashed, as she turned them upon her companion with an eager, searching look.

Listowel avoided the glance, but he felt it, and thoroughly read its expression.

It was a little more than a month after the scene at the fight, that the light of the waning moon, as it streamed through the trellised entrance of a grotto in the palace-garden of Don Felix de la Pena, discovered a lady and a cavalier. The gentleman was speaking in low and earnest tones. The lady eagerly listened.

"Remember, Olivia," he said, "all that has happened since we met. Through you I have abandoned the faith of my ancestors, and now you would have me act in direct hostility to my Prince. Bitterly opposed as your father is known to be to this marriage, how can one of the Prince's suite demand your hand? No, my love," he continued, softening his voice as he spoke, "our union must be secret. A few months passed, and these negotiations terminated, I can call you mine in the face of the world, and carry you to England, where you will reign the queen of beauty in the Court, and the mistress of my home and happiness."

"Then why not wait till then?" said Olivia, in a low and fluttering voice, as if she already anticipated the reply.

"Triffo not with me, dearest," answered he; "you know that in three days I leave Spain with despatches for the King. The Prince has chosen me to carry them to England, and I cannot explain to him the real cause of my reluctance. I must go: and how can I go without putting it beyond the power of fate to rob me of you? How can we tell what measures your father may adopt to induce you to accept the husband he has chosen for you?"

"And do you doubt my truth?" said Olivia, raising her eyes to her lover's face with a look that would have calmed the soul of Othello. But Listowel did not doubt. He had learned to know that death on the one hand, and the crown of Spain on the other, would never have tempted Olivia to break her plighted faith. Assurance on this point was not his object.

"Doubt you, dearest? no!" he answered. "But strange things are done in this country. Fathers have unlimited power, and sometimes but few scruples how they use it. Dearest, you must be mine before I leave Madrid. If not, I cannot go in peace—I cannot go at all. Yes," he passionately exclaimed, "I will forfeit everything,—duty, friends, prospects,—rather than leave you, unless you are irrevocably mine."

Five short weeks before, and Olivia had never seen Sir Edward Listowel. He was now master of her whole soul; they had met daily. The hopes he had held out of his conversion served the double purpose of a pretext for these frequent interviews, and a veil that prevented Olivia from discovering, until too late, the real state of her feelings. Long before she had gained, as she devoutly hoped, a soul for heaven, her fate was sealed. She loved with a fixed unity of feeling, and overflowing tenderness, such as only a soul like hers could feel. And if the time that had sufficed to effect all this was short, remember, gentle reader, that time, must not be reckoned by numerals only. The events of a day not unfrequently change the current of a lifetime; and the feelings of years are sometimes compressed into one hour's intense sensation. Well for you if you have never known the truth of this!

The work of proselytism now went forward rapidly, and her full confession of irrepressible love was made, as she fondly believed, to a Roman Catholic. Still there were many obstacles to surmount, and, but for that mission to England, she might have lived to look back upon these moonlight interviews as a romantic episode of her girlish days. But her lover's arguments were not altogether groundless, her faith with him was implicit, her father was stern and unapproachable, and the flowers had blossomed many times over the grave of the mother who might have saved her.

They were privately married. Two days afterwards, Listowel informed his bride that the journey to England was indefinitely postponed. Even the callous heart of this follower of Buckingham was touched by the delirious joy with which she welcomed his words, and a sharp though transient pang of unavailing remorse made him almost shrink from her fond embrace.

About this time the portrait was begun. Velasquez did not know who the lady was who came secretly to sit to him, and, satisfied with having to paint one of the loveliest faces that artist ever transferred to canvas, did not inquire. "It is only a head," soliloquised the great master, "but it is worthy of immortality, and it shall be the finest creation that ever passed from my pencil."

"What a radiant creature!" he exclaimed, as he stood gazing on his unfinished work one day towards the hour he expected her visit. "What a noble brow? What a glorious spirit lighting up the whole countenance? What life and brilliancy in those eyes! This must be love—and a love smiled upon by Fortune."

"The expression of the eyes was less bright to-day," thought the painter, as he contemplated the progress of the picture after the sitter was gone. "I did not much perceive it at the time, but I copied closely the expression that was there, and certainly the countenance is a little clouded. It may have been my fault; perhaps

it was my eyes that were dim. At all events I will be very careful next time."

Painstaking and careful indeed he was; but the change was now beyond a doubt. It was perceptible as she sat, and still more so in the portrait.

"The character of this piece is altering visibly," thought the artist. "At one time I thought it would have been the most radiant creature my art has ever embodied; but it will not be so now. It is beautiful still, perhaps more beautiful than ever, but the expression is saddened and subdued."

And thus it was, through faithfully copying the eyes of Donna Olivia, that those of the portrait grew sadder and sadder day by day, until they wore that look of mournful desolation so conspicuous in them still. Hers was the bitterest grief of all, more bitter than the grief of the bride who has lost her love while her faith was still whole in him—in him who has passed away in the flush and the hope of youth, like an air but just begun, the chords ceasing to vibrate while their tone was sweetest. She was beginning to doubt her husband's truth and love.

Soon after their marriage he began to tire of the perpetual hypocrisy necessary to sustain her belief in his conversion. The first moment that a doubt of this crossed her mind was perhaps the bitterest in her life. It is difficult for us to realize the exclusive spirit of Roman Catholicism, and the odium associated with the very name of heretic in the breast of a Spaniard, and above all, a Spanish lady—of that age. In Olivia's case, religion had been the only object her feelings had fed upon, until she had seen Listowel. Even the love now paramount in her heart had been entwined with religious thoughts and anxieties, and reached its climax with her lover's conversion. The pervulsion of feeling was terrible, and to add to her misery she could hardly resist the conviction that he had played the hypocrite. "But no," she repeated, "he is too noble and too true to have acted thus. He thought he believed. He was blinded by his love for me!"

