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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 4.

FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, THE NEW STORY, "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,"

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

**CITY SUBSCRIBERS.**—Several persons have written complaining of irregularity in the delivery of the READER. This has been occasioned by the great difficulty we have experienced in getting a proper staff of boys. We had no idea when the READER was started that the subscription list would run up to over five thousand copies in a couple of weeks: hence our *delivery arrangements* were altogether inadequate. We hope our subscribers will bear with any irregularity which may occur for a few weeks yet. We are doing all we can to have the evil remedied.

## A COLONIAL GOVERNOR ON CONFEDERATION.

WE were told on high authority, that the country that has no history is blest. We doubt the general truth of the aphorism. The abundance or scarcity of food, in the shape of hyenas, entrails, and locusts, constitutes the annals of a Kraal of Hottentots; the *memorabilia* of a Turkish Province, consists of the daily pipes smoked, and the infliction of the bastinado on delinquent rayahs unable or unwilling to satisfy the exactions of their masters. Neither of these offers a fitting theme for the historic muse; yet few will regard the condition of the Hottentot Kraal, or the Turkish Province as one of happiness. As the solitude which the sword makes is not peace but desolation, so the calm of inaction is not enjoyment but apathy. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are now in the non-historic period, with no desire, apparently, to awake from the repose in which they indulge, and to find themselves famous. They have mines which they will not work; they have fish which they will not catch; they have harbours unvisited by commerce; they have riches which they will not gather; and they refuse the fellowship and alliance of those who would make these gifts of Providence available to them. And all this is the more deplorable, as nobody who really knows our friends of the sea-board will seriously

deny that physically and intellectually they are inferior to no people or race on this continent.

Lieutenant Governor Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell has recently attempted to arouse the Nova Scotians to a sense of the duty they owe to themselves and the empire. He was about to leave the Province, having been appointed Governor of Hong-Kong; and, in answering an address presented to him by the citizens of Truro, he embraced the opportunity to give them and their fellow-subjects of the Lower Provinces some out-spoken advice on the subject of the contemplated union of British North America. Sir Richard is a clever man, we believe an able man, although he has had but little room for the display of his talents during his brief rule in Nova Scotia. He has seldom given utterance to his opinions on public affairs; but when he did speak, he always said something that was worth remembering. He told the people of Truro that he was at first opposed to Confederation, and in favour of a Legislative union of the Provinces, until he found that the leading Provincial statesmen and the English Government and people were all but unanimous in advocating the adoption of the Confederate system. He remarks: "I was among the first to hope to see a new Britain of the West arise on this side of the Atlantic, formed not by a mere convention of different Provinces, but by the amalgamation of all in one nation, with one common legislature resembling the English parliament, and by the obliteration of all Provincial boundaries. I am aware now, how unpopular such opinions are in these Provinces, where the great majority are disposed, above all things, to cling to their own local legislatures." Individually, Sir Richard Macdonnell retains his old opinion on the question; but he bows to the inevitable; and because he cannot attain what is desirable, would consider it unwise to reject the next best thing that is possible. There are many persons exactly in the same position, even among the most prominent partizans of Confederation. Washington and Hamilton could not resist petty local interests in the introduction of dangerous elements into the Constitution of the United States; and in the present British Provinces, the same evil exists, and must bear the same bitter fruit that it did among our neighbours. We had an instance of it in Canada in the long struggle about the seat of Government.

There is another portion of Sir Richard Macdonnell's speech which we must not pass over without a few words, inasmuch as it is destined, we suspect, to be the cause of much discussion, both here and in the other Provinces. He declared that England had not only the right to advise, but to exert "her just authority" in the matter of Confederation. This will be a strong card in the hands of the anti-unionists—this interference, as they will call it, of the British Government with the local rights of the people. Now, we cannot see how the constitutional or other rights of any one whatever can be said to be involved in the affair. It is simply as it bears

on the future defence of the whole of our North American possessions, that England is interested in the scheme of Confederation. Her statesmen think that these possessions would be more effectually and easily defended, if they were united under one government than when broken up into a congeries of small States, with scarcely a bond of connection between them, but standing in the position of foreign countries to each other. Surely if we require England to protect us in the event of war, we cannot be surprised, if, while admitting her liability and willingness to do so, she should insist upon our doing, on our part, what she believes to be necessary for our own safety, and to save her from expense, defeat, and disgrace. This is the entire case. There is no attempt by the Metropolitan Government to enforce on the Provinces terms or conditions inconsistent with the constitutional rights of people or parliament. They only tell us that while the mother country agrees to do certain things, we also should agree to do certain things. There is nothing unfair in this, and we must avoid being misled into a contrary belief. The people of British North America will not, we trust, be deluded into the mistake of raising false issues on such a question.

## DEATH OF "SAM SLICK."

THE latest British paper announce the death of Mr. Justice Haliburton, better known throughout Europe and America as "Sam Slick." He died at his residence, Gordon House, Ilworth, on the 27th ult., aged 68. As most of our readers are aware, Mr. Haliburton resigned his position as Judge in Nova Scotia some eight years ago, and took up his residence in England. Taking sides with the Tory party there, the influence of the Carlton Club was used to get him elected to Parliament, and he sat for the borough of Lauceston for six years. Mr. Haliburton was born in Nova Scotia the year before the Irish rebellion, when the United States had hardly attained the years that in England constitute a legal majority; and having studied at various places, he was called to the colonial bar, and practised for some years with considerable success. In 1835 he commenced the literary works on which his fame will rest, by the contribution to the columns of a Halifax weekly newspaper, of a series of amusing papers, depicting the acute angles and sharp knobs of the Yankee character. So successful were these papers that two years later they were revised, published and brought under the notice of the general reading public, who gave "Sam Slick the Clock-maker," an enthusiastic reception. The success of this book naturally induced the publication of a second series in 1837, and a third in 1840. But "Sam Slick" was not exhausted, for "The Attaché," on account of Sam's experience in London as one of the members of the United States embassy, was equally popular with the preceding volumes, and went through several editions in a few months. These were succeeded at intervals by "Bubbles of Canada," "An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," "The Old Judge," "Traits of American Humour," "Yankee Stories," "Nature and Human Nature," &c., all of which, however, it is no disparagement to them to say, are less effective than the author's first works. Mr. Haliburton's career in the House of Commons was not so brilliant as some of his friends had hoped. When he spoke his voice was so weak that many good things which amused the members immediately around him were lost to the bulk of the House, and were totally inaudible in the reporters' gallery.

## LITERATURE AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE publishers are all astir with the young promise of the new book season. Art in all her departments of book-making is tremulous with the effort to produce. The reader awaits to devour, the critic impatient to slay, while the author—no less exercised—is in suspense about the result of his labours, "waiting for the verdict," agitates upon success and failure, upon triumph and defeat. But to enter on our notes.

In *Poetry*, we are promised a new and superbly illustrated edition of the late Prof. Aytoun's 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.' There is no work more deserving the embellishment of art than these noble ballads. Scotland can ill afford the loss of so worthy and appreciative a son as Aytoun, though there are left to succeed him, in the department of Poesy, names of such note as Robert Buchanan, Alexander Smith, and George Macdowell. We would have fain added among these names of promise that heart-brother of Robert Burns, Davis Gray, the protego of Lord Houghton, but his forebodings "In the Shadows" have been realized, where he says, "I must die."

"Poor meagre life is nae, meagre and poor!  
Rather a piece of childhood thrown away;  
An adumbration faint; the overture  
To stifled music; year that ends in May;  
The sweet beginning of a tale unknown;  
A dream unspoken; promise unfulfilled;  
A morning with no noon, a rose unblown,  
All its deep rich vermilion crushed and killed  
I' th' bud by frost;"

In *Geography and Travel* we have an important and highly interesting work by Viscount Milton, entitled, "The Northwest Passage by Land," being the history of an expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific through British Territory by one of the northern passes in the Rocky mountains. Dr. Charles Livingstone's "narrative to the Zambesi and its tributaries" will claim considerable attention. This work is the result of the researches of the celebrated traveller, Dr. Livingstone, whose explorations in South Africa so interested readers of this class of books.

In *History and Biography*. The correspondence of His Majesty George III with Lord North during the American war, a work which will undoubtedly claim many readers on this side the Atlantic, is about to be printed by Royal permission from the papers in the Royal Library, Windsor. "The Pioneers of France in the New World" by Francis Parkman, author of the "History of the Conspiracy of the Pontiac" is the first of a series of historical narratives of the interesting struggle between France and England for Empire on this continent. The present work is divided into two sections, entitled, "Huguenots in Florida, with a sketch of Huguenot colonization in Brazil," and Samuel de Champlain and his associates, with a view of earlier French adventure in America and the legends of the northern coasts. The speeches of John Bright on the American Question we note also as being collected, edited and published. A most readable and gossipy biography of the late Richard Cobden, the apostle of free trade, has just appeared. The life and letters of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, whose thoughtful and elegant sermons have so delighted the religious world, is announced; also a brief biographical dictionary compiled by an English curate, and designed to be as useful, as a work of reference as a dictionary of the English language.

In *Literature, &c.*, an elegant edition of "Edmund Burke's Works" is promised us from the Riverside press in 12 vols., also, from the same press a reprint of the Globe edition of Shakespeare; a volume of "Essays in Art" by Mr. Francis T. Palgrave, whose collection of Lyrics in the Golden Treasury series is so favourably known. As an important companion to this last work we commend to readers "Essays on Criticism," by Mr. Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry, Muir of Oxford. The re-publication from "Temple Bar" of the papers of Mr. Geo. A. Sala on the "Streets of the World" is announced. The concluding volumes, the 5th and 6th, of Carlyle's Frederick the Great, and Prof. Draper's new Philosophical Work on "American Civil Policy," are noteworthy as recent issues of the press. We have from Mr. John Stuart Mill's pen an "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" and of the principal philosophical questions discussed in his writings. It is published uniformly with Mr. Neill's "Dissertations and Discussions, Philosophical, Political and Historical."

In *Theology* we have the announcement of Dr. Wm. Smith's "Concise Dictionary of the Bible" which will be an abridgement of his large and scholarly work; a volume of "Montreal Sermons, Addresses and Statistics of the Diocese of Montreal," appears from the pen of Bishop Fulford, also, a new work from the Rev. Horace Bushnell, entitled "The Vicarious Sacrifice."

In *Fiction* we have the usual quantum of sensational and clever writing. There are two novels from Mr. Anthony Trollope, "Miss Mackenzie" and "Can you Forgive Her?" (the latter of which we have already noticed in the READER.) From Amelia B. Edwards "Miss Carew." "Erring yet Noble" is the striking title of another work in the department of Fiction. We have further, "Who is the Heir?" by Mortimer Collins, the brother of Wilkie Collins. "Running the Gauntlet" by Edmund Yates; "Sans Merci, or the last stoop of the Falcon," by the author of "Guy Livingstone."

Dr. W. H. Russell is preparing for press his "Diary of the late expedition to lay the Atlantic Cable," to be published shortly with illustrations from drawings of the incidents in the voyage.

A new poem of Longfellow is announced by Messrs. Routledge, who have just produced the neatest and cheapest editions of his complete poems.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is at work on a new novel to be published in the Fall.

Mr. Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help" and the "Lives of the Engineers," is preparing a life of Bolton and Watt.

Of interest to the archaeologist and the Scotch will be Mr. Robertson's work, entitled "Concise Historical Proofs respecting the Gael of Alban;" or Highlanders of Scotland as descended of the Caledonian Picts, with the origin of the Irish Scots or the Dalriads in North Britain, and their supposed conquest over the Caledonian Picts; short notes regarding the Highland Clans; with explanatory notes, map, illustrations and descriptions of the country of the Gael.

## L'AFRICAINNE.

AS a matter of interest to a large number of our readers, and especially in view of the expected visit of an Italian Opera troupe who may possibly reproduce Meyerbeer's great work, we give below the story upon which the gorgeous musical superstructure of "the African" is raised.

It breathes the old, old tale of woman's love, devotion, jealousy and self-sacrifice; and although the incidents are far-fetched and improbable, still it will compare favourably with the clumsily put together stories to which some of our grandest operas are wedded.

The first Act opens in the council-chamber of the King of Portugal in Lisbon. Inez, daughter of Don Diego, a Portuguese grandee, appears first on the scene, and informs her attendant Anna of her love for the brave young sailor, who for her sake is striving to discover lands yet unknown, and of her resolve to bestow on him her hand as the prize of his valour when he returns; but the unceremoniousness of "the course of true love" finds no exception here; and her father, Don Diego, joining her with Don Pedro, the president of the council, he informs her that the king has chosen the latter for her husband, and that he, her father, has given his consent to the marriage. On witnessing the burst of grief which this announcement calls forth, he desires her to quench a foolish passion for one unworthy of her station, and moreover, shows her a despatch in which the name of her adventurous lover, Vasco di Gama, is among the number of those who have been wrecked and left to perish on a desolate island.

At this juncture the members of the council enter and take their seats; and now comes the introduction of a topic seemingly so strange and unfit for operatic purposes—the difficulty of discovering a new passage to the Cape, in which attempt Don Diaz and his brave followers have been engulfed with their vessel, all save one, who has escaped with his life, and now requests an audience. It is granted, and Vasco di Gama appears in the council-chamber, and presents a paper on which are written his plans, by which he assures the senators of placing within their grasp, by means of the so-coveted passage, which he pledges himself to discover, fertile lands and immense riches, if only they will equip him a vessel to enable him to prosecute his enterprise.

His statements are met with incredulity, and scouted as wild visions; but to support his assertions he desires that two slaves may be brought forward whom he

purchased in Africa, but whose mien and dress prove that they are natives of some other country as yet unknown.

On being introduced before the council, however, the two slaves obstinately refuse to declare the land of their birth. Sélka, at the entreaty of her master, to whom, it need hardly be said, she is secretly but tenderly attached, shows symptoms of yielding; but Nélusko reminds her of the oath she has sworn never to betray her country, and she is silent.

Vasco, on finding his petition scornfully rejected, becomes indignant, accuses the council (who he declares would treat him as Columbus was treated by his ungrateful countrymen) of envy, jealousy, and mental blindness, and draws down upon himself the wrath of the Grand Inquisitor, who sentences him to death, a decree which, by the intercession of Don Alvar, a member of the council, is changed into imprisonment for life. As Vasco is being dragged away, his fierce investives against the fanatic bigots who only fear the increase of knowledge and light his discoveries would bring, and the terrific anathema hurled on his head by the Grand Inquisitor and his ecclesiastics, conclude an act which, notwithstanding the uncongeniality of the subject, is said to be highly dramatic, dignified, and impressive, and give occasion for some of the grandest music which ever Meyerbeer himself composed to.

At the opening of Act two we find Vasco asleep in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition, watched over by his slave Sélka, for neither is he deprived of her companionship nor of the implements of his profession, in the form of maps, compasses, and charts, with which he seems plentifully supplied. Sélka relieves her feelings and describes her love for the object of her contemplation, and her grief for her lost kingdom and subjects, for in her own strange land she reigns a queen.

Another has been watching her—her fellow-slave Nélusko, the sharer of her captivity and misfortune, and by whom she is respectfully but passionately beloved. His hate for the Christian master who has purchased him is as intense as his love for his queen, and he is about to slay him as he sleeps when Sélka arrests the blow, and orders him to depart, which he does, but not till he has addressed to her a fervid declaration of his homage. As Vasco, aroused from his slumbers, and unconscious of the attempt upon his life, is tracing his projected course upon the map, she informs him that his conjectures are just, and that towards the East there exists an immense island, where she reigned sole queen, until one day, being becalmed at sea in her frail skiff, she was taken prisoner and made a slave.

Impelled by sudden gratitude at this crowning of his hopes, the enthusiastic navigator clasps her in his arms. This is said to be the weakest scene in the opera, and the most improbable situation in the story, but it is made available for dramatic purposes by Inez entering with Don Pedro at this critical moment. She places in Vasco's hand an order for his release from captivity, and tells him at the same time that they must meet no more. Vasco, thinking she is moved by jealousy, endeavours to remove her suspicions by informing her that Sélka is his slave, and that he will make a present of her to herself, which wounds Sélka, to whom he has just sworn eternal gratitude, to the quick. Deeper sorrow, too, awaits Vasco, who learns with grief and indignation that Inez has purchased his liberty with her hand, which she has bestowed on Don Pedro, whose wife she now is. The king also has conferred on Don Pedro the command of a ship, and the task, so coveted by Vasco, of striking out a path to the East, and with his triumph, joined in by Nélusko, who engages to steer his ship to unknown countries as pilot, and the grief and despair of Vasco, Sélka, and Inez, Act two, concludes.

The third Act represents the between-decks of a large vessel, of which Don Pedro is the commander, his wife Inez being a passenger with him as well as the slave Sélka, the gift of her former master, and Nélusko acting as pilot.

The mariners sing a chorus in prayer to their patron Saint Domenico, after which Nélusko is observed busily giving directions to guide the ship, which is approaching the dreaded rock where Don Diaz and his brave crew met their fate.

Vasco, having by some means contrived to fit out a ship, overtakes them, and comes on board to warn them of their impending danger, for the sake of his still beloved Inez. A quarrel speedily ensues between him and the jealous admiral, and he is condemned to

be lashed to the mainmast and put to death, but Sélka rushes forward and threatens to plunge her dagger into Inez's bosom if Vasco be not instantly released. Don Pedro commands the audacious slave who has dared to raise her dagger against her mistress to be scourged on the spot; but before this order can be carried into effect, the storm, which had been gradually increasing, grows more and more violent, and threatens to split asunder the ship, which is at this moment, by the contrivance of Nélsko, acting as steersman, boarded by a troop of Indians with their tomahawks, who crowd on board, and overpower the crew and passengers, and this terrific conflict of elements and men brings the third Act to a termination.

The action of the fourth Act takes place in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean. Some critics have fixed on Madagascar as the *locale* of this "beautiful paradise rising from the sea," as it is described by Vasco, who lands on its enchanted and enchanting shores, and inhales its perfume laden breezes just as the priests and Brahmins, with warriors of every tribe and caste, Amazons, Bayadères, African slaves and dancing girls of all degrees, have met to renew before their deities the oaths of fealty to their queen, Sélka, who has been restored to them.

He alone has been saved out of the general massacre on board the fated vessel. All eagerly demand the blood of this fresh victim, who was found in the ship's hold loaded with chains; but just as, at the instigation of his mortal foe, Nélsko, their weapons are raised to strike, Sélka appears on the temple steps, and once more arrests the murderous blow. To save his life from their vengeance, however, she is forced to declare that he was her preserver when languishing in a foreign clime, and that, having bestowed herself on him in gratitude, he is her husband. She calls on Nélsko to testify the truth of this, declaring that the stranger's death shall be hers, and he, to save her life, proclaims that she has spoken truly, though she doing so costs the bitterest agony, and they enter the temple to return thanks to their gods. Left alone, Sélka generously tells Vasco that by these forced ties he shall not be bound to her, but that by morning's dawn her galley shall convey him to his vessel and his friends, who now, in safety, anxiously await him.

The enchanting southern atmosphere of the fragrant Indian clime and Sélka's bewitching charms have, however, exercised their potent spells over Vasco, who refuses to quit her fascinating presence.

Becoming at length conscious of the passionate love of which he has so long been the object, he resolves to requite it with his own, and the pair, now for the first time really united, pour out their souls in a rapturous duet of joy and transport. The priests, warriors, and maidens returning, he is led captive through groves of enchanting hours to the feet of the high priest, where, kneeling beside his bride, he receives the nuptial benediction. At this moment the pathetic romance of Inez, who has as yet escaped death, is heard in the distance, and Vasco's sickle heart once more melts towards her whom he thought lost to him forever.

