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THE SATURDAY READER.

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FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 17, 1866.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"THE SECRET OF STANLEY HALL."

By Mrs. J. V. NOEL.

HERO WORSHIP:—MAHOMET AND JOE SMITH.

IN a recent number we published an article on this subject, in which the writer, in a jesting spirit, attempted to show that the facts and arguments by which Mr. Carlyle tried to prove that Mahomet was "a true prophet," would equally prove that the Mormon impostor, Joe Smith, was also a prophet intrusted with a mission to earth from Heaven. Perhaps the subject is one too serious for *persiflage*; for certainly, although the bare proposition would only suggest a somewhat irreverent joke on a grave question, yet the earnestness with which Mr. Carlyle handles it makes it no joking matter to the large class of readers, especially the young, who surrender their admiring faith to the teachings of the author of Hero Worship and Sartor Resartus.

Mr. Carlyle is one of those writers who are calculated to cast a powerful spell over the age in which they live. He belongs to that order of men of talent who are not men of genius, further than that a leaven of genius must always be intermingled, in a larger or smaller degree, with all talent of the higher class. Voltaire is the representative man of this order, and the greatest of them. Yet compare Voltaire with men of true genius, and how far he sinks beneath them. Compare his plays with those of Corneille and Racine,—his *Henriade*, not with *Paradise Lost*, but with *Camden's Lusiad*, even in our rather indifferent translation of it,—compare his prose compositions with those of Bossuet and Pascal, and how meretricious they appear with all the charms he had the art to impart to them. How we miss the sonorous ring of the true metal. Yet this man in his day wielded a power and a sway over the intellect of the world to which none of the celebrated writers with whom we have contrasted him, to which the whole of them, could not lay claim; and the succeeding generation, at least, was no less under the control of the doctrines he had taught. Carlyle, like Voltaire, is less a man of genius than a man of talent; and the sage of Greenwich also, like the philosopher of Ferney, has shed his influence over the present generation more widely than any man of our times. As was the case with Voltaire, he is perhaps only the head of a sect, but his speculations have, to some extent, pervaded the opinions of all sects, though the implicit believers in them may be comparatively few. Thus it is, too, in mechanics and science; the man of genius invents, the man of talent utilizes the invention and reaps the profits, and often the praise, which are really due to another. But we do not, in these remarks, mean to di-

late on the character and influence of Mr. Carlyle's literary labours, but shall confine ourselves to some cursory observations on one of them, his Hero Worship, and of that work, only to that portion of it which treats of Mahomet as a prophet. The author, as we have said, declares that the Arabian is not only a prophet, but a true one, as true a one, if we understand him rightly, as Isaiah, or Jeremiah, or Daniel. "We have chosen Mahomet," he states, "not as the most eminent Prophet, but as the one we are freest to speak of. He is by no means the truest of Prophets; but I esteem him a true one." We are aware that, from the eloquent rhapsody which follows, more than one meaning may be extracted; but he still is faithful to his text, and the divinely inspired man of Arabia is own brother to the "divine man of Nazareth," and the peer of all the Hebrew prophets. This is not a new idea, but it is the first time that it was so openly taught, and so elaborately and cunningly expounded in our language. It is simply German Pantheism interlarded with what he himself would call a sort of "religiosity," half pagan, half Christian, the more dangerous from the high-toned morality in which it is disguised. Our author's religion, indeed, if somewhat motley in its character, is not very complex, or difficult to comprehend, as he explains it: "To which of these three religions do you specially adhere?" enquires Meister of his Teacher. "To all the three," answers the other; "To all the Three; for they, by their union, first constitute the true Religion." We believe Mr. Carlyle to be a thoroughly good man; but we also believe that he has caused much mischief by shaking men's faith in revealed religion, as it is generally received throughout Christendom, and by robbing them of the belief in which they were educated, while giving them nothing with which to replace it. His attempt to elevate Mahomet to the position of the Hebrew prophets, is an outrage not only against the cherished creed of millions, but against common sense. It requires no theory of a heavenly mission to explain the sources from which the Arabian drew his religion, they have been told over and over again, but old facts, however well authenticated, and old arguments, though incapable of refutation, are an abomination in Mr. Carlyle's eyes. A spade is not a spade with him, but some mysterious implement smuggled from the skies, or the clouds, by Tubal-Cain, or perhaps by Prometheus, to rake up his stolen fire withal. It is quite certain, at the same time, that the reasoning by which he proves Mahomet's claims to the honours of a "true prophet" are equally applicable to Joe Smith's pretensions to the same dignity, as shown in a former issue. Although, therefore, we are not squeamish on that point, we would guard parents from the peril of placing some of Mr. Carlyle's works in the hands of young persons whose opinions have not yet been fully formed, and fixed by reflection and experience on the most important of all subjects.

BRIGADIER RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

THERE is in our history a problem the solution of which ought not to be delayed any longer. Fortunately, the publication by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, of some of its valuable manuscripts, furnishes additional facilities for settling the point:—

Was Brigadier Richard Montgomery, who fell at *Prés de Ville, Québec, on the 31st December, 1775, at the head of the Continental troops, the same as that barbarous Captain Montgomery of*

the 43rd regiment, who was sent down by Murray at the head of some ferocious Rangers on the 23rd August, 1769, to devastate, with fire and sword, the dwellings of the peasantry at Ste. Anne, Château Richer, &c., butchering and scalping, in cold blood, children and prisoners of war, who had surrendered and been promised protection?

Notwithstanding the positive manner in which our historians, Smith, Garneau, the Abbé Ferland, and others, have asserted the fact, I shall hasten to re-open the question, and ask for new light, before the continuation of the elaborate history of the colony which the Abbé Faillon is publishing in Montreal, and the one the Abbé Ferland has left for publication in Quebec, lend their powerful aid to consecrate this opinion, so unjust to the man to whom it refers.

Being one of those who until lately helped to circulate the accredited version, I think it both a duty and an honour to enter a protest against an injustice of long standing,—though the man traduced may have been a bitter enemy to Canada. With the help of *Col. Caldwell's Letter, the Army List*, and other authorities to be found in *O'Callaghan's Documentary History of New York*, I think I can without difficulty make out my case.

The chief authority on which Messrs. Garneau, Ferland, and Smith rested their assertion appears to have been the text of a journal kept by Col. Malcolm Fraser, one of Wolfe's officers, then serving in Fraser's Highlanders as lieutenant, and present at the massacre of prisoners. The public is again indebted to the Quebec Literary and Historical Society for the publication of this manuscript. Fraser's journal, p. 13, runs thus: "Thursday, 23rd (Aug., 1759). We were reinforced by a party of about one hundred and forty Light Infantry and a company of Rangers, under the command of Capt. Montgomery, of Kennedy's or forty-third regiment, who likewise took the command of our detachment, and we all marched to attack the village to the west of St. Joachim, which was occupied by a party of the enemy to the number of about two hundred, as we supposed, Canadians and Indians. When we came pretty near the village, they fired on us from the houses pretty smartly. We were ordered to lie behind the fences till the Rangers, who were detached to attack the enemy from the woods, began firing on their left flank, when we advanced briskly without great order, and the French abandoned the houses and endeavoured to get to the woods, our men pursuing close at their heels. There were several of the enemy killed and wounded, and a few prisoners taken, all of whom the barbarous Captain Montgomery, who commanded us, ordered to be butchered in a most inhuman and cruel manner, particularly two, who I sent prisoners by a serjeant, after having given them quarter and engaging that they should not be killed, were, one shot, and the other knocked down with a tomahawk, and both scalped in my absence. . . . After this skirmish we set about burning the houses with great success, setting all in flames, till we came to the church, of Ste. Anne's, where we put up for the night, and were joined by Captain Ross, with about one hundred and twenty-nine of his company."

It will be seen by this English account, how our forefathers carried on war in those days. This unparalleled piece of barbarity on helpless prisoners is so much at variance with the generosity and high-mindedness which Geo. Bancroft, Jared Sparks, and other historians ascribe to the hero of Quebec, that we are doubly justified in inquiring whether he is the same as Capt. Montgomery, the Château Richer butcher. On reference to the *Army List, to manuscripts of the New York Historical Society, to Dunlap's History of New York, II, 17, and to Colonel*

Caldwell's Letter, it will appear that, 1st, Richard Montgomery was not a captain in 1759; 2nd, That he was not at Quebec in Wolfe's time; serving during all that summer under Amherst, at the reduction of the forts on Lake Champlain.

Now for Richard Montgomery's career. Major General Richard Montgomery was the youngest son of Thomas Montgomery, M.P. for Lifford, and brother-in-law of Charles 4th Viscount Ranelagh. He was born on the 2nd December, 1736, at Convoy House, his father's seat, near Raphoe, County of Donegal, Ireland, received his education at Trinity College, Dublin; entered the army as ensign in the 17th Regiment of Foot on the 21st August, 1756, and landed at Halifax, with that regiment, on the 3rd June, 1757. In the following year, he served under Wolfe at the siege of Louisburg, and with such distinction that he was immediately promoted to a Lieutenantcy on the 10th July, 1755. After the fall of that place, the 17th Regiment formed part of the forces sent in 1759, with Amherst, to reduce the French Forts on Lake Champlain, and Montgomery became adjutant of his regiment on the 15th May, 1760, in which year it formed part of the army that advanced from Lake Champlain against Montreal, under the command of Colonel Haviland. He served in the West Indies in 1762, on the 5th of May of which year he was promoted to be Captain. After returning to New York, he went back to Ireland in 1767. Capt. Montgomery retired from the service in 1772, and returned to America in January, 1773; in July following he married Janet, the daughter of Justice Livingston, and settled at Rinebush, Dutchess Co., N. Y., where he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. In April, 1775, he was elected one of the delegates from his county to the first Provincial Congress at New York, and set out at the head of an expedition against Canada. After reducing St. John, Chambly and Montreal, he effected a junction with Arnold before the walls of Quebec, where he fell, at the head of his men, in the 40th year of his age, having been shot through both his thighs and through the head. On receiving intelligence of his death, Congress voted a monument to his memory, and in 1818 his remains were taken up and conveyed to New York, where they were deposited with the highest honours in St. Paul's Church.

Col. Caldwell's letter would seem to indicate that the Brigadier had a brother at Quebec, in 1759—but does not say that Richard Montgomery was there. If any one should possess documents throwing additional light on the controversy, it would be rendering a service to the cause of history to make them known. I think from the above there can be no doubt that Richard Montgomery is guiltless of the Ste. Anne and Chateau-Richer atrocities, and that Canadian Historians have been unwittingly libelling his memory for half a century.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Literary and Historical Society,
Quebec, January, 1866.

MOUNT HERMON CEMETERY, QUEBEC.

In this sequestered, lovely place,—with nought
To break the stillness, save the gentle wind
Murmuring through leafy branches overhead,
Or trill of woodland songster, or the sound
Of distant labour borne upon the breeze,—
I love on summer days to walk and muse.
No lack of food for profitable thought
I see around me. 'Neath each sodded mound
There lies the casket that once held a jewel
Passing all else in value. 'Tis the house
Once tenanted by an immortal soul;
But slowly now dissolving into dust.

Here the rich man's grave
Is covered by his costly monument,
There, 'neath the shadow of yon noble pine,
Lies one whose nameless grave would seem to be
Forgotten by all those he left behind,
Save that it bears a wreath of *immortelles*
But lately placed there by some faithful hand.

Here the white marble bears upon its face
Only the name of him who rests below,
While on the neighbouring plot no stone is raised,
Though seamed with mounds. 'Tis overspread with
flowers,

Carefully tended by the love of friends.
Amid these sheltering trees, rests one, a youth*
Fresh from his college studies. He had come
Home to his father's house, his pride and hope,
In health and strength to meet a sudden death.
Here rests the soldier, by his comrade's hand
Shot down unwarned, while there another sleeps,
Who in his youth fought in his country's cause;
But spared to sheath his sword, he dwelt with us
Till old age met him, and he died in peace.
This winding path that leads me through the grove,
Brings me at last to long, straight rows of mounds
Where victims of a sad disaster lie.
More than two hundred of her children left
Old Scotland's shore, to seek a distant home,
Passed the wide ocean, reached the wished-for port
And reached it but to fill a stranger's grave.
Longings to see the husband or the friend;
Anticipations of the future, bright
With hope, and strong resolves to win their way;
The loves of father, husband, wife, and child;—
All were cut short, and crushed in one short hour.
In this secluded spot, with trees around,
Almost in hearing of the mighty stream,
Which rolls below—but far from home and friends
Is laid the captain of some foreign ship.
His tomb is sculptured with strange mystic signs,
The square and compasses, the clasping hands,
And butterflies, old emblem of the soul,
Denote a Brother of the Ancient Craft.

There is much to sadden,
While I walk and muse among the dead;
But higher, nobler thoughts are swift to rise,
And lift the mind to higher, nobler themes.
As the revivifying spring succeeds
The cold bleak reign of winter, so shall these
Now resting here, awake. Ah! yes, this is
The City of the Sleeping, not the Dead;
For Christian Faith marks well the Promise,
And Hope looks forward to the better day,
When those who die in Christ shall rise again,
To live forever with their risen Lord.
This is God's acre, where he sows his seed
To spring up into immortality.
Amid the charms of Nature, trees and flowers,
The waving grass, the song of birds, the hum
Of insects, busy in the sunshine, here
They sleep meanwhile. A lovely scene like this
Robs death of half its gloom, and gilds the grave.
Quebec, Dec., 1865. H. K. C.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE whole of Lord Brongham's works are to be issued in London in monthly shilling parts.

MR. ANTHONY THOLOPE's new novel of "The Claverings" will be commenced in the next number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

THE London Reader states that there is no foundation for the report that Mr. Delane has resigned the editorship of the *Times*, in consequence of a misunderstanding with Mr. Walter.

THE anniversary dinner of the "Société de Géographie de Paris," of which the Emperor is the patron, took place about a month since. There was an unusually large attendance of members present, and the Japanese Ambassadors were there as guests. M. le Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat was in the chair. The curiosity of the hour was a toast proposed by one of the Japanese in his own language, and interpreted by the Count de Montblanc, "Au prompt établissement des relations scientifiques et commerciales entre la France et le Japon."

AN edition of M. Proudhon's "Commentaries on the Gospel," which had been prepared for publication in Paris, in the belief that a market would result from the numerous notices in the public prints after his recent decease, has just been seized by the police there.

* Mr. John Head, son of Sir Edmund W. Head, drowned in the St. Maurice River.
† The burning of the steamer "Montreal."

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE, better known as "Belle Boyd," who recently published two volumes of adventures in the Confederate and Federal States, in the prisons and in the camps of both sections, now announces herself as "the celebrated extemporaneous lecturer" at St. James's Hall, London. The style introduced by Mr. John B. Gough, of terming his lectures "orations," has been adopted by Mrs. Hardinge. A London contemporary wants to know if this lady is not "identical with a pretty actress of the same name who played at the Adelphi some dozen years ago, and was said to possess considerable powers of authorship?"

AN English literary Journal points out that with strange inconsistency our American contemporary, the *Round Table*, denounces a book of the vilest character, published with the second title of "A Tale of and for Women," as "a vile, infamous book," a "series of illustrations of the violation of the Seventh Commandment, strung together by some moral leper," &c., and finds fault with the New York *Commercial Advertiser* for "admitting a lying puff" on the book into its columns, and yet inserts an advertisement of this book of "inconceivable filth," in the most conspicuous column of its last page.

THE decease of Miss Frederica Bremer, the accomplished Swedish novelist, is mentioned in the Stockholm papers. Miss Bremer was born in Abo, in Finland, in 1802. After spending several years in Norway and Stockholm, as a teacher, she devoted herself entirely to literary pursuits. Her first novels, "The President's Daughters" and "The Neighbours," had a great success, and were translated into most of the European languages. Miss Bremer travelled a good deal, and visited Germany, France, England, America, Italy, and the East. No less than twenty-eight different works from the pen of this lady have been translated into English, and, of these, fifteen have been translated and edited by Mary Howitt.

THE ravages of the Cattle Plague is causing considerable alarm in England and much attention is being devoted to the sources of food supplies. A new work is announced entitled "The Food Supplies of Western Europe," being letters written in reply to the question, "Where is England to get Meat?" during a brief tour in France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, in the autumn of 1865, by Joseph Fisher; to which will be appended a paper (by the same author) on the "Production of Food," read in the Department of Political Economy, at the International Social Science Congress, at Berné, 1865.

THE celebrated Gustavus Doré, to whose illustrated Bible we referred in our last issue, has undertaken to illustrate Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Mr. Doré is not sufficiently acquainted with our language to read this poem in the original; and possibly the translation which is being prepared for him may fail to impress the artist with all the beauties and subtle meanings of that fine work; but if the translator executes his task well, there can be no doubt that the clever French illustrator will find abundant matter to inspire his prolific and wonderful pencil.

MR. GEORGE CATLIN, the well-known traveller, has prepared a new and, we believe, final work upon the living tribes of North-American Indians. The title is to be—"Souvenir of the North-American Indians in the middle of the nineteenth century—a numerous and noble race of human beings, fast passing to oblivion, and leaving no monument of their own behind them. The results of eight years' travel and residence amongst sixty-two of the wildest and most interesting tribes in North America. By George Catlin, of Wilkesbarre, Valley of Wyoming, State of Pennsylvania, United States." We believe no part of the printing of this work has yet been commenced, but it is proposed to place the material in a printer's hands directly a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained. It is intended to issue the work in three large folio volumes, with many hundred illustrations. The author is, we believe, at present residing in Europe, in circumstances not very favourable for the production of so large and expensive a work.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Millais's Illustrations. A collection of eighty beautiful engravings on wood. By John Everett Millais, R.A. 1 vol., large 4to. London: Strahan & Co. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Shepherd and His Flock; or, The Keeper of Israel and the Sheep of his Pasture. By J. K. McClure, D.D. 12mo. \$1.00. Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 St. James Street.

The Arabes of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millais. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plamtre, M.A., London. 16mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.

Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. 12mo. A new English Edition. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Angels' Song. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 32mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Words for January. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Sunday Magazine for January. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Lubert, author of "Do Profundis," &c., with eighty-four illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Wordsworth's Poems for the Young, with fifty Illustrations. By John MacWhirter and John Kettle. A new edition. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. 55c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Downing on Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture. A new edition. Edited by Henry Winthrop Sargent. 8vo. Beautifully illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The North-west Passage by Land. Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Viscount Milton, M.P., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and V. B. Chesdole, M.A., M.D., Cantab., F.R.G.S., London. Cassell, Pelter and Galpin, 8vo. Beautifully illustrated. \$6.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Words for 1865. In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Sunday Magazine for 1865. One large octavo volume with numerous illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Janusson. The Complete Works of Mrs. Jamieson in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Endicott. By Robert Buchanan. Second edition, enlarged and revised. One vol. 16mo. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Life of Lord Palmerston. With an account of his Death and Funeral. London. Routledge. 1865. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Student's English Dictionary. One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1865. \$2.63.

War Lyrics and other Poems. By Henry Howard Brownell. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Child. The Freedman's Book. By L. Maria Child. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Just published, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Hayward, author of "Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.25; full gilt, \$1.50.

