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# THE SATURDAY READER.

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FOR WEEK ENDING AUGUST 11, 1866.

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## THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

BEFORE this issue of our paper is in the hands of our readers they will have become familiar with the fact that the Atlantic Cable is at length successfully laid. Still we cannot forbear congratulating them upon the accomplishment of this wonderful achievement—in some respects the greatest which man, in his restless energy, ever attempted. The hidden depths of the Atlantic are now the highway of speech, swift as thought, between the Old World and the New. Let us hope that the pulsations of that mysterious cord which forms the bond of union will ever breathe peace and good will among the nations. We, like others, look upon it as a happy omen that one of the first messages which came through the cable, when laid, was the announcement of a treaty of peace between Austria and Prussia.

## THE GARDENS OF THE HESPERIDES.

ANCIENT and modern literature are filled with allusions to these famous Gardens, yet few are acquainted with their real history, beyond the little respecting them that is learned at school, or what is to be found in any classical dictionary. But there is scarcely a doubt, that they were a reality, and not the mere invention of mythology and fable. Indeed, we are not acquainted with any subject of classical enquiry more interesting than these celebrated and romantic gardens, or garden rather, of which so many authors have written in prose and verse. Mythology informs us that the Hesperides were three or more nymphs, the daughters of Hesperus, who were appointed to guard the golden apples which Juno gave to Jupiter on the day of their nuptials; that they dwelt in an inaccessible garden filled with the most delicious fruits, and that one of the labours of Hercules was to obtain some of the apples of the Hesperides. So much for fiction; but the existence of these gardens is shown on more reliable authority than Heathen mythology. On one point all writers agree, namely, that they were situated in Africa; some placing them on the slopes of Mount Atlas; some describing them as one of the oases or verdant islands of luxuriant vegetation which are to be found in the African deserts; but the more generally received opinion has been that they were situated near the city of Hesperis or Berenice in Cyrenaica, a country of Africa, and afterwards a dependency of Egypt under the Ptolemies.

We have been led to this subject by the perusal of a manuscript, placed in our hands by a friend of its author, now deceased. It is the journal of a British officer who had accompanied his regiment to several parts of the world, and who had a strong literary turn. His chief study, however, seems to have been

archæology; and having been quartered at Gibraltar about thirty years ago, he determined to visit the ruins of Berenice, having in view his favourite pursuit. He accordingly took passage for Tripoli, and thence to Bengazi, a wretched Arab town or village, which now partly covers the space upon which Berenice or Hesperis once stood. The beautiful plain which surrounded it still remains, but of the city itself nothing is to be seen above ground; but extensive remains of buildings still exist, at a depth of a few feet from the surface of the plain. All that was above, and much that was below, has been used by the Arabs in the erection of their houses for many ages; and great is the grief and disgust of our journalist for the sacrilege and mischief thereby perpetrated. Many a noble frieze and cornice, he laments, and many an elegant capital has disappeared under the destroying hands of these tasteless barbarians, who must needs deface the materials which they do not know how to appreciate, before using them in the construction of their own wretched domiciles. We think, on the whole, our author is rather too bitter in his anathemas against his Ishmaelite foes. Their ignorance is as much their misfortune as their fault. He owes them something for having, as we understand him, received from one of their Sheiks the following striking Arabian fable, in which the changes which time may be supposed to effect in the character and appearance of a country, are graphically expressed:

"I passed by a very large and populous city, and enquired of one of its inhabitants by whom it was founded. Oh, replied the man, this is a very ancient city! we have no idea how long it may have been in existence; and our ancestors were on this point as ignorant as ourselves. On visiting the same place five hundred years afterwards, I could not perceive a single trace of the city; and asked a countryman whom I saw cutting clover, where it stood and how long it had been destroyed. What nonsense are you asking me? said the person whom I addressed; these lands have never been any otherwise than you now see them. Why, returned I, was there not formerly here a magnificent and populous city? We have never seen one, replied the man, and our fathers have never mentioned to us anything of the kind. Five hundred years afterwards, as I passed by the spot, I found that the sea had covered it; and perceiving on the bank a party of fishermen, I asked them how long it had been overflowed. It is strange, answered they, that you should ask us such a question as this, for the place has been at all times exactly as it is now. What, said I, was there not dry land in this spot where the sea is at present? Certainly not, that we know of, answered the fishermen, and we never heard our fathers speak of any such circumstance. Again I passed by the place, after a similar lapse of time: the sea had disappeared, and I enquired of a man whom I met, at what period this change had taken place. He made me the same answer as the others had done before; and, at length, on returning after a lapse of another five hundred years, I found that it was occupied by a flourishing city, more populous and more rich in magnificent buildings than that which I had formerly seen. When I enquired of its inhabitants concerning its origin, I was told that it lost itself in the darkness of antiquity. We have not the least idea, they said, when it was founded, and our forefathers knew no more of its origin than ourselves."

It is not a little strange, that the journal, in another place, gives, almost word for word, an anecdote, the incident related in which Lady Duff Gordon, in her late work on Egypt, declares

to have occurred within her own knowledge, at a recent period. The human intellect seems stereotyped in the East.

We will not attempt to follow our military archæologist through his long and learned discussion in support of his views concerning the locality, character and history of the Gardens of the Hesperides. His chief authority is the Geographer and Mathematician, Scylax, who, living in the age of Darius, the son of Hyatarpes, about five centuries and a half before the Christian era, describes them with the minuteness of an eye-witness; Hesiod, Apollidorus, Daodorus, Quintilian, Apollonius, Virgil, Ovid, Statius, Philostratus, Pliny, and many other poets, and sages, far too learned and awful for ourselves and our readers, are quoted at much length. The truth is, that our departed friend was somewhat of a pedant. It is sufficient for our purpose to say, that he fully satisfied himself that the objects of his search had their site in the neighbourhood of the ancient Berenice and the modern Bengazi. He found in the plain a large number of natural pits or chasms, of several hundred feet in extent, surrounded on all sides by perpendicular walls of solid rock, rising often to the height of seventy to a hundred feet, the bottom containing soil of the richest quality, and used by the Greeks and Arabs as gardens and orchards in which the fruits and flowers of the country grow in luxurious splendour. The resemblance to the Gardens of the Hesperides is perfect, but there is none of those now existing equal in extent to those which contained the golden apples, and which Scylax declares to have been about the fifth of a mile across; but there may be such places on the plain, though not discovered by our traveller, and several of considerable dimensions are now filled with water. In other respects, the similarity is remarkable; the modern, like the ancient gardens, being "thickly filled with fruit-trees and apparently inaccessible from without." The geographical features also coincide in every point. The journalist made another discovery; nothing less than the veritable *locus in quo* of the renowned Lethe. On again referring to his school recollections or the Dictionary, the reader will find that the Lethe, or river of Oblivion, was one of the rivers of Tartarus, whose waters the souls of the dead drank, after a certain probation, and which caused them to forget all the incidents of the past, as if such things had never been. We wonder if they forgot their creditors who certainly did not always forget them? The less poetical of the ancient writers, however, inform us that Lethe is a river of Africa, which runs under the ground, and at some distance reappears above the surface; which circumstance gave birth to the fiction just mentioned. The author of the journal having been told that there was a subterranean stream near Bengazi, visited the spot, which turned out to be an immense cave at the depth of about eighty feet below the level of the plain, containing a large body of water which was reported to run far into the bowels of the earth; but from the jealousy or whim of the Turkish authorities, he was not permitted to penetrate it. But he learned that the course of the stream had been followed in boats to a considerable distance from the mouth of the cave, and the depth of the water was found to be as much as thirty feet. As we have said, we shall not trouble our readers with the erudite arguments on these two subjects which fill many pages of the journal, but shall be content, if what we have extracted from it will enable them to form some conception of the sober facts, out of which poetry and fable have created two of the most celebrated romances of ancient literature.

## THE DRAMA.

"THIS love that makes the world go round," sings the poet, and however much this statement may come into contact with our received ideas of gravitation, it is certain that love influences, in a great measure, the fortunes of those who revolve upon and with the earth, as is duly set forth in Sheridan Knowles' beautiful play of "Love,"—in which, last Monday week, we had the pleasure of witnessing Mrs. Lander's charming impersonation of the Countess. The chief feature for admiration in this lady's acting is its finish; not a gesture is out of place, nor is there a step upon the stage, or an expression of her face, for which the attentive spectator is at a loss to account; and, withal, everything is done with such lady-like ease, and seemingly unstudied grace of action, as to show that she possesses, in a high degree, that quality, which above all others, marks the true artist, namely, the art of concealing art. Her countenance, though not strikingly handsome, is full of expression, and during the progress of a play, it is a study to watch it alone, as the various moods of the character she represents, are there set forth, as in an ever changing picture. She modulates her voice very artistically, though it is occasionally dropped to such a low tone (when, for instance, she expresses the subduing power of grief, or the indecisive struggle of contending emotions) as to be almost inaudible, and to require the closest attention in the spectator anxious not to lose one word. In the first act of "Love," she admirably portrayed the hesitating course of the Countess who, by turns, smiles and frowns upon the modest advances of her serf-lover, whom her woman's heart tells her she loves, while her patrician prejudices forbid her to acknowledge it even to herself. An instance of this was the manner in which, at the end of the first act, she announced her intention of going out hawking, when she first invited his presence by saying in a kind tone "I know you like the sport;" and then, seeing his pleased look and fearful of being misunderstood, she drew herself up, and commanded his attendance with, "You may be useful—so come." She acted magnificently in the third act, where Huon the serf, being threatened with death, as the penalty of his refusing to marry the woman his lord had chosen for him, the Countess being left alone with him, cannot refrain from declaring her own love, and receiving the declaration of his long pent-up passion; though, even then, the art of the actress made it apparent that the pride of the Countess was not quite satisfied with the choice of the woman. The interview in the fifth act, with the Empress, whom she believes is about to espouse Huon, he having in the meantime received his freedom and raised himself to greatness, was very impressive. The grief of the woman whose pride had received such a lesson, and her proud bearing in the presence of her, as she thinks, fortunate rival, was in admirable contrast with the quiet joyousness of her manner, as if peace had at last visited her mind, when she discovered that the Empress had really intended Huon should marry the woman who loved him, after all. Mrs. Lander's various costumes were in exquisite keeping with the character; the flowing white drapery and hood of the dress in the last act, told admirably, in a picture point of view. Mr. Carden acted quietly as Huon, and dressed becomingly. Miss G. Reynolds did her best to look dignified as the Empress, but succeeded better in expressing the kindly feeling of one good-hearted woman, sympathizing with another. Miss Lizzie Maddern's Catherine was spirited enough, but Mr. Giles made a very lackadaisical Sir Rupert. Mr. S. J. Barth tried to be funny in a part not meant to be so: this gentleman is yet a very uncultivated actor with very crude ideas of his art. His acting in comic pieces is generally mere buffoonery; and he has a manner of keeping himself, as it were, prominently before the audience, that at times is dangerous to the illusion of the scene, and little in keeping with the character he is supposed to represent.

In "Mesalliance," Mrs. Lander, as a poor, noble-

hearted loving girl, married to one above her, in social rank alone, touched all hearts, by her exquisite delineation of a faithful wife, wrongfully suspected of infidelity, and persecuted on every side by her husband's envious and grasping relations. The interview between Leonie and her husband in the prison of the Magdalens, at Paris, was very affecting. Mr. Bowers, as that supposed rarity, an honest lawyer, acted quietly and naturally, and made his audience laugh quite as loudly, as if he had employed any of his usual mannerisms, thereby showing his possession of artistic power. We regret exceedingly being unable to give a lengthened critique of all the characters Mrs. Lander has appeared in. Her Julia, in "The Hunchback," Charlotte Corday, Pauline Deschappelles, and Juliet, in "Rome and Juliet," were all artistic delineations, such as might have been expected from an actress, who has won, during a lifetime on the stage, "golden opinions from all sorts of people." It is little to the credit of Montreal playgoers, that this lady should have met with such comparatively small support; but Art in all its branches meets, however, except from the refined few, but little appreciation in this the chief city of British North America. It is to be hoped that the future will bring forth a better state of things, and that, ere long, intellectual and refined interpreters of the richest dramatic literature in the world, may hope to attract a larger share of public patronage than that, at present, so liberally bestowed upon the black-faced buffoons who occasionally visit our city, and grossly caricature, but do not really imitate negro peculiarities.

JOHN QUILL.

## REVIEWS.

PHEMIE KELLER. By F. G. Trafford, author of "Maxwell Drewitt," "Race for Wealth," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

Captain Stondon, aged fifty-six, but erect in form, firm in step, and looking many years younger, during a solitary excursion into the wilds of Cumberland, wandered into the churchyard of the village of Tordale. It was high noon on a Sunday in August, and, as he sat among the grave stones, he could get from his seat a side view into the church, and could see some of the people as they stood up to sing. It was an old Cameronian hymn, and seemed, in its wildness, in perfect keeping with the desolate grandeur of the neighbourhood. Suddenly a young voice rang out clear and sweet above the village choir, and Captain Stondon rose involuntarily to listen. He entered the church to discover the singer, if possible, and the sexton, as if divining his intentions, obligingly opened the door of the pew she occupied, and signed to Captain Stondon to enter. He stood beside Phemie Keller.

Captain Stondon had never married. He was rich, had served in India, had travelled much; in fact, had been a wanderer upon the face of the earth from his youth. The shadow of a great sorrow had fallen upon him in his early manhood; its memory never left him, and for thirty years he had been a restless, solitary man. Tordale was to be the threshold of a new life, and Phemie Keller the star that was to win him from the gloom that had so long rested over him. Belated among the mountains, and missing the narrow track he was following, Stondon was precipitated into a deep ravine, and seriously hurt. He was discovered by Mr. Aggland, Phemie's uncle—a strange compound of oddity, honesty and good sense—and conveyed to the Hill farm, the residence of the Agglands. It is the old tale; the invalid awakes to consciousness, only to be conscious of the charms of his gentle nurse, and to drink in new life from the new hopes that are springing up in his heart. With recovered health, Captain Stondon is in no hurry to leave the farm, but lingers there for months, until at length Mr. Aggland's consent to his marriage with Phemie is asked.

Phemie was the light of her uncle's household, but her position there was by no means a

pleasant one; Mr. Aggland had been twice married, and, when too late, discovered that his second marriage was a mistake. Mrs. Aggland was a tartar, who envied Phemie her youth, her beauty, her glorious voice, and the charm of her winning disposition. Phemie was not unconscious that she was beautiful, and, thanks to an old servant of her mother's, had dreamed of rich suitors coming to woo her. Captain Stondon was certainly not the hero her imagination had pictured, but aware of his noble qualities, and—shall we say—of the advantages of the match she becomes Mrs. Stondon, resolving to be a dutiful wife, and believing that she could love her husband. With the marriage the development of the plot commences, but we do not think it fair to the reader to pursue it further—our object is simply to direct attention to the work. We may add, however, that in the progress of the story a bitter struggle awaits poor Phemie—that the terrible truth dawns upon her, that her noble and devoted husband does not hold the first place in her heart. Nobly she fights against her guilty love, and is saved, but as by fire.

Although this novel may not possess the absorbing interest of the sensational class, many of the situations are cleverly conceived and worked out. The sketch of the Aggland-household, in the earlier chapters, is graphic and lifelike, and the characters of Phemie, Aggland, and Captain Stondon especially, are skillfully drawn. If Phemie Keller does not add new brilliancy to Mr. Trafford's fame as a novel writer, it certainly will not cast a shade over it.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE GREAT REBELLION. Part 1st. New York: Harper & Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This work abounds in illustrations, good, bad, and indifferent, and is really, what it purports to be, "A Pictorial History" of the great contest between the North and South. Upon almost every page we meet with maps or plans illustrating military movements, representations of scenes and incidents of the war, or portraits of those who bore an important part in the events described. So far as we can see, from a somewhat hasty glance, Messrs. Guernsey and Alden have performed their portion of the task, so far, with fairness and candour. The history was commenced by them during the agony of the great struggle, and is professedly based throughout upon authentic documents emanating from both Northern and Southern sources. The present volume brings the record of the contest down to the withdrawal of McClellan's army from the Peninsula after the seven days' battle before Richmond, and the authors announce that they hope, within a few months, and in the compass of another volume, to complete the task they have undertaken.

We intend publishing in our next issue the music and words of a new song, by Claribel, entitled "The Old Pink Thorn." Claribel is one of the most popular song-writers of the day, and some of her compositions have gone through twelve to fourteen editions in England. Our musical readers will remember that they are indebted to her for "Maggie's Secret" "I cannot sing the old songs" &c. &c. We believe "The Old Pink Thorn" has not yet found its way into the Montreal music stores.

Prof. Agassiz has recently received a large and important collection of the fishes inhabiting the Paraguay region, made by the Emperor of Brazil when he was carrying on war against that country. In an autograph note to the professor, accompanying the present, the Emperor says: "I have given instructions that the fishes I collected shall be sent to you—for it was with this thought that I collected them. It is a slight homage that I pay to science, and I shall be most happy, if by placing the fishes in your hands, you will make better known the rich nature of my country."