Fain would he escape from the flowery chains that enthrall him, but it is impossible. His queenly bride is there, gazing sadly upon him, and he cannot quit her side. The curtain descends upon his despair, in the midst of the bridal dance and festivities.

The fifth short Act is comprised in two scenes. In the first, an interview and a generous struggle between the two heroines results in Sélka nobly resolving to abandon to her more fortunate rival the man she so deeply loves, and to whom she has just been united. She orders Nélsko, to his intense gratification, to see that both Inez and Vasco are safely embarked on board a vessel that is just leaving the harbour, confiding to him, moreover, some tablets on which she had just written, and which are to be placed in their hands when on board, and *not before*. She then repairs herself to a distant point of the rock overhanging the sea, whence she may strain her longing eyes on the restless ocean whose rolling waves bear from her her newly-wedded bridegroom, now by her own heroic act united to another. Over this promontory the deadly upas-tree extends her poisonous branches, and beneath its fatal shade, and her soul filled by its treacherous perfume with dreamy and ecstatic visions, the unhappy African breathes her last sigh, which her faithful and devoted follower Nélsko arrives just in time to receive.

*The Scottish Farmer* is the authority for the assertion that "a small quantity" of bi-carbonate of soda added to milk will prevent its turning sour

## THE ERL-KING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE. BY W. HOUSNELL.

Who ridest so late through the wind moaning wild  
And the darkness of night?—'Tis the sire with his child;

With strong arm he claspeeth the infantile form—  
He holdeth him surely—he keepeth him warm.

"My son, why so timidly hidest thou thy face?"

"The Erl-King! O father, there can ye not trace—

With train and with sceptre the Erl-King behold!"

"Hast ye, my son! 'tis the fog o'er the wold."

"Thou infant of beauty, come, come, ye with me,  
In the merriest pastimes I'll gambol with thee:  
Midst flowers all bright shall ye play uncontrolled,  
And my mother shall clothe thee in garments of gold!"

"O! Father dear father, and do ye not hear,  
What the Erl-King is whispering now in mine ear?"

"Rest quiet, no harm shall come to thee, my love;—

The wind shaketh loudly the dead leaves above."

"Wilt thou not, pretty boy, come now with me?  
Fondly my daughters shall wait upon thee,—  
My daughters, who nightly a gay revel keep,  
Shall fondle and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep!"

"My father! my father! and see ye not there  
His daughters in yonder place lonely and bare?"

"Hush—quiet—my son, I but see o'er the way—

Ah! yes—'tis the old willow gloomy and gray."

"I have thee—thy pretty form pleaseth my sight—  
And come ye not freely, so come ye with might."  
"O Father! O father! his hand on me bore!—  
The Erl-King, so evil, hath injured me sore."

Awe-stricken the father rode on like the wind,  
And closer his arm round the little one twined.

Soon reached he his castle in trembling dread;—

But, alas! the loved child at his bosom was dead.

Montreal, August, 1865.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

### MUSIC AT HOME.

MUCH has been written in condemnation of what is termed "yellow covered literature"—much also might be written in condemnation of so-called "popular songs." Music is a literature of sound, and, when wedded to words, has the power of directing the affections into proper or improper channels with a force equal to that wielded for good or evil by the cleverest book ever written. A good song will leave remembrances behind it for years after it has passed into disuse, and will bring back many a sunny recollection when chance shall have brought it forth from some old folio or neglected volume. A bad song must exercise a like power, but of course with a vulgar and vicious tendency. Yet how comparatively few songs do we hear which are not in some degree objectionable.

Why is it so? Why is it that so much trash, bearing the name of songs is constantly to be found upon pianos, and in the portfolios of young ladies? Is there no remedy for this state of things? We fear not, unless the public raises its voice against them, and parents cease to encourage the practice of such productions among their children. We cannot believe our teachers are to blame for this corrupt taste. Possibly there may be a few who select such trash for their pupils; but the major portion of this class of musical literature, we fear, is purchased in opposition to their wishes. Too often in the drawing-room or social circle one's feelings are outraged by some musical vulgarity. There are exceptions—we know where a good musical education has developed a love for the pure and beautiful—but they are "few and far between." This state of things cannot be attributed to the want of really good songs. We have plenty of English song and ballad writers. Take for example—Bishop, Balfe, Hatton, Smart, Macfarren, and a host of others, whose names are sufficient upon a title page to promise something pure and good within. Then there are numerous translations of German and Italian songs appearing almost simultaneously with the original issues, all pure and chaste in words and sentiments, and beautiful in melodies and accompaniments. There is an abundance of the chaste and beautiful.—Songs capable of calling into play the most amiable and lovable instincts of our nature.

They are always to be had, and cost no more than the class we have reprobated, upon which money is worse than thrown away, for a vulgar sentiment may be grafted upon a pure heart, and exercise an influence, the durability of which is beyond our power of imagining.

We understand arrangements have been made whereby the services of Mr. Torrington will be retained in Montreal.

REVIVAL.—We hear it is the intention of Mr. George Carter to resume *The Chamber Concerts* this winter. All lovers of good music will rejoice at this intelligence.

A TREAT IN STONE.—There is some probability of Moritz Rello, the band-master of the 25th Regt., giving a series of *Popular Concerts* shortly, with his Orchestral band. It is his intention, we hear, to strengthen the string portion of his band with city professionals, when we are to have some of Beethoven, Mozart, and Hayden's symphonies. We trust our information is not too good to be true.

### MUSIC ABROAD.

The English opera season is fixed for the 10th October, and the management has determined to start "right away" with *L'Africaine*; Miss Louisa Pyne, Mdme. Lemmers Sherrington, Mdme. Weiss, and Messrs. Adams, Lawrence, and Weiss, being the chief engagements.

Madame Meyerbeer and her two daughters have been slaying at Wildbad, but will return to Berlin for the production of the "Africaine" in December, in which Lucca and Wachtel will be the *Setika* and *Vasco di Gama*.

Thayer's long expected chronological catalogue of Beethoven's works has appeared in Berlin, and is warmly praised by influential and severe writers.

The opera season will commence in New York on the 25th, under the direction of Maretzok. Three new operas are to be produced, *Il Folletto de Grey*, *L'Africaine*, and *Crispin and his Godmother*. Signora Bassio will make her first appearance in the first named opera.

## THE CONFEDERATE SURRENDER.

IMMEDIATELY that General Lee was seen riding to the rear dressed more gaily than usual, and begirt with his sword, the rumour of the imminent surrender flew like wildfire through the Confederates. It might be imagined that an army, which had drawn its last regular rations on the first of April, and harassed incessantly by night and day, had been marching and fighting until the morning of the 9th, would have welcomed anything like a termination of its sufferings, let it come in what form it might. Let those who idly imagine that the finer feelings are the prerogative of what are called the "upper classes," learn from this and similar scenes to appreciate "common men." As the great Confederate captain rode back from his interview with General Grant, the news of the surrender acquired shape and consistency, and could no longer be denied. The effect on the worn and battered troops, some of which had fought since April, 1861, and (sparse survivors of heatombs of fallen comrades) had passed unscathed through such hurricanes of shot as within four years no other men had ever experienced—passes mortal description. Whole lines of battle rushed up to their beloved old chief, and, choking with emotion, broke ranks and struggled with each other to wring him once more by the hand. Men who had fought throughout the war, and knew what the agony and humiliation of that moment must be to him, strove with a refinement of unselfishness and tenderness which he alone could fully appreciate, to lighten his burden and mitigate his pain. With tears pouring down both cheeks, Gen. Lee at length commanded voice enough to say, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you." Not an eye that looked on that scene was dry. Nor was this the emotion of sickly sentimentalists, but of rough and rugged men familiar with hardship, danger, and death in a thousand shapes, mastered by sympathy and feeling for another which they had never experienced on their own account. I know of no other passage of military history so touching, unless, in spite of the melo-dramatic colouring which French historians have loved to shed over the scene, it can be found in the *Adieux de Fontainebleau*.—*Fortnightly Review*.

## DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

IN view of the hardships that were apparent in the distance, the Jesuits did not lose courage; but thought themselves of providing for the future. So they set themselves about building a shallop, while the others were reposeing by the fire at their ease, and doing nothing. They foresaw that without a boat they would be starved to death after the two months had expired during which their grain might last them. For without a boat they would be unable to go in search of acorns, or husks, or roots; neither could they fish, nor proceed to any place where there might be hope of procuring supplies; and all because the highways of these new lands were none else than the rivers and the sea.

At the beginning of this enterprise of building a sloop, they were laughed at, because the conductor of the work was their serving-boy, who knew no more about it than an apprentice. His assistants were two priests who had never worked at the business. "Nevertheless," said the companions, "Father Massé knows how to do everything, and in case of need he will be found a good sawyer of boards, a good caulker, and a good architect." "But Father Biard, of what use is he?" "As to that," another would say, "do you not know that when the sloop is built, he will give it his benediction?" Thus they chatted, and had plenty of leisure to do so before the fire. But the Jesuits lost no time in sawing planks, planing boards, searching for crooked timber to make ribs, fabricating oakum out of the bits of ropes they found, and running through the woods to gather rosin. Their industry had its reward, for in the middle of March their gallant sloop was in the water, equipped, and ready for sea, the admiration of those who had ridiculed it. While, on the other hand, the *Seur de Biencourt*, who, at the beginning of the winter, had had three good sloops, could not now put his hand on one of them, and was driven to the necessity of patching up, from the wreck of the three, a wretched bateau, holding at the most but three persons, and not capable of sailing nine consecutive miles without oversetting, because she shipped so much water.

Now, the sloop being ready, Father Biard sailed up the river, accompanied by a servant, and a third person who had joined himself to the Jesuits. They went on a search for roots and acorns. The roots for which they sought were called by the savages *chiqueti*, and were found near the oak-trees; they resembled truffles, but were bitter, and were found under the ground, interwoven the one with the other in the form of a chaplet. There was plenty of them in certain places, but on the other hand, there was hardly any place where the savages had not already made a search; thus but few were found, and those very small ones, and it was necessary to work hard to procure as many as would feed a person for a day. After having proceeded up the river seeking for these roots and for acorns, they went away to look for eplan. This eplan or eplian was a little fish, like the sardines of Rouen, which, coming from the sea, spawned in certain rivulets towards the beginning of April. The herring succeeded the eplan, and spawned after the same manner. Father Massé undertook to fish for herring, and afterwards for cod. The month of May had come, finding the Fathers labouring in this fashion, and dragging on a miserable life, until the ship should arrive from France, more of which anon.

They were raising in France an expedition to take away the Jesuits from Port Royal, and to found a new French settlement in a place still more suitable. The head of this expedition was Captain La Saussaye, who had thirty persons under his charge, counting the two Jesuits and their servant, whom he was to take up at Port Royal. These persons were to winter in the country. He had with him, in addition, two other Jesuits, Father Quantin, and Gilbert du Thet, but they were to return to France in case the two at Port Royal were not dead, a fact which was not doubted. The whole expedition, including the sailors, amounted to forty-eight persons. The Queen of France had been kind enough to contribute to the extent of four tents or pavilions belonging to the king, also some munitions of war; the Jesuit Simon le Maistro had given serious attention to all the freighting and victualling; and Gilbert du Thet, Jesuit coadjutor, a very industrious man, spared no exertions, so that the expedition was tolerably provided with all things for the wants of more than a year, besides the horses and she-goats which were set apart for the purpose of commencing housekeeping.

The expedition left Hansleur the 12th of March 1613, and the anchor touched bottom for the first time at Capo La Hué, in Acadia, on the 16th day of May. At Capo la Hué, Du Thet said mass, and erected a cross, affixing thereto as a sign, of taking possession in her name, the armorial bearings of Madame de Guercheville, proprietor, by a previous arrangement with the *Seur de Monts*, of the whole of Acadia. The company then re-embarked, and sailed for Port Royal. Here they found only five persons, namely, the two Jesuits, their servant, and Hebert, the apothecary, and another person. The *Seur de Biencourt* and his people were at a great distance, some here and some there. But as Hebert represented de Biencourt, they presented him with the Queen's letters, by which permission was given to release the Jesuits and permit them to go whithersoever they pleased. Thus the two Jesuits withdrew their goods in peace, and on this day, as well as the day following, they feasted Hebert and his companion in order that the arrival of the ship, as far as these two men were concerned, might not be a sorrowful one. And at their departure, however, lest Hebert and the other might be in want, the Jesuits left them a barrel of bread and some flagons of wine, so that the leaving-taking might be made as cheerful as possible.

Contrary winds detained the expedition five days at Port Royal, but a prosperous north-easter arising, they set sail, intending to proceed to the River Pentagoët, to a place called Kadequit, a spot fixed upon for the new settlement, and possessing great advantage. But Providence ordered otherwise, for when they were south-east of the Isle of Menano, the weather changed, and such a dense fog came down upon the sea that they no longer saw the day, neither the night. They were very apprehensive concerning this danger, because in this place there were a great many breakers and rocks, amongst which they were afraid of drifting in the gloom. The wind not permitting them to extricate themselves, nor to reach the open sea, they remained in this state two days and two nights, beating about all the time. The next evening God delivered them, for they began to see the stars, and in the morning the fog cleared away, and they found themselves opposite the *Monts Deserts*, an island which the savages called *I emite*. The pilot headed for the eastern part of the island, and lodged the ship in a spacious port, where the company made their devotions. They gave the port the name of St. Saviour. The place was situated on a pleasant elevation, rising gently from the sea, its sides washed by two springs. There were some twenty to twenty-five acres of ground, free of trees, in some places bearing grass almost as high as a man. The island faced towards the south and east, almost at the mouth of the River Pentagoët, where several pleasant, fish-abounding streams discharged themselves. The soil was black, fat and fertile; the port and harbour were more beautiful than could be seen anywhere, and situated to command all the coast. The harbour was as secure as a pond, there was no fleet which could not find anchorage within it, and no ship so large but could approach to a cable's length of the shore. The situation of the place was in the 41 degree of latitude, a position less northerly than that of Bourdeaux.

The company having landed upon this place, and having planted the cross, commenced to labour, and thereupon began their disputes. The cause of these bickerings was that their captain, La Saussaye, occupied himself in cultivating land, whilst the principal persons entreated him not to waste the time of his men at this labour, but to attend incessantly to the dwellings and fortifications, a course of policy he did not want to pursue. From this quarrel others arose, until the English restored concord, as will be seen further on in the narrative.

Virginia, called by the ancients *Morosa*, lay between Florida and New France. This country had first been discovered by Jean Verazan, who took possession of it in the name of Francis the First. But the English, having become acquainted with it in 1591 and 1595, had been inhabiting it seven or eight years previous to the event about to be described. Their principal settlement, which they called Jamestown, was distant by direct route about 250 leagues from St. Saviour, the place where the French had taken up their abode. Now, these English from Virginia were in the habit of coming every year to the Isles of Pencoët, twenty-five leagues from St. Saviour, in order to procure shell-fish for the winter. In making their usual voyage in the summer of 1613, it happened they were overtaken by fog and storms. This bad weather

lasted several days, and, in consequence, they were drifted, imperceptibly, much further to the north-east than they supposed, for they were good forty leagues advanced into New France, without knowing it, and near to St. Saviour, though they were not aware of the place.

## OUR AUNTS.

WHAT would become of half of us if we had no aunts! I don't know precisely what would have become of a score of persons upon whom my mind's eye now rests; but generally, I am sure that but for their aunts they would have been in the race of life, by this time, nowhere. They would have fallen out of the course long ago and gone to the deuce, or died in ditches, as their other relatives metaphorically predicted of them.

It is a very old idea that aunts, and, I will add, uncles, are in some way designed by nature to be impartial third parties in life, to whom first and second parties may fly in time of distress and trouble. The French call their mutual friend the pawnbroker, *ma tante*. Englishmen call him their uncle. I think the French have adopted the true personification, and I cannot imagine how Englishmen originally made the mistake of calling their mutual friend in need their uncle. Compared to the true, kind-hearted, unselfish, unpretending aunt, our uncle is a blustering, ostentatious, purse-proud, vain old humbug. He is only kind to his nephews and nieces when it administers to his own vanity and his own importance. What trouble does he take for us? He only gives away his money because he has got more of it than he knows what to do with. It is the easiest thing in the world to give away money; but it is not an easy thing to give away love and sympathy, to give away ease and rest, to give away to others the love and care that you might keep for yourself. No, the uncle is a constituted sham and a humbug, and I shall seize an early opportunity to write an essay upon him, and take him down a peg.

Meanwhile, I will endeavour to discharge some part of my debt of gratitude—I can never discharge it all—to aunt.

I shall not be stating at all an exceptional case when I say that I had an aunt who was an "aunt dear" to three generations. This is one of the blessed things about our aunts. They are sent into the world to be good and also to live long. The good die early, sentimental folks say. Stuff! The good, thank Heaven! live to have false teeth and wear false hair, and they are the most delightful creatures to kiss in the world. I can only think of that dear old aunt of mine (though I never saw her until she was threescore: she was my grand-aunt) as a fair young creature of seventeen summers, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair streaming over her shoulders to her waist. I have this vision of her—though, when I knew her, she was wrinkled, and wore a brown wig that was anything but invisible, and a cap that some folks would call a fright—because she once told me that she was like that when, as a girl she ran over the hill one morning early to bid good-bye to her lover, who was going away to sea. She held me on her knee, and patted me on the head, and strained me to her breast, when she told me that story; and I knew that she had kept her great wealth of love for me and mine. For the sailor-boy never came back. She had a lock of his hair, which she used to take from a sacred drawer and show me. It was jet black, and when she handled it, it curled round her finger, as if the spirit of her sailor boy had come back from the depths of the sea to embrace her with all that was left of him on earth.

"And what did you do, aunt," I said, "when you heard the news?"

"What did I do, laddie? I crier and crier until my heart was dry and my eyn were sair. I think I should ha' deet if your mother hadna' come; but when she came I took up wi' her. She had bonny black een just like my laddie's, and I loved her and nursed her for his sake. And when they had ower mony o' them at home, I took her to live with me, and she was my lassie until your father married her. And then I was lonely again until your father had ower mony o' them, when I took your sister, and now I've got you; and a pretty handful I've had with the lot o' ye."

She did not mean these last sharp words a bit; for she took one of the succeeding generation to live with her, and it was always in danger of being smothered with kisses.

Ah, dear aunt in Heaven, what would have become of some of us but for you?



## MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

This poem on the loss of a child, is almost Wordsworthian in its simple beauty:—

There are more sights than eyes can see,  
More sounds than ear can hear,  
Sweet phantoms of the memory,  
Which greet us everywhere.

We meet them in the glare of day,  
We hear them in the night;  
And subtler than a fabled fay  
They sit before our sight.

'Tis not a poet's dream, I know,  
That pictures things divine;  
All have their guardian sprites, I tro  
I see that I have mine.

With lamb-like look, the precious dear,  
So fondly she will smile!  
And then her pleading, how sincere,  
How winsome is her wife!

Sometimes she leads me by the hand,  
Where daisy-blossoms grow,  
Then down upon the golden sand  
I hear the maiden crow.

A non a hat and cloak she wears,  
And shakes a mass of curls,  
And then, with eyes suffused with tears,  
I kiss all little girls.