Hesperis and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of "New St. Lawrence and Saguenay," &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Robertson. Sermons and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monfith. 12mo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Kingsley. Hereford, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," &c. 12mo. pp. iv. 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Ruskin. Precious Thoughts, Moral and Religious. Gathered from the Works of John Ruskin. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.

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

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. DALFOUR.

Continued from page 367.

CHAPTER XXIII. LIGHT AND SHADE.

"The very star that shines from far,
Shines trembling nevertheless."
E. B. BROWNING.

It is the experience of many, perhaps of most in this perplexing world, to find that every joy comes with some bitter qualification. In the Hope household this had been so constantly the case that they were subdued to humble expectations. The hour of rising was not early on the tempestuous morning that followed the night we have described. Troublesome dreams had visited Mysie's innocent slumbers, and twice during the night she had awoken herself crying. Marian had written a letter of expostulation to Norry, over night, and her sleep was late in consequence. While Mr. Hope, accustomed to wakefulness, as a consequence of nervous depression, had lain listening to the rising wind as it first moaned, then surged, and at last raved over the open gardens and vegetable grounds that surrounded the house. Towards morning the shaking windows, rumbling chimneys, and creaking doors of the old cottage, had made a continuous clamour that had the effect sometimes attained by a shouting, overpowering lullaby which drives a child to sleep by wearying it, and he dozed so that the bell, which usually summoned the young folks to rise, did not call them at the usual time, and the reveille was sounded by the postman's knock, to the alarm and confusion of both girls. Marian, indeed, hastened to her father's room, fearing he might be worse, and then descended to secure the letters.

Noticing that the bolts were undone, she came to the conclusion that Norry, who was generally the first up, had gone out. Busy housewives, if any such read this narrative, know that morning time is precious; so precious that, until Marian and Mysie had prepared the breakfast, and the little tray with Mr. Hope's cup of coffee was ready, a note by post, directed to "Miss Hope," was not opened. It served as a breakfast dainty—one they were by no means accustomed to, for as Marian's eye ran it over, she at first gave a little quivering cry of astonishment, and then said—

"Oh, dear! if I could but undertake it—if I only could! Oh! it would be too delightful!"

"What is it, Marian, dear?" said Mysie, her cheek flushing, and her brown eyes opening wide and glittering with expectation—"whatever is it so delightful?"

"Miss Gertrude Austwick, my father's favourite pupil, wants me to go to her, as papa is unable. I was wishing all day yesterday, even more than ever, that I could get some teaching. It would be such a help to us."

"It would, indeed; and papa Hope so ill. It would, indeed, be delightful!"

Not that teaching exactly was delightful, but both these poor things felt enough of the darkness in the dismal shadow of poverty, to rejoice in the ray of light that penetrated the gloom.

"I'll go and tell my father," said Marian.

"And I'll call Norry; he's lazy this morning," cried Mysie, rising as she spoke, for Marian had not thought Norry's going out before breakfast of enough consequence to name it, but now she said—

"Finish your breakfast, dear. Norry's not upstairs. Oh, you shall put this letter for him in his room, though I've hardly the heart to give it to him, now this good news has come; but—" She drew the letter from her pocket as she spoke, and gave it to Mysie, who took up her words as she hesitated.

"But it will do him good, you mean. You don't scold without a cause; and he'll take more from you than from any one."

"I've not scolded him, poor boy—only reasoned with him. It's natural, perhaps—at least it is for him—to feel restless and impatient. But I must go to my father." And she mounted to his room, Mysie following more leisurely, to put the

note in her brother's chamber, carrying it pretty much as she would a dose of wholesome but bitter medicine, that must be taken; for Mysie had been pretty much of a reader, and biography had been to her what novels are to some girls: her love for her brother made her ambitious for him, and she had a sort of theory, young as she was, that tonics in the way of reproof, or the milder form of advice, were especially needed by—boys. Girls might be excused; they might have sweets without harm, but it would do Norry good to have Marian talking like a mamma to him, and though there was but some six years between them, she was the only maternal friend they either of them had since Mrs. Hope's death, and Mysie, at all events, would uphold her authority. So she entered her brother's room and crossed it, before she noticed that his bed had not been slept in. This, when she saw it, arrested her steps. Wonderingly she looked round. There was his box-lid lying open, his ordinary clothes scattered about, and his best suit gone. While her startled survey told her these particulars, and she was instantly racking her brain to supply a reason for what she saw, her eyes fell on the slip of pencilled paper on the table. In a moment she had read its contents, her mind refusing to comprehend what was presented to her eyes. Two or three times she scanned it over, then she understood that her brother was gone, and, turning very pale and still—for Mysie, under great excitement, differed from most girls by her quietude—went down-stairs, holding her breath. Mr. Hope's door was open, and Marian was seen standing within, having just finished reading her welcome letter. Mysie, entering, stared at them wildly, and with stifling sob held out the scrap of paper. The smile died on Marian's face like a light suddenly blown out, and Mr. Hope raised himself up on his elbow and hastily inquired—

"What has terrified you, child? Give me that," reaching towards the paper which had dropped from Mysie's hand on the coverlet of the bed. "What is it?" he kept saying, as he searched among his pillows for his glasses.

His daughter interposing, and taking the paper from his hand, read it in a perturbed voice that sounded a great way off; and then, after the pause of silence that followed, she continued, in a questioning tone—

"Norry never can have gone?"

"Gone!" echoed Mr. Hope, "where should he go to?"

"Gone!—right away. No, no!" gasped Mysie. But though each of them spoke thus, a conviction full of dismal certainty not the less rested on them all that it was indeed true.

The girls mounted to his room to make further investigation, Mr. Hope tossing on his pillow in bodily pain and mental vexation. He loved the wayward boy, and had got to associate the idea of him with all his own prospects of the future—such as those prospects were—even to the desire that Norry might be with him when death came, to close his eyes, and be a comforting, sustaining brother to Marian, as well as to Mysie. Something of belief and trust in the boy's loving nature and active spirit had fostered these thoughts—had involuntarily made the struggling man, whose barque was so shattered in many storms, cling to the lad as likely to prove a sheet anchor yet, while drifting along life's rugged coast. The way, too, in which he had left was most distressing; and to think, that only last night Mr. Hope had decisively rejected the boy's being sent to sea. His own unwillingness to part with the lad being at least as strong as any disinclination on Norry's part.

"Rash boy! Willful! Knowing nothing of the world—absolutely nothing. No money—none. Oh, he'll come back, the obstinate rascal! What does he mean? dear foolish fellow!" In this way he talked as he dragged his pain-wrung limbs from the bed, and awaited the arrival of a humble barber in the neighbourhood, who since his illness had come every morning to help him to rise. During the hour that it took before he was laid in his dressing-gown on the sofa for the day, Marian and Mysie had made their search, and also some out-of-door inquiries.

He was surely gone. By the time they could

again go to Mr. Hope's room, that fact was clear, and blended with a dread that this departure was no mere ebullition of temper, but a settled purpose: for the youth had, as they all knew, plenty of that quality which is judged, by the way it is exercised, as obstinacy or perseverance. And as the morning passed, and conviction became more settled, Mysie, with that singular want of logic, which is as much a peculiarity as a feminine defect, began to utter a word or two that Marian construed into blame—

"He could not bear your calling him ungrateful, Marian."

"I spoke for his good, my dear. Is he never to be reproved? It is cruel of you, Mysie, to blame me."

The momentary heat was quenched in tears. But yet, from that small seed, there sprang a root of bitterness. Marian was sensitive, and the thought that if anything dreadful happened to Norry, or he came back to them no more, Mysie, and perhaps, too, even her father, would always consider her the occasion, if not the cause, of his being lost to them, was so painful, that she strove by resolutely shutting out such a possibility to reassure herself and the others.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hope, having written a note to the police station enclosing a description of the runaway, it became necessary for Marian to reply to Gertrude, who had asked her to appoint a time for calling.

How differently both father and daughter now looked at the letter, which had given them such brief pleasure in the morning. How clouded now was the future that then seemed to open so brightly before them. Mr. Hope especially was depressed, saying—

"I begin to think the responsibility was too great. I ought never to have undertaken it. I should have thought, my Marian, of you as my only companion."

"And there's truth, father, in the proverb, 'Blood is thicker than water.' I could never—never have so pained you."

Mysie was not present, and perhaps for the first time the daughter spoke to her father with a greater freedom, because of her absence. In this mood Mr. Hope entered into a consultation about the proposal that had been made by his visitor of the previous evening. And whether the conduct of Norry had weakened his faith in his own plans of education, or in the natures he had to deal with, or that he shrank from the responsibility, certain it was, that he considered the plan of Mysie, leaving for education very favourably; and arranged with Marian as to what had better be their future course, if Miss Gertrude Austwicke's parents (who they both hoped would give liberal terms for the few hours she would have to spend daily in Wilton Place) decided on engaging her.

Mysie, at a boarding-school, where she was being fitted for an honourable vocation, Marian exercising her talents and relieved from household drudgery, were considerations yielding something of balm to the sore heart. Yet, nevertheless, that heart continued to ache, and many a thought and silent prayer followed the wanderer.

CHAPTER XXIV. AMID THE WAVES.

"The young and the beautiful, why do they die,
With the bloom on their cheek, and the light in their
 eyes?"

Poverty admits no indulgences, or surely Miss Hope would not have sought her way to Wilton Place in such a gale as continued to blow. Once, however, arrived there, she was ushered into a room where a cheerful fire, and the warm glow of crimson draperies, and sofas and easy chairs, luxuriously inviting in their softness and warmth, presented such a contrast to the storm-swept streets, in all the dreariness of howling wind and drifting sleet and rain, that it seemed like the difference between her destiny—poor weary, fluttering bird!—and that of those who were thus cozily sheltered in a well-lined nest.

After waiting a sufficient time to recover her breath, and to shake her dress into something like order, Marian heard the door open, and Gertrude with a genial smile entered, and came to her side, uttering gentle greetings, and ready to

conduct her to Mrs. Basil Austwicke's boudoir. What a glittering confusion of pretty trifles in china and gilding lay upon the tables, and adorned the delicately-carved cabinets of this charming little retreat, where rose-coloured silk, softened with filmy lace, seemed fitting drapery for a lady wrapped in a white cashmere dressing-gown, richly braided, and with the most delicate of little lace caps on her head—a morning costume, that softened the angles of her shape and the hardness of her feature. A dainty writing-table, all a-glitter with silver and cut glass, and spread with satiny note-paper exhaling a delicate perfume of violets, was drawn before the couch on which she sat, or rather sank, amid billows of down cushions. Balancing an ornamental pen in her fingers as she spoke, Mrs. Basil Austwicke made a few ordinary inquiries, and was evidently by no means displeased at the deference of Marian's manners. It certainly is pleasant to see a face full of intelligence and feeling, look with a pleading grace, and a little flush of heightened colour on the cheek, when uttering a reply to inquiries.

Mrs. Austwicke's own manners were decidedly imperious. She had that sort of pride in her intellect which is more likely to make a woman give herself airs of command, than the mere possession of beauty. Not that the lady by any means undervalued her claims to admiration on the latter score, but she set up for the possession of mind as her crowning merit. The question whether her talents were ever used for any purpose that benefited any human creature, or whether her heart was the kinder for her brain being, as she thought, better than others, never troubled her.

She received Miss Hope with dignified politeness, and took note of the references Marian gave: but, knowing Miss Webb, and having heard Gertrude speak of Mr. Hope, she made but few inquiries. Unquestionably, she did not fail to observe, with a woman's keen glance, the carefully-mended gloves, and shabby cloak and bonnet, in which poor Marian fought her hard battle of gentility. The satirical curve of her mouth was not subdued even while she was, on the whole, greatly pleased with the gentle mannered and soft-voiced applicant. Here was a person who would, for some hours daily, occupy Gertrude; and a great saving, meanwhile, would be effected by withdrawing her daughter from an expensive finishing school—a saving that was by no means a matter of indifference, as every year made the expenses of the boy's education greater, and minute savings were not to be neglected; though as to pinching herself in either dress, company, or pleasure, that did not enter into her plan of economy.

A governess entirely in the house, particularly a fashionable governess, would have been, as she said to her self, "a nuisance not to be thought of;" but a quiet, unobtrusive, intelligent young person—poor, also, which would make her humble, and, no doubt, educationally competent (for those quiet people often knew far more than any one gave them credit for) was quite another thing; besides, she had been trained to teaching; it was a sort of professional inheritance, and there would be no sensitive nonsense about lady-like feelings in the case of a writing-master's daughter—so matters were soon arranged.

Marian, at the conclusion of the interview, thankful for employment, most certainly felt that a very wide social gulf separated her from her employer; but Gertrude's little hand, as she laid it on Miss Hope's arm while they descended the stairs together, seemed to bridge over the chasm, as a narrow plank bridges a misty abyss, and Marian, like a tired Alpine traveller, was grateful for it. Entering the drawing-room into which she had first been ushered, to speak a few words with Gertrude, Miss Austwicke was seated there, dreary in her sable garments; she lifted her anxious grey eyes with a very fixed look, and followed her morning salutation with the inquiry—

"Is my niece to have the benefit of your assistance in her studies, Miss Hope? But I need not ask, I see it in her smiles. She is a wilful child, and does what she likes with her papa; but, pray, may I inquire if you will be able to leave home—will Mr. Hope's health permit?"

"For some hours daily I can be spared, madam."

"But surely not to trust to you—to the young—?" A little nervous cough, opposed Miss Austwicke, and Marian frankly said—

"We are thinking of placing Mysie at school."

"Quite right, quite. I do not think, Miss Hope, that it would be right otherwise for you to leave so young—a person, and at a difficult age—without your superintendance. You will place the two—brother and sister, I believe?—you will place them both at school?"

Marian's lips quivered, and she grew a shade paler, as, without speaking, she bowed an affirmative. What use was it to allow the sorrow, and what Marian felt was the impropriety, of Norry's flight being made known to strangers? perhaps it might even create a prejudice against her father or herself—against the whole household. It never occurred to her that there was anything at all strange in Miss Austwicke's remarks. She knew how sometimes a managing or curious lady elevated her officiousness into kindly interest by such inquiries; or they might really be dictated, she considered, by a conscientious desire to prevent injury to the young.

"You cannot possibly return home just now, Miss Hope," interposed Gertrude, looking gaily out of the window as a tide of sleet swept down so black and rapid in its rush that it hid the opposite side of the street. "You are weather bound, and I'm much obliged to the rain," she continued, laughing, for to her it was a pleasure that Miss Hope was detained. But the remarks that had just been made by Miss Austwicke about Mysie and Norry had so far unnerved Marian, that, as her eyes followed Gertrude's, she heaved a sigh so deep as she said—

"What stormy weather!" that it startled Gertrude into the inquiry—

"Have you any one at sea in whom you are interested, Miss Hope?"

"No, not at sea; but—some are cut adrift from all social ties. I think of all wanderers in such weather, driven away like stray waifs. They are at sea in a sense the most sad."

"I live not far from the coast," said Miss Austwicke; "and we notice storms more there, I think, than you dwellers in or near the great metropolis."

"My father did expect a German friend with whom he had often corresponded; but I should not think he will come while the weather is so unsettled." She all at once remembered the purport of a foreign letter received a week ago, intimating the speedy coming of Herr Rath, a German professor. For the first time since the morning's trouble she looked up with a sudden access of anxiety at the cloudy sky. She had scarcely done speaking, when a brougham was driven up to the house in great haste, and there was loud knocking at the door, and a moment after, the sound of hurried footsteps ascending the stairs. Before either Gertrude or her aunt could utter the inquiry that rose to their lips, as to what had happened, Mr. Basil Austwicke, looking very pale, not with illness, but excitement, and not perceiving, in his haste, that a stranger was present, entered, and said—

"Gertrude, where is your mamma? Go to her."

Gertrude left instantly, and her father continued—

"Honour, I'm the bearer of astonishing—of, indeed, most sad tidings."

Miss Austwicke rose and came towards him, saying, hastily—"Nothing very dreadful, brother—"

"Yes, I fear, very dreadful. There was a collision in the channel, in a great fog, yesterday, and the *Batavian Ida* was lost—went down—and none, not one, saved, neither passengers nor crew."

"Well?" said Miss Austwicke, inquiringly, in a tone that expressed, "That is very dreadful; but what, in any special sense, is it to us?"

"Well!" repeated her brother. "It is anything but 'well.' Why, I fear—I'm sure—our nephew, De Lucy, was on board."

Miss Austwicke retreated a few steps, and sunk bewildered into a chair.

"De Lucy Austwicke, Basil?"

"Yes. I took the *Times* with me to my chambers, and was leisurely reading it, not giving much heed to accidents by sea or land, when the post brought me a letter from Rotterdam—that ought, but for detention of the mails, to have reached me yesterday—a letter from Do Lacy, telling me he was on his way to England, and should come in the *Batavian Ida* to London direct, and might be expected to arrive in a few hours after I got his letter."

"Oh, brother! what has happened, then?" said Miss Austwicko, speaking in dreamy bewilderment.

"I have been to the Docks to inquire about the accident, and found the worst—the worst tidings confirmed. The vessel was struck mid-ships, perfectly cut in two by an American steamer, and went down with all on board. Why Do Lacy should have chosen to come home in so poor a boat as the *Batavian Ida*, I cannot understand. But poor fellow, there never was any understanding him, or his father before him. Poor fellow, poor fellow!"

Mr. Austwicko walked up and down as he spoke, not so much in grief as shocked and concerned.

Miss Austwicko, who looked paralysed by the tidings, kept staring at him, and nervously wringing her hands; and then, as if she woke up from a dream, exclaimed—

"And you mean to say that Do Lacy Austwicko is drowned?"

These words were spoken just as Mrs. Austwicko, startled by what Gertrude had told her of her papa's return and hurried manner, had left her room and come to make inquiries. She paused a moment at the door, hearing the sentence, as if to make herself certain of its purport, and then exclaimed—

"What! are you mad, Miss Austwicko, to say such a thing! Drowned? What do you mean?"

"What she says, my love. I fear it is too true. Poor Do Lacy is lost—drowned."

At that instant a single word showed the immediate direction of Mrs. Austwicko's thoughts.

"The heir," she said—"the heir of Austwicko?" her eyes fixed on her husband's; and she continued—no doubt thinking as she spoke of all that was involved in the news, "Where's Allan? where's my son? He must know, he must be sent for. It concerns us all; so very sudden—so, so dreadful!"

"I fear," interposed Mr. Austwicko without replying to her inquiry, "I fear there's no chance that he did not embark in the *Ida*, or of his being picked up: there was such a dense fog—nothing like it this winter."

"I should think, or fear, it was impossible," she muttered, trembling and growing paler; for the sweets of possession seemed so near, so very near!

Meanwhile; her husband, and then Allan her favourite son, to inherit—to be the heir—rose to the surface of her thoughts.

Miss Austwicko, who had loved her nephew Do Lacy in his childhood, and been for some years as a mother to him, though now so long estranged, seemed at that moment to see the bright face of a dark-eyed, noble boy of eight or nine rise, smiling, before her, as she last saw him, shaking his brown curls through which a sun-beam played. All the coldness and estrangement of the past few years fled like a dream, and was obliterated. All that now she knew and felt was that the boy who had been her hope and pride, if the news were true, had miserably perished. Without a word or cry, she tried to rise to her feet to escape to her own room; but at the first effort she fell back and fainted.