We have received from Messrs. Dawson & Bros., FELIX HOLT THE RADICAL, by George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," &c., &c.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- In Press, and nearly ready! *The Two Wives of the King*, Translated from the French of Paul Féval. Paper, 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- A New Novel by Miss Braddon! will be published shortly! What is My Wife's Secret? By Miss M. E. Braddon. R. Worthington, publisher, Montreal.
- Vol. II. of Napoleon's Life of Julius Caesar. Fine Library edition, in cloth \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Albert N'Yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and explorations of the Nile Sources. By Samuel White Baker. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. Cloth. Price \$4.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mistress and Maid. A Household Story. By Miss Muloch, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sans Merci, or Kestrels and Falcons. A novel. By the author of "Guy Livingston," &c., &c. Price 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Agnes. A novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. Price 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Maxwell Drewitt. A novel. By F. G. Trafford, author of "George Geith," "Phemie Keller," &c. Price 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Miss Carew. A novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, author of "Barbara's History," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Phemie Keller. A novel. By F. G. Trafford, author of "Maxwell Drewitt," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Lost Tales of Miletus. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Cloth. Price 90c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Armada. A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. A new supply, just received. Price \$1.12½. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos: A Novel. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Held in Bondage," &c., &c. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages: By W. Russell, LL.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Gilbert Ruge. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majoribanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Toilers of the Sea. A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- Beyminstre: A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America, &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family; containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York; Virtue & Yorstan. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.
- Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goaks, just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Letters of Life. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hidden Depths: a new novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jargal: a novel. By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c.
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurried and Delayed Interments. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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## GAME-BIRDS OF THE NORTH.\*

WE have to thank our Manhattan *confrère* for an advance of this very interesting volume: a most fitting sequel to his celebrated sporting book, *The Game-Fish of the North*, previously reviewed by us, and in which the salmon rivers of Canada play such a conspicuous part. Mr. Roosevelt's work comprises eleven chapters, and purports to describe the game found on the sea shores and inland waters of the Northern States of North America. To say that it is written in a light, graphic, pleasant style, is merely to repeat the universal opinion we have heard expressed of all the author's sporting papers. The second chapter opens with a most elaborate dissertation on the specific merits of breach-loaders, compared to muzzle-loaders: the case is so clearly made out that no amount of opposite pleading can, we imagine, prevent the recording of a verdict in favour of breach-loaders: Lefauchaux must supersede Manton, even had we not before us the latest and most startling testimony of Podol Bridge—Prussian needle-rifles vs. the old Austrian brown Bess.

Chapter III. treats of "Bay Snipe Shooting" on the coast of Long Island. The Canadian sportsman, who wishes to understand fully the new terms and new names given to the game birds here described can refer to Chapter V. We had some trouble at first to recognise our old friend, the Golden Plover, in the Frost Bird; our *souvenirs* of the Golden Plover are not in the least connected with frost, although they may remind us of equinoctial gales, and high tides of September; nor can we associate the Turnstone with the American term Beach-Robin, nor the Red-breasted Sandpiper with that of Robin-Snipe; nor the Pectoral Sandpiper with the Krieker. We with difficulty knew the tell-tale Tatler, under the new appellation of Yelper. Under Mr. Roosevelt's magic wand, the Godwit is transformed into the Marlin; the Long-billed Curlew into the Sickle-bill; the Red-breasted Snipe into the Dowitch. The author of the *Game Birds of the North* had no doubt, in describing them, to use the *local* or vernacular names, in order to be understood. We, too, in Canada are blessed with sporting *patois*: it would afford us considerable pleasure to be able to eradicate it. Calling a sand-piper a snipe does grate most harshly on our ear.

The whole of that portion of the work relating to duck shooting is most attractive. Mr. Roosevelt has a happy manner of conveying information. His whole book abounds with sound practical advice—how to load, how to carry, how to buy, a gun. Decoys for duck and wild-geese shooting are old institutions with us; but the use of stools, that is, wooden or tin decoys, to shoot plover, and other small game, we never saw tried on the shores of the St. Lawrence, although we do not see why it should not succeed. Mr. Roosevelt's book is a work which must meet with the support of every true sportsman. Its inspiration is healthy; its aim, the preservation and multiplication of game. Although we, poor Canadians, did steal a march on our enlightened neighbors, and have already in operation a comprehensive system of legislation to prevent its destruction, and calculated to multiply the pleasures of the gunner, by throwing the shield of the law over the game during its period of incubation; our progressive friends 'other side of the line 45, are "heading on fast" in the same direction. Several States have already laws and clubs to protect game.

The diction is glowing, animated, thrilling. Witness some of his remarks on duck shooting: "It is a glorious sight to see a noble flock of ducks approach; to watch them with trembling alternations of fear and hope, as they waver in their course, as they crowd together or separate, as they swing first one flank of their array forward, then the other; as they draw nearer and nearer, breathlessly to wait the proper time, and, with quick eye and sure aim, select a pair, or

\*The Game Birds of the North: 336 pages. By Rob. B. Roosevelt, Esq., author of *The Game Fish of the North*. New York: Carleton, publisher, 413 Broadway.

perhaps more, with each barrel. It is still more glorious to see them fall—doubled up, if killed dead—turning over and over, if shot in the head—and slanting down, if only wounded, driving up the spray in mimic fountains as they strike; and glorious, too, the chase after the wounded, with straining muscles to follow his rapid wake, and, when he dives, catching the first glimpse of his reappearance to plant the shot from the extra gun in a vital spot. Glorious to survey the prizes, glorious to think over and relate the successful event, and glorious to listen to the tales of others."

Mr. Roosevelt occasionally finds means to enliven his theme, with anecdotes and *traits, à la Paul de Kock*, such as the story about the Beautiful Sleeper, "who called out to Oscar to come quick." At other times, he hurls his thunders on the devoted heads of market gunners, pot hunters, and other rapsallions, guilty of unsportsmanlike practices. We cannot conclude this short notice without quoting from his chapter on GAME AND ITS PROTECTION his excellent remarks; disclaiming with us any intention of engraving on our statute book the barbarous old game laws of Britain, where it was a greater crime to kill a hare than a man, he holds forth for sensible and protective legislation: "To the protection of this vast variety of game, it is the sportsman's duty to address himself, in spite of the opposition of the market-man and restaurateur, the mean-spirited poaching of the pot-hunter, and the lukewarmness of the farmer. The latter can be enlisted in the cause; he has indirectly the objects of the sportsman at heart; and, with proper enlightenment, will assist not merely to preserve his fields from ruthless injury, but to save from destruction his friends, the song-birds. As the true sportsman turns his attention only to legitimate sport, destroying those birds that are but little, if at all, useful to the farmer; and as at the same time, out of gratitude for the kindness with which the latter generally receives him, he is careful never to invade the high grass or the ripening grain: so also, from his innate love of nature, and of everything that makes nature more beautiful, he spares and defends the warblers of the woods, and the innocent worm-devourers that stand guardian over the trees and crops. The smaller birds destroy immense numbers of worms; cedar-birds have been known to eat hundreds of caterpillars, and in this city (New York) have cleared the public squares in a morning's visit of the disgusting measuring worms that were hanging by thousands pendant from the branches, and who has not heard the 'woodpecker tapping' all day long in pursuit of his prey! With the barbarous and senseless destruction of our small birds, the ravages of the worms have augmented, until we hear from all the densely-settled portions of the country loud complaints of their attacks. Peach trees perish; cherries are no longer the beautiful fruit they once were; apples are disfigured, and plums have almost ceased to exist. Worms appear on every vegetable thing; the worms dig their way beneath the bark of the trunk, and cut long alleys through the wood; weevils pierce the grain and eat out its pith; the leaf-eaters of various sorts punch out the delicate membrane by individual effort; or, collecting in bodies, throw their nets, like a spider-web, over the branches, and by combining attacks, deliberately devour every leaf. While these species are at work openly, and in full sight, others are at the roots, digging and destroying and multiplying, until the tree, that at first gave evidence of hardiness and promise of long utility to man, pauses in its growth, becomes delicate, fades, and finally dies. The destruction of these vermicular pests is a question of life or death to the farmer. He may attempt it either with his own labour, by tarring his trees, fastening obstructions on the trunks, or by killing individuals; or he may have it done for him free of expense, by innumerable flocks of the denizens of the air."

To all which we devoutly say AMEN. Let Mr. Roosevelt exchange for one season the sand-bars and marshes of Cape Cod, Nantucket, Montauk Point, Long Island, and New Jersey, for the Sorel Islands, Seal Rocks, Deschambeault

and St. Joachim and Long Point marshes, and the St. Clair Flats: we can promise him a plethoric game bag, and materials for another pleasant volume of sporting chronicles.

J. M. LeMOINE.

Quebec, July, 1866.

## INCH BY INCH.

A WEST INDIAN SKETCH.

ONE fine morning in August, I arose at early dawn, and had just finished dressing myself, when an old black woman put her head into my room, exclaiming: "Hy, is you dressed, massa?" and seeing that I was, she went on: "I bring de coffee and cigars; how de dis maaning, massa?"

"Come in, Judy," I answered: "I'm all right. But what is the matter? You don't look well?"

"I is rader poorly, tank God!" she replied.

Judy did not leave the room, as usual, when I had taken my coffee; so, knowing that she had got something on her mind, of which she wished to disburden herself, I said: "Well, Judy, what is it?"

"Will massa look at de 'romoter bum-bye?"

"Look at the barometer! What for, Judy?"

"I tink we is goin' to hab hurricane."

"A hurricane! Why, there never was a finer morning came out of the heavens."

"Dat for true, massa; but we is goin' to hab hurricane for all dat. Massa no go to Paradise dish day."

"Not go to Paradise! Why not, Judy?"

"Paradise nice place in fine wedder: but him too much near de mountains for safe in hurricane."

"Well, I'll look at the glass as soon as I have finished my coffee; but as to not going to Paradise, that's out of the question."

The old woman left me; and finishing my coffee, I stepped out to examine the barometer. It stood at 30.0, and, as I have said, the morning was a splendid one; so, knowing that there was a young lady at Paradise who was expecting me, I laughed at Old Judy's fears, and determined to start.

At this moment, my friend came bustling out of his room. "How's the glass, Tom? Judy says we are going to have a storm; and she's always right."

"Nonsense!" I replied. "The glass is as firm as a rock; and as to Judy's feelings, that's all nonsense."

"Ah! but I tell you it's no such thing. I've been in four hurricanes, and Judy has foretold every one of them. We may not get it to-day; but she's better than any weather-glass; so, if you take my advice, you will defer your trip to the Gordons."

"Stuff!" I replied. "I gave my word, and go I shall! I don't want to drag you out, if you're afraid, but you must not think to frighten me."

"Ah, my dear boy!" answered my friend, "when you have had one taste of a West Indian hurricane, you will not want the second; besides, there is not a worse place in the island than that same Paradise of Gordon's. The wind gets between those two mountains, and rages up the valley like mad."

I was duly impressed with my friend's advice, and loath to leave him, for I perceived that he was really in earnest; but truth to say, there was a certain Mary Gordon at Paradise (the name, by the by, of her father's plantation), for whom, as sailors say, I had a sneaking kindness, and nothing short of the absolute presence of the tornado would have stopped me. Besides, I was in full health and spirits; and it was not likely that I, who had been knocking about in all parts of the world, could sympathise with the feelings of an ancient black woman, or with those of the climate-worn and sensitive old planter with whom I was staying. Mounting my horse, therefore, with a black boy for a guide, I started on my journey.

I rode on at a brisk pace, for there is something in the early breeze of a tropical morning which is peculiarly refreshing, and diffuses a buoyant

clasticity into your frame, which is only to be restrained by active exercise. In addition to this, the scenery through which I was travelling was of the most enchanting description, while I, with a light heart, was speeding on to seek a ereole houri in a tropical "Paradise." I had got about one-third of the way, when I came to two roads; I was somewhat puzzled which to take, for I had forgotten my guide, and had ridden so fast that I felt certain I had left him far behind. I was about to take the one to the left, when a voice behind me exclaimed: "Him de wrung way, massa; de lef is de right way." I turned round in surprise, and there I found my little black guide clinging to the horse's tail. The horse, I presume, being used to this sort of thing, took no notice of it, though the young rascal had in his hand a pointed stick, with which at times he accelerated the animal's movements.

The road, though it proved a very bad one, was wild and picturesque in the extreme. It followed the course of the deep gully, whose sides became more and more precipitous as I advanced, but were covered with a green and luxuriant vegetation, consisting of bushes and creepers, the blossoms on which were marvelously beautiful.

After wending for some distance through the bottom of this ravine, I at last emerged into the open country, at a spot of peculiar beauty. On my right and left rose high mountains, whose peaks now and then visible through the clouds, seemed to reach the heavens. The whole of these mountains were clothed with a perpetual verdure, while before me was a valley, spreading out in grassy slopes to the edge of the sea.

I had never seen anything so truly grand. I was fascinated, for in no part of the world is the imagination so powerfully affected by scenic effect as in the tropics. The majestic grandeur of the mountains, the mingled beauty and variety of the vegetation, and the deep and sombre forests, were all new to me. Then the strange convolutions of the clouds, which, pressed by the wind against the opposite side of the sierra, came rolling and tumbling over the mountains, now concealing and now disclosing some of the most romantic spots in nature, excited in me such lively and rapturous interest as could not be easily forgotten.

"Massa no get to Paradise dis day, if him 'top looking at the mountains all the maaning," said my little guide.

Admonished by this, I again started. I had not proceeded much further, when I perceived that Old Judy's prognostics were not without their significance, for a brilliant though ominous scene presented itself to my view. A tremendous bank of black clouds had risen up, as it were, out of the bosom of the ocean, and hung almost stationary on the distant horizon. I was looking at this, when all at once it seemed moved as by a mighty wind; mass after mass of murky vapour rolled up, and spread themselves athwart the heavens.

"Hurricane do come, massa, now for true!" cried my little Cupid. "Ole Judy always right; and massa no make haste, de rain catch we."

I did not heed what the boy said, for it was a strange and magnificent sight upon which I was gazing. One half of the heavens was black as night, and the other bright and radiant, the sky without a cloud. Never, perhaps, did the eye of man rest upon a greater contrast, never was a scene of greater loveliness mingled with one of more appalling magnificence. The contrast reached its climax when suddenly from out the dark pall flash after flash of lightning descended into the sea, and the thunder, after growling hoarsely in the distance, was echoed back by the mountains, reverberating from cliff to cliff, and from rock to rock. It was Peace and War personified; but, alas! the blue sky, the emblem of peace, was being fast swallowed up by the rolling war-cloud, which, in all the majesty of angry nature, was hastening to blot out all that remained of tranquillity and beauty.

At last I turned to go. Both my horse and my guide seemed impressed with the necessity of exertion, and I found myself, as it were, racing with the storm; but before I could reach my friend's plantation, the clouds were flying over

my head, and the wind was howling aloft as though a gale was blowing; though, below, there was not a breath of air, not a leaf stirred, and not a ripple ruffled the placid sea.

Paradise now appeared in view; and it well deserved its name, for a more beautifully situated place I had never seen. By the time I reached the house, it began to rain, and leaping from my horse, I dashed up the steps into the hall. I was warmly greeted by Mr. Gordon and his two daughters, for though Mary was not quite so demonstrative as Grace, the glance of her eye and the rose upon her cheek told me at any rate that I was not unwelcome.

"Very glad you are come," said Mr. Gordon; "though we did not expect you. But how is it the colonel is not with you?"

"He would not come because Old Judy prophesied we were going to have a hurricane. I laughed at her at the time, but I fancy I made a mistake."

"No doubt of it. That old woman is always right: the glass has gone down like a lump of lead; so let us get our breakfast at once, or we shall be done out of it.—Here's Mrs. Seuter and her girls; I think you know them."

Mrs. Seuter was the widow of a Scotch planter, very fat and very fussy; but with the remainder of the party, my story has nothing to do. During breakfast, the wind increased in violence, and by the time it was over, the hurricane had commenced in good earnest. Mr. Gordon, seeing this, immediately set about making preparations to withstand it. Windows and doors were hastily but strongly barricaded, and the most portable articles of value, together with a quantity of provisions, were conveyed down a trap-door into a cellar, built on purpose for safety during hurricanes.

This was scarcely accomplished, when the field-hands and the whole population of the village came hurrying up to seek for shelter and companionship with their master and his family.

Meantime the whole sky had become as black as night, the clouds as they advanced descending almost to the surface of the sea, which was now lashed into the wildest fury by the gale. Every now and then, flashes of the most vivid lightning burst from the clouds, and descending, were instantly engulfed in the sea; the next moment they reappeared from beneath the white foam, and apparently ascending towards the sky, were met by other masses hovering above.

The thunder burst in appalling crashes over our heads, waking up the echoes of the neighbouring mountains, and shaking the house to its very foundation; the rain, too, descended in cataracts: it seemed as though the flood-gates of heaven were opened, and the eternal waters were pouring down upon us. To add to the awfulness of the scene, it gradually became as dark as pitch, the wind every instant increasing in intensity.

About eleven o'clock, the noise of the gale was something I had never before heard, and yet every moment it seemed to wax stronger and stronger, till it increased to such an overwhelming roar, that the strongest efforts of the human voice, in closest proximity, was quite unheard.

The building began to show by its quakings that it was time to get below into a place of greater safety. The negroes were therefore roused from their stupor, and by signs desired to go below.

The house by this time had become little better than a rocking vessel, whilst a shower of shingles and tiles was every instant swept from the roof. Very soon all, save Mr. Gordon, were safely conveyed below, Mary and I being the last to descend. As we did so, a loud crash proclaimed that something had fallen; and I darted back to see if any accident had happened to my host. When I got back to the room, I found him uninjured; but a sudden break in the clouds, and a gleam of light, disclosed an extraordinary sight to me. The air was filled with missiles of all descriptions—branches of trees, huge stones, beams, and all sorts of movables, which were driven along with incredible speed.