At other seasons she will come  
In pure celestial white,  
Then Heaven is found within my home,  
And faith gives place to sight.

## ATS.

MR. Henry Melton, hatter by special appointment to the Royal Family of England, also to His Imperial Majesty of France, also to the king of Denmark, also to various other kings, princes, and nobles, has written a book upon hats. It is not a trade advertisement, it is not eighteenth pennyworth of puffing, but it is a shrewd, witty, intelligent, and valuable addition to the history and economy of costume. He tells us something of the derivation of the word *hat*, tracing it to the Saxon *haet*, and how from this parent stock the German gets his *huten*, the Swede his *hatt*, the Dane his *haed*, and the Dutch his *hoeden*. Lastly, he shows us that hat is the participle of the same verb as head itself, and means, as head does, something heaved or raised, as the head upon the shoulders, the hat upon the head. Scattered through the book there is much of antiquarian lore, unostentatiously put forward, and quaint quotations illustrative of the esteem in which the hat has been held, the recondite gleanings being offered on the altar of hat worship. "Why, Brummell," it was asked, "does an Englishman always look better dressed than a Frenchman?" "Tis the hat," was the answer of the oracle of fashion.

As to what a hat should be, Mr. Melton sums the desiderata:—It should be light, although of substance sufficient to restrain its shape; it should be waterproof; it should be made so as to ensure comfort; the shaping, blocking and trimming being merely matters of the taste and fashion of the period. It has been very much the custom to rail at the hat as costly, frail, ugly and uncomfortable, but Mr. Melton denies all this. "It costs," he says, "in a year less than any other part of one's dress. Its frailty is quite a matter of option, and it can be made so light as to weigh only 2½ ounces, or pretty nearly as strong as oak. It does not rot in the rain, it does keep the sun from the head, and when made a fair width in the brim protects the eyes from the sun. That it may attract the wind, I admit, but that is counterbalanced by the fact of its affording the means of effecting perfect ventilation, which hats of the present day can be arranged to do, so as to defy any fault-finding upon that important point. That it has not every requisite—such as to travel or sleep in—I admit. I am constantly asked, 'Why do you not introduce something new to replace the hat?' But when I have opened upon the subject, the inquirer has lost all argument, and admitted that he dislikes the hat because other persons have expressed similar objections. In no instance have I received anything like a sound suggestion for improvement."

With regard to ladies' hats, Mr. Melton was the first to introduce them in felt, and they were soon imitated in straw and velvet. "An endless variety of

feathers," he says, "became the rage, and every species of small birds, as well as the wings and tails and breasts of the larger ones, were eagerly sought after. Good, indeed, need the memory be to remember the various names, which required a well-schooled ornithologist's fluent and flexible tongue to pronounce properly. A troublesome customer went into my friend's shop for a hat. His whole establishment was just at that time pretty nearly distracted with the bustle of business, as it was then the height of the London season. On the lady expressing great surprise at the price, the rarity of the feathers became the happy medium of an amicable and willing payment in the following manner:—The young person who had to explain became rather confused by her questions. This was too much for my friend, who happens to be the most excitable and quick man I ever met with, and seeing the fix his young lady was in, he left his desk with the object of rescuing her, and at once ventured to explain the rarity of the particular feather, about which he was enlarging when the lady customer modestly desired the name of the great curiosity. My friend was hit, and hard too, for he knew not, but with the quickness peculiar to his very ready, clever, and imaginative brain, not abashed at his position, he pronounced it to be—the *wing of a diving peacock!* The customer was as delighted as she was astonished, and paid the bill cheerfully."

Towards the close of his amusing little book, Mr. Melton makes his best bow to the ladies. He lays claim to the introduction of the fancy hats, and to the toxophilite, he says, he was indebted for the idea. Some of his patrons having worn drab felt Spanish hats, the thought struck him of endeavouring to break through the old traditional gentleman's hat with the cock feather for riding. It was a hard and laborious effort, but at last the spell was broken by the Queen of Holland ordering a hawking-hat for her Majesty which gained great approbation, and soon became very generally adopted. "Not contented with the sweetly pretty French ideas, ladies adopted them generally for walking, and then, as usual, in coquetish rivalry (stimulated, doubtless, by that naughty boy Cupid), they ran riot in extravagance of style. "Not," says Mr. Melton, "that I would wish to say that many, very many, have not been truly bewitching, and have doubtless made conquests by catching many a stolid heart that would not have dared to peep under a bonnet."

If Mr. Melton, in his professional capacity, were a resident of Montreal, we fancy that the reply to the popular inquiry—"Who's your hatter?" would be an ingularly monotonous one.

## ANECDOTE OF LORD AYLMER.

WHEN Lord Aylmer was Governor General, he once went on an excursion to Gaspé. Amongst others who flocked there to welcome the representative of royalty, was a party of Micmac Indians numbering some five or six hundred. When his Excellency landed with a brilliant staff he was met by this respectable deputation of the aboriginal race. The chief, a fine powerful man surrounded by his principal warriors at once commenced a long oration delivered in the usual solemn, sing-song tone accompanied with frequent bowing of the head. It happened that a vessel had been wrecked some months previously in the Gulf, and the Indians, proving themselves ready and adroit wreckers had profited largely by the windfall. Among other ornaments which they had seized was a box full of labels for decanters, marked, in conspicuous characters, "Rum," "Gin," "Brandy," &c., &c. The chief had his head liberally encircled with tin ornaments of the usual kind, and, on this occasion, had dexterously affixed to his ears and nose some of the captured labels. At the beginning of the interview, these were not particularly discernible amid the novelty of the spectacle; and it was only while listening to the lengthened harangue of the savage chief that His Excellency began to scrutinize his appearance and dress; and then his eyes alighted on the appendages hanging from his ears and nose with the labels inscribed "Brandy," "Gin," "Rum," &c. Glancing towards his staff, he could no longer maintain his gravity, and was joined in a hearty but indecorous burst of unrestrained laughter. The indignant chief, with his followers, immediately withdrew, and would neither be pacified nor persuaded to return although the cause of his Excellency's ill-timed merriment was explained to him

## SUICIDE OF A HORSE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—A few days ago a poor creature, worn to skin and bone, put an end to his existence in a very extraordinary manner. His pedigree is unknown, as he was quite a stranger. A very worthy gentleman here met him in a public market, and thinking he could find employment for him, put him to work, but it was soon discovered that work was not his forte; in fact, he could do anything save work and do errands. His great delight was to roam about the fields and do mischief. People praising him used to ejaculate, "Ugh you ugly brute," when they saw the scowl which was continually on his face. His master tried to win him by kindness. He remembered the old song, "If I had a donkey that wouldn't go, do you think I'd wallop him? Oh no, no." The kindness was lost upon him. He next tried the whip, then the cudgel, but all in vain. Work he would not. And as a last resort the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar of old was tried. He was turned out of house and home to eat grass with the oxen. With hungry belly and broken heart, he wended his lonely way down by the shore, passed—turned the Moor's Point, and still held on his lonely way, regardless of the wondering gaze of the fishermen. At length he arrived at a point opposite the lighthouse, where he stood still; and while the curiosity of the fishermen was wound to the highest pitch as to what was to follow, he, neighing loudly and tossing his old tail, rushed madly into the foaming deep, got beyond his depth, held his head under the water, and soon ceased to be. The fishermen conveyed the true, although strange and startling tidings, to the respected owner, that his horse had committed suicide.

## HOTTER THAN A RED HOT POKER.

A CORRESPONDENT of an English paper writes as follows: "By the courtesy of my friend, the vicar of L—, I was enabled to accompany him over one of the extensive plate-glass works near the town; no, not over; I had purposed to see over the entire works, but I went not only to see, but to learn; and I was so enchanted almost at the very entrance, that I could get no further, and left my guide to proceed with the two young ladies who accompanied us. They went through the establishment, I remained at the entrance. Why did I remain behind? To try an experiment—a fearful one to the uninitiated; to plunge my hand, or rather the fore-finger of my left hand, into a mass, some twenty-five pounds, of molten glass, not red hot glass, but liquid metal glass at a white-glowing heat. I inquired of the score of hard—ing, intelligent men around me, and of the gentlemanly manager, if they dared venture on the experiment; they replied, "No." The vicar and the ladies were sent for, when, in their presence, as well as that of the men, I deliberately plunged my finger into the liquid fire, somewhat rapidly, but with no very great haste: it came out unscathed. The enterprising fellows around soon followed it up; some just dipping into the glowing mass; some, braver, plunging the hand right to the bottom of the ladle or small cauldron that held it; and none were burnt. How came this? I will explain the reason. Water constitutes the great bulk of our bodies. Mr. Frank Buckland merrily says we are merely some forty-five parts of charcoal mixed up with four or five parts of water. On plunging the hand into the heated mass, the intense heat converts the moisture of the skin into steam—thus forming a sort of halo round it—and prevents contact with the metallic fire. Let the mass be at but a dull-red heat, steam will not be generated, and on withdrawing the finger, a *thimble* will be the result; the glass will adhere to the fingers, with a terrible burn, and you'll cry *peccari*. This playing with fires is not new to me. I have tried the experiment with molten lead, and have not been injured. M. Boutigny was, I believe the first to call attention to the matter some time ago; he tried his finger in molten iron, I followed it up in lead. Soon afterwards Boutigny paid a visit to this country, and at some iron works in Norwich a cauldron of iron in glowing fusion was prepared for him: he quietly divested himself of his coat, drew up his shirt-sleeve, removed the rings from his finger, and having plunged his hand and arm in cold water, coolly and calmly inserted them in the molten mass, and drew them steadily through it, and then out without the least injury. Directly I saw the liquid glass, the experiment flashed upon me, and I was desirous to try it with that material. The result was as I have narrated above

## PURIFIED.

WELL, farewell, Amy, we will not part in anger although I consider your reasons for breaking our engagement utterly inconsistent with your previous promises. You wish me to visit you as a friend, but I can not bear to be treated as such, where I have once been received as an accepted lover. I should always feel ill at ease in your company, and shall endeavour to avoid anything that would tend to remind me of the humiliation of this moment."

And with a cold clasp of the hand they parted—those two who had parted many times during the last few months with the fondest embraces, and the most fervent protestations of love. Amy, no doubt, imagined that she had sufficient reason for thus summarily casting from her a heart that would, she knew, have ceased to throb rather than give her pain. The echo of his half-sorrowful, half-scornful farewell had barely died away, however, ere she had retired to her room, weeping bitterly, and cursing the pride that had prompted her to speak the words which had severed them forever. Had her lips trembled, had she wavered while announcing to him her decision, he would have clasped her to his heart, and all would have been well; but her manner had been so distant, her words so devoid of feeling, that she knew he must have writhed under the infliction.

Mr. Redmond was in comfortable circumstances, and Amy was his only child. She had been indulged in more than her position seemed to warrant, and consequently had grown up with a high estimation of her own importance. She was not hard-hearted, however, as many who had been the recipients of her bounty could testify, but she felt keenly when thwarted in anything in which she felt interested. She had consented to become Harry Hagerton's affianced wife, because she discerned in him something superior to the many suitors that crowded about her, and she had grown to love him after their engagement, but it was not that kind of affection that grows brighter under adversity. Harry was rapidly attaining an eminent position in the commercial world, and her ambition taught her that in a short time her rank in society would be second to none.

The engagement had existed almost a year, and Harry was busy making preparations to claim his bride, when suddenly, by one of those strange revulsions of fortune which most business men are liable to, his savings were swept from him, leaving him almost penniless. He had friends who generously offered to loan him sufficient to enable him at once to resume his former position in the business world, but a certain amount of independence led him to reject their proffered assistance. He knew that it would be better for him to make his way up again by his own efforts than to be clogged at the start with a load of debt. His marriage must be delayed, and he felt keenly his loss on that account; but in Amy he had unbounded confidence. She told him many times that the privilege of corresponding was so sweet that she would willingly wait years while receiving from him such affectionate letters. It was, therefore, with no small amount of surprise that in answer to his letter informing her of his misfortune, she wrote begging to be released from her engagement. Two years was too long to wait, she wrote, and she would prefer to be free in the meantime.

Three days afterward he stood before her, not to beg her to reconsider her decision, but to demand an explanation of such strange conduct. She reiterated her objection to the length of time, and alluded so coolly to the probability of other attachments being formed in the meantime, and the incurs their present engagement would be, should such an event occur, that it needed all his self-possession to restrain his indignation. He left her, his faith in woman's love completely shattered, and determined to avoid in future the tempting smiles with which she entrapped her victims.

In the whirl of business Harry sought forgetfulness; and he laboured so assiduously that his friends rallied him on the mania he seemed to possess for obtaining wealth. He prospered beyond

his most sanguine hopes, and in six years could count his thousands with many in the city who ranked as its most substantial citizens. During this time he had studiously avoided the fascinations of many an ambitious young lady. Wise mamma's shook their heads and pronounced him invulnerable, and the marriageable daughters set him down as a confirmed bachelor. Some of his most intimate friends who were aware of his disappointed hopes in regard to Amy, sought to probe him, but he had shown himself so sensitive on that point that their efforts were soon abandoned.

Fortune had not been so propitious to Amy in the meantime. Her father had been persuaded to venture all he owned in a speculation which had resulted in his total ruin just five years after she had broken her troth with Harry; and the old gentleman felt his loss so deeply that he became utterly incapable of providing for himself or daughter. Amy obtained a situation in a rural school, but the salary was so small that it barely sufficed for their wants. She struggled bravely, for a few months, however, until her father became unable to rise from his bed, and then most of her time was occupied in attending to his wants. The situation had to be given up, and for two months she drained to the very dregs the bitterness of poverty. The assistance rendered her by the most charitable of the village in which she lived was so trifling and so ostentatiously given that it seemed to her but a hollow mockery. For her father's sake she bore meekly, but when the last clod of earth was thrown upon his grave, her whole heart went up in thankfulness to God, who in his wisdom had seen fit to take him from a world so full of suffering.

She soon left a place where she had experienced so much misery, and came to Montreal. The next day in looking over a paper the name of Harry Hagerton caught her eye. It was appended to an advertisement demanding a lady-teacher for a children's school. Her heart beat fast, for the salary was good and her wants pressing; but how could she go to him now to solicit a favour? She looked long in a glass that evening in order to see what changes time had wrought in a face that once glowed with beauty. The cheeks were sunken, the eyes large and unnaturally bright, the mouth contracted, and the whole expression so full of utter grief that she concluded that he would fail to recognize in the miserable looking applicant one who had formerly seemed to him the very type of health and happiness.

Her courage failed her as she stood the next morning on the steps leading up to his office, and she turned to go. It was too late, however, for coming up behind her was Harry himself. She leaned against the wall for support, for his sudden appearance almost deprived her of the little strength she possessed. He opened the door and politely handed her into his office. She sunk into a seat, and, unable longer to restrain her agitation, burst into tears. Surprised at this exhibition of feeling, he gently inquired the cause of her grief, and in what way he could relieve her. His words were kind, and the tones of his voice, his manner, reassured her, for they indicated no sign of recognition, and with many hesitations she stated her business. She had no recommendations, no friends in the city, and she was utterly destitute, she told him, but he engaged her on the spot. A twenty dollar note, to be deducted out of her salary of course, was placed in her hands to relieve her present wants, and although the crisp paper burned her fingers, she needed it too much to refuse.

When she left the office, Harry bowed his head upon his desk, and his memory grew busy with the past.

"She thinks I do not know her," he muttered, "just as though I could ever forget. She lives under an assumed name, too, to render her identity more difficult. My God! how full of misery she seems, how altered, and how she must have suffered! I have wealth, but of what avail is it to me? I would give the whole of it for the happiness of pillaging that head upon my bosom, of bringing light and love into those eyes; but she would fly from me if she thought I knew her. I can make her situation an easy one, however, and I will; and who knows but in time—"

The human heart with its many phases of love

and hate is a mystery still unsolved. Had Harry met Amy with all the comforts that surrounded her early home, beautiful and happy, he would have treated her in the coolest manner imaginable; but to see her so wan and miserable, to know that she was in want of the necessaries of life, awakened in him the deepest emotions of grief.

She was duly installed as teacher of the school; on stormy days a carriage conveyed her from and to her boarding-house. Her salary was raised, and her duties made lighter. The children loved her, and their quiet deportment, influenced by her gentle manner, pleased her. But was she happy? Far from it. Memory was busy with the past, and she was unhappy, because she could not kneel at her benefactor's feet and crave his forgiveness. She dreaded, too, that sooner or later he would find out her secret, and in such a case but one course of action seemed opened for her. Flight! The very thought chilled her.

Seven months elapsed, and Christmas, the day of happy reunions, dawned bright and beautiful. Happy reunions, did I say? Alas! not always. Many a grieving heart thinks there will be no happy reunions until Christmas has dawned for all in heaven. Amy might have thought so as she sat in her comfortable parlour after dinner, and allowed her thoughts to go back to those happy days when the world seemed so bright to her. Was she never to know happiness again? to live her lifetime under an assumed name? Was she to die unloved except by the little hearts that bounded to meet her when the school hour had come?

A knock at the door startled her. She had barely time to wipe away her tears, when Harry entered the room.

"You have been weeping," he said, noticing the inflamed eyes; "are you unhappy in this place? If there is anything I can do to make your lot easier than it is, you will oblige me greatly by informing me."

"Oh, no indeed—thank you. You have been kinder to me already than I deserve. I shall never be able to repay you."

"Time alone can tell," he gently rejoined. "But in the meantime shall I tell you a little episode of my past life in which a young lady, whom you greatly resemble, played an important part? It may explain my motive in calling to see you this afternoon."

She did not answer. The blood rushed up to her neck and face, and a moment after left her pale and trembling.

He told her of his love for the young lady, of her cruel decision, of the suffering it had caused him, of his struggles to forget, and his determination to shun ladies' society as much as possible.

"And," he continued, his voice sinking lower and lower. "I met her not many months ago. She was utterly friendless, and I befriended her. Revenge is sweet, and I surrounded her with comforts, the better to gratify it. Do you understand me?"

"Oh, Harry! let me go in peace. You have been amply revenged," sinking at his feet, and bursting into tears.

He raised her to his bosom, and kissed away the pearly drops.

"My darling Amy, this is my revenge—to love you, to protect you, while God leaves us to each other. I have suffered, but my troubles were light in comparison to yours. You thought I would not know in the wan looking girl, the Amy I had once loved. How you deceived yourself. I knew you in a moment, but I determined to wait a few months before undeceiving you. I found you gentle, kind—in fact thoroughly purified, and now I come to ask you to be my wife. I can not live without you."

And Amy was happy at last, and so was Harry. Their former suffering was forgotten, or only remembered at least to intensify the love that bound them to each other.

G. H. H.

Montreal, 16th September, 1865.

One of England's most important national monuments has had a narrow escape. It was intended to hold a Congress of archaeologists at Stonehenge, dig under the altar-stone, and raise the fallen trilithon. Sir Edmund Antrobus, however, the owner, wisely set his face against the proposal.

## THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON V.  
CHLORIDE OF SILVER.

**MATERIALS AND TESTS REQUIRED.**—Some glass tumblers, glass rods, test tubes, distilled water, a solution of common salt, a solution of ammonia (hartshorn) in a stoppered bottle, a solution of hyposulphite of soda, Hydrochloric acid in a stoppered bottle, sulphuric acid in a stoppered bottle, some chloride of lime, (bleaching powder) in a corked bottle, a solution of chloride of potassium.