Whatever that love might have been, it soon became too apparent that it no longer exercised such an all-potent influence. He became irritable and impatient whenever she urged the subject of religion, and in his heat would sometimes say things that stabbed her to the heart. The Prince's visit was drawing to a close, and Listowel began to talk of returning with him, and to urge the necessity of deferring the announcement of their marriage for some months. Strange to say, although Donna Olivia keenly felt the insult, she did not resent it. Her once proud spirit was crushed and broken. She had staked all upon a cast, and heart, hope, and energy, were lost together.

Still she could scarcely believe that her husband no longer loved her. "When I recall what he has said on this very spot, it is impossible. I have become depressed and anxious about his conversion, and so look at things in a gloomy light. Not love me! It is impossible he should not. I will come to a full understanding with him this night about this English voyage. If I do not go with him, I shall never live to see him again."

There was a path arched in with trelliswork that bent beneath the clustering vine, a path that led to a grotto where a little fountain sparkled and played in the moonlight, dear to Olivia's memory, often since. She had first listened in that spot to her husband's vows of eternal love; and when wounded to the heart by his neglect, thither had she gone to recall the looks and tones of happier times, hoping against hope, striving in the recollection of the past to disbelieve the present. She was waiting for him there.

"Impossible," said he, in answer to her trembling appeal. "The negotiations with the Spanish Court wear an unfavourable aspect. The Prince sails without his bride, and it is impossible for me to acknowledge a marriage with one of the bitterest opponents of the whole scheme. No; stay, Olivia, until the Infanta comes to England, then avow our union, and come over in her suite to join me."

"That will never be, Edward. He is, as I said, —as I said to you the first day we met,—he is a heretic. They will never come together."

"Accursed be the word!" said Listowel, who was latterly strangely irritable whenever his wife touched upon the subject of religion. "Heretic, as you call him, the Infanta would be only too glad to keep him in her net, and Don Phillip himself would renounce the Pope and all his works to call the Prince of Wales brother."

"Be it so or not," sadly answered Olivia, "the match will be broken off. Edward, I must go with you. How can I bear this concealment, which even now preys upon me so heavily, when you are gone? Do you think I could live?"

"It is wild and wicked, Olivia," returned he, "to talk thus of the effects of a few months' separation. It is absolutely necessary that I should return alone to England, but you can follow me ere long."

"A few months! I shall never live to see those months in Spain, Edward. Can it be true,—is it possible that you are willing to leave me, that you wish it? Oh, my husband!" she exclaimed, fondly clinging to him, "say that you will take me with you!"

Listowel's reply, as he shrunk from her embrace, was couched in the coldest terms. So true is it that when we have passed away, the endearments that once thrilled through the very soul become absolutely repugnant. Olivia felt the gesture even more than the words it accompanied. All the slumbering pride of the heart he had trampled upon burst forth into life and vigour. The impulse was transitory, but it impassioned her whole being for the moment, and, starting to her feet, she exclaimed,—

"Then hear me, sir, I will go with you. If you are so lost to all sense of honour and humanity, I will appeal to the Prince of Wales. He shall hear my story. He will tell me whether the wife of —"

"He will tell you, madam," interrupted Listowel, compressing his fury at this threat into a sneer a devil might have envied, "he will tell you that you are not my wife! He will tell you that I am already married!"

For a few seconds Olivia stood speechless and motionless. Then came the terrible, dissonant scream of human agony that passes human endurance, and she fell headlong to the earth. It was the last sound that ever passed her lips.

A TRUE BILL.

EARLY on the morning of the fifteenth of April, information reached the French police that the Baroness de C. was lying dead in her bed, strangled with a piece of ribbon. She had been married as a widow to Baron de C., and was about twenty-eight years old, very pretty, of engaging manners; and both she and her husband were known far and wide for lavish hospitality.

Three weeks before the murder the baron set out for Russia, where it was said that he inherited some property from a relative. During the absence of her husband, the baroness kept very much at home, with Ernestine Lamont, a beautiful girl of the most innocent and simple manners, who had been educated and protected by her. On the night before the murder, the baroness went to the Opera. Ernestine, who was not very well, did not accompany her; neither did she sit up for her, as the baroness had a private key, and did not wish the young lady to be disturbed. It was the custom that when the baroness, on awakening in the morning, rang her bell, Ernestine went first to her bedroom. When, on the morning after the murder, no bell was heard to ring, the servants wondered, and at last one of them went up to Ernestine's room to ask the cause. It was empty. Thinking that she was gone, as usual, to the baroness's bedroom, the servant went thither. There the shutters were still closed, and the night-lamp burning on a little table by the bedside. On the floor lay the lifeless body of Ernestine. The girl now screamed for help; the other servants hurried up-stairs, and on opening the shutters it was seen that the baroness lay dead, evidently strangled with a piece of ribbon, which was at once recognised as belonging to Ernestine, who was lying in a swoon on the floor.

On coming to herself, it was naturally supposed that she would be able to throw some light on the matter, but, to the surprise of all, she showed a nervous hesitation hardly to be reconciled with innocence. On further examination, it was found that the secretaire stood wide open, and that a quantity of papers and other articles were lying about in confusion, as if the contents of each drawer had been hastily turned inside out. By this time the police had arrived. With scarcely a moment's hesitation they pronounced that one of the inmates of the house must either have committed the crime, or at least been an accomplice in it. Evidently, also, there had been robbery added to murder; and, therefore, it was thought right to search the boxes of each member of the household. The servants were all willing; but when it came to Ernestine's turn to deliver up her keys, the young lady showed a strange unwillingness to do so. Of course the police persisted, and in a very little time discovered a large sum of money and several jewels belonging to the murdered lady carefully secreted at the bottom of her box.