Suddenly, a violent shock was felt, sending a thrill through my heart, for I expected to see the whole house come falling upon us. The clouds

had once more closed up, and darkness again covered the earth, the rapidly repeated flashes of lightning only rendering it more impenetrable; while the roaring of the wind, and the crashing of the thunder, made up a hideous tumult, such as appalled the heart, and almost annihilated the mind.

I have but a very dim recollection of what afterwards transpired, till I found myself descending the ladder with Mr. Gordon; but I know that before we closed the trap, the storm had resumed its empire, and the vibration of the walls told me they could not stand long, unless it abated. When we had done this, though the sounds from above were every now and then startling and appalling, we were in comparative quietude, and were enabled to relieve our dumb-show by the interchange of thoughts and feelings. To hear the sound of our own voices, and communicate our thoughts by words, after the overpowering din by which we had for the last hour been encompassed, was a comfort which words cannot express. The relief to poor Mrs. Seuter must have been immense, for now she could hear herself speak, and listen to her own groans.

"The Lord preserve us!" she exclaimed; "but this is awful. I shall die with fright. If I had never left Aberdeen, I should never have —. Gracious powers, what's that? We shall all be swallowed up!"

At this moment there was a report, and then a rolling crash over our heads, which made the earth shake beneath us.

"That's the house gone," said Mr. Gordon quietly. "I expected it would not hold up long."

This was followed by a wail among the negroes, and a young girl rose up exclaiming: "Eh, me Gad! I lef me piccaniny sleep; warra I do now? Tan away der—tan away; let me go fetch him."

"Chough-body!" replied an old woman; "you is mad; you lef you senses wid you piccaniny too. Tan till. Garramighty take care ob piccaniny now—nobody else can."

This, however, did not seem to afford much comfort to the poor girl, who did nothing but sit and wail.

My mind had hitherto been so occupied that I had not time to take in the peculiarities of the scene by which we were surrounded. Immured in a large dark vault, lit only by the feeble rays of two candles, and a lamp which hung from the ceiling, there was just sufficient light to give everything, except those within the radius of these lights, a grotesque or diabolical aspect. The negroes in the distance, most of whom were huddled on the floor, appeared the very personification of spirits of darkness awaiting their condemnation; one old negro, tall and spectral, in the background, looking like a malevolent demon gloating over their fall.

During more than an hour, we remained in a state of incertitude as to what was going on above us: all we knew was that the noise of the storm had sensibly diminished. At last, I could hold out no longer, and mounting the ladder, I endeavoured to open the trap, that I might see what was the state of things above ground. I undid the latch, and essayed to lift up the door; but my strength was not sufficient to lift it. I called up Mr. Gordon and one of the negroes; but our united strength failed to move it; and at last, after repeated efforts, we were fain to give over, for it became clear that the ruins of the house had fallen over us, and till assistance could be obtained from above, we were prisoners. Our position was by no means an enviable one, for we had no idea when, even if ever we should be released, and our stock of food was very scanty. But this was not the worst evil we had to encounter, for presently, as we sat, a low mysterious rumbling came from the bowels of the earth. A few minutes elapsed, and then the noise increased—reached us—the earth rose under our feet—the whole edifice reeled—the walls cracked—and the ladder leading to the trap split into fragments, and fell among the negroes, whose wild and despairing cries rent the vault. It was a moment of intense agony. We all stood transfixed with awe, for we

expected nothing less than that the earth was about to open and swallow us up.

No sooner had the earthquake passed, than a new danger menaced us. Through one of the cracks in the wall, water was flowing rapidly, and the floor of the vault was already covered some inches deep. At first, neither Mrs. Seuter nor the negroes seemed to comprehend this; but as the water rapidly increased, Mrs. Seuter became alive to her peril.

"Why," she exclaimed, starting up, "we shall all be drowned!—Is there no means of escape? Can you think of no way of extricating us?" she asked of me.

"None whatever," I replied. "We are in the hands of God; He alone can help us, if it is His good pleasure."

The old lady's countenance became ashy pale, and then she threw up her arms, and shrieked: "I can't die—I won't die! Will nobody save me? I'll give anything—I'll buy your freedom and make you rich," she continued, turning to the negroes.

"Ess, ma'ma, we save you if we can; we no let buckra ladies die if we help it; but negger as good as anybody's, and bum-bye, when de water come ober de head, we no help ourselves: we all be like den—we all be free, and rich too, de Lord be praise!"

As the water rose, it was quite a study to watch the faces of those about me, particularly of the negroes. The gradual transition from anxiety to fear, and from that to the wildest despair, would have been ludicrous in the extreme had not our situation been so appalling.

While all around were crying and wailing, however, Mary and Grace were perfectly quiet. Their courage did not fail them for an instant, though the water had now reached above their knees. In the faces of these two girls might be read that uncomplaining patience, that high and enduring fortitude, which is a special characteristic of Anglo-tropical women. The contrast between their calmness and the wild despair of Mrs. Seuter and the negroes was very noticeable. It was a time to try the courage of any one. Mr. Gordon, I knew, was not wanting in courage, but his fortitude seemed to have forsaken him. His looks were wild; the muscles of his mouth twitched and quivered, and now and then he muttered something that I could not hear.

Inch by inch the water rose till it reached my waistcoat. One by one the buttons disappeared, as each minute our enemy gained upon us. Still I was loath to relinquish all hope. Meantime, not a word had been uttered or an exclamation made by Mr. Gordon or his daughters. Mrs. Seuter had ceased her cries, for she had persuaded a tall negro to hoist her upon his shoulders, where she sat grasping one of the candles with great satisfaction. She was in a fool's paradise, for she did not remember that the instinct of life was as strong in the negro as in herself, and that the moment the water rose high enough to endanger the life of the negro, he would in all probability leave her to her fate. No, there was no help or escape for us, and all we could do was calmly to wait the approach of that death, which was slowly creeping upon us. A moment of more awful suspense could not be contemplated. I have been through many perils, but never anything like this. A man may be brave when his blood is hot, and the tide of battle carries him on; but to stand still and see the grim destroyer coming nearer and nearer, minute by minute, and inch by inch, requires a very different sort of courage.

The water had by this time reached almost to our shoulders, and I felt my fortitude giving way; I wanted to call aloud, to shriek for help; there was something so horrible in the idea of being thus drowned, like rats in a cellar, that I recoiled from it. All this takes little time to describe; but the rise of the water was so slow, that more than half an hour had elapsed since it first entered the vault. And now again came the rumbling of the earthquake, and the sickening sensation of its shock. The place shook, the water was agitated, and partially subsided. For a time I could not believe my eyes; I expected to see it rise again; but I watched it closely, and found, to my great joy, that it was

rapidly diminishing. It was certainly a moment of intense relief, though our danger was not all over. We were saved from immediate death; but how we were to be extricated from our living tomb? how were we to make our situation known to others?

For several hours we remained in this state—part of the time with the additional horror of darkness, for the lights had burned out, and we had no others to replace them. I can't tell if I or any one else slept, but I know that after a time we all appeared in a state of stupor, for not a word was uttered. At one time, I fancied my senses were leaving me, for my brain was filled with strange unearthly visions. From this I was suddenly aroused by the most appalling shrieks.

"What is it?" asked I. "What is the matter?" "The water coming in again! Don't you hear it?" cried Mrs. Seuter.

I listened. There was a noise certainly, but it did not appear to be that of water; then it ceased. I felt about me; but my senses were so numbed, that I could not tell if the water was rising or falling, or, indeed, if there was any water at all. I listened again, and most certainly there were sounds, and that they came from above was unmistakable. At first, they were indistinct, but each moment they became plainer, and at last I could distinguish the blows of picks, then the noise of shovels, and these at last were mingled with the shouts of human voices. Help was truly at hand. The sense of reprieve from such a situation was more than the most stoical could have borne with indifference, and we all joined in the shouts of the negroes to their comrades above. A few minutes after this, to our inexpressible delight, the trap opened, and a gleam of sunlight burst in upon us.

I shall not attempt to depict our feelings or the wild joy of the negroes both above and below; nor shall I be able to give any correct notion of the manner in which Mrs. Seuter conducted herself, so frantic was her joy. I only know that Mr. Gordon and his two daughters embraced me in their excitement, and that I thought the latter experience very agreeable.

Our final deliverance was delayed for some time for the want of a ladder. While one was being procured, the negroes and people above were very anxious to know if we were all safe.

"Dar Massa Gordon," said one. "And dar Misse Grace and Mary," exclaimed another.

"And de leetle buckra, Nassa Onzon" (the nearest approximation to Spunyan a negro could make), "he all right too."

"Me piccaniny, me piccaniny!" cried the poor young mother from below.

"Ah, Psyche," answered a man's voice from the trap, "you is bad girl. You lef your child in de bed, and you tink nothing ob him, but run away and take care ob yourself; but he all right, tank God."

It is singular, but nevertheless true, that amidst the wreck of the negro-village, the child was found unhurt, and, a few minutes after we reached the ground, was in the arms of its mother.

The first thing we did on arriving at the surface was to look round to see the devastation which the hurricane had produced.

The scene of destruction which our eyes fell upon was something which baffles description. The whole face of the country was, as it were changed. It looked as though a burning blast had traversed the island, for, where yesterday everything was green and luxuriant, all was now bare and black. So marvellous a transformation in so short a time I had never seen: vegetation, human habitations, and animal life had vanished.

Paradise itself was a mass of ruins, and the sugar-works were greatly damaged; but Mr. Gordon bore his loss with great equanimity.

Our rescue was due to a party of hands employed at a cove about a mile and a half distant from the house, where Mr. Gordon had a landing-place, and who, although they had been exposed to the full fury of the gale, escaped uninjured, and at day-break, started to look after the safety of their master. We were immured in

the vault for more than twenty-four hours—the longest day and night, by far that I can remember.

### WHAT IS THE GOOD OF FREEMASONRY?

THE spirit of Freemasonry is the same the world over, and though in Canada we cannot point to any large institutions supported exclusively by Freemasons, as is the case in Great Britain, yet many a distressed Brother amongst us, many a weeping widow and fatherless child has reason good to be thankful that Freemasonry flourishes in our midst. The following article, which is from "*All the year Round*," and gives an English view of the working of Freemasonry, will be read with interest by brethren of the Craft here, and probably by our readers generally:

Extolled as the true faith; denounced as an offshoot of Satan; praised by crowned, and banned by tansured heads; dreaded as a subtle political engine, and admired for its profound indifference to politics; the essence of goodness according to some men, and the spirit of evil if you listen to others; Freemasonry is as complete a mystery to the uninitiated as when the mythical lady hid herself in the lodge clock-case, or the equally mythical American citizen was slain for tampering with its secrets. Listen to the words of wisdom, according to Brother Stodgers, P.M., and you will learn that men may be Freemasons for years without penetrating the arcana of the order; may attain divers dignities without comprehending their true import; may die in the fulness of masonic parts without having emerged from masonic babyhood; and after having spent as much time and labour on the art as would, to put it modestly, suffice for the acquisition of every European tongue, yet fall short of the supreme distinction of being "a good mason." Whether, as the elder Mr. Weller, and the charity-boy he quotes, respectively remarked of the institutions of holy matrimony, and of getting to the end of the alphabet, it be worth while going through so much to learn so little, is, I hear the cynic whisper, entirely a matter of opinion; but that neither the labour involved nor its reward is under-estimated, the most superficial knowledge with the subject proves.

Brother Steele and myself have some right to our opinion, for we are past-masters, mark-masters, and royal arch companions—are officers of our chapters, and treasurers of our lodge. What our mutual and horsey friend Tibbins irreverently calls our "plated harness," involves medals, jewels, and ornate ribbons for our manly breasts, aprons for our fronts, and broad collars like those worn by knights of the Garter (but handsomer) for our necks. The Victoria Cross is an ugly excrescence compared to the costly decoration given me as a testimonial by the brethren of my mother lodge; the clasps to the jewels of some of our friends exceed in number those of the oldest Peninsular veteran, and we calculate that we might now be Sanskrit scholars of some eminence had we thought fit to serve that language as faithfully as we have served the craft. Upon sordid money considerations we scorn to dwell. Initiation fees, exaltation fees, fees for advancement, emergencies, subscriptions to charities, to lodges; and for special purposes, make up a pretty sum to look back upon; and if the upshot of it all were but the amusement and gratification derived, I am not prepared to say that we have had full value for our money. Joyous evenings, periodical feasts (in which something else flows besides soul), mutual compliments, and pleasant friendships, may all spring from other sources than what Burns called "the mystic tie." With the warmest appreciation of the pleasures of Freemasonry, I, for one, should renounce the whole paraphernalia of colours, aprons, and gewgaws, were I not satisfied of their practical value, and deeply impressed with their usefulness in stimulating to benevolent impulses and charitable deeds. This is, in truth, the chief virtue I care to claim for the order, in

this country and in these times. Abroad, the Freemasons, so fiercely cursed by his Holiness the Pope, may mix up democratic caballing with their ceremonials, and play an important part in the spread of liberal principles, but in England, religious and political discussion are alike forbidden in lodge; and though in the olden days, when skilled craftsmen worked together in travelling bands, leaving magnificent monuments of civilisation and piety in their train, the objects of association were better understood, they were not more practical in their results than now. It is impossible to belong to a masonic lodge, or even to eat masonic dinners with regularity, without helping to support some of the most noble charities in the land. You are caught, we will say, by the promise of festivity and the hope of enjoyment. You know a jovial set, and would like to be one of them, and you are in due course proposed, elected, and initiated in some masonic body. From that moment you are a cog in a mighty wheel, and can no more help moving with the rest of the machinery in the direction of good works, than you can avoid wearing your apron when on duty in your lodge. Your earliest lesson is that of charity and toleration; but the great advantage of the rules of the community you have entered, is, that no individual demerits or torpor can long withstand their beneficial tendency. Other precepts you may neglect or ignore. Your private life may be far from irreproachable. You may be depreciated by your fellow-members as "a knife-and-fork mason"—that is, one who cares more for the table of the tavern than the table of the law—and may be quoted by outsiders in proof of the evil effect of belonging to a secret society. All this rests with yourself. Even what we call the inner mysteries of our order—mysteries which it takes so much time and application to master and comprehend—do not pretend to alter character. A selfish man will be a selfish mason, a churlish man a churlish mason, a conscientious man a conscientious mason, to the end of time. It is wiser to disclaim all legerdemain, and freely confess that no purifying or awakening talisman is given to the masonic neophyte. The knowledge imparted is moderate in extent, and the man obtaining it finds that he has but learnt the rudiments of an elaborate system, the true bearing of which is veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. Those who sneer at masonic symbols, who ask with conventional irony why masons cannot accomplish the good they profess to seek without donning aprons and bedecking themselves with glittering baubles, should, to be consistent, denounce symbolism altogether. Take the House of Commons, and note the precise formality with which old rites and customs are observed there, and say whether the solemn Speaker would look as wise and dignified in a shooting-jacket or a dressing-gown, and whether the quaintly wiggled and gowned figures below him are not more appropriately attired than if they wore the paletot and wide-awake of country life. Regard the throne with its surroundings of velvet and ermine and jewels and gold; the pulpit with its conventional black and white; the bench with its time-honoured robes; the bar with its wigs and gowns; or, turning to private life, remark how the symbolism of dress and ornament attends us from the cradle to the grave. The white draperies of the christening ceremony, the orange-flowers and favours of the wedding, the ghastly mockery of the nodding black feathers on the hearse, are surely as open to criticism as our masonic blue and white aprons, or the gay ornaments. Freemasons, let it be remembered, rarely obtrude their finery on the outer world. There are other excellent societies, the members of which periodically break out in buff boots and green tunics, or march with linked fingers through the town, to the clashing of wind instruments, and behind banners bearing copy-book axioms of approved morality. But with Freemasons it is a point of honour not to wear the costume of their craft, or any adornment pertaining to it, save in their own lodges. To do otherwise—to flaunt collar, apron, or jewel in other places—is a serious masonic offence, and one censured with severity

by the authorities. The sole exception to this rule is some important public occasion, when a dispensation is granted by the grand master of the order, and the first stone of some great building is laid, or the remains of some distinguished brother is committed to the earth. The exceptional character of these occurrences entitles us to the boast that our symbols are only worn for the benefit of those who understand them, and to whose technical knowledge they appeal. In some cases, they mark the rank of the wearer, like the soldier's uniform; in others, the practical good he has effected, like—shall we say, the bishop's mitre?

Each division of the order, called a lodge, is ruled over by certain officers, who are appointed by its master. To be eligible for this high post, you must have served in one of two subordinate offices for twelve months, and must be sufficiently skilled in what is called the "working," to conduct the elaborate rites creditably. The first condition is imperative; the second is sometimes evaded, though neither the master accepting office, nor the lodge electing him, acts up to the bounden obligation when this is the case. The cost of Freemasonry depends almost entirely upon the lodge you join, and is governed by the habits of the brethren composing it, and the by-laws they have themselves agreed on. The broad rules controlling all lodges, and all Masons owing allegiance to the Grand Lodge of England, are things apart from these by-laws, though the latter have to be formally sanctioned as containing nothing opposed to the book of constitutions or the leading principles of the craft.