The young chemist should make his own solutions when the substance to be dissolved is a solid; for this purpose add as much of the solid to distilled water as the latter will dissolve. Chloride of silver—the white curdy precipitate generated by bringing nitrate of silver into contact with common salt, as explained in Lesson II—is never thrown away in laboratories, but is preserved and reduced, when the quantity accumulates, to metallic silver. It must not be regarded therefore as a mere casualty, but as a substance of very great importance, and the starting point of further lessons in analysis.

Prepare some chloride of silver, by adding a solution of common salt to a solution of nitrate of silver, in a glass tumbler; it may happen that the chloride will not settle at once, but assume a milky appearance; on agitating the tumbler the small particles of the chloride will adhere to each other, leaving the fluid quite clear. No other precipitate has this peculiar flocculent appearance to such an extent as chloride of silver.

Take some of the newly prepared chloride of silver, and expose it to the sun's rays, it will speedily become black; this is another evidence either of chloride of silver or of a few other silver salts which will be described hereafter. It has been seen in Lesson II, that ammonia (hartshorn) dissolves chloride of silver, but there is another solvent for it, the hyposulphite of soda, which is extensively used in photography.

Add a little of the solution of the hyposulphite of soda to a small quantity of the chloride of silver; before the chloride becomes black from exposure to the light it will speedily be dissolved. Now take some chloride of silver which has been blackened, and it will be found that the blackened portions are no longer soluble in the hyposulphite of soda. It will from this experiment be easy to understand the chemical fact on which photographic art is based; for when the paper, or the collodion film on glass, impregnated with the chloride of silver, is exposed to the action of the light, wherever most light falls there will result most darkening, and the reverse. Now if the paper or collodion plate in this stage be exposed to the dissolving agency of hyposulphite of soda, it follows that that portion of the chloride darkened would remain untouched while the non-darkened part would be dissolved out.

Chloride of silver has been hitherto generated by bringing a solution of chloride of sodium (common salt) into contact with nitrate of silver, but, generally speaking, any substance which contains chlorine will also afford a precipitate of chloride of silver when brought into contact with a silver solution, not containing ammonia.

In illustration take a solution of chloride of potassium (chlorine and potassium) and add it to a little of the nitrate of silver solution, observe that a precipitate occurs endowed with all the properties possessed by the precipitate generated when common salt (chloride of sodium) was used.

Again dip the end of a glass rod in a solution of nitrate of silver, and hold it over the unstoppered mouth of the hydrochloric acid bottle; the fumes arising from the acid will decompose the silver solution on the rod, and it will become covered with a deposit of chloride of silver which being washed off may be proved to be so, by the tests already described.

Again, pour a drop of hydrochloric acid into a test tube, add to it a little of the nitrate of silver solution, and remark again the deposition of chloride of silver. These last two experiments demonstrate that hydrochloric acid contains chlorine. Take now, of powdered chloride of lime (bleaching powder) as much as will lie on a ten cent piece, and having put it carefully into a dry test tube without soiling the sides of the tube, drop in again, without touching the sides; one drop of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol); take a glass rod moistened with the nitrate of silver solution, and hold it over the mouth of the test tube, it will be found that chloride of silver forms on the rod, caused by the

chlorine set free by the sulphuric acid from the bleaching powder (chloride of lime). It has now been demonstrated that a soluble silver salt is a test for chlorine in many states.

1st. It has been demonstrated a test for chlorine when the chlorine exists in solid combination with other elements, viz. chloride of sodium and chloride of potassium.

2nd. It has been demonstrated to be a test for chlorine in a state of liquid acid combination and in a state of acid gaseous combination, namely, hydrochloric acid and the gaseous fumes or vapour of hydrochloric acid escaping from a bottle containing that acid; and lastly, it has been demonstrated to be a test for chlorine when the chlorine is uncombined with any element, as proved by the experiment with the chloride of lime.

Hence it may be stated that soluble silver salts (that is, silver in combination with an acid) are tests for chlorine in every condition of vapour, gas, or fluidity.\*

J. W. F.

## STRANGE STORIES.

FROM a recently published work entitled "The Romance of London," a collection of scenes, adventures and vicissitudes associated with the great city, we extract the following strange stories:—

In the public life of the metropolis, the pugnacity of Lord Camelford most strangely displayed itself. On the night of April 2nd, 1799, at Drury Lane Theatre, he assaulted and wounded a gentleman, for which assault a jury of the Court of King's Bench returned a verdict against him of 600*l*. Soon after this affair he added an attack upon four watchmen in Cavendish Square, when, after an hour's conflict, his lordship and the other assailants were captured, and guarded by twenty armed watchmen, were conveyed to the watch-house. In another freak of this kind, on the night of a general illumination for Peace in 1801, Lord Camelford would not suffer lights to be placed in the windows of his apartments at a grocer's in New Bond Street. The mob assailed the house with a shower of stones at the windows, when his lordship sallied out, and with a stout cudgel kept up a long conflict, until he was overpowered by numbers, and retreated in a deplorable condition. His name had now become a terror. Entering, one evening, the Prince of Wales's Coffee House in Conduit Street, he sat down to read the newspapers. Soon after came in a conceited fop, who seated himself opposite his lordship, and desired the waiter to bring a pint of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box. He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candle, and began to read. His lordship glanced at him indignantly, and then continued reading. The waiter announced the fop's commands completed, when he lounged round into the box and began to read. Lord Camelford then, mimicking the tone of the coxcomb, called for a pair of snuffers, deliberately walked to his box, snuffed out both candles, and his lordship deliberately returned to his seat. The coxcomb, boiling with rage, roared out "Waiter! who is his fellow that dares to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What do they call him?" "Lord Camelford, Sir," replied the waiter. "Who?" "Lord Camelford!" returned the fop, in a tone of voice scarcely audible, terror-struck at his own impertinence. "Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down the money, and stole away without daring to taste his Madeira.

The following humorous sketch describes the attempt made in the year 1738 to exclude the ladies from the gallery of the House of Lords, and the signal and most merited failure in which so ungallant an attempt resulted.

"The ladies, headed by Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Westmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Archibald Hamilton, Lady Charlotte, Edwin, and others, presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, and were informed by Sir William Saunderson that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. After some modest refusal he swore he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered that they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. The

stratagem by which their entrance was at length secured, reflects great credit on their sagacity.

"The Amazons showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers! they stood there till five in the afternoon, without sustenance, every now and then play lug volleys of thumps, kicks and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagem in war) commanded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front rows of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in such cases), but by noisy laughs and contempt,—thus completely triumphing over the tyrannical Chancellors, and illustrating the well known couplet.

When a woman wills, she will, you may depend on't.  
When she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.

**REMARKABLE SWIMMING FEAT.**—Dr. Dulk, who is forty-five years old, has carried his plan of crossing the Lake of Constance at its greatest width about with him for five years, and only this year succeeded in it. In July, 1860, he had gone more than half the distance, and been for three hours and a half in the water, when a thunderstorm arose, and the lake became so disturbed that Dr. Dulk thought it wise to give up the attempt. In 1863 the very same thing happened again; after the bold swimmer had already spent three hours in the water, a violent wind agitated the waves of the lake in such a manner that he had to return. At length, in 1865, the feat was accomplished. A boat followed at the distance of twelve feet; the swimmer only stopped once, to swallow a little wine handed to him from the boat. Arrived on the other shore, and landing near the Castillo Friedrichshafen, Herr Dulk enjoyed a good draught of beer, and afterwards felt no other inconvenience than that of his face and back having to wait for a new skin, the old one having been completely scorched off by six hours and a half exposure, under an almost tropical sun.

## A SECRET FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS.

IT spoils the bellows when the boy cut them open to see where the wind was, but it never hurts a cutting to take it out at any time that it may be done without injuring the incipient roots. Suppose you find the roots pushing like teeth or claws, your best course is at once to pot them all separately, and shut them up in a frame over a gentle bottom heat. It may be that the roots have not yet begun to push, but if you examine one you will certainly see that the edges of the shield are thickened by the process of granulation, which is designated the formation of a "callus." This is a necessary preliminary to the formation of roots, and you may always pot cuttings and eyes of all kinds as soon as the callus is formed, without waiting for roots; indeed, if the potting could always be done at this stage, it would be better than afterwards, for as there would be no roots to injure, there would be none of that double tax put upon the cuttings which happens when in the potting the tender roots get bruised or broken. Some people handle newly rooted cuttings as they would handle a birch broom; and no wonder if they are found among the correspondents who ask if we can tell them why their plants died a week after they were potted off. In case all this is Greek, or Timbuctoo, or unknown tongue to any body who has got a lot of eyes from rose trees in the progress of making plants, I can give you an infallible rule for the right time to pot them off—a rule which cannot be misunderstood, and which can be told in a word. Pot them as soon as the leaves begin to wither, and when you see the eyes pushing into growth. The perishing of the leaf is, when the matter is properly managed, the best sign you can have that your labour has not been in vain. It is the same with cuttings—the shedding of the old leaves is a sign you may pot them, for they intend to grow; if they intend to die, probably the old leaves would hold on tight to the last.—*Lit-berd's Gardeners' Magazine.*

\* There are a few exceptions, but it is not well to mention them here.



# SO SHALL MY DARLING BE.

ALLEGRETTO.

Music by ARR.—English Words by Chas. J. Sprague.

VOICE.

1. Gracful and slen-der; light as a fawn;   
 2. For her com- plect-ion I should not care;   
 3. Eyes that shall meet me, sparkling with love,

PIANO.

*poco rit*

Loving and ten-der; bright as the dawn; Fair-er than   
 If her af- fect- tion I on-ly share; Thought-ful a   
 Where'er they greet me, like stars a-bove. Beam- ing a

*poco rit.* *mf* *a tempo* *p*

*cresc.* *pp* *f* *poco rit*

all to me; } so shall my dar-ling, So shall my dar-ling be, So shall my   
 lone of me, }   
 lone on me, }

*mf* *poco rit*

*pp legg*

dar-ling, my dar-ling be.

*a tempo.* *scher.* *p*

## SONG ON SUNSHINE.

SING away, ye joyous birds,  
While the sun is o'er us!  
If I only knew your words,  
I would swell the chorus.  
Sing, ye warblers of the sky!  
Sing, ye happy thrushes!  
And ye little ones that lie  
Down among the rushes!

Softly as an angel's wing  
Comes an inspiration:  
Oh that my poor soul could sing  
Worthy of creation!  
Like the solemn chanting tree—  
Nature in devotion:  
Like the merry harping bee,—  
Harmony in motion.

I would sound a note of joy  
Through the vales of Devon,  
Sweet as Love's, when he a boy  
Nowly came from heaven.  
Till the busy world beguiled  
With its echoes' ringing,  
Shouted, "Hark! for Nature's child  
Her own song is singing."

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 45.

## CHAPTER IX. OLIMPIA COLONNA.

SAXON TREFALDEN did not fall in love at first sight, as Palamon fell in love with Emelie, walking in the garden "full of braunches grene." His heart beat now the faster, his cheek grew now the brighter, nor the paler, for that stolen contemplation. Nothing of the kind. He only admired her—admired her, and wondered at her, and delighted to look upon her; just as he would have admired, and wondered at, and looked upon a gorgeous sunrise among his own native Alps, or a splendid meteor in a summer sky. He did not attempt to analyse her features. He could not have described her to save his life. He had no idea whether her wondrous eyes were brown or black; or whether it was to them, or to the perfect mouth beneath, that her smile owed the magic of its sweetness. He had not the faintest suspicion that her hair was of the same hue and texture as the world-famed locks of Lucrezia Borgia; he only saw that it was tossed back from her brow like a cloud of burnt gold, crisp and wavy, and gathered into a coronet that a queen might have envied. He knew not how scornfully her lip could curl, and her delicate nostrils quiver; but he could not help seeing that there was something naughty in the very undulations of her tall and slender form, and something imperial in the character of her beauty. In short, Saxon was no connoisseur of female loveliness. The women of the Grisons are among the homeliest of their race, and till now he had seen no others. A really graceful, handsome, highly-bred woman was a phenomenon in his eyes, and he looked upon her with much the same kind of delightful awe that one experiences on first beholding the sea, or the southern stars. Indeed, had Mademoiselle Colonna been only a fine portrait by Titian, or a marble divinity by Phidias, he could hardly have admired her with a more dispassionate and simple wonder.

Presently Mr. Trefalden came back to his breakfast, leaving Signor Colonna and his daughter to theirs. He resumed his seat in silence. He looked grave. He pushed his plate aside with the air of one whose thoughts are too busy for hunger. Then he looked at Saxon; but Saxon's eyes were wandering to the further end of the saloon, and he knew nothing of the close and serious scrutiny to which he was being subjected. The young man would, perhaps, have been somewhat startled had he surprised that expression upon his cousin's face; and even more puzzled than startled by the strange, flitting, cynical smile into which it gradually faded.

"Come, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "we must finish this bottle of Château Margaux before we go."

Saxon shook his head.

"You have had only one glass," remonstrated his cousin.

"Thank you, I do not wish for more."

"Then you don't really like it, after all?"

"Yes I do; but I am no longer thirsty. See—I have almost emptied the water-bottle."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"We are told," said he, "that primeval man passed through three preliminary stages before he reached the era of civilization—namely, the stone period, the iron period, and the bronze. You, my dear Saxon, are still in the stone period; and Heaven only knows how long you might have stayed there, if I had not come to your aid. It is my mission to civilise you."

Saxon laughed aloud. It was his way to laugh on the smallest provocation, like a joyous child; which, in Mr. Trefalden's eyes, was another proof of barbarism.

"Civilise me as much as you please, cousin William," he said; "but don't ask me to drink without thirst, or eat without hunger."

Mr. Trefalden glanced uneasily towards the other table, where the father and daughter were breakfasting side by side, and conversing softly in Italian. Perhaps he did not wish them to hear Saxon call him "cousin." At all events, he rose abruptly, and said: "Come—shall we smoke a cigar in the garden before starting?"

But just as they were leaving the room, Mademoiselle Colonna rose and followed them.

"Mr. Trefalden," she said, eagerly. "Mr. Trefalden—we found letters awaiting us at this place, one of which demands an immediate answer. This answer must be conveyed to a certain spot, by a trusty messenger. It may not, for various reasons, be sent through the post. Can you help me? Do you know of any person whom it would be safe to employ?"

"Indeed I do not," replied the lawyer. "I am as great a stranger in Reichenau as yourself. Perhaps, however, the landlord can tell you—"

"No, no," interrupted she. "It would not be prudent to consult him."

"Then I fear I am powerless."

"It—it is not very far," hesitated the lady. "He would only have to go about a mile beyond Thusis, on the Splügen road."

"If I were not a man of law, Mademoiselle Colonna," said Mr. Trefalden, with his blandest smile, "I would myself volunteer to be your envoy, but—"

"But you have given us your name, Mr. Trefalden, and can do no more. I understand that. I understood it from the first. I am only sorry to have troubled you."

"Indeed you have not troubled me. I only regret that I cannot be of more service."

Wherewith Mr. Trefalden bowed to Mademoiselle Colonna, made a sign to his cousin to follow him, and left the room. But Saxon lingered, blushing and irresolute, and turned to the lady instead.

"I can take the letter," he said, shyly.

Mademoiselle Colonna paused, looked straight into his eyes, and said:

"It is an important letter. Can I trust you?"

"Yes."

"Can I rely upon you to give it into no other hands than those of the person whom I shall describe to you?"

"Yes."

"If any one else should try to take it from you, what would you do?"

"If a man tried to take it from me by force," replied Saxon, laughingly, "I should knock him down."

"But if he were stronger than you; or if there were several?"

He stopped to consider.

"I—I think I should take it out as if I were going to give it up," said he, "and I would swallow it."

"Good."

Mademoiselle Colonna paused again, and again looked at him steadfastly.

"Did you hear all that I said about this letter just now to Mr. Trefalden?" she said.

"Every word of it."

"You know that you must not repeat it."

"I suppose so."

"And you know that to convey this letter may be—though it is very unlikely—a service of some little danger!"

"I did not know that; but I know it was a service of responsibility."

"Well, then, are you equally willing to go?"

"Of course. Why not?"

Mademoiselle Colonna smiled, but somewhat doubtfully.

"I do not doubt your courage," she said; "but how am I to know that you will not betray my confidence?"

Saxon coloured up to the roots of his hair, and drew back a step.

"You must not give me the letter," said he, "if you are afraid to trust me. I can only promise to deliver it, and be silent."

Signor Colonna rose suddenly, and joined them. He had his purse in his hand.

"Will you swear this, young man?" he asked. "Will you swear this?"

"No," said Saxon, proudly, "I will not swear it. It is forbidden to take God's name for trifles. I will give you my word of honour, but I will not take an oath."

"Humph! what reward do you expect?"

"Reward? What do you mean?"

"Will twenty francs satisfy you?"

Saxon drew back another step. He looked from Signor Colonna to his daughter, and from the lady's face to the gentleman's.

"Money!" he faltered. "You offer me money?"

"Is it not enough?"

Barbarian as he was, Saxon was quite sufficiently civilised to writhen under the sting of this affront. The tears started to his honest eyes. It was the first humiliation he had known in his life, and he felt it bitterly.

"I did not offer to carry your letter for hire," said he, in a hurried, quivering voice. "I would have gone twice the distance to—to please and serve the lady. Good morning."

And, turning abruptly on his heel, the young man strode out of the room.

"Oh, stay, monsieur, one moment—one moment only!" cried Mademoiselle Colonna.

But he was already gone.

"What is this? Who is he? What does it all mean?" asked Signor Colonna impatiently.

"It means that we have committed a grievous error," replied his daughter. He is a gentleman—a gentleman, and I took him for a common guide! But see, there he goes, through the garden gate—go to him; pray go to him, and apologise in my name and your own."

"But, my child," said the Italian, nervously, "how can you be sure—"

"I am sure. I see it all now—I ought to have seen it from the first. But look yonder, and convince yourself! Mr. Trefalden has taken his arm—they go down through the trees! Pray go, go at once, or you will be too late."

Signor Colonna snatched up his hat and went at once; but he was too late for all that. The garden was a very perplexing place. It belonged, not to the hotel, but to the Château Planta close by, and was entered by a large wooden gate, some few yards down the road. It was laid out on a little picturesque peninsula just at the junction of the Hintler and Vorder Rhinos, and was traversed by all kinds of winding walks, some of which led down to the water-side, some up to shady nooks, or hidden summer-houses, or open lawns fragrant with violets, and musical with ever-playing fountains. Up and down, in and out of these paths, Signor Colonna wandered for nearly half an hour without meeting a living soul, or hearing any sound but the rushing of the rivers and the echoes of his own steps on the gravel. Saxon and his cousin had disappeared as utterly as if the green sward had opened and swallowed them, or the grey Rhine had swept them away in its eddying current.

## CHAPTER X. MENTOR TAKES TELEMACHUS IN HAND.

Pastor Martin never closed his eyes in sleep that night after William Trefalden paid his first visit at the Château Rottberg. His anxieties had been increasing and multiplying of late, and this event brought them en masse to the surface. He scarcely knew whether to feel relieved or embarrassed by the arrival of his London businessman. Harassed as his mind had been for some time past, he yet dreaded to lay the source of his troubles before an arbiter who might tell him that he had acted unwisely. Yet here was the arbiter, dropped, as it were, from the clouds; and, be his verdict what it might, the story of Saxon's education could not be withheld from him. The good priest shrank from this confession. It was true that he had done all for the best. It was also true that he would have given his own life to make that boy a good and happy man. And yet—and yet there remained the fatal possibility which had so haunted him during these last few months. His own judgment might all this time have been at fault; and the fair edifice which

he had been building up with such love and devotion for the last twenty years or more, might, after all, have its foundations in the sand. This was a terrible thought, and so hard to bear that the pastor made up his mind to go down to Reichenau early in the morning, and talk the whole matter over with William Trefalden before he and Saxon should have started for Chur. When the morning came, however, a goat was missing from the flock. This mischance threw all the farm-work out of its daily course, so that the pastor started a good half-hour too late, quite expecting to find them both gone by the time he reached the Adler.

