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THE

SATURDAY READER.

MARCH, 1866, TO SEPTEMBER, 1866.

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"THE SECRET OF STANLEY HALL."

By MRS. J. V. NOEL.

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

We are about to tread on delicate ground. To lay ourself open to the charge of egotism by parading our Editorial trials before the eyes of our readers. And this in spite of our inherent modesty, which urges us to shrink from directing public attention to our Editorial self. We have, nevertheless, determined to do violence to our feelings, more especially as we are inclined to believe that not one reader in a thousand has given a moment's thought to the difficulties which beset the Editor of a periodical like the SATURDAY READER.

"Why," says the constant reader, whose eyes have scanned these lines thus far, "why, what would Mr. Editor have? Does he not sit secure and omnipotent in the seclusion of his *sanctum*—shut out from the bustle of the world, with the not very difficult task before him of simply providing us our weekly READER. Surely he cannot have any claim upon our sympathy in this pleasant occupation; and as for difficulty, why I am even vain enough to think myself equal to that task." Possibly friend; and yet there are difficulties to be encountered, and delicate points to be determined, as you would find were you to undertake the task.

We need not do more than hint at the great variety of tastes to be catered for. Possibly you are of the sterner sex, and have a decided opinion as to what ought to be the character of the READER. You possess a taste for metaphysical disquisitions—for essays on abstruse themes—for philosophical enquiries into the origin of species, and so forth. All good, very good in their place, but a word in your ear, friend. Were the pages of the READER loaded with articles for your especial delectation, we should soon number our subscribers by hundreds where we are now able to count thousands. Again: perchance, you have not dipped so deeply into learned themes. You could tolerate an occasional article upon a scientific subject, if popularly treated, but say you, "why fill your paper with dry, uninteresting

matter that no one cares to read? It is pleasant tales and sketches that we want. We take up the READER in our hours of relaxation, and do not care to be bored with either abstruse philosophy or metaphysics." Perhaps you are right: but if we please you what is to become of your neighbour, whose tastes are so totally opposed to yours? Again: you may be an ardent politician and cannot understand how the conductors of any journal should eschew politics. "Why, politics are the life-blood of the nation, and how, so far as you are concerned, can you expect the people to discuss intelligently the various questions which are brought before them, and which all bear more or less intimately upon the public good? or, indeed, how can you expect right principles of government to prevail if you refuse to discuss those principles with your readers?" We are prepared to admit that what you have said, good sir, has some weight with us; but do you know that your three opposite neighbours repeatedly begged that we would discontinue the political articles which appeared in the early issues of the READER, and devote the space to other topics? You are probably unaware of the fact, but such was the case nevertheless.

Again: perhaps you are a lady. Your fine sensitive nature delights in poetry. You would not object to meet with flowing stanzas upon every second page of our paper. You adore music, and properly so. You would even look with an indulgent eye upon a whole page devoted to the Fashions. You can relish a column or two of sprightly gossip even if there be "nothing in it." But do you know that we meet not unfrequently with less imaginative minds, inhabiting bodies of a sterner mould than yours, who irreverently term all this sort of thing "Poor stuff!" Of course you are shocked to find your tastes thus characterized; but, Mademoiselle, the fact remains.

If the constant reader who thought our task so simple has followed us thus far, we should like to ask him whether he still believes our path to be strewn with flowers. We think we have written enough to convince him that it is not so easy a matter to cater for tastes so varied; and that after all the Editor of a journal like this, has some difficulties to contend with. But we have as yet only indicated one aspect of these difficulties; there are others which, perhaps, task more severely our Editorial equanimity.

We have a letter box.

We are in constant receipt of contributions from all parts of Canada, which are offered for insertion in the READER, and are pleased that such is the case; for we delight to regard it as one part of our mission to stimulate into activity the literary talent which lies dormant in our midst. We believe the SATURDAY READER has effected some good in this direction, and hope, it is destined to effect more. But, nevertheless, our letter box is one of our trials. Let us select from its contents at random.

On the charmingest of rose-tinted paper, we have first a note, appealing to the Editor's well-

known indulgence to ladies, and requesting the favour of the insertion of the accompanying lines in the next issue of the READER. We turn to the lines—perhaps they are not very, very bad; and we hesitate between our natural desire to oblige the fair writer, and our sense of duty to the public, until finally, with something like a pang, we consign this contribution to the waste basket. Next we have a manuscript of unconscionable length, with the author's request that the Editor will at least read it through before rejecting it. Two hours are wearily occupied in this task, and the waste basket becomes heavier. Here is a letter, indignantly demanding why a former contribution of the writer's was rejected; and hinting strongly that the Editor's judgment must be at fault. Next is an intimation that a certain article, in the previous week's issue of the READER, had better have been left out; and following quickly, here is a pleasant letter of commendation, singularly enough referring specially to the very article which gave offence to the writer of the previous letter. Next we have several gratuitous hints thrown out for what the writer conceives to be the better editorial management of the READER. Here is an angry request to know why a certain manuscript had not been returned, coupled with the intimation that the writer intends to forward it to some other Editor who would act in a more gentlemanly manner. (The writer of this letter chooses to forget our well-understood rule.) Next is a well-written article, accompanied by a few modest lines from the author, really pleasant to read; and to crown all, here is a letter from a small town in Upper Canada, suggesting that the READER be transferred into a decided temperance journal, and that then the writer would devote his valuable energies to the extension of its circulation.

We might continue to quote *ad libitum* from our letter-box, but think from what we have written above, our constant reader will perceive that its contents frequently make considerable demands upon our patience. We imagine, also, that he will be prepared to admit that in a paper intended for general circulation it is not so easy—nay it is impossible, absolutely to meet the taste of any particular class. The publisher of a literary or any other journal must place his venture upon a commercial basis; and to do that his Editor must meet the wants (as best he can) of the many. Bearing in mind always, that it is his duty to endeavour to elevate the public taste, he must pursue the tenor of his way, prepared to encounter objectors, and to meet with difficulties in his course.

It has been found that the process by which crystals may be produced on plates of glass, and their designs then etched into that substance, so elaborately studied by Kuhlman, affords beautiful objects for the magic lantern, the difference between the roughened and smooth portions producing on the screen all the distinction between black and white, with every variety of half tone and gradation.

THE MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs Dawson Brothers a further instalment of the Magazines for February.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY—Contains a number of continued articles and serial stories, but those agreeable literary and antiquarian essays for which it is distinguished are not wanting. An article on 'Old Paris,' is full of interesting details, and in "Imposture and Credulity" the ever fascinating subject of witchcraft and similar matters are treated of. The concluding article as usual is political, and entitled, "The opening of the Session."

TEMPLE BAR opens with a second instalment of "Archie Lovell," the new serial tale by Miss Forrester. George Augustus Sala continues his articles upon "The Streets of the World," and introduces his reader to the Trongate and Buchan Street, Glasgow. "The Workhouse Waif" is probably suggested by the remarkable letters in the Pall Mall Gazette, which lately startled the world of London. Among the other articles we notice one on "Gustavus Doré," "Brussels, Grave and Gay," and "A Raffle to a Tomb," Shelly's.

The English woman's Magazine is as usual full of good things for the ladies. Besides much interesting reading matter and the usual fashion plates, there is what appears to us to be a beautifully coloured pattern in Berlin wool and beads for the seat of a chair. We are informed on good authority that this pattern is worth more than the cost of the whole magazine. A musical supplement of eight pages is also given with this month's number.

BOARD OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES FOR UPPER CANADA.

At the Annual Meeting of the Board of Arts and Manufacturers for Upper Canada, the following gentlemen were elected office bearers for the ensuing year:

President—J. Beatty, Esq., M.D., Cobourg.
Vice President—Professor Buckland.
Secretary Treasurer—W. Edwards.

Sub-Committee—John Shier, Whitby; T. Sheldrick, Dundas; H. Langley, W. H. Sheppard, H. E. Clarke, D. Spry, Richard Lewis, J. Carty, W. P. Marston, Toronto.

We gather from the annual report that the operations of the Board are cramped for want of funds. The matters so far taken up are a Library of Reference, a Monthly Journal, and the Annual Examination of Members of Mechanics' Institutes in certain studies. The Library, consisting of over thirteen hundred volumes, is open free to the public daily from ten A. M. to four P. M.

UNDER THE PINES.

Under the pines, in the moonlight,
Two short years ago,
Soft murmured on the night breeze
The Roanoke's distant flow;
But sweeter still the secret
Some one near me whispered low,
Under the pines, in the moonlight,
Two short years ago.

Under the pines, in the moonlight,
Once again we met,
To part perchance forever,—
Yet never can I forget
His words so earnest and pleading,
The promise I spoke so low—
Under the pines, in the moonlight,
One short year ago.

Under the pines, in the moonlight,
Alone I often stray,
To muse on the moments passed there
With the loved one far away:
And I pray for the time he may proudly
His sword to its sheath restore;
And under the pines, in the moonlight,
Wander with me once more.

Kingston, C. W.

MARY J. McCOLL.

The lovers of sport will read in our columns a paper on Canadian Fox-hunting, contributed to the Saturday Reader, by the author of "Maple Leaves." Mr. Lemoine has already published in the daily press, and in his first series of *Maple Leaves*, several sketches on Canadian sports, and has unceasingly written in favour of the protection of game in Canada, for which the Quebec Game Protection Club, in their annual reports, have several times tendered him their thanks.

His history of the Birds of Canada, in two volumes, have met with a large circulation, and been honoured with the approval of the highest American authority on this subject, Professor S. F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" will have an organ in Paris. A new journal is announced under the title of the *Columbine*, the editor of which is Mlle. Suzanne Lagier, with Mad. de Chabrilan for sub-editing, which is to advocate the equality of the sexes.

THE conductors of *Notes and Queries* have recently reprinted, from their valuable serial, "A Copy of the Original Prospectus of the *Times* Newspaper, January 1788."

It is said that Lamartine will receive forty thousand francs for his "Life of Byron," now in course of publication in the *Paris Constitutionnel*. The proprietors of that journal have paid M. Lamartine thirty thousand francs for another work, entitled "Ma Mère," which has been in their hands for two years, with the understanding that it was not to appear till at least that time had elapsed.

MR. GILMORE SIMMS, at one time the editor of a successful Magazine published at Charleston, is at present making a collection of Southern war poems, which he intends editing and publishing in a collected form.

M. VICTOR HUGO has a new romance in the press; the title of it is "Les Travailleurs de la Mer."—While speaking of M. Victor Hugo, we may mention that the other day he sent one of his friends a water-colour drawing of an old wooden house, at Geneva, supported by heavy carved pillars, with turret gable and coloured escutcheons, accompanied by the following note: "I was at Geneva in 1825, when the Rue des Dômes existed. It has since been stupidly demolished; I have saved this house. It was in wood; it is now, alas! only in paper."

A FUND is being raised in Ireland to purchase the Windele Manuscripts for the Royal Irish Academy. These manuscripts illustrate the language, history, antiquities and folk-lore of Munster; they extend to 130 volumes; and are offered by Mr. Windele's executors for a hundred pounds.

It is stated that a five-act historical play has just been written and printed privately by Mr. Martin Tupper, with a view to its representation in the spring. The subject is, the life and death of Raleigh.

THE members of the famous French Academy are preparing a new Dictionary. But few of them will live to see its completion, if we may judge from the way it is progressing. It appears that the "forty" do actually meet every Thursday during the winter, and discuss the precise signification of a few words, and then decide on the said words being admitted into their dictionary. Our informant says that, "after this statement, we must not at once imagine that these venerable sages overtask their strength by this work. When they dispersed for the summer, they had reached the word "amener," and last Thursday they got as far as "analogie," on which polysyllable MM. Villeneau and Patin discussed one hour. When letter A is complete, it will occupy eight quarto volumes. It will be a convenient work to pack in our portmanteaus, as, when complete, it will occupy one hundred ponderous tomes."

Mr. Walter Thornbury has completed a new novel entitled "Greatheart," which will be published shortly, in 3 vols.

THE energetic publishers of "Les Misérables," MM. Lacroix & Verboeckken, of Brussels, Leipsic, and Paris, have got into trouble. After the death of M. Proudhon, his manuscripts and library were sold by his executors. Some of the MSS., together with annotated books, were purchased by Victor Hugo's publishers. Proudhon's Bible—full of marginal notes—the firm in question determined to publish; and now we hear from Paris that the publishers, along with Poupard-Davye, the printer, have been condemned by the Correctional Tribunal of the Seine, for issuing a work which was "an outrage against public morals." M. Lacroix has been sentenced to one year's imprisonment, M. Verboeckken has to pay 1,500*fr.*, and the printer to undergo three months' imprisonment, and pay a fine of 300*fr.* As, however, the publishers reside mostly in Brussels, the imprisonment will most probably not be endured, although the fines must be paid.

CERVANTES has often been suspected of intending "Don Quixote" for a political satire on the Duke of Lerma, and some recent discoveries made by Mr. Rawdon Brown, in Venice, tend to raise the suspicion to the rank of a literary fact. Having got at the inner meaning of this famous romance, by means of his direct discoveries, Mr. Brown has devised a key to the characters, by which many obscure parts of the satire are brought into new light.

WE are glad to learn that the English translation of the first volume of the Imperial "Vie de Jules César" has been a commercial success, and that Messrs. Cassell and Co., have had the gratification of forwarding to the agents of the Emperor, in consequence, a sum much beyond the amount originally stipulated for the exclusive right of translation into English. The translation of the second volume is also rapidly approaching completion. It will be illustrated with thirty-two maps. The final proofs of the original have been printed, and the Emperor is revising them. It is expected that the volume will be published in the middle of March.

M. TERNAUX's fifth volume of the "Reign of Terror," just published, will be read with much interest. M. Louis Blanc, in his "Histoire de la Révolution," perpetuates the apocryphal story of the poisoning of the locksmith Gamain by the King and Queen, out of revenge for his having revealed the existence of the iron safe secreted in one of the walls of the Tuilleries. M. Ternaux destroys the fiction by the production of most satisfactory evidence.

An Irish antiquary of some celebrity has just died in Dublin.—Dr. Petrie, the author of the "Round Towers of Ireland." He was born in 1791, and his original profession was that of a painter, but his tastes were more for literature and antiquarian studies, and, when an opportunity afforded, he abandoned the brush and the palette for the pen. His Essay on the Round Towers gained him the gold medal of the Royal Irish Academy. He afterwards gained a prize from the same critical body for his Essay on the Military Antiquities of Ireland. Many interesting facts relative to the Cyclopean architecture of Ireland's earliest inhabitants were given in this. He was afterwards engaged on the historical and antiquarian sections of the Ordnance Survey of Ireland. Of Irish native music, which many years since was so successfully treated of by Mr. Hardman in his work, Dr. Petrie is said to have left a very valuable collection—for the most part unpublished. The deceased gentleman's friends, we believe, intend making some arrangements for publishing these interesting materials.

Ball-room—A hot-house for growing exotic manners.

Compliments—Dust thrown into the eyes of those whom we want to dupe.

Mirror—A smooth acquaintance, but no flatterer.

Bachelor—A mule who shirks his load.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Guthrie. *Man and the Gospel.* By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c., &c. London; Strahan; Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 Gt. St. James Street.
- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Feignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.
- Just published, this day, "The *Biglow Papers.* By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Just published, *Second edition* of "The Advocate," a novel. By Charles Heavyside, author of "Saul," "Jephthah's Daughter," &c. Cheap Paper Cover edition, 60 cents; Cloth, \$1.25; Gilt, \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. By Professor C. Piazza Smyth F.R.S.S.L. & E. &c. With Photograph, Map, and Plates. London edition, \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- 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 Parables 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. Plumtre, 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 February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "Do Profundis," &c., with eighty-four illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. 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.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Chace, M.A., M.D., Cantab, F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Potter and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully Illustrated. \$5.50. 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.
- Jamieson. The Complete Works of Mrs. Jamieson in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Student's English Dictionary. One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1865. \$2.63.
- Iosperus 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, Monisth. 12mo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Kingsley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," etc. 12mo. pp. iv., 297. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. 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. L., 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.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. O. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 405, Vol. I.

CHAPTER XXX. SELF-DECEPTION.

"And so my nature is subdued
To that it works in, like the dyer's hand."
SHAKESPEARE.

Self-deception has this peculiarity, that it is far more easily successful than any other kindred vice. Whatever the credulity of others may be, let conscience in ourselves once slumber, and we become more credulous than the weakest of our intimates. So it was with Miss Austwicke. The death of the heir to the Austwicke estates, in reality, completely altered the condition of her brother Wilfred's unacknowledged twin-children, and made her silence an injustice not only to them, but to her brother Basil and his son, who were ignorantly assuming rights that did not belong to them. But Miss Austwicke tried to think these events were in the order of things; nay, she even whispered to herself the often-abused word, *providential*. Certainly, she had brought herself into complicity with another; but as she was recovering strength she schooled herself to the belief that there was nothing dangerous, certainly nothing formidable, in her trusting to this man Burke. He did not seem exacting. During her illness she had written to him under initials, and Martin, who posted the letters, had shrewdly concluded that her mistress was answering some of those numerous advertisements about cosmetics, or other quackery, by which ladies, aye, and sometimes the rougher sex, too, are gulled. Not that Miss Austwicke was by any means a lover of nostrums; but then, as Martin argued, she might have a weakness occasionally. So the letters went; and as to those the lady had received, Burke was much too cautious to be precipitate at the juncture which had arisen by the death of the late heir. He knew that it was best to let the coils get well round his victim before he ventured to tighten them. Besides, the fight of the boy Norman had thwarted and perplexed all his plans. He did not mention it. Nothing could be more brief than his letter. He merely stated that—

"The young lady was sent to school," and added, "Her brother, also, has left Mr. Hope's."

He named the exact sum that was paid with Mysie, lest, by any mischance, it should transpire from inquiries made of Miss Hope; and he simply contented himself, when Miss Austwicke enclosed him a cheque for £100, by acknowledging it, and putting the rather large residue left, after Mysie's expenses, under the heading—

"To be reserved, on account of Master Norman Grant, £40," adding a notice that in six months he would write again.

"Yes, this is satisfactory," said Miss Austwicke, as she read the acknowledgment. "This is a man of business—just that. No doubt he looks out keenly for his own interest, and his percentage as agent; and I must, of course, see to that; but he is not a nefarious, exacting wretch, such as I feared Wilfred, by his low connections, might have mixed up with in this sad affair. Yes, so far, all is satisfactory."