"How does mademoiselle account for this money?" was the first question put to her.

"I do not know—I cannot tell—pray—do not ask me," was the hesitating reply.

The suspicions already attached to her were now considerably strengthened, and the police only discharged their duty in arresting her. The case was tried, and Ernestine Lamont found guilty.

A young lawyer named Bernard, whose knowledge of Ernestine's previous character made it very hard for him to believe her guilty, resolved to see her. After some little difficulty, permission was granted him to visit the condemned in prison. But if he went thither with any faith in her innocence, he left the prison without doubt of her guilt. Her answers to his questions were evasive and unsatisfactory.

On reaching home late that evening, he found a note lying on his table. It was from Ernestine, and ran as follows:

My dear Friend,—I feel that I owe you at least some explanation for my strange conduct, and will therefore put you in possession of the facts of the case. It is only forestalling my intention. This letter would have been delivered to you after my death

You are aware of the circumstances which made me regard the baroness as a mother. You are aware, too, of her husband's fatal propensity to the gaming-table, a passion which in course of time led to an estrangement between them. The baroness was very beautiful, and still young, and failing to find that love and affection which she had hoped her husband would show her, formed an unfortunate intrigue. I was horror-struck when she informed me of this; but it was not for me to blame her. As might be expected, no good could possibly result from this attachment. Her lover proved unworthy of her confidence, and succeeded, whether by threats or by menaces, I know not, in obtaining from her large sums of money. It was but a few days before her death that she confided this to me, and at the same time begged me to take care of her jewels and money for her in my box, as she dreaded lest her sordid lover should obtain possession of them. The last time I saw her alive was on the night she went to the Opera. At what hour she returned I know not, for she always had a private key with her. The rest you know.

"Hence, dear friend, you will understand my reluctance to have my boxes searched; and my evasive answers as to the money and jewels found in them.

"Had I told the truth, should I have been believed? No! And how could I say anything that would dishonour the good name of one who has been more than a mother to me? Besides, I did not know even the name of her secret lover, and I had never seen him. No; it is better as it is. I am ready to die. My secret to all save you, shall die with me. That you believe in my innocence is the only comfort I have left me.

"Your unhappy friend,

ERNESTINE."

"Thank God!" murmured the young man, pressing the paper to his lips. "Henceforth, I

will devote my life to prove your innocence to the world. God grant it may not yet be too late!"

Late though it was, Bernard at once repaired to the prefect's house, and after some difficulty procured admission. The prefect fortunately happened to be an old friend of Bernard's father, and it was because of this that the young man was admitted at so late an hour.

"But, my good friend," said the old man, after patiently listening to all he had to say, "believe me, it is a useless task; there is no doubt that the young woman is guilty either as principal or as accomplice. Still, as you so earnestly wish it, you shall be permitted to search the apartments of the murdered lady. And now good night," he added with a smile, "and let me hear the result of your investigations."

Early the next morning, Bernard, accompanied by a gendarme, repaired to the baroness's house. Everything lay exactly as it had been left on the fatal morning; for the house had been and was still in the custody of the police. Not a drawer, nor a cupboard escaped Bernard's notice. There was no violence visible on the windows, as if forcible admission had been gained from the outside. Nothing, in fact, presented itself which gave the slightest clue to the mystery.

The search had now occupied several hours, and Bernard felt that it was useless to remain there any longer. With a sad and heavy heart, therefore, he proceeded to leave the apartment. But in passing out into the entree, which was quite dark, his foot struck against something, which, on taking up, he found to be a hat. Thinking it belonged to the baron, he was about to hang it up with the others on the peg from which he supposed it to have fallen.

"That hat, monsieur, if you please; I do not remember to have seen it before. It is strange," remarked the gendarme, as he compared the hat in question with the others that hung up in the entree; "it is larger, and of a different shape to them!"

"Let me have it, my good friend; I will show it to the prisoner. If it should chance to belong to this secret lover of the murdered lady!" thought Bernard to himself, as he hurriedly drove to the prison.

Ernestine was anxiously expecting to see her friend, for he had promised to visit her that day again; and she wished to learn from his own lips whether he still believed in her innocence.

"Do you know this hat, Ernestine?" said Bernard, on entering the cell.

"That hat—good Heavens!—it is the very hat which the baron had on the night he left Paris," said Ernestine, in an excited manner.

"Impossible!—we compared it with the other hats—and this is much larger. I believe it belonged to the baroness's lover—"

"No—no—a thousand times no—it is the baron's—he bought it the very day he left. It was too large for him, and he asked me to put some wadding under the lining for him—see—if it be not there!"

"But, Ernestine, it must be fancy on your part—this hat never belonged to the baron! But—stay—you are right," added Bernard, as, on turning up the lining, the wadding fell out, and with it a piece of paper which had been used to add a little to its thickness. It was a bill written by the landlord of an hotel at Strasburg, made out in the baron's name, for a week's board and lodging. It was dated April 7,—just fourteen days after his departure from Paris.

Ernestine and Bernard looked at each other for a few moments in silence, as strange thoughts passed through the minds of each.

That it was the baron's hat was now proved—but how did it come there? Had he returned to Paris secretly before the murder? Was he the murderer?

Ernestine turned deadly pale.

"Do you suppose that the baron—" she gasped.

"Is the murderer?" added Bernard, finishing the sentence. "Yes! I do. But I will go at once to the prefect."

For the first time since her condemnation a faint ray of hope was kindled in Ernestine's heart. The sight of Bernard, her old friend in happier days, had indeed excited a wish to live in her young breast.