In the meanwhile, Saxon had overtaken his cousin in the garden of the Château Planta.

"Well," said Mr. Trefalden, "I began to think you were never coming. Take a cigar."

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't smoke, thank you," said he, hurriedly. "This way."

Mr. Trefalden noted the flush upon his cheek, and the agitation of his manner, and followed in silence.

The young man plunged down a labyrinth of narrow side-walks, till they came to one that sloped to the water-side. At the bottom of this slope, only a wire fence and a slip of gravelly bank lay between them and the river. A covered bridge spanned the stream a few yards higher up, and beyond the bridge lay the meadows and the mountains. Saxon, without deigning to touch the wire with his hand, sprang lightly over. Mr. Trefalden, less lightly, and more leisurely, followed his example. In a few minutes more, they had both passed through the gloom of the covered bridge, and emerged into the sunshine beyond. Saxon at once struck across the road, and took the field-path opposite.

"Is this the way to Chur?" asked Mr. Trefalden, somewhat abruptly.

Saxon started, and stopped.

"No, indeed," he replied. "I—I had forgotten. We must turn back."

"Not till I have finished my cigar. See—here is a shady nook, and an old pine-trunk, that looks as if it had been felled on purpose. Let us sit and chat quietly for half an hour."

"With all my heart," said Saxon. So they sat down side by side, far enough out of sight or hearing of the garden, in which Signor Colonna was searching for them on the opposite side of the river.

"By the way, Saxon, what kept you so long, just now?" said Mr. Trefalden. "Were you flirting with the fair Olympia?"

Saxon's face was scarlet in an instant.

"I—I offered to carry her letter," he replied, confusedly.

"The deuce you did! And she declined?"

"She misunderstood me."

"I am heartily glad of it. I would not have had you mixed up in any of the Colonna intrigues for a trifle. In what way did she misunderstand you?"

Saxon bit his lip, and the colour which had nearly faded from his face came back again.

"She thought I wanted to be paid for going," he said, reluctantly.

"Offered you money, in short?"

"Yes—that is, her father did so."

"And what did you say?"

"I hardly know. I was greatly vexed—more vexed, perhaps, than I ought to have been. I left them, at all events, and here I am."

"Without the letter, I trust?"

"Without the letter."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Trefalden looked down, thoughtfully, and a faint smile flitted over his face. Saxon did not see it. His thoughts were busy elsewhere, and his eyes were also bent upon the ground.

"I am sorry you don't join me in a cigar," said Mr. Trefalden. "Smoking is a social art, and you should acquire it."

"The art is easy enough," said Saxon. "It is the taste for it which is difficult of acquisition."

"Then you have tried?"

"Yes."

"And it made you giddy?"

"Not at all; but it gave me no pleasure."

"That was because you did not persevere long enough to experience the delicious dreaminess that—"

"I have no desire to feel dreamy," interrupted Saxon. "I should detest any sensation that left my mind less active than usual. I had as soon put on fetters."

Mr. Trefalden laughed that low, pleasant laugh of his, and stretched himself at full length on the grass.

"There are fetters, and fetters," said he, "fetters of gold, and fetters of flowers, as well as fetters of vulgar iron."

"Heaven forbid that I should ever know any of the three," observed Saxon, gravely.

"You have this very day been in danger of the two last," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"Cousin, you are jesting."

"Cousin, I am doing nothing of the kind."

Saxon's blue eyes opened in amazement.

"What can you mean?" said he.

"I will tell you. But you must promise to listen patiently, for my explanation involves some amount of detail."

Saxon bent his head, and the lawyer, puffing lazily at his cigar from time to time, continued.

"The Colonna family," said he, "is, as of course you know already, one of the oldest and noblest of the princely Roman houses. Giulio Colonna, whom you saw just now at the Adler, is a scion of the stock. He has been an enthusiast all his life. In his youth he married for love; and, for the last twenty or thirty years, has devoted himself, heart and soul, to Italian politics. He has written more pamphlets, and ripened more plots, than any man in Europe. He is at the bottom of every Italian conspiracy. He is at the head of every secret society that has Italian unity for its object. He is, in short, a born agitator; and his daughter is as fanatical as himself. As you saw them just now, so they are always. He with his head full of plots, and his pockets full of pamphlets—she exercising all her woman's wit and energy to enlist or utilise an ally."

"I understand now what she meant by the 'good cause,'" observed Saxon thoughtfully.

"Ay, that's the hackneyed phrase."

Saxon looked up.

"But it is a good cause," said he. "It is the liberty of her country."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, yes, of course it is," he replied; "but one gets weary of this pamphleteering and plotting. Fighting is one thing, Saxon, and intriguing, another. Besides, I hate a female politician."

"She is very beautiful," said Saxon.

"She is beautiful, and brilliant, and very fascinating; and she knows how to employ her power, too. Those eyes of Olympia Colonna's have raised more volunteers for Italy than all her father's pamphlets. Confess now, would you have been so ready to carry that letter this morning, if the lady had worn blue spectacles and a front?"

"I cannot tell; but I fear not," replied the young man, laughingly. "But what has this to do with the fetters?"

"Everything. Granted, now, that the fair signora had known you were my cousin—"

"I suppose she took me for your servant," interposed Saxon, somewhat bitterly.

"—and that you had really taken charge of that paper grenade," continued Mr. Trefalden, "can you not guess what the results might have been? Well, I can. She would not have offered you money—not a sou—but she would have smiled upon you, and given you her hand at parting; and you would probably have kissed it as if she had been an empress, and worshipped her as if she were a divinity; and your head, my dear Saxon, would have been as irretrievably turned as the heads of the false prophets in Dante's seventh circle."

"No, that it would not," said Saxon, hastily, with his face all on fire again at the supposition. "And besides, the false prophets were in the eighth circle, cousin—the place, you know, called Malebolge."

"True—the eighth. Thank you. Then you would have placed the grenade in whichever pocket lay nearest to the place where your heart used to be; and you would have gone to the world's end as readily as to Thuisis; and have been abjectly happy to wear Mademoiselle Colonna's fetters of flowers for the rest of your natural life."

"Nay, but indeed—"

"So much for the flowers," interrupted Mr. Trefalden. "Now for the iron. Once embarked in this 'good cause,' there would have been no hope for you in the future. In less than a month you would have been affiliated to some secret society. Dwelling as you do on the high road to Italy, you would have been appointed to all kinds of dangerous services; and the result of the whole affair would have been an Austrian

dungeon, whence not even Santa Olimpia herself would have power to extricate you."

"A very pleasant picture, and very well painted," said Saxon, with an angry quiver of the lip, "but an error, cousin, from beginning to end. I should have devoted myself neither to the lady nor the cause; so your argument falls to the ground, and the fetters along with it."

Mr. Trefalden had too much tact to pursue the conversation further, so he changed the subject.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Passionately."

"Do you play any instrument?"

"I play a little on our chapel organ, but very badly."

"By ear, I suppose?"

"Not entirely. My father learned music at Geneva in his youth; and all that he knows he has taught me."

"Which, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, "is just enough to make you wish it were more?"

"Precisely."

"Have you a good organ at the chapel?"

"No, a wretched thing. It is very small, very old, and sadly out of repair. Two of the stops are quite useless, and there are but five altogether."

"A wretched thing, indeed! Can't you get a new one?"

"I fear not. Perhaps when Count Planta comes back from Italy he may give us one. My father means to mention it to him, at all events; but then the count is always either in Naples or Paris. He may not come to Reichenau for the next three or four years."

"And in the meanwhile," said Mr. Trefalden, "the organ may die of old age, and become altogether dumb."

"Quite true," replied Saxon, with a sigh.

Mr. Trefalden glanced at him sharply, and a silence of some moments ensued.

"Don't you think, Saxon," said he, at length, "that it must be very pleasant to be rich?"

Saxon looked up from his reverie, and smiled.

"To be rich?" he repeated.

"Ay—as Count Planta, for instance."

"Are you serious, cousin?"

"Quite serious."

"Then I think it cannot be pleasant at all."

"Why not?"

"Because wealth is power, and power is a frightful temptation."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Trefalden.

"And a frightful responsibility, too."

"Nonsense again!"

"All history proves it," said Saxon, earnestly.

"Look at Athens and Rome—see how luxury undermined the liberty of the one, and how the desire of aggrandisement—"

Mr. Trefalden laid his hand laughingly upon the young man's mouth.

"My dear fellow," said he, "you talk like a class-book, or an Exeter Hall lecturer! Who cares about Rome or Athens now? One would think you were a thousand years old, at the very least."

"But—"

"But your arguments are very true, and classical, and didactic—I grant all that. Nevertheless, our daily experience proves money to be a remarkably agreeable thing. You, I think, are rather proud of your poverty?"

"I am not poor," replied Saxon. "I have all that I need. An emperor can have no more."

"Humph! Are there no poor in Reichenau?"

"None who are very poor. None so poor as the people of Embs."

"Where is Embs?"

"About half way on the road to Chur. It is a Roman Catholic parish, and the inhabitants are miserably squalid and idle."

"I remember the place. I passed it on my way here yesterday. It looked like a hotbed of fever."

"And well it might," replied Saxon, sadly. "They had it terribly last autumn."

Mr. Trefalden faced round suddenly, leaning on his elbow, and flung away the end of his cigar.

"And so you think, young man," said he, "that because you have all you need, money would be of no use to you! Pray, did it never occur to you that these fever-stricken wretches wanted food, medicine, and clothing?"

"We—we did what we could, cousin," replied Saxon, in a troubled voice. "God knows, it was very little, but—"

"But if you had been a rich man, you could have done ten times more. Is that not true?"

"Too true."  
"Your religion enjoins you to give alms; but how  
roy you to do this without money?"

"Ouo many do good works without money," said  
Saxon.

"In a very limited degree. Not one-tenth part as  
many as if you had plenty of it. Did you never look  
at that side of the question, Saxon? Did you never  
wish to be rich for the sake of others?"

"I am not sure, but I do not think I ever did. I  
was so impressed with the belief that money was the  
root of all evil—"

"Pshaw! Things are good or evil, according to the  
use we make of them. A knife is but a knife, whether  
in the hand of a surgeon or an assassin; yet the result  
is considerably different. You must direct your mind  
to these fallacies, Saxon. They are unworthy of you."

Saxon put his hand to his brow uneasily.  
"What you say sounds like the truth," said he;  
"and yet—and yet it is at variance with the precepts  
upon which I have relied all my life."

"Very possibly," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Precepts,  
however, are bad things to depend upon. They are  
made of India-rubber, and will stretch to cover any  
proposition. Let us suppose, now, that you were a  
rich man—"

"How absurd!" said Saxon, forcing a smile. "What  
is the use of it?"

"We will see what might have been the use of it.  
In the first place, you would have had good instruc-  
tion, and have become an accomplished musician. You  
would have enriched yonder little church with a fine  
organ, and perhaps have rebuilt the church into the  
bargain. You would have furnished the poor sufferers  
of Embs with a staff of doctors and nurses, and have  
saved, perhaps, some scores of human lives. You  
would have been able to surround your uncle with  
comforts in his old age. You could have gratified  
your desire of visiting Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem.  
You could have lined the old chateau from top to  
bottom with Greek and Latin poets, and have founded  
a museum of Etruscan antiquities for your uncle's  
perpetual delight. Finally—"

He paused. Saxon looked up.  
"Well, cousin," said he, "finally what?"  
"Finally, rich men do not wear grey blouses and  
leather gaiters. If you had had a coat like mine on  
your back this morning, Saxon, Mademoiselle Colonna  
would not have taken you for a common peasant, and  
Signor Colonna would not have offered you money."

Saxon sprang to his feet with an impatient gesture.  
"Enough of would be, and might be!" exclaimed  
he. "Of what use are these speculations? I am not  
rich, and I never shall be rich; so it is idle to think of  
it."

"At all events," persisted Mr. Trefalden, "you  
admit the desirableness of wealth?"

"I—I am not sure. I cannot relinquish an old  
belief so hastily."

"Not even in favour of the truth?"  
"I do not yet know that it is the truth. My mind  
needs further evidence."

"Of what, my son?" said a gentle voice close  
behind him.

It was the pastor. There was a field-path across  
those very meadows between Rotzberg and Reichenau,  
and the pine-trunk where the cousins had stayed to  
rest lay within a dozen yards of his course.

Saxon uttered a joyous exclamation.  
"This is fortunate!" cried he. "You come at the  
right moment, father, to judge our argument."

"We were talking of riches," said Mr. Trefalden,  
rising, and grasping the old man's outstretched hand.  
"My young kinsman here preaches the language of  
an Arcadian, and declaims against the precious metals  
like a second Timon. I, on the other hand, have been  
trying to convince him that gold has a very bright  
side, indeed, and may be made to perform a good  
many wise offices. What say you?"

The pastor looked distressed.  
"The question is a broad one," said he, "and there  
is much truth on both sides of it. But we cannot dis-  
cuss it now. I want to talk to you, cousin William.  
I have hastened down from Rotzberg, fearing all the  
time lest I should miss you. Were you not going to  
Ghur?"

"We were going, and are going, by-and-by," replied  
Mr. Trefalden.

"Can you spare me half an hour before you start?"

"The whole day, if you please."

"Nay, an hour will be more than enough. Saxon,  
that which I have to say to your cousin is not for thy

ears. Go up, my son, to Taming, and inquire about  
that Indian corn-coged that farmer Retzschel promised  
us last week."

Saxon looked surprised; but prepared to be gone  
without a word.

"Shall I come back here afterwards?" he asked.  
"No. It would be better to await thy cousin at the  
Adler."

Saxon coloured, and hesitated.  
"Could I not wait at the chapel?" said he.  
"Ay, at the chapel, if thou wilt."

So the young man waved a cheery farewell, and  
started at once upon his uncle's errand. Looking  
back presently, at the turn of the path, he saw them  
sitting on the pine-trunk, side by side, already in  
earnest conversation. He saw Mr. Trefalden shake  
his head. He fancied there was some kind of trouble  
in the old man's attitude. What could his uncle have  
to say to one whom, kinsman though he was, he had  
never seen till the previous evening? Why this  
mystery about their conversation? It was very strange.  
Saxon could not help feeling that he must be himself  
concerned, somehow or another, in the matter; and  
this surmise added vaguely to his uneasiness.

#### CHAPTER XI. UP AT THE CHURCH.

Three hours later, Saxon was sitting alone before  
the organ in the little chapel on the hill. One hand  
supported his head, the other rested listlessly upon the  
keys. A tattered mass of Palestrina's lay open upon  
the music-desk, but Saxon's eyes were turned towards  
the door, and his thoughts were far away. He had  
been playing, half an hour or an hour ago, and had  
fallen since then into a long and anxious train of  
thought. He had even forgotten the little fair-haired  
urchin who acted for him as blower, and who had fallen  
fast asleep in the sunshine that streamed through  
the south window at the back of the organ.

It was a plain, whitewashed brown-stained little  
church, with a row of deal benches on each side of the  
aisle, and a pulpit to match. On a long board sus-  
pended from the roof just above the altar was painted,  
in gaudy characters of gold and scarlet, a German  
couplet, signifying "Where God is, there is liberty."  
The organ was of old dark oak, with ebony keys; and  
on the top stood a battered angel with a broken trump-  
et. It was a place of primitive simplicity, and no  
kind of architectural beauty. The beauty lay all with-  
out, among the Alps and pine forests that showed here  
and there through open doors and windows.

It was more than an hour past mid-day when Saxon  
Trefalden sat thus before the organ, and his cousin had  
not yet come to claim his company. His thoughts  
were busy, and his soul was disquieted within him.  
The uneasiness that he had felt on leaving those two  
to their solitary conference had now increased ten-  
fold. Why was he excluded from it? And why  
should his uncle, who had never, as he believed, hid-  
den a thought from him before, keep a secret from  
him now?

Then, what of this unknown kinsman, William Tre-  
falden of London? Did Saxon really like him? The  
question was a difficult one. He scarcely knew how  
to answer it, even to himself. He thought he liked  
his cousin. Nay, he felt sure—almost sure—that he  
liked him. Not, perhaps, quite so well to-day as yes-  
terday. Was it that an indefinite sense of mistrust  
mingled with the liking? No, that was impossible.  
His generous nature revolted at the thought. Was it  
that William Trefalden's opinions were so new to him,  
and went so far to unsettle his own preconceived no-  
tions of good and evil? Or was it that he was himself  
somewhat out of humour with the world this morning  
—some what less contented than of old? The organ,  
to be sure, had sounded more wheezy and thin than  
ever to-day, and his own playing had seemed clumser  
than usual. Besides, that matter of the twenty francs  
was hard to forget. Well, well, he certainly liked his  
cousin; and as for poverty, why he must put up with  
it, and make the best of it, as his father and uncle had  
done before him. Then with regard to Olimpia Col-  
onna—Pshaw! were she fair as Helen, and patriot-  
ic as Camilla, it would make no difference to him.  
Saxon flattered himself that he was invulnerable.

At this point of his meditations, a shadow fell upon  
the threshold, and was followed by the substance of  
William Trefalden.

"I am ashamed, Saxon," said he, "to have kept you  
waiting for me so long. Your uncle is gone home, and  
I suppose it is too late to think of Ghur to-day. Is this  
the organ?"

Saxon bent his head affirmatively.

"So! a lumbering old box of pipes, only fit for fire-  
wood! What say you? will you present the parish  
with a new one?"

"I hope the parish will not have to wait till I do  
so," replied Saxon, with a faint smile.

"But I am serious. Will you order one from Ge-  
nova, or have it brought all the way from Paris?"

"Cousin William, what do you mean?" faltered  
Saxon, his heart beginning to beat faster, he knew  
not why.

Mr. Trefalden laid his two hands on the young man's  
shoulders, and looking him steadily in the face, replied:  
"This is what I mean, Saxon. In three or four  
weeks' time you will be a rich man—a very rich man—  
ten times richer than Count Planta, or any nobleman  
here."

"I—rich—richer than—I do not understand you!"  
said Saxon, brokenly.

"It is the absolute truth."  
"But my uncle—"

"He knows it. He has known it since before you  
were born. He has desired me to tell you all the  
story of your inheritance."

Saxon put his hand to his forehead, and turned his  
face away.

"Not just yet—not here," he said, in an agitated  
voice. "I—I am so taken by surprise—almost terrified.  
Will you leave me for a few minutes? I will come out  
to you presently in the churchyard."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Trefalden, and turned  
towards the door. Saxon sprang after him, and grasp-  
ed him by the arm.

"One moment," exclaimed he, pointing to a little  
stone tablet let into the church wall about half way  
between the organ and the porch. "Did he know,  
too?"

The tablet bore the name of Saxon Trefalden and  
date of his death.

"Your father and your uncle both knew it," replied  
Mr. Trefalden, gravely. "This fortune would have  
been his now, instead of yours, if he had lived to claim  
it."

Saxon turned away with a deep sob, and his cousin  
went out into the sunshine.