So, soothing herself, she began to feel relief from the pressure of anxiety, and to recover; but yet, as her niece Gertrude came to read to her, she winced as if an open wound had been touched, if ever the Bible was produced, declining peremptorily to have it opened.

No thought of evil entered little True's mind at this, unusual as it was; she concluded that the "Book of books" must certainly be read privately by her aunt, and that some extra-reverential idea, or, it might be, a notion that only some select person should read the Scriptures, had taken possession of Miss Austwicke's mind; and therefore a young reader made no comment, knowing that, of all topics, polemical controversy was the last she would enter into with her aunt; even while she fully believed that Miss Austwicke was desecrating her mind at the shrine of antiquity, and bristling more than ever with old-time prejudices.

Marian Hope loved her warmly. Not that she,

for a moment, suffered the tender ties that long companionship had knit between herself and Mysie and Norry to be loosened. She never loved this brother and sister of her heart more than when the former was lost and the latter separated from her. Mysie's spirit, energy, affection, and friendliness bound Marian to her. She looked forward to a time when Mysie's education would be over, and she would rejoice them, able to take her part in Marian's ultimate project of establishing a school, and providing amply and happily for her afflicted father's age.

As an elder sister, Marian had pondered both the present and the future. She had made every inquiry about Mrs. Maynard's establishment, where Mysie was placed, accompanied her on a Saturday down to Elmscroft, and remained, by Mrs. Maynard's invitation, over the Sunday. She had been introduced to that lady's brother—Mr. Nugent Vaughan, the curate of Wicke Church, who was at Elmscroft, preaching a charity sermon on that particular Sunday. Marian returned by the earliest train on the Monday morning to her own pupil. And just as a loving sister may have a female friend enshrined in her heart, without any abatement of sisterly affection for her own family, so Marian cherished Gertrude.

Mr. Hope's few interviews with Burke had all occurred in the absence of Marian. Indeed, Old Leathery seemed to wish to occupy the back-ground.

Marian from her father's account was impressed that this stranger agent, who had the affairs of the twins confided to him, was sure to use every means to find the missing youth. Yet there were times, particularly in inclement and boisterous weather, when neither father nor daughter could sleep for thinking of the wanderer, when they fancied that the moaning blast carried his cries, and the keen east winds of that cold spring were piercing his shivering frame. Often did Marian at night rise to look out of her window, in the vague hope that she might see him pacing about, ashamed, yet wishing to return; while for weeks after his flight every sudden knock at the door, or quick step in the lane, would send a tremor through Mr. Hope and cause the moisture to start on his wasted brow.

Their knowledge of his health, intelligence, and activity, would in the daytime make these fears vanish, and something of anger would take their place. Such cold and hot fits belong to the fever of affection; they experienced any and every mood except indifference.

Marian became so conscious that her father would not recover while he remained at the old house, that she heard with increased satisfaction and gratitude of Gertrude's proposal that a cottage—"a nest" she called it—in the grounds at Austwicke Chase should be appropriated to her and her father, and that the affectionate little pleader had succeeded in obtaining it. The family were to go down to the Hall at Easter. It seemed the opening of a new avenue in their pent-up life when this prospect came to father and daughter; and yet, on the night after the final decision, Marian and Mr. Hope being seated together, when the former rose to take leave of him for the night, she could not restrain her tears, and sobbed out—

"Our poor, dear Norman, father. Oh, that he knew!"

"Ah, child, he has left us, just as we all have found friends, and could really benefit him."

In a week from that evening Mr. Hope and Marian were installed in the cottage, and began the quiet life that was to last unbroken for three years.

CHAPTER XXXI. GERTRUDE'S ALARM.

"'Tis conscience doth make cowards of us all."

Tranquilly as the lives of Mr. Hope and Marian were destined to pass in the little cottage at the bend of the river, which was so embowered in shrubs that it could not be seen until its gate was reached, and to which Gertrude had given the name of "Ferny Gap," and satisfactorily as Mysie was placed, articulated for three years, Marian visiting her at Christmas, and Mr. Hope taking both the girls at Midsummer holidays to some seaside abode in the county—for, rather provokingly, Burke had tried to interdict holidays

altogether, and when overruled in this, he stipulated decisively that Mysie should not return to Mr. Hope's.

This arbitrary interdiction might have been disputed, but that the cottage was so literally a tiny shell of a place, with merely four little rooms on one floor, and a sleeping-place for the servant girl in the roof. Very pretty, indeed, it was in situation; the little parlour overlooking a long reach of the winding river, and with an aspect that commanded a view of the setting sun, but shut away from all land views of Hall or Chace by trees and surrounding shrubs. It suited Mr. Hope's feelings thus to have his prospect limited, to river and sky. He was rapidly lapsing into the late autumn of life, and the sunsets were eloquent to him, telling of a calm evening, and of the brightness of the rising day in the land afar off. Marian's taste soon made the little nest cosy, but both father and daughter had a delicacy sensitively restraining them from anything that might appear intrusive; and as Miss Austwicke, in the most pointed way, had said to Marian, soon after their coming to the cottage, "Of course, Miss Hope, you fully understand that if your family included more than two persons, my brother would not have offered you that mere nutshell," Marian had no alternative, but, with thanks, to say, "She perfectly understood that, and the nutshell was just what her father liked."

Henceforth Marian could not overcome the restraint that Miss Austwicke's reserve imposed. It so chilled her that she never originated any topic in conversation when Gertrude's aunt was present; and time increased the sense of coldness and distance. Not that Miss Austwicke was otherwise than kind; she was, indeed, elaborately so, but that very elaboration induced constraint in the obliged party, so that the great cement of intercourse—geniality—was wanting.

These three years did not pass wholly without incident to Gertrude.

Among the women-servants was one, called Ruth, the Gubbins had hired when the family were in London at the time of De Lacy Austwicke's death, and to whom old Mrs. Comfit, from the petulance of age, jealous of any one usurping her authority, had taken a great dislike. No sooner had the family returned, than the aged housekeeper asserted her power by giving Ruth notice to quit. This caused a quarrel among the highly sensitive gentry of the second table. Mr. Austwicke, wanting to make changes in the establishment, availed himself of this rupture to pension off Mrs. Comfit. Knowing Martin to be an experienced, active woman, long trusted by the family, and liked by his wife, he elevated her to the dignity of housekeeper; she undertaking to train and superintend a waiting-maid for Miss Honoria. Now, as Martin and the functionary she superseded had long disliked each other, of course Ruth's having failed to please Mrs. Comfit was rather a recommendation to Martin's good graces. Among high and low, community of dislike is sometimes as efficacious as better feelings. Consequently, instead of being dismissed, Ruth was elevated to the dignity of upper housemaid. We should not have entered into these domestic details, but our readers will no doubt surmise that this Ruth was no other than the servant formerly at the "Royal Sturgeon," Southampton, and the ally, in some strange sense, of Burke.

Nothing could be quieter or more orderly than this woman, as Martin said—"Certainly there was quite enough of her, near upon two yards, which was expensive to clothe, but that was her look out. However, every one knew as a housemaid must have bones, and the longer the better. Not as long bones was better supplied with elbow-grease for rubbing furniture, but they'd a reach as was undeniable."

Gertrude hearing by accident this speech of Martin's one day laughed very heartily, and said, "Martin, then you like overreaching people?"

"Lauk, miss; 'overreaching,' why I never heered anything like you. I think, for the matter o' that, as Ruth is a sort of mumchance; 'can't say bo to a goose,' if so be as geese was a' gazing in the Hall; and as to her being overreaching, why—"

Now it so happened that Martin's words were

spoken at this time when she was standing in the lobby, and it startled Gertrude to see that Ruth was passing behind Martin, and that she must have heard the word "overreaching," for she stopped suddenly a moment as if about to speak, coloured violently, and then hurried on.

It was so repugnant to Gertrude to wound the feelings of the humblest, that she was annoyed at the incident, and from that time, in her sweet way, made amends for the involuntary pain she felt sure had been caused, by taking kindly notice of Ruth, who, whether she was really happier in her present service, or felt the inspiring influence of gratitude, certainly became a most attentive, efficient, and valuable servant.

In the autumn, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Austwicke went on the Continent, and Gertrude fell ill of a rheumatic attack that was not thought absolutely dangerous, but was so very painful and tedious that it confined the sufferer to her room nearly four months. Marian attended her like a sister in the daytime, but Gertrude, with the waywardness of illness, would have no one but Ruth to sit up with her at night.

Miss Austwicke wished to have a professional nurse sent for; but Gertrude's entreaties prevailed, and Ruth was installed as the night attendant, Martin taking her full share of sick-room tending during the day.

Gertrude's malady had continued about thirteen weeks, and worn her very sadly, when she was pronounced by her medical attendant to be rapidly recovering. That day she had been dressed in ordinary attire, and not only sat up, but, with the help of Miss Hope and Martin, had walked across the room. There was a something more than the look of tender congratulation on Marian's face at the recovery of her friend, there was surprise also—a surprise that Martin shared, and gave instant expression to.

"Well, I never! only to look at Miss True! Gracious goodness, how pleased missus will be!"

"Of course, papa and mamma will be glad I'm better; but they do not quite know how ill I've been, Martin."

"Oh, but they'll be struck all of a heap—comical like—jest as Miss Hope is, only she won't say right out, like me. I do wish, now, as you could just ketch hold of something while I goes to fetch Miss Honor."

"Whatever do you mean, Martin? what is it that is altered so in me?"

"Why, law, miss, you've grow'd. You aint a giant, to be sure—a good ways off that still; but you aint a dwarf no more."

"Have I grown? have I, indeed?" said Gertrude, trembling with weakness.

Marian drew a chair and sat her in it, saying—

"You're my own dear fairy still; but I think the name will not be exactly as literally appropriate as it has been."

"Oh, if I please papa that way, though it's no merit of mine, I shall be glad, dear Marian—very glad."

Martin wheeled a cheval-glass before her chair, and they both helped her to rise, and she saw the change.

"Well, really, I'm not a pigmy," she said. "I suppose if I do not reach the Austwicke standard, I shall be forgiven if I am not much below the general height."

At this instant Miss Austwicke entered, her face wearing the hue of that pallid melancholy which had now settled upon it; but for a moment surprise lighted up her gloomy eyes with a half smile.

"Why, Gertrude, child, you have grown at last! You're 'little True' no more."

"Not the least of the little, aunt, but yet *True* ever. I think I should like those two words to be the Austwicke motto."

What made her aunt turn away with something that seemed a shudder from her niece, who was, in her caressing way, leaning her cheek towards Miss Austwicke for the expected kiss? What had she said that it was withheld? How strange Aunt Honor was! The young girl's eyes, enlarged by her illness, looked their wonder; and Miss Austwicke read the look, and, constraining herself, called a commonplace phrase to her aid.

"After all, child, 'tis the mind that's the measure,' or, what is it?—the stature of the man or woman?"

"Have not I said so any time these seven years?" replied Gertrude, wearily, "and you never agreed with me before. But, there, if papa is pleased, that's enough."

Trifling as this incident may appear, Gertrude had been so made to feel the disappointment of her relatives, that the sudden discovery of her growth curing her illness rather excited her; and when she went to rest it prevented her sleeping. But she knew enough of the importance of sleep to her recovery not to neglect to woo it by extreme quietude. Her chamber was darkened, and the attendant Ruth remained in the adjacent dressing-room, from whence only the feeblest ray of the night-lamp was permitted to glimmer into the bed-room.

Gertrude closed her eyes and lay perfectly still, rather lulled than otherwise by the accustomed sound of the knitting-needles, with whose exercise Ruth often beguiled the hours of watching. At last the little familiar click was still, and Gertrude was glad to think that slumber had surprised her vigilant attendant. Some time passed, when there was a faint rustle, and a little sound like the creaking of a board in the floor under the weight of a footstep.

Without opening her eyelids, Gertrude glanced through their long fringes, and saw—by the dim light that came in from the dressing-room door—to her surprise, that Ruth was creeping noiselessly towards the bed. It was surely neither wrong nor unusual that the watcher should see whether her charge was sleeping; but something, Gertrude knew not what, in her manner, kept the young girl spell-bound.

In a few moments Ruth was at her bedside leaning over and looking at her. Wondering what it meant, Gertrude continued to lie still, when, just as she drew a long breath, and was about to open her eyes, and say, "Pray go away, you disturb me, Ruth," she felt something fall on her cheek—it was a tear. Ruth was crying silently but bitterly. The woman moved back a step, pressed her hands tight over her chest, as if to still the beating of her heart, and muttered—

"She's better, the poor, wee thing. I feared to think she'd die. It was bad enough, that one death—bad enough, but this young gem's saved. Yes, yes, it's all right—all right."

There was a touch as if a hand was hovering over the invalid's head, and had accidentally touched her hair. Gertrude without opening her eyes, turned away; and Ruth, in a startled manner at the movement, crept back to the dressing-room. Then, in an instant after, reissued from it, and walking in her usual manner, came to her bedside, smoothed and adjusted the clothes, and Gertrude spoke—

"Ruth."

"Yes, miss; it's only me. I thought you might be cold. I hope I have na disturbed you?"

She tucked up the bed-clothes and went away, leaving Gertrude to revolve her previous strange words and manner, which she did without being able to make anything of it, until she fell into a deep health-giving sleep.

With the morning came the the recollection of the incident, and it was a part of Gertrude's frank nature to speak openly about it.

"Ruth," she said, "I could almost think I was dreaming last night about you."

"About me, miss?"

"Yes; how you came to my bed crying—crying tears, and said, 'It was bad enough, that one death; but this one's saved. Yes, it's all right.'"

Ruth's wide, pale face changed to an ashy tint, her full, light eyes dilated and glared at Gertrude, who, shocked at the expression of her countenance, exclaimed—

"What's the matter, Ruth? what ever makes you look like that? what does it all mean? Speak?"

"Nothing, miss," she said, evidently making a great effort at composure, and the rigid look passed away. "Nothing; you must, as you say, have been dreaming."

"I did not say so, Ruth. You must know it was real. I ask again, what did it mean?"

"Mean—mean? Oh, miss, forgive me—do, pray! I'm—I'm very miserable," and she burst into tears.

"You, Ruth, miserable?" said the compassionate Gertrude, ever ready to pardon anything that merely affected herself, and, perhaps, all the more impressed by the woman being a person of middle age. "Why miserable? And what has my getting better had to do with that?"

"Hech, but, forgie me taking the liberty to say so, I just thought you looked like some one I remember—minded me of some one I loved long years ago—a wee—a young lady that died; and I never can think of her without crying. And, maybe, I'm a bit o'er wearied wi' sitting up. I canna think how I came to disturb you, miss, wi' my clash-ma-clavers. Pray forgie me!" She spoke the last few words in a more reassured manner.

"Well, well, it's over. But do not yield to such vagaries, Ruth. I should never have thought you nervous, or that you called yourself miserable. You half frightened me, you did, indeed; for I am not strong yet."

From that time, as Gertrude's convalescence progressed—though she could not banish the incident from her mind; indeed, she often woke up with a sudden startle, as if a tear fell on her cheek—she was convinced that Ruth was of an affectionate nature, and had known sorrow; and, therefore, she distinguished her by special kindness, feeling assured that for some, it might be, fanciful, reason, Ruth regarded her with a devotion it was not in Gertrude's nature to undervalue.

To be continued.

EDIBLE REPTILES.

MAN, whether civilized or savage, has an instinctive repugnance to reptiles of every kind and degree, and yet there is not one of the four families into which naturalists divide the race that does not minister to his sustenance in some measure. Ugly and repulsive as the saurian, ophidian, batrachian, and chelonian tribes may be, they each contribute something to the dietary of humanity.

The crocodile, worshipped in one part of Egypt, was eaten in another. Herodotus informs us the people of Apollonopolis were compelled by law to eat crocodiles, to revenge the death of a princess who fell a victim to saurian appetite. The inhabitants of Elephantina did from choice what the Apollonopolians did from compulsion, and modern Egyptians follow their example when they have a chance, not being deterred by the risk of perpetrating cannibalism at second-hand. Crocodile-flesh is publicly sold in the meat markets of Sennaar, and Pallegoix declares he saw half a hundred crocodiles hanging up for sale (as sheep hang in our butchers' shops) in a market place in Siam. Burckhardt compares crocodile-meat to veal, but it has a dirty hue and faint fishy odour, of which veal is innocent, and, unless the musk-glands are removed previous to cooking, the dish is intolerable. Sherard Osborne tried an alligator-cutlet, and, although he did not find it uneatable, he confesses it was not over-nice; the best that could be said of it being, that it was equal to a very bad veal-cutlet. Winwood Reade likens alligator to something between pork and cod, with the addition of a flavour of musk. Nienhoff's taste was of a different order, or he was luckier in the specimens upon which he experimented, for he avers, that boiled or fried in butter, cayman-meat is quite equal to rabbit. Both crocodile and alligator eggs are held in estimation. The Siamese consider the first an especial dainty; while the natives of Madagascar are particularly partial to the latter, and lay up a store of them, first removing the shell, and then boiling the eggs, and drying them in the sun. The Mandingoes prefer crocodile eggs when the young reptile within has attained to the length of a man's finger. M. Linnaut was tempted by the evident enjoyment of his African friends, to take his share of a fricassee of crocodile-eggs; but the combination of rancid

oil and musk proved too much for an appetite not to the manner born. Ancient physicians prescribed boiled crocodile for sciatica, lumbago, and chronic coughs; crocodile-blood for ophthalmia; and crocodile-fat in cases of fever.