Marian, who in this family scene had felt as an intruder who could neither properly remain, nor amid the agitating conversation find an opportunity to get away unnoticed, now ran to Miss Austwicko's assistance, and when Gertrude, who had followed her mother down, summoned Martin to assist in removing her mistress, Marian went with Miss Austwicko to her room.

Knowing enough from what she had heard of the calamity to feel deeply for the family, particularly for the obvious sorrow of Miss Austwicko, and not knowing enough of the world and its hardening influences to comprehend all that was

involved in the sudden death of the heir of Austwicko—a death by which Mr. Basil Austwicko and his heirs succeeded—she concluded that it was to them all an overwhelming grief.

To be continued.

BEFORE THE DELUGE.

WHAT is the most wholesome reading for the young? Fiction, fables, and fairy tales—or facts? M. Figuier author of "The World before the Deluge," an admirable adaptation of which has been lately published in England, holds that the first books placed in the hands of the young, when they have mastered the first steps to knowledge and can read, should be on Natural History; that, in place of awakening the faculties of youthful minds to admiration by fables, it would be better to direct their admiring attention to the simple spectacles of nature—to the structure of a tree, the composition of a flower, the organs of animals, the perfection of the crystalline, form in minerals; above all, to the history, of the world, our habitation. In one point at least, he is right. After ordinary and every-day facts have been mastered, and a moderate allowance of amusing literature indulged in, then, nothing is more instructive and elevating than an introduction to new, unknown, and wonderful facts. And certainly, the incontestible truths with which it is desirable to furnish the minds of the young are not difficult to find; nor do they impose any great labour on the youthful mind.

Different species have died out quite naturally, races have disappeared, like individuals. The Sovereign Master, who created animals and plants, has willed that the duration of the existence of species on the surface of the earth should be limited as is the life of individuals. It was not necessary, in order that they should disappear, that the elements should be overthrown, nor to call in the intervention of the united fires of heaven and earth. It is according to a plan emanating from the All-powerful, that the races which have lived a certain time upon the earth, have made way for others, and frequently for races nearer perfection, as far as complexity of organisation is concerned. We see the work of creation perfecting itself unceasingly, in the hands of Him who has said, "Before the world was, I am." The ever increasing beauty of the fabric compels us to adore the Artificer.

From Chaos to the Deluge, the scope of M. Figuier's book is indeed an enormous sweep, even for the most vivid imagination and the most industrious penman. Nevertheless, by careful subdivision into epochs, illustrating each by authentic proofs that had been discovered; and by remains discovered up to the present day: from the imprints of rain drops on the earliest dry land from injected veins and basaltic columns, to the teeth of the mammoth and the horns of the elk, who may have been contemporary with man—a clear and distinct notion is conveyed of the changes that occurred during bygone ages.

Of course it is understood that the epochs are so arranged for the purpose of convenient description merely; for we are not to suppose that any distinct feature alters one period from another in nature. The change was probably gradual and insensible, instead of being, like the acts of a drama, marked by the rising and falling of a curtain. This difficulty of drawing a satisfactory line of demarcation between different systems is sufficient to dispel the idea, which has sometimes been entertained, that special fauna were annihilated and created in the mass, or wholesale, at the close of each several epoch. There was no close then, as there is now. Each epoch silently disappears in that which succeeds it; and with it the animals belonging to it; much as we have seen them disappear from our own fauna, almost in our own times.

The length of these periods may be vaguely guessed at, by the enormous accumulations, made during their continuance. Thus, the tertiary epoch was closed by gigantic elephants (mammoths), vastly larger than any now surviving,

and which probably ushered in the succeeding one. They must have existed in enormous numbers. On the coast of Norfolk, England, alone, the fishermen, trawling for oysters, fished up, between 1820 and 1833, no less than two thousand elephants' molar teeth. If we consider how slowly these animals multiply, these quarries of ivory, as we may call them, suppose many centuries for production.

It has been an easy task to recognize the general form and structure of the mammoth. It surpassed the largest elephants of the tropics in size, for it was from sixteen to eighteen feet in height. The monstrous tusks with which it was armed were twelve or thirteen feet in length, curving into a semicircle. We know beyond a doubt that it was thickly covered with long shaggy hair, and that a copious mane floated upon its neck and along its back. Its trunk resembled that of the Indian elephant. Its body was heavy, and its legs were comparatively shorter than those of the latter animal, nevertheless, it had many of the habits.

In all ages, and in almost all countries, chance discoveries have been made of fossil elephants' bones embedded in the soil. Some of the elephants' bones having a slight resemblance to those of man, have often been taken for human bones. In the earlier historic times, such great bones, accidentally disinterred, have passed as having belonged to some hero or demigod; at a later period they were taken for the bones of giants.

In 1577, a storm having uprooted an oak near the cloisters of Reyden, in the canton of Lucerne, some large bones were exposed to view. Seven years after, a physician and professor of Basle, Felix Plater, being at Lucerne, examined these bones and declared that they could only proceed from a giant. The Council of Lucerne consented to send the bones to Basle for more minute examination, and Plater thought himself justified in attributing to the giant a height of nineteen feet. He designed a human skeleton on this scale, and returned the bones with the *Drawing to Lucerne*. In 1706, all that remained of them was a portion of the scapula and a fragment of the wrist-bone. Blumenbach, who saw them at the beginning of the century, easily recognized them for the bones of an elephant. As a compliment to this bit of history, he it added that the inhabitants of Lucerne adopted the image of this pretended giant as the supporters of the city arms!

Spanish history preserves many stories of giants. The tooth of St. Christopher, shown at Valencia, in the church dedicated to the saint, was certainly the molar tooth of a fossil elephant; and in 1789, the canons of St. Vincent carried through the streets in public possession, to procure rain, the pretended arm of a saint, which was nothing less than the femur of an elephant.

These fossil bones of elephants are extensively scattered, almost all over the world; in Scandinavia, in Greece, in Spain, in Italy, in Africa. In the New World, too, we have found; and continue still to find, tusks, molar teeth, and bones, of the mammoth. What is most singular is, that these remains exist more especially in great numbers in the north of Europe, in the frozen regions of Siberia; regions altogether uninhabitable for the elephant in our days. Every year, in the season of thawing, the vast rivers which descend to the Frozen Ocean sweep down with their waters numerous portions of the banks, and expose to view the bones buried in the soil and in the excavations left by the rushing waters.

New Siberia and the Isle of Laccan are, for the most part, only an agglomeration of sand, ice, and elephants' teeth. At every tempest the sea casts ashore fresh heaps of mammoths' tusks, and the inhabitants are able to drive a profitable trade in the fossil ivory thrown up by the waves. During summer, innumerable fishermen's barks direct their course to this isle of bones; and in winter, immense caravans take the same route, all the convoys drawn by dogs, returning charged with the tusks of the mammoth, weighing each from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds. The fossil ivory thus obtained from the frozen north is imported into China and Europe, where it is employed for the same purposes as ordinary ivory—which is furnished, as we know, by the

elephant and hippopotamus of Africa and Asia. The isle of bones has served as a quarry of this valuable material for export to China for five hundred years, and it has been exported to Europe for upwards of a hundred. But the supply from these strange mines remains undiminished. What a number of accumulated generations does not this profusion of bones and tusks imply!

It was in Russia that the fossil elephant received the name of mammoth, and its tusks mammoth horns. Pallas asserts that the name originates in the word "mamma," which in the Tartar idiom signifies earth. The Russians of the north believe that these bones proceed from an enormous animal which lived, like the mole, in holes which it dug in the earth. It could not support the light, says the legend, but died when exposed to it. According to other authors, the name proceeds from the Arabic word behemoth, which, in the Book of Job, designates an unknown animal, or from the epithet mehomet, which the Arabs have been accustomed to add to the name of the elephant when of unusual size.

Of all parts of Europe, that in which they are found in greatest numbers is the valley of the Upper Arno. We find there, a perfect cemetery of elephants. There bones were at one time so common in the valley, that the peasantry employed them indiscriminately with stones in constructing walls and houses. Since they have learned their value, however, they reserve them for sale to travellers. It is very strange that the East Indies, one of the two regions which is now the home of the elephant, should be the only country in which its fossil bones have not been discovered. But from the circumstance that the gigantic mammoth inhabited nearly every region of the globe, we are drawn to the conclusion (to which many other inferences lead) that, during the geological period in which these animals lived, the general temperature of the earth was much higher than it is at present.

A noteworthy circumstance is that, in still earlier times, an elevated temperature and a constant humidity do not seem to have been limited to any one part of the globe. The heat seems to have been the same in all latitudes. From the equatorial regions up to Melville Island, in the Arctic Ocean, where, in our days, the frosts are eternal from Spitzbergen to the centre of Africa, the carboniferous flora presents an identity. When we find almost the same fossils at Greenland and in Guinea, when the same species, now extinct, are met with under the same degree of development at the equator and the pole, we cannot but admit that, at this epoch, the temperature of the globe was alike everywhere. What we now call *climate* was, therefore, unknown in geological times. There seems to have been but one climate over the whole globe. It was only at a later period, that is in the tertiary epoch, that, by the progressive cooling of the globe, the cold began to make itself felt at the polar extremities. What, then, was the cause of that uniformity of temperature which we now regard with so much surprise? It proceeded from the excessive heat of the terrestrial sphere. The earth was still so hot in itself, that its innate temperature rendered superfluous and inappreciable the heat which reached it from the sun. M. Figuier makes a comparison between this state of things and the climate of equatorial Africa; but no human being, not the toughest negro, could support such a course of stewing, steaming, and broiling.

Let us now, as a cooling contrast, glance at what geologists called the glacial period, the winter of the ancient world, and which we must consider as the most curious episode, however certain, in the history of the earth. For, although the cold might be explained by plausible hypotheses, the grand puzzle is to know how the earth got warm again. M. Figuier has the courage to admit that no explanation presents itself which can be considered conclusive; adding, that "in science its professors should never be afraid to say, *I do not know.*"

At this visitation, the vast countries which extend from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean and the Danube, were overtaken by a severe and sudden loss of their usual genial warmth. The temperature of the glacial regions seized them. If

this cooling still remain an unsolved problem, its effects are perfectly appreciable. The result was the annihilation of organic life in the northern and central parts of Europe. All the water-courses, the rivers and rivulets, the seas and lakes, were frozen. As Agassiz says in his first work on Glaciers, "A vast mantle of ice and snow covered the plains, the plateaus, and the seas. All the sources were dried up: the rivers ceased to flow. To the motions of a numerous and animated creation the silence of death must have succeeded. Great numbers of animals perished from cold. The elephant and rhinoceros were killed by thousands in the bosom of their grazing grounds, and were thus effaced from the list of living creatures. Other animals also were overwhelmed, but their race did not entirely perish."

To attain a full and clear belief that such things really did occur, it is necessary to visit, at least in idea, a country where glaciers still exist. We shall then discover that the glaciers of Switzerland and Savoy have not always been confined to their presents limits, and that they are only miniature resemblances of the gigantic glaciers of other times. And (Professor Tyndall informs us) not in Switzerland alone—not alone in proximity with existing glaciers—are the well-known vestiges of ancient ice discernible; on the hills of Cumberland they are almost as clear as among the Alps. Round about Scawfell, the traces of ancient ice appear, both in rounded hog-backed rocks and in blocks perched on eminences; and there are ample facts to show that Borrowdale was once occupied by glacier ice. In North Wales, also, the ancient glaciers have placed their stamp so firmly on the rocks, that the ages which have since elapsed have failed to obliterate even their superficial marks. All round Snowdon these evidences abound. The ground occupied by the Upper Lake of Killarney was entirely covered by the ancient ice, and every island that now emerges from its surface is a glacier-dome. North America is also thus glaciated. But the most notable observation, in connection with this subject, is one recently made by Dr. Hooker during a visit to Syria. He has found that the celebrated cedars of Lebanon grow upon ancient glacier moraines or trains of broken rock that had fallen on the ice and been carried by it to a lower level.

While stating these facts, the professor suggests the most probable clue to their explanation. To determine the conditions which permitted the formation of those vast masses of ice, the aim of all writers who have treated the subject has been the attainment of *cold*. Some eminent men have thought that the reduction of temperature during the glacier epoch was due to a temporary diminution of solar radiation; others, that, in its motion through space, our system may have traversed regions of low temperature, and that, during its passage through these regions, the ancient glaciers were produced. Others have sought to lower the temperature by a redistribution of land and water. But the fact seems to have been overlooked, that the enormous extension of glaciers in bygone ages demonstrates, just as rigidly, the operation of heat as the action of cold.

Cold alone will not produce glaciers, it must have the fitting object to operate upon; and this object—the aqueous vapour of the air—is the direct product of heat. But by directing our speculations to account for the *high* temperature of the glacial epoch, a complete reversal of some of the above-quoted hypotheses would in all probability ensue. It is perfectly manifest that, by weakening the sun's action, either through a defect of emission or by the steeping of the entire solar system in space of a low temperature, we should be cutting off the glaciers at their source. In a distilling apparatus, if you required to augment the quantity distilled, you would not surely attempt to obtain the low temperature necessary to condensation, by taking the fire from under your boiler; but this is what is done by those philosophers who produce the ancient glaciers by diminishing the sun's heat. It is clear that the thing most needed to produce the glaciers is an *improved condenser*. We cannot afford to

lose an iota of solar action; we need, if anything, more vapour; but we need a condenser so powerful, that this vapour, instead of falling to the earth in liquid showers, shall be so far reduced in temperature as to descend in snow.

It was only after the glacial period, when the earth had resumed its normal temperature, that man was created. Whence came he?

He came—M. Figuier answers—whence the first blade of grass which grew upon the burning rocks of the Silurian seas came, whence came the different races of animals which have from time to time replaced each other upon the globe, gradually rising in the scale of perfection. He emanated from the will of the Author of the worlds which constitute the universe.

We conclude with a few concluding sentences of M. Figuier's Epilogue relative to a problem for which neither induction nor analogy furnishes us with any clue—namely, the perpetuity of our species. Is a man doomed to disappear from the earth one day, as all the races of animals which preceded him, and prepared the way for his coming, have done? Or, may we believe that man, gifted with the attribute of reason, stamped with the divine seal, is to be the last supreme end of creation?

As he has dared to say "I do not know," so here he reverently states "I will not presume to guess." Science cannot pronounce upon these grave questions, which exceed the competence and go beyond the circle of human reasoning.

During the primitive epoch, the mineral kingdom existed alone, the rocks, silent and solitary, were all that was yet formed of the burning earth. During the transition epoch, the vegetable kingdom, newly created, extended itself over the whole globe, which it soon covered from one pole to the other with an uninterrupted mass of verdure. During the secondary and tertiary epochs, the vegetable kingdom and the animal kingdom divided the earth between them. In the quaternary epoch, the *human kingdom* appeared. Is it in the future destinies of our planet to receive yet another lord? And after the four kingdoms which now occupy it, is there to be a *new kingdom* created, which will ever be a mystery to us, but which will differ from man in as great a degree as a man differs from animals, and plants from rocks?

We must be contented with suggesting, without hoping to resolve this formidable problem. This great mystery, according to Pliny's fine expression, "is hidden in the majesty of nature;" or, to speak more in the spirit of Christian philosophy, it is hidden in the knowledge of the Almighty Creator of the world, who formed the universe.

THE AQUAMARINES.

BY J. G***, MONTREAL.

CHAPTER I.

"They met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
And never since that day
Hath absence, time, or grief had power
To chase that dream away." MOORE.

IT was a pleasant afternoon in June, and countless throngs were passing through the busy streets of one of our largest English cities. Men of business, looking hurried and anxious, were posting towards the banks before the hour of closing should arrive. Idle young men were lounging about with canes and eye-glasses, who complimented the pretty nursery-maids with an admiring stare as they passed onwards to the parks with their prattling charges. It was the favourite time of day for shopping, when the ladies appear simultaneously, as if by some preconcerted signal, to wile away the hour which else might hang heavily on their hands, in an occupation which possesses a charm to the female mind, quite incomprehensible to the more obtuse intellects of the lords of creation. Doubtless, many among that moving mass possessed histories replete with interest, were they only made known—from the little pale-faced urchin, with premature care and sagacity painfully legible in his countenance, who was peering with longing eyes at the unattainable luxuries within the confectioner's window, to the wealthy occupant of

the dark brown chariot which rolled swiftly past, drawn by its well-matched bays.

Among the passers-by were two ladies, who walked leisurely down the shady side of the street. Both were young, for neither could have seen more than twenty summers, and both were attractive in appearance, and dressed with an unpretending elegance which contrasted favourably with the costumes of many gaudily attired females who mingled in the throng. One was dark-haired and bright-eyed, with brunette tint and rosy mouth; while her companion, smaller in stature, and slighter in form, possessed a complexion of dazzling purity, sunny, fair hair, which fell in heavy ringlets around her face, and a pair of laughing blue eyes.

"Lucy, I wish to have your opinion regarding those pearl ornaments of which I have spoken to you. I told the jeweller that I would probably call again to-day. So, as we are at the door, it is as well to decide at once about purchasing them."

"Certainly," replied her fairer companion, "I shall be most happy to assist you in your decision;" and the ladies entered the shop of a jeweller famed for the magnificence and good taste which distinguished the commodities in which he dealt.

The shop was crowded with purchasers, and the ladies had to wait some time before they were attended to. Meanwhile, they amused themselves with looking into the glass-cases which contained bijouterie of every description. The pearl ornaments were also there, exposed to view.

"O, Margaret, they are very beautiful indeed," exclaimed Lucy Ayton, and added in a lower tone of voice: "And so appropriate for a bride. Orange blossoms and pearls are inseparable."

"I trust I shall ere long have the pleasure of assisting you to select some of these pretty things to be worn on a similar occasion," replied her companion.

Lucy was about to make a laughing reply, when the rich, deep tones of a manly voice fell upon her ear, and she turned quickly round to get a glimpse of the speaker who was standing in their immediate vicinity. How is it that there is such thrilling magic in a voice we may have heard but once, which we may never hear again, but whose tones will linger in the memory for years to come? or such witchery in the expression of an eye whose glance we may have met but once in our lives, but which will haunt us at times henceforth, to be recalled again and again, when memory brings back her half-forgotten reminiscences of the past. This was such a voice, thus fraught with interest, at least to Lucy. The words were nothing in themselves. They merely referred to an article the speaker was purchasing; but the musical and impressive tones attracted Lucy's attention, and, startled, she looked hastily around. Her quick movement caught the stranger's notice, and, raising his head, his looks were riveted upon the fair young face before him. No wonder the colour rose to Lucy's brow, and her soft blue eyes sank beneath their lids as she turned away, embarrassed, from the startled gaze of involuntary but respectful admiration which a pair of lustrous dark eyes sent back. If, the stranger's voice had arrested Lucy's attention, his personal appearance only tended to deepen that interest. There was that in his air and dress, difficult to describe but perceptible to the eye, which indicated that the individual was a stranger in the land, and the dark, bronzed hue of his complexion told of a home beneath sunnier skies than those of England. His age might be about twenty-five. He was tall in figure, and his features, though not faultlessly regular, were pleasing, and a pair of eyes, large, dark, and penetrating, yet with a shade of sadness in their expression, were comprehended in the hasty survey which Lucy made of the interesting stranger.