Left alone in the little silent church, the young man  
covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"God help me!" murmured he. "What shall I do?  
I am so young, so ignorant, so unfit to bear this bur-  
den. God help me, and guide me to use these riches  
rightly!"

And then he knelt down beside the little organ, and  
prayed.

#### CHAPTER XII. ON THE TERRACE AT CASTLETOWERS.

A broad gravelled terrace lying due east and west,  
with vases of massive terra-cotta full of glossy ever-  
greens placed at regular intervals along the verge of  
the broad parapet. A mighty old Elizabethan man-  
sion of warm red brick, standing back in a deep angle  
of shade, with all its topmost gables, carved scutche-  
ons, and gilded vanes glittering to the morning sun.

A foreground of undulating park traversed by a noisy  
rivulet, and rich in old gnarled oaks planted at the  
time of the Restoration. A distance of blue hills ar-  
purple common, relieved here and there by stretches  
of fir plantation jutting out into the hazy heath-land,  
like wooded promontories—loping to the sea. On the  
terrace, a peacock with all his gorgeous plumage dis-  
played; a lady feeding him from her own white hand;  
and two gentlemen standing by. The time the second  
day of April, balmy, sunny, redolent of the violet and  
the thorn. The county, Surrey. The place, Castle-  
towers.

"How you flatter that bird, Mademoiselle Colonna!"  
said one of the gentlemen; a tall, soldierly man, with a  
deep sabre-scar across his left temple, and some few  
grey hairs silvering his thick moustache and beard.  
"His disposition was always a perfect balance between  
vanity and ill nature, but since your advent, the brute  
has become more insufferable than ever. Take care!  
I never see your hand so near his beak without a shud-  
der."

"Fear nothing on my account, Major Vaughan,"  
replied the lady; "and pray do not be unjust to Sar-  
danapalus. He is quite an altered bird; and as gentle  
as a dove—with me."

"You do well to add that clause, my dear lady, for  
we all can bear witness to the way in which his ma-  
jesty 'takes it out' in viciousness when you are not by.  
He flew at Gularo not an hour ago, down by the five  
oaks yonder; and I believe, if I had not chanced to be  
within hail, and if the mare were not the most self-

possessed beast in creation, there would have been battle, murder, and sudden death between them."

"Really? You make me prouder than ever of my conquest."

The soldier shrugged his shoulders.

"Pshaw!" said he, "what is one bar on the medal, more or less, to the hero of a hundred fields?"

"Major Vaughan, you are complimentary."

"Vaughan's pretty speeches always smell of powder," laughed the younger gentleman, who was leaning against the parapet close by.

"Bah! que veux-tu, mon cher? A man can no more shake off the associations of twenty years, than he can shake off the bronze from his skin."

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will, The scent of the barrack will hang round it still!"

Mademoiselle Colonna looked up quickly, still feeding the peacock from her open palm.

"I like your compliment the better, Major Vaughan, for what Lord Castletowers calls its smell of powder," said she. "It is a familiar perfume to me, remember."

"I don't like to remember it," muttered the soldier, pulling thoughtfully at his moustache.

"Nor I," said Lord Castletowers, in a low voice.

"Why not, pray?" asked the lady, with a heightened colour. "Is it not the incense of Italian liberty?"

"Granted; but it is an incense so powerful, that fair ladies do well to smell it from a distance."

"Not when they can be of service in the temple, Major Vaughan," replied Mademoiselle Colonna, with one of her proud smiles. "But, digressions apart, do you really tell me that Sardanapalus attacked Gulnare without any kind of provocation?"

"I do indeed."

"It is strange that he should be so savage!"

"It is still more strange that he should be so docile! I believe, Mademoiselle Colonna, that you are in possession of some taming secret known only to yourself."

"Perhaps I am. May I be allowed to cite you as a specimen of my success?"

Major Vaughan bowed almost to the ground.

"Oh! daughter of the sun and moon," said he, "the head of thy slave is at thy disposal!"

Startled either by the major's profound salaam or by the sudden pealing of the breakfast-bell, Sardanapalus threw up his head, and uttered an angry scream. Mademoiselle Colonna withdrew her hand quickly, and flung away the remainder of the cake with which she had been feeding him. Lord Castletowers saw the gesture, and sprang to her side.

"The brute has not bitten you?" he said, anxiously.

She had already wrapped her handkerchief round her hand, and was moving slowly towards the house, as if nothing had happened; but there was a scarcely perceptible quiver in the smile with which she replied:

"Very slightly, thank you. Don't be angry with the poor bird. He meant no harm."

"Meant!" echoed the young man, fiercely. "I'll teach him to know what he means in future. Will you permit me to see the extent of the mischief?"

"Nay, it is nothing—a mere peck."

Lord Castletowers uttered an exclamation of dismay, as he stooped to take something from the ground. It was a little fragment of cake, all crimson dyed.

"It is no 'peck' that has done this!" he exclaimed. "For pity's sake, Oim—Mademoiselle, allow me to see your hand!"

"Indeed it is not serious; but, lest you should fancy it worse than it is—there!"

The blush with which she began faded quite away as she concluded, and left her somewhat paler than usual. She averted her eyes. She could bear the pain bravely enough, but not the sight.

"What is the matter?" said Major Vaughan, who had turned away on making his salaam, and seen nothing of the accident.

"That carrion-bird has bitten Mademoiselle Colonna!" replied Lord Castletowers, with unconcealed agitation. "Bitten her severely. See this!"

The pretty little delicate palm was half laid open, but the slender fingers did not even tremble. Major Vaughan examined the wound with the keen glance of one accustomed to such matters.

"Humph! an ugly gash!" said he, "but not so bad as a bayonet thrust, after all. If you will accompany me in-doors, mademoiselle, I will dress it for you in first-rate style. You do not know what a capital surgeon I am. Here, Castletowers,—something to tie up the young lady's hand in the meanwhile!"

Lord Castletowers gave his own handkerchief, and, turning aside, thrust Mademoiselle Colonna's

into his breast-pocket. Her eyes were still averted; but a dark shadow came upon Major Vaughan's face.

"A thousand thanks," said she, smilingly, when the bandage was adjusted.

"You must not thank me till it is properly dressed, mademoiselle," replied he, offering her his arm. "And now, if you please, we will find our way to the house-keeper's room, and procure all that is necessary; while you, my dear fellow, had better go and explain the cause of this delay to Lady Castletowers. I know she does not like to wait for breakfast."

"True, it is one of my mother's peculiarities. I will do the work of propitiation. As for Sardanapalus—"

"Sardanapalus must be pardoned," interposed Mademoiselle Colonna.

Lord Castletowers shook his head.

"Nay, I entreat."

But she entreated with the air of an empress.

The young man lifted his hat.

"The prisoner at the bar was condemned to death," said he, courteously; "but since the queen chooses to exercise her prerogative, the court commutes the sentence to solitary confinement for life in the great aviary at the end of the Italian garden."

At this moment the breakfast-bell sent forth a second clamorous peal; the imperial convict uttered another dissonant cry, and sailed across the terrace in all his panoply of plumage; and the trio went up to the house.

#### CHAPTER XIII. THE HOUSE OF CASTLETOWERS.

Gervais Leopold Wynncliffe, Earl of Castletowers, was the fifth peer of his house, and the last of his name. He was not rich; but he was very good natured. He had no great expectations; but he was tolerably clever, tolerably good looking, and only twenty-seven years of age. His principles were sound; his French accent was perfect; he had made one successful speech in the House, and he was unmarried. With all these qualifications, and his five feet eleven inches to boot, it is not surprising that Lord Castletowers, despite his very limited means, should have found himself, during several seasons, the object of a fair amount of maternal manoeuvring. That he was not yet given over to the spoilers was owing to no wisdom of his own, and to no absence of that susceptibility which flesh (especially flesh under thirty years of age) is heir to. On the contrary, he had been smitten, as the phrase goes, twice or thrice; but on each of these occasions his destiny, and, perhaps, his lady mother, had interposed to save him.

The young Earl adored his mother. She was still beautiful; slender, pale, stately, and somewhat above the average height of women. In complexion and features she resembled the latter portraits of Marie Antoinette; but it was a likeness of outline and colouring only. The expression was totally different—so different that it appeared sometimes to obliterate the resemblance altogether. The sorrow, the sweetness, the womanly tenderness of that royal face were all missing from the serene countenance of Althea, Countess of Castletowers. She looked as if she had never known a strong emotion in her life; as if love and hate, anguish and terror, would have glanced off from her like arrows from a marble statue. Proud as they both were, the very pride of these two faces had nothing in common. That of the queen was passionate, upon the lip; that of the countess shone coldly from the eye. Pride was, indeed, the dominant principle of her being—the pivot upon which her every thought, word, and action turned. She had been a great heiress. She was the daughter, wife, and mother of an Earl. She was of the ancient line of Holme-Pierpoints, and the blood of the Holme-Pierpoints had mingled once with that of the Plantagenets, and twice with that of the Tudors. The Countess of Castletowers never forgot these things for a moment. It is doubtful if they were even absent from her dreams. Her dignity, her grace, her suavity of manner, were perfect; but they were all based upon her pride, like that royal bower of which the poet dreamed:

A sunny pleasure-dome, with caves of ice.

Lady Castletowers had not loved her husband; but she loved her son as much as it was in her nature to love anything. The husband had squandered her dower; insulted her by open neglect; and died abroad overwhelmed with debt and discredit, within the fifth year of their marriage. The son had revered, admired, idolised her from his cradle. He had never given her cause for one moment's anxiety since the day of his birth. As a little child, he thought her the most noble and gracious of God's creatures—as he

grew in years, his faith in her remained undiminished, and his love became that beautiful love which mingles the chivalrous respect of the man with the tender homage of the son. It was not, therefore, surprising that whatever waif of human weakness had fallen to her ladyship's portion should have been garnered up for this one object. While he was yet very young, her affection for him was invested at compound interest, and left to accumulate till he should become of an age to deserve it; but as he arrived at manhood, his life became identified with her own. All her pride and ambition centred in him. He must marry well—that is to say, richly and nobly. He must make a position in the Upper House. He must some day be a cabinet minister: and he must get that step in the peerage which the Duke of York had once solicited for his father, but which George the Fourth had refused to ratify. Lady Castletowers had set her heart on obtaining these things for her son, but above all else had she set her heart upon the last. She would have sold ten years of her own life to see the marquis's coronet upon his carriage panels. When the clergyman in church put up that prayer towards the end of the morning service which implores fulfilment for the desires and petitions of the congregation, "as may be most expedient for them," Lady Castletowers invariably reverted in the silence of her thoughts to the four pearls and the four strawberry-leaves; and never asked herself if there could be profanity in the prayer.

In the meanwhile, the young Earl accepted all this pride and ambition for the purest maternal affection. He did not care in the least about the marquise; he was somewhat indifferent to the attractions of the Upper House; and he had almost made up his mind that he would not, if he could, be burdened with the toils and responsibility of office. But he would not have grieved his mother by a hint of these heresies for the universe. He even blamed himself for his own want of ambition, and soothed his troubled conscience every now and then by promising himself that he would very soon "read up" one of the popular financial topics, and make another speech in the House.

But that question of the wealthy marriage was to him the least agreeable of all his mother's projects. There was some romance in the young man's disposition, and he could not relish the thought of adding to his own scanty acres by means of his wife's dower. He would have preferred to marry a village maiden for love, like the Lord of Burleigh; or, at least, to have felt that he was free to love like the Lord of Burleigh, if he chose.

It was in this same spirit of romance that Lord Castletowers had associated himself with the Italian cause. He had, or fancied that he had, a democratic bias. He was fond of quoting the examples of the classic republics; he had read Rousseau's Contrat Social, and Godwin's Political Justice; and he had a genuine English hatred of oppression, whatever its form or aspect. Surrounded as he had been since the hour of his birth by a triple rampart of conservatism, it is possible that democracy possessed for this young nobleman the stimulative charm of a forbidden luxury. He certainly never confided the full extent of his republican sympathies to his lady mother, and he would have been far from grateful to any officious friend who had presented her with a verbatim report of certain of his most enthusiastic speeches. Those speeches were delivered at meetings held in obscure lecture-halls, and instituted in unaristocratic parts of London, and were remarkably good speeches of their kind—vigorously thought, and often felicitously expressed; but their eloquence, nevertheless, was by no means calculated to gratify the Countess of Castletowers.

On all questions of English polity, Lord Castletowers was what is somewhat vaguely called a "liberal conservative;" on all Italian subjects, a thorough-going bonnet rouge. He would no more have advocated universal suffrage in his own country than he would have countenanced slavery in Venetia; but he firmly believed in the possible regeneration of the great Roman republic, and avowed that belief with unhesitating enthusiasm. Besides, his old college tastes and associations were yet fresh upon him, and he entertained all a young man's admiration for the Latin heroes, poets, and historians. Nor were his sympathies all so classical and remote. He was keenly susceptible to those influences which beset the travelled amateur of books and art. He had loitered, sketched, and dreamed away more than one winter among the palaces of Florence and Rome. He had read Petrarch, and Tasso, and the most amusing parts of Dante. He had been in love, though never, perhaps very deeply, with scores of dark-eyed Giuliettas and



## AUGUSTUS DRELCINCOURT'S SURPRISE.

FROM ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

WHEN Augustus Drelincourt came out, he created quite a sensation. Perhaps you have never heard of a man coming out (except he came out strong on some striking emergency), but I assure you there is almost as much interest in bringing a man out as there is in bringing a woman out—I mean to himself. He has the unpleasant consciousness upon him of having been recently a boy; he is not at all certain whether the shade of academic bowers is not still upon him; he sometimes blunders in his grammar through a too accurate knowledge of the English language, and his "department," like a newly-constructed engine, does not work so easily as it will do when properly rubbed down and thoroughly lubricated with the oil of time. Well, when Augustus Drelincourt came out, he was exceedingly well received. He had not been conspicuous in the University boat-race; it was more than hinted at "Maudlin's" that a fast "coach" had carried him round the Oxford highway, and saved him from a fall in the "ploughed" field; but still there he was—a presentable young man, with a suspicion of moustache on his upper lip, and in appearance, toilet-wise considered, all that his valet and tailor could make of him.

An impressive young man was Drelincourt. He had read Byron and Shelley, and was unquestionably emotional. To him a woman was an idol to be adored—he was ready to offer up his pulsative heart on the altar of her worship. In this innocent and exposed condition, like a crab—if you will excuse the allusion—that has lately cast its shell and has not sense enough to hide itself in the mud, A. Drelincourt, Esq., came into the world—a victim garlanded with flowers.

And, mind you, the flowers that garlanded Drelincourt were flowers worth plucking. They represented ancient lineage, broad lands, and inexhaustible wealth. To the fragrance of such floral growths matchmakers are not insensible. That class of people have, it must be confessed, a very keen scent. And then as to appetite, do they not love the staled ox—never mind the pungent nature of the sauce—better than the dinner of herbs? As far as my experience extends, they do.

At the very beginning of the London season Drelincourt was overwhelmed with invitations.

"Will you come into my parlour?  
Says the spider to the fly:  
'Tis the prettiest little parlour  
That ever you did spy."

Of course he went, looking for his *ideal*, the being to whom he should tender worship. Did you ever go into a missionary museum? It is astonishing the number of objects there are to worship there, and I have often thought an untutored savage would find it difficult to select his Penates. Drelincourt found it hard, though his deities helped him as far as they could, and gave him much encouragement, as did also their high-priestesses or chaperons. But the man was not satisfied; he yearned for something higher, better, nobler, more poetical than May Fair had on sale. He was disquieted; he wanted some one to love—some one who should love him and wreath his brow with myrtle.

With so many Easy Helps and Short Cuts to connubial felicity—I mean those erudite volumes on Love, Courtship, and Matrimony which benevolent publishers are kind enough to issue—it is somewhat strange that Mr. Drelincourt should not readily have found the woman for a wife. Perhaps he was unacquainted with the amatory literature to which reference has been made. At all events, he was either unsuccessful in finding that for which his heart panted, or he was incapacitated by the novelty of his position from recognising the inestimable treasure when he beheld it. He saw around him beauty in all its varieties—lovable beauty—but he did not love. Why not?

I really do not love Miss Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But only this I know full well  
I really do not love Miss Fell.

I think the same sort of thing has been said in an epigrammatic way about her papa the doctor.

It happened that young Drelincourt was invited to "a little dance;" it was, as expressed in the invitation, a mere carpet dance—nothing of a ball—which meant, as everybody knows, that it would be an out-and-out great spread and a crush on the staircase. Mr.

Drelincourt was not so young but that he knew this very well indeed, but this knowledge moved him not to the elaborate toilet which he made before advancing on Philippi's plans. He had heard that she would be there—*she*, a charming little girl, with such eyes, such hair, and such an irresistible way of shrugging her beautiful shoulders. Margaret Smith Slinsby Warrender was her name. She was certainly very beautiful, and it was rumoured that she was a wealthy heiress. She was rich, at all events, in the wealth of beauty.

Drelincourt's toilet was elaborate. I saw an anecdote the other day about D'Orsay and Maginn. It happened that the doctor, so says the narrator of the anecdote, had called in at Kensington Gore, and being told that the count was at home and had nearly finished dressing, said he would wait. An hour elapsed, when Maginn conducted to the inner chamber, perceived the count putting the last touches to his toilet. "Not finished yet, count?" said the doctor. "Why, you were nearly dressed an hour ago. I never take more than a quarter of an hour to dress myself."

"My dear doctor," replied the count, taking a sly but minute survey of the great wit's costume from top to toe, and in a tone which Maginn said was unsurpassable for waggish severity and good-tempered contemptuousness at the summary of his toilet—"my dear doctor, you might not."

Well, Drelincourt did not complete his toilet in a quarter of an hour I can tell you; very far from that. It was a most serious affair, and Bristles—that was my gentleman's gentleman—exerted himself to the utmost to send forth his knight armed cap-a-pie to the fray. Shall I describe the evening costume of a gentleman of the nineteenth century? It is scarcely necessary; you know the compound—part tavern waiter, part minister of the gospel, part linendraper's shopman, part undertaker's man, crush hat, and white kid gloves. It is not elegant, it is not easy, it is not picturesque—a Maori in his war paint would look far more interesting. Never mind: the Grandy world goes in for black broadcloth and a wisp of snowy cambric. Thus saith Grandy the Great, and let all the world fall down and worship.

Margaret Smith Slinsby Warrender was there, and in all her glory—bright, beautiful, gay—the bloom upon fruit, the down upon flowers not lighter or more beautiful than she. There were scores of beautiful beings present—a phantasmagoria of female loveliness and the loftiest achievements of dressmaking and millinery.

Drelincourt was introduced to Miss Warrender. Behold him inviting her to be his partner in the mazy circle—I mean the waltz—and behold her half hesitating, those Heshbon pools, her eyes, twinkling and rippling with merriment, he—all in a flutter of excitement—waiting her response. There beside her sits the stern guardian of innocence and youth—the dragon chaperon—and round about are fellows all of whom are ready to kneel at the shrine and become the devotees of the pretty star of the night, and are yet hypocritically professing indifference.

Indifference! who could be indifferent? Not the youngest fledgling nor the oldest bird in the yard. She was not a queenly beauty, drawing her slaves at her chariot-wheels, and flashing imperiously upon all mankind; but she was very pretty, and so cheerful and confiding, that to see her was to fall straightway in love with her. You could not help it. The Gorgon head turned those who gazed on it to stone—that is, I think, the story—but stones were melted into men when they faced this charming being. Charming is a right proper expression. Is not a woman when she will an enchantress—a charmer? does not she cast over you a love spell, and by art of divination overwhelm you? For my part, I have no patience with the Decemvrii—the chilly ones who won't be in love, and will talk about the affections of the heart as they would of so much corn or cattle. I saw a man who could not be mesmerised once, and he congratulated himself on his spiritual impotency; but the mesmerist did not compliment—he was of opinion that the higher faculties were wanting.