"How thankful I am I did not say anything at the trial. The good God will protect me!"

Bernard now left the prison and hastened to the house of the prefect.

"Well! and what did you find?" asked the old man, smiling sadly at his young friend, who rushed into the room without waiting to be announced.

"Be good enough to examine this hat," said Bernard, as he handed it to him, and recounted to him the manner in which he had found it, and what Ernestine had subsequently told him.

"Her husband!—he the murderer! Yes, it is plain—and we have been accusing an innocent girl!" ejaculated the prefect, carefully examining the hat; "but leave me now; I must think it over. But let me urge secrecy on you, and depend on me."

To be continued.

DIAMOND AND ROSES.

ADAM Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," shows, in a few simple words, the value of the diamond. Contrasting it with water, from the very purest of which the diamond receives its best name and recommendation, he remarks that, though nothing is so useful as water, it will purchase scarcely anything. It will purchase very little money: only a small amount of coin or any other commodity can be had in exchange for it. On the other hand, a diamond has scarcely any value in use; but a great quantity of coin or other goods may be had in exchange for it. The difference between value in use and value in exchange could not be more lucidly explained to the very meanest capacity.

But the diamond belongs as much to the poet as to the statistician or the political economist. Pope has chosen to draw his contrast, too—not between the diamond and water, but between the gem and a flower:—

Tho' the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his power,
And justly set the gem above the flower.

This judgment, however unquestioned it may have been in the saloons of the "great Anna" and "great Brunswick" periods, will hardly be accepted now. There is no stronger effort of the sun in giving brilliancy to the diamond than there is in giving colour to the rose. The "blush" of the one and the "blaze" of the other are equal as the result of effort, for each is of God's work and of God's will. Whatever may be the difference of their value in exchange, we know that a single rose in the hair of a fair young girl adds more to the adornment of her person than a string of diamonds. Is not the *blush* of an innocent, happy girl a more delicious thing to see than the *blaze* of the most profusely diamonded woman? And then, chemists now are said to be able to reduce the diamond to its primitive charcoal; but rose-leaves are still rose-leaves; though dead, their odour is a delicious memory of the bygone "time of roses."

Girls should be like the flowers that adorn them—pure to the sight and sweet in memory. Bright, but impenetrably hard, diamonds teem with peril to their wearers. There is a charm in them, St. Ambrose says, which is not known to those who bear their yoke. Women who wear diamonds, said the saint, may be as bright and dazzling as the gems, but their hearts, assuredly, will grow as hard.

Such are the opinions of political economist, poet, and saint, on diamonds, in various lights. The fact is, that they are very excellent and useful things at fitting seasons and on fitting persons. Even to most fitting persons every season is not fitting. They become the Queen on her throne in the Palace of Westminster; but her Majesty would herself laugh at the idea of wearing them when she is seated at her spinning-wheel. So with other ladies, high, but less high than this in the social scale; yet, to all these ladies, and to all others, during every hour of waking life, the rose is becoming and in season; and in respect of such suitableness, we justly set the gem below the flower.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

It follows, as a necessary consequence of the manner in which it was proposed to treat the subject of Chemistry in the last paper, viz., by analysis, that to be consistent the beginning must be with some process of such simplicity, that the principles on which its operation is effected shall be obvious to all persons. Let the student, then, be assured that, by doing exactly as he is told, and working out the various analyses which will be furnished him, he will lay the foundation of sound chemical knowledge.

Analysis means a loosening or separation of parts, and is the reverse of synthesis, which means the combination of parts into a compound. To accomplish analysis, chemists have recourse either to *solution* or *fusion*,—the former being more frequently employed; and water being invariably used whenever it is capable of dissolving the substance to be analysed. If water fail, recourse is had to alcohol, ether, acids, alkaline loys, &c.

LESSON I.

A MIXTURE OF SALT AND SUGAR BEING GIVEN—TO SEPARATE THEM.

Materials Required to Perform this Experiment.—Some teacups or tumblers; some glass rods; a few strips of window-glass, the thinner the better, $\frac{1}{4}$ inches by $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch; a glass retort; a spirit lamp; a saucepan; a saucer; some alcohol.

Take of sugar finely powdered and salt, as much of each as will lie on a ten cent piece, and mix intimately; the foregoing quantity will be sufficient,—the great fault with young chemists being, their operating on too large a quantity, which not only embarrasses them, but is also too expensive.

It is evident that water cannot be used to separate the salt from the sugar, as both are equally soluble in it; therefore, some solvent must be procured that will act only on one ingredient: this solvent is alcohol (high wines), which dissolves sugar, but will not dissolve salt.

Put the alcohol into a retort, and apply heat from the spirit lamp until it boils. Take care to apply the flame of the lamp gradually; and also see that the wick of the spirit-lamp does not touch the glass retort. Pour the alcohol, whilst hot, on the mixture of salt and sugar in a cup or tumbler: stir well together: allow it to settle, and then pour off the clear part. Repeat this operation until a portion of the liquor dropped upon a glass slip evaporates without leaving any stain. It will be found that the alcohol has dissolved out the sugar, leaving the salt behind. Evaporate the alcoholic solution of the sugar by means of a steam-bath, in the following manner:—Take a saucepan; and having put some water into it, cause the water to boil. Put the solution into a saucer, and place the saucer on the mouth of the saucepan,—the escaping steam will cause the alcohol to evaporate, and the sugar will be found adhering to the saucer. A stronger heat would act injuriously on the sugar.

LESSON II.

A MIXTURE OF SALT AND STARCH BEING GIVEN—TO SEPARATE THEM.