The iguana, with its scaly, black-spotted, green coat is, as far as externals go, more repulsive even than crocodile or cayman; but, living chiefly upon fruits, flowers, and leaves, its flesh is as white as that of the chicken, and equally palatable. Catesby lauds it to the skies, as at once delicate, delicious, and digestible. The iguana affords a valuable supply of food to the people of the Bahams. The reptiles are hunted down with dogs, their mouths are sown up, to prevent them using their teeth, and so carried alive to market. Those retained for home consumption are killed, salted, and barrelled. Iguana is generally served up boiled, with a calabash full of clarified iguana-fat, into which the meat is dipped as it is eaten. The Singhaless know the iguana as the *tallygoa*, and keep dogs for the purpose of catching it; with them, it is valued not only as an article of food, but also as a remedial agent. They apply the fat as an external remedy for cutaneous diseases, and hold the tongue, plucked from the living reptile, and swallowed whole, a certain cure for consumption. The eggs of the iguana are in as high favour as its flesh; they are said to resemble hens' eggs in taste, but are entirely filled with yolk, and never become hard in cooking. The horned iguana of St Domingo is appreciated by West Indian lovers of good living, its flesh resembling that of the roebuck. A very different verdict is passed, by one who ought to have been a good judge, upon the iguanas of New Holland. They are thus described by Dampier: "Of the same shape and size with other guanans, but differing from them in three remarkable particulars; for these had a larger and uglier head, and had no tail, and at the rump, instead of the tail there, they had a stump of a tail, which appeared like another head, but not really such, being without mouth or eyes; the legs also seemed all four to be fore legs, and to be made as if to go indifferently head or tail foremost. They were speckled black and yellow like toads, and had scales or knobs on their backs like those of crocodiles. Their livers are spotted black and yellow, and the body when opened hath an unsavoury smell. The guanans I have observed to be very good meat, and I have often eaten of them with pleasure; but though I have eaten of snakes, crocodiles, alligators, and many creatures that look frightfully enough, and there are but few I should be afraid to eat of, if pressed by hunger, yet I think my stomach would scarce have served to venture upon these New Holland guanans, both the looks and the smell of them being so offensive."

The common green lizard is eaten by many African tribes; and the flesh of the gray lizard was once in great European repute for various medicinal purposes. This species was at one time so abundant in the environs of Vienna, that Laurenti tried to induce the poor of that capital to become lizard-eaters, telling them that lizard-meat, either baked or fried, was not only wholesome, but productive of appetite. His philanthropic endeavour failed, perhaps because the hungry Viennese wanted something to allay rather than increase their appetites.

Marco Polo tells us that the hunters of Carazan obtained a very high price for the serpents they happened to kill, the people of Cathay counting serpent-meat as the most delicate of food. Brazilians eat a green and yellow snake called the *haninana*; Bushmen and Bakalahari relish the African python; negroes can make a hearty meal on rattlesnake; and the anacondas and other boas supply the natives of the countries favoured by their presence with wholesome and nourishing food. The lazy folks of King George's Sound reverse Mrs. Glasse's maxim, and cook their snakes before they catch them, by setting fire to the grass around their encampments, picking up the broiled reptiles from the ashes at their leisure. The adder is considered savoury meat by the Sardinians, and forms a welcome ingredient in their broths and soups; nor are the Sardinians alone in their taste, for the adder is

eaten, as a matter of course, in many of the provinces of France.

The doctors of old had great faith in the virtue of frog's flesh, as at once restorative, diluent, analeptic, and antiscorbutic, and invaluable in cases of consumption and affections of the chest. Pliny says frogs boiled in vinegar are an excellent remedy for the toothache. Dioscorides recommended them to be cooked in salt and oil as an antidote to serpent-poison; and another ancient physician cured a fistula, or said he did, by administering a frog's heart every morning as a pill. Thanks to caricaturists and song-writers, frog-eating and France are indissolubly connected together, as if none but from China indulged in batrachian dainties, while, in truth, they only share the propensity with Belgians, Germans, and Italians. Andrew Bordo, recording the manners and customs of European nations in the time of Henry VIII., mentions with disgust that the people of Lombardy eat frogs, "guts and all," while he says nothing about the French doing the like. In fact, it was not till the middle of the sixteenth century that the frog obtained a place at continental dinner-tables. Even now, French epicures confine themselves to dishes composed of the hind-quarters of the little reptile, dressed in wine, or served with white sauce; but the Germans, less wasteful, make use of every part except the skin and intestines. The particular species in favour for culinary purposes is that known as the *Rana esculenta*, or green frog, although the red frog, is eaten in some places, and thought in no way inferior to his more popular relative. The frog is in the best condition for the table in autumn just when he takes to the water for the winter, but is most eaten in spring, from the simple reason that he is easier caught at that season. He is captured in several ways: sometimes by means of lines, baited with scarlet cloth, sometimes a net is used, sometimes a rake, or he is pursued at night with torches. A hundred years ago, a shrewd native of Auvergne made a fortune by forming a frog preserve, from which he supplied the capital. Similar nurseries help to satisfy the modern demand for this peculiar luxury, but that demand is gradually decreasing, although, at certain times of the year, plenty of frogs may be seen in both French and Italian markets.

Dr. Livingston speaks eulogistically of a large African frog called the *matlametlo* of which his children partook with eagerness and delight. This monster frog measures nearly half a foot, with a breadth of four and a half inches, and when cooked, looks very much like a chicken. After a thunder-shower, the pools, even in the driest parts of the African desert, are alive with *matlametloes*; and the natives not unnaturally, believe that they are born of the thunder-cloud, and descend to earth with the rain. During the season of drought, the *matlametlo* takes up his abode in a hole of his own making at the root of certain bushes, and as he seldom emerges from his retreat, a large variety of spider spins his web across the orifice, and provides the tenant gratuitously with a screen; but the gift often proves a fatal one, serving to guide the hungry Bushman to the reptile's hiding-place. The *matlametlo* would make a worthy companion-dish to the bull-frog, which is considered equal to fowl in the Antilles.

Among the various temptations to extravagance exhibited in the Siamese market-place, nothing astonished Turpin more than a number of hideous ball-shaped toads, spitted ready for the cook. Judging from the abundant supply, there would seem to be a general demand for the *houhan*—a name given to this edible toad in imitation of its cry, which is so loud that two of them are sufficient to disturb a whole country. The common toad is habitually eaten by Africans, to whom nothing comes amiss in the shape of food, and there is small doubt that it is often substituted for the frog in countries where frog-eating prevails.

The green sea-turtle is the only reptile that ever finds its way to an Englishman's table, and although the stout buccaneers, who made every sea familiar with Old England's Flag, had long before borne witness to its merits, the turtle, a hundred years ago, was still a rarity here; at

least we may fairly infer so from the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1753 thinking the arrival of a turtle sent by Lord Anson to the gentlemen of White's Chocolate House an event worthy of record. There are several species of sea-turtle, but the green turtle is at once the commonest and best. The London market receives its chief supply from Jamaica; but Ascension Island, the Antilles, and the Alligator Islands are the favourite resorts of these much-prized reptiles, who travel hundreds of miles in order to deposit their eggs, shoals of them arriving at those favoured places regularly every year between April and September. From long practice, the people of the Bahamas are adepts at turtle catching, and Catesby gives us a very amusing account of the way they go to work. "In April, they go in little boats to Cuba and other neighbouring islands, where, in the evening, and especially in moonlight nights, they watch the going and returning of the turtles to and from their nests, at which time they turn them on their backs, where they leave them, and proceed on, turning all they meet, for they cannot get their feet again when once turned. Some are so large that it requires three men to turn one of them. The way by which the turtle are most commonly taken is by striking them with a small iron peg of two inches long, put into a socket at the end of a staff twelve feet long. Two men usually set out for this work in a little light boat or canoe, one to row and gently steer the boat while the other stands at the head of it with his striker. The turtle are sometimes discovered by their swimming with their head and back out of the water, but are oftenest discovered lying at the bottom, a fathom or more deep. If a turtle perceives he is discovered he starts up to make his escape; the men in the boat pursuing him, endeavouring to keep sight of him, which they often lose, and recover again by the turtle putting his nose out of the water to breathe. Tired out, the turtle at length sinks, to fall a victim to the striker, and be hauled into the boat. Sometimes they are taken by divers, who bring them up from the bottom by main force.

Turtles' eggs figure among the exports of Sarawak. The Malays watch the turtles at work depositing their eggs on the broad sandy flasks in Sarawak Bay, and mark the places with little flags. In Siam, the eggs are in equal favour, and one variety of river-turtle is reserved for the royal service, the rivers being carefully watched at night, by soldiers, who brand the turtles with the royal mark as fast as they can catch them, and send the eggs to the king's palace. One of the great turtles of the Amazon is a fair load for a strong Indian; and so abundant were they in Brazil when Condamine visited that country in 1740, that he says they sufficed for the sustenance of the people. They are still plentiful. During his two years' stay at Ega, Mr. Bates became so surfeited with turtle, that the very smell of it became intolerable to him, and he turned in disgust from the cloying food, although he had nothing else wherewith to appease his hunger. Every house at Ega has its curral or turtle-pond, which is stocked for the winter, when the waters of the Amazon are low.

The Brazilians have several ways of cooking turtle. Steaks cut from the breast and roasted, make an excellent dish; the lean parts are roasted on spits, and sausages are made of the stomach, while the entrails serve as the basis of soup. The most usual method of preparation, however, is the simple one of boiling the turtle in his own shell, or in kettles full of the juice of the mandioca root. Newly-hatched turtles, with the remains of the yolk still inside them, are reckoned especially delicious, and numbers of immature turtles are sacrificed to this taste, while an immense quantity of eggs are annually destroyed for the manufacture of oil. Thanks to this extravagance, and the increase of communication with Europe, turtle has risen wonderfully in price, nine shillings being the market-value now of turtle that in 1850 could have been bought for exactly as many pence.

Next in quality to the green turtle comes the hawkbill or imbricated turtle, which supplies the world with tortoise-shell; then the logger-head; and lastly, the trunk-turtle, of which the flesh

and shell are so soft that the finger may easily be pushed into them. When Dampier visited the Galapagos Islands, he was struck by the abundant supply of what he calls land-turtles, of monstrous size; and Lacaille, the astronomer, was astonished, many years afterwards, by seeing the coast apparently paved with shell—which shell proved, on examination, to belong to troops of living tortoises of great size and weight, probably of the species known as the Indian tortoise. The Greek tortoise is eaten in Southern Europe, the Greeks themselves drinking its blood, cooking its eggs, and satisfying their Lenten appetites with its flesh, which for the time being, is allowed to reckon as fish. The speckled tortoise makes its appearance in German markets, for which the Prussian peasants fatten it on bread and lettuce-leaves; and the mud tortoise, or *La Bourcuse*, is thought to make a very nice dish in Provence and Languedoc, not the least of its merits being that it is cheap as it is palatable.

MY DIARY.

BY C. R. B.

DECEMBER.—What an interesting spot is a certain brick house on Henry street, in the city of H—, where a Mrs. K— resides, and keeps boarders! It is quite an unpretending and innocent looking place, and yet what a commotion those who inhabit it manage to excite! I have been visiting my amiable relatives in this "ambitious little city" two weeks, and, in that time, I have heard little else discussed but the merits and demerits of these wonderful boarders aforesaid. My Cousin Julia, the most provoking little witch that ever tantalized the senses of man, is in love by turns with three paragons, as she calls them.

It was a fearfully cold night on which I arrived in H—; and, jumping into a cab-sleigh, I was soon deposited at my aunt's door. I sprang up the steps, three at a time, gave the bell such a pull that the housemaid was nearly frightened out of her wits, and, without waiting for an answer to my imperative summons, threw open the front door, and made my way into the family sitting-room. Julia sprang into my arms, exclaiming—

"Oh, you darling, darling old cousin!" an appellation which I resented at another time; for having successfully cultivated a moustache for three months and a half, I was quite sensitive on the subject of age, and had begun to feel as if "childhood's days" were, indeed, a thing of the distant past. But to return to my "entrée."

My dear aunt saluted me with motherly warmth—saying so affectionately—

"My dear boy, how you have grown!"

"I grown, indeed!" I thought; but I repressed my indignation for the time being, embracing, however, the first opportunity to say that I have been five feet nine inches for more than a year. Julia, the witch, I believe perceived my importance on this point, and pretended to think that it was but a very short time indeed since I had been a boy, saying with quite a grave face, and in serious tones—

"Really, Mamma, I did not dream that Cousin Charlie was old enough to be getting a moustache."

"Getting a moustache!" think of that, Mr. Diary, and shudder. However, I did not quite faint, and Julia, wheeling a large easy-chair before the blazing hearth, I ensconced myself in it. An hour was passed in relating family news, and then a pause succeeded, which was broken by a whisper from my little cousin—

"Charlie, dear, were you ever in love?"

Here *was* a question, and for a moment I hesitated; then assuming my most dignified air, I replied—

"My dear child, what do you know of love?"

"Now, Charlie, don't be a goose—be a good boy, and I'll tell you a secret,—I'm in love."

"Are you really?" said I, smiling; "tell me all about it. Who is the fortunate young gentleman?"

"Oh, there are three" was the merry response, "and all so nice that they cut each other out by turns."

"Oh, you little flirt!" I exclaimed, "and you probably make each one believe that he is the favourite mortal!"

"No, I do not, Charlie; but I will describe them to you, and you shall tell me what you think of them. The handsomest one is about twenty-five, with brown hair and whiskers, and a moustache, too, Charlie, and the loveliest brown eyes—soft and velvety—with the most enchanting expression that—" (here I put up my hands with a deprecating gesture); "pretty features, and such a charming manner; and, oh, Charlie, such a duck!"

"Well, well—the next one?" I gasped out.

"Ah! but you never asked me his name, and it is such a sweet one," said Julia, poutingly.

"Forgive me, dear," I said, penitently; "what is it?"

"The first name is Adolph, and wouldn't you like to know the other, but I shan't tell you, at least not now. The other two are great friends, almost inseparable I thought once, but I have found out, lately, that they do disagree sometimes, and you masculine bipeds do talk fearfully when you get angry, don't you?" said she, with a saucy glance, for which I punished her on the spot, by kissing her rosy cheek.

"Never mind that, but tell me their names?" said I, determined not to forget the important question this time.

"Walter C— and Frank N—, pretty names, too, are they not? Neither of them are twenty, but they will be older in time, Charlie; and, in the meantime, I like them very much indeed. Mr. C— is a haughty young gentleman, with black hair, and grey eyes, and quite an aristocratic air; and Mr. N— is not quite so good-looking, but he is kindness itself."

"How different they are," said I, smiling.

"Yes, they are,—my brown-eyed one is like the most dazzling sunshine; my grey-eyed one like clouds and sunshine; and, my blue-eyed one, like a warm spring day, nothing brilliant, but very pleasant."

"You are very good at comparison, little cousin—what would you compare me to?"

"You?" pretending to examine me with a critical air; "oh, I can compare you to nothing, and the reason is, Charlie—you are incomparable." Which compliment so elated me, that I forgot what happened next. But I went to bed, and dreamed of brown eyes, and grey eyes, and blue eyes contending for Julia's favour, and was so jealous that I challenged them all, and awoke just as I pulled the trigger of my pistol; indeed I imagined that I heard the crack of my opponent's, which may be accounted for when I relate that I had tumbled out of bed, overturning a stand which stood beside it, and breaking a pitcher. I did not wait many minutes to contemplate the wreck, however, for the state of the atmosphere was not particularly conducive to comfort, but sprang into bed again, and soon fell into a slumber, in which neither Julia's beaux nor her pretty self figured.

As I was going down stairs to breakfast the next morning, I met my cousin, lovely and smiling.

The temptation was irresistible, so clasping her little hands in mine, I said gravely—

"Julia, being so much more advanced in years than yourself, I may surely be pardoned for showing a paternal interest in, and affection for you, therefore, kiss me."

She opened her blue eyes in amazement at the commencement of this speech, but at the end, laughed right merrily, and giving my moustache—my *dignified* moustache—an excruciating pull, and extricating her hands from me, bounded away, and vanished behind an envious door.

But, old journal, if I relate every trifle so minutely, I shall never arrive at the present date, as I am two weeks behind.

The next Saturday afternoon we went to the Victoria Skating Rink. We had been there but a few minutes, and I was absorbed in watching the graceful movements of a very stylish-looking young lady, when Julia suddenly drew my attention, and whispered—

"Don't look, Charlie; but there he is."

"Who?" I said, "and why musn't I look?"

"Hush! Do not speak so loud; I do not

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want him to see us—it is Walter C——, and how he is watching Miss Egan skate,” and with a little sigh, my fair cousin dropped her eyes to the ground.

“Don't be jealous,” I whispered, consolingly; “if he knew you were here, he would be over in a trice.”

“I do not care if he never comes,” she replied, tossing her head. “There is Harry H—— coming over to us.”

The new comer was a tall young fellow of some twenty-three or twenty-four years. He was evidently a favourite with Julia, so, excusing myself to them, I shot over the ice in the direction of young C——. I purposely brushed against him, but, turning, tendered an apology, which was received with a haughty inclination of the head. My first impressions are generally strong ones, and I thought, as I skated away, that he would never do for Julia. He would wound her affectionate little heart fifty times a day. The sunshiny disposition would suit her far better, unless, I could not help adding, an incomparable fellow like myself should step in. I saw no more of young C——, and soon after Julia and I went home.

The next day we received a note of invitation to attend a party given by Mrs. C——, and, added Julia, gleefully, after reading it, “the fascinating Adolph will be there, and you shall point him out to me—that is, if you can—but you men are so slow to acknowledge good looks in your own sex, that I doubt if you will recognize him.”

“Trust me for that,” I retorted. “I have something within me that will sharpen my wits.”

“Have you really? Why, what is it, Charlie? Some new kind of sharpening machine with a patent taken out and secured? Do tell me!”

“No, it is a thing of ancient date, which you have read descriptions of hundreds of times; but I will tell you my opinion of it some other time.”

The evening of the party arrived, and Julia, lovelier than ever, in a blue silk, with white roses in her hair, was placed under my watchful care, and the cab soon put us down at Mrs. C——'s door, No. — C—— street.

We were the last guests to arrive, and shortly after dancing commenced. I had engaged my cousin for the first quadrille, and, as we moved to our places, she murmured, in a low tone—

“Have you found him yet?”

“No,” I replied, “but I feel a presentiment that he is near.”

“A presentiment! Oh, fie, Charlie! with such glorious irradiating, refulgent sunshine near you, throwing its enlivening—”

“Oh, forbear!” I exclaimed, tragically, adding in a jocular tone, “I would rather he was all moonshine.”

I was not long in glancing around me, and in the adjoining set, I beheld my fair cousin's hero. Yes, I would swear to those eyes anywhere, after hearing Julia's description. And they were beautiful, large, radiant, and dark, yet not so dark as to appear black. Eyes generally darken with feeling; brown, blue, and grey frequently appear black, but these gained not a shade of colour, but expanded, and grew more deliciously liquid and tender. I am an ardent admirer of fine eyes, and in the present case, watching and commenting inwardly upon them, I forgot my position in the dance, till I was recalled to my senses by Julia. At the first opportunity she glanced up at me, saying mischievously—

“Eh, Charlie, was I too enthusiastic? It seems that Mr. P—— can captivate a gentleman as well as a lady.”