Each lodge meets several times a year, and in London the members usually dine or sup together at the conclusion of their "work." The master, the past-masters, and the two wardens, are all members of the masonic parliament; in this way every Freemason has directly or indirectly a voice in the government of the order. Each past-master has been master of a lodge for twelve months, and both master and wardens are elected by their fellows. The masonic parliament meets four times a year, and is called Grand Lodge. Its debates are held in the really magnificent temple in Great Queen-street, London, which has just been rebuilt under the auspices of the grand superintendent of works, Brother Frederick Cockerell, and is the property of the craft. It is presided over by a grand master, who is nominally elected every year, but who is eligible for re-election, and who is, as some Masons think unwisely, virtually appointed for life. Once in every year, some one is proposed and seconded as a fit and proper person to fill the position of grand master, and the votes of those assembled in Grand Lodge are taken. The present grand master of English Freemasons, the Earl of Zetland, who succeeded the late Duke of Sussex, is so widely and deservedly popular, that he has held this position for more than twenty years. The propriety of limiting the grand master's eligibility for office, and electing him for four or six years and no longer, is a point upon which there is considerable difference of opinion, and one which it is unnecessary to do more than allude to here. The grand master is aided by a council, and supported by grand officers, who may be termed the upper house of the masonic parliament. These dignitaries are appointed by the grand master, hold office for a year, have past rank, and wear distinguishing insignia for life. All questions of masonic law—and problems affecting these are of constant occurrence—all difficulties of administration, all disputes and dissensions—and, despite their brotherly love, even Masons occasionally quarrel—can be brought before Grand Lodge as the final authority. Committees of its members sit regularly to adjudicate and present periodical reports, advise on the bestowal of money-gifts to necessitous brethren, and on the answers to be given to those asking for interference or advice. The time devoted to the subject, by those who take a leading part in these councils; the patient unwearying attention given to minute and frequently tedious details; the constant sacrifice of private interests to the common good; and

the careful and laborious discussion which precedes every decision—all this would astonish those who regard Freemasonry as a mere plea for conviviality. It is a simple fact that busy professional men habitually devote a considerable portion of their time to business drudgery; that boards and committees meet to debate and divide; that in no case is remuneration or reward looked for. This voluntary self-absorption is not the least striking part of Freemasonry, for, at the meetings I speak of, neither convivial pleasures nor indirect personal advantage can be hoped for. It is sheer dogged hard work, performed gratuitously and cheerfully by men upon whom the rules and precepts I have hinted at, have made full impression. Let it be borne in mind that ten thousand initiations took place last year; that the income of the craft exceeds that of many a principality; that its members subscribe to their three charitable institutions—the Freemasons' Girls' School, the Freemasons' Boys' School, and the Asylum for Aged Freemasons and their Widows, some twenty thousand pounds annually; that the cares of administration and distribution devolve upon the busy men forming the committees and sub-committees named; and it will be readily seen that, apart from its "secrets," this time-honoured institution has worked, and is working, substantial and undeniable good. Its hold on earnest members is the best proof I can advance of the reality of its tie.

But it is time you saw one of the institutions we are so proud of. Let us take a railway ticket from either Waterloo or Victoria station, and after a twenty minutes' run alight at Clapham junction. A few minutes' bewilderment in the dreary subterranean caverns of that mighty maze; a few abortive ascents up steps which are so ingeniously placed at the sides of the tubular dungeon we traverse as to lure us upon wrong platforms, whence we are sent below again ignominiously; a short game at question and answer with the old crone selling oranges at the corner; and, crossing another railway bridge, we are in front of a spacious red brick building, on the lofty tower of which, besides the clock, are a pair of compasses and a blazing sun. We will not stop to talk further about symbols now. After admiring the spacious well-kept garden of this place, and enjoying the sweet scents rising up from every flower-bed, we make for the front door, when the sharp click of a croquet-mallet reaches us from the right, and, turning a corner, we come upon a thoroughly happy party. Some twenty girls, from twelve to fifteen years old, are laughing merrily at the vigour with which one of their number has just sent the ball rattling through the little croquet hoops. The healthy, happy, laughing group, framed in by foliage, and relieved by the bright green of the velvet turf upon which they play; the frankly modest confidence with which we, as strangers, are received; the courteous offer to accompany us round the grounds and the house; the revelation that, as this is the matron's birthday, every one is making merry in her honour—are all a capital commentary upon the masonic virtues I have vaunted. Next, we learn that some ladies and gentlemen are playing in another portion of the grounds, and in a few paces we are in their midst, being welcomed by house-committeemen, are hearing that our chance visit has happened on a red-letter day, and that other brethren are expected down. The speaker is an exalted Mason who has five capital letters after his name, and, as I have never seen him out of masonic costume before, it does not seem quite natural that he should play croquet without his apron and decorations. This gentleman (who will, I am sure, accept this kindly-meant remembrance in the spirit dictating it) is so pleasantly paternal, his exuberant playfulness and affectionate interest in the games played, and in the pretty little players, is so prominent, that we soon forget his grander attributes, and settle down to a quiet chat on the discipline and rules of the establishment. This is the Freemasons' Girls' School. It clothes, educates, and thoroughly provides for one hundred and three girls, who must be daughters of Freemasons, between eight and sixteen years of age, and who

are elected by the votes of its subscribers. The comfort of its internal arrangements, its spotless cleanliness, the healthiness of its site, the judicious training and considerate kindness of its matron and governesses, are themes we descant upon at length; the rosy faces and unrestrained laughter of the children bearing forcible testimony to us. The committee of management visit this school frequently and regularly, and their deliberations generally terminate in a romp with the school-girls. The little gardens, some with paper notices pinned to the shrubs, with: "Please do not come too near, as we have sown seed near the border—Signed 28 and 22," written in pencil in a girlish hand; the healthy cleanly dormitories, the light and airy glass-covered exercise-hall, where the young people drill and dance; the matron's private sanctum, which is like a fancy fair to-day in the extent and variety of the gay birthday presents laid out; the tea-room, where we all have jam in honour of the matron's nativity; the board-room, hung with the portraits of grand masters and masonic benefactors, and which is placed at our disposal that we may enjoy a quiet chat with the two dear little girls in whom we have a special interest, are all visited in turn. Then a procession is formed, and "We love Miss Smoothetwig dearly, and so say all of us!" is sung, while Brother Buss, P.M. and P.Z., who has just come in, and Brother Putt, G.A.D.C., his fellow house-committeeman who has already welcomed us, beat time joyously to the good old "jolly good fellow" tune. This song is a little surprise prepared every year for the birthdays of governess and matron, and the amiable assumption of delight at an unexpected novelty which beams from the latter's kindly face when the well-worn tune is sung, is not the least pleasing incident of the day.

The Freemasons' Boys' School is at Woodlane, Tottenham, and in it from eighty to a hundred sons of Freemasons are clothed, educated, and provided for, with similar comfort and completeness. The institution for the relief of aged Freemasons and their widows, though neither so wealthy nor so liberal as the other two, provides an asylum for, and grants annuities to, the old and infirm.

These are some of the secrets of Freemasonry. The coffins in which, as many of my friends firmly believe, we immature young and tender candidates; the painful brandings which make sitting down-impossible; the raw heads, red-hot pokers, and gory bones, with which we heighten the awesomeness of our dreadful oaths; the wild revels and orgies which some ladies believe in,—must be left in obscurity. Having shown the fair fruits of masonry, I must leave you to form your unaided judgment of the tree which brings them forth. Besides, I dare not reveal more. The learned author of many volumes of masonic lore has stated his firm conviction that Adam was a Freemason, and that the order, and its accompanying blessings, extend to other worlds than this. I offer no opinion on any such highly imaginative hypothesis, but confine myself to the stout assertion that Freemasons have a tie which is unknown to the outer world, and that their institution is carefully adapted to the needs, hopes, fears, weaknesses, and aspirations, of human nature. That it has unworthy members is no more an argument against the order, than the bitter sectarianism of the Rev. Pitt Howler, and the fierce uncharitableness of Mrs. Backbite, are arguments against Christianity.

#### SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT.

NO one doubts that the same sentiments may be very differently expressed; that one phraseology may be such a modification of another as to be almost equal to an alteration. When we hear a ruffian on the street shout after some retreating Uriah Heap around the corner, "You are a liar;" we shudder in horror—and very naturally too; yet we can listen with comparative admiration to a polished Mr. Chesterfield, as, gently drawing off his spectacles, maintaining his habitually elegant posture and un-

ruffled countenance, he addresses his vis-à-vis "Sir, I am under the necessity of observing that you deviate materially from the truth." Both the ruffian and gentleman mean exactly the same, and who will venture to say that the blunt spirit of the one, is in reality, worse than the bland spirit of the other? Yet all will agree that the *refined* is preferable to the *rude* vulgarism.

And charming little Dora is not thought to be a tale-bearer, when, with animated flippancies and facetious exaggerations, she relates the same story in the drawing-room, as your ignorant Mrs. Larkins takes such pains to repeat to her gossiping neighbours, coarsely gesticulating, and solemnly nodding the head at the close of every sentence.

After Pope had written some bitter verses on Lady Montagu, he told a friend that he should soon have ample revenge upon her, for he had set her down in black and white, and should soon publish what he had written. "Be so good as to tell the little gentleman," was the quiet reply, "that I am not afraid of him, for I can easily cause him to be set down in black and blue." Not thus did Bridget give vent to the same sentiment regarding a lover who had slighted her, but with all the vehemence of her native brogue, she declared that, "Sure she'd have him baten till he'd be as blue as indigo!"

Instead of repeating the old maxim in the form of "Take care of your thoughts, and your words will take care of themselves," it would be better "Guard your language, let your thoughts be what they may."

SALLY SIMPLE.

London, C.W.

#### A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN MEXICO.

EVERYONE who has resided in Mexico knows the picturesque little village of San Agustin; and to most Mexicans the mere mention of this name is fraught with sad and painful recollections.

We may be asked if it is a cemetery, if it is there that the inhabitants of the fair capital have buried their friends and relations.

Yes! it is indeed, a gaping sepulchre, where every year many an honest man has buried, not his body indeed, but his immortal soul; many who have gone there radiant with hope and joy, have returned pale and haggard, overcome with sleepless misery, or perhaps in a raging fever which kills.

San Agustin de las Cuevas is one of the Mexican cities that were already populous and full of life and energy, when the Spaniards conquered the country.

It was called, in the language of the ancient Mexicans, "Tlalpam," (meaning "uplands"), and communicated with the capital by means of magnificent causeways, also by lakes and canals, which, in those early days, were navigated by canoes.

Its situation is most picturesque: through luxuriant fields of maize, wheat and barley, a broad and level road, shaded with beautiful trees, leads from the city to the village, which reposes in sweet tranquillity on a gentle slope of the lofty mountain of Ajusco. The ancient part of the village, with its houses of sunburnt brick, its little chapels and orchards (in disorder it is true, but covered with flowers and fruits), exists, with little change, as in the time of Cortez, while at the entrance to the place, in the plaza and principal streets, many modern country-houses have been built, with large and handsome gardens; but whether in the savage and neglected state of nature, or under careful and methodical cultivation, there is a luxuriance and leafy freshness in the vegetation, unequalled perhaps in any portion of the temperate climate in Mexico.

San Agustin is not a suburb of Mexico, like Tacubaya, nor is it a city like Jalapa, but a true country village, simple and solitary, with grass growing between the stones in the streets, which are traversed in all directions by crystal streams of water; and where on one side you find yourself in green lanes, overshadowed by apple, pear and chestnut trees; or on the other you are soon

lost among savage rocks and precipices, bearing evidence to terrible volcanic convulsions at some remote period.

The purity and freshness of the highly rarified atmosphere (for San Agustin stands 8000 feet above the level of the sea) renders it a delicious retirement for invalids, or those who require repose; for the place is full of an intense solitude, peculiarly adapted for peace and meditation.

But once a year, on the feast of Whitsuntide, this quiet village is roused from its lonely calm, and becomes the scene of an orgie—a fever—a wild infatuation, which lasts for three days.

The fair of San Agustin is perhaps unique in the world. Neither the German baths, nor the French fêtes, nor the feasts of Andalusia, nor the English Derby-day offer a parallel to it.

The Peruvians alone have something of the kind at Chorrillos, but not upon the same scale.

To give a perfect picture of this fair, we must look back a few years, for now the influx of French and English, and the gradual influence of European civilisation is beginning to be felt, and Mexican manners and customs are not what they were ten years ago, at least in the capital; a few years more will doubtless round off the corners of Mexican nationality, as the water of a small stream rubs the corners off stones.

Formerly the approach of the Whitsuntide Fair, was the most important event in the whole year for the families of Mexico and the vicinity.

Who stayed away? No one!

The women came to dance and exhibit their most gorgeous toilettes, the men came to gamble, and the working people to erect booths, stables, restaurants, tents and games of all kinds.

The Government employé saved his earnings all the year round in a porcelain savings bank, broke the mysterious jar on Whitsuneve, and changed its contents into gold, with the intention of going to San Agustin to gamble, to win of course, to return, and then—to buy furniture, a grand embroidered coat, a great broad-brimmed hat with a silver serpent (the emblem of Mexico) twisted round it, clothes for the children, and—what not?

The commercial clerk asked leave of absence and part of his salary in advance, hoping to return with his pockets full of gold, to buy that chestnut horse and embroidered saddle, a diamond ring for Juanita, and the ear-rings for his *comadre* (co-godmother—i.e. co-sponsor for the same child, a sacred and beautiful relationship in Mexico).

As for the rich, they were at the same time plaintiff and defendant, so to speak, for they united in forming the capital of the monte banks, also reserving a fund of 15 or 20,000 dollars to play against themselves for their individual amusement.

They secured the best houses, sent the best French and Mexican cooks, collected their friends around them, and ate, and drank, gambled, danced, and made merry for three consecutive days, forgetting business, politics, intrigues, their own existence in fact, if such a thing is possible.

Oh, the pleasure! the mad oblivion of everything disagreeable in life, that was achieved in that little village!

Oh, San Agustin! thou hast been the cause of grievous night-watches, tears of agony shed by innocent families, sighs, and groans and bitter remorse, resolutions never fulfilled, and magnificent plans scattered to the winds!

If we could gather together, and see, feel, or touch, the agonies, the curses, the contrasts, the bitter diabolical pleasures of those who one moment placed their mountains of gold on thy fatal green tables, to see them disappear as by enchantment in the next, we should assuredly die from the touch of such cruel torment, as if struck by lightning from heaven!

But those times are gone, thank God! never to return; and the same magnificences who then poured out their gold like water on the green tables, where two huge candles were burning day and night, making those dismal dens still more lugubrious, and where the mellifluous chink of gold was ever sounding, go now with perhaps three or four miserable doubloons in their pockets, lose them at the first but, look sulky, and fold

their arms, or perhaps borrow a shilling, and take the first omnibus back to the city.

"You may make a note of it" that all Mexico in those three days of Whitsuntide, gambled at San Agustin.

Those who did *not* go, that is to say ladies of very strict opinions, timorous paterfamilias, and such of the clergy as would avoid the sin of scandal, nevertheless made up their little purse, or little cow (*vaguia*), as they facetiously called it, and sent her to market at the fair of San Agustin, in the charge of some confidential friend.

It is worthy of notice, and might make a text for a sermon on the force of custom, that the laws which prohibit gambling, the morality which reproves it, and even Mrs. Grundy herself, who would persecute a hermit in his cave, were utterly ignored and nullified during these three days of "pascua." Generals, merchants, friars, clerks, Brothers of the Holy College, barristers, doctors, boys, and old men, all—no matter whether rich or poor, went in and out of the monte-banks without concealment or disguise.

The first day of the fair, all the carriages in the city, all the diligences, omnibuses, carts, horses, mules, and donkeys, are in motion by six o'clock in the morning, and even at that early hour, men, women, and children (or as the Mexicans politely have it, "women, men, and children") may be seen, eager to secure places in the coaches, which, when filled, leave at a rapid pace, in order to return in time for another fare.

On the second day the excitement is not quite so great, as many of the most eager votaries do not return to the city until the fair is over, and also because a still greater number reserve themselves for the third and great day.

Then, indeed, the road to San Agustin is a perfect miracle.

Any one ignorant of its cause would suppose that a general emigration of the whole city was on foot.

Let us also go to San Agustin—for if we remain in the capital, we shall die of *ennui*. Not a soul to be seen, not even the old blind beggarman who, on every other day in the year, haunts the door of the Hotel Iturbide, droning out his "Pity the poor blind;" nor our friend, the drunken old paralytic woman, who drags herself, seated on a bit of hide, along the streets by her hands and heels, shouting for "socoero" (alms) at the pitch of her loud and unmusical voice.

They, too, have gone to San Agustin, and the feeling of being the "last man" becomes insupportable.

To San Agustin then!

On arrival, the first operation is breakfast, and a very pleasant operation it is, for the clear "upland" air creates an appetite, and there is the breakfast waiting us.

Let us eat it, aye, and pay for it. It is good, but costly, very costly!

After breakfast let us go to the *montes*, the principle attraction, the *spécialité* of the feast. We enter a spacious lofty room which may have been the reception-room of some viceroy of other times; a room lighted up by five or six windows, looking on to a pleasant garden, in which dilapidated fountains still play, and where figs and other luscious fruits may be had for the trouble of plucking.

The room is crowded with people.