"Lucy, are you dreaming? I have addressed you twice without receiving a reply," exclaimed her companion, touching her lightly on the shoulder; for, intent upon the pearls, Lucy's embarrassment had passed unnoticed.

"Excuse me, Margaret, for my absence of mind," replied Lucy; "but now that you have

awakened me, I am all attention to your wishes."

The jeweller produced the pearls from the case, and, after being duly examined and admired, they were purchased, and ordered to be sent home.

"I have another set of ornaments here," remarked the jeweller, "which this young lady may wish to see. The style is unique, and distinguished for beauty of design and richness of workmanship."

"Do not tempt me by the display of any costly trinkets," replied Lucy, who, by this time, had completely regained her self-possession. "I cannot afford to purchase them, and the sight of them may only make me dissatisfied with those I possess," and the jeweller displayed to her view the ornaments, which well merited his praise, for they were uncommonly beautiful. They were of aquamarine, and the pale green gems looked like pellucid drops of ocean water congealed within the rich chased work which enclosed them. "They were ordered by a young countess, as capricious as she is fair, who afterwards changed her mind, and desired others instead."

"What is their value?" inquired Lucy, as she gazed upon the ornaments with the admiration so natural to a young and lovely girl.

"One hundred guineas."

"Then you may keep them till I am rich enough to be their purchaser," replied Lucy smiling, "though I fear they will become old-fashioned long before that time arrives. Till then, I shall endeavour to remain satisfied with the ornaments I already possess, simple as they are."

The ladies moved onwards to leave the shop, and Lucy, with a side-long glance, observed the stranger who had attracted her notice still standing in the same place. They were obliged to pass him on their way out, and, as he moved aside to give them more room, another look from those fascinating eyes caused Lucy's heart to beat quickly, and the colour to deepen momentarily on her face.

"Did you observe that foreign-looking individual who so politely stood aside to let us pass?" enquired Margaret, as they regained the street. "I have never seen a face more calculated to awaken interest in a passing stranger. He cannot, surely, belong to this town."

"Yes, he attracted my notice while you were looking at the jewels," replied Lucy; "and I fear he thought me very rude for the abrupt manner in which I turned round and looked at him. But, after all, it does not much signify what he may think of me, for we shall not likely meet again."

"It is not at all probable," said her friend, "for he evidently belongs to a warmer climate than ours. The sun of England has not lent that brown tint to his complexion, which, after all, is rather becoming to a manly face. And, now, Lucy, we must go and select the wreath of orange blossoms. I fear you will find the office of bridesmaid no sinecure, for I intend to take advantage of your superior taste in choosing my trousseau, so we must hurry our steps so as to beat home in time for dinner, and papa dislikes so much to sit down to a solitary meal. My dear, kind father, I fear he will greatly miss me when I leave him. This is the only regret which clouds my present happiness," and a tear dimmed the bright eyes of the young bride.

CHAPTER II.

When Lucy Ayton descended to breakfast next morning, her mother was already seated at the table, and held in her hand a small parcel.

"So you have been making purchases, my dear," said Mrs. Ayton; "I was just about to peep into this parcel."

"No, mamma, I did not buy anything yesterday," replied her daughter. "Are you certain that packet is intended for us? It may have been mis-sent."

"Read the address, Lucy, and you will find it quite correct," and Mrs. Ayton handed the parcel to Lucy, who read her name, inscribed in legible characters.

"This must be some of Margaret's bridal gear, which has been wrongly directed," said Lucy, untying the parcel; "but we shall soon set all

doubts at rest, by getting a sight of the mysterious contents."

The paper envelopes were laid aside, and a crimson morocco case met their view.

"Margaret's bridal pearls! how stupid!" exclaimed Lucy, and, touching the spring, the lid flew open and exposed to her astonished eyes, not the pearl ornaments, intended to adorn her friend, but the aquamarines which she had so much admired, and which the jeweller had wished her to purchase.

"How very beautiful," exclaimed Mrs. Ayton, and Lucy also uttered an ejaculation of admiration as well as surprise, when she beheld the glittering gems, to which the rays of the morning sun lent additional lustre. "But surely, Lucy, you cannot have been so thoughtless as to make such a costly purchase."

"Mamma, you do not think that I would do anything so extravagant," replied her daughter. To purchase ornaments so expensive as those would ill become our reduced fortunes," and Lucy related to her mother the circumstance of Mr. Ware having recommended the ornaments to her notice, and how she had declined to purchase them. Mrs. Ayton and Lucy looked within the case and shook the paper in which it had been wrapped, to discover whether any explanatory note or bill accompanied it. But the simple address "Miss Ayton," was all the explanation afforded.

"Never mind Lucy, do not give yourself any further uneasiness about this affair, but take your coffee—it is almost cold by this time—and immediately after breakfast you can carry the parcel back to Mr. Ware; for the contents are too valuable to be entrusted to the servant, and doubtless the mistake will soon be explained. He must have supposed that you wished to have a sight of them at home."

"I shall be more careful in future how I express my admiration," replied Lucy, "when it is thus misunderstood;" and closing the case, Lucy seated herself at the breakfast table.

Mrs. Ayton was the widow of a merchant, who had formerly been among the wealthiest and most respected in the large mercantile city in which she now dwelt, and she had been accustomed to live in a style of elegance suited to their different circumstances. Upon his death, however, which had happened about two years previous to the time at which we introduce them to the reader, his affairs had been found to be in a less prosperous condition than had been supposed. Owing to disasters by sea and other losses incident to mercantile pursuits, much had been lost, which a few years of successful industry might have regained. But life is uncertain, and Mr. Ayton, a man still in the prime of life, died suddenly. To his wife and daughter the loss was irreparable, and even the change of fortune which speedily followed was comparatively unfeeling when compared to the greater grief already sustained: Disposing of her most valuable furniture and plate; Mrs. Ayton purchased a small suburban villa to which she retired with her only daughter, and denouncing the gay society in which she had always been accustomed to mingle, continued to receive only a few special friends, from whom no change of fortune could estrange her. Lucy had not felt the altered circumstances of her lot so severely as might have been anticipated, though at an age to enjoy the gaieties of life, and beautiful enough to attract admiration wherever she appeared. Educated with great care by a fond and sensible mother, she possessed many resources with which to replace those amusements which she now had to relinquish.

Breakfast over, Lucy hastily put on her bonnet and shawl, and tying up the morocco case proceeded to the jeweller's shop.

"Can I see Mr. Ware?" inquired Lucy of one of the assistants who came forward to ascertain her wishes.

"Certainly, Miss," please be seated, and I shall summon him," replied the young man. Mr. Ware presently appeared, to whom Lucy was well known, for Mrs. Ayton had dealt with him in more prosperous days.

"Good morning, Miss Ayton," he said; a peculiar smile appeared upon his face as he saluted her.

"Good morning, Mr. Ware; I have called in order to restore this case of jewellery, concerning which there has been a mistake. Did you think from what I said yesterday that I wished to purchase them?"

"Not at all, I am perfectly aware that you entertained no such intentions."

"Then, how did it happen that they were sent to our house this morning?" enquired Lucy, and she handed them to the jeweller; but Mr. Ware still smiling returned them to her, continuing: "Miss Ayton, they belong to you, and I cannot possibly receive them again. They were purchased for you, and, I may add, paid for also."

"By whom?" enquired Lucy, opening her blue eyes to their largest possible extent.

"Your question is not easily answered," replied Mr. Ware, "as I am ignorant of the name of the individual who purchased them; but you may have observed him standing near you when you were examining the pearl ornaments."

"A tall gentleman, with bronzed complexion and dark eyes," exclaimed Lucy, now really agitated, while the colour mounted high to her forehead and receded as rapidly, leaving it paler than before, for a strange and undefined feeling of mingled embarrassment and pleasure possessed her, as she became instantaneously convinced that the prepossession so suddenly entertained towards the handsome stranger had been mutual.

"Yes, Miss Ayton, you have described him very well," replied Mr. Ware.

"This is very strange indeed, and also very wrong," said Lucy; "those jewels must be immediately returned. I cannot possibly accept a gift of such value from an utter stranger. Do you know his address, Mr. Ware?"

"That I fear will be impossible to reach," replied Mr. Ware, "for the gentlemen, whosoever he may be, sailed last evening for the East Indies; and I may add, Miss Ayton, that he has left a souvenir with you, which conveys a wish that he may not soon be forgotten."

"Has he any friends in this city to whom I could consign these jewels?" said Lucy; "I cannot think of retaining them."

"I am ignorant of any," replied Mr. Ware, interested in Lucy's distress, which was now so apparent. "The gentleman purchased a valuable watch and some other articles, which I proposed to send home for him; but as he stated that he was about to embark in a few hours for the East, he preferred taking them with him. He added that he resided abroad, had been but only a short time in England, and had been but a few days in this city. He overheard you express your admiration of those ornaments, and excuse me, Miss Ayton, I could not fail to observe his evident admiration of yourself. When you left the shop, he inquired your name, and requested to see this case of jewellery. He immediately handed me the amount demanded for them, and desired me to send them next morning to your place of residence. I inquired the name that was to accompany the gift, and hinted the possibility of its being declined; to which he replied that he should be many miles on his outward voyage before he received it; and he added, that, if you sought me for an explanation, I was to say, "that your acceptance of a trifling gift would give much pleasure to one whose lonely life had known few joys and many sorrows." Poor fellow, he looked like one who had known greater trouble than his youth warranted. Besides he is probably accustomed to have his slightest caprices obeyed by the submissive people among whom he lives, and certainly he has placed it beyond your power to thwart him in the present instance. That he is wealthy is certain to judge by the value of the articles which he purchased for himself, and I may also add, of that which he has so unexpectedly left with you. But, my dear young lady, I beg you will not distress yourself further regarding this unusual proceeding on the part of a stranger, which to many young ladies would be more flattering than disagreeable. I trust your fastidiousness will not prevent you availing yourself of the gift as the giver will soon be many thousands of miles away, and from the unhealthy nature of the climate to which he has gone in all probability he may not live to revisit this country. As the worthy jeweller concluded with what he intended to be a comforting

reflection to Lucy, a feeling strong and prophetic contradicted his words and Lucy might have exclaimed

"There is a voice within my heart
Which says again we'll meet;"

but merely rising from her seat, she concluded the conversation by saying, "I shall bid you good morning, Mr. Ware, and as there is no possibility of tracing this bird of passage in his flight I suppose I shall have to keep the ornaments in the meanwhile, trusting to chance to give me an opportunity of returning them at some future day." And Lucy took her departure, her mind filled with conjectures regarding the eccentric stranger.

On her way homewards, Lucy had to pass the residence of her friend, Miss Selden, and called to inform her of the of the strange circumstance which had occurred. Lucy Ayton and Margaret Selden had been companions from childhood, and their friendship had continued unabated in more mature years.

"Margaret, you have often told me that I possess a tinge of romance in my nature, and am but a silly dreamer. There is an occurrence sufficiently removed from the commonplace events of every day life to gratify my predilection in this respect. But seriously, Margaret, what think you of this occurrence?"

"I do not think seriously at all about it," replied her more matter of fact friend. "The handsome stranger has evidently been captivated by your *beaux yeux*, and has gallantly left this tribute of his gratitude in return for a bright glance which you have unconsciously bestowed upon him. So keep the jewels, my dear, and wear them; but I counsel you not to allow your sensitive little heart to follow the giver on his trackless path across the ocean. Do not let the image of the unknown so fill your imagination as to supplant a certain friend of mine who loves you well and whose wife I trust you will soon become. Think of this gallant knight errant only as an *ignus fatuus* which has cast a ray of light across your path, but do not let the wandering meteor bewilder you."

"If I possibly can I shall follow your sensible advice," thought Lucy as she walked silently homewards, while the deep melodious tones of the stranger's voice seemed to linger in her ear, and in fancy she still met the earnest gaze of those admiring eyes still bent upon her.

To be continued.

A RHYMING EPISTLE.

FROM MISS FANNY McQUEEN, OF BOWMANVILLE, (ON A VISIT TO HER AUNT BLANK, AT MONTREAL,) TO MISS KITTY THORP, ALSO OF BOWMANVILLE.

DEAREST KITTY,

I promised to write to you soon,
So like *ma chère amie*, this fine afternoon
I resisted temptation—you know we should strive
At all times to do this—and refused a sleigh-drive.
The sun shone out brightly—the streets were aglow
With bright happy faces whirled over the snow;
And handsome Ralph Dean, with the charming
moustache,
And eyes that pierce through you with each rapid
flash.

Was the tempter who begged me to join in a dash
Round the mountain—but no! I was adamant, steel,
And refused Mr. Ralph, till he turned on his heel
In a bit of a pet—but, *n'importe*, I am here
For a nice cosy chat with yourself, Kitty dear.
But how to begin!—shall I tell of each ball
We have graced with our presence in gay Montreal?
Of the sleigh-drives,—the parties,—the beaux who
have been

Most polite to your dear little Fanny McQueen?
How Hector McIvor—(some folks think him wise)
Vowed the goddess of mischief was caged in my eyes;
And then how the poor fellow grew almost simple,
O'er what he was pleased to term "each pretty
dimple."

Then passed to my hair—oh! I wonder what next,
These perverse city-beaux will seize on for a text—
You know, little Kitty, some folks call it red,
But Hector declared that the sun never shed
Such bright, golden glory as gleams on my head.
Of course it's all nonsense, *ma mignonne*—helgho!
I wonder they will flatter simple girls so.
I vow I'd be angry—demure—cold as ice—
Were this King of McIvor's a little less nice.
But then he's so noble, so handsome, so kind—
That dear me, little Kit, perhaps I need not much mind;
But enough of McIvor—Oh! who do you think
I met 'tother night at Victoria rink?
Ah! demure Mam'selle Kitty, don't flush rosy red,
Like a dear little goose—only big cousin Ned.
He really looked splendid, so handsome and stately,
I could'nt help flirting—you know, *ma belle*, lately

I've grown an adept in this lady-like art;
And besides young McIvor was waiting to start
For a race on the ice—Mr. Dean, too, was there—
And it is so nice teasing this city-bred pair.
Cousin Ned was all ears, for with lady-like skill,
I flew off at a tangent to dear Bowmanville:
Talked of Clara,—mamma,—and grew really quite
witty

'Bout absence, and fondness, and you, little Kitty.
Just hinted at boating by moonlight—ahem!
When the "Saucy Sophia" ran into the "Gem":
Because two silly people—oh! dear what a bother—
Had eyes for naught else in the world but each other.
Well! well! If Jano Sparker did poke spiteful fun,
Of the *two* in that boat she would fain have been *one*,
And if at the pic-nic the same pair were found
With a masculine arm most caressingly wound
Round a feminine waist—why should Jane be so
witty—

Ned can choose for himself, I suppose—*can't he Kitty?*
But still when he goes up again, if he really
Persists in such singular freaks, you should clearly
Take care that these pranks be played under the rose—
Young folks who are silly should dread a long nose.

Helgho! I am preaching and teasing, perhaps, too;
But Ned laughed when I twitted him—so, dear, must
you.

The saucy big fellow just glanced at Ralph Dean
And "Glass houses, Miss Fanny—you know what I
mean."

"Indeed; Ned, I'd never such freedom permit,
At least were there even the least little bit
Of a chance to be caught, as were you and Miss Kit.
Take that, Sir." He did with a funny grimace
And "beware, Miss, the very first chance I'll em-
brace
For returning that mischievous slap in the face."

Of course, as was proper, I curtsied, *ma belle*,
Very low at this threat—when, oh, how shall I tell?
My skates slipped—I staggered—and grace-fully
fell.

It was so provoking! there was such a rush!
Young Dean and McIvor came up with the crush;
Oh! I did feel so cross—I could almost have cried,
But Ned lifted me lightly, and then just to hide
My confusion, dashed off with me over the ice—
Held my hand—chatted gaily—was ever so nice,
Till soon, we again were as merry as mice.

This was good of Sir Ned, so with charmingest grace,
I told the big fellow so right to his face,
"Dear Coz, I can almost forgive you the fall—"
"Dear Fan, I don't need your forgiveness at all,"
Was the saucy reply—"I'm your servant most humble,
But I won't bear the blame of that elegant tumble."
"Indeed, Sir, 'twas caused by your horrible threat."
"Indeed, Miss, I fear, you're a saucy coquette—
If ladies will curtsied with skates on, *sans care*,
They must pay all the penalties, Fanny, *ma chère*."
This was shocking, dear Kitty—how would you be
able,

To bear with so stubborn a "Head of the Table."*
Fray punish him, pet, when—as soon, perhaps, he will,
He flies on love's wings to our dear Bowmanville.
Exact a most ample apology—do!
Your Fanny would fight quite as bravely for you.

Well, darling, I meant to have written much more,
But Aunt Blank has, this moment, been up to the
door,

To say that Miss Balfour is waiting below
For a chat—so perforce, little Kit, I must go.
Had I time, I would fill up my paper this eve,
But I have an engagement, at eight, I believe,
For something or other—what is it? let me think—
Oh! McIvor expects me to go to the rink.
So sweet! darling Kit—with as much love as can be
Believe me your own most affectionate

FANNY.

P.S.—Do write to me soon—I am longing to hear
All the news—who is flirting—who married—or near
And what you are doing yourself, Kitty dear!

A FRUITFUL VINE.—A remarkable instance of fecundity, which deserves to be recorded elsewhere than in the official journal of St. Petersburg, has been published within the last few months. Twenty-two years ago a woman was married to a man named Moltehanow, and from this marriage there sprang six infants one after the other, six times twins, once there were three, and on the last occasion four, which entered the world in the following order: on the 8th April, a boy (living), at midnight of the 9th and some time after, a boy (since dead) and a girl (living), and on the night of the 14th, a girl, also living. The strength of the poor woman was, however, exhausted, and she died, at the somewhat early age of forty. It will be seen, therefore, that she had bestowed on her husband in all twenty-six children, sixteen boys and ten girls. Of this number nineteen have died. The place where this remarkable event or series of events, occurred, was at the village named Tzvetow, in the government of Koursk.

* Miss Kitty considers this phrase very obscure—she does not understand it. We suggested that it might refer to current rumours which assert it to be extremely probable that, ere long, Mr. Edward and Miss Kitty will daily dine *tête-à-tête*.

OLD ENGLAND LOVES US STILL.

A MASON AND SLIDELL LYRIC.

To anger roused, the brave old land
Responds through all her isles;
We feel the old familiar hand,—
Britannia comes with smiles;
A modern Una, lo! she sweeps
Her lion-hearts to thrill:—
Welcome, Britannia, o'er the doops,
Old England loves us still,
My Boys!

Old England loves us still.

Her heart is with us, and we feel
The pride of former days,
When foemen fell before our steel,
Or fled in wild amaze;
Her flag protects us, and we stand
On Freedom's sacred hill;
Three cheers then for our Fatherland,
Old England loves us still,
My Boys!

Old England loves us still.