“Yes, yes—his face is perfect, I admit; handsome face, beautiful eyes, and he knows how to use them, too. That is the secret of his success, *ma chère cousine*; why one would think that he was in love with that young lady—ah! I am afraid he is a sad flirt.”

I had not been looking at Julia as I spoke, but turning now, I saw that the roses had left her cheeks, and the sparkle her eyes. Fortunately the quadrille was almost ended, and hastily leading her to a seat, I left her for a moment to procure some restoratives. When I returned, he was beside her, watching her pale countenance

with intense interest, and speaking in low, sweet tones. Julia raised her drooping eyelids at my approach, and gave me an introduction to Mr. P——. He bowed low, and grasping my hand warmly expressed his pleasure at making my acquaintance, in good language, but with a foreign accent. As he sat down, his glance encountered Julia's, and I could not but observe that the warm colour rushed to cheek and lip, and a sudden light beamed in her soft blue eyes. She thanked me warmly for the restoratives which I had brought, but hardly touched them, and expressed herself quite well again.

“May I, then, have the honour of your hand for the next dance?” said Mr. P——.

Julia bowed her acceptance, and in a few minutes they were gliding away in the graceful waltz, and I turned from contemplating them with a painful feeling which I could not repress. The evening passed over as such evenings generally do, where many are happy, and, I doubt not, many unhappy. The smiling countenance, the ringing laugh, the merry jest, and the gay repartée, are frequently merely masks which hide the aching heart, and veil the many passions which find play beneath the human soul. Would we not be startled if the veil could be torn from the hearts of all, and the feelings dwelling there be exposed to our view? In many, doubtless, we would find tender and devoted affection, and pleasant friendly feelings; but, perhaps, mingled with them, and infusing the bitterest gall through them, jealousy and envy, contempt and dislike, and, perhaps, even remorse—that most harrassing of all passions—has its place there. But, Charlie Burton, you are forgetting yourself—you are not writing either a sermon or an essay, but merely a diary; therefore, while you are giving your sentiments, which nobody cares anything about (nor yourself either, for that matter) an airing, you are wasting the precious hours of sleep, and might far better be in the arms of Morpheus; and therefore Mesdames Reflection and Monsieur Diary *au revoir*.

The next morning I said to Julia—

“Well, *ma chère petite*, when am I to see No. 3?”

“Oh, you shall see him soon, do not fear, Charlie; but he is so quiet and retiring, you would never notice him. I shall have to point him out to you, and if you will make one of a party to the Drill Sheds this evening, I will do so.”

“Agreed at once; but who are going?”

“Some of your old friends—the Bruces, Lynds, and perhaps another. It is Battalion Drill to-night, and we will have a pleasant time.”

“Is Mr. P—— a volunteer, Julia?” I enquired shyly.

“No, you tease; but Mr. C—— and Mr. N—— are.”

“Ah! then, I must be on the *qui vive*, and count the stolen glances—eh, cousin?”

“Just as you please,” she returned, smiling.

About half-past seven o'clock that evening, we entered the Drill Sheds, and went up-stairs, where we had seats, and a good position to overlook the whole. Several glances were cast upward by the gallant volunteers, attracted by the fair faces which smiled down upon them.

Julia pointed out the third of the trio to me, a tall, slender young fellow, with a pleasant, thoughtful-looking face.

“The one most to be trusted of the three,” I inwardly thought; “at least, his character is easier read in his face. A sincere and considerate friend he would make—quite a safe one for my little cousin. I must study that young C——'s face more—he has not nearly such an open countenance.”

We left the Drill Sheds in about an hour, and our young friends accompanied us home, and passed the remainder of the evening with us.

Dec. 13th.—This evening we enjoyed the pleasure of a half-lighted room for nearly an hour. The blazing fire shot forth ruddy flames, illuminating, by turns, my aunt, as she sat in her easy chair—a fine looking woman, resting her still fair cheek upon her well-shap'd hand, and gazing meditatively into it—then flashing its coquetish light upon Julia's lovely brown braids

and silken lashes, drooping softly upon her finely tinted cheek, albeit the colour there is not so deep as when I first came to H——; and there are pensive lines about the coral lips, and a faint shadow under the almost transparent eye-lids that might be caused by secret sorrow and repressed tears. Can it be that anything serious troubles my pretty cousin? I love her so well that I could gaze for hours upon her beautiful face.

The conversation grew more and more disconnected, until, at last, silence settled upon us all. Julia was lost in a reverie, and was unconscious of my scrutiny. I argued but little hopeful to myself from her abstraction, I dare not hope that her affection for me is other than that of a sister. But time and circumstances will furnish a solution to my doubts, and for its developments I must wait. About eight o'clock the street-door bell rang, and visitors were ushered in—the two young gentlemen, C—— and N——. Now, I thought, is an opportunity for observation. Young C—— shook hands with all with gentlemanly ease, and then took a seat by an aunt “That looks well,” I thought—“shows respect for the old.” We, the remaining three, entered into a conversation, in which young N—— bore a modest and sensible part. Glancing occasionally at my aunt and her young companion, I saw that he conversed with a gravity beyond his years, and began to wonder if some circumstance in early life had not saddened his mind, and given a more sombre hue to his thoughts and feelings than generally belongs to the young. The smiles of an habitually grave face are most generally very sweet ones, and it is true in this case. Lighted up by smiles and animation, the face is a peculiarly attractive one. There is power in it, and the passions which lie behind it are evidently none of the lightest. Sensitive and ardent even, but secretive to a degree, the most acute mental sufferings could be concealed without a change of feature. Conversing with him afterward, I found that he expresses himself too bluntly sometimes—gives utterance to sentiments without consideration of the effect they may produce upon others—thus wounding the feelings of some, and offending others—a fault which, it is to be hoped, he will overcome; for, with this exception, he is a most pleasant and fascinating companion.

With instrumental music and singing, the evening passed pleasantly away.

Dec. 16th.—I came home from business this evening a little earlier than usual, and, coming down stairs in a loose coat, and slippers, walked into the parlour, no one being in the sitting-room. I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes, but in the dusky light I could see my cousin, kneeling beside the sofa, with her face buried in its cushions, and evidently in the deepest distress.

She had not heard my entrance, and I noiselessly retreated into the other room, where my aunt soon appeared, followed by the servant, with lights.

We were discussing the merits of a concert which we had attended at the M—— Hall, a few evenings before, and my aunt spoke of Mr. P——, who had sat near us.

“He is very handsome,” said my aunt; “and I hear that he is engaged to a very pretty and amiable young lady.”

“Of this city?” I enquired.

“No, some place at a distance; I forget the name.”

“Have you known it long?” I asked, a sudden thought flashing across my mind.

“No, I heard it from Miss C—— this afternoon; and I believe he told her all about it himself.”

Could this have been the cause of Julia's tears? It is a question which I cannot bear to ask myself.

She did not appear at the tea-table, pleading a headache.

I have spent the evening in my room, having had letters to write.

Feb. 12th.—It is two months since I have written any in this diary.

I felt very miserable that evening, December the 16th; I have been very ill since, and am

now very happy. But I must relate a few particulars.

A few weeks after that evening, I was taken suddenly very ill, and soon lost consciousness in delirium. Of many days I remember nothing; but towards the close of a fine February afternoon, I opened my eyes to a knowledge of my situation, and began to realize that I had been very ill. I felt very weak, and one hand which lay upon the coverlet, was white and thin. Julia was sitting beside me, and bent over me with a look of the most tender affection, while a deep blush suffused her lovely countenance.

"Dear Charlie, you will soon be well again," she murmured.

"Perhaps so," I said feebly; "but what have I to live for!"

"Hush, do not speak so, or, indeed, not at all," she added, playfully, "for it is against the rules, you know, and I am a model nurse."

"Just one word," I pleaded, for something in her manner thrilled my very soul, and gave me courage to proceed; "I love you! May I hope?"

"Yes," she whispered, blushing—oh, charming blush! "Yes, for I love you."

"As a wife should, Julia?"

"Yes—but, indeed, you must not talk any more, or I shall be very angry," but a large tear which fell on my cheek belied a disposition to anger. But I grasped the little hands which were so tenderly arranging my pillows, and feeling my right, drew down the lovely face to me, and kissed it, and then meekly swallowed the draught she offered me, and closing my eyes, soon fell asleep.

We are to be married next month, and though Julia has not yet told me which of her three particular masculine friends stands highest in her estimation, I do not care, for I know that I stand above any of them.

If one of them marries soon, or anything else particularly interesting befalls them, I shall add it to what I have already written to this diary. Till then, Messieurs Adolph, Walter, and Frank, adieu.

Hamilton, C. W., 1866.

CANADA FOX-HUNTING.

FROM time immemorial Merry England has been renowned for her field sports; prominent amongst which may be reckoned her exciting pastime of Fox-hunting, the pride, the glory *par excellence* of the roystering English squire. Many may not be aware that we also, in our far-off Canada, have a method of Fox-hunting peculiarly our own—in harmony with the nature of the country—adapted to the rigors of our arctic winter season—the successful prosecution of which calls forth more endurance, a keener sight, a more thorough knowledge of the habits of the animal, a deeper self-control and greater sagacity than does the English sport; for as the proverb truly says, "*Pour attraper la bête, faut être plus fin qu'elle.*"

A short sketch* of a Canadian Fox-hunt may not, therefore, prove uninteresting. At the onset, let the reader bear in mind that Sir Reynard *Canadensis* is rather a rakish, dissipated gentleman, constantly turning night into day, in the habit of perambulating through the forests; the fields, and homesteads, at most improper hours, to ascertain whether, perchance, some old dame Partlett, some hoary gobbler, some thoughtless mother goose, allured to wander over the farm yard by the jocund rays of a returning March sun, may not have been forgotten outside of the barn, when the negligent stable boy closed up for the night; or else whether some gay Lothario of a hare in yonder thicket, may not by the silent and discreet rays of the moon, be whispering soft nonsense in the ear of some guileless, milk-white doe, escaped from a parent's vigilant eye. For on such has the midnight marauder set his heart: after such does he noiselessly prowl, favoured by darkness—the dissipated rascal—*querens quem devoret*, determined to make up, on the morrow, by a long meridian *siesta* on

the highest pinnacle of a snow-drift, for the loss of his night's rest. Should fortune refuse the sly prowler the coveted hen, turkey, goose or hare, warmly clad in his fur coat and leggings, with tail horizontal, he sallies forth over the snow-wreathed fields, on the skirts of the woods, in search of ground mice, his ordinary provender. But, you will say, how can he discover them under the snow? By that wonderful instinct with which nature has endowed the brute creation, to provide for their sustenance, each animal according to its nature, to its wants. By his marvellously acute ear, the fox detects the ground mouse, under the snow though he should utter a noise scarcely audible to a human ear. Mr. Fox sets instantly to work, digs down to the earth, and in a trice gobbles up *mus*, his wife, and young family. Should nothing occur to disturb his arrangements, he devotes each day in winter, from ten or half-past ten in the forenoon until four in the afternoon, to repose—selecting the loftiest snow-bank he can find, or else a large rock, or perchance any other eminence from which,

"Monarch of all he surveys,"

he can command a good view of the neighbourhood and readily scent approaching danger. Nor does he drop off immediately in a sound sleep, like a turtle-fed alderman, but rather like a suspicious, bloodthirsty land pirate, as he is, he first snatches hastily "forty winks," then starts up nervously, for several times, scanning all round with his cruel, cunning eye—snuffing the air. Should he be satisfied that no cause of alarm exists, he scrapes himself a bed, if in the snow, and warmly wrapped in his soft fur cloak, he coils himself up, cat-fashion, in the sun, with his bushy tail brought over his head, but careful to keep his nose to the direction from which the wind blows, so as to catch the first notice of and scent the lurking enemy. On a stormy, blustery day, the fox will, however, usually seek the shelter of some bushes or trees, and on such occasions is usually found under the *lee* of some little wooded point, where, steeped in sweet, balmy sleep, he can dream of clucking hens, fat turkeys and tender leverets,—sheltered from the storm, and still having an uninterrupted view before him. The hunter, when bent on a fox hunt, is careful to wear garments whose colour blend with the prevailing hue of frosted nature; a white cotton-*capot*, and *capuchon* to match, is slipped over his great coat; pants also white—everything to harmonize with the snow; a pair of snow-shoes and a short gun complete his equipment. Once arrived at the spot where he expects to meet reynard, he looks carefully about for signs of tracks, and having discovered fresh ones, he follows them keeping a very sharp look out. Should he perceive a fox, and that the animal be not asleep, it is then that he has need of all his wits and of all the knowledge of the animal's habits, he may possess. As previously stated the fox depends principally on his scent to discover danger, but his eye is also good, and to succeed in approaching within gun shot of him in the open country, the hunter must watch every motion most carefully, moving only when the animal's gaze is averted, and stopping instantly, the moment he looks towards him, no matter what position the hunter's may be at that time. No matter how uncomfortable he may feel; move he dare not, foot or limb; the eye of the fox is on him and the least movement would betray him, and alarm his watchful quarry. It will be easily conceived, that to successfully carry out this programme, requires nerves of steel and a patience *à toute épreuve*. It has been one of our friend's good luck once to approach thus a fox, within 20 feet, without his detecting us; needless to say, it was done against the wind. Some few hunters can so exactly imitate the cry of the ground mouse, as to bring the fox to them, especially if he is very hungry, but it is not always that this plan succeeds. The animal's ear is keen; the slightest defect in the imitation betrays the trap, and away canters alarmed reynard at railroad speed. Some hunters prefer to watch the fox, and wait until he falls asleep, which they know he will surely do, if not disturbed, and then they can approach him easily enough against the wind. It is not unusual for them to get within fifteen

feet of the animal, before the noise of their footsteps causes him to awake,—as may readily be supposed in such cases, his awakening and death are generally simultaneous.

It is a fact worthy of note that the fox, if undisturbed, will every day return to the same place to sleep, and about the same hour. These animals are not as abundant now as they were a few years back.

The extent of country travelled over by a fox by moonlight, each night, at times is very great. Not many years ago, a Quebec hunter, who is in the habit of enjoying his morning walk at the break of day, informed the writer that on many occasions, he has seen the sly wanderer, on being disturbed from the neighbourhood of the Tanneries in St. Vallier street, hieing away at a gallop towards the Lorette and Charlesbourg mountains, a distance of nine miles each way.

Quebec, February, 1866. J. M. LEMOINE.

WINTER.

GRIM winter is upon us. Jack Frost is biting us keenly, and with his magic brush is decorating our windows with beautiful pictures.

"Nature in all her works subdued
Is but a frozen solitude."

But winter is not by any means a dull season; on the contrary it affords to many, much pleasure and amusement. The graceful and accomplished skater glides swiftly over the ice on the renowned Victoria and Guilbault Rinks, as well as the lesser ones along our river; while in the background may be seen the lover of horses and horse-racing, showing his animal off to the best advantage. The snowshoer plods his way over and around Mount Royal during the long and bright moonlight nights. Drives to Lachine and over to St. Lambert are all the rage. It is the time for the social entertainment, the warm and inviting fire on the little parlour hearth, the favourite author, and—excuse me advocate of total abstinence—the glass of hot punch. Oh! who would not enjoy the bracing Canadian winter! It is true, we have sometimes to suffer from the effects of frozen fingers, toes, cheeks, ears and noses, and are often compelled to say in the words of Shakespeare, "'Tis bitter cold." But what of all this? We receive instead thereof, good health, one of Heaven's greatest blessings. Let us not grumble then, nor be dissatisfied, but always recollect that everything comes in its own appointed time.

And we ought also to learn a lesson from winter. It should put us in mind of the winter of old age, when our heads—if we are spared—will be whitened with the snows of years, and we shall be looking back with pleasure, upon the summer of our lives, even as we are now regarding the many happy days we have spent during the seasons of summer and autumn, which have just passed.

Many who began the spring time of life with as much, nay more strength and vigour than we, are now lying peacefully neath the clouds in the silent cemetery, and the wintry winds through the neighbouring trees, are whistling a requiem over their graves.

The cold, white marble alone keeps their vigils through the long silent nights. The winter's piercing blast, and the summer's scorching sun are to them alike. They have passed down to the silent city of the dead, and in the bustle, and hurry, and tumult of this world they are set down unremembered, save when we visit their graves and read the inscription on the tombstone that marks their last resting place.

Montreal, January, 1866.

ARTIST.

A POSER FOR SIMPKINS.—*Employer (sternly)*: "Lato again, sir, as usual. What's the matter with your eye?" *Simpkins (who has a black eye)*: "Why you see, sir—unfortunate accident, sir. As I was sitting up studying the 'Commercial Oracle,' the candle went out and I struck my head against the bedpost." *Employer (grumpily)*: "Humph! Never heard four fingers and a thumb called a bedpost before."

* I am indebted for a deal of the information contained in this communication to the President of the Montreal Gymnasium, an old hand at fox-hunting.

REV. THOMAS CRISP.

DEAD.

The pained soul, the precious clay,
Are past all touch of pain;
God keep the dust we saw to-day,
And raise it up again,
To glad the eyes of those who weep
In hopeless anguish now,
Who see, unsoothed, the placid sleep
Of that beloved brow.

We at our thresholds never more,
The tireless feet shall hear,
That followed sorrow to our door,
With tender help and cheer.
The gentle sympathetic eyes,
The holy, human smile,
The words of comfort, kind and wise,
No more shall grief beguile.

From summer's heat, and winter's cold,
From labour nobly done,
The Master to His happy fold
Hath called His righteous son.
The breaking heart of Love is sure,
'Mid nature's bitter cry,
That he it yearns for, rests secure
In better company.

Weep for ourselves we must and may,
When every heart deplores;
Weep for the darkened home, whose stay
No coming time restores;
Weep for the sinner who no more
His faithful counsel hears;
Weep for the sick, the sad, the poor,
But he needs not our tears.

January, 1866.

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 411, Vol. I.

CHAPTER XII. THE SECRET EXPLAINED.

It was later than usual the next morning when Gertrude awoke. Hastily performing the business of the toilet, she proceeded to the school-room, where she was accustomed to spend an hour before breakfast. She was met at the door by her pupils, with the joyful information, that Captain Stanley had returned, and desired her to request an immediate interview with her.

"Shall I run and call him, Miss Carlyle," asked Cora, "he is very impatient to see you. You slept so long this morning, we thought you were never coming to hear us our lessons; and I was not at all sorry—for I do so wish to get a holiday."

"And you can have your wish, Cora," said Captain Stanley, at this moment presenting himself at the school-room door. "You and Bel can go to the nursery, and play; I want to speak to Miss Carlyle."