In the centre is a long table, covered with dark-green cloth, on which certain divisions are symmetrically traced out with yellow tape.

On the right are placed a thousand golden doubloons, neatly piled in tens; on the left another thousand, and in the centre a little mountain of smaller golden coins. At each end of the table stand two enormous candles of beeswax, which burn day and night, although their red flame is scarcely distinguishable in the mid-day sun.

Closely surrounding this table, a vast concourse of people is congregated, their eyes intently fixed on the gold and on the cards.

If we speak to them, they do not answer; if a friend enters, they know him not; if there

is a disturbance in the street, they never hear it; if it rains the immemorial "cats and dogs," they remain in total ignorance.

It is not a Morgue, it is not the Inquisition, nor the Council of Ten; but there is a something in the very atmosphere of a gambling-house inexpressibly oppressive and appalling.

Before proceeding farther, let us explain the game of "Monte," by which so many hearts are broken.

The dealer holds in his hand a pack of cards face downwards. From the top he draws two, placing them on his right and left—king and ace perhaps. The players select their card, and place their money by its side. When all the bets are made, the dealer turns the pack face upwards, and carefully draws off card by card until another king or another ace appears. If it is a king, he takes in all the money bet on the ace in an incredibly short space of time, and then leisurely pays those who bet on the king the amount of cash they had on the table.

There are rules connected with this game which secure a *certainty* in favour of the dealer, but it is unnecessary to enter into these details: we merely wish to describe Whitsuntido in Mexico.

Let us mark the proceeding

It is a moment of solemnity! The dealer, with a dexterity and coolness worthy of a better cause, shuffles the little book of fortune in an almost imperceptible manner, and throws the two first cards on the table. There is a general movement. The gamblers have their favourite cards, their superstitious sayings and even verses.

The turned-up cards are an ace and a knave.

The knave is the popular card in Mexican superstition. Every one places his money on the knave.

Among others, a young man whom we have been watching, and who has been constantly losing. He has been playing the *certain* game as he calls it, of double or quits; he can't always lose.

This time his bet is 800 golden ounces on the knave.

The fortune of a small family!

There is scarcely anything bet on the ace, but the favourite is well backed.

Everything is ready! the dealer turns the cards, and prepares to draw them off.

The silence is intense: you might hear the flap of a fly's wing, or the beating of your neighbour's heart. Every card that is drawn off is a hope revived or a fear dispelled, and brings us nearer to the end of this anxiety, which is becoming unendurable. The dealer alone is perfectly cool, and has no further interest in the affair than his day's salary (about eight pounds), and appears to take a pleasure in prolonging the suspense; he draws off the cards half an inch, then stops, showing the top of the king's crown or the knave's hat—who can tell which?

Slowly he passes on—it was the king, not the knave.

At last the suspense is ended, and the ace is the winning card.

The silence is broken! The dealer rakes in the treasures whose ownership was uncertain the moment before.

Do we see anything indecorous when the result is known? No; we cannot but admire the gentlemanly delicacy which is observed on these occasions. There is no cursing, or swearing, or unseemly conduct.

The victims suffer in silence, or with an outward cheerfulness extremely touching.

Is this inherited from the dignity of the old Spaniard, or from the impassibility of the Indian? *Quien sabe?*

On some occasions there have been as many as fifteen or twenty monte-tables, with a capital of 50,000 or 60,000 dollars each, so that it is not difficult to believe that, taking into account montes, hotels, restaurants, cock-fights, balls, dresses, and all the different expenditures consequent on these amusements, there may have circulated, as has been stated, a million of dollars in the three days' feast of Whitsuntido in Mexico.

## LEONORE.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

*Freely rendered from the German of Johann Daniel Falk.*

THERE'S a lonely man on the sounding shore  
Of the rushing and surging sea:  
He mingles a voice of lament with its roar,  
And the mews' loud cries, as they circling soar:  
Leonore!  
Leonore!  
Sad Echo repeats by the sea.

There's a lonely man on the sounding shore  
Of the desolate, dreary sea:  
He sighs, for his spirit is wounded and sore,  
And the wind is more mournful than ever before:  
Leonore!  
Leonore!  
By the wind is borne over the sea.

There's a lonely man on the sounding shore  
Of the foamy and fretful sea:  
"No longer the burning tears flow; all is o'er;  
It is past, and the past there is naught can restore:"  
Leonore!  
Leonore!  
Came up, like a sob, from the sea.

There's a lonely man on the sounding shore  
Of the billowy, bounding sea:  
"O sea, thy cool waves o'er my hot pain pour!  
My cold heart 'ill feel not thy scorn, Leonore!"  
Leonore!  
Leonore!  
With a dying moan murmured the sea.

There's a lonely maid on the sounding shore  
Of the sorrowful, weary sea:  
She sighs—"Shall I see him no more—no more?  
Ah, whom dost thou seek and so sadly deplore?"  
Leonore!  
Leonore!  
Thou must seek him far down in the sea.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

## CHAPTER I.—A DANGEROUS PROMISE.

IT was pleasant to Miss Spencelaugh to exchange the blinding glare of the hot May sunshine, through the midst of which she had walked up from the town, for the shaded coolness of the morning-room in which luncheon was laid out, with its vista of greenery in the conservatory beyond, and the low musical plash of a tiny fountain hidden somewhere among the flowers; for she had been down in Normanford all morning, assisting at the installation of a new mistress for the school in which she took so great an interest; tempted by the fineness of the day, she had chosen to walk both there and back; and now came in, tired, indeed, but with a heightened colour in her cheeks, and an added brightness in her eyes, which made her look thoroughly charming.

She found her uncle, Sir Philip Spencelaugh, already seated at table, immersed in the *Times* newspaper, which had just arrived by mid-day train, and demanded to be skimmed through before luncheon could be discussed in comfort. He beamed on her kindly through his spectacles, and nodded his white head as Frederica entered the room. "A splendid day for the peaches, my dear," he said, and then returned to his reading. Lady Spencelaugh had not yet left her own apartments; and as she was frequently not visible till dinner time, her absence excited no surprise.

"There's something here that will interest you, Freddy," said Sir Philip, as, laughing one of his dry quiet laughs, he handed the newspaper across the table to his niece, marking a certain passage with his thumb; and then taking off his spectacles, he proceeded to rub the glasses with his handkerchief, keeping his eye fixed meanwhile on Frederica.

The passage indicated was among the marriage announcements, and ran as follows: "At Bom-

bay, on 20th March, Captain George Cliffo Barringer, of the —th Regiment, to Euphemia, only daughter of Colonel Sir Charles Patterson, of Bryanstone Square, London." A simple statement enough, but one pregnant with much meaning to Frederica Spencelaugh. She could feel the whiteness that crept under her face as she read, and in her heart a hollow aching pain, as though some vital thread had suddenly snapped, and therewith the gladness of her life had gone out for ever. But without his spectacles, the baronet's eyes were dim, and Sir Philip suspected nothing.

Frederica had a proud and resolute spirit; her uncle evidently expected her to make some comment on the news; and before the pause had time to become an awkward one, she had rallied her strength sufficiently to speak. "I think, sir, it would have been more courteous on the part of Captain Barringer, considering the trouble you have been at on his account, had he written to inform you of his marriage, instead of leaving you to discover it by accident." There was a tremulous ring in her voice, which not all her efforts could entirely suppress. Oh, to get away to the silence and solitude of her own room!

"The service, my dear, that I rendered George was nothing as between friends," said Sir Philip; "and at his age, young fellows detest letter-writing—at least I know that I did; besides which, he was in love, and therefore not accountable, like an ordinary mortal."

What could Frederica do but turn over the newspaper, and make-believe to be suddenly interested in the political news; but the words danced before her eyes, and a wild confusion of tangled thoughts rushed madly through her brain.

"Last time I was in town," resumed Sir Philip, as he helped himself to the wing of a chicken, "I fell in with my old friend Desborough, whom I had not seen for several years, and who was formerly colonel of the regiment in which Barringer is now Captain. George's name came up in the course of conversation, and I then learned that he was known among his comrades at the mess-table as "Captain Flirt"—a sobriquet which requires no explanation. But Reynard has got caught at last, probably by some one more wary than himself; and will now, let us hope, meet with the punishment due to his transgressions. The rascal's stay at Belair was happily of the shortest, else there is no knowing what damage those languishing eyes of his might have done to thy own poor heart, *ma petite*."

She got away at last, under the plea of a headache, for Sir Philip was inclined to be prosy, and to sit longer than usual over his luncheon to-day—away to her own pleasant little room, which looked out over the great park Belair, and across the sunny fruitful valley, far into the dim recesses of the hills beyond. She bolted the door, and stood before the window, with clasped hands that fell dejectedly before her, while bitter tears over-brimmed her eyelids one by one. Her proud spirit was broken for the time; she was there, without fear of witness, weeping for her lost love.

Some ninety or a hundred years before the opening of our story, the heir of the Spencelaughs had chosen for his bride a noble Spanish lady of Old Castile; and many traits, both of person and disposition, had come down to Frederica from her lovely ancestress, whose portrait by Sir Joshua was one of the chief ornaments of the gallery at Belair. The oval face, the delicate clear-cut features, the pure olive complexion, through which the rich blood mantled so warmly on the slightest provocation, were common to both of them. Both, too, possessed the same large black liquid eyes, through which looked forth a soul keen, restless, and loving; and the same free proud pose of the small thoroughbred head, crowned with rich, heavy coils of raven hair, which, in the case of Frederica, were shot through with a golden arrow, to keep them in their place. Her slender throat was encircled by a heavy necklace of opals, set in dead gold; and her delicately-tinted dress, of some light summer material, set off by its harmonious contrast the full measure of her dusky loveliness.

Frederica's April shower of regretful tears for her lost love was soon over. "Fool that I am," she cried, "to weep for the loss of that which was never worth having!" and brushing the last of her tears impatiently away, she proceeded to light the wax-taper which stood on the table, and from it the heap of fancy shavings with which the fireless grate was filled. While these were still blazing swiftly up the chimney, she went into her bed-room, and taking up a book of Devotions which lay on the *prie-dieu* that occupied one corner of the room, she opened it at the spot where a faded white rose lay between the leaves—a white rose, withered and dried almost to tinder, but which, only one short hour ago, was cherished as a treasure beyond price. Her lips curved into a smile of bitter disdain as she looked on it now; and there was a dangerous glitter in her eyes, which Captain George Cliffo Barringer, had he been there, would scarcely have cared to encounter. Carrying the open book in her hands as though it held some noxious insect, she went back to the flame, into which she shook the withered rose, looking on in silence while it dropped to pieces and shrivelled up to white ashes in the heat. She had no letters nor any other love-token than this one poor flower; and when that was gone, she felt as though the last frail tie which bound her to George Barringer were indeed broken for ever. With the same hard proud look still on her face, she rang the bell, and ordered her mare, Zuleika, to be got in readiness, while she proceeded to put on her riding-habit and hat. The air of the house seemed to stifle her; she wanted to be away, out on the great breezy headlands, with the far-reaching sea before her eyes, where it swept outward, unconfined, to the dim blue edge of the horizon.

Down the long avenue of the park, under spreading branches of beech, and chestnut, and strong limbed oak; through pleasant little Normanford, lying warm and sleepy in the hot afternoon sunshine; away over wide stretches of upland; past great Creve Tor, standing up white and solemn, scarred with the thunders of a thousand years, with the little river brawling far below; along the white chalky high-road, that went zigzagging in and out among the green wooded hills rode Frederica Spencelaugh swiftly, followed at a respectful distance by Mr. Bevis, the groom.

All the pleasant familiar features of the landscape were lost upon Frederica to-day; her mind was far away, living over again in memory that sweet holiday-time of love, that one brief golden episode of her young life, whose story she had ever since been whispering to her heart, but which must never more be told again. How well she remembered that day, but two short years ago, when her uncle, returning from town, brought to Belair a tall, handsome stranger, who was introduced to her as Captain Barringer, the son of an old friend, encountered accidentally in London; and what a different complexion her life had taken from that hour! There had been no lack of suitor for Miss Spencelaugh's heart and hand, either in town or country, for she was the greatest heiress in all Monksbury, and a beauty beside; but up to that time she had moved on her way "in maiden meditation, fancy free." By what subtle process Captain Barringer had contrived to steal away her heart before she knew of the loss, she herself would have been least able to explain. There were no other visitors at Belair during his stay; and having the whole field to himself, he had set himself down, in his lazy, resolute fashion, *pour passer le temps*, to win the love of the niece of his father's friend.

It was, however, a conquest unsuspected by every one but the object of it, and all the more dangerous to Frederica's peace of mind in that the captain's system of love-making precluded any vulgar confession on his part. A pressure of the hand, gentle but full of meaning; a glance from those wonderful eyes of his, which said, "I adore you," with far more emphasis than mere words could have done; a whisper in her ear as she sat at the piano; a voice delicately modulated, which could lend to words otherwise commonplace a meaning intended for her alone—those were the only tokens by which Frederica had

learned that she was beloved; but for her they were full of sweet significance.

Captain Barringer's stay at Belair was brought to a premature close by an imperative summons to join his regiment in India. Any but a very observant spectator of the parting between him and Frederica would have characterised that ceremony as a piece of polite frigidity; but it had occult signs of its own, unnoted by the world, in that tender lingering pressure of the hand; in that one flashing glance of love from the soldier's dark luminous eyes, artfully veiled next moment under their long lashes; in those two little words, "Dinna forget," whispered under the breath, and instinct with a precious meaning of their own. And then he was gone.

"Dinna forget!" Would she ever forget him? whispered Frederica to herself. No; never—never!

Two uneventful years had come and gone since Captain Barringer left Belair; but neither the distractions of half a season in London (town did not agree with Lady Spencelaugh's health), nor the quieter pleasures of country-life, had dulled the edge of Frederica's memory. Day after day she lived over again, in thought, the words, the looks, the tones of the gay young soldier; and without being in the least melancholy or lovelorn, she clung with all woman's devotion to the fetish she had set up in her own heart, saying to herself, times without number, that it must be good and true because it was so beautiful. She heard of her idol frequently, but not from him; certain law proceedings, which the baronet had kindly consented to watch in the interest of his young friend, necessitating frequent communications between the captain and Sir Philip; and the letters of the former never concluded without some message to Miss Spencelaugh, which the baronet always delivered with perfect good faith in their humorous unveracity; but wherefrom Frederica contrived to elicit a deeper meaning than the mere words themselves seemed to convey. In one of his earlier epistles, Captain Barringer had declared his intention of selling out at the end of three years, and coming home to settle; an intimation which, to Frederica's ears, could have but one interpretation—then would his love, hitherto unspoken, reveal itself in words, then would he claim her as his own for ever.

But it was all over now—the bright dream which she had cherished with such tender faithfulness. Love's little comedy was played out; the lamps were extinguished; the curtain had come down with a run; and the chill gray daylight of reality was poured over the scene of so many vanished illusions. In the first sharp pain of her loss, she thought herself more deeply stricken than she was in reality; she knew little of the gentle power of Time to heal far worse wounds than hers; but deemed that all her life must henceforth be as blank and dreary as she felt the present to be. Her woman's pride was deeply wounded to find how easily she had allowed herself to be fooled by one whose only object had been to while away a few idle hours; but she held her crushed heart bravely, and uttered no plaint; and never had her eyes shone more brightly, nor her dark beauty flushed to a rarer loveliness, than on that sunny afternoon when she rode seaward from Belair, with the dearest hopes of her young life quenched within her for ever.

A strong tide was rolling magnificently in when Frederica reined up her mare on the summit of the great rock known as Martell's Leap. She took off her hat, and let the breeze play among her hair, and listened to the roar of the waves as they shivered on the beach three hundred feet below; with eyes that followed dreamily in the wake of some outward-bound ship, whose white sails gleamed ghost-like through the haze that veiled the horizon a mile or two away. She watched till the ship could be seen no longer, and then turned Zuleika's head inland, and rode gently homeward by way of St. David's Valley, and through the fruitful champaign country that stretched southward from Belair. Coming up with Sir Philip in the park, leading his cob by the bridle, which had fallen lame, she dismounted, and took her uncle's

arm, while Mr. Bevis turned off in the direction of the stables with Zuleika and the cob.

"Your roses are quite brilliant this afternoon," said the old man gallantly.—"Oh, been as far as Martell's Leap, have you? Far better than dawdling in the house, my dear; only be careful you don't let Zuleika take you too near the edge, or the catastrophe that gave its name to the place might unfortunately be repeated. Let us rest here for a minute or two; I have something particular to say to you, and I could hardly have a quieter spot than this to say it in."

Frederica's heart sank within her; she foreboded but too surely what it was that her uncle wished to say to her. They had left the main avenue of the park, and had taken a by-path through the shrubbery which would bring them more quickly to the house, and had now reached a little secluded nook among the greenery—a semicircle of softest turf, planted round with evergreens, with here and there a rustic seat and in the midst a tall terminal figure of Hymen in white marble, placed there by some previous owner of Belair, to make sacred the grove where he had wooed and won the lady whom he afterwards made his wife.

The baronet and his niece sat down on a curiously carved bench, shaded by an immense laurel from the rays of the westerling sun. Sir Philip sat without speaking for a minute or two, tapping his boot absently with his riding-whip—a tall, white-haired handsome old man, but very frail and delicate-looking; with manners that were marked by a certain kindly, old-world courtliness of tone not often met with now a days.