And, Cadmus-like, where'er she treads
The armed hosts appear;
The red wave bristling, as it spreads,
With bayonet and spear;
Firm in her strength, her old renown
The seas obey her will;
The brightest jewel in her Crown,
Old England loves us still,
My Boys!

Old England loves us still.

And we, we love the old land well,
To every Briton dear;
Her arguments of shot and shell
Are music to our ear.

For Britain's honour and her throne
Our dearest blood we'll spill;
Her day of peril is our own,—
Old England loves us still,
My Boys!

Old England loves us still.

Kingston, C.W. CHAS. SANGSTER.

THE

SECRET OF STANLEY HALL.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

AUTHOR OF THE "CROSS OF PRIDE," "PASSION AND PRINCIPLE," "THE ABBEY OF RATHMORE," ETC.

Continued from page 363.

CHAPTER VI. STANLEY HALL.

One year passed, and still Gertrude Carlyle was a guest at the Parsonage, Mrs. Trevyllian being unwilling to resign the pleasure of having her company to cheer her during the frequent absence of Philip, whose parochial duties occupied much of his time. Her residence with the Trevyllians was an advantage to Gertrude, for in their society and that of their acquaintances, she learned something of the usages of the world and acquired a polite ease of manner, which she did not before possess. The mystery of her birth, the Trevyllians advised her to keep secret, wisely thinking that the knowledge of it would place her in an unpleasant position by attracting towards her the attention of a curious public.

The spring had come with its "voice of song," and its robes of vivid green, when an advertisement for a governess in one of the C— newspapers caught the eye of Gertrude, and she expressed a wish to obtain it. Mrs. Trevyllian objected, and tried to persuade her to remain longer at the Parsonage, assuring her that her presence was sunshine in their home, but Gertrude met all her objections with quiet firmness, declaring she could no longer continue without some settled employment.

"You know, dear Mrs. Trevyllian," she said smiling, "that I have been brought up in a land where the spirit of independence pervades all ranks, and gives energy to the young as well as the old. The situation you say is at Stanley Hall, within eight miles of O—. Therefore should I be fortunate enough to obtain it, I shall

still be quite near you, and shall often visit home, for such in your great kindness you have taught me to consider the Parsonage."

"But a residence at Stanley Hall will not be pleasant," persisted Mrs. Trevyllian. "Lady Stanley is a stern, proud woman whom nobody likes."

"Philip has already taught me what to expect as a governess in England, and I have made up my mind to all kinds of unpleasantness in filling the situation."

"Should I obtain this one at the Hall, I would have, you say, to instruct these two pretty little girls who come to church with Miss Stanley. You know I love children, and those lovely creatures, with their golden curls and blue eyes, have already quite taken my fancy. I must ask Philip to ride over to the Hall, and see Lady Stanley about me."

And Philip did so in compliance with Gertrude's request, and Lady Stanley willingly agreed to receive Miss Carlyle, Mr. Trevyllian's young Canadian friend, into her family as governess to her grand-children.

The salary Gertrude was to receive was liberal, and she was requested to enter upon her duties immediately, if convenient to her. Therefore, on the following day a carriage arrived at the Parsonage to convey the governess to Stanley Hall. At Gertrude's request, Philip accompanied her. She was unwilling to make her first appearance unsupported by his presence, for Gertrude had learned to look upon Philip as a brother. A softer feeling might have crept into her heart were it not that she had discovered in time his attachment to Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, the knowledge of which resented her wasting the pure warm affections of girlhood on one whose heart's devotion was given to another.

The situation of Stanley Hall was bold and picturesque. Stretching along the brow of a perpendicular cliff which beetled on the German Ocean, it stood in isolated grandeur, separated in the rear from the verge of the precipice by a natural rocky terrace, which was protected by an embattled parapet over which you could look out upon the ocean, and watch it foaming and dashing with a thundering sound against the rocks below. In front the steep cliff sloped gradually away towards the wooded country beyond, but around the Hall there was little verdure, except here and there some hardy shrubs springing from the rocky soil. The house was ancient, built of grey stone with pinnacled towers at either end, heavy buttresses, high arched mullioned windows half hid by dark clustering ivy, the façade very imposing, with its broad portico supported by lofty pillars. The approach was a rocky ascent with steep rocks rising on either side, clothed with moss, with here and there some rich green holly springing from their deep fissures.

As the carriage drew up before the entrance, a grey-haired footman ushered Trevyllian and Gertrude into a spacious hall and up a broad staircase of polished oak, their steps echoing in the silence of the gloomy mansion. These stairs opened on a gallery, small but pleasant looking, which seemed to be the favourite sitting room of the family. It was softly carpeted, luxuriously furnished with modern taste, and hung round with portraits of the Stanleys, some of them exquisitely painted by Vandyke. But the chief attraction of this picture gallery, was the magnificent view it commanded from the deep oriel windows which lighted it on two sides. Inland, the eye from this elevated situation ranged over a variegated landscape of hill and dale, the noble domain of Templemore, with its castellated mansion, elegant villas surrounded by wide spread trees now beautiful in the early verdure of spring, the handsome town of C— in the distance, and beyond, stretching along the sweep of the horizon, a range of purple hills. On the opposite side the windows looked out upon the sea, sometimes calmly slumbering, but more frequently roused from its unfathomable recesses and lashed into fury by the wild winds which often sweep with such desolating force around the British Isles.

At the time that the curate and the governess were announced, the different members of the Stanley family were assembled in the picture-gallery, variously occupied. On a couch near

one of the windows listlessly looking out upon the beautiful prospect, reclined the invalid heir. He was about seventeen; a tall and handsome lad he had been before the sad accident occurred which condemned him to languish out the rest of his life in helplessness and suffering. The ruddy hue of health was gone, and his pale features had a miserable discontented look seldom seen in the young, but his cross was a heavy one, requiring much grace to bear it patiently. Sitting beside her son's couch reading to amuse him, was Lady Stanley, a majestic looking woman with a foreign countenance. Singularly beautiful that face had once been, and traces of this beauty might yet be seen in the oval face, the chiselled features, the pencilled line of jet arching the brows, beneath which glittered the dark Italian eyes; but the shadow of fierce passions had darkened that once radiant beauty, giving to the countenance an expression stern and repulsive. In the cushioned recess of an oriel window engaged in conversation, were two persons,—one was Guy Stanley, brother-in-law to the mistress of the Hall, a young naval officer of very pleasing appearance, whose manly figure appeared to advantage, in his dark blue uniform. The other was Bertha Stanley, a young lady about Gertrude's age, very like her mother, or rather like what Lady Stanley must have been before the tempest of passion had swept over her soul, and stamped its impress on her countenance.

When Mr. Trevyllian and Miss Carlyle made their appearance, Lady Stanley rose with her usual stateliness, and advanced to meet them. As her eye fell on Gertrude's graceful figure she stopped suddenly, and a look of surprise, nay of something like fear, grew into her face, but it was only for an instant, the expression quickly passed away, and she greeted the curate and his young companion with dignified politeness. The sad face of the invalid, Sir Alfred, brightened at the approach of Mr. Trevyllian, and he begged him to spend the remainder of the day at the Hall, and cheer his loneliness, an invitation which Lady Stanley pressed him to accept.

"You know" she said with a grim smile, "what a favourite you are of Alfred's; your conversation interests him, he always feels happier and more resigned when you have been here. I wish you could visit him oftener, Mr. Trevyllian."

An appealing glance from Gertrude determined Philip to accept this gracious invitation. Miss Stanley now approached to greet the handsome curate, with a fascinating smile, then with graceful condescension to notice the governess, and propose to conduct her to her apartment, and introduce her to her young pupils.

Gertrude's first day at Stanley Hall passed pleasantly. In compliment to the curate, she was permitted to form one of the family circle, treated with supercilious kindness by Lady Stanley and Bertha, and with polite attention by the young baronet and his uncle, Captain Guy Stanley. The rare loveliness of Gertrude's face made a deep impression on the handsome sailor; there was something so pure so child-like, so spiritual, giving it an indescribable beauty of expression. Of a frank and generous nature, spending his life on the ocean, untrammelled by the usages of society, and unfettered by its prejudices, he cared little for the distinction of rank; and the lovely young Canadian, with the manners and education of a gentlewoman, although in a dependent situation, received from him as much deferential attention as he would have shown to any titled lady in England. As for Sir Alfred, he was seized with a penchant for the governess, as violent as it was sudden—one of those boyish attachments which, though evanescent, equal in their fervour, the love of riper years—"Love's young dream" to be in after life an oasis in the desert of memory, "the greenest spot on memory's waste." From the day that Gertrude arrived at the Hall, the poor invalid awoke to a new existence and a hitherto unknown happiness, coloured with rainbow tints, burst in upon his clouded life, breaking its weary monotony.

To his fond mother, his slightest wish was law; and when the society of Miss Carlyle seemed to impart to him a new existence, she

complied with his request, that she should relieve her of the task of reading to him daily; therefore, when Gertrude's duties in the school-room were ended, she was accustomed to take her seat beside Sir Alfred's couch, and amuse him, by reading or conversation. In this manner was Gertrude daily admitted to the family circle, and permitted to spend the greatest part of each day in the picture gallery, in which part of the house the invalid was confined, his apartments opening into it. This mode of spending her time was not disagreeable to Gertrude. It relieved her of the constant companionship of children, and the loneliness of the school-room, and gave her an opportunity of enjoying the society of Guy Stanley, whose evident admiration of herself was naturally very pleasing to the young governess, and whose impassioned glances were gradually awakening, in the girl's heart, that passion which sooner or later all feel, and which until now had been quietly slumbering.

Towards her boyish admirer, Gertrude felt merely pity such as his severe trial called forth. He was quite too young to be looked upon in the light of a lover. He was only a boy, younger than herself; and girls seldom fall in love with such juvenile adorers. She treated him like a brother, doing everything in her power to amuse him, and divert his mind from dwelling on his misfortune, pleased when she saw his pale cheeks flush with pleasure, or his eyes sparkle with his new-found happiness. Week after week, passed pleasantly. Gertrude's experience of the life of a governess was quite different from what she had expected. Leaving her to enjoy the new life she had entered upon, and to indulge in the delightful, but it might be chimerical hopes which sprung up with the new strange feeling within her, we shall give a retrospective sketch of Lady Stanley's life, carrying our readers back some twenty years, in order to relate a few events connected with the story.

CHAPTER VII. THE ITALIAN ACTRESS.

At one of the provincial theatres, in England, in the winter of 18— a young Italian actress made her debut with unusual éclat. It was not the histrionic talent of the young débutante, but her extraordinary beauty which excited this furor of admiration. Her tall form was majestic itself, and her face was a perfect specimen of Italian beauty. She had been brought up in England, and could speak the language well, though with a foreign accent. The fascinating Olivia had many adorers, but none more devoted than Colonel Stanley, a gentleman of ancient family, and next heir to a baronetcy, with an unencumbered estate. For some time he struggled with his penchant for the fair foreigner, but his love was one of those passions which seize upon a man against his will, bewildering his mind and subduing even reason itself. The result of the contest between love and pride was what it generally is in such cases. The enamoured Colonel yielded to the fascinations of beauty and forgetting the prejudices of rank and birth, married the actress. Five years passed away—years clouded by disappointment and regret, for Colonel Stanley had become painfully aware that his idol was clay, utterly unworthy the homage he had rendered it. In the intercourse of domestic life the insight he gained into the character of Olivia made him deeply regret that he had given such a mother to his children; for with the rare beauty of her countrywomen, she inherited their deeply-passionate nature. Fierce passions swayed her soul, unrestrained by any governing principle; for religion, which alone could enable her to control these wild emotions, was a thing unknown to the beautiful Italian. Her education had been attended to, but it was all for display, fitted to make her shine in the sphere of life for which she was intended—her moral culture had been totally neglected. The beautiful casket had been carefully polished, but the jewel within had been entirely disregarded.

The married life of Colonel Stanley was not happy, but it was not long. He was killed during the Chinese war. Before leaving England, feeling a presentiment that he should not return to his shores, he made his will, appointing his

cousin, Sir Roland Stanley, guardian to his children, and recommending his family to his care. On hearing of the death of his relative, to whom he was strongly attached, Sir Roland wrote to the bereaved wife inviting her to make Stanley Hall her home. "You know," he wrote, that "your infant son is now my heir, and I wish to bring him up under my own eye. The health of Lady Stanley is very delicate; she is quite an invalid, and she will be happy to have your society to relieve the *ennui* of her monotonous life. This invitation was immediately accepted by Olivia—a pathway of life suddenly opened upon her which she gladly entered. Hitherto ambition, and the love of admiration—of conquest—had been her dominant feelings; but she had not lived long at Stanley Hall before another passion awoke within her heart, and made itself felt with an intensity which is only experienced by such passionate natures. This new passion was love, and the object of it was Sir Rowland Stanley. For her husband, Olivia never felt affection. She had married him to gain a position in society, which, as an actress, she could not hope to attain. But the deep waters of an absorbing affection gushed forth for the first time in this impassioned woman's heart.

What recked she that this love for the baronet was sinful! Principle did not teach her to oppose any barrier to its impetuous course. On the contrary, her determined will made her resolve to surmount every obstacle to the attainment of her wishes. Sir Rowland Stanley was now in his thirty-fifth year and very captivating. His figure united elegance with manly proportion, and his face would have made a beau ideal for a painter wishing to portray the Anglo-Saxon style of beauty. Having lived much in the fashionable world, he possessed that high-bred ease of manner and distinguished air which are so imposing. Altogether he was a man fitted to make an impression on most women, and the heart of the impassioned Italian yielded at once to his many attractions. The fragile and amiable Lady Stanley seemed the only obstacle to the happiness which Olivia craved. Confident of her own powers of pleasing, and relying on the marvellous beauty which had brought many adorers to her feet, she thought that the baronet would be unable to resist her witcheries, if his wife were no more; therefore to get rid of her, she formed a plan which no feelings of compassion for her kind and generous hostess prevented her carrying into execution.

I have said that the health of Lady Stanley was delicate; she had disease of the heart, and her physician had said that any sudden shock or violent emotion would prove fatal. It was the knowledge of this which suggested her plan to Olivia. Sir Rowland and Lady Stanley had one little daughter, who was about three years old—lovely as a cherub, she was the idol of both parents. One night, Stanley Hall was a scene of indescribable confusion; this darling child was missing. She had mysteriously disappeared, during the temporary absence of her nurse in the servants' hall. She had left the little one sleeping quietly in her crib, and when she returned to the nursery she was gone. This startling announcement was brought to the drawing-room by the terrified nurse. Sir Rowland and Mrs. Stanley were playing chess, and Lady Stanley was reclining on a couch, watching with interest the moves of the game, little dreaming of the crushing weight of misery which was about to fall upon her heart.

Sir Rowland, like one frantic, was rushing out of the room calling upon the servants to aid in the search for the child, when his steps were suddenly arrested by a cry of horror from Mrs. Stanley. He turned to look upon the face of his dying wife, who lay back on the couch rigid and ghastly. The terrible shock had stilled for ever the pulsations of her heart, and her spirit passed away almost instantly.

Horror at this event for a time deprived the servants of all presence of mind, and the loss of the child seemed forgotten in the excitement caused by Lady Stanley's sudden death. Sir Rowland sank beneath this double affliction—the strong man struck down by the hand of sorrow—and

for a time Olivia feared that his life too would be sacrificed to her selfish passion. But grief seldom kills when the constitution is vigorous. The baronet recovered slowly, turning for sympathy in his overwhelming sorrow to the artificial Italian, who did everything in her power to wean his mind from the contemplation of his two-fold loss. Time passed on; no tidings were obtained of the lost child. The only information on the subject gathered by the servants—who were despatched to the Hall on a fruitless search by Sir Rowland as soon as the shock of his wife's death permitted him to think or act in the matter—was that a young woman with a child in her arms had been observed to take a night-passage in the cars from the G—station to London. If the telegraph wires could have been immediately put into operation, this woman might have been arrested on reaching the metropolis; but the lateness of the hour prevented the baronet's making use of this powerful aid, for the telegraph office was closed for the night; and before the next morning the cars had rapidly conveyed the person suspected of stealing the child to London, where in its vast depths all traces of her were lost. Although the detective police were employed in the search—even they failed to discover the daring offender. What her motive could be in stealing the child no one could even surmise, and the whole affair remained wrapt in mystery, and gradually ceased to be talked of.

It was more than a year before Sir Rowland, rousing himself from his absorbing grief, began again to mix with the world and show any interest in its pursuits. During this time of mourning and seclusion, Olivia used all her wiles to win his affections, yet the heart of the baronet remained untouched—all her witcheries and blandishments failed to captivate him. It might be that he penetrated her heart's secret. She might have been too demonstrative of her affection, and this would repel instead of attract him, for such is the contradiction of man's nature that he seldom prizes the love which unsought is won. It may flatter his vanity, but it does not gain his heart. Or perhaps Sir Rowland had discovered that the beautiful Italian was deficient in those qualities of the heart which can alone ensure happiness in domestic life. During their daily intercourse, this truth might have dawned upon him. Whatever was the cause of his insensibility, she was unable to bind him with love's adamantine chain; and, maddened with disappointment, Olivia thought now of revenge, for in such natures as hers it often happens that passionate love when unrequited turns to hatred the most intense.

It was night at Stanley Hall: the march winds howled round its massive walls, mingling their mournful sounds with the thundering dash of the waves along the shore below. In the spacious library, buried in the cushioned depths of a fauteuil, before a bright fire crackling in the grate, Mrs. Stanley sat alone lost in moody reflections, while she listened listlessly to the wild sounds without. Sir Rowland was absent: he had gone to a dinner party at Templemore. Mrs. Stanley had not been invited; the aristocratic Lady Templemore did not admit within her élite circle the *célebre* actress. It was now late, and Mrs. Stanley was momentarily expecting the baronet's return. The silver tones of an ivory time-piece had struck the hour of midnight, when suddenly was heard the clattering sound of a horse's hoofs galloping madly up the rocky approach to the Hall. Sir Rowland had returned, Olivia supposed, and she listened for his well-known step ascending the stairs. But some minutes passed away, and no step was heard, only a confused noise of voices in the hall below. What could it mean? An ominous apprehension that something had occurred startled Mrs. Stanley. She rang the bell violently. A footman immediately appeared at the library door, his face wearing an alarmed expression.

"What is the matter, Richard? has your master returned?"

"No, ma'am; the horse has come back, but without a rider; and we fear some accident has happened."

An expression of deep interest grew into the

face of Mrs. Stanley and there was a strange glitter in her dark eyes. "Why do you think so?" she asked.

"Because the horse is dripping with spray. Sir Rowland must have come by the road along the beach; and, if so, he could scarcely escape drowning on a night like this so dark and stormy, with the tide so high."

"But Sir Rowland would not be so mad as to attempt to reach home by that road," observed Mrs. Stanley.

"No, ma'am; to be sure not, if——" Richard hesitated.

"What were you going to say?"

"That Sir Rowland might have taken more wine than he is used to; in that case he would hardly see his way safely." These words were spoken unwillingly, as if the man feared to give offence.

"And the groom—what has become of him?"