"Oh, I am so happy to see you! so very glad you have returned!" said Gertrude, as her pupils quickly made their exit, and left her alone with their uncle.

A smile of delight lit up the face of the young man at this avowal, and drawing Gertrude fondly towards him he kissed her passionately.

"I have been so anxious for your return," resumed Gertrude eagerly.

"And I have been dying of impatience to see you again, darling; every day seemed an age since we parted," interrupted Guy, looking with impassioned admiration on the blushing face of the young girl, whom he still fondly encircled with his arms. "I have seen Elwood and have found out everything. You are, without doubt, Gertrude Stanley, my own very dear cousin."

"But I had a particular reason for wishing to see you," continued Gertrude, anxious to reveal the discovery she had made, but Guy again interrupted her:

"Then it was not the very natural reason which my vanity suggested," he said, in a tone of disappointment, the bright look fading from his face.

"Oh, I did not mean that! You know, you must know, how glad I am to see you; but something has occurred since you left the Hall, and your presence here was so much required."

The expression of timid fondness in Gertrude's beautiful eyes, as she turned them on her lover, reassured him, and again the smile returned to his face.

"Explain yourself, dearest; what has occurred during my absence?" he asked eagerly.

"Oh, Guy! I have made such a discovery! I have seen my father! he is still alive!"

Guy was silent from amazement; his staring eyes demanded an explanation.

"He is even now in the Hall, a prisoner in the East tower."

"The tower which has been shut up so long. Good Heavens! can it be possible! how did you find this out?"

"You remember the story about Sir Cuthbert's ghost, which you told me before you left the Hall?"

"Yes. What has that to do with your discovery?"

"Much; it was my following the ghost in his nocturnal wanderings that led to it. Only think! It was Burton who used to disguise himself like Sir Cuthbert, to escape detection, in order to pay frequent visits to the East tower, where he has kept my unhappy father confined for years. Guy sprang to his feet in a frenzy of indignation. "The old villain; he shall hang for this if there is law or justice in England!" burst from him, in a voice choked with passion.

"He is beyond the reach of justice," observed Gertrude solemnly. "Guy, you would not wreak vengeance on the dying," she hastily added, as the excited young man was rushing to the door. "Have you not heard? Burton is not expected to live an hour."

"Did you inform Lady Stanley of this amazing discovery?"

"There is no necessity for doing so; her Ladyship is aware of it."

"Aware of it! Good Heavens! what a fiend my unfortunate brother married! What ignominy will she not bring upon her family. But how do you know this? Might not Burton have concealed his nefarious proceedings from her? but no; that seems scarcely possible."

"Last night Lady Stanley visited the East tower. Suspecting her intention, I was on the watch and followed her unperceived. I was present during her interview with Sir Rowland, though unseen by both. I do not know whether my conduct, in acting as a spy on Lady Stanley and her servant, is justifiable," said Gertrude thoughtfully, "and yet I was, as it were, led into it by circumstances; impelled, not from mere curiosity, but by some unaccountable influence which—"

"To be sure you were," interrupted Guy hastily. "It was God himself who led you, in his providence, to the Hall, and made you the instrument to bring to light this hidden iniquity. This is retribution—the great evil that wicked woman did you is paid back, by your being the means of bringing her to justice. But I want to know the particulars of this strange affair; tell me all you know about it—all you heard in the conversation last night;" and seating himself beside his cousin, Guy listened with absorbing interest to her recital. When she finished he rose with a look of determination.

"Now for a stormy interview with this vile foreigner," he said, as he moved towards the door. There he stopped a moment. "Retire to your own room, dearest Gertrude, and remain there till I bring you to the presence of your father. I go to release him."

Lady, or as we must now call her, Mrs. Stanley, was alone in the picture-gallery when Guy joined her. She was writing as he approached, and without looking up she coldly bade him good morning, as if she had only parted from him the day before—never alluding to his absence.

"Olivia," he said sternly, "I must have a few minutes conversation with you; put aside your

writing and give me your attention." She looked up enquiringly, and met his angry gaze.

"What has occurred to disturb the equanimity of your temper?" she asked, with a mocking smile.

"Much; more than you will like to hear," he replied, in accents of concentrated rage. "Do you know this likeness?" and he showed her Mrs. Elwood's, which he had brought from Montreal.

"How should I? it resembles, however, the description given of the woman who stole Sir Rowland's child; that is, I suppose, what you want me to acknowledge," she carelessly replied.

"It is strange you should forget the face of your early friend, Sophie Carlyle," remarked Guy, with a sneer.

His sister-in-law started, and a look of apprehension flashed over her face.

"What do you mean?" she asked with assumed boldness. "Who is Sophie Carlyle?"

"The person you bribed to steal Gertrude Stanley from the Hall, fifteen years ago. You start! you turn pale! Ha! you have reason to be afraid. Everything is discovered, and will soon be known to the world; and then in what a light will your character be revealed! Wicked woman, what disgrace you will bring on your dead husband and on your children!"

Mrs. Stanley looked aghast; but in a few moments she partly recovered her self-possession, as the thought occurred to her that the imprisonment of Sir Rowland could not be known to Guy; he could not possibly have discovered that.

"What discovery have you made?" she asked in a faltering voice, struggling to appear composed. "I plead guilty to the charge relative to the child; but of what more would you accuse me?—there is nothing more!"

"There is something more! a charge even more heinous. An accusation that will stamp your name with greater infamy," thundered the young man; "the imprisonment of Sir Rowland Stanley, the benefactor of you and your children, whom you have kept in woful captivity for years, while you were enjoying his princely fortune!"

Mrs. Stanley's self-possession entirely forsook her at this startling accusation; her breath came and went, and suddenly she fell back in her chair, white and rigid. She had fainted; the shock of hearing that all was known overwhelmed her. Guy gave himself no trouble to recover her. All pity for her was dead within his heart. He would not have cared at that moment if she never again opened her fierce black eyes. Insensible as a statue he stood looking on, while consciousness slowly returned.

"Who told you this—was it Burton?" faintly issued from her white lips, as sense and recollection came back.

"No; it was providentially revealed. There is such a thing as retribution, Madam! the vengeance of God, though for a time delayed, is sure. But I waste time. Give me the key of the east tower. Sir Rowland must be set at liberty."

Mrs. Stanley, without saying a word, rose from her seat, and with trembling steps left the picture-gallery. She felt like one in a dream, so suddenly had this storm burst upon her. Ten minutes passed and she did not return. Guy became impatient, but still he waited until a quarter of an hour had elapsed. He was about to go in search of her—a dark suspicion fixing itself in his mind—when she again appeared, entering the picture-gallery. He hastily advanced to meet her, holding out his hand for the key she carried. The short communing with herself in her apartment had partly restored her self-possession, and as she gave it to him she observed, with assumed calmness:

"Would it not be well for the sake of the family honour, to hide from the world the part I have taken in this affair about Sir Rowland Stanley. Publishing my complicity in Burton's crime, will only bring unmerited disgrace on your dead brother and his innocent children. It will do even more; it will render the noble name of Stanley a by-word, and cast opprobrium on every member of the family."

"Hah! you are wise, Madam, to try and hide yourself from justice behind the family honour."

said Captain Stanley, with mocking bitterness in his tone. "It is admirable cunning to thrust between you and the vengeful arm of the law the escutcheon of the Stanleys! It does not rest with me, however, to decide in this matter. That belongs to him whom you have so deeply injured. If he is willing to let you escape the punishment due to your crimes, and allow the guilt to rest upon Burton alone, in the matter of his captivity, and on Sophie Carlyle, as regards the stealing of his child, I will offer no opposition, for the sake of your children, whose misfortune it is to have such a mother. I go now to release Sir Rowland. Allow me to suggest that you make hasty preparation for leaving Stanley Hall, with your family. Your reign here is at an end. The fortune you have unjustly possessed is snatched from you with the honours you so long usurped."

Captain Stanley now turned haughtily away, casting on his sister-in-law a look of abhorrence and contempt, leaving her, secretly rejoicing that Burton was no more; and that she had nothing to fear from him, as dead men tell no tales. On leaving the picture-gallery, Captain Stanley hurried to the East tower, accompanied by some old domestics who hastened to testify their joy at seeing their kind master again. The sound of many steps ascending the stairs at this hour of the day broke startlingly on the ear of the lonely captive. He fixed his eyes with eager expectation on the door as he heard the key turning in the lock. The next moment it was flung wide open and some old familiar faces presented themselves before the astonished Baronet. With silent compassion they gazed upon him; his altered appearance telling a tale of suffering which touched every heart.

"You do not recognize me, I perceive," said Guy, advancing respectfully towards him and speaking in his usual frank and pleasant manner; "but I don't wonder at that. I was only a boy when you last saw me. I am Guy Stanley, your cousin, come to release you from this wretched prison."

The words fell on the Baronet's ear like words heard in a dream. "How did you find me out? Has Olivia relented? did she send you?"

"She send me! it would be the last thing she would think of!" muttered Captain Stanley; then in a louder voice he observed "Burton is dead! and all has been discovered. But, by George, I have been too precipitate!" continued Guy, in dismay, as he saw Sir Rowland sink back in his chair, overcome by the sudden rush of joy. "I should have broken the joyful news to him—he is going to faint! Here, Thomas, try if you cannot reach that high window; but no, there is nothing to stand on. Fling the key of the door up at it and knock out some of the panes: the room has been shut up so long, one can scarcely breathe."

Thomas quickly obeyed the Captain's orders, and soon a current of fresh air came rushing into the prison, fanning the wan face of the captive; and by its delicious coolness, bringing him back to consciousness. Tenderly Guy supported him in his arms, anxiously watching the white lips lose their rigidity, and the sunken eyes unclose.

"Oh, this release comes so unexpectedly! this joy is so intense! I can scarcely believe it real!" faltered the Baronet, his voice quivering with emotion, and bowing his face upon his hands he poured out his soul in silent gratitude to Him, who had at last removed the heavy affliction beneath which he had so long groaned.

It was with strange feelings of delight that Sir Rowland descended the stairs of his prison, and once more trod the halls of his ancestral mansion; and this joy was too great for description; even for distinct thought, when Captain Stanley brought his daughter to him, and he folded this deeply-mourning child in a long embrace. That she was his daughter could not be doubted; for Guy had found incontrovertible proof of this during his visit to Montreal. In an old bureau belonging to Mrs. Elwood was found a letter from Mrs. Stanley, the contents of which shewed that she had bribed Sophie Carlyle to steal away the Baronet's child.

News of the startling events of this day spread quickly and all Sir Rowland's old friends hast-

ened to the Hall to express their sympathy for his sufferings and their happiness at seeing him again. It was well that Burton was dead, for summary vengeance might have been exercised upon him had he been alive, so great was the feeling of indignation excited against him.

Sir Rowland Stanley, in pity to his young relatives, Bertha and Alfred, as well as for the sake of the honour of the family, concealed from the world the fact that Mrs. Stanley was aware of his captivity and that his other misfortunes were owing to her. He allowed her to depart from the Hall with her children, leaving her punishment to Him who has said "Vengeance is mine, I will repay."

It is now time to account for Burton's enmity to the Baronet and relate the manner in which, on the night of his disappearance he became a prisoner in Stanley Hall.

Burton entered the service of the Stanley family during the lifetime of Sir Rowland's father. He was always a disagreeable person, morose and taciturn. He married late in life, and a few years afterwards his wife died, leaving him one child who grew up a beautiful girl and became the object of his fondest affection. All the love his nature was capable of feeling was lavished on this daughter, and she became the idol of his old age. Unfortunately her beauty attracted the admiration of the young heir of Stanley Hall; his attentions flattered her vanity, and his professions of attachment won her affections. Yielding to his seductions, she secretly left the protection of her father and went to reside in lodgings at C—, where her betrayer frequently revisited her. For some time her father was ignorant of her abode, and the agony of grief and shame which he endured on her account may be more easily imagined than described. At length one night he was summoned in haste to receive her last sigh. She was dying in a premature confinement, suddenly cut off in the midst of life and health and sinful happiness. Oh, the horror of that death-bed scene! The fear and remorse of the departing soul, and the anguish and impotent rage of the old man, as he cursed the destroyer of his child! Kneeling beside the inanimate body of her who had been everything to him in life, he took a solemn oath to be revenged. However he concealed his bitter enmity to his young master, and continued to live at the Hall—watching an opportunity to carry his malignant intentions into execution.

Some years after this event the old Baronet died, and his son succeeded to the title and estate. Sir Rowland had now grown an older and a better man, and the sin of his youth often disturbed his conscience. But no repentance on his part could wipe out the stain of dishonour that rested on Mary Burton's name, nor compensate for the ruin of this idolized daughter. When trouble and anguish came upon the Baronet, when his child was stolen, and his wife dead, Burton rejoiced. It seemed as if Heaven was punishing the author of his woe; and yet the old man was not satisfied—his heart craved more—the desire for revenge which had taken possession of his soul could only be satisfied by he himself becoming the author of severe and constant suffering to Sir Rowland. How this was to be accomplished filled his thoughts; and an opportunity presented itself on the night when his master went to dinner at Templemore and rode home in the storm unattended.

There were vaults under Stanley Hall communicating with it by means of a stone stairs and a trapdoor in the floor of the East tower. This was known to Burton, and to other old servants in the family; but to the butler alone was known the fact there was a secret outlet from these vaults, opening on the beach, at some distance from the Hall. He had discovered it when a boy, living in the neighbouring village, and roaming about the shore for amusement. On the night to which I have just alluded, Burton stationed himself at this outlet about ten o'clock, and peering through the gloom watched for the appearance of his master, who was in the habit of returning this way from Templemore. The tide had risen and had flooded the narrow way at the foot of the rocks dashing four feet deep in some places. The night was dark; but occasionally the moon

breaking through the heavy masses of clouds, cast a momentary gleam on the foaming waters. During a transient lull of the wind, Burton's anxious ear heard the sound of a horse galloping in the distance. Soon it came nearer, then suddenly ceased, as the horse dashed into the surging water. Straining his eyes to pierce the gloom, Burton caught sight of the horseman as he struggled through the waves and approached the rock where he stood. A moonbeam glancing on his face revealed the features of Sir Rowland. He called loudly to encourage him; the sound of his servant's voice reassured the Baronet; he felt that he would not be unaided in that moment of peril—it incited him to new exertions. Manfully he struggled with the fierce element, which threatened every instant to overwhelm him, and nobly did his horse aid his efforts, by breasting the foaming waves. After a desperate struggle, Sir Rowland succeeded in reaching the rock where Burton stood guiding him by his voice. Firmly grasping his master's arm the butler helped him to alight; but the horse they were obliged to let go, and it quickly disappeared in the thick darkness.

"Can we climb the cliff, Burton? if we stay here much longer the waves will reach us," observed Sir Rowland after he had recovered from the exhaustion produced by his late violent efforts.

"That would be impossible, and is not necessary; there is another and easier way to reach home."

"How? Explain yourself, Burton?"

"Through this subterranean passage, which will lead us through the vault to the Hall. But first Sir Rowland, drink some of this cordial to prevent your taking cold, as you pass in your wet clothes through the damp passage," and the butler producing a flask, the Baronet drank freely, for he was cold and shivering.

"How thoughtful of you to come so well provided; but how is it you meet me here, Burton?"

"I expected you would come by the beach, and as I knew the road was flooded, I thought it would be well to be on the watch to aid you in case of danger."

"And you have indeed aided me! you have saved my life, Burton! I have had a narrow escape; thank God for it!"

A peculiar smile played over the features of the old man, as he silently led the way into the subterranean passage. The entrance was narrow and hidden by a small rock, which Burton pushed aside to allow them to creep through. He had provided himself with a dark lantern and the dim light of this guided them through the gloom. As they proceeded Sir Rowland complained of sudden illness, and leaned heavily on the arm of his servant. After a while consciousness seemed about to forsake him, and he walked like one in a dream. There was a dungeon chamber in these vaults wherein years gone by more than one poor wretch had ended his days. Into this the butler led his half-unconscious master, and pointing to a stone seat proposed he should rest there a few minutes, until he felt better. Sir Rowland, helpless and almost insensible, sank upon it, glad to find a place of rest. The next minute his head drooped upon his breast; the opiate which Burton had administered in the cordial took effect and he fell into a deep sleep. When he awoke it was to find himself alone, in utter darkness and a prisoner, for on groping about the walls of the dungeon, he found a door, but also found that it was locked, for it resisted his violent efforts to open it. A terrible fear crept into his mind, and reason almost forsook him. Hour after hour passed. At length a faint light pierced the Egyptian darkness of the dungeon and approaching footsteps broke the deathlike stillness that reigned around. Through an aperture in the wall a light beamed on the miserable captive, and the face of Burton, demoniacal in its expression, appeared. Sir Rowland now learned the reason of his servant's conduct, his worst fears were confirmed, he was a prisoner, completely in the power of his cruel and secret foe. In vain did he storm and threaten the old man laughed at his impotent rage. Promises were equally futile to move the butler to relent. The possession of the Baronet's broad

acres would not have tempted him to forego his revenge. Bitterly was Sir Rowland made to suffer for the sin of his youth; and in remorse and anguish and despair many weeks passed slowly away. Under this hopeless suffering, his health gave way. Burton feared that he would die, and cheat him of his revenge; he therefore removed his weak and helpless victim to the East tower, the Baronet gladly following as he led the way feeling that it would be a great amelioration to his misery to look again upon the light of day. This change had a beneficial effect; Burton also allowing his prisoner better food, he soon recovered and was enabled to drag on a miserable existence for some years, until he was released in the manner just related.

At Christmas, Lady Templemore, with her niece, returned to her residence near Stanley Hall. Her acquaintance with Sir Rowland was renewed, and a lasting friendship commenced between Gertrude Stanley and Lady Rosalie Gascoigne. Her Ladyship was frequently at the Hall, and there she often met the Rev. Philip Trevyllian; for among the Baronet's many acquaintances none was a more welcome guest than the young clergyman who had been his daughter's friend in the day of adversity.

It was about this period that a piece of unexpected good fortune befel Philip. A distant relative—one of the aristocratic Trevyllians died, and left him a fortune of ten thousand a year. Being now in a position to claim the hand of Lady Rosalie whose heart he knew was already his own, he was no longer silent on the subject of his passion, and Philip was not an unsuccessful suitor. Lady Templemore gave her consent, and the Lady Rosalie once more stood before the altar—but this time not an unwilling bride.