"You remember, Freddy," he began at last, "my speaking to you, some time ago, respecting the union which I wished to bring about between my friend Duplessis and yourself? You have not forgotten what passed at that time?"

"I have not forgotten, uncle."

"That is well. I forbore to press the subject because I saw that it was distasteful to you, but none the less has it dwelt in my mind ever since, and I cannot rest till I have brought it once more before your attention, and—and, in short, done all that lies in my power to induce you to view it in a more favourable light. I am an old man, and my time in this world is short—nay, my dear, it is as I tell you; I say it calmly and seriously. When spring next comes round, I shall hardly be among you; and my medical man, if he chose could tell you the same thing. You have been as dear to me, Freddy, as any daughter could have been, and I am naturally anxious to see you comfortably settled, and with a home of your own, while I am still here to look after your interests. Lady Spencelaugh and you have never agreed overwell together; and when I shall be gone, Gaston will be master of Belair, and the old house will hardly seem like a home to you. We have no near relatives; and the secluded life which the state of my health has compelled me to lead, has precluded the formation of many intimate friendships. Under these circumstances, the consideration of your future has naturally been a source of some anxiety to me; and to see you happily married, dear, would lift a great weight from my mind. When your father lay dying, he took me by the hand, and said: "When I am gone, Phil, you must look after my little girl. I leave her in your hands. Bring her up religiously, and when she is old enough, find her a good man for a husband; and may heaven deal by you as you deal by her!" I loved you at first because you were a wee little orphan and my brother's child, but soon you grew as dear to me as though you were my own; and I have striven to carry out poor Arthur's wishes to the best of my ability."

"Dear uncle!" said Frederica, with tearful eyes, "Papa himself could not have done more for me than you have done."

"For the last half-dozen years," resumed Sir Philip, "I have been hoping that of your own accord, and without a word from me, you would pick out some worthy gentleman on whom to bestow your hand and heart—and of such suitors you have had more than one or two to whom I could have given you with every confidence.

But time goes on, and still Endymion comes not, and to all others Diana is cold as an icicle."

He took her hand fondly, and stroked it gently between his. "Four months ago," he went on, "my friend, Henri Duplessis, came to me, and asked my permission to address you on a subject very near to his heart. The permission he asked for I gave him readily, knowing no man to whom I would sooner intrust the happiness of my darling than to him. He spoke to you, and his suit was rejected, and in that respect he only met the fate of others who had ventured before him. For his sake, I departed from the course I laid down for myself long ago—not to interfere by word or look in such matters. I hinted to you how happy it lay in your power to make both him and me, could you see your way clearly to do so. My words distressed you, and I told you to consider them as unsaid. But again, to-day, I venture to plead once more the cause of my friend. Do not mistake me, however; I am not here at his request—he knows nothing of this. He bowed unobtrusively to your decision, and from that day to this the subject has never been mentioned between us; but, unless I misjudge him greatly, he is not a man whose feelings readily change. Ah, Freddy, if you could but learn to look favourably on him! He is a gentleman by birth and education—generous, handsome, and accomplished; and although he is not a rich man, that fact would not, I am sure, influence your inclinations in the slightest degree. That he is brave, both you and I have had ample proof, else he would not have risked his life to save mine as recklessly as he did that day in the Pyrenees. When a man reaches my age he seldom makes new friendships; but my heart seemed to warm to Henri Duplessis, from the moment my eyes opened on his pleasant face, bent anxiously over me, in that little *auberge* among the hills; had it not been for his bold spirit and strong arm, they would never have opened again on earth. Ah, Freddy, Freddy, if you could but learn to like him!"

He was still stroking her hand tenderly between his withered palms. There was a far-away look in Frederica's eyes as she sat, almost as immovable as a statue, gazing out into the violet sky; but there was a bitter warfare going on in her heart.

"Would it make you so very happy, uncle, if I were to try to 'like' Mr. Duplessis a little?"

A bright eager light came into the old man's eyes, and his hands began all at once to tremble as he spoke. "Would it make me happy?" he said. "It would take away altogether my greatest earthly anxiety; it would cheer and gladden, far more than I can tell you, the few remaining days that are left me in this world, and crown my life with a happiness which I feel would be far greater than my deserts. Ah, darling, tell me that you will do this, and an old man's blessing will follow you through life!"

"I will strive to do as you wish, uncle," said Frederica.

He drew her face close to his, and kissed her fondly, and then turned away his head, for his eyes were dim, and he wanted time to recover himself.

"We will go home now, uncle, if you please," said Frederica. There was something in the tone of her voice which grated on his ears, and he peered anxiously into her face as he offered her his arm; and his heart sank a little, she looked so passionless and cold, with that stony far-away look in her eyes, as though she had caught a glimpse of the Gorgon's head in passing, and already the blight were falling upon her.

"Were I not as certain as a poor human being can be of anything," urged he, hastily, "that this step will ultimately conduce to your happiness, I would not persuade you to take it. Some day, dear, in the years to come, you will look and say: 'My old uncle did what he thought best for my happiness, and his judgment was not such a bad one after all.'—Henri will make you a true and loving husband—of that I am sure."

"Pardon me, uncle," said Frederica, "but you are putting a far more absolute construction on my words than I intended them to convey."

He laughed a pleased little laugh. "Well,

well; perhaps so," he said. "Only give Duplessis an opportunity of pleading his suit in person, and I will willingly leave the rest to time."

They were close to the house by this time, and as they turned a corner of the shrubbery, whom should they see approaching slowly on horse-back, from the opposite direction, but Monsieur Henri Duplessis himself!

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir Philip. "Why, here comes our hero in person! I suppose you won't care, Freddy, if—Eh, why, what! where the deuce has the girl got to?"

Frederica, on seeing who was coming, had slipped back out of sight, and traversing quickly a narrow side-path through the evergreens, came, in a few minutes, by a private door into Lady Spencelaugh's flower-garden, from whence she quickly made her way unseen to her own room.

Having divested herself of her hat and riding-habit, she flung herself wearily on the bed. Both heart and head ached strangely; and she felt just then that it would be well to die, and so end all this miserable coil that was gathering round her life, and from which there seemed no other mode of escape. "Why does the Great Angel always refuse to come to the weary ones who long for his presence?" she murmured to herself. And then she fell to thinking of the promise she had given her uncle—a dangerous promise certainly, seeing in whose favour it was made. And yet, what did it matter? He whom she loved was lost to her for ever, and just then she was indifferent to everything except that one miserable fact.

#### CHAPTER II.—MOTHER AND SON.

On the same afternoon that the events related in the foregoing chapter took place, Mrs. Winch, landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*, the principal inn and posting-house in Normanford, drove up to Belair in her little pony-chaise, accompanied by her son Jerry. In the old coaching-days, the *Hand and Dagger* had been one of the best inns in all Monksire, noted for its excellent accommodation and moderate charges; but with the advent of railways, and the extinction of stage-coaches, its importance had become a tradition of the past; it had now sunk into a commonplace country hotel, the ghost of its former self, with now and then a solitary commercial traveller, to shudder in the desolation of its great bare coffee-room; or with perhaps a rich family or two for a few days in autumn, who had ventured thus far in search of the picturesque. For the most part, however, it was abandoned to the effete conviviality of the Town Club, which assembled in its best parlour twice a week, to discuss the affairs of the nation in general, and those of Normanford in particular.

Mrs. Winch was a widow of many years' standing. Her husband had been landlord of the *Hand and Dagger* during its prosperous days, and she now clung to it in its decadence, all the more tenaciously, perhaps, in that her friends were constantly advising her to give it up, and take a house of less pretensions and fewer expenses; and although these friends were always asseverating—among themselves—that her expenditure was far in excess of her diminished income, and that another year or two must inevitably make a bankrupt of her, Mrs. Winch still went serenely on her way, laughing to scorn all such vaticinations, dressing in silks and satins, and taking her pleasure after her own fashion, as though the *Hand and Dagger* were the most prosperous of hotels. She was a person, too, of some consideration up at Belair, and the lodge-keeper took care to touch his hat to her as he opened the gates for her chaise to enter; as did also the footman who answered her imperative ring at the side-door—not the servants' door, if you please, but that convenient entrance generally made use of by the great people themselves when there was no company at Belair, and with which Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, and Mr. Bellamy, the steward, had also a daily familiarity.

"Is my Lady at home, and disengaged?" asked Mrs. Winch of the footman.

"At home, and I believe disengaged, ma'am," answered the man in the most respectful of

tones, as he held out his wrist to assist her to alight.

"Look after the pony, Jerry; I shall not be long," said the landlady to her son, as she shook the stiff folds of her silk dress into their proper form, before following the footman into the house.

Jerry took the reins loosely, and nodded at his mother without speaking; he knew that the pony was quite competent to take care of itself, and his mind, just then, was intent on something else—on a waltz which he had heard a German band playing in the market-place as he left home, and which he had been crooning over to himself ever since; there were a few bars, however, which he couldn't exactly remember, and no sooner had the door closed behind his mother, than he drew from one of his capacious pockets a long tin whistle, in the management of which he was a great adept, and proceeded to play softly over the tune which was haunting his brain; after several failures and stumblings over one or two difficult passages, he succeeded in playing it through without a blunder; then he flourished the whistle wildly round his head, and gave vent to a loud unearthly screech of delight—a sort of 'Hoo-hoo-hoo!' ending with a bark almost like that of a dog, and which, without further indication, would at once have told a stranger that poor Jerry's wits were not where they ought to be.

Jerry Winch was one of the institutions of Normanford, and known to all its inhabitants both young and old. He was a tall handsome lad of eighteen, with long flaxen hair, and a clear sunburnt complexion; dressed in a suit of home-spun gray, with a tall sugar-loaf hat of gray felt, battered and weather-stained, the shape of which added not a little to the strangeness of his appearance. His eyes were deep blue, but from their depths there looked out at you a flickering, impish will-o'-the-wisp—sometimes nothing but the imp of fun and laughter, but in his darker moods one that was ready to do any devil's trick that might come first to hand; while irresolution and want of purpose were just as plainly indicated by his sensitive, loosely-hung mouth, and his pointed chin, in which lurked a dimple that many a beauty might have been proud to call her own. As a rule, Jerry was looked down upon by the people of Normanford as a harmless good-natured fool, ready to do an errand for anybody, but lacking the sense necessary for any but commissions of the simplest kind—a simpleton, who, if his mother had not been able to maintain him, must have been thrown upon the parish as one incapable of earning a living for himself. But there were not wanting a few people in Normanford who prided themselves on their penetration, and who were ready to aver that all Jerry's vagaries were not of such a harmless nature as his friends would have people believe; that the imp by which he was possessed was a malignant one, quite capable of bearing a grudge, and of revenging it, too, in its own stealthy devilish fashion. These detractors would whisper mysteriously among themselves, and ask one another who it was that set fire to Farmer Gubbin's ricks, six months after that individual had laid his riding-whip lightly across Jerry's shoulders, as a warning against turnip-stealing, a weakness to which Mrs. Winch's son was much addicted. Who was it, too, these same folks would like to know, that flung the poisoned meat into Squire Wakefield's kennel, and so caused the death of a dozen hounds, a few weeks after Jerry had been bitten in the hand by that gentleman's mastiff, which took that way of shewing its objection to being poked in the ribs with a walking-stick? Who, again, was it, they asked, that coming suddenly behind poor Widow Brown one dark night, pushed her off the high bank into the river, where, but for the merest accident, she would have been drowned, several months after she had threatened Jerry with the penalties of the law for torturing her favourite black cat? These would have been serious questions, had there been any shadow of proof that Jerry was the party in fault; but there being nothing to implicate him in the slightest degree, and his friends being in the proportion of fifty to one

against his detractors, these ugly whispers gradually died out, and his popularity remained as well established as before.

Jerry's tootlings had scarcely come to an end, when the door was opened, and Mrs. Jones, the housekeeper, stepped out, carrying something under cover of her apron. "Well, Jerry, my man, and how are you to-day?" said the stately old dame. Mrs. Winch and she had been bitter enemies for years; but for the half-witted Jerry the housekeeper had always a kindly word.

"His health is quite salubrious, ma'am; with many obligations to you," answered Jerry, with a tug at the brim of his napless hat. He always spoke of himself in the third person, and delighted, when addressing those he deemed his superiors in life, to make use of the longest words his memory could supply him with—though, as his mother used to say, where he contrived to pick them up was a mystery to every one.

"You could eat a nice cake, couldn't you, Jerry?" said Mrs. Jones.

Jerry burst into his wild unearthly laugh, but checked himself midway, and becoming grave an instant, touched his hat depreciatingly, and gazed with eager, hungry eyes at the housekeeper's concealed treasure.

"What do you think of that, now? Isn't it a beauty?" and Mrs. Jones flung back her apron, displaying, as she did so, a round cake the size of a dessert-plate, thickly sprinkled with currants.

Jerry's mouth literally began to water as he gazed, and his eyes went up to the housekeeper's with a wistful, pathetic expression, which the old lady had not heart to resist.

"Here, lad, take it," said the kindly old woman; "and if you eat it all, it will do you no harm. Only I hope to goodness, Jerry, that you have got none of them nasty snakes about you to-day. Ugh!" and the housekeeper shuddered, and drew back a step or two.

Jerry paused in his mastication of the first mouthful. "He left all his pets at home to-day, that's what he did."

"I'm glad of it; and if I were you, my boy, I'd chop their heads off.—Bless me, what an appetite the lad has!" and with a hearty good-morning, the housekeeper went back indoors, and left Jerry to the quiet discussion of his cake, who no sooner found himself alone, than he gave utterance to a couple of wild 'Hoo-hoo-doo' laughs, and then returned, as grave as a judge, to the business in hand, and so went quietly on till the cake was eaten to the last crumb.

Jerry's next proceeding was to partially unbutton his capacious waistcoat, and inserting his hand into some folds of flannel that could be seen below, to draw therefrom, one after the other, a couple of large vipers, which he proceeded to fondle and play with, as though they were the most charming and innocent pets in the world. "Chop off your heads, my beautiful ones, did the old cat say?" murmured Jerry, while the reptiles twisted themselves about his neck and arms, and seemed to reciprocate his caresses. "Jerry would sooner chop her head off, any day. Dear to Jerry's heart art thou, O beautiful Mogaddo! and not less thou, O lovely Pipanta! Your master loves you both. And to-night ye shall haunt that old hag's dreams. She shall see you twining about her toes, and feel you biting the soles of her feet, and she shall have no power to stir. Jerry wills it so! But nothing worse shall happen to her this time, because she gave Jerry a cake—a beautiful cake! and some day she may, perhaps, give him another. Hoo-hoo-eeh!"

Then Jerry, placing the vipers on the seat before him, took out his tin whistle, and began to play a sweet, quaint old air in a minor key; and presently the reptiles lifted up their heads, and gradually began to sway their bodies to and fro, as though in unison with the tune.

"What a nice, fat, overlapping neck the old hag has!" murmured Jerry, pausing after a time for lack of breath. "Jerry's fingers itched to gripe it. It would be nice, on a dark night, to seize it suddenly from behind, and hear it gurgle, and gasp, and choke—a neck, my beautiful

Mogaddo, for which thou wouldst make a charming necklace! And now dance, dance, little ones, while the sun is warm, and your master's heart is glad!"

Mrs. Winch, passing through several rooms and corridors, with all of which she was well acquainted, came at last to that wing of the great house of Belair in which Lady Spencelaugh's private apartments were situated.

"Mrs. Winch to see my Lady," lisped Mr. Plush in dulcet accents, ushering the landlady into an anteroom, the sole inmate of which was Lady Spencelaugh's new maid, seated at her embroidery, who, rose and frowned unmistakably at the intruder.

"My Lady is engaged, and cannot be seen," exclaimed Mademoiselle Clotilde, with a strong French accent.—"And you, sir,—to the footman—never bring visitors here again, without first receiving permission to do so."

"You say that my Lady is engaged. Has she company, or is she alone?" said the widow, still advancing towards the inner door.

"That concerns you not at all. I tell you my Lady is engaged, and will not see any one," cried Mademoiselle, planting herself full before the sacred door.

"Tush! girl; I know what that means," exclaimed the undaunted widow. "She is taking her afternoon nap, and doesn't like being disturbed. But she will always see Martha Winch, let her come when and how she may; so stand aside, and try to remember me when you see me next," and before Mademoiselle Clotilde knew what had happened, she found herself swung a couple of yards away, while Mrs. Winch passed quickly forward into the inner room, and shut the door in her face.

"Remember you, Madame!" muttered the French girl between her teeth, as she twisted her fingers viciously in her black hair. "Yes, I shall not forget you to-day, nor to-morrow, nor next year. What secret is there, I wonder, between my Lady and you, that you have permission to see her at any hour? That is just what it must be thy business to discover, *ma mignonne!*"

The demeanour of Mrs. Winch underwent an entire change the moment she found herself in the presence of Lady Spencelaugh, who, roused thus unceremoniously from her afternoon slumber, started up in amazement, and glared at the intruder. Mrs. Winch stood with her back to the door with a deprecatory air, and waited in submissive silence for my Lady to address her.

"Is that you, Martha Winch?" said Lady Spencelaugh sharply. "I think you might have chosen a more appropriate time for your visit; you know how greatly I dislike being disturbed at this hour of the day."

"I should not have presumed to come at this time, my Lady, had I not received some important news, which I felt bound to communicate to you without the slightest delay."

"I don't care; you might have let me enjoy my afternoon nap in peace: it was unkind of you to disturb me."