Apparatus and Materials Required.—Some nitric acid (about $\frac{1}{2}$ an oz.) in a stoppered bottle; two test-tubes; some stop-basins; a tea-saucer; some distilled water; a solution of nitrate of silver, 10 grains to the fluid oz. of distilled water, in a glass stoppered bottle; some ammonia in a stoppered bottle.

Having made a mixture, as before, only that the student may take about as much of each as will lie on a quarter dollar, proceed thus:—

Add cold distilled water to the mixture in a tumbler, and agitate well; allow it to stand; then pour off the clear supernatant liquor, and repeat the washing. That it may be known when all the salt is dissolved out, take a slip of window-glass absolutely clean, drop on it some of the last washing. Take a glass rod, moisten its end with a little nitrate of silver solution, and plunge it into the bead of water on the slip. If all the salt has been dissolved out by the first washing, no change will appear in the drop on the slip; but if some salt still remains, a peculiar white cloudiness will be seen. Continue to add cold distilled water to the mixture as before, until a drop of fluid coming from the tumbler no longer produces a white cloudiness with nitrate of silver. Take the basin containing the solution of salt, put it in a hot oven, covering it loosely with paper to prevent the access of dust. Allow all the

water to evaporate, when the salt will be found attached to the sides of the basin, crystallised. Hence, the starch remaining in the tumbler, cold water not acting on it, and the salt remaining in the basin, these two substances have been separated.

It was assumed that the cups, glasses, &c., in the preceding experiments were all perfectly clean. They are now no longer so, and must be made clean before using again. Absolute lustrous cleanliness cannot be impressed too strongly on the young chemist; and wanting this, persons never succeed as chemists. The test nitrate of silver is so delicate, that it is capable of indicating the presence of a grain of common salt diffused through a hog'shead of water. The following experiment will suffice to make evident this assertion. Nitrate of silver produces no whiteness with pure distilled water. Add a drop to some distilled water, and observe that there is no change in the water. Now pour a tablespoonful of the distilled water over the arm several times, collecting it in a dish as it flows off. By this means the water will have dissolved off any soluble matter in the skin, of which matters common salt is one. Test the water so employed now, with a drop or two of the nitrate of silver, and the same white curdy appearance will be observed. After duly weighing this experiment, there will be no marvel at the importance chemists attach to perfect cleanliness in the vessels used. This white curdy appearance, the result of touching common salt with nitrate of silver, is a compound of silver with chlorine, and therefore termed *chloride of silver*. The chemical name for common salt is *chloride of sodium*—a compound of chlorine and the metal sodium, the rust or oxide of which metal is the caustic soda sold by druggists, not the carbonate of soda. Nitrate of silver is silver combined with nitric acid, and on adding the nitrate of silver to the common salt, the chlorine of the salt leaves it and combines with the silver, setting the nitric acid free, which combines with the soda; so that we have two new compounds, chloride of silver, the white curdy precipitate already met with, and nitrate of soda, which remains in solution. Take some of this white curdy precipitate, chloride of silver, put in into a test-tube) and add water; agitate, and remark that the white mass is quite insoluble in water, hot or cold: pour off the water, allowing the chloride of silver to remain at the bottom. Add a little nitric acid,—the chloride still is insoluble. Twist a bit of paper around the test-tube so as to form a handle, and apply the heat of the spirit-lamp; still the chloride remains insoluble; in point of fact, no acid will dissolve it. Take another test-tube, place a little of the chloride in it, and half fill the tube with distilled water; pour in a few drops of ammonia, and immediately it will be found the chloride dissolves. A number of important facts will be impressed on the mind of the young chemist from the foregoing experiments.

- 1st. That alcohol dissolves sugar, but not salt.
- 2nd. That starch is insoluble in cold water.
- 3rd. That neither hot nor cold water will dissolve chloride of silver.
- 4th. That nitric acid will not dissolve chloride of silver.
- 5th. That ammonia dissolves chloride of silver.

And, lastly, That nitrate of silver is a test for chlorine, throwing down a white curdy precipitate. To cleanse the apparatus in the foregoing experiments, it is evident those vessels which contain the sugar or salt may be cleansed by water, the final rinsing being performed by distilled water, while the vessels which contained the chloride of silver must be cleaned by a solution of ammonia,—the final washing in every case being performed by distilled water. As for the starch, we have a few words for it in the next paper.

J. W. F.

NOTE.—The chemicals, &c., required for the above experiments may be procured at any druggist's establishment.

PASTIMES.

BACKGAMMON.

As a game of mingled chance and skill, Backgammon has always been a favourite. Its lineage is highly respectable; for the ancient game of "Tables," played by our Saxon ancestors, is almost identical with it. Antiquarians say that the name is derived from two Saxon words—*baec* or *baec*, and *gamon* the "back-game," because the whole theory of the game consists in the players bringing their men back from the antagonists' table into their own; or because the pieces are taken up and obliged to go back, that is re-enter at the table they come from.

Backgammon is played by two persons on a board divided in the centre, and marked in divisions, called

"tables." Each of these tables has six points alternately black and white, or blue and red. Thus there are in all twenty-four points, twelve on each side. These points are numbered on each side from one to twelve; and in play the French equivalents for our numbers are usually employed.

Most folding draught-boards have their interiors arranged for Backgammon; but a sheet of cardboard, with the points drawn, will serve equally well. The instruments with which the game is played are—first, the board, then fifteen draughts-men for each player, and lastly a dice-box and two dice. The motive and object of the game is to bear or carry off your own men from your adversary's tables into your own inner table—technically called "bringing them home"—and thence removing them from the table. He who first succeeds in "bearing" or moving his men off the board wins the game. This is done by the throwing of two dice alternately by each player, and according to the number of pips on the face of the dice so thrown, he men are moved from point to point.