From the time of his removal from the Hall the health of Alfred Stanley visibly declined. Whether it was the loss of fortune or separation from Gertrude that preyed upon his spirits and snapped the delicate thread of his existence, I cannot say. His death, however, was perhaps the severest punishment that could be inflicted on his guilty mother. By this event, Guy Stanley became the next heir to the baronetcy, and being induced by Sir Rowland to retire from the navy, he took up his residence at Stanley Hall. As a reward for this compliance with his wishes the Baronet bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter.

And now leaving my heroes and heroines in the possession of every earthly blessing I shall let the curtain fall, lest if I proceed any farther in their history, I might have to recount griefs and trials, for of such materials is the web of life woven.

THE END.

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET, AND HOW I GOT MARRIED.

CHAPTER I.

MY name is John Brant. I was born in Caduca, C.W., and lived there until I was twenty-one, and I believe the Caduca Academy had counted me among its best pupils. I knew that I had my own way to make, and was determined to lay the educational foundation as broad and deep as the limited resources at my command would permit. I had heard that knowledge was power—and I looked upon Algebra and Euclid and the whole academic course as the rudimentary steam-engine with which I should sometime run a train of first-class cars, freighted full of hope and worldly success into some great depot of happiness. I looked upon education as a tool-chest—as something to work with, and I resolved that my axes should be as sharp as the sharp-

est. My horizon was narrow, but a mirage of the great world loomed up in the distance; and I saw its lofty towers and gilded turrets pictured in the clouds above me. I had seen so much of the pinching ills of poverty, that I had begun to consider what is called "Success in life" as the grand object to be attained, and in pursuit of

this success, determined to leave Caduca at once for New York, and try my fortune in the great city where fortunes are made as if by magic, and lost without any magic at all. I should have one chance in my favour,—I had no fortune to lose.

The space to which I am limited will not permit me to describe all my relations, or to tell everything I thought and did. Therefore, the reader will take it for granted that I had parents, and uncles, and aunts, and my own "views" on political and religious subjects. I had been a regular attendant at the orthodox church of the Rev. Theophilus Winter, and on leaving he kindly gave me a letter of introduction to his friend, the Rev. Jonathan Silk, who was pastor of a prominent congregation in the great Gotham to which I was going.

"Thirty-first Street depot," said the conductor as, after a long ride by the Central and Hudson River railroad, finished off with a tired nap at the end, I found myself at my journey's end, with just forty dollars in my pocket as the nucleus of that fortune I was bound to make. The never-ending roar of the city traffic seemed to me like the rushing of a mighty torrent, and the glare of the street lights and the shop lights, and the bustle and the shouting and the hurrying crowd dazzled and bewildered me.

I awoke the next morning in a modest boarding-house to which I had been recommended, and after swallowing a black liquid called coffee, and which may have been as like coffee as two peas and yet not have been coffee at all, I prepared to look for a situation. I did not intend to apply for the presidency of an insurance company or a steamship line, to begin with; nor was I so humble as the countryman who, in similar circumstances, said, "he would like to be cashier of a bank, or he would work in a tan-yard." I had a letter of introduction from a Mr. Peck, to Mr. Weeks, of the firm of Weeks, Work & Co., in Pearl street, which I called and presented. I found Mr. Weeks in his back office reading the "Times." "Ah!" said he, glancing over my letter, "when did you arrive from Canada, and how is Mr. Peck? And so Mr. Brant, you are going to try your luck in New York? I must say, I am sorry for you. New York never was so full of young men, sir—no never! Nothing for them to do here, sir! Why I advertised yesterday for a young man at five dollars a week, who could write a good hand—parties to address their replies to E. E., Herald office. I passed there at one o'clock and inquired if there were any letters for "E. E." The clerk replied "Yes," and stepped behind a window and, as I supposed, instead of attending to me, commenced packing a bundle the size of a peach basket. My dander was a little up, and I sharply requested him to give me "E. E.'s" letters, and not keep me waiting all day, when he handed me out a package as large as I could carry, wrapped up in a newspaper. If you will believe it, I had two hundred and thirteen letters in that bundle, and the writers were all willing to work at five dollars a week, sir! I never went back for the rest, but I presume they would have brought five dollars for old paper."

(To a new arrival)—"That sugar is fourteen cents a pound; we have never sold it for less, but as it is you, we might try to make it thirteen and three quarters."

"Yes, Mr. Brant, the city is very full, but if I can do anything for you let me know. Good morning, good morning, Mr. Brant."

Here was little encouragement; but if the city was full, I was not the less resolved to shake myself down into it somewhere. It would be strange if, in a city from which five hundred are carried every week, and laid away in the silent halls of death, one more of the living could not find a place. It would not do for me to wait for something to turn up. I must go to work and turn up something. I answered advertisements by letter, but without effect, when one morning I saw a notice that the City Hall Fire Insurance Co. desired a book-keeper. Here, thought I, is a chance at last. The next stage brought me in sight of the Company's office; but, from the crowd that surrounded it, I thought there was a fire in the vicinity, and looked out for the en-

gines. But no! the crowd were all applicants for the same situation. The company did not dare open their office-doors for fear of being overwhelmed; and finally the president mounted the steps and thanked them profoundly for their devotion to the interests of his establishment, but stated that he had already engaged three men on trial, who had seen the manuscript of his advertisement at the newspaper-office the previous afternoon.

I had almost reached that bottom dollar, which to the poor man is the vanishing ghost of hope and the index of a swiftly-coming despair, when, walking through Murray street one day in almost a disconsolate mood, I saw a large pile of goods in front of a dry-goods store, and great haste evidently being made to get them placed upon the numerous drays and carts in waiting. I was desperate, and lifting my hat to a gentleman who seemed to be an employer, I said,

"Can I lend you a hand, sir?"

He was just going away with a short nod when something in my appearance must have attracted his attention, and he turned and asked

"Do you know anything about dry-goods?"

"No, sir! but I am ready to learn about anything, if you will have the goodness to give me a trial."

"Very well, if you choose to help load these boxes, you can report to me afterwards in the counting room."

Heliogabalus never sat down to a feast of larks-tongues with more zest or a keener enjoyment than I stripped off my coat, delighted with the prospect of something to do. I obtained a situation as assistant packer and porter, and was quite as well satisfied as if I had been made cashier. I knew if my foot was once on the ladder nothing could prevent me from going up. I was the first at the store and the last away from it, and mastered every detail of the business as I ascended. I thoroughly identified myself with my employers' interests, and did everything for them as I would have done it for myself. This devotion on my part was entirely selfish, for I simply looked upon it as the best way of getting on. If I had been content to be always a packer and porter, I should have only done a fair day's work for a fair day's wages, and that would have been the end of it. In a year I was assistant cashier, and my opinions were solicited on all important questions connected with the business. It was a part of my duty to dispose of the uncurrent money received during the day to the brokers in Wall St., and in so doing I made the acquaintance of Eli Nichols, who stood near the head of his trade. Nichols had frequently taken occasion to enter into conversation with me in relation to money and business—thinking that I manifested some tact for financial operations—and suggested that I come into "the street." About that time the rebellion broke out; the dry-goods house with which I was connected failed from its large losses in the Southern trade, and with thousands of other young men I again found myself out of employment.

CHAPTER II.

"The man who don't make a fortune in Wall street in two years is a fool," said Sam Hallet on the day after Sumter was fired upon, and yet, with all his acknowledged smartness, Sam Hallet didn't do it. It is not difficult to start a movement in Wall street, the only trouble is to stop it at the right time: a little push sets the rock rolling from the mountain-top, but no human force can arrest its progress until it reaches the bottom.

On the first day of January, 1861, I rented desk-room in the basement of a rear-office at No. 200 Wall street (the building is torn down now, so you need not look for it), and I put up my tin sign "JOHN BRANT, Stock and Note Broker." I went around among my friends and acquaintances that I had made in Murray street, and solicited their orders, to buy or sell stocks on commission, or to obtain discounts for their paper. I had arranged with Eli Nichols, who was a member of the stock-board, to transact all the business I could bring him in stocks, and divide the profits. He also undertook to inform me who were the leading bill or note discounters—so that

when I had customers for money, I should know where to find it.

I soon became acquainted with Henry Deams, who had desk-room in the same office as myself, and who, I found, had recently failed and was embarking in the same pursuit. By invitation I spent an evening at his lodgings. I found them in Bleecker street, two blocks west of Broadway, in what was once a fashionable part of the city, but which had been deserted by its former occupants twenty years ago—in a general movement uptown. On ringing the bell, I was shown to the second floor and into a front parlour, where I was met by Deams at the door. I was surprised to see a "ruined man" surrounded by such elegant accommodations.

"You see," said Deams "that if I have failed, I am still determined to be a man—I am not going to sink down to the level of a brute, and live in a kennel, because I have lost my money again—I say again, for this is the third time I have been unfortunate in business since I begun. No, sir! I have too much respect for this body of mine not to take good care of it. It is always the brains' most obedient servant—and it is only decent for the master to see his servants well cared for. Especially when they are of that sort that never leave their situation, and ask nothing for their services but their board and clothes—and beside, my dear fellow, when this servant leaves us, we are either discharged or go with him to a new place."

"I confess, Mr. Deams, I had never thought the body as being only the servant of the soul, and I am not now prepared to admit it, specious as the argument may be made to appear. If it is, then why should the soul strive to accumulate riches for the benefit of the body, when the soul can take no part in their enjoyment? If it is, why should we plunge into Wall street at all?"

"Ah! Mr. Brant, we won't go into metaphysics just now. However it strikes me that you and I have our fortunes to make. I have failed in business three times. First, because I begun too young, and was therefore compelled to learn from that costly teacher, experience. Second—I sent a partner to California who proved to be a swindler—and here let me say, that I don't think I was to blame in that matter, for all of us have to trust somebody. The whole mercantile fabric would tumble down if we did not, but I trusted the wrong man. I went out to see what I could save from the wreck, and put some papers in a lawyer's hands for settlement. I knew prices were high there, and thought if he should charge a fee of five hundred dollars, I should get off cheap; but if he charged a thousand, I would remonstrate. Don't you think he sent me a bill for seven thousand and odd, and I had to pay it! I compromised that failure with my creditors, and as I had a large trade acquaintance with the South, I went into partnership with a new firm, with capital, and in five years thought myself quite independent again, and now this rebellion has swept everything away. Our debts have been confiscated by the rebel government, and besides, my debtors can't pay if they would. You see I set out in life resolved to be rich, and with riches I intended to marry, found a family, and then be one of the most respectable as well as the most comfortable citizens of New York. Now I have failed completely so far, and I don't like it. I have surrendered everything to my creditors, and now I am going in for the fourth time, to make a spoon or spoil a horn. The world owes me the spoon, and I am bound to have it—and for me I believe Wall street is the place to make it."

I must say that, worldly as I was, Mr. Deams' temper and disposition were not to my taste. There was a complete selfishness about him, an utter prostration of all the finer feelings and sensibilities, that fell coldly upon my younger and more susceptible nature; but I felt too young and inexperienced to combat his philosophy, and I looked up to him as a man who had seen the world, and whose opinions were entitled to a certain respect when taken from his point of view. Deams continued:

"I am going to hold on to my box here if I can. I don't like to surrender the easy-chair in which I have smoked my morning cigar these last ten years, nor give up my spacious parlour,

and airy sleeping chamber, my books and pictures, foils and gloves, for the hall bedroom or back-attic of a common boarding-house. I shall go in to win this time—you see if I don't. I don't mean to be too scrupulous as to the means I employ. Take a cigar, won't you? No! You don't smoke?—well, I shan't tell you not to learn. I have smoked three cigars a day for fifteen years, and never a fourth unless I have a friend with me in the evening. Everybody takes his little stimulant of some sort—the old lady her tea, her spouse his coffee, the labourer his beer, if nothing worse, while I confess I find my comfort with a mild Havana. I am no philanthropist, but I must say that I have some affection for the red man who first used the weed, and I offer up burnt incense to his memory after every meal."

"But now, let us talk business. You have gone into Wall street, as I suppose, to make money. Am I correct?"

"Yes, undoubtedly. I wish to make money in an honest way."

"Very well, I take it that you are not going there to be a producer. You are not going to raise corn or make boots, or even to start a bank and lend out a million dollars."

I laughed at the preposterousness of those ideas. Deams continued,—

"You have no money to lend, and you don't propose to raise or make anything that will sell for it. In short, you intend to act as a broker between people who have money and those who have not, and put the big and little percentages in your own pocket."

I replied that I supposed there was truth in his statement.

"That may be all very well; but large fortunes are not made by small brokers nor small brokerages. It may do to begin with, while you are surveying the ground; but you will learn before you are through, that Wall street is a chess-board, and that in the general way, a few master minds make the successful moves. Now I think you and I may work together with advantage. You are young, fresh, and, as I understand, ready with the pen. I have an older head; but I am easily fatigued, and unable to carry out all the plans I would put in execution. Suppose we put our horses to the same waggon. If we don't pull well together, we can only separate. You will be none the worse for having a pilot whose ship has been on the rocks. I don't propose any partnership; but while we occupy the same office we may as well play into one another's hands."

I should have felt more flattered by this proposal if Deams had not been a broken-down man; but as it was, I was too much like a shipwrecked sailor on a strange shore, not to take the first friendly hand that was offered me.

CHAPTER III.

The next morning we sketched out our plan. Deams said, "We don't wish to get the reputation of being note-brokers. The only two firms that do a business worth naming in that line, have spent a longer life-time in building a reputation than I have left to me, and your curb-stone broker is always a poor devil, who, after failing in everything else, takes to the street as poor as he can be until he holds out his hat for pennies. And then we should not have half a chance as stock-brokers. We cannot be even eligible to admission to the board until we have been a year in the business, and we have not the indispensable three thousand dollars to put up as the initiation fee. No, sir! we must be negotiators and operators, not of your little lots of business paper at a beggarly commission of an eighth per cent, nor of tuppenny mortgages, but of bonds—bonds or stocks by the million. I don't mean to have much to do with thousands."

"But where are you to get the bonds to negotiate. Will you undertake the next government loan?"

"No, sir; the profit is too small in that direction. Securities in poorer credit will pay better. The more difficult it is for your needy customer to get his money, the more liberally will he pay his broker—beg pardon, I mean negotiator. You know that Congress has just authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to issue another hundred millions of greenbacks,—

speculation will soon be rampant, and borrowers and their bubbles will be thick as swallows in summer. When money is plenty the great maw of speculation is always open to swallow it up."

While our larger plans were being perfected, I sometimes stepped into the office of Eli Nichols. One morning he said:

"I wish you would go down the street and buy me some land warrants—all you can find at 96. If you should happen to find any, which I don't think you will, have them sent to your office in an hour for payment."

I accordingly called on all the leading brokers and inquired the price of land-warrants. They were generally quoted at ninety-two to ninety-four, but with none on hand. I regretted this, as I was authorized to buy all they had at ninety-six; and returned to EH with my report. "All right," said he. In an hour after, he had sent messengers to every place I had visited, each to offer a few warrants for sale at ninety-five. The bait took and five hundred warrants were sold. But the joke was that Eli was well-known to be the largest dealer in land-warrants in the country, the others buying and selling only from day to day, and at three o'clock that afternoon the identical five hundred were returned to him for sale. "No, gentlemen, I am not buying warrants," was Eli's answer; and the market was not above ninety for a month, and Eli made fifteen hundred dollars. I was entirely innocent in the transaction, and was afterwards mortified to learn that I had been made a stool-pigeon. It was but a petty dodge, and but indifferent honest, but there are many brokers of a low class who think such dodges the perfection of business talent.

CHAPTER IV.

The reader is not to suppose that I had been altogether unsusceptible to female influences during my residence in the city. It was always as natural for me to bend towards a woman as for a plant to grow towards the sun; but, as a stranger, I knew scarcely any one but my landlady. I had presented my letter of introduction to the Rev. Jonathan Silk, of St. Barnabas', and had rented a seat in a side-pew of his church. At his request, I had taken charge of a juvenile class in the Sunday-school—but I went in and out before the church and congregation, Sunday-school included, for more than a year, only as the entire stranger that I really was. The deacon who offered me the plate on Sunday never offered me his hand on Monday, and the very teachers I met in the Sunday-school did not seem inclined to meet me anywhere else.

At St. Barnabas' I sat near a family by the name of Worth, one of whose members could but attract my attention, as she did that of every admirer of beauty. She was tall, but so finely developed and proportioned as not to appear so, easy and graceful in every movement, with a chest so strong and full of health that no burglar-frost or wasting-consumption could ever rob it of its wealth of sound lungs, and an arm that tapered from the shoulder to the finger tips in a swelling line of beauty that was unbroken by an angle. Her face was almost a straight line from the top of the forehead to the tip of the nose, that stood sentinel for the cherriest lips and the most pearly teeth. I still think that I never saw such a neck—one that so lightly poised such a well-rounded head on such perfect shoulders. Her blonde complexion and blue eyes were in exact harmony, while her fair hair, neither pale nor golden, as bright but just as impossible to paint as the sunlight, was the talk of the town. It is not surprising that she attracted my particular notice, and as she came almost exactly in the line of vision between my seat and the pulpit, it is no wonder that when my eyes were weary of remaining at an angle of thirty degrees, they sometimes dropped to a level with Mr. Worth's pew—and I always gave them all the remainder of the sermon after seventhly, to rest there. I had begun to worship her as the Parsee does the sun—at a distance—but as I had never been introduced, I of course had never spoken to her, nor she to me, except to say thank you, one day when I had picked up her fan. I learned that her name was Mary, that her father

was a bank president who had once been a successful merchant, and that her mother was one of the most active dispensers of her own and the church's charities.

I made her acquaintance in this way. One hot noon in July, when the mercury at Delatour's marked the nineties, Deams said:

"Let us go down to Long Branch and stay over Sunday."

"Done and done," I replied, and so we took the steamer "Highland Light" in the midst of a crowd of twelve hundred, started down the bay, and arrived at the "Branch" in due season.

"Let us go to the Mansion House," said Deams, "Mrs. Lincoln stops there."

We accordingly jumped into a carriage at the depot, and hurried away to the office of the hotel, only to find it besieged by an impatient crowd, all demanding rooms.

"Let us go to the Congress, there is no chance here."

But it was the same at the Congress, and the same everywhere, until we were finally offered a billiard table for a couch at Green's. However, Green thought he did better when he gave us a sort of out-house furnished with two children's cots and a broken chair. I presume I should have rested well enough, except that my cot stood near a broken window, and an old horse, who evidently mistook me for a hay-rack or a peck of oats, was unceasing in his efforts to get in.