Drelincourt was not wanting in the higher faculties that are capable of loving and of being beloved. Not once, not twice, but four times did he waltz with Miss Warrender—he was in a whirl. When he reached home that night he hastily dismissed his yawning valet, and opened the window and surveyed the sky, and looked especially at one bright particular star, and thought—just as he might be expected to think.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," so

time passes on; bills fall due and quarter-days arrive, and Azrael, at the end of all, holding the ebony door ajar for our convenience. All the to-morrows made young Drelincourt more inextricably bound up in the cords of love—chains of roses and myrtle, but stronger than the Atlantic cable. He saw her often—at the opera, at the play, at the concert, at the ball, at the *fête champêtre*, at old Mrs. Knickerboker's conversation, where you drank tea and talked literature and fine arts four seven till eleven twice a month. She did not,—I mean Miss Warrender,—it must be owned, encourage him, but she was very kind, and every touch of her hand, and every tone of her voice, increased his delirium. Wooing, and winning, and wedding,—these were the three ideas in his mind; he was fluttering about the golden circle, and everybody knew it. Bristles knew it for certain, and he did not disguise it from Hannah Maria. He did not speak in the most respectful terms, assuming rather the air of a patron, the manners of a man who has seen life—seen it through and through—and was kindly leading his young gentleman forward. And plenty of other people knew it besides Bristles. It was the quiet-chit-chat talk of the ladies' boudoir, and the men had something to say about it over their billiards.

Drelincourt made up his mind to put the final question. He discussed with himself the question should he say it, should he write it, and resolved to say it. It is prettier to get your answer from a woman's lips. There was a splendid party at the noble mansion of Sir Horace Fitz Ormond's; it was the most brilliant affair of the season, for Sir Horace, as is well known, is a man of great taste and of immense resources—he has no compeer; so correct a judgment in all the lighter elegancies of life is not to be found in the baronetage. The *Morning Post* devoted more than three columns of valuable space to a record of the gathering. Everybody was there—everybody who was anybody—chiefly nobility, but a sprinkling of talent to season it; the naturalist, who had baked himself black in the Great Sahara; the artist, who had astonished the world by his seven acres of smoke and horse-flesh; the dashing novelist, who came arm-in-arm with his illustrator, fed on ten lemon ices, and did not say as many words.

Mr. Drelincourt was there—so was Miss Warrender. They danced together, but he could not help remarking that she was very silent, much flurried occasionally, and "not at all herself," as Mr. Bristles would have said if he had seen her. It was a pleasant relief to quit the crowded rooms, and to steal quietly into the grounds—to feel the cool breath of the evening fanning the burning brow, and to hear the soothing splash of the fountain instead of the crash of Weippert's band. Mr. Drelincourt found it very agreeable. It enchances the pleasure when a woman's arm rests on yours—so it is said—and when the tones of her voice fall like the cadence of soft music. The evening was delightful—moon and stars in the deep-blue sky—no bright star—the star of the night—especially to be noted, and a star shone in her coronal, and she was his star, who made the night day by the light of her eyes.

Not to make a short story long, he told her very much of what he felt, and, I dare say, blundered over it a good deal. At all events, she stopped him—stopped him in this singular way—

"Don't! don't! don't!—please—stop!"

She put her hands before her face—not that it was light enough for him to see her face—and wept.

He begged forgiveness, denounced himself as being the worst of men not to have respected her feelings, and she stopped him again—just as she had done before—

"Don't! don't! don't!—please—stop!"

When she quieted a little, she put her hand in his, and said—

"Dear Mr. Drelincourt, please say no more; I want you to be my friend—"

He was about to swear more than friendship, when she checked him again—

"You must not!"

Two days later Mr. Drelincourt—flattered and amazed, and not knowing how to understand Miss Warrender—was presented by Bristles with a note. It was from her, and it called him her dear true friend; it told him that she was married, that she had married a poor gentleman—a tutor in a family—that she had no money, and that he had no money either, but hoped to get a curacy, and with keeping school shut the wolf out of their front garden. A very kind, honest letter, prettily begging pardon for any little flirtation, which she "never, never, never" meant.

Mr. Dreincourt was in despair. He had a very bad headache. Bristles informed Isabella Maria that poor "Drely" had been killed. However, he recovered himself so far as to call at Miss Warrender's late residence. There he saw her aunt and chaperon, and learned that that good lady in her inexorable virtue had cast her forth—that she would never see her more, and so on in the same key. Then Mr. Dreincourt, finding that the young couple were really very poor, and that the wolf was a more formidable animal than they had anticipated, took the liberty of writing to say might he be allowed to offer a vicarage in his gift to Mr. Younghusband? Might he—some time hence—if quite compatible with everybody's feelings, venture to look in? Might he, in plain prose, be recognised as a friend? Yes—they did not see any objection to it; neither do I.

And you have no idea what a change has come over Dreincourt. He is an estimable man—quite a shrewd, clever fellow—ay, and one of the best in his county. As to the Rev. William Younghusband, he is getting very popular, and the vicar's wife is a pattern of propriety.

## THE FASHIONS.

### ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE question of coiffures is now about settled. The Grecian style prevails, and therefore the fanciful-shaped bonnets are in small numbers among those that are now being prepared for the autumn. The *Auvergnate* shape was too ungraceful to obtain any success, but the present Empire bonnet, small in front but with a round crown and narrow straight curtain at the back, is far less objectionable than the *fanchonette*, which was really no bonnet at all, and had only a pointed brim, leaving all the back of the head uncovered. The long flowing tulle or gauze veils add much grace to the Empire bonnets, which otherwise are very simple, and, in fact, cannot bear voluminous trimmings. We give the following as specimens of the new autumn bonnets.—

A bonnet of dust-grey crape, put on plain and embroidered with steel beads forming small stars. A scarf of dust-grey tulle is arranged over the brim, fastened on one side with a small bright crimson, grey, and black bird, and falls in two long tassels on one side. The strings are of grey ribbon, with a small crimson bird brocaded upon the ends. The birds used for trimming bonnets and hats are composed of a head and a long tail only, which no doubt is quite wrong in a scientific point of view, but looks well on small bonnets, and in such fanciful things as fashionable this may be allowed.

A bonnet of black spotted tulle. The brim has a border of fuchsia-coloured velvet covered with black lace. The curtain is formed of a border of the same velvet, and a double strip of black tulle coming down beyond it. It is also covered with black lace; above it sprigs of fuchsia come up over the crown. The strings are of the colour of the trimming.

Among the novelties of the season we notice small casquettes made of coloured chenille, like nets, and ornamented with a bow in front. This is a coquettish style of headdress for young ladies. Small nets are still worn over the chignon; in front the hair is arranged under two or three circles of bandelettes of black of coloured velvet, which are often studded with gold or steel ornaments.

Ribbons with figures upon them are very fashionable for sashes and trimmings. Different ribbons are worn on different occasions. On some there are rachelorses and jockeys, on others implements of fishing or gardening, on other dogs and hunters, on others, again, boats and oarsmen. We do not know how far this strange fashion may go; perhaps on the occasion of a christening we shall see ladies wearing ribbons with babies and nurses printed upon them, and bridesmaids will be wearing a representation of the marriage ceremony, with bride, bridegroom, clergyman, and all upon the trimmings of their skirts.

A new sort of cravat is in great favour just now. It is made of blue, red, or any other coloured ribbon, with white field-daisies with yellow centres brocaded over it and fringed at the ends.

There is also a new sort of embroidery for cuffs and collars which is likely to supersede point Russe; it is a sort of button-hole stitch, but extremely fine, and with the stitches rather wide apart, and is worked with fine black silk prepared specially for the purpose. Figures of animals are often chosen for patterns in

this stitch; thus we have seen small dogs, hares, and rabbits on handkerchief-corners and collars, as well as birds and butterflies. The new stitch is called *point Mexico*; very handsome borders for white petticoats are made with it. The patterns, which often represent quite a picture, are framed round, and divided by scroll ornaments in black braiding. The stitch is easy to work, and has a very pretty effect.

Children's frocks are made for the autumn with small jackets. Thus for a little girl or boy under four years old, a frock with a square low body without sleeves looks well made of blue cashmere, trimmed round with thick white Cluny guipure, and a small round jacket with sleeves trimmed to correspond. A plaited chemisette is worn inside; no other garment is considered needful to go out with in this season; and the costume is completed by a small toque or casquette of white straw, trimmed with blue velvet and a white feather.

For a little girl about ten years old, a dress and paletot of nankeen-coloured mohair, trimmed with a border of scalloped out black velvet studded with round steel beads; or, again, scalloped out round the bottom and bound with black velvet, and one velvet button placed within each scallop. A white straw hat of the Princess of Wales shape, trimmed with a wreath of white field-daisies and a bow of black velvet with long lapels at the back.

Autumn dresses will be mostly made with round waists, or, if jacket-bodies are preferred, a round waistband will be worn over the basques; skirts gored and full-plaited at the back, scant, and rather short in front. Also many dresses in the Princess shape; but this fashion can never become universal, as it only suits very good, tall figures.

The following are the newest autumn dresses we have seen:—

A dress of grey lino with a double skirt. The first is embroidered all round with large pine patterns in the Oriental style. The second is ornamented in the same way, but with smaller patterns; it is looped up over the first by means of strips of the same material, richly embroidered, and fastened with round pearl buckles. The short out-of-door jacket is trimmed with similar strips upon the seams of the back, and upon the sleeves and epaulettes.

A dress of fine blue cashmere; the petticoat is of the same material; it is trimmed round with a narrow quilling, above which there are two borders of black velvet, edged with narrow black guipure lace. A similar border is placed upon each seam of the dress, and in wide scallops round the bottom. A large rosette of black velvet, with a square button in the centre, is placed within each scallop. The paletot, also of the same material, is trimmed to correspond.

A dress of drab-coloured mohair, trimmed with three rows of cross-strips of blue silk; the last strip comes up into a tab upon each width of the dress. Within each tab there is a rosette of blue ribbon, with a loop and end fringed with jet. The paletot, of the same material, is trimmed all round with three rows of cross-strips of blue silk, narrower than those upon the skirt, with rosettes placed at equal distances. The epaulettes are striped each of one rosette, with three long ends of ribbon fringed with jet. The paletot is fastened in front with large jet buttons.

Short paletots, either of black silk or the same material as the dress, will be worn all the autumn and as long as thick cloth or velvet mantles do not become *de rigueur*. Even then out-of-door garments will most likely remain short. Braid patterns are rather abandoned for ladies' dresses, and are now chiefly employed for trimming children's clothes. They are much superseded by the easy embroidery stitches known as point Russe, point Mexico, and Oriental work. A dress of blue violet, or Havannah cashmere, with the skirt and paletot embroidered all over with silk of the same shade, makes a particular nice and *distingué* toilet for the autumn.

THE *Church Review* wonders how Bishop Colenso will employ himself when he gets back; and concludes that his chief business will be "to set up the Royal arms in the churches of his diocese, with the motto to match. 'Fear God, honour the King;' and to deliver the prayer 'For the Queen's most excellent Majesty' with due unctuousness." Diocese (we are told) he has none, either by secular or ecclesiastical title; he is a wandering star, for whom, the *Review* very plainly hints, there is reserved the fate to which St. Jude condemns such eccentric luminaries. His flock have followed another shepherd; and the Zulus, all who are left to him, cannot take in 'advanced criticism.'

## GOSSIP FOR LADIES ONLY.

### ABOUT HAIR.

IN Paris, just now, the hair arranged with tufts of small curls in front, is worn in preference to any other style. With full evening dress, nothing is added except bandelets à l'antique, which are sold to fit the head. If a dance is in question, then either one flower is only added at the side, or a bow to match the bandelets, with very long ends, which fall below the shoulders. This is essentially an evening head-dress, for it could not be worn under a hat. For the daytime, young ladies turn back their hair à la chinoise, and place, at the top of the forehead, a thick plait, which forms a coronet. An invisible net is worn over the chignon, which no longer falls low on the nape of the neck, but is worn as high as the crown of the hat. This style of arranging the hair is also adopted under bouquets; for the evening, the plait is removed, and replaced by a bandelet of tiny curls. It should be mentioned that these curls are always false, for no lady would like to have her hair cut short enough to produce them. The Parisian hair-dressers vie with each other in the production of these tiny front curls. M. Seigneur, the court hair-dresser, who first brought them out, is now sending them by dozens in all directions. The greatest number, of course, are of a reddish-brown hue; for the fashion of red hair still continues, and the most beautiful women persevere in dyeing their tresses. It is quite possible to be very pretty with red hair, because the skin which accompanies it is so fine, and the complexion so delicate; but when a *brune*, despite of nature, insists on having red hair, she looks anything but charming. Yet this does not lessen the *surore* for that particular shade of reddish-brown hair which, by dyeing, or other means, almost every French lady now insists on having. It was estimated, at the last races, that the number of red-haired ladies had increased, during the past year, one-half! This mania for dyeing is even more absurd than the powder, which a good brush, or some soap and water, will remove in a few minutes.

THE FIRST WIG.—From a foreign letter, which has not yet appeared in print on this side of the Atlantic, we select the following paragraph as suitable for this department:—"My dear Nina,—at the present moment, the worship of St. Louis, the patron saint of hair-dressers, must be on the increase; for, what with the demand for false hair, and the elaborate arrangements necessary for our natural locks, the fraternity have just now a thriving trade. Do you remember the story of St. Louis being the first to wear false hair? It came about in this wise, if you recollect: He lost his hair in Palestine, and, when Queen Bianca saw him thus denuded, she was sorely vexed. However, she bethought herself of a remedy, which was to cut off a lock from the head of every courtier; these she sewed carefully together, and thus created the first wig! The effect is certainly very droll at this time, when one sees bonnets exhibited in the windows, with a big bunch of hair behind, as if there were an honest head within—which there is not. In fact, now, your hair is no longer an inevitable necessity, like your nose, which must be worn, whether it pleases you or not. The colour and length of your hair conveniently changes with the fashion; the time may come when science may work such wonders that even our noses may be *retroussé* or Grecian at pleasure."

WATERFALLS.—The disclosure has been made that the chignon deception may be thus detected:—If the back hair looks smooth, then it is a work of art bought at the shop, and not the product and growth of the wearer; if there are small pieces of loose hair sticking out, then it may be understood that the coiffure is the genuine property of those on whose head it figures. *Home Journal*.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labour with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandise or farm; fly over land; sail upon the seas; meet difficulty, and encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathising partner is prepared.

PASTIMES

PUZZLES.

1. Divide one hundred and fifty by nothing, add two thirds of ten, and so ends the name of a celebrated bishop.
2. Mrs. Betsy Jones, trudging to market one morning with a basket of eggs, overtook her friend, Mrs. Smith, similarly laden, and with the same goal in view. "Good morning, Mrs. Smith," said Betsy; "how many eggs have you in your basket this morning?" Now Mrs. Smith was averse to giving straightforward answers, and, after inspecting her friend's basket, replied: "If I give you two eggs, you will have as many as I have; but if you give me two, I shall have double the number you have." How many eggs had each?

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a hot muffin like a caterpillar?
2. What is the most *sifting* question a person can be asked?
3. Why is the sun the strongest thing within our system?
4. Why is a church like a skull with an *imperfect* phrenological arrangement?

RIDDLES.

1. Why is a blind man like a water-pipe?
2. What is that which must stand before it can sit?
3. Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder cloud?
4. Why is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards?
5. Why is a fool like twenty hundred weight?
6. What is the longest and yet the shortest thing in the world?

A RHYME WANTED.

I'm a word of three letters—an \*\*\*  
 D makes me what truth should be D \*\*\*  
 N what lovers all like to be N \*\*\*  
 F what most people sometimes feel F \*\*\*  
 T what few like to see, called a T \*\*\*  
 I think now I've made it quite CL \*\*\*  
 And expect soon the answer to H \*\*\*

ANAGRAMS.

- |                        |                   |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. A rare study, dear. | 7. Wealth.        |
| 2. O rot not.          | 8. Presbyterian.  |
| 3. We drive the rate.  | 9. Parliament.    |
| 4. Potatoes.           | 10. Sorcerigns.   |
| 5. Minister.           | 11. A woodpecker. |
| 6. Gold mine.          | 12. Caledonia.    |

CHARADES.

1. The bed was soft, the room was neat,  
 The traveller sought repose;  
 Whilst faint and fainter from the street  
 My first in murmurs rose.  
 But scarcely had he closed his eyes,  
 When forth my second crept;  
 Who deem'd his blood a welcome prize  
 And drew it whilst he slept.  
 The traveller rose, the wound he tore,  
 With mingled rage and pain;  
 The landlord came amid the roar—  
 My second sought in vain.  
 Nought living had been near that bed,  
 The host, with fervour droll  
 Declared, but this the sufferer knew  
 Was nothing but my whole.
2. Your cat does my first in my ear,  
 Oh! that I were admitted as near!  
 In my second I've held you my fair,  
 So long that I almost despair,  
 But my prey if, at last, I o'ertake,  
 What a glorious whole I shall make.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. What country beheaded, another will remain?
2. What country beheaded, will shew you what nobody likes?
3. What musical instrument beheaded, another will remain?
4. What bird beheaded, another will remain?
5. What stone beheaded, a soft substance will remain?

PROBLEMS.

1. If A can do a piece of work in 10 days, and B in 13, in what time will both do it working at the same rate?

2. If a person have an annual profit rent of £75, which is payable yearly, and is to continue 32 years, how much ought he to get for it at present allowing the purchaser compound interest at 4 per cent. per annum on what he pays for it.

3. A hare starts 40 yards before a greyhound, and is not perceived by him till she has been up 40 seconds; she gets away at the rate of ten miles an hour; how long will the course last, and what distance will the hare have run?