In the first place you must set the board. The players have each fifteen men, which are thus placed:—two on your adversary's ace point on his inner table; five upon the sixth point of his outer table; five upon the sixth point of your own inner table, and three upon the outer cinque point of your outer table. The pieces or men are placed in precisely corresponding positions on each side of the board.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

To properly play Backgammon, you must acquaint yourself with its various technical terms. As already stated, French words are used for most of the numbers—*ace* for one, *deux* for two, (*trois* or *tray*) for three, *quatre* for four, *cinq* for five, and *six* for six.

Backgammon. The entire game won.
Bearing your Men. Removing them from the table.
Bar. The division between the tables.
Bar-point. The point next the bar.
Blot. A single man upon a point.
Doubles. Two dice of like value, as when two aces, fours, &c., are thrown face upward.
Getting home. The bringing your men from your adversary's tables into your own.
Gammon. The winning of two points out of the three which constitute the game.
Hit. The removing of all your men before your opponent has succeeded in doing so.
Home. The players' inner table.
Making Points. The winning of hits.
Men. The pieces or draughts used in the game.
To enter. The placing of a man again on the board after he has been excluded by the point being already occupied.

HOW TO PLAY.

The first move is determined by the throw of a single die, the highest thrower commencing. The points on the board are counted from one to six in each of the four compartments respectively, each player commencing from the point on the table opposite to him.

The game then goes on. The player may adopt and play the point and number of the preliminary throw; but if he do not then he throws out both dice, and according to the number of pips shown on the dice, he moves two of his men farther on; or he may move a single man to a point indicated by the pips on the second die. The move is always made in one direction—from your adversary's inner table, over the bar, through his outer table. The first player's move completed, his opponent throws, and moves his men in a similar manner, and so on alternately till the game is won by the men of one or the other side being all removed from their board. If there is but one man on a point, the opposite party may play one or more of his men on that point, having previously taken his opponent's man; the latter must then be entered on some one of the points of the adversary's inner table, before its owner can continue his game. The more points the adversary has closed in this inner table, the fewer the throws of the dice which will enable the man that has been taken to enter.

Double aces count four, and enable the player (say white) to move two men from 8 white to 7 white, and two from 6 white to 5 white, which covers the bar-point (seven), and also covers the cinque point in your inner table. Suppose your next throw to be six and six, you would play the five from 12 black to 8 white, and so cover the blot before left, and you would likewise play the six from 12 black to your bar-point. Pairs always count double. Double sixes, therefore, enable you to move four men, each one six points forward. You may either move four together (say from 12 black to 7 white) or two together, say, 2 from 12 black to your adversary's bar-point (7), and two from 12 black to 7 white, your own bar point. Or you may move the men singly—a man from 12 black to 1 white in your own inner table, presuming that your opponent had left that point open.

We might go on with a number of illustrations of the method of playing Backgammon; but they would probably rather bewilder than assist the amateur. We therefore content ourselves with a few bits of necessary advice.

Do not crowd your game by placing too many men on the *deux* or *trois* points on your own table, as by that means you lose those men by not having them to play. Make a few blots occasionally, as the chances are they will not be hit. Two of your opponent's men in your table are better for a hit than any greater number. Always endeavour to prevent your adversary from bearing his men to advantage when you are trying to serve a gammon.

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.—"I am attending a lady who is a perfect goddess of beauty," remarked Dr. Snobbs to Dr. Hobbs. "Then," said Hobbs, who was clever at repartee, "you are no longer a medico, but a Doctor of Divinity."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

In a letter to the Paris Academy, Professor Silvestri, of Catania, gives some particulars of a terrible earthquake that occurred in the neighbourhood of Glarre, at ten o'clock on the night of the 18th of July. It has destroyed two hundred houses, killed sixty-four people, and wounded nearly as many. The village of Fondode-Macchia, at the foot of Mount Moscarello, is reduced to a mass of stones. The most destructive effects of the earthquake have been over a space about a kilometre in area, in a longitudinal direction from Fondode-Macchia to the sea.

NEW FIRE ANNIHILATOR—A number of scientific gentlemen have been witnessing experiments at Mr. Willing's premises, at King's Cross, with a new fire extinguisher, the patent of Dr. Carlier and Mr. Vignon. A huge fire was lighted three times, each more powerful than its predecessor, and a man with one of the machines, it is said, completely mastered the conflagration in a few seconds. The machine is portable, and costs from £4 to £6. It is always charged; may be slung upon a person's shoulders; and can be used by a child. The charge simply consists of a large acid compound; and the vessel being air-tight and capable of bearing a pressure of 150 lb to the inch, the liquid containing the gas can be projected to a considerable distance. The experiments were deemed satisfactory.

VITREOUS VARNISH—That a vitreous varnish will improvise musical sounds there was evidence lately given in the *BUILDER*, where it was stated, in an article on church bells, that a peculiar mellowness of the tone of old bells was produced by the oxidation of the surface of the metal, forming a sort of glassy crust over it. Glass insulators, too, are said to improve the tones of pianos.

MR. GALE, who believes that he has discovered the secret of making gunpowder innocuous, has patented and revealed his plan. He mixes glass, ground very fine, with the powder in the proportion of four to one, and the powder will then bear to be stirred with a red-hot poker without exploding.

THE WAY BUTTER IS MADE IN NORMANDY—The cream is tied up in a canvas bag, and then buried in a hole in the ground for twenty-five hours. At the end of this time it forms a hard mass, which is broken up with a wooden pestle, whereupon the buttermilk runs away. The pounding and the washing only occupy two minutes, and, as the reader will see, the butter is made with less labour than in any clime yet invented. In the winter, when the ground is frozen, the cream is buried in sand placed for the purpose in cellars, and a double bag is sometimes employed to make sure of getting no sand or earth into the butter.