"He was taken suddenly ill when he rode over with Sir Rowland to Templemore, and master said he need not come for him, nor send any of the other servants, for he would ride home alone. Sir Rowland was always so considerate like. We will lose a kind master if anything has happened to him," added Richard sadly.

"Let a strict search be made along the road? He may only have been thrown from his horse—not drowned," observed Mrs. Stanley after a short pause.

The face of Richard brightened. There was comfort in that suggestion. "To be sure he may. I never thought of that," he said more hopefully, as he left the room.

Shortly afterwards nearly all the servants in Stanley Hall might be seen wending their way along the avenue, carrying lanterns and searching for the missing Baronet, but he was not found, and it was feared he would never again be seen within his stately home.

It was two hours after midnight, and Olivia was still keeping a lonely vigil in the library when the door opened, and Burton, the grey haired-butler, made his appearance. Mrs. Stanley looked eagerly round.

"Have you found him?" she asked anxiously.

The old man's face was pallid from some secret emotion; it might be grief for the Baronet's loss.

"No. Sir Rowland will never again be seen in life within these walls. The waves must have overwhelmed him as he tried to cross the beach from Templemore.

As the butler spoke, he looked earnestly at Mrs. Stanley, and as he saw the gleam of joy which flashed in her dark eyes, a smile of peculiar meaning passed over his pale stern face.

"You have searched, carefully, I suppose."

"Yes; every step of the way to the beach has been examined; the road along the shore is deeply flooded, no one dare venture there; the waves are dashing madly over it, and up against the rocks that skirt it on the land side."

"It was madness for the Baronet to think of reaching the Hall by that road."

"So it was, but gentlemen sit long over their wine at Templemore. Sir Rowland could not have known very well what he was doing."

"Perhaps the morning light may render the search effectual. In the darkness of the night he might be overlooked; we cannot yet be sure of his death." Olivia's tones betrayed more of apprehension than of hope.

Again that peculiar smile parted the lips of Burton.

"Do not be afraid. Sir Rowland will never return to interfere with your rights. Your son is now Sir Alfred Stanley."

As Burton spoke, he fixed his keen eyes on Mrs. Stanley, and from their grey depths there flashed a revelation which sent a thrill of mingled feelings through her frame. The old man watched the changing expression of her face with an anxious eye; his look seemed to penetrate her soul, and read her every thought. Gradually the varying expression of Olivia's face settled into one of intense satisfaction, while in the brilliant Italian eyes glittered the exultation of revenge.

"Does your ladyship wish that anything more should be done in this matter to-night?" Burton asked, with a deference in his manner which he

had never before shown to Mrs. Stanley, and yet a keen observer would have noticed somewhat of mockery in that very deference, but it passed unseen by her, as she stood leaning against the mantelpiece, and looking down, dreamily, into the fire, which was almost dying out in the ample grate.

Your *Ladyship!* how harmoniously these words fell upon the ear of the ambitious Olivia.

"No," she answered carelessly; "nothing more can be done until the morning, then the search must be renewed."

"And with the same success!" muttered Burton, with a short dry laugh, as he closed the library door, and left the new mistress of Stanley Hall to her own reflections; and whatever might be the nature of these reflections, they banished sleep from her eyelids, and she passed the remainder of that eventful night watching the coming dawn.

With the first light of morning, the servants were again dispatched to look for the missing Baronet, but Sir Rowland was not seen again, either in life or death, and the country rang with the startling news of his disappearance. That he was drowned on his way home from Templemore was the general belief, and the coast was searched for miles in the hope of recovering the body, but the relentless waves did not give up their prey. Sir Rowland's place in the family vault remained unoccupied, and Stanley Hall passed to the next heir the young son of the late Colonel Stanley, the baronet's cousin, his wife Olivia assuming, in right of her deceased husband, the title *Lady Stanley*. Years passed on, and the mistress of the Hall lived in lonely grandeur, having but little intercourse with the families in the neighbourhood, who seemed prejudiced against her, not only because she was a foreigner and a parvenu, but chiefly because there were some who did not hesitate to assert that an evil influence had come with her presence to Stanley Hall, for within the last two years, death had been busy within its ancient halls, and the Baronet, his gentle wife and lovely child, had suddenly passed away from their happy home, leaving it in the possession of the ambitious Italian and her children.

To be continued.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

HER Majesty's ship *Spitfire* (six-and-thirty guns) had been now four months on the south west coast of Africa, looking out for slavers as keenly as any terrier watching a rabbit-hole when the ferret had been put in.

This smart vessel's favourite anchorage was in Elephant Bay, Benguela, an inlet of the Atlantic, lat. 13 deg. S, long. 12 deg. 55 min. E, the highest land in all the Benguela coast, being a hill commanding the bay on the south side, which Captain Willoughby had found very useful for the purpose of a look-out.

Captain Willoughby was a little fragile man, with a long thin face and only one eye. He had seen a great deal of service, and lost an arm at Acro; he was as brave as a lion, totally insensible to any such mean sensation as fear, and a stern disciplinarian, heeding no more the heat and danger of Africa than he would have done the shot and shell of the enemy, and hating all grumblers at climate or any other hardship.

The dull monotony of African service, the mere daily routine of plank-scrubbing, ropesplicing, and sail-mending, was broken into on a warm September morning of 1860, by the arrival of H.M.'s brig *Raccoon*, with despatches from Sierra Leone. The captain of the *Raccoon* had been invited to lunch by Captain Willoughby, and H. M. S. *Spitfire* was in an unusual state of bustle with the preparations for that meal.

Abernethy, the grave old Scotch steward, was arranging some silver-topped bottles of champagne in a fan shape, round a small tank attached to a refrigerator, and even that was all but tepid with the heat of Africa. At the foot of the cabin-stairs three young midshipmen, one of whom, named Powis, was the "Pickle" of the vessel, stood watching him from above with eyes sparkling with fun and mischief. The

under-steward and his boys were every moment descending the steps with piles of plates tucked under their chins. A distant savour of soup spread from the distant galley, where red-faced beings in white stirred and sipped at simmering stew-pans.

"Dobson," said the head-steward, under breath, "just watch this while I go and get up some more coffee-biscuits. The captain's boat will be here directly. Keep your weather eye open, Dobson; there's that Mr. Powis there, as full of mischief as an egg full of meat."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Abernethy," said the under-steward, sitting down on the lower steps, a very Cerberus, with one foot planted on the great metal-lined chest of the refrigerator; and as Abernethy plunged into the store-room, Powis and his companions ran up on deck.

Five minutes after there came a violent shout of "Dobson!" from the direction of the store-room, and Dobson, forgetting for the moment his charge, ran to see who it was called him.

Three minutes afterwards there was a running together of sailors amid ships to the gangways, a shout below, a sound of voices, and the next moment Captain Willoughby and his guest, Captain Martlock, a stiff, precise, old officer, followed by several officers of both vessels, followed each other, one after the other, over the ship's side. A guard of marines, drawn up in military order, received them with presented arms. The midshipmen, headed by Powis, the eldest of the lot, were there in full uniform to do honour to so unusual an occasion.

"Hang it!" cried Powis, as the procession passed down into the state cabin; "old Cyclops" (the midshipmen's nickname for their excellent captain) "might have asked us to meet these Raccoon fellows. One does deserve a better dinner sometimes than salt junk and bolster-pudding for serving one's country in this infernal climate. What have they come about, Gasket?" turning to an old quartermaster, a rough old sailor, with enormous bushes of grey whiskers.

"Come, Mr. Powis, 'bout captain going up country to make presents, and hold a palaver with the niggers, to induce 'em not to sell 'emselves to those cursed Portuguese."

"Wish I'd a nigger, Gasket, to keep watch, and soak my junk for me."

"And go to the mast-head for you, Master Powis?"

"Well," said the curly-headed youngster, "shouldn't mind that either, and he should do my work too, on the look-out hill."

"Seen the Phantom Ship last night, Gasket?" said Powis's companion, with a wink at Powis; for Gasket, though one of the best sailors on board, was very superstitious, and had lately spread among the men a report of a white ghostly sort of vessel that he had seen three nights running at two bells, steal out of the bay, but which was generally believed to be a creation of his own brain, and a mere drift of that thick smouldering fog that after nightfall hid the shore of the bay. This *Phantom Ship*, seen in a bay guarded by one of the smartest of her Majesty's cruisers, had become a stock joke against the quartermaster, and he was rather sore on the subject, so all the reply he gave was to roll his quid, make a sour grimace, mutter something about "a young shaver as didn't know a Blackwall hitch from a Carrick bend," and turn on his heels as he helped to haul in the captain's boat up to the davits.

"Half-a-dozen 'eds such as that ain't worth their weight in dunnage," he muttered, as the midshipmen went off laughing. "What use are school boys on board ship, except to sauce the captain behind his back, and play monkey tricks on the stewards? Ugh!" and he hit one of the ship's boys a clout for not being quick enough with a marlinspike that the sail-maker was calling for.

In the meantime lunch (an early dinner in reality) had commenced in the cabin. The *Raccoon* and *Spitfire* officers having finished their soup were taking wine together, and exchanging grumbles on the climate, and discussions on the chance of preferment. Captain Martlock was a worthy man, but rather stiff-starched, precise, taciturn, soured, and with a somewhat overween-

ing sense of his own importance. His host, one of those frank, generous natures, slow to take offence, did not however regard the punctilios of his guest.

"I hope the despatches of which I am the bearer," said Martlock to his host, bowing stiffly (as if it hurt him) as he spoke, "contained no unpleasant news?"

"Well," said the officer he addressed, "neither pleasant nor unpleasant. I never stop to think whether duty is agreeable or otherwise. Perhaps if I had my choice, I should not have selected this."

"And may I ask in what it consists?" (another stiff bow.)

"It is no secret, Captain Martlock. I have to start the first thing to-morrow for a two days' journey from this Elephant Bay we are now in up into the Gorubah country, with beads and looking-glasses as presents for the king of the Loluna tribes, to induce him to withhold his supply of slaves to the Portuguese cruisers that visit this inlet."

"Have you seen any slaves, sir?" inquired Captain Martlock, warming over his wine.

"Not a ghost of one, Captain Martlock."

"Yes, we have seen the ghost of one," said the first lieutenant, who was a wit.

"True," said Captain Willoughby, "our quartermaster, a good sailor, but as full of old women's fancies as ever came through the dock gates, did tell us, a week ago, that he saw a sort of a phantom vessel; but no one believed him."

"Take my word for it, captain," said a little, stout, jovial man, the Spitfire's doctor, "Gasket will be down with typhus before three days are over: this sort of delusion is one of the first symptoms of this infernal African fever."

"I hope not, doctor, I hope not; Gasket is a useful man to us."

"There is something about this slaver service," said Captain Martlock, as if he were preaching, "that tends, I think, to excite the imagination of the lower order of our seamen; the monotony, the anxiety, the danger of disease, all, perhaps, contribute to this undesirable result."

"Oh, sailors are always full of that sort of nonsense," said Captain Willoughby, steering away from a discussion evidently meditated by his visitor. "Captain Martlock, may I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?"

Martlock bowed stiffly, and muttered, "Pleasure!"

"Steward, the still champagne to Captain Martlock."

Off went the wine; up went the large headed cork, but not noisily, and up rose the wine in the two glasses. The two captains raised their glasses simultaneously to their lips, bowed, and tossed off the contents. At the same moment their faces reddened, their cheeks dilated, as they splattered, swore, and rose upon their feet.

"Why, what the—, Abernethy, do you give us salt water when we ask for champagne? Who the dickens has played us this scurvy trick? By George, sir, I'll keel-haul him. Yes, I'll break him, sir."

"I should flog him," said Martlock swelling with rage till he got as red as a turkey-cock. "I sh—sh—should put him in irons."

"I'll stake my life, captain," said the surprised and horrified Scotch steward, "that it's that Mr. Jekyll" (one of the midshipmen); "for one of the ship's boys saw him with a bottle in his hand near my pantry."

A strong disposition to laugh was visible on every face. The doctor coughed, the two first lieutenants blew their noses. The two captains fumed. Willoughby buttoned his coat angrily together. Martlock looked fiercely at everybody.

"Boy," said Willoughby, to one of the steward's assistants, "go on deck, and send Mr. Jekyll to me directly. By George, sir I'll break him." This was the captain's most tremendous threat. "Why the deuce does not Mr. Jekyll come?" he cried, a few minutes after, long before the unfortunate lad had time to come even down the stairs.

"If it was in my ship," said Martlock, scowling at his own officers, by whom he was regarded

with no very special affection, "I'd have had a court-martial on him before an hour was over."

Captain Willoughby was about to fire up, and remark that he needed no advice with regard to the government of H.M.S. Spitfire, when the steward boy returned, preceded by Jekyll, and followed at a distance by that incurable Pickle, Powis, who gave him such a tremendous pinch as he entered the state-cabin, that it drew from him a sharp and irrelevant scream.

The little midshipman looked very tumbled and dirty, and his blue jacket and cap were covered with dust and fluff. A more respectable, disordered midshipman never presented himself to a punctilious irate captain.

"Mr. Jekyll," said his superior officer, turning round in his chair so as to face him "is this a state for a midshipman of Her Majesty's navy? What have you been doing, sir?"

"If you please, sir, I've been down in the hold, catching cockroaches."

There was a roar of laughter at the simplicity of the answer.

"A pretty occupation for a young gentleman."

"If you please, sir, we make pets of them."

There was another roar at this.

"Mr. Jekyll, I'm in no humour for fooling. I want a plain answer to a plain question. Was it you who emptied the wine out of this champagne bottle and put in salt water? Was it you, sir?"

The lad coloured, looked down, twirled his cap, stammered, and was silent.

At that instant Powis burst forward.

"And who sent for you," roared the Captain.

"How dare you, sir, enter this cabin without being sent for? Sir, if I break every midshipman in this ship, I will preserve proper discipline."

Powis was a fine manly lad of seventeen, and as he stood there, with firm, unflinching eye, and cheek flushed, he looked a very model of English youth.

"If you please, sir, I only came to say it was I who put the salt water in the bottle, and not Jekyll. I did not do it for the wine, sir, I threw that away; it was only for a joke."

"Only a joke! And how dare you, sir, play jokes on your superior officers? Go up to the masthead this moment, sir."

"Yes, sir." And up went the lad, as nimble as a cat and as full of mischief as a kitten.

Captain Martlock had left the vessel, with his own private opinions about the discipline of the Spitfire; and Captain Willoughby, the first lieutenant, and the doctor, were closeted in the Captain's private cabin over their coffee.

"Only to think of having to leave a ship of thirty-six guns in the care of such a born Pickle as that lad, Powis!" groaned the Captain, as he meditatively poured some brandy into his coffee-cup. "By George, sir, I shan't have a moment's sleep till I get my foot once more on my own quarter-deck. That boy is the greatest monkey ever I shipped. By George, sir, if he hadn't come forward in such a manly way to-day to save Jekyll, I'd have broken him."

"He certainly is a Pilgric," said the first lieutenant; "but I think when there was duty to do he'd do it. Duty soon makes a man of a boy, if anything will. I was just such another lad, till I was made captain of a French prize, and had to take her back into St. Helena. I was a man from that day."

"O, but there's good in the boy," said the doctor. "He's brave and generous; there's no vice in him, it's only mischief."

"Only mischief! He's the greatest scapegrace I ever had on board."

"Then let me stop on board," said the lieutenant. "Allow me to look at the wording of the despatch; there must surely be some loophole." The captain took up the despatch, and read it under breath.

"No," he said, "here is this devil of a clause. 'You are requested to take all your officers with you, so as to preserve a dignity that may aid your negotiation.' No, we must all go. Well, I never did grumble at orders yet, but if I had ever done so, I might do so now. Doctor, mind you bring some quinine. There's safe to be a fever for one or two of us. By George, sir,

on an African station one ought to live on quinine if one wishes to live at all!"

The lieutenant and doctor took their leave of the captain, who wished to study his maps and prepare for the journey.

As the doctor was pacing the deck, and had arrived just under the mainmast, he gave a look upward to see if the offender was there. Yes, there he was, swinging his legs, fifty feet up, happy as a bird. As the doctor was still straining his head to observe him, there fell upon his face a shower of little white paper pellets, dropped with excellent aim by "Pickle Powis," as he was generally called, and with them came down in a shrill voice the mocking words, "To be taken night and morning."

The doctor was very angry; he tossed his head.

"That boy will come to a bad end. If I were the captain I'd keep him on the mast all night—a good dose of fever would tame him a bit; and egad! I would not bring him round a day too soon."

But the doctor was angry. If Powis had really been ill he would have nursed him as tenderly as a woman.

Half an hour after the doctor had retired to his cabin for a nap, there was a gabbling of voices and a splash of oars round the bows.

"There come those spies of niggers," said Gasket, as he looked over the ship's side. "Hang their yams, and cocoa-nuts, and bananas! All they want I know, is news of us to signal to the slaves. If I was the captain I'd never let a nigger set foot on the deck."

Up scrambled two stalwart negroes with nets on their backs, full of fruit. In a moment a fair was established at the foot of the mast. The negroes, eager for news and money, jabbering in broken English; the sailors, eager for fruit and vegetables, trying to learn the best way to the Gorubah country.

In the middle of this discussion, down came a half-crown, wrapped in paper, at the feet of one of the negroes. It was marked "Four bananas and a yam, twopenno; give the change to Jekyll."

It was a message from Powis. A tall negro, thinking himself unobserved, slipped the bit of silver into his waistband. In a moment however, Jekyll had him by the wrist.

"A vast theft!" he said; "fair play's a jewel. Let me read what Powis says."

The negro refused to give up the money, and assumed a vociferously injured air.

A scuffle commenced; in the middle of the scuffle appeared the first lieutenant.

"Here, no trouble with these niggers," he said. "If they choose to steal, over with them, lads; 'bundle them out, fruit and all!'"

The thing was soon done. Jekyll and a sailor wrenched the half-crown from the negro, the other sailors pushed the blacks down the ship's side, and tossed the unsold fruit into the canoe after them. Jekyll secured the four bananas and yam for his friend, Powis, and threw the twopenno into the canoe of the enraged blacks, who, shouting and threatening, paddled off to the shore.

"Here's a pretty rig," said one of the men when Powis descended from the masthead, to become in a few hours after deputy-captain; "it used to be the high who were brought low, but now it's the low who rise high."

An hour after, the look-out man came back from Elephant Hill and reported a piratical-looking schooner as passing the next headland at noon. She had then stood out for sea, and was hull down at sunset.

"Piratical schooner be hung!" was the captain's reply. "They take every little coaster for a slaver. Slavers don't run into the lion's den. Bonny River's the place to trap slavers."

Powis received his command as coolly as if he had been expecting a vessel for years past. He promised little—the captain thought that a good sign, and so it was; but still he did not conceal from the boy his alarm and distrust.

"Powis," said he, "be a good lad and take care of the ship, or by George, sir I'll break you! When you want advice, ask the quarter-master;

he's an old sailor, and knows all this coast as well as I know the Bill of Portland."

"I'd give my head," said the captain to the lieutenant, as Powis left the cabin, "to tell Gasket he is my mainstay if anything happens, but when there is divided command there is no discipline."