"Important news from America," urged the widow in a subdued voice.

Lady Spencelaugh flushed slightly at these words, and her eyes had an anxious expression in them as they sought those of Mrs. Winch.

"Well, don't stand there, Martha," she said more kindly than before, but come and sit down by me on the ottoman, and let us talk over this news of yours."

Mrs. Winch advanced into the room, and having pressed Lady Spencelaugh's proffered hand with respectful devotion to her lips, seated herself as requested, and opening her reticule, produced therefrom a newspaper and a letter.

Lady Spencelaugh had been accounted a beauty in her time, and at fifty years of age was still very nice-looking, with a white unwrinkled skin, and a clear bright colour in her cheeks, without the slightest suspicion of rouge. Her eyes were large, dark, and vivacious, but somewhat frosty in expression; and she had the good sense to wear her own gray hair without disguise, or further adornment than those exquisite little caps tossed together for her by the deft fingers of little lame Miss Garraway.

Lady Spencelaugh, in her younger days, had tasted bitterness of genteel poverty, when, as Peggy Grant, the daughter of a poor Yorkshire squire, she had mended her father's hose, and made the pies and custards, and had a sharp eye after the domestic expenditure. That, of course, was before her rich aunt took her by the hand, and brought her out as a belle, in London society, where, however she contrived to play her cards so much amiss that at eight-and-twenty she was still unmarried, and was herself beginning to despair, when fortune threw a rich widower in her way in the person of Sir Philip Spencelaugh, whom, after six months of patient angling, she succeeded in landing high and dry on the shore of matrimony.

(To be Continued.)

## A NIGHT ON THE NORTH SPIT.

I WAS just three and twenty when the events I am about to narrate took place, and had only recently recovered from an attack of fever. With the view of recruiting my health, I had been invited to visit an uncle and aunt, who resided at a place called Breakpool.

My uncle's family consisted of himself and wife, one son, and two daughters. Perhaps no two persons were ever more dissimilar in person and character than my cousins Emma and Clara. The elder was tall and dark, a queenly sort of girl; but wanting in tenderness and womanly sympathies. Clara was a blonde, and rather *petite* in figure, with a disposition as tender and bright as her eyes.

Robert was only ten, and small of his age; but a more daring and adventurous lad did not exist in Breakpool, and that was saying a deal, for in that place the first lesson a boy was taught, was to be a man, at least in courage and endurance.

I see no necessity for the reader's being informed as to the exact latitude and longitude of Breakpool; but it will be impossible to understand my story unless I give rather a minute description of the place itself.

Breakpool is a small seaport town, standing in the centre of a deep bay, or indentation of the coast.

To the southward rises a bluff headland, at whose base a rocky reef extends some distance into the sea. On the north side, a narrow spit of shingly beach runs out with an easterly curve, and protects the roadstead from the fierce gales which at times sweep along the coast. At the extremity of this peninsula, which extends about half a mile into the sea, a lighthouse had been erected, for the convenience of vessels entering the harbour; while another on the headland warned the mariner from the dangerous reef at its base.

Let us imagine a clear day in August; a real summer's day, and unmistakably hot.

I and little Bob had been lolling on the beach, under the shade of a boat, throwing pebbles into the water.

Presently an old superannuated sailor, a great favourite of Clara's, came and sat down by us.

"Hallo Stephen," said Bob, "what do you think of the weather?—any chance of a gale?" he asked, derisively.

"Well Master Robert, I ain't quite made up my mind yet; but I think we shall have one, and a pretty stiff 'un, too."

We both laughed, for certainly, to my mind, nothing could be farther from my thoughts than a gale.

"That's just like you, Stephen," replied Bob; "you are always going in for gales—why, man, it's a dead calm."

"So it is; but that don't matter. Do you see that little black cloud down to the southward?"

"Yes," I replied after a time, for I could hardly make it out.

"Well, that there ain't there for nothing."

"I suppose not; but what does it denote?"

"Wind, mate, wind; calms is always deceitful, but storms there's no mistake about."

"I hope you may be right," I said, for I have never witnessed a gale at the sea-side."

"Ain't you, young gentlemen? Well, then,

I'm thinking you will to-night," he said; "though, for the matter of that, if you, nor nobody else, never saw one, it would be all the better."

Shortly after this, there came signals from the house that tea was ready, and we returned, leaving old Stephen Holdstock to smoke his pipe by himself.

Associated as I had been now for nearly a fortnight with my uncle's family, I had ample time to form a judgment of my cousins' characters.

Clara had a guileless, loving heart, and a frank and confiding temper, and exhibited towards me that unmistakable tenderness which only an artless girl could have betrayed; but hitherto it had been lost upon me.

When I first arrived, I had been struck by the commanding beauty of Emma, and, like most young fellows of my age, had at once succumbed to its influence; but gradually there had been creeping upon me a notion that she was not so perfect as she appeared, or rather wished to appear.

Small things, more often than not, are the test of a person's character, because however cautious they may be, they cannot always be on the watch, and therefore, their real nature will at times show itself.

It will not appear very wonderful if I confess that, thrown as I had been into the society of two beautiful girls, I had fallen deeply in love with one of them; but when I confess that I was, in a measure in love with both, it may appear rather strange; yet so it was, or rather I had not yet made up my mind which I loved the better of the two.

Matters were in this indecisive state on the day my narrative commences. In the evening it was proposed to take a walk, and while the girls went up stairs, I strolled to the window to look out. Certainly the old sailor's prognostic seemed more likely to be fulfilled now that it did an hour since, for the sky looked strangely menacing. At that time I was no judge of weather signs; but there was a threatening feel in it, if I may so express it.

Our walk, very much against my wish, was an inland one; but Miss Emma was lady paramount, and we went where she dictated, and not where we pleased. I was out of humour, for I had pleaded very hard for a stroll along the cliffs; but I was not listened to, and Bob and Clara were snubbed because they coincided with me.

It was evident that I was in disgrace—what for I could not tell—and I was in no very amiable mood.

When we got back to the house, I said to Bob—"Let us now have a run up to the lighthouse; we can still be back before supper-time."

"Agreed," replied Bob.

"You'll do no such thing, Bob," tartly rejoined Emma. "I want you to do something for me, and I'm sure Charles had better stop at home; we are going to have a tempest."

"I really would not go if I were you, cousin," interposed Clara; "it does look as if we were going to have a storm."

"Never mind the storm," I replied; "it won't hurt me. If Bob mustn't come, I shall go by myself, only I think it very unkind of Emma."

"If you're so self-willed," said Emma haughtily, "why go. I'm sure I would not do anything to stop you," she turned to go in doors.

"I should be glad if you would not go, cousin," said Clara, with one of her most winning smiles; "something seems to tell me no good will come of it."

"If it was to please you only, I would not," I replied; "but then Emma would fancy I did it because she was cross."

"Thank you for that, cousin," she said, softly; "still I wish you would not go; never mind what Emma thinks."

"You're a coaxing little, Clara, and the next thing you ask me I'll do. Adieu!" I said, and turned to go.

"Good-bye," was the answer; but it was said in so sad a voice, that when I had got about half way along the beach, I felt half inclined to turn back.

I had not proceeded many steps farther, when Bob came running after me.

"I got hold of the old lady, and she let me come," he said.

This decided me, and we went on.

Before I proceed, I must give a more detailed description of the peninsula, or the North Spit, as it was called, by means of which the lighthouse was reached.

According to tradition it had originally been a sand-bank, and was covered by each return of the tide. Gradually, however, it had grown upwards, and finally was covered with shingle, which had from time to time accumulated, and now formed a mass, some forty or fifty feet broad, and fifteen or twenty feet above high-water mark,

Along this bank Bob and I trudged, and soon reached the lighthouse.

By the time we did so, the sky, even to my inexperienced eye, looked very threatening. In the south-west there hung a heavy bank of clouds, with masses of black vapour dipping down almost to the water. At the same time, though there was not a breath of wind, the ocean heaved, as if in the throes of some great convulsion, and fell upon the beach with a sullen, booming roar.

We had not been long in the lighthouse, when a heavy squall of wind and rain, accompanied by distant thunder, burst upon us.

This lasted about a quarter of an hour, and then it ceased, or rather the rain ceased, though the wind blew freshly.

"It's all over, I think," I said, looking out.

"I am afraid not, sir," said the lighthouse-keeper. "It looks very dirty to the southward, and just listen to the surf; it sounds as hollow as a drum; and that's a sure sign of a gale."

"I laughed at old Stephen Holdstock this afternoon, when he said we were going to have a gale," said Bob.

"Well Master Bob, you and this gentleman had best get home as fast as you can, else depend on it, you'll find it no laughing matter."

Thus warned, I and Bob started back. What a change had a few short hours effected in the aspect of nature? Clouds of inky blackness had now replaced the soft blue sky, and the water of the bay was angry and turbid.

We had not got above one-third of the length of the bank, when night seemed to close in suddenly upon us. Previous to this, I had been so engrossed with the grandeur of the scene that I had not noticed the rapid rise of the tide.

"Why, Bob," I said, at last, "it's nearly high water, isn't it?"

"No; it's only half-past eight, and it's not high water till ten."

"Are you sure?" I asked. "Look, it's above high-water mark now."

"I know; but, for all that, it is not high-water till ten o'clock, or past. We are going to have an extraordinary high tide.

As we proceeded, which we did now with great difficulty, the wind being so strong that at times we were almost blown off our legs, it grew thicker and thicker, and darker and darker, while the roll of distant thunder told us that, bad as it was, worse was to follow.

By this time we were wet through, and I heartily repented I had not followed Clara's advice, and remained at home.

When we had got about two-thirds of the way along the bank, we were suddenly brought to a standstill. Our passage to the land was cut off by a gap in the Spit, though which the surf was rolling uninterruptedly, and had already made considerable progress, isolating us from the land.

"We must go back," said Bob.

That was true. Nothing remained for us to do but retrace our steps, and try for the lighthouse. This proved no easy matter, for the water had risen so high that we were obliged to take the top of the bank, and the gale came thundering down with almost tropical violence, so that at times we were obliged to throw ourselves down to prevent our being blown off the bank.

Toiling along, almost blinded by the wind and spray, we at last reached within a cable's length of the lighthouse, but only to find it en-

vironed by breakers and a fearful yeast of foam, which tossed and tumbled around it.

It was then that the magnitude and reality of our danger flashed upon my brain.

I shouted at the top of my voice, and whirled my arms in frantic gestures, in a vain hope that my feeble signals could be heard above the noise of the gale.

"No use hallooing," said Bob; "Foreward couldn't come to us, if he heard you."

What he said was perfectly true: the lighthouse-keeper could render us no assistance, even if my voice could have reached him, for he had no boat, and, if he had, nothing could have lived in such a sea.

I was paralyzed and horror-stricken when I began to contemplate our situation. It yet wanted an hour of high water, and already the sea, in some places, was sweeping right over the bank. What, then, would be our peril when the tide reached its height?

In my anxiety to make myself heard, I had advanced as near as I could to the lighthouse. At this moment a huge, mountainous wave came towering, high and unbroken, from seaward.

"Look out! look out!" cried Bob; "run for your life!" and he commenced scrambling up the shingle.

At a glance I saw my danger, and turned and followed; but, before I had advanced many steps, I found myself taken off my legs and hurled forward, buried in a cloud of foam. A second afterwards, I felt my feet drawn in an opposite direction, and, throwing myself forward, I dug my hands into the boulders, and clung to them with desperate tenacity.

Notwithstanding all my efforts, I was dragged down bodily by the force of the under-draught, and I gave up all hope. Just, however, as my strength was exhausted, I felt the water leaving me, and the next instant—how I know not—I found myself at the top of the bank, and in safety.

I had no sooner recovered than I looked round for little Bob; but he was nowhere to be seen. I called loudly, but no answer came.

Few persons could realize my feelings—few can imagine the sensation of loneliness I felt when I found the poor boy was gone.

There was nothing left now but for me to seek as much shelter as I could from the storm. I had reached the highest part of the bank, and was looking out for a place to form a lee from the blast, when my eyes caught sight of a dark object crawling along the bank.

I started up and rushed toward it, and the next instant had Bob in my arms.

"I could hear you call," he said; "but I suppose you could not hear me answer, and I couldn't get along for the wind. Did you think I was drowned? I thought you were till I heard you halloo."

"Thank heaven you're safe. Never mind what I thought, Bob," I replied.

To shelter ourselves from the wind, we commenced scooping out a basin in the shingle.

As we were working away, I could not help casting my eyes towards the lighthouse, and as the light gleamed out from its white towers, I devoutly wished that I and my little companion had never left its shelter.

Presently we ceased from our labours, and lay down. Our position was greatly improved, for though the storm raged with even increased fury, it passed over our little excavation without our feeling its force. We remained thus for about a quarter of an hour, when I was suddenly startled by a loud, booming report from the offing.

"What was that?" I asked.

"A gun, I think," answered Bob; "it is a ship on the sands."

We listened, and in about a minute we heard the same dull, booming sound, and then another and another.

"Some poor fellows are worse off than we are, perhaps," said I.

At this moment a rocket was sent up from the shore.

"What's that," I asked.

"That's the life-boat going off—if they could only know where we were!" said Bob.

For many minutes we lay listening to the same

sounds, then they ceased, and nothing was heard but the howling of the wind, and the thunder-like fall of the surf upon the bank.

Several times, when a heavy sea struck the weather-side of the Spit, a quantity of shingle was hurled upon us, and once or twice I fancied the whole mass shook and trembled with the force of the assault. Indeed, at one time, it appeared as if the shingle sank bodily. What could it mean? Could it be that the bank was being undermined, and should we presently be launched into the boiling waves to leeward!

At last the suspense was too much for me, and I crawled up to reconnoitre.

To my dismay, I saw that a great part of the shingle to seaward had been swept away, and if we did not intend shortly to follow it, we must shift our quarters at once.

The force of the gale was such that it was with considerable difficulty we could stand upright, and when we did so, a flash of lightning revealed to me a startling sight.

The surf had broken through the bank to leeward, and unless the weather mitigated or the tide fell, I saw the portion on which we stood must inevitably be carried away.

Minute by minute the time passed, and as each succeeding wave rolled in, it appeared nearer and nearer to us.

It was a trying position, for we could do nothing but await our doom. No human help could reach us, for doubtless it was thought by those on shore that we were safe in the lighthouse.

Smaller and smaller grew our little island, and nearer and nearer came the devouring waves. I do not think I am a coward; but I must say I quailed as I watched the quick, and, as it were, savage inroads of the sea.

At this time the fury of the wind no words could describe. It blew a fearful hurricane, and so grand was the spectacle, that my mind was filled with an awe that was nearly allied to pleasure.

But while my senses were thus enthralled, there came into my mind another thought. It was that death was staring me in the face.

Yes, our doom was apparently inevitable, for the insatiate waves were swallowing up our little island; foot by foot it was disappearing, and there was none to render assistance but Him who rules both the wind and the waves, and to Him did I lift up my heart.

The storm, for a time, raged on, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and the rain descended in torrents; but suddenly, as if by magic, the wind ceased. It was one of those deceptive lulls which were formerly thought so unaccountable, but which we now know was caused by our being in the vortex of the gale.

The stillness of the air was startling, and made the hoarse booming of the waves more deeply appalling.

A lurid, gleaming flash of lightning, followed by a crashing peal of thunder, which appeared as though caused by the heavens being rent asunder, woke up, as it were, the sleeping Azrael of the storm. He came, borne upon a rushing, mighty wind, and a chaos of foaming waters, and the next instant our last frail resting-place was swept from under us, and we were launched into the surging deep.

For a moment or two, I was carried helplessly forward, surrounded by a boiling mass of foam, and then I sank, apparently, into immeasurable space. Still I was conscious, and as another flash of lightning lit up the trough of the sea, I fancied I could perceive a small, dark object floating not far from me.

But, as the last gleam of the electric fluid was dying out, I saw another, and a larger object, towering above me on the creast of the coming sea. It was a boat—the lifeboat!

I shouted, and as I did so, I heard another shout. Was it little Bob, or was it an echo?

I had little time to think, for again I was borne onward by the seething waves. When I was able to strike out again, to my horror, I saw the lifeboat to leeward. She was tossed, for an instant, on the white crest of the sea, and then disappeared from my sight.

I felt my heart sink within me; but, neverthe-

less, I again shouted, and now, to my inexpressible delight, I could hear little Bob's voice following my example.

For several minutes I could see nothing, as I gazed in the direction in which the boat had vanished, when a broad sheet of lightning revealed her to me, and oh, joy! she was heading towards us.

Again I was taken by a foamy billow, and hurled forward, and as I was thus impelled, I received a heavy blow on the head, which rendered me nearly unconscious.

I had just sense enough left to clutch at an oar, and that is the last thing I remember on that terrible night.

How time passed for some days after this I know not; but as my consciousness returned—which it appeared to do slowly, like the lifting of a curtain—I experienced a most delicious sensation, as though I was immersed in cold water.

When I opened my eyes, a feeling of horror seized me, for I appeared to be lying at the bottom of the ocean, and not far distant was the pale corpse of poor little Bob.

The water was as clear as crystal, and I could see every object with a strange and unnatural distinctness. Still it appeared to me that I was dead, for I was powerless to move.

At this moment I saw Bob's corpse stir; it oscillated for a second or two, and then rose, slowly to the surface.

I made a strong effort, and rose, too.