At the last meeting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Pankowski detailed some experiments which showed that meat salted with acetate of soda is easily dried, keeps an agreeable odour, and, moreover, is more easily seasoned than meat prepared with common salt.

A REASONABLE HINT—One who knows assures us that repeated doses of a few drops of clove oil, in which camphor has been dissolved, form an excellent cure for incipient bowel complaint. One pennyworth of the oil will dissolve about a pennyworth of the camphor.

A most remarkable case of prolonged sleeping fits is given in *The Medical Times*. The patient, whose case was more fully reported in a previous number of that journal, still sleeps as long and profoundly as ever, although the first attack commenced five years ago. All the means at present employed fail to arouse him when asleep; and his friends state that he has lately lost activity and energy. The number of hours he sleeps ranges from 11 to 133, whilst the number of hours he remains awake averages about 6. Whatever time of the day the patient rises, he always feels tired and sleepy the same evening, and returns to bed about 10 o'clock. Several times his friends have endeavoured to keep him awake all night, and once, with very great effort, they accomplished it. Another case of prolonged sleep was reported some time previously, by M. Blandet. Here the patient slept forty days, then fifty, and afterwards twelve months; but these extraordinary fits of torpidity were separated by long intervals of health.

CAUSES OF SUDDEN DEATH—Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart, do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of sudden deaths, the experiment has been tried in Europe, and reported to a scientific congress held at Strasbourg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough *post mortem* examination. In these cases, only two had died from disease of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died from apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs, that is, the lungs were so full of blood they could not work, there not being room enough for a sufficient quantity of air to enter to support life. The causes that produce congestion of the lungs are—cold feet, tight clothing, costive bowels, sitting still until chilled after being warmed with labour or a rapid walk; going too suddenly from a close, heated room into the cold air, especially after speaking, and sudden depressive news operating on the blood. These causes of sudden death being known, an avoidance of them may serve to lengthen many valuable lives, which would otherwise be lost under the verdict of heart-complaint. That disease is supposed to be inevitable and incurable, hence many may not take the pains they would to avoid sudden death, if they knew it lay in their power.

TO PRESERVE THE FLOWERS OF A NOSEOGAT—Let a spoonful of charcoal powder be added to the water, and the flowers will last as long as they would on the plant, without any need of changing the water, or taking any trouble at all.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

ADVICE from an old soaker. Never put water in your liquor; it inevitably damps your spirits.

THE governor of a country prison when asked how many he could hang on his new drop, replied, "Why, sir, we can hang six; but can hang four comfortably!"

THE Chinese believe, when an eclipse takes place, that a monster is preying on the sun, and go forth with drums and cymbals to scare him away.

"PA, they tell us about the angry ocean; what makes the ocean angry?"—"Oh, it has been crossed so often."

DIFFERENT PREMISES—Sydney Smith, passing a by-street behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing each other from opposite houses. "They will never agree," said the wit; "they argue from different premises."

When can donkey be spelt with one letter?—When it's U!

SHUTTING UP THE PARSON—The best joke we have heard for a long time was cracked by a village preacher. He was preaching on a very sultry day, in a small room, and was annoyed by those who casually dropped in, after the services had commenced, invariably closing the door after them. His patience at length exhausted by the extreme oppressiveness of the heat, he vociferated to an offender, "Friend, I believe if I was preaching in a bottle, you would put the cork in!"

At the Manchester Exhibition, some years ago, we overheard a group of mill-girls commenting on that wonderful picture, "The Three Maries." "Which be 'em?" said one. "Why, 'one's Bloody Mary (was the reply), and 'other's Mary Queen o' Scots; and hang me if I know who t'issin is." A younger girl, fresher from her school, suggested that the third might perhaps be the Virgin Mary; but her hint did not carry conviction with it.

"THAT was a horrible affair," said a gentleman in company, the murder of Dean, and the sealing up of his remains in a tin box!"—"What Dean?" asked half a dozen voices at once. "Sar Dean," replied the wag.

A New York Sabbath school teacher asked a young pupil the meaning of "the wages of sin is death." The boy did not know what wages were, and was asked "what his father got on Saturday night?"—"Drunk," was the answer.

THE CROOK—"My friends," said a returned missionary, at one of the late anniversary meetings, "let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been labouring for many years, have a proverb that, 'Though you bathe a dog's tail in oil, and bind it in splints, yet you cannot get the crook out of it.' Now, a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which cannot be eradicated; and I hold that everyone should be allowed to wag his own *sectarianity in peace!*" [Great laughter and applause.]

WHEN the Committee of the French Academy were employed in preparing the well-known Academic Dictionary, Cuvier, renowned for his wit as well as his learning, came one day into the room where they were holding a session. "Glad to see you, M. Cuvier," said one of the forty; "we have just finished a definition which we think quite satisfactory, but on which we should like to have your opinion. We have been defining the word crab, and explained it thus: 'Crab, a small red fish which walks backwards.'"—"Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier, "only if you will give me leave, I will make one small observation in natural history. The crab is not a fish, it is not red, it does not walk backwards. With these exceptions your definition is excellent."

A DIRTY PATIENT—Abernethy once said to a rich but dirty patient, who consulted him about an eruption, "Let your servant bring to you three or four pails of water, and put it into a washtub; take off your clothes, get into it, and rub yourself well with soap and a rough towel, and you'll recover."—"This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient.—"Well," said Abernethy, "it may be open to such a construction."