The day after the captain and his retinue left the vessel, the negro boat came paddling round the Spitfire as usual, but this time in a hostile and mocking way. The rowers waved their paddles or held up fruit. The negro whom Jekyll had detected thieving was especially prominent and vociferous, and, standing up in his canoe, kept pointing at Powis and passing his hand across his throat, as if threatening him.

"Let me give him a dose of sparrow-shot," said Jekyll, "that'll warm him."

"No one must molest them," said Powis, gravely, and in quite an altered tone.

"How grand we are," said Jekyll, under breath, to another midshipman. "I thought it would be a lark when Powis was captain. I vote for going ashore." (These last words were said aloud.)

"We are short-handed," said Powis; "no one leaves the vessel, except on duty, till the captain's return. The negroes are not so friendly as they were. We mustn't get into a scuffle with the natives."

"We used, to call 'em niggers," said a pert little ship-boy, winking at Jekyll; "and, after all, Gasket, they say, is the real captain."

Powis made no reply to this impertinence, but paced the deck thoughtfully.

There were only fourteen men left in the ship besides Powis and the two midshipmen.

"There will be no work now much," said one of the sailors to the carpenter.

"No; we're all captains now," replied the carpenter. There was a dangerous notion prevalent aboard the Spitfire that discipline was to be relaxed under "Pickles Powis's."

As eight bells were struck (four o'clock in the morning), the officer of the watch (Gasket) went as usual to the scuttle, knocked three times to call the watch, and called out, "All starboard-lines, ahoy! eight bells. Do you hear the news there, you sleepers?"

Instead of the usual sprightly answer, "Ay, ay!" a voice answered, "Starboard-lines be damned! Give us half-an-hour more snooze; there's no captain aboard now."

Another ten minutes elapsed; at the expiration of that time a stern, shrill boy's voice hailed the sleepers. This time it was Powis's.

"Skulkers, ahoy! Do you hear the news, there, sleepers? and mind, if you do not turn out in five minutes, I report you to Captain Willoughby as mutineers. Quartermaster, go down, and take the name of the last man up."

This spirited reprimand was enough. In three minutes every man was on deck and at his duty.

An hour later, just at daybreak, Gasket suddenly came to Powis, as he was lying down for half-an-hour on the sofa in the captain's cabin, and begged him to come on deck instantly. There was something odd in the old sailor's manner. Powis was on deck in a moment.

"There it is, sir," said Gasket, pointing to the entrance of the bay; "if that is not a real ship, strike my name off the ship's books and sell me for a digger."

Powis looked (he was all quiet alertness now, and grave as a statesman.) There in the dull, curdling, grey daylight certainly was a long grey object stealing along close to the shore. Its sails were grey; its sides were bleached, colourless, and spectral. It certainly was ghostly enough. As they looked it slid round the corner of the headland, and disappeared from view.

Powis did not say much; he only remarked, "That is no phantom ship. We must look after that; but you were right after all, Gasket."

"I never seed such a change in a lad in twenty-four hours in all my life," was the quartermaster's reflection, as Powis retired to form his plans for foiling any scheme the crew of the phantom ship (as the sailors began to call it) might have formed.

The look-outs on Elephant Hill the next afternoon, made no signal,—they had not seen any vessel; but as they were getting into their boat to come off to the vessel at sunset, a snake had risen from a place in the bush, not fifty feet from the look-out point. It was evidently a signal to some vessel waiting off the mouth of the bay.

The majority of the sailors were by this time deeply imbued with the belief that one vessel that had been seen was a spectro ship. They had collected in knots in the fore-castle, and were discussing the legend of the Phantom Ship.

"It's no canny," said a Scotch sailor to the rest; "it bodes no gude to us, men, when auld Nickie-Ben leaves his sooty hatches and takes to yachting on the Africky coast."

Powis had just lit a lamp in the state cabin, and was poring over a chart of Elephant Bay, when in burst Jekyll, red with excitement, and his hair over his eyes; he carried a large musical box under his arm. It was chiming out after the prickly, nervous manner of its species, "Corn rigs are bonny."

"Look here, Powis, old Cyclops left his musical snuff-box on the table in his cabin. Come along, and let's have a cheroot and some grog together, and I'll wind it up all fresh. But how serious you look! Do you feel ill?"

Powis did not reply for a moment; when he did so, he spoke in a low, firm voice, with every word articulated in a peculiarly keen manner.

"Jekyll," he said, "this is no time for skylarking. There is work for us to do that may lead us to promotion, or a hole in the sand, before twenty-four hours. We must have no boyish tricks now. Go and tell Gasket I want him."

There was something not to be gainsayed in Powis's manner; so Jekyll put down the box, much as if it were red-hot, and hurrying on deck returned in a moment with Gasket.

"If you please, Mr. Powis," said Gasket, scraping the floor with one foot, "I think it would do you good not to take the watch to-night. You'll be knocking yourself up; indeed, you will, sir. Take my advice, and keep to your hammock to-night. I can do all there is to do."

"Gasket," said the boy-captain, firmly but not harshly, "I am in command of this vessel, not you. The men shall take their orders from me, and from me alone. All we require of you is to set a good example to the men, and do your duty as quartermaster."

"As I hope to do," said the astonished sailor; "as I hope to do, Mr. Powis; but, knowing as young gentlemen is—"

"My age, Gasket, is no concern to any one. You take your orders from me, and me only; mind, I'll have no interference. You were not left behind as my nurse. Let a good look-out be kept; put a third man on duty in the cross-trees, and never let him take his eyes off Elephant Hill. If the phantom ship is a slaver, and made of real plank, and not moonshine and fog, we'll have a snap at her as sure as there's rum in Jamaica. She puts into some bight of land that we must find out, and if she lands her crew to night, to bring slaves from some barracoon that we have not yet found out, I think we may get the landing-net under her."

"What, with fourteen men?" muttered Jekyll. "Oh, he's mad! Why, it's the rat chasing the terrier."

But Powis had not heard him; he was again absorbed in his chart.

That night, by Powis's orders, all lights were put out in the ship at a very early hour. He wished to give the slaver, if such the phantom vessel was, a notion that loose watch was kept on board the Spitfire.

That whole night, with only now and then a short rest in the cabin, the boy-captain remained himself in the cross-trees, as vigilant as a deer-stalker. Gasket was by his side, equally intent on the harbour mouth.

All of a sudden Gasket felt his arm clutched, and he looked round.

For one moment a little tongue of fire had risen from the apex of the look-out hill, the seaward side, and then disappeared.

It was momentary as the gleam of a shooting-star. Ten minutes afterwards the same ghostly vessel, seen by a moment's moonlight, stole

round the headland, but this time its progress was inward and not outward.

"It's an out-and-in wind; just what they want," whispered Gasket; "they have sweeps too, for I can see them—now they are hidden again; if it was a clear night they daren't risk it."

"Take the night-glass," cried Powis; "keep it turned on the third bight from the headland; if they pass that we lose them, if they stop there we have them, for they go there to land their men, and we'll have a snap at their vessel in their absence. Does she pass? Now, quick, before the cloud is over the moon again."

"She has not passed," cried Gasket; "she has steered up some lagoon not down in the chart. She must know of the captain's being ashore, and trusts to get her cargo in, while we are tied by the heels."

"Get up the anchor quietly," said Powis, with the bearing of a young admiral, "and steer straight for the second bight. Is there any landmark, Gasket?"

"Ay, ay, sir; a tuft of palm-trees between two sand-hills."

In an incredibly short time the Spitfire was under sail, and availing herself of every glimpse of moonlight, and of every puff of the useful out-and-in wind to reach the second bight, the hidden lagoon that concealed the mysterious vessel of which Powis was in pursuit.

"He is a fine lad, but its all of no use," said Gasket to himself; "she'll bolt just as we get near, and before we can tack and get a gun ready, off she'll be, well out at sea, laughing at us, and as full of slaves as an egg's full of meat. Those Portuguese fellows are as quick and as cunning as monkeys."

Hitherto all had gone well. The Spitfire had come to the mouth of the second bight, and no enemy had yet appeared. Powis gave orders to arm the men and lower a boat. His object was to pull along the shore of the bight and search for the concealed lagoon.

The men whose superstitious fears were still working, hesitated for a moment to leap into the boat. The Scotchman muttered something about "snarcs of the devil," the coxswain, more practical, said, "there was no captain, and they'd be overmatched," and "the quartermaster won't go."

"But I do go," shouted Gasket, leaping into his place, "and shame on all cowards! Why, lads, if we trap this slaver we're all made for life. Come, altogether; quietly, no shouting!"

The men, ashamed of their fears, now took their places, muffled their oars, buckled on their cutlasses, and loaded their pistols. Four men only were left in charge of the ship. When a pistol was fired from the boat, they were to reply with a gun as a signal of attention.

The men pulled swiftly and silently into the bight, keeping as close as possible to the shadow of the jungle of gigantic reeds that covered the sides of the lagoon.

They did not dare yet to venture into the mid-channel to even obtain a glimpse of the further shores, where the phantom ship (if it were indeed manned by flesh and blood) might be lying.

The boy-captain, at the last clump of bush, cried "Ship your oars!" and there they lay crouched, peering through the boughs of the huge poisonous-blossomed trees that trailed into the water.

It was by this time daybreak. Imagine the brave lad's rapture, on standing up in the boat and parting the boughs with his hands, to behold, not five hundred yards off, the phantom ship, a low-lying, rakish, Portuguese schooner, painted greyish white, the better to elude observation at night (grey being a peculiarly vanishing colour). It was at anchor. The only men visible were two or three negroes, leaning, half-asleep, over the stern, fishing, and luckily with their backs turned towards the place where the Spitfire's boat lay hid.

Powis turned round, his face beaming with triumph, and in a cautious whisper communicated the glorious news to Gasket and the boat's crew.

Gasket was as brave as a lion, but he was

unaccustomed to act on his own responsibility, and he dreaded the rashness of a midshipman. He coughed, looked hard at a special rowlock, rubbed it with his great horny fist, and muttered something about,—

"Spouse it's a hambuscade. What can we do agin forty or fifty Portuguese? and as for blacks, they can fire muskets as well as white men."

"Chal!" said Powis, speaking between his half-clenched teeth. "Do you think my brains are all leather, like yours? Don't I see that the rascals are gone ashore to bring slaves from the barracoons? There can be no one on board but a nigger and a sick man or two. I tell you, man, I'll go alone, and swim to it, if you are all cowards."

This fired the damp powder of the old seadog's spirit. There is a drop of Cain's cruel blood at the bottom of most men's hearts.

"A vast with your cowards!" he cried, pulling out his cutlass, and running his big thumb along the edge in a most business-like way. It was a bad omen for the slaver's men.

Powis's eyes glistened as he seized old Gasket's hand, and took off his own cap, and waved it. Then he and the men took out their pistols and looked to the locks, or tightened their belts, and slung round their cutlasses snugger for their hands.

The boy-captain's speech was spoken in a low but firm voice. "Men," he said, "we may be doing a safe thing, or we may be going to our death, for, even if we do get the slaver safe, our captain and comrades may not return in time to help us if the dogs dare to try and get her back. If we die, let us die like Englishmen, true to our God and our Queen; we must hold together back to back, and no flinchers. If we fail, they will at least say in England that we deserved to have succeeded. God be with us, and guide us to victory, for our cause is a good cause. Now then, men, give way with a will, and board her!"

"Pull straight for her, Spitfires!" cried Gasket, and out the boat flew from between the branches as if it was driven by steam.

The water was scarcely splashed by the oars. It seemed only an instant after that the boat lay alongside the phantom ship, and, headed by Powis, the boarders dashed like wild cats at the main chains, and sprang on deck with an English hurrah that was full of cheerful courage.

Three or four frightened negroes and an old P. guess sprang to arms, but they were cut down or beaten down in a moment. One Spitfire was shot in the arm, but with the exception of that casualty, and a knife-cut on Powis's sword-wrist, the daring assailants suffered no hurt. The phantom ship was their own.

"Well done!" cried Powis, wrapping a handkerchief round his wrist. "The dog tried hard to get at my throat, but I gave him No. 3, Gasket, and that'll last him for some time. See to him; he mustn't bleed to death. The ship's our own. Now get up the anchor, for we must move her off."

He fired his pistol, and the Spitfire answered with a gun, as agreed on.

"We haven't too much time," he said, "for directly the blackguards hear the row they'll be after us. Now, with a will, lads, and I'll take a capstan bar myself, for I've got my left hand all right still."

And they did work with a will. They found some slaves in the hold, and made them, too, help. In an incredibly short time the vessel's head was turned, and she and the Spitfire were working down the lagoon, towards the old mooring-place.

And now, in the full excitement, the boy's nature began to crop up again. Once more on board the Spitfire, and down in the cabin, he danced hornpipes and hugged Jekyll. Nor was Jekyll one whit less delighted.

"Only think, Jekyll, how pleased the governor and master will be to hear how we took the slaver."

"The dodgy old fellow," shouted Jekyll. "Allow me, gentlemen, to propose the health of Captain Powis of the Phantom Ship; that's about the style."

But the boy's talk was broken by the entrance

of Gasket. He looked flurried, and rather pale with excitement.

"Mr. Powis," he said, "it's all up; here's the dirty blackguards of Portuguese on us as thick as thunder—boats full on 'em, sir, rampaging away like so many sore bears. You can see them poking their noses out of the bight there, as thick as bees at a swarming."

Powis was awake in a moment, and ready for the emergency. If there was not a Nelson, there was at least the making of a Colliagwood in that "Pickle" of the vessel.

"We'll warn the dogs, Gasket," he said, leaping up, and calmly loading a revolver that lay on the table before him. "What we've contrived to get we'll contrive to keep. It can't be long before Captain Willoughby and our messmates return. Be quick, man, then, and give them a shell before the canoes spread out into the bay; we shall have them more in a lump now."

There was no time to lose. When Powis got on deck, five or six canoes, crammed with shouting negroes, mulattoes, and piratical-looking Portuguese sailors in Panama hats, were rowing fiercely out of the tree-shadowed mouth of the lagoon, and pulling straight for the Spitfire.

"Give it them hot, don't throw away a shot!" cried Powis to the men at the guns.

"Well thrown, but a little over them."

The next moment the second gun thundered out.

"Famous, by Jove!" cried the boy-captain.

This time the shot ploughed into the second canoe, and shattered it into fragments. The leading canoes halted to assist the wounded and pick up the survivors.

The Spitfires gave a shout of triumph. The next moment the storm burst full upon them. The slavers rallied and bore down upon them in full force. From the first canoe a dozen rough, black-muzzled fellows dashed at the Spitfire's side and attempted to board her. Powis met them with pike and cutlass, and drove them back over the ship's gunwale after ten minutes hand-to-hand fighting. Twice Gasket's cutlass saved the boy-captain's life. Three of the oldest hands, urged on by Jekyll, kept at work all the time with a central gun, to keep off the other miscreants.

It was hard work, and the men were all but spent, when a discharge of musketry arose into the air from the foot of the Elephant Hill.

"God be thanked!" cried Powis, as he leant, faint and wounded, against a gun-carriage. "We are saved, boys. Give it them again? Blow the dogs out of the water! Now, all at once."

The pirates had fled, leaving one-third of their number dead in Elephant Bay. But Captain Willoughby had not arrived a moment too soon. Great was his astonishment and delight to discover that his "Pickle" of a midshipman had captured the famous phantom ship.

Powis is now, we rejoice to say, first lieutenant of H.M.S. A——, one of the finest vessels in the Channel Fleet. WALTER THORNBURY.

MIRACULOUS VOYAGE UPON A WHALE'S BACK.

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

THE following extraordinary narrative of a voyage upon the back of a whale is translated from "Le Canadien" newspaper of 24th January, 1866. Although the statements appear to be incredible, they are vouched for on good authority.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you reserve a space in your columns for the publicity of a terrible and miraculous occurrence which took place at Fox River, district of Gaspé; a truly astonishing fact, but one which can nevertheless be supported by the most incontestable evidence.

Last summer, while visiting the different posts in this district, I met at Fox River with a Mr. Narcisso Bernier, merchant of St. Thomas, Montmagny, who was there on matters connected with his business.

One fine day we decided upon making a trip upon the water with the view of enjoying our-

selves fishing for cod. A favourable wind carried us quickly to a distance of about five miles from the coast, where we threw in our lines, and set ourselves to fish. To our great satisfaction we took a large quantity; but this satisfaction and our position of tranquil security, from which we gazed upon the sea, smooth as a sheet of ice, was soon changed to one of terrible anxiety as far as we were concerned. The fish, hitherto so plentiful, seemed to have deserted us quite suddenly; and I, profiting by the occasion, sought repose from fatigue, in the bottom of the barge, leaving my friend Mr. Bernier to continue his occupation. I was soon in the arms of Morpheus; but you cannot conceive, Mr. Editor, my consternation on hearing the dolesome cry of help, helping through my ears in accents of the most fearful energy. The moment I heard this voice of terror I found myself raised upon my feet as if by some invisible hand; I looked in the barge, and on the surrounding water,—my friend had disappeared. A fresh cry aroused me from my stupor, and I beheld Mr. Bernier, boat hook in hand, on the back of an enormous fish, which I recognised to be a whale.

Seeing that the distance was too great to make myself heard, I hastened to raise the grappling in order to approach him—but the whale uttered a frightful snort, started off with terrific speed, and in a moment was out of sight. "O! Eternal Heaven," I cried, "thou who preserved Jonah, would it be more impossible to protect my friend upon the back of a similar monster!"

Coming to myself, I thought of returning, and set sail for the land. Mr. Bernier was greatly esteemed in these parts, and sorrow soon spread itself through the village and neighbouring posts. In an agony of mind, and exhausted with fatigue, I retired early to bed, in order to deliver myself the more completely to the thoughts of the sad fate of my friend.

You will be equally astonished with me, Mr. Editor, in reading the following—Early next morning I was aroused by a knocking at the door of my room. I made the person come in. What did I behold—a phantom, or a human being? No, not a phantom, well then, a man. It was Mr. Bernier, himself, who came smilingly to shake hands with me. I believed myself dreaming, yet there he was in flesh and blood. You can easily understand the feelings I experienced in beholding my, resuscitated friend, for I thought him dead at the time. He recounted to me as follows the details of his terrible adventure:

"A short time after you had fallen asleep," said he, "I saw nearing us a black object, apparently drifting with the tide. I allowed it to approach, and to my great surprise, perceived it to be a whale, which I thought to be dead. Unfortunately it was only asleep or in a state of inexplicable lethargy; it stopped of its own accord in close proximity to the barge, and I resolved to possess myself of it. 'Ha ha!' said I, 'with this big fish, if I can only succeed in tying it to the boat, I will surprise Mr. Richard; I shall tell him I caught it with my line.' I got upon its back, with a boat-hook and a piece of cord, intending to make it fast to the boat. My back was turned towards you during this operation, and when I turned my head, I perceived myself at some distance. It was at this moment I shouted for help, and I think my voice, given with all my force, must have aroused the whale from her sleep, for off she shot like an arrow. Notwithstanding my fear I had presence of mind enough to plunge the boat hook into her back in order to furnish me with a sufficient hold. The wound made her double her speed, the water became like powdered snow driven before a violent gale of wind; I could see nothing, nor knew the course we were taking, though I felt certain we were making for the north, tacking sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left. I was quite in despair, and feeling my strength giving way was often on the point of slipping into the water.