The three miles of the great plateau at the Branch had never been so thronged before, Gentile and Jew, Pharisee and Sadducee, rich but none very poor. Philadelphia Quakeresses and Baltimore belles swept past in carriages and paraded past under parasols on foot.

I determined to stay over for a day or two, while Deams went up to the city again on Monday. The beach at the Branch is very abrupt, and indeed is nothing more than a long low bluff, some thirty or forty feet high, of crumbling earth, at which old ocean keeps pounding away year after year. At eleven on Monday, I went with the crowd for a bath. The thousands who were plunging and swimming in the tumbling surf for a distance of two miles, were but as so many specks in the water, and all appeared like school-boys on a frolic.

I donned a bathing dress, and took to the water. What a luxury it is to watch for the great waves as they come rolling in, and to catch the crest of the billow, as it tumbles over you in spray! And how everybody looks! Dolphins and mermaids preserve us! You would not know your own mother? Hold on to the rope! Be careful of the undertow! Don't go outside the safety-line, for accidents, and cruel ones too, have happened! Brave men have lost their lives in trying to save women from perishing!

What is that shriek for help? A lady drowning! This way! she went down there, there just beyond the buoy! I always could swim like Leander, and I had noticed that the undertow did not go directly out to the ocean beneath the surface water, but was thrown to the south, in the direction in which I was standing, in a deep and powerful channel. While some cried for boats! boats!! and some for ropes! ropes!! not more than a dozen were ready to do anything but scream, and most of that dozen were straining their eyes vainly towards the sea. I swam to a sort of whirlpool, into which I thought it most likely the unfortunate lady would be drawn. The great difficulty was, that the waves ran so high about and above my head that I could see nothing at a distance. It seemed as if I had lived a year in the half minute in which I was swimming around, reaching under the water in every direction without success. Then I heard a shout from the bank. To the right! to the right!! evidently intended for me. I looked, but saw nothing. There! a little more to the right!! came another shout. Turning in that direction, I perceived something floating. It might have been sea-weed for ought I could tell, until I caught a gleam of the dancing light across it, and as it sank out of sight, the thought flashed across my mind in an instant that it was my neighbour of St. Barnabas. What I saw could only be Mary Worth's tresses of sunshine.

I think I can remain cool in most emergencies, but it required all my self-command to keep from fainting on the spot. With a great effort I made my startled nerves stand still, and struck forward to a point nearly at right-angles from my position, towards which I know the current would drift her. It was only a chance, for in the midst of the foam I could see little or nothing; but I went under, determined not to come up until I had found the object of my search. I thought I could live without air, and pushed forward now towards one point and then to all points in swift succession, until nature was almost exhausted. The salt water was gurgling in my throat, and I already heard that heavy drumming of the waves in my ears, which is said to be the funeral march of the soul as it leaves the body. I was just on the verge of despair and unconsciousness, when my fingers touched and grasped something that was floating by. Success always gives us new life, and in a moment I had dragged the precious burden to the surface.

I knew nothing more for an hour; but when consciousness was restored, I found myself in a spacious chamber, wrapped in blankets with hot water at my feet, a physician holding my hand, and a kind motherly face beaming over me. I opened my lips to speak, when a finger was gently laid upon them, and the physician said "you must remain perfectly quiet." But my anxiety on one point could not be controlled—I faintly whispered, "The lady, is she safe?"

"She is doing as well as you are," was the reply. I soon sank into that profound slumber which always follows the sudden prostration of high physical energies, in which I remained until near the sunrise on the following day.

The next morning after my salt water adventure, the physician found out that the young lady whose life I had saved was, indeed, Miss Mary Worth, the daughter of Marmaduke Worth, Esq., the highly honourable and respectable president of the bank of Mutual Safety, one of the oldest and most solid institutions in Wall Street, and that the lady herself was quite out of danger. It was true that her nervous system had received a severe shock, but for that, rest and time would have been the best physicians.

I had scarcely received this information, when Mr. Marmaduke Worth himself entered the room. I had but just time to notice that he was a portly man of easy manners, with a full face and the rudimentary double chin, which generally indicates good living and good nature. I had hardly opportunity to take this observation when he exclaimed:

"I am delighted, sir, to have the opportunity of thanking you for the inestimable service you have rendered me in saving the life of my daughter. From what I can learn, she would not have been living if it had not been for your bravery. Words are altogether inadequate to express my thanks; in which Mrs. Worth and my daughter most heartily join, and which they will certainly offer in person," and here Mrs. Worth entered, and taking my hands in hers, with all the charm of a woman's ways, expressed her gratitude over and over again. I think I never was so conscious of our obligations to gentle woman as when she bathed my head and softly parted my hair, and rendered me all those little delicate attentions which no one but a lady can bestow. I made the usual disclaimers of any particular obligation.

"I should have done the same thing, if possible, for anybody." "It was only an act of common humanity." "I was only more favoured than others in having had the opportunity of being useful," &c., &c.

"You may think so, Mr. Brant, for such I hear is your name, but let me assure you that your conduct is quite in contrast with that of another gentleman, who had voluntarily assumed the special charge of my daughter while taking her bath. I learn, sir, it was through his representations that she was induced to go out so far, and when the two were thrown off their feet, although a fair swimmer, he directed his energies to getting to shore, and left Mary to perish—the villain!"

The next day I was up and in my easy chair, and

a day later, I was informed that Miss Mary Worth desired to see me. I was shown to her room by her mother, and found the invalid reclining upon a lounge—pale and languid, her hair like a glory around the head of the Madonna, and more beautiful than ever. A delicate blush rose to her cheeks as she held out her hands to me, and her lips trembled as she endeavoured to express her emotions in words. I don't now remember what she said—Indeed, I think she said very little; but I do think that my eyes rested upon her more complacently than they did even at St. Barnabas', after the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Silk's seventeenthly. Mary was too weak to endure a prolonged interview, even if I had had the indiscretion to remain.

Don't think I was in love with her—we don't fall in love with the outside of anything, and the form is only the temple in which the young lover's goddess is placed. They are beautiful temples that contain very ugly divinities, and there are

"Divinities that shape our ends
Rough hew them as we will,"—

whose earthly temples are anything but attractive. As we became stronger, we were often together on the shore, watching the never peaceful but always restless ocean, as its waves were thrown in upon the beach with a sullen roar—or the rising moon, as in quiet majesty she rose up out of the eastern horizon—magnificently regal queen of the night. How charming it was to sit there, just at the end of the great gilded track the moon made, as if it were a road our hopes might travel over into some future, that should be as much brighter than the present, as the golden sheen on the water was brighter than the dull earth we walked on!

I have no doubt I talked a great deal of this sort of sentiment, and that I was in a way encouraged to do it. However, I don't think it bears repetition, and I shall not undertake to repeat it, although it is the very champagne of life—sparkling and sweet, but like the wine, I think it would lose its sparkle and sweetness if exposed too long to the open air.

I soon perceived that the confidential place I now held in Mr. Worth's family was not in every way agreeable. Mary's young friends were teasing her without limit. She was constantly asked "when she was going to marry her preserver?"—"when the cards were to be sent out?" and "how soon the bridal presents were to be sent in?" And Mr. and Mrs. Worth could not be insensible to similar remarks that were jestingly made in their presence. Grateful as they certainly were to me, they evidently thought that a son-in-law should possess other qualifications than those which he might happen to share with a Newfoundland dog. They were polite, but I could but notice a certain constraint in their manner and an evident watchfulness over the movements of their daughter.

I was now almost as well as ever, and on the Sunday evening following the accident I mentioned my intention to return to New York the next day. Mr. Worth evidently desired to say something or do something to relieve himself of the obligation he assumed he was under, and made enquiries as to my business prospects and how he might promote them. Mrs. Worth hoped I would come to see them when they should be settled in the city in the fall; but when I enquired if I should have the pleasure of saying good-bye to the daughter, I was informed that she was too indisposed to leave her room. But as I drove away in the morning I could not resist the temptation to look up at her window, and I shall never forget how happy I was to see her standing there to waive me an adieu.

To be continued.

Ignorance—A dark place where poor people are allowed to grope about till they hurt themselves, or somebody else.

Monk—A coward, who sneaks off the battlefield, and hides in a ditch.

Candle—One whose fate is to die of consumption, but who constantly makes light of his misfortune.

Life—Our drop in the ocean of eternity.

REAL BRIGANDS.

WE stated in a late number that Mr. Moens, the English gentleman who was taken prisoner by the Italian brigands, was about to publish an account of his adventures. The book has appeared, and we extract the following notice of it from an English publication:

There never was a book which took all the romance out of a thing more completely than this dashing and unaffected narrative of the English traveller who went down to Pæstum, and fell among thieves by the way. From the first page to the last there is not a single trait of heroism to enliven the prosaic brutality of the men. Nothing but hardship, selfishness, and fear. Like the savage, whose mode of living he affects, the brigand's whole existence is one of suspicion and terror. He is afraid of everything—of sickness, of death, of the peasants, of the soldiers, of his kinsfolk, of his wife. At every turn some peril, beyond the usual peril of human life, meets him face to face; and familiarity, far from producing contempt of danger, only serves to sharpen his faculties in the perception of it, and to keep his fears for ever alive. Even in the ordinary danger of their trade they are cowards. When the soldiers were once close to some of them, "Pavoni's teeth were all chattering, and he was as white as a sheet; Scope was the same, and lying on the ground; and Antonio was in such a state of fear and shaking, that he kept striking his gun against the rocky sides of the cave, and making a great noise, to the dismay of all. I sat down on a stone, and to reassure them, said 'Courage, courage; eat a little; and, to set the example, took some bread and meat out of my pocket, and began eating it. My doing so enraged them to a great extent, and they said, 'What a fool you are to begin to eat when you will be dead in two minutes!'"

"All the time I was in their hands," says Mr. Moens, "I used to inquire the prices of various articles of food in the towns, and got a very accurate idea of what the brigands paid for them; a pezzo, their term for a ducat, equal to three shillings and fourpence, was the peasants' ordinary price for a loaf weighing two rotoli (equal to about three and a half pounds English); this costs from threepence to sixpence in the towns, according to whether it was made of rye, maize, or wheat, but it made no difference in the price paid by the brigands. A coarse cotton shirt cost them two and a half ducats, or eight shillings and fourpence; and washing one, a ducat, or three shillings and fourpence; each cartridge for a revolver cost the same, and everything else in proportion. From a calculation I made when with them, I do not think that a band consisting of from twenty-five to thirty men would spend less than four thousand pounds a year for absolute necessities, and the rest of their spoils would be lent out among their friends in the country at ten per cent interest. I recommended them to try Italian five per cent stock, as being safer than landing money on personal security. But they said they never lost any, and they feared the stock being confiscated by government."

Thus, the peasant is the great supporter and the great gainer by brigandage; though on the other hand it may be said that the risk he runs in carrying on any correspondence with the brigands renders it absolutely necessary that he should be well paid to make it worth his while. Indeed, between the authorities on the one side, with fine and imprisonment, or even death, as the punishment for collusion with the brigands—and the brigands on the other; with a vendetta carried out to the last extreme should any information be given to the authorities, and irreparable damage done to standing crops, to whole villages, and to individuals should there be persistent refusal to forward supplies—the poor peasant has a difficult time of it. Very wary walking between his two hard task-masters is necessary to keep his place in life.

Mr. Moens says but little concerning the presumed political connexion between the brigands and Rome, and the ex-king. Certainly no part of his ransom, he believes, went either to Rome, or to any part of the province of Salerno. He

saw it himself paid and distributed, each man present at the time of the capture getting his share, and a certain per-centage kept back for the general expenses of the band. But he was told by them that Apulia was the head-quarters of brigandage, and that there they had a general named Crocco, who they said was in communication with Rome. He asked how many men this Crocco had under him, and was answered, "A thousand men and many captains, as well as six hundred men in the Basilicata." They also told him that, in 1861, Spanish generals came to lead those fighting for Francis the Second against Victor Emmanuel, and that one of them named Borjès had an enormous black beard, which they said he always held in his left hand when he drank milk, of which he was very fond. Their sympathies go decidedly with Bomda, in preference to Il Rè Galantuomo; for once when the conversation was becoming dangerously personal concerning Mr. Moens's ears, and "his beard with his chin attached," to turn the subject he asked Manzo, the captain, what they would do with Victor Emmanuel if they caught him? "They all chuckled at such an idea, and Manzo declared that he would have ten millions of ducats and then kill him. To Francis the Second, if they caught him, they said they would give a good dinner and then release him."

As a rule, Mr. Moens was treated tolerably well by the brigands, as has been said; but he had two tormentors, Pepino and Scope, and when left under their charge, fared ill enough. Manzo was the captain of the whole force, and was a bandit of somewhat more likeness to the popular ideal than the rest. He was handsome, fairly good tempered, prompt, and, in his own way, generous; always kind to his captives when not half maddened by disappointments respecting the arrival of the money, when there would be highly unpleasant scenes, and threats of ears and head, and the like, which did not tend to reassure the Englishman; though he generally answered, "As you please," and took the thing with perfect coolness. Manzo was not a man to be trifled with, either by his prisoners or his men. Indeed, from his men he exacted an obedience that left no question of a divided command.

One day "Guange, who had been a soldier in the Italian army, and who had become a brigand merely for having been away from his regiment one day without leave, was having an altercation with one of his comrades, and, like these people, wished to have the last word. Manzo told him to be quiet, and just because he did not obey at once, he rushed at him, knocked him down, and kept hitting him and rubbing his face on the stones. Still Guange would not be quiet, until Manzo had pounded his face into a jelly, it being quite bruised, and bleeding freely. Even his gums were cut badly from the grinding against the ground. Manzo looked a perfect demon when excited; he curled up his lips, and showed all his teeth, and roared at his victim, jerking out his words. The implicit obedience generally shown to him by the members of his band was extraordinary. They loved him on account of his unselfishness as regards food, he being always willing to give away his own share, and they feared him because he had shown on one or two occasions that he did not scruple to shoot any of them on the spot if they refused to obey orders."

When the "order of release" came for the prisoner in the shape of the last instalment of ransom, Manzo sent round the hat, in order that Mr. Moens should "go to Naples like a gentleman," and made up a sum of seventeen and a half napoleons, besides rings and other keepsakes. But this was not a very large percentage on a ransom of thirty thousand ducats; and the Englishman took all he could get, and asked for more, getting some things he wanted, but not others. He got Generoso's ring and knife—the knife that had already taken the lives of two men—giving in exchange the small penknife with which he had whittled out a spoon, and carved a cross, and made many other little matters, to the intense admiration and amazement of the brigands; but he just missed by an accident a very thick and long gold chain, for which he asked Manzo, and which he would have had, but that the gentleman was called away while he was taking it off

to present to him. He got five rings in all, which Manzo's mother made him show two peasants after he was free; and which she evidently considered reflected great dignity on her as the mother of one who had shown such princely generosity.

But if times were more tolerable when Manzo was with his band, they were very intolerable when Mr. Moens was left with only a guard, while the captain was off, either on a foraging expedition, or looking after those eternal instalments which, though paid, could not be "lifted" because of the soldiery. When with Pepino's band especially, things went hard with him. As they were to have no share in his expected ransom, they looked upon him as a nuisance, and grudged every morsel of food they were obliged to give him. Pepino stole his drinking-cup, his capuce or hood, in fact all he could lay his hands on; and they half starved him; making a point of speaking to him with the utmost brutality, and constantly threatening his life with their pistols, guns, and knives. One great game in which they indulged, was thrusting their knives quickly between his body and his arms. Their captive says, "I never allowed myself to show the slightest fear, and always told them that it was nothing to die, it was soon over, and that the next world was far better. They all have the most abject fear of death, and I always tried to impress them with the idea that Englishmen never fear to die, and that, if they wished it, they were perfectly welcome to take my life, as it would save me and my friends so much trouble. I felt sure that in a short time they would discontinue trying to frighten me, when they found out that I only laughed at their attempts, and ridiculed them for their fear of death."

It was the only thing to make them respect him, though another time it was a chance whether the English spirit would lead to good or evil for him. They were going up a very steep ascent, when Generoso, who was immediately behind Mr. Moens, "kept hitting and poking me with the barrel of his gun, because I did not ascend as quickly as he wished, though I was close behind the man before me. At last I turned round in a pretended rage, and with my stick in both hands, raised it over his head. He shrank back and brought his gun up to his shoulder with an oath. Two or three ran up. I caught hold of him, but at the same time they abused me, and seemed quite taken aback at the idea of a ricattato threatening one of themselves. I told them I walked as well as they did, and I would not be bullied, so it was no use attempting it—that they might kill me if they wished, and the sooner the better. I found this answer capitally, and I was never touched again while on the march, and it was from this moment that they began to respect me a little for my apparent disregard of death; and when we arrived at the camp-fire, it was immediately narrated how I had threatened to kill a companion, this being the term they always use when speaking of each other."

One of the causes which lengthened the captivity of Mr. Moens, was the belief of the brigands that he was a highly influential personage, related to Lord Palmerston, and of such importance that the Italian government would pay his ransom, whatever the amount asked. Wherefore, they fixed it originally at a hundred thousand ducats for himself and Mr. Aynsley, equal to seventeen thousand pounds; then after a few minutes' conversation with Sentonio, "a tall clumsy ruffian with black eyes, hair, and beard," it was reduced to half, namely, fifty thousand ducats; but finally they accepted thirty thousand, which was a considerable reduction from the first demand. Many and great were the difficulties, not about raising the sum, but about transmitting it. The laws against paying ransom to the brigands, or trafficking with them in any way, are very severe; and as the capture of an English milord, a relation of Lord Palmerston, and the friend of the Italian government, had created immense excitement, the whole country was scourged by soldiery, to the imminent risk of the poor captive's life, when they came to shots with the brigands. For, as he says, they always seemed to take special aim at him, as he was the tallest of the party; and he was thus in even more than

equal danger with the rest, of a bullet through the heart. Their activity added to the prolongation of his captivity; for the brigands would not let him go without the money, and the money could not be brought up to the band; and so the whole thing was a game at cross-purposes and checked intentions, and an immense amount of suffering, mental and physical.