"I've heard, captain," said an English traveller to the captain of a steamer, running on the Upper Mississippi, "that your Western steamboats can run in very shallow water—where, in fact, the water is not more than two or three feet deep!"—"Two or three feet deep!" exclaimed the captain, in tones of withering contempt; "why, we wouldn't give a—for a boat out here that couldn't run on the *secat* of a water-jutcher!"

A GOOD anecdote is told of Manager Price, Theodore Hook, and the eccentric Canon. After a dinner given by Mr. Stephen Price, of Drury Lane Theatre, all the guests, with the exception of Cannon and Theodore Hook, having long since retired, the host, who was suffering from a severe attack of gout, was compelled to allude pretty plainly to the lateness of the hour. No notice, however, was taken of the hint; and, unable to endure any longer the pain of sitting up, Mr. Price at length slipped quietly off to bed. On the following morning he inquired of his servant, "Pray, at what time did those gentlemen go last night?" replied John, "They are not gone, sir; they have just rung for coffee."

A NEW WAY TO ECONOMY—A person in Paris noticed a poor man with a wooden leg walking past his hotel, and gave him a franc. The next day he saw the supposed beggar, but he had changed the wooden leg from the right to the left. Enraged at the deception, he went up to the man, and exclaimed, "You rascal, you had the wooden leg on the other side yesterday! You are not lame at all!"—"Monsieur," was the response with dignity. "I never said I was. I wear a wooden leg for economy, so as not to wear out my trousers—and I change the leg to prevent one leg of the trousers wearing out before the other."

An Irish dragon, on having heard that his widowed mother had married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed, "Murder! I hope she won't have a son older than me; if she does, I shall lose the estate."

A NICE THING OF IT.
THEY give books very odd names now says:—"What Will He Do With It?" "Out of the Depths," "Such Things Are," and the like.

A dry fellow stopped into a bookseller's shop the other day, and asked the shopman—
"Have you got the 'Woman in White'?"

"Yes," replied he.

"All Alone!" said the inquirer.

"Yes," responded the shopman.

"In the Dark?" still queried the stranger.

"Yes, sir," again promptly replied the attendant.

"Well, all I've got to say is," retorted the questioner, as he turned to the door, "you've got a mighty nice thing of it. Good bye!"

The shopman was in a very low state at last accounts, but it is hoped that careful nursing will bring him "Out of the Depths."

WHY THEY DIFFER—A facetious boy asked one of his playmates how a hardware dealer differed from a bootmaker. The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why, because the one sold nails, and the other nailed soles," was the reply.

SUGGESTED EPITAPH—The following epitaph, suggested by the disloyal wits of the period, went the fashionable rounds soon after the demise of Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George 2d—

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation;
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There's no more to be said."

THE late Archbishop of Dublin once inquired of a physician, "Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?"—"Because," inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain."—"Bosh!" replied his grace; "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

MR. PHILIP THICKNESE, father of the late Lord Audley, being in want of money, applied to his son for assistance. This being denied, he immediately hired a cobbler's stall, directly opposite his lordship's house, and put up a board on which was inscribed, in large letters, "Boots and Shoes mended in the best and cheapest manner, by Philip Thicknese, father of Lord Audley." His lordship took the hint, and the board was removed.

DIPLOMATIC ANECDOTES—The most slipshod of diplomatic asses, Prince Schwartzburg, was so grossly impertinent as to remark energetically to Lord Ward that English diplomats spoke shocking bad French. "Ah," said the English nobleman to the Austrian stript, "you must remember that we have not had the advantage of having our capital cities so often occupied by French troops as some of the continental nations." This sharp comment on the German's text was as creditable to Lord Ward as a reply of an English ambassador to Napoleon, at the time of the rupture of the peace of Amiens. "I will make an attack on England," said that most imperious of muscular genies, the first consul, in a burst of fury, to Lord Whitworth.—"That is your affair, sir," was the reply.—"I will annihilate you," roared the consul.—"Ah, sir, that is our affair," was the calm and noble reply of the representative of a great people.

CURIOUS, IF TRUE—An anecdote to make the mouth water is going the rounds to this effect:—It appears that the largest lauded proprietor of Spain is the Duke d'Osuna, of the amount of whose property the 600 stewards alone know the extent. The duke was met recently by an *attache* of the English Embassy at Madrid in one of the salons of that capital, to whom the *attache* said, "Monsieur le Duc, I have a mission to execute for my embassy in Andalusia, and am going to leave Madrid to-morrow. Would you kindly give me the permission to shoot over your property?" "Willingly, my dear sir, was the reply, "if I had any property in Andalusia, but I have not."—"I beg your pardon, Monsieur le Duc, but you have."—"What?"—"Yes, truly."—"Are you quite sure?"—"Nothing is easier than to make the discovery, Monsieur le Duc." The duke went to his Madrid man of business the next day, and found, to his surprise, that he had indeed ten thousand acres in that province. We fancy it would be rather difficult to beat that in Canada, and that most of us would remember that we had a stray ten thousand acres more or less, were it over so stray.

DON'T ATTEMPT IT—Dip the Mississippi dry with a teaspoon—twist your heel into the toe of your boot—send up fishing-hooks with balloons and fish for stars—get astride a gossamer and chase a comet—when a rain storm is coming down like the catastax of Niagara, remember where you left your umbrella—choke a flea with a brickbat—in short, prove everything hitherto considered impossible to be possible—but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will when she has made up her mind to say she won't.

A SNOOC—The *North British Mail* tells a story of a needy electrician who was dunned by an energetic creditor; wearied with his importunity the debtor attached his electric battery to the door-knob. When the creditor attempted to lift the latch, the shock he received, as was perceived by his chuckling debtor through a "peck" hole, fairly knocked him down, and, on recovering himself somewhat, he concluded that he had suffered a stroke of paralysis.