WHAT SMOKING A CIGAR LED TO. — On Sunday evening, Brickfields Congregational Chapel, Stratford, was the scene of great excitement in consequence of an alarm of fire being raised in the midst of the service. The chapel, which has lately undergone a thorough cleansing and repair, has only during the past several weeks been re-opened, and on the present occasion the Rev. Knox Stallybrass was officiating for his brother, the Rev. John Stallybrass, the pastor of the place. The first chant, prayer, and hymn had been proceeded with, and the reverend gentleman was reading the first lesson, when many of the congregation exhibited great uneasiness at the strong smell of fire, but from whence it proceeded, all for some moments seemed at a loss to imagine. As the smell became stronger the chapel keeper, Mrs. Brinstow, fancying she saw smoke issuing from the chapel, walked down the aisle for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the case. On opening the vestry door a volume of smoke rushed into the chapel, and then a scene of indescribable fear and confusion ensued. The cry of "fire" now being openly raised, the fear of the congregation was increased by another cry "Take care that the gas does not explode." It required all the coolness and courage of the most prudent to guard against a panic and catastrophe. There was a general rush to reach the doors, and it being between the lights, and the chapel fast filling with smoke, the excitement was rendered still worse by the darkness of the place. As the outlet at the doors was blocked, and people could not get out quickly enough, many jumped over the pews and endeavoured to reach the doors by scrambling over the heads and shoulders of others. Shrieks for help now came from the gallery, the staircase of which was literally crammed, and it was only by the greatest efforts that some in their uncontrollable fright were prevented from jumping into the body of the church. At length the chapel got cleared, and the deacons and others having gone into the vestry, the congregation, many of whom were waiting outside, were called together, and informed that, though the excitement had been great, there was really very little damage done. It appeared from the statement current that the rev. gentleman had been out for the afternoon, and, having been smoking a cigar, on coming into the vestry, put the remaining part of it into his overcoat pocket, which he hung up. It appears that, being entirely of cloth, it only smouldered and smoked, but communicated the fire to other woollen things in the vestry. Fortunately there was nothing highly inflammable, or added to the excitement, the consequences would have been disastrous. We are glad to say we have not heard of any bodily injury. — *London Star.*

PRINTING.—An intelligent Montreal printer furnishes the following interesting table, showing the countries, and dates in which this important art was first introduced:—

1457. Mentz in Germany.	1551. Ireland.
1465. Italy.	1550. Helvetic Rep.
1467. France.	1553. Hindostan; Palestine.
1470. Switzerland; Poland.	1563. Madrid.
1472. Flanders; Belgium.	1577. East Indies.
1473. Netherlands; Hungary; Wirttemberg; Bavaria; Saxony; Sicily.	1579. Moravia.
1474. Spain; England.	1582. Japan; Walcheren.
1475. Hanover; Sardinia; Holland, Bohemia, Naples.	1583. Azores.
1476. Austria.	1585. Upper Pyrenees.
1478. Tuscany; Franconia.	1588. Rumania.
1479. Piedmont.	1590. China; Philippine Isl.
1481. Silesia; Burgundy.	1605. Syria.
1483. Sweden.	1612. Guelderland.
1484. D. Brabant; Savoy.	1616. Zealand.
1486. Denmark.	1618. Alsace.
1488. Friesland; Corinthia.	1622. Bombay.
1489. Portugal.	1637. Mexico.
1492. Prussia.	1639. N. America.
1493. Baden; Russia.	1642. Thuringia.
1507. Scotland.	1645. Holstein.
1508. Jutland.	1647. Malta.
1517. Lithuania.	1655. Tyrol.
1520. Westphalia.	1656. Norway.
1525. Suabia.	1658. Asia Minor.
1530. Iceland.	1703. Java.
1533. Transylvania.	1730. Barbadoes.
1535. Brescia.	1734. Wales.
1540. Majorca.	1737. Ceylon.
1546. Polynesia.	1751. Nova Scotia.
1549. South America.	1764. Lower Canada.
1550. Lusatia.	1767. Paraguay; Martinique.
	1776. Montreal, Canada.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

HOOPER counted seven thousand facets in the eye of the house-fly; Leouwenhoek more than twelve thousand in that of the dragon-fly; and Geoffroy cites a calculation, according to which there are thirty-four thousand six hundred and fifty of such facets in the eye of a butterfly.

METHOD FOR KEEPING A VESSEL AFLOAT. — Among the most recent scientific discoveries in France, may be mentioned a method invented by M. Réant for keeping afloat a vessel about to sink, and putting out any fires that may happen to break out on board. His plan is to attach a certain number of balloons made of India rubber, and inflated with air, to the sides of the sinking vessel. M. Chattenmann proposes to render vessels externally incombustible by white-washing the wood with chloride of lime. This, he thinks, would prevent the rapid propagation of the flames, and allow sufficient time for extinguishing them.

A CERTAIN aerial machine, said to be under such perfect control that it may be made to move against the wind, or to descend without opening the valve, has been creating some stir on the Continent of Europe. The papers have hailed it as the solution of the old problem of making a balloon that will steer. The *Esperance*, for such is its name, is now in London, and has been exhibited several times at Cremorne Gardens by the inventor, M. Delamarre. Its success seems to have been very indifferent, and for the present a steering balloon must remain amongst what Bacon calls the things "yet held impossible or not invented." The *Esperance* might perhaps take its place as one of the contrivances "extant which cometh the nearest in degree to that impossibility;" but more than this we do not think it is entitled to.

MUSHROOM CULTURE. — Mushrooms may be raised in plenty in old frames or at the back of a shed. Get together a good heap of short dung that has not been fermented, spread it out, and turn twice, at intervals of a week; then add turfy loam in the proportion of one-sixth, and make up the bed eighteen inches deep, beating it down well as the work proceeds. Let it remain till there is a brisk heat, then insert the spawn in pieces of the size of an egg, about four inches apart, and cover the bed with two inches of fine loam or rotted turf. — *Gardener's Magazine.*

A FURNACE, used by Palissy the potter, has recently been discovered in Paris. In a letter to the French Academy, M. Leclapart gives some details of this interesting relic. It appears that whilst digging the foundation of the new *Salle des Etats*, on July 7, the workmen came across a brick construction, which appeared to be a furnace for tiles. This would have been passed by without much notice had it not been for an archaeologist, M. Berty, who traced the furnace to the celebrated Palissy. A careful examination of the interior revealed a dozen models of figures, and other objects, such as plants, &c., all having a most *bizarre* appearance. These strange moulds were at once recognized as belonging to Palissy by those who are best acquainted with his works.

An interesting archaeological discovery has just been made in the island of Elba, the particulars of which have been communicated by M. Simonin to the Paris Academy of Sciences. A number of bronze and stone implements have been found, nine-tenths of the latter being made of a flint entirely unknown in Elba, and which must have been brought from Naples, if not further. The principal articles found, beginning with the most perfect, are arrow-heads of a long triangular shape, recalling those which have already been found in Greece and Italy; knives, similar to those found in the caves of Aurignac, &c.; scrapers, resembling those now used by the Esquimaux; adzes, of the same shape as those found by M. Boucher de Perthes, but smaller, and also other objects of indeterminate form. The discovery of remnants of the Bronze Age in this island explains a passage of Aristotle hitherto obscure, in which he remarks that in Elba bronze was worked before iron.

PROCESS OF ENCAUSTIC. — The following process of encaustic is given by M. Brocklin:—Molst plaster of Paris is painted with water colours as usual. When the design is perfectly dry, it is painted over with a hot solution of wax and resin, and this coating is burnt in with a strong heat. The wax, sinking in, fixes the colour, and gives together with its compound with resin a solid transparent surface, which effectually protects the painting from injury by damp or dust, the colours at the same time being greatly heightened and improved.

ANTI-FRAUDULENT INK. — A French gentleman has recently patented an ink or writing fluid for preventing fraudulent alterations in written documents, to be used in combination with a peculiarly-prepared paper, the colour in which it is discharged, and the texture changed, by the action of the ink. The writing fluid is composed of dilute sulphuric acid, coloured with indigo, and the paper is ordinary writing paper tinted with ultramarine or any other suitable colour which is capable of being discharged by the acid. By this means the texture of the paper in the parts affected by the acid will be so changed and weakened as to prevent the possibility of alteration or erasure, and the ink or writing fluid, by penetrating through the paper, will be seen on both its sides.

ECONOMY AND PROFUSENESS. — Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health. Profuse-ness, on the contrary, is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with iron that enters into their souls.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ACROSTIC** We cannot insert the Acrostic in the "SATURDAY READER." Although we like subscriptions well, we like independence and self-respect far better, and have no notion of begging for subscribers. The other contributions were more acceptable.

**G. H. H.** I could you not travel over a less beaten track? Try! You will see the use we have made of your communication, for which, please accept our thanks.

**FALLINUS** Your boatmen dream too disjointed a dream; please see general notice below.

**J. H., TORONTO.** If you are, as we gather from your letter, quite a young student, why then there is plenty of time to write and re-write your compositions before offering them for publication. We cannot use those you have sent, although we would willingly do so. Work and wait.

**JEAN, A RHYMER. L. B.** Please see notice below.

**H. H.** Can you favour us occasionally with similar contributions?

**HERMAN L.** Will insert shortly.

**JAMES J.—d.** Your paper will be regularly delivered in future; pay collector full amount. We have dated your subscription from No. 3. When writing again, please give your full address.

**R. V.—C.** Manuscript received, will have attention.

**A. H.** "Honour" is waiting for you at the office of the READER. Too long and heavy—light, racy sketches would be acceptable. Many thanks nevertheless.

**GRADUATE** We believe the first obscure mention of Academical Degrees was in 1214 in the University of Paris, from which the other Universities of Europe borrowed most of their customs. In 1231, Degrees had become general.

**ANTI-FANATIC.** We would not insert your communication even as an advertisement. Once for all, we wish it to be understood that the READER is intended to be a family paper, and not a vehicle for the diffusion of scepticism.

**JAMES H., GUELPH.** The weekly issues of the READER have thus far been stereotyped; we shall consequently be always able to supply the early numbers to complete sets. We thank you for your good wishes, and may state that the success of the READER is beyond our most sanguine anticipations.

**GENERAL NOTICE.**—The space which we can devote to Poetry is limited, and we have already upon our table of original poems, good, bad, and indifferent, (especially the latter) sufficient to last us for six months. Our correspondents must not feel surprised then if their effusions do not appear. Why not devote to prose compositions the time which is wasted in the effort to "tag rhymes"? We shall be glad to receive well written original tales and sketches in prose.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"AFTER me," as the needle said to the thread  
When do two and two not make four?—When they stand for 22.

"WHAT is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and treacle on."

"Is it quack-quack?" an Englishman, who was enjoying what he took for hashed duck, asked of his neighbour, a Chin man. "No, no; it is much better. It is bow-wow-wow," replied the yellow Oriental.

"FATHER, did you ever have another wife beside mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anna Dounni, 18, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

**SHOOTING PISTOLS.**—There is a quaker in the country who is so attached to the principles of the Peace Society that he will not have a single flower in his garden; for "it's terrible," he says, "to walk at this time of the year, and to see the flowers in all directions with shooting pistols."

"I THOUGHT I understood you to say that your father was a merchant only a week ago," said a lady to a little girl who was soliciting alms. "and if that is so, how could your family have been so soon reduced to beggary?"—"It is true, ma'am: my father kept an oyster stall, and last week he took a bad sovereign, and failed."

**AN ANGLER'S PATIENCE.**—A person, late on Saturday afternoon, hailed a gentleman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art for trout, with, "Hallo, there. Got anything?"—"Got anything," of course not. I only came here last Wednesday," was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patient fly.

"SIR, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the king, "I will have you hanged." "Sigu," replied the soldier. The king stared, whistled, and signed.

**R. A. D.**—The late Mr. Solomon, the artist, who, it is well known, took it very much to heart that he was not elected one of the "Forty," happened to be at a public dinner, and returning thanks for his health being drunk, made some clever observations upon art. A gentleman hearing him, not knowing him, asked a neighbour who the speaker was, and inquired if he were a Royal Academician. Solomon, who had sat down in the interim, overheard the question, and said, instantly, "Academician?—no, sir. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

**MAXY** of our "slang" sayings have a classical derivation. When one calls his comrade a "brick," he is

only paying a compliment uttered a thousand years ago:—An Eastern Prince, on being asked, "Where are the fortifications of your city?" replied, pointing to his soldiers, "every man you see is a brick."

**MAN A VERB.**—A parochial teacher, who delights in calling forth the thinking powers of his pupils, asked a member of one of his younger classes to give him an example of a verb.—"Man," replied the boy, quite readily.—"How so, my child?" inquired his master.—"Because," added the little philosopher, "a verb expresses being, doing, suffering; and if that be true, man is the greatest verb I know, for he unites the whole three."

**THE LOST TONGUE.**—Not far from Quebec there lives a man whose spouse one day got in a pet, and refused to speak for eight or ten days. Well, the husband, poor fellow, although her silence sometimes used to be most devoutly wished for, wished to hear again the clapper of that little bell, that sometimes made his ears tingle, she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that brought her to her speech again. She was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room, opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, laces, handkerchiefs, &c., and without thinking screamed out "Mercy! what in the world are you doing?"—"Nothing," he replied, quite coolly; "only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found in the bottom of these drawers."

**A HUSBAND** complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared in evidence that he had pushed the door against her, and she in turn had pushed it against him, whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife *adoring* each other.

**A WEDDING VISIT.**—The celebrated and witty Lord Lyttleton, and several other English gentlemen, went in a boat to see the ceremony of the Doge of Venice wedding the Adriatic. They had on board with them a *laquais-de-place*, a talkative fellow, making a plaguy noise, explaining everything that was going on. This unfortunate cicerone was standing up in the barge, and leaning over it, at the moment the Doge dropped the ring into the sea. The loquacious lackey bawled out with all his might and strength, "Now, my lord—look! look! the Doge has married the sea!" "Has he?" replied Lord Lyttleton; "then go you, you noisy dog, and pay the bride a visit," and, giving him a push, into the sea went the poor prating valet. He was taken up immediately, without having received any injury beyond a ducking, for which he was well repaid.

It has been decided, lately, that a boy found on a man's door-step may not necessarily be his step-son.

**A LAWYER'S HORSE.**—A well known lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would carry him over without stopping. So he advertised him, "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

"I AM so lame from the railroad crash of last week I can hardly stand," said Smith. "Well, then, I hope you intend to sue for damages," said his friend, "Damages!" he repeated. "No, no; I have had damages enough; if I sue for anything it will be for repairs."

**RICH HERBS.**—"Time is money" is a sage saying. Time may be money, but the mint produces it. Shakespeare tells us of "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." A sweet time a man would have in trying to get money out of that bank! Bah! Time is a very good thing to be allowed when a bill falls due; but, after all, we would rather have a mint of money, and we should then be sure of having a good time.

**STRIPES WITHOUT STARS.**—An enthusiastic Yankee urchin, who in a fit of absence of mind, gave three cheers for the stripes and stars during school hours, awoke to a consciousness of his mistake on receiving the stripes without the stars.

"JOK, my dear, said a fond wife to her husband, who followed the psecutory profession on the banks of Newfoundland. "do fix up a little, you look so slovenly. Oh, what an awful memory it would be for me, if you should get drowned looking so!"

**DR. VOGT,** a German philosopher, in his book on the species of mankind, hits out at his critics with the following dogged witicism:—"A cur was barking furiously at a cowkeeper with a milk-can. "Thou barkest!" says the milkman. "Thou always barkest! Thou barkest all the dogs! Thou barkest at me, and barkest till thou hast done barking, and canst bark no more!" "Let critics bark till they can bark no more," are the last words of Dr. Vogt.

**A NEGRO** had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it and rubbed it, but to no purpose. Finally, tearing the bandage off, he stuck it out with a savage grin, and shaking his fist at it, exclaimed, "Acho away, dear old fellow, I shan't do nothing more for yer. dis child," said he, tapping his breast, "can stand it as long as you can, so acho away."

**DRY, BUT NOT THIRSTY.**—Curran, conversing with Sir Thomas Turton, happened to remark that he could never speak in public for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips; to which Sir Thomas replied that, in that respect, he had the advantage of him.—"I spoke," said he, "the other night in the House of Commons, for five hours, on the Nabob of Oudo, and never felt in the least thirsty."—"It is very remarkable indeed," rejoined Curran, "for every one agrees that it was the driest speech of the session."

**A PARISIAN** lately hired a house at Argenteuil, in order to make it a wine shop during the annual *fete*. Hour after hour passed, and not a customer. "Very odd," observed Mercator—If, indeed, he can be Mercator who does no business. "Very strange," observed madame. "Why, papa," says son and heir; "every-

body looks in, but nobody comes in." It turned out that the unfortunate speculator had hired an old "bu reau," outside of which was painted in official characters, "The public is expressly forbidden to enter this house."

**COUNSELLOR CODEX** and Serjeant Pleas, who had been opposed to each other in a case of considerable interest, left the court arm-in-arm, to take a beefsteak together at the "Gridiron." "You made out your case well, brother," said Codex; "and it was no easy matter." "My dear sir," replied Serjeant Pleas, "I am never in better feather than when I have to prove that black is white." "Well," said Codex, "I will give you a knotty case for your ingenuity. Prove to me that that vile blackleg, Thomas, who swindled you out of a hundred pounds the last Derby-day, is the best man in Her Majesty's dominions?" "That is easily done," said Serjeant Pleas; "for however good any other man may be, no one will deny that a black-leg is sure to be a better (butter)."

**MR. JASPER MAIN,** who lived in the reign of James I. of England, was celebrated as a scholar and a wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for practical jokes. Before he died he told his servant, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he had left him something that would make him drunk. The servant concluded that something handsome had been left to him; but, after his master's death, his disappointment was great in finding that his legacy consisted of nothing but a red herring.

The once popular play of "Paul Pry" was suggested to Poole, the dramatist, by the following circumstances, which, he has himself related.—"An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was for several days confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute, for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of that occupation; she became careless in her reports, impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. "Betty, what are you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 3? Who is it?"—"The first floor lodger, ma'am"—"Betty, Betty, I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 54?"—"Why, lor, it's only the baker with pies."—"Pies? Betty? What can they want with pies at 54? They had pies yesterday."

**WANTED TO KNOW.**—How much the waist of time measures round.

If the man who had his faith shaken, experienced any disagreeable sensations.

If the eye of the law equits.

The rate at which a fast young man goes.

If the *Ancient lyre* is a truthful collection o' music.

If the man who paid attention got a receipt,

If the *light of love* is as brilliant as coal oil.

## THE CATASTROPHE.

"Poor fellow! So young too! Well sooner or later We all bid farewell to the pleasures of life. 'Tis but just"—"What! has anything happened to Slater?"

Is he dy'ng?—"No! no! but he's taken a wife."

The man who "carries everything before him."—

The water.

To prevent a man from cutting his throat from ear to ear.—Cut off his ears.

**FELO DE SE.**—Verdict on an old beau's black moustache.—Dyed by his own hand.

**RELIABLE.**—Female correspondents in Europe are thought more reliable, as they never miss the mails, and are never tight except when laced.

**ILL EAGLE.**—Supposing the ornithological emblem of the United States was tak' a sick, why would it be contrary to law?—Because it would be *ill eagle* (illegal).

**A TRUTH FOR TEA-DRINKERS.**—Commercial intelligence from Shanghai lately announced—"Tea tending downward."—Do you call that news? Why, of course, whenever anybody drinks tea he experiences its downward tendency.

**A CHICKEN DIET.**—Among the patients whom Dr. S had at one time, was one to whom he had recommended a diet of chicken. While he was still under the doctor's care, it chanced that he, with Dr. S., and a number of other friends, was invited to a dinner party given by a mutual acquaintance. The principal dish was fowls, and as the patient sat on the right of the host, the platter was passed to him first. The man helped himself very freely—more so than politeness allowed—not only to the annoyance of the host, but of Dr. S. also, who happened to sit at the farther end of the table, and who began to think his chance was slim. Gazing for a moment at the contents of the patient's plate, the blunt doctor asked, in a tone of half-rebuke, half-ridicule, "Hello, Jones, what are you doing?" "Why, doctor, you told me I must eat chicken," the patient replied.—"Yes, I know I did; but I didn't tell you to make a hen-coop of yourself," retorted the man of physic, amid the roars of the entire table.

**THE ADMIRAL'S PERMISSION.**—The late Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin had given strict orders that no naval officer should appear out of uniform in the port where he commanded. One day he met a captain in mufti, being himself, too, in the same condition. "How is this, sir? How dare you, after my express orders," &c. "I will answer your question, Sir Isaac, by begging to be told how it is you set me the example."—"Ah!" was the instantaneous reply, "I have the Admiral's permission, sir." The story goes, that the peccant officer received, instead of an order to consider himself under arrest, an invitation to dinner.