It was a tremendous moment for both Mr. Moens and his then fellow captive, Mr. Aynsley, when they drew lots as to which should be set free to go and raise the ransom. Mr. Moens held the pieces of wood which were to decide the lots, and Mr. Aynsley drew. When he drew the fortunate longer one of the two, "I must confess I felt as if I had been drawing for my life and I had lost," says Mr. Moens. A minute afterwards, the report of a gun—the bullet whizzing over the prisoner's head—told the band that the soldiers were upon them. Mr. Aynsley had met them, almost immediately after leaving the brigands, and they started in hot pursuit. No good was done; no good ever was done by the soldiers; only poor Mr. Moens slipped and fell in the general flight, nearly broke his arm, nearly got drowned, and was nearly shot; but finally escaped all these close chances to which his would-be rescuers subjected him, thanking God for his safety, but "feeling anything but charitably disposed towards the rulers who ought years ago to have cleared their country from these ruffians, instead of leaving them alone till they carried off an Englishman."

He never had any very good chance of escape save once; when, if he would have shot two sleeping men, and one other awake and at a distance, he might perhaps have got away. Scope was the one at a distance, he having moved away two or three yards from his gun in order to get into the sun while he was freeing his shirt of vermin. For, the brigands, who rarely change their clothes, and never wash themselves, are, as might be expected, overrun with vermin to a most disgusting extent. Mr. Moens was inside a cave. Sentonio and Pavone had laid their carcasses across the entrance, and Scope, as was said, had moved off to a little distance. Two guns, one single, the other double-barrelled, lay within reach of his arm, he might seize one and kill the two sleeping men, and Scope too, if he threatened to move. It was a temptation, and he pondered over it—but his mind and heart revolted from a double, perhaps triple murder; his life was in no immediate danger; he fully believed that the ransom would be finally all settled; and, to turn away his thoughts, he opened the little book of Psalms he had with him, when his eye fell upon the passage, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O Lord!" The words spoke home; he resolutely put the temptation behind him, amused himself with picking out the grains of wheat and rye from some ears he had plucked, and then a herd of cattle passing near, woke the sleepers, and destroyed his only available chance of escape.

This same Pavone was a double murderer; for this crime he had been imprisoned three years; but, repeating the amiable weakness, he had been afraid to face the authorities, and so took to the woods. His wife and children were in prison, that being the practice of the Italian government concerning the families of brigands. He would have given himself up to release them, but that he was afraid of Manzo's vengeance against members of his family, all of whom would be murdered on the first opportunity if he had deserted. Else it is not an uncommon thing for the minor members of a band to give themselves up when they have amassed a certain sum of money, whereby they can be well fed while in prison for their term. This they call "retiring from business;" and a very pleasant and profitable retiring it is.

On the whole, now that the danger is past, the money gone, and no real damage done to any one, it is an experience scarcely to be much regretted. The ears of Mr. Moens were saved, his limbs were saved, his life was saved; and for the "compliment" of a few thousands, he has had an experience and an adventure, of startling magnitude in these prosaic times of ours. He has seen what no other Englishman of the time has seen, and has done what no one else has done, and

has written a bright and charming book as the result; with one piece of advice as the moral, very patent to the reader—namely, do not travel with much luggage, whether consisting of photographic plates or not, and do not travel in brigand-haunted places at all, with luggage or without. The heavy baggage was in part the cause of the Englishman's disaster. And the only facts that seem to have at all shaken the belief of the brigands that they had captured a milord, were the blackened state of his hands from his manipulation of photographic chemicals, and his flannel trousers—like those which Italian prisoners wear. But they got over these two shocks, pursued the even tenor of their faith, stuck to their text, and did not abate in their demands until the very last.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLE.

(An easy one)
As I stand

I give you 2
that
me

No man shall B
bearing

CHARADES.

1. My first I adore, my second I renounce, and celebrate my whole.
2. My first is the reverse of genuine, my second is the dread of sailors, my whole is a national emblem.

3. My first is four-sixths of a step that is long,
My last is a person of state.
My whole is a thing that is known to be wrong,
And is a strong symptom of hate.

ACROSTIC.

1. A town in China.
2. An Italian painter and engraver of the 17th century.
3. A city and seaport of Russia.
4. A seaport on the northern coast of the sea of Azoff.
5. The goddess of health.
6. A Jewish general contemporary with David.
7. The bulwark of English liberty.
8. A king of England who imposed the tribute of Peter's pence.
9. A town in Ireland.
10. A town in Upper Canada.
11. A highly gifted poet born in Glasgow.
12. An Athenian comic poet.

The initials reveal what occupies a prominent position on the map of the world, and the initials represent one of the wonders of the world.

RIDDLE.

It comes with the sunshine.
It goes with the cloud;
The wedding dress makes it,
And so does the shroud.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a tree and leave part of a bridge.
2. Behead a title and leave a portion of each twenty-four hours.
3. Behead an article exported from Canada and leave a colour.
4. Behead an article of food and leave a fool.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. A man had a piece of iron weighing 40 pounds; it fell and broke into 4 pieces, and with the 4 pieces he could weigh any number of pounds from 1 to 40. What were the weights of the pieces?
2. The missionary collection at St. John's Church this year shewed a decrease of 3½ per cent. on last year's collection, and the collection at St. George's showed an increase of 120 per cent. on last year's collection; while the whole increase is 31½ per cent. on last year. Had St. John's been \$54 more than it was this year, and St. George's 40 per cent. more of an increase, the whole increase would have been 64 per cent. instead of 31½ per cent. Required the four amounts.

Sent by DOUBLE YOU, Kingston.

ANSWERS TO DECAPITATIONS, &c., No. 25.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Alice-lice-ice. 2 Brace-race-ace. 3 What-hat-at-thaw.

CHARADES—1 Murder. 2 God save our gracious Queen. 3 Saturday Reader.

ENIGMA.—Ink.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. An instinct fine of holy truth
Dwelt in the bosom of the youth.
Though passion dimmed its clearness

2 Atacama. 3 Salamander. 4 Constantino-ple.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1st. They each laid out £300. 2. The number is 72.

The following answers have been received:

Decapitations.—Mac, Joseph Ottawa, H. H. V., Cloud, R. T. B. 1st, W. S. H. 3rd. Festus, Archer, Endrick, 1st and 3rd. R. J. N.

Charades.—Joseph Ottawa, Mac, W. S. H., R. J. B., Cloud, David N., Abner, H. H. V., Festus, 3rd, D. G. McD., Ellen B. 1st and 2nd, Endrick.

Enigma.—Several correspondents give "Letter" as the answer; it appears to us to suit almost as well as the one given by the propounder.

Transpositions.—Mac, H. H. V., Cloud, Festus, Endrick. The following answer part: W. S. H., Joseph Ottawa, R. T. B., Camp.

Arithmetical Problems.—R. T. B., David N., D. G. McD., Joseph Ottawa, Cloud, H. H. V., Festus, Archer, Ellen B.

The following answers were received too late for insertion in our last issue. Harry Whitney, Presto, Violet.

CHESS.

Answers to Correspondents crowded out this week.

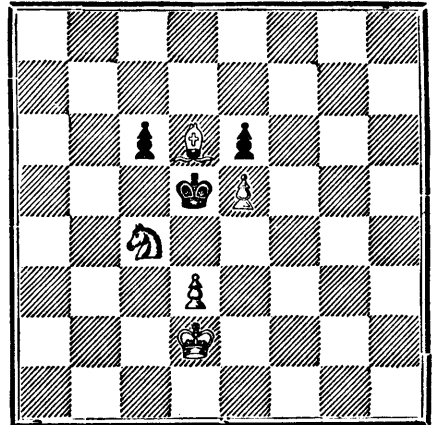
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 13.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt. to K. B. 2nd.	} K. moves.
2 Kt. to R. 3rd.	
3 Kt. to Kt. 5th.	
4 Kt. to K. 6th. Mate.	

PROBLEM No. 15.

FROM THE "SCHACHZEITUNG."

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

The following game was played recently between T. P. Bull, Esq., Secretary of the Edmondville Chess Club, and another amateur. The termination is particularly neat.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE. (T. P. Bull.)	BLACK. (Dr. Holmes.)
1 P. to K. 4th.	P. to K. 4th.
2 Kt. to K. B. 3rd.	Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
3 B. to Q. B. 4th.	B. to Q. B. 4th.
4 P. to Q. Kt. 4th.	B. takes P.
5 P. to Q. B. 3rd.	B. to R. 4th.
6 P. to Q. 4th.	P. takes P.
7 Castles.	P. takes P.
8 B. to Q. R. 3rd.	P. to K. R. 3rd.
9 Q. to K. Kt. 3rd.	Q. to K. B. 3rd.
10 P. to K. 5th.	Q. to K. B. 5th.
11 B. to Q. 5th.	Kt. to K. 2nd.
12 P. to K. Kt. 3rd.	K. Kt. to Q. 5th.
13 Kt. takes Kt.	Q. takes Kt.
14 B. takes P. (ch.)	R. to Q. sq.
15 P. to K. 6th.	B. to Kt. 3rd.
16 Kt. takes P.	P. to Q. B. 4th.
17 Q. R. to Q. sq.	Q. to K. 4th.
18 Kt. to Q. 5th.	Kt. takes Kt.
19 B. takes Kt.	Q. to Q. B. 2nd.
20 Q. to K. 3rd.	K. to K. 2nd.
21 B. takes Q. B. P.	B. takes R.
22 R. to Q. B. sq.	P. to Q. 3rd.
23 R. takes B.	P. takes R.
24 B. takes P. (ch.)	

And White wins the game.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. T., GUELPH.—The MS. is to hand, but we fear we shall not be able to use it, as we have already accepted an original tale on the same subject and bearing precisely the same title as yours. We should like to see the other articles; please forward the MSS., and if we are not able to publish them, we will return them to you.

ARTIST.—Your last article is in type; but crowded out of the present issue. We have not forgotten our promise, and are sorry we have trespassed so long upon your patience.

S. G., QUEBEC.—We will take an early opportunity of placing your letter before our young friends. Thanks!

M. B.—The lines are not quite suitable for one column.

A. IRVING, JR.—We cannot account for the detention. The numbers for your town are all mailed at the same time, and should reach your post office by the same mail. The missing number shall be forwarded.

MAC.—We have read your letter carefully, and in reply to some of your remarks beg to refer you to our first article. The postage on the READER is twenty-six cents per annum, if paid in advance, but should you succeed in getting up a club, we will forward the paper free of postage. Shall be glad to hear from you whenever you can make it convenient to write.

TURENIS.—Not to our own knowledge—certainly not to the same degree.

W. R. G.—The letters were received. Will write you shortly.

C. R. B.—Please accept our thanks. Shall be pleased to hear from you frequently.

S. S.—You are already convinced that your fears were groundless. We have reserved your last contribution for publication.

SCOTIA.—We hope you will meet with better success in any further efforts. Write us whenever you feel any inclination to do so.

AUNT EUNICE.—The note of interrogation is probably deserved, but still we have not lost sight of your contributions. Both the former and the latter shall appear as soon as we can make room for them.

DOUBLE YOU.—We have not yet found time to verify your solution. Please excuse our re-opening the question especially as we have no means of communicating with the propounder.

FREDERICK.—We are in receipt of your letter and are obliged to you for your good wishes. The verses will probably appear.

WILLIAM O.—Yes, if accepted.

P. D. B.—Respectfully declined.

J. P. T., BELLEVILLE.—Our invitation to the Brotherhood did not meet with the general response we expected, we have consequently given up our original idea. It would give us much pleasure to visit you, if in your neighbourhood.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

PIE CRUST.—An excellent pie crust may be made by taking about a quart of bread sponge in the morning before you bake, add thereto one beaten egg, nearly a teacup of melted butter, some flour; knead a little and set in a warm place to rise. When light it may be kneaded over, and does not need to be very stiff; then roll out like any pie crust. A little butter spread on the upper crust, that folded down and rolled again, makes it flaky. If the pies are made of uncooked apples, the crust will be much lighter to stand a half hour or so after being made, before putting in the oven. Less butter will do very well.

BAKED BEANS.—Pick over and put to soak over night, a quart of white beans. In the morning boil slowly in plenty of water; when so soft that you can squeeze one between thumb and finger, drain through a colander. Have a stone jar or other deep dish, place in the bottom thereof a little salt, a piece of butter the size of a walnut,

a teaspoon of sugar, a little black pepper; pour in the beans, cover with water, *place a cover* on the dish, and bake three or four hours. Should the water dry away, add more from time to time. This is good for those that don't like pork.

BEEF OR OLD FOWLS.—Are most excellent cooked in a similar way. Cut up in pieces, season to taste, with a little water in the jar; *cover tight*, set in a moderate oven after breakfast, and when you take it out for dinner, you will find the meat tender and very nutritious.

WHITE CAKE.—Three cups sifted flour, one and a half cups of sugar, one cup of rich sweet milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls cream-tartar, one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in the milk, one teaspoonful essence of lemon. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; then add the milk, the egg, well beaten, and the essence; mix with the above two cups of the flour, and lastly, add the third cup, in which the cream-tartar has been stirred. Bake immediately in cake pans, lined with buttered paper, in a quick oven.

RECIPE FOR JOHNNY CAKE.—Five rounding cups Indian meal—two level cups flour—one cup sour cream—half cup sugar—five cups sour milk or buttermilk—three eggs—a little salt, and two teaspoons soda or saleratus.

Some judgment must be used in the use of the latter ingredient, as its proper quantity, of course, depends somewhat upon the sourness of the milk. Bake in a quick but not too hot oven, 40 minutes. This will make a breakfast for about ten persons.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

WINDOW FOR THE ILLUMINATION OF A PHOTOGRAPHER'S DARK ROOM.—Obernerter mixes an acid solution of sulphate of quinine with some gum or dextrine, and paints the mixture over a thin sheet of white paper. With this he covers the window panes, and he states that on the brightest day a window so prepared will allow no actinic light to pass.

A FOSSIL spider has been found in a shale from the "coal measures" of Upper Silesia. Hitherto spiders have not been found in any rocks older than the Jurassic.

M. FRANZ, a metallurgist, and M. Henri Faure, editor of the France Médicale, have just announced to the learned world that they have discovered a method for transmuting silver, copper and mercury into gold, "which," they say, "are only one and the same metal in different dynamic states."

CHURNING.—The night before churning, put the cream in a tin to stand in a furnace of warm water, which should gradually reach boiling heat, until the cream is scalding hot, stirring it occasionally while it is heating. Then take the tin out of the water, pour the cream into another vessel, and let as much as possible of the steam from it escape. Stir it also once or twice while cooling; keep it in a warmer temperature than in the dairy until churned next morning. This removes all disagreeable taste from any kind of food taken by the cows, and was never known to fail in making good butter come in twenty or forty minutes' churning.

HOW ICE-CRYSTALS ARE FORMED.—Water, in solidifying by cold, viz., in freezing, forms itself into crystals, whose facets are hexagons, and incline to each other at a constant angle of sixty degrees. The little globule of water, then, that would ordinarily constitute a rain-drop, in falling through an atmosphere of a lower temperature than the freezing point, passes to the solid state, and its particles, piling themselves into their appointed hexagonal forms with geometrical precision, produce those exquisite crystalline flowers; thus obeying that supreme order of the universe which ordains that even ice shall put forth its blossoms. But why these blossoms should assume the complicated and varied forms in which we find them—whether these variations are due to electrical conditions of the atmosphere, or to the chemical constitution of the water from which they are formed—are questions yet to be solved.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

SHAME!—The meanest reason for getting married that we ever heard was from a man who said he wanted some one to part his back hair for him.

"Oh, you old buffer!" as the old woman exclaimed, when an engine knocked her down.

It is quite a mistake, with respect to certain heavenly bodies moving in a brilliant circle, to suppose that in direct proportion to their circumference is their power of attraction.

A SHREWD confectioner has taught his parrot to say "pretty creature" to every lady who enters the shop, and his business is rapidly increasing.

LORD William Lennox mentions a joke attributed to a wit of the day, when he was asked, on the failure of Sir John Paul's bank, "Were you not upset?"—"No," he replied. "I only lost my balance."

AUTOGRAPHS.—Josh Billings expresses four views on the subject of his autographs. He thus replies to an anxious correspondent who asked for his autographs.—We never furnish ortographs in less quantities than bi the packidge. It is a bizness that grate men have got into; but it don't strike uz as being profitable nor amusing. We furnished a near and very dear friend our ortograff a few years ago, for 90 days, and it got into the hands ov one ov the banks, and it kost us £100 tew get it back. We went out ov the bizness then, and have not hankered for it since."

ONE cold night an auctioneer was holding forth on the merits of the articles on the board. "May I bid, sir?" said a gentleman who had just entered. "Oh, certainly," said the auctioneer, with alacrity. "I shall be most happy to hear you bid." "Then, sir," said the stranger, "I beg to bid you a very good evening," and he retired amidst a roar of laughter at the auctioneer.

AWFUL QUERY.—The Duphingberry Debating Society, having dismissed the question, "Where does fire go to when it goes out?" have got a new and more exciting one up. "When a house is destroyed by fire, does it burn up, or does it burn down?" There will probably be a warm debate on this question.

NO PLOT.—In King Wiliam III.'s time a Mr. Tredenham was taken before the Earl of Nottingham, on suspicion of having treasonable papers in his possession. "I am only a poet," said the captive, "and those papers are only my roughly-sketched play. The earl, however, examined the papers, and then returned them, saying "I have heard your statement and read your play, and as I can find no traces of a plot in either, you may go free."

JONES buys wheat at a railroad station not a hundred miles away. He is sharp, but did over-reach himself once. In buying a load, he placed a heavy plank upon the scales for convenience in weighing. After he had paid, he whispered to a crony, "Say nothin'; I shaved that fellow: I never deducted the plank but once—keep steady!" It took some time to convince him, but he finally *did* see that he had bought thirty pounds of plank twenty-one times. Jones don't like to be asked the price of pine plank by his best friends.

SIR Isaac Newton once went a wooing, and had the greatest attention and indulgence paid to the peculiarities which were known to distinguish him. He was fond of smoking, and his lady-love provided him with a pipe. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs, and seemed at a loss for something, whiffed again, and at last drew his chair nearer to the lady. A pause of some minutes ensued, and Sir Isaac seemed more and more uneasy. The lady thought he was bashful. The philosopher whiffed with redoubled vigour, and seizing the hand of the lady, drew it caressingly toward him. There was no opposition to what seemed the prelude to a declaration; but, horror of horrors, the fair forefinger was incontinently thrust into the bowl of the pipe. The astronomer had absently used it as a tobacco stopper. The lady disengaged her hand, uttering a cry of pain, and he courtship was brought to a sudden close.