No sooner had I done so than I began to suffer an agony of pain; my head felt as though it would burst, and I had a singular and distressing sensation at my heart, while my blood seemed coursing through my veins like a mill-dam.

At length this seemed to subside, and I opened my eyes. When I did so, they rested upon two loving faces; they were those of my aunt and Clara. This was no dream, for Clara was stooping over me, and her sweet breath almost mingled with mine.

"Clara," I whispered, "I thought I should never see you again; how long have I been ill?"

"More than a fortnight."

"More than a fortnight! why, it appeared to me only a day."

"You have been wandering in your mind; but you must not talk."

"One question," I said, in an undertone, my heart beating as I said so. "Poor Bob?"

"Oh, Bob is all right; they picked him up first."

"Thank heaven!" I ejaculated. "I should never have held up my head if he had been lost."

And I sank back exhausted.

I look back to that illness with peculiar pleasure, for it was during that time I made up my mind as to my cousins' characters. I recall, too, the incidents of that "night on the North Spit," not with pleasure perhaps, but with satisfaction, for they had a marked influence upon my after life. I was a long time before I recovered, and during the whole time Clara was my constant attendant.

When I got well enough to go down stairs, I was congratulated, and my preservation was said to be little short of a miracle. But I have learned to look upon it in a different light. I see nothing miraculous or wonderful in it. It was an interposition of Providence for which I am deeply thankful.

There was no miracle required to save me; it was done by the most ordinary means—a boat built for the purpose—but that it should have been at that particular spot was the act of Him whose providence, from the hour of our birth to the day of our death, extends to the most minute particulars of our lives.

"There is one special providence," said my wife, when I had got thus far, "which you have not mentioned, and for which you ought to be very thankful."

"And what is that, Clara?" I asked.

"Why sir, that you had me for a nurse!"

"Well, darling, for your kindness then and always, I am duly thankful; but there is one thing for which I am more so?"

"And what is that, Mr. Impertinence?"

"That I did not make a mistake and marry your sister!"

T. E. S.

## DAISIES AND VIOLETS.

WHEN high in sunshine poise the hawks,  
The daisy spreads his snowy rays,  
Until the shadowy Evening walks  
Through meadows green and village ways;  
And then the rosy tips arise  
A fence around their golden prize.

The violet, purple-hooded nun,  
Bends by the ash-tree's pillar gray,  
Close in her leaves, and fears the sun,  
• Breathing a fragrant prayer all day;  
Then hears the field-bird sweet in bower  
And dies a pale and open flower.

How might these silent children tell  
A tale of unproclaimed design,  
That in creation round them fell  
The golden dust of Thought Divine;  
And hint to all that smiles or moans  
Of Care unseen that loves and owns!

## STRANGE AFFECTIONS AND HABITS OF ANIMALS.

I AM always glad to receive well-authenticated anecdotes of dogs, or, indeed, of any animals, especially those which afford proofs of reason or something approaching to it, or of contrivance in furthering their wants. I have had ample proofs that a redundancy of milk in a female animal will produce strange associations. I have elsewhere\* recorded the undoubted fact of a mouse having been seen by several persons in the constant habit of sucking a cat, and of a puppy having been stolen from its mother by a fox, which had lost its cubs, evidently for the purpose of being relieved from a pressure of milk. In corroboration of what has been said, I will mention the following facts, communicated to me by a friend on whose veracity I can strictly depend. He writes to me as follows:—"As you are interested in anything which relates to dogs, perhaps an account of a circumstance that occurred a few days ago may be acceptable. A pointer of mine produced on Friday last seven young ones, six of which were drowned, and one left with her. On my servant going next morning to give her some food, she found, besides the puppy, a hedgehog, which had been in my garden several years. This animal was comfortably curled up with the other two. My servant took it with him, and shut the door. After my breakfast, I heard that it had got back again, so I went to see it. The bitch was licking it, and evidently endeavouring to induce it to open, as it probably curled itself on hearing the door opened. She appeared quite as fond of her prickly pet as if it had been one of her own puppies. I had it again taken away, and then the bitch followed it, crying to have it back. This was the more extraordinary, for only a day or two before she had found the hedgehog in the garden, and had tried to kill it. It was certainly a curious and an incongruous adoption."

White, of Selbourne, mentions an instance of strong affection which appeared to exist between his horse and a solitary hen, which followed the horse as he was grazing in the field. A hen in my own neighbourhood, a very few years ago, took every opportunity of fostering under her wings a young pig, the youngest of a large litter, and which would have died of cold but for her care of it. The circumstance became known in time, and the little pig was brought up by hand, the hen contriving to cover it with her wings until it no longer required her protection.

I like to hear and record these instances of kindly affections in animals. They afford a good example to the human race, who are too apt not to give them credit for the feelings they possess. How many persons are there who can testify to the fact that they have taken young canaries from their parents and placed them in a cage which has been hung outside their house? The plaintive cries of these young birds have attracted the sym-

pathy of sparrows, who have fed them affectionately and repeatedly while in this situation. Again; should a sheep die in bringing forth a lamb, it is a well-known fact that other ewes of the flock will afford nourishment to the orphan, although they might have one, and sometimes two, lambs of their own to provide for.

A gentleman in Scotland had a golden pheasant sent him, and he confined it in a pen with a solitary chicken which he happened to have. These birds formed a great affection for each other, which they evinced in a variety of ways. The pheasant, however, died, and was immediately stuffed, and the chicken again turned loose. It appeared, however, to be miserable after the death of its companion, and, happening to see it after the pheasant had been stuffed, it drooped its wings after having attempted to get at it, kept its eyes fixed on it, and died in this attitude.

An elderly lady, residing a very few years ago at Brighton, had a favourite parrot, and a mutual affection seemed to exist between this bird and its mistress. The former had for many years its cage placed on a table in the bed-room of the latter, and it was covered with a cloth to keep the bird warm. During this long period the parrot was never known to make any noise, so as to disturb his mistress in the night. This went on for a great length of time, when one night the old lady's maid, who slept in an adjoining room, heard the parrot scream in a loud and very unusual manner. This was continued louder and louder, until at last the maid got out of bed, lighted a candle, and went into her mistress's room, when she found that she was dead. It is difficult to account for the screams of the parrot. Probably the bird heard some unusual sounds made by her dying friend, which might have alarmed her, or from some other cause which will never be ascertained. The fact stated is, however, undoubted, and I must leave it to my readers to form their own conclusions from the circumstances I have related.

Almost every one knows that ploughmen, when they come to the end of a furrow, clean their ploughshare with a spud, especially if the land is sticky. A ploughman in Essex had a little dog, somewhat of the turnspit breed, who always accompanied his master while he was ploughing. At last the animal evidently thought that he might be of use to his master, and save him some trouble, for, at the end of each furrow, the dog made it his business to clean the ploughshare, which he did by scratching the clay from it, and if he could not get the dirt off as quickly as he seemed to think he ought to have done, or as soon as his master was ready to start again, he showed evident signs of distress.

A niece of mine informed me that she had a favourite old cat, her constant companion, and also a young terrier dog, which she took great pains to teach to sit up and beg. With all her trouble, she never could succeed in making him do it. After having in vain tried to teach him, she was surprised one day at seeing her old cat, who apparently had been asleep on the hearth-rug, quit it, and placing herself by the side of the dog, put herself in a begging attitude, evidently for the purpose of showing the dog what he was expected to do. Since that time the cat has continued to sit up and beg at meals when she wants to be fed.

Many years ago an English officer, stationed at Samarang, during our occupation of the Dutch colonies, had a tame leopard. The animal had his liberty, and used to run all over the house of his master, to whom he seemed much attached. One morning, after breakfast, the officer was sitting smoking his hookah, with a book in his right hand, and the hookah snake in his left, when he felt a slight pain in his left hand, and on attempting to raise it, was checked by a low angry growl from his pet animal. On looking down, he saw the leopard had been licking the back of his hand, and had by degrees drawn a little blood from it. The leopard would not allow the removal of the hand, but continued to lick it with apparent relish, which did not much please his master, who, with great presence of mind, without attempting to disturb his pet in

his proceedings, called to his servant to bring him a pistol loaded, with which he shot the animal dead on the spot. This was probably the first time the leopard had tasted blood.

When an extra task is about to be imposed on an elephant, he is shown some favourite food, which he immediately takes it for granted that he shall receive as soon as his task is performed; he then exerts himself to perform it. This is a sort of principle of barter—give and take.

The fact whether swallows hibernate in this country has long been doubted, although it is evident that the Rev. Gilbert White, of Selborne, never abandoned the idea that such was the case. I have, however, received a communication from a highly-respectable quarter, which I will give in extenso, and which, I think, will put the question at rest, that swallows can remain in a dormant state in this country for many months without food, or the means of procuring it. The letter of my fair correspondent will speak for itself.

"I wish to communicate to you an interesting fact respecting a pair of swallows and their progeny, which came most strictly under my own observation, and also that of several members of our family. The birds built their nest early in the summer close to the iron stay of a water-spout, running in a direction from my bed-room window, so that I could observe their proceedings as I lay in bed, and also from various parts of my room. After the first hatch had taken flight, the parent birds repaired the nest and sat again. The young ones were brought to life in September, and were able early in October to leave the nest and settle on the spout, or the roof of the house. They took a short flight across the court, but were too weak to depart when the rest of these interesting birds quit our island.

"Having taken great pleasure in watching them, I was left to wonder how the young ones would manage, or whether they would be left to starve. To my great surprise, I found the old swallows carrying mud one morning, and most carefully closing the aperture of the nest when the young ones were in it. It was, indeed, most effectually stopped. As the spring of the year approached, I diligently watched the prisoners' habitation, and early in April I heard a slight twittering. This continued for some days, and I then inspected the nest, and found a small hole about the size of a pea. This day by day increased in size, and at length three swallows emerged from their winter habitation. At first they appeared weak, but in a few days they gained strength, and, after a flight, always returned to the same place, and rested there during the night. The nest has been preserved, and a brood has been hatched in it again this year, and another nest has been built on the next stay of the spout nearer to my window. My maid can vouch to the truth of the facts I have related."

Such is a copy of the letter I have received from a lady of the greatest respectability, and it may serve to set at rest any doubts which may have arisen as to the possibility of the hibernation of swallows in this country. It is an interesting question, and one which has often been discussed by naturalists. That young, tender birds should be able to go without food for so many months is certainly wonderful; but we know that some animals do so, such as mice, bears, crocodiles, &c., and probably several sorts of insects. A series of interesting experiments might be made on this subject, with the view of ascertaining, by artificial means, how low a degree of temperature swallows can sustain for a time without destroying life.

There is one thing in the above account which it is impossible not to admire, and that is the affection of the parent birds in providing for the safety of their young ones, when they were unable to accompany them in their flights to the sunny regions of Italy or to the groves of Greece.

EDWARD JESSE.

Fame.—The reverberation caused by something striking upon the empty world.

"No noose is good news," reprieved criminal said.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREMS

Names of historical men.

- 1. 1050 and I run the tar = An eminent theologian and reformer.
2. 550 " after the rage = A wise, learned and virtuous prince.
3. 1151 " sew a nose = A distinguished Portuguese poet.
4. 1050 " oh, Jones, a sum = An eminent lexicographer, critic, and essayist.
5. 1001 " what tapers = An early English historian.
6. 1251 " shout brush rope = An eminent navigator and discoverer.
7. 2006 " a hue = A Scotch historian.
8. 102 " no east waris = An illustrious philosopher and mathematician (English).

SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. A vulgar, pretentious person.
2. Those that do good
3. Not expected.
4. A beverage.

OLIVE.

CHARADES.

I am composed of 43 letters. My 37, 10, 4, 14, 25, 6, 28, 13, 29 is a lately deceased American author.

My 20, 3, 8, 27, 35, 15, 32 30, 24, 36, is an American poet.

My 39, 5, 16, 30, 34, 9 is an American artist and poet.

My 1, 41, 27, 6, 7, 28, 13, 33, 22 was an American poetess.

My 21, 43, 19, 10, 2, 40 is an American poet.

My 23, 33, 34, 26, 12, 31, 27, 42, 32, 24, 11 is a sweet English poetess.

My 18, 38, 1, 16, 10, 30, 20, 17 is an English novelist and M. P.

My whole is a new poem and its author.

CASSIA.

- 2. A soldier gained my whole, For bravery shown in my second. By joining my first and third A colour 'twill then be reckoned. Reverse my whole, and then to you A household article I'll bring to view.

1. I am a useful article; change my head and I am still a useful article; again change, and I am a conveyance; again, and I am very pale; again, and I am an animal; again, and I am used in hot weather; again, and I am a man's name; again, and I am a woman's name; transpose me now, and I am still a woman's name.

RIDDLES.

- 1. If two things you wear, occur to your mind, The very same letters in both you will find.
2. In marble walls, as white as milk, Lined with a skin as soft as silk, Within a fount, as crystal clear A golden apple doth appear; No doors there are to this stronghold Yet thieves break through and steal the gold.

ANAGRAM.

Glaf fo het shoree how felt su reith rylog, Roneb roghuth thire tablet dlifes hundert dan melaf.
Abdelnoz ni gons dan deihlmeun niroyst, Veaw roe su lal how ithrin hiret emaf!
Pu thiw rou rebann gribth, Lespdrink tihw ryrast tligh, Derpas sit ritia stemmeb form animotun ot reshio, Milew toughrh het gundinos kys Dulo grins het tinnao's ryc,— Oniun dna Bryleit! Nee roverme! P. J.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Bought 200 pounds of tea and sugar for £14 13s. 9d., when the former was at 3s. 6d. and the latter at 4d. per pound. How much of each kind had I? R. FULLERTON.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM, &c. No. 47.

Anagrammatical Rebus.—Hannibal. Saguntum. 1. Holfernes. 2. Abyssina. 3. Nuremberg. 4. Nassau. 5. Ispahan. 6. Bridport. 7. Altenau. 8. Lamaism. Arithmorem.—1. James Sheridan Knowles. 2. Thomas Carlyle. 3. William Hamilton. 4. Joseph Addison. 5. John Sheridan Le Fanu.

Square Words.—G A M E. A D A M. M A I M. E M M A.

Transpositions.—1. Narcissus. 2, Dalia. 3. Forget-me-not. 4. Lily of the Valley.

Charades.—1. Bare-foot. 2. Transpositions. 3. Parent.

Puzzle.— Cheat - heat-eat-teach-tea-hat-eche-acc-act.

The following answers have been received:

Anagrammatical Rebus.—J. A. W., Carlos, Phemie, R. W., Flora, Camp.

Arithmorems.—H. H. V., Carlos, W. W., Phemie, R. W., Camp.

Square Words.—Carlos, J. A. W., Phemie, Fletcher, W. W., Camp, R. W.

Transpositions.—R. W., Flora, Nemo, J. A. W., Fletcher, H. H. V.

Charades.—Castor, Arden, W. W., Phemie, J. A. W., Nemo, H. H. V.

Puzzle.—Richard Y., X. Y. Z., Nemo, Alpha.

Received too late to be acknowledged last.

M. E. P., S. S. W.

CHESS.

The match between Herren ANDRESEN and STEINITZ is now a fixture; nor are Herr S's chances by any means hopeless. LOWENTHAL says "he is the coming man of the day," and that "the progress he has made (since his last matches), his youth and untiring energy, render the issue of the forthcoming struggle very uncertain, and precludes our pronouncing judgment in favour of the veteran Professor, or presuming to foretell what victories are in store for Herr STEINITZ.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 34.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; Rook; and H. K. C.

PROBLEM No. 35.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St., and Dr. G. S., Montreal; J. G. M., Toronto; H. K. C., Quebec; and M. N., Brighton.

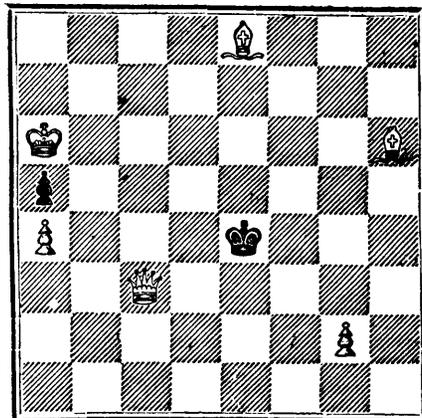
G. G., St. CATHARINES.—Your welcome enclosures were duly to hand. Will answer your enquiries by mail.

N. MARACHE, NEW YORK.—Thanks for you flattering notices of our column in the Spirit.

J. G. M., TORONTO.—Shall be happy to receive further favours. The game will appear in an early issue.

PROBLEM No. 37.

By GEORGE GROVES, ST. CATHARINES, C. W. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 35.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- 1. Kt to K Kt sq. K moves.
2. Kt to K R 3. K to K B 2 or (a, b)
3. Kt to K Kt 5 Mate. K to Q 4.
(a) 2. Kt to K B 4 Mate. K to K B 4.
(b) 2. B to Q 7 Mate.

ENIGMA No. 14.

FROM F. HEALEY'S COLLECTION.



K 5.

Q R 5.

Q 4.

White to play and Mate in two moves.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS

**LIZZIE.**—"Picnic" was formerly used to imply an entertainment at which each person contributed some dish or article for the general table. Lizzie is aware that the term is now applied to an entertainment carried by a party on an excursion of pleasure into the country, also to the party itself.

**OLIVIA.**—Your question is answered in the present number. We believe "Brought to Light" will be