"For the last time I offered my soul to God, when I perceived land towards which we were directing our course—a few minutes afterwards I recognized it to be the island of Anticosti, eighteen leagues distant from the south shore.

"The hope, that the whale would run herself ashore renewed my strength, and gave me fresh

courage, but at that instant she tried to plunge. I struck her several times with the boat hook, which had the effect of keeping her upon the surface, and I also wounded her with my knife repeatedly—her velocity doubled, and in a few minutes more we had nearly reached the land. You cannot conceive, my dear friend, my utter despair, on beholding her return with frightful speed to regain the south shore. I believed my last moment come; strength deserted, terror took possession of me, and I felt myself slipping into the water. In about an hour passed in the most mortal agony, seeing only the sky and the monster that carried me, I at last desisted. The south shore, already Fox River was in view—when—the accursed brute again changed her course to the East—I was in full view of the shore, all the time,—Griffin Cove, Cap des Rosiers and la Vieille, the last point of land on the south coast. The whale seemed inclined in leaving la Vieille to make for the ocean, but God in his mercy desired to spare my life, and suggested to my mind to direct her course by beating her violently on the left side of her head with the boat hook. Feeling herself thus ill-treated, she re-took her first course, lolling with all her might and running swifter than the wind. I passed two or three fishing boats, but at too great a distance for them to come to my aid.

"On perceiving me, however, they hurriedly made sail for the land, believing that it was the devil himself who was passing. I was now opposite Cap des Rosiers, and on nearing the shore prepared to commit myself to the water on the first indication of the whale to change her course. But, thanks to God, I had not this trouble—my monster was too frightened to see the shore, and rushed at her full speed upon les Galais du Cap where she stranded.

"Several fishermen came to my assistance, and brought me ashore."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the terrible adventure that befell Mr. Bernier, just as he related it to me, and which may undoubtedly be ranked with the first of miracles of the nineteenth century.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your humble and obdt. servant,
DAVID RICHARD.
St. Thomas, 17th January, '66.—*Journal de Levis.*

HINTS IN RABBIT KEEPING.

ONE essential is a comfortable house, substantial and warm, in order that the occupants may be well protected from damp, as dampness is conducive to the rot. But in your eagerness to provide a good house be careful not to make it air tight, as fresh air is as essential as warmth. In building hutches, care should be taken to leave plenty of room for exercise and breeding. Rabbits should be provided with two apartments—a bedroom and dining room. The hutches should always be kept clean, and to facilitate this it would be well, where there are two divisions in the hutch, to confine the rabbit in one room whilst cleansing the other.

As the profitableness of rabbits depends a great deal upon their food, rabbit fanciers should give great attention to this point.

Vegetables, if supplied judiciously and in great variety, are very good food, but they should never be given in a wet state. I have generally found lettuce, dandelions, dock-leaves, raspberry and currant leaves, also potato, celery, parsnip, and carrot agree very well with rabbits. In autumn when green food begins to get scarce, the waste stalks of beans and peas and the leaves of apple-trees should be resorted to. In winter turnips, and brewers' grains are generally safe food. The twigs of green trees are sometimes given to rabbits; stripping the bark affords them amusement, and the bark itself is nutritious food.

Rabbits should be fed three or four times during the day. Many persons adopt a feeding trough. An improved trough has come into vogue during the past ten years. In the improved trough a board is suspended by hinges from the top, and when the rabbits remove their heads from the trough, this board falls, and they are prevented from getting into the trough and spoiling the food.

Rabbits commence to breed after the sixth month. If the litter is large, it is wiser to select four or five of the best, and remove the rest. Young rabbits may be taken from their mother when they are six weeks old.

Fattening rabbits is a very simple process; allow them plenty of green food for a month, and they will become as juicy and tender as could be desired. The two principal diseases that rabbits are subject to are "the rot" and the "Liver complaint;" both of these are said to be incurable. A dry hutch is the best remedy for the first, and preparation for the table, for the second.

Somebody has made some curious calculations in regard to rabbits. He says, "three females and a male will give you a rabbit to eat every third day in the year. Also that from a single pair of rabbits one million two hundred and seventy-four thousand eight hundred and fifty were produced in four years."

PASTIMES.

PUZZLE.

Six of the following ciphers are to be struck out, leaving each row, each way, to count an even number, say two, four, or six.

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0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0

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ANAGRAMS.

Members of Legislative Assembly for Upper Canada:

1. As our mornings.
2. Match red cats so H.
3. L let Bob err.
4. Wi a miller and cheap owl.

CHARADE.

1. I am composed of ten letters; my 6, 3, 10, 9 is rather emphatic; my 9, 3, 8, 7 is kept by all good musicians; my 2, 5, 8 are very numerous; my 1, 6, 5, 8 signifies "the faithful and true;" my 4, 5, 7, 6 is to appear; my 10, 9, 7, 1, 2 is a mighty and useful power; and my whole are acceptable to Canadians.

ACROSTIC.

1. An ancient Roman famed for his integrity.
2. A Canadian lake.
3. A Bishop of London, who suffered martyrdom.
4. An Italian painter.
5. A kingdom in Europe.
6. A Chinese city.
7. A celebrated dreamer.
8. A remarkable European city.
9. An early English king.
10. An eminent Grecian philosopher.

The initials will give the name of one of the characters in Hamlet.

TRANSPOSITION.

About fifty years ago, a young gentleman desirous of writing to his lady-love privately, and not being able to accomplish this through the ordinary channel, and not having an opportunity of seeing her personally to make an arrangement, sent her the following, which she, after much trouble, was able to decipher, and the correspondence which ensued was of the most satisfactory character, and of long duration. Will any of our readers try to make it out?

```

P mbez efs J xjti up ufmm
Nz tdfsu uipohit up uiff
Cou ll lopx—gbs upp xlfmm
Nz mfaust, zpo, mbz ofwis sfbdi,
Vomfit tpat mfbot J dbo etwjtf
Cz xjldi ulptf mfaust J mbz tfoe
Xjapou dsfbujoh b tosnjtf—
J xpomo opu, sfo, usotu b gsfsoo
Boo opx nz tdfitf J xjmm sfwfmm.
Uipohit uif Qptu l'ggjdf J'mm xsjuf up zpo,
Uif becsftt zpo xjmm qmfbtf d'pofsbm
J tibmm ejsidu up—J. M. V.
Xifo J up zpo b mfaust tfoe
J xjmm tfoe b ofxtobqfs upp
J'mm becsftt uif qbats up zpos obnf
Boo nbel po ju—J. M. V.
Jg uif tdfitf zpo voefstubo
Qmfbtf xsjuf, ofbs mbez, boo thz tp,
Jg zpos b'qspwbn: ju epul d'panboo
Jtibmm cf hambo—Jg opu thz op.

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ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c., No. 22.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Christopher Dunkin. 2. John Rose. 3. A. A. Dorion. 4. John Hillyard Cameron. 5. Charles Magill. 6. Arthur Rankin.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. By adding B to it. 2. Dun Kin (Dunkin).

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Fox ox. 2. Shovel hotel. 3. Maria aria. 4. Estate state. 5. Music u sic. 6. Skate kate ate.

CHARADES.—1. History. 2. Brantford. TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Indivisibility. 2. Erobus. 3. Tennessee. 4. Prince of Wales.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—No. 1—2, 4, 8. No. 2—396 wersts.

The following answers have been received: Anagrams.—All, Georgie, Wymbledon, Gd. E. H., 2nd and 3rd Bonum.

Conundrums.—Wymbledon, Georgie, T. Graham, H. H. V. Cloud.

Decapitations.—Wymbledon, Margravine, Cloud, H. H. V., Festus, Jas. H. Violet, Ellen B. 1st. and 2nd. R. T. B. Kingston.

Charades.—Both, Margravine, T. Graham, Georgie, Cloud, H. H. V., Violet. 1st. R. Hamilton. 2nd. R. T. B. Kingston, Gd. E. H. Bonum.

Transpositions.—Wymbledon, Georgie, H. H. V., Cloud, Festus, 1st, 3rd, 4th. T. Graham, Bonum, 1st and 3rd R. T. B. Kingston, 2nd and 3rd Margravine.

Arithmetical Problems.—Both, Margravine, T. Graham, Cloud, Violet. 2nd. Wymbledon, Gd. E. H.

CHESS.

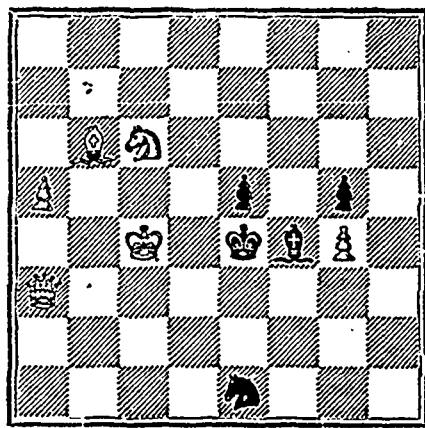
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 10.

- | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 Kt. to Q. B. 5th. | K. takes P. or (a) (b) |
| 2 Kt. to Kt. 5th (ch.) | K. moves. |
| 3 Kt. Mate. | |
- (a) 1. P to Q B 7th, or P takes P.
2 Kt. to Q. 3rd.
3 P. to K. 4th. Mate.
- (b) 1. K. to B. 5th.
2 Kt. to Q. 3rd (ch.)
3 P. to K. 4th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 12.

BY MR. F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

We clip the following smart little game, between Mr. Boden, of England, and an amateur, (the former giving the odds of the K. Kt.) from "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times."

IRREGULAR OPENING.

(Remove White's K. Kt.)

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| WHITE (Boden.) | BLACK (Mr. S.) |
| 1 P. to K. 4th. | P. to K. 4th. |
| 2 B. to Q. B. 4th. | K. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 3 Castles. | P. to Q. 3rd. |
| 4 P. to Q. Kt. 4th. | B. takes Kt. P. |
| 5 P. to Q. B. 3rd. | Kt. to Q. R. 4th. |
| 6 P. to Q. 4th. | Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. |
| 7 Q. to Q. R. 4th. | B. to Q. 2nd. |
| 8 P. to Q. 5th. | Kt. to Q. 5th. |
| 9 Q. takes K. B. | Kt. to B. 7th. |
| 10 P. to K. B. 4th. | Rt. takes K. |
| 11 P. takes K. P. | P. takes P. |
| 12 P. to Q. 6th. | Q. B. P. takes P. |
| 13 B. takes B. P. (ch.) | K. to K. 2nd. |
- White Mates in two moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BONUM.—We are glad to hear that your English friends are so well pleased with the *Reader*.
WILLIE.—X. X.—Glorious.—Much obliged.

R. C.—Respectfully declined. Some of the verses are good.

FAIRY.—We fear the arrangement is too difficult. Many thanks nevertheless.

J. W.—Several reasons induce us to decline publishing the article forwarded. Will you try some other phase, as sketches of the character indicated would be acceptable?

R. HAMILTON.—Please accept our thanks—will probably make use of your contributions.

MISS INCOG.—You have but claimed a lady's privilege, and we bow to your decision, although we should prefer to have had an opportunity of reading the MS. We shall be happy to avail ourselves from time to time of the contributions received.

CANADIAN ROSE.—"A Dream" contains promising indications of future excellence, but is not quite up to the mark for Publication. We suppose "Canadian Rose" to be quite a young lady.

HEADCORN.—We are not prepared to dogmatize on the question, but in the case of a portrait we think there can be no difficulty—it at least would have an independent "right."

J. L. HAMILTON.—Specimens with price will be forwarded to you in the course of a few days.

L. M. E. T.—**R. S. B.**—**SCORUS.**—Many thanks.
SCOTIA.—Received but not read—will report in our next issue.

C. H. S.—Have forwarded your letter to the Publisher who is absent. Will write as soon as his reply is received. Our impression is that a letter addressed to you must have miscarried.

E. A. P.—An edition of the Bible published at Oxford in 1717, was called *Vinegar Bible* on account of a misprint in the title of the twentieth chapter of Luke, which was made to read "Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "Parable of the Vineyard."

J. M., TORONTO.—Shall be happy to attend to your request.

V., KINGSTON.—In type, but unavoidably crowded out of the present issue.

P. H. D.—Not suitable for our columns.

JAMES W.—Either the *New York Times* or *Tribune* would be an excellent medium.

FRIEND.—The literal signification of Philadelphia is "City of Brotherly Love."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

DEVILLED TURKEY'S LEGS.—Score the legs of a roasted turkey, sprinkle them thickly with cayenne, black pepper, and salt; broil them well, and pour over them the following sauce, quite hot: Three spoonfuls of gravy, one of butter rubbed in a little flour, one of lemon juice, a glass of port wine, a spoonful of mustard, some chili vinegar, two or three chopped green chilies, a spoonful of mushroom catchup and Harvey sauce.

CIDER VINEGAR.—The poorest cider will answer for vinegar, in the making of which proceed thus: First draw off the cider into a cask that has had vinegar in it before, if you have such a one; then put into it some of the apples that have been pressed, or pumice; if placed in the sun, in two weeks it may be drawn away and put into another cask, fit for use.

LEMON CAKE.—To the whites of ten eggs, add three spoonfuls of rose or orange-flower water; whisk them for an hour; then put in a pound of sifted sugar, and grate in the rind of a lemon; mix them well, and add the yolks of ten eggs, beaten smooth; and the juice of half a lemon; then stir in three-quarters of a pound of flour, put the mixture in a buttered pan, and bake it in a moderate oven for an hour.

YEAST FOR HOME-MADE BREAD.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and half an ounce of salt, in two gallons of water, for an hour. When nearly cold, bottle and cork it closely. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours, and one pint will make eighteen pounds of bread.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.—To find the centre of gravity of any body by experiment, suspend the body by two different points, find the lines of direction in each case, and the point where these lines intersect is called the centre of gravity.

USEFUL TO PAINTERS.—The effect of light on the aniline colours, and their decomposition, which takes place with ordinary varnishes, may be avoided by first dissolving them in alcohol, saturating the solution with gum dammar, filtering, pouring the filtrate into a solution of common salt, and drying, then incorporating with an oil varnish that is free from lead.

HAYES AND CO.'S PATENT SEWING NEEDLE.—This simple improvement, the tapering of the needle from the middle to the eye, diminishes the strain on the fingers in drawing the needle from the work, and prevents the thread from cutting. Greater expedition in sewing is another advantage insured by the use of this needle, as well as a saving of thread.

In a memoir read before the French Academy, M. Phillippeaux has shown that the spleen of animals is capable of regeneration. In case the spleen be so imperfectly removed from the body that a small portion of the organ is left behind, this remnant will grow till a new spleen, longer than the original, but having the true structure, is produced.

RELATIVE STRENGTH OF LIQUORS.—Dr. Jones, physician of St. George's Hospital, stated some time since, in a lecture, that the different fermented liquids which he had examined might, with reference to their strength or stimulating power, be arranged as follows:—Cider, 100; porter, 109; stout, 133; ale, 141; Moselle, 158; claret, 166; Burgundy, 191; hock, 191; Champagne, 241; Madeira, 325; Marsala, 341; port, 358; sherry, 358; Geneva, 811; brandy, 986; rum, 1243. Thus, ten glasses of cider or porter, six glasses of claret, five of Burgundy, four of Champagne, three of Sherry, &c., are equivalent to one glass of brandy, or three-quarters of a glass of rum. It must be borne in mind, however, that very little of the so-called brandy is pure.—*Scientific Review.*

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Mr. Warren De la Rue's lunar photographs are not only interesting as pictures of our satellite, but are found to be of great importance in a scientific point of view, for an eminent astronomer has declared that, in rectifying our knowledge of the moon, more has been accomplished by these photographs in one hour than by forty years' observation of occultations. This is a promising corroboration of what has been already remarked concerning photography, that it will become of essential importance to astronomical science. For example, the moon's libration is a phenomenon of which the observation has long overtaxed the patience and ingenuity of observers; but with photography it will be at once comparatively easy and exceedingly accurate. Henceforth, a photographic department will have to form part of every good observatory.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

DON'T PAY.—Never associate with a person that does not pay his debts. If a fellow won't pay, his company won't.

QUESTION IN ZOOLOGY.—What amount of cats does it require to make a large cat-amount?

THE RINDERPEST.—Somebody announces, as the latest telegram from Rome, that the Pope's bull has got the rinderpest.

HOW TO COMMIT MURDER.—Take a pretty young lady—tell her she has a pretty foot—she will wear a small shoe—go out in wet spring weather—catch a cold—then a fever—and die in a month. This receipt never fails.

A MAN was committed for contempt of court in New York, for repeatedly replying to the judge that his name was Nott Smith. The judge didn't see where the laugh came in till Mr. Smith had been in gaol twenty-four hours.

EPITAPH ON A PORTRAIT PAINTER.—Taken from life.

ONE very cold night, a jolly old fellow, who had been drinking too freely at a tavern, started for home in a gig and on the way was upset and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing a short time after discovered him holding his feet up to the moon, and ejaculating to some invisible person, "Pile on the wood—it's a miserably cold fire!"

A MERCHANT knowing little of geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed, "Jeopardy, Jeopardy, where's that?"

A MUSICAL critic, speaking of the vocal performance of a singer, said, "We hang upon every note!" a remarkable proof of the singer's power of execution.

A LITTLE boy being told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him, "Powder, powder!" said he, putting on a roguish smile, "mother, I ain't a gun!"

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX relates the following incident as having occurred at Lord Shaftesbury's examination of a girls' school:—Just as the noble lord was about to take his leave, he addressed a girl somewhat older than the rest, and, among other things, inquired, "Who made your body?"—"Please, my lord," responded the unsophisticated girl, "Betsy Jones made my body; but I made the skirt myself."—Another charity scholar, under examination in the Psalms, was asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh by darkness?"—"Please, sir, fleas."

A DASHING young bachelor lately appeared in New York with two handsome ponies, whose tails were done up to look like a lady's chignon, and cooped up in small fish-nets. The resemblance was striking, and the team created a great sensation.

"How rapidly they build houses now," said Cornelius to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a neat two-story house. "They commenced that house only last week, and they are already putting in the lights." "Yes," rejoined his friend; "and next week they will be putting in the livers."

MIND REQUEST.—The *Boston Bee* has the following polite rebuke of snoring in church:—"Deacon—is requested not to commence snoring in church to-morrow morning until after the commencement of the sermon, as several of the congregation are anxious to hear the text."

APOLOGUE.—A miller had his neighbour arrested upon the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

At a camp-meeting a number of females continued standing on the benches notwithstanding frequent hints from the ministers to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humour, arose and said, "I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew that they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down." This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said, "Oh, brother, how could you say that?"—"Say that!" replied the old gentleman; "it is a fact—if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on?"

FRIENDSHIP.—"That's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying!"—"Ah, sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when frien's meet."

NO EXPECTATION.—"John," said a traveller to a farmer's boy, who was hoeing in the field, "your corn is very small."—"Yes, we planted a small kind."—"But it looks dwarfish and yellow."—"Yes, we planted the yellow sort."—"I mean, you will not have half a crop—do you understand me?"—"Oh, yes, I understand; we don't expect to, for we planted on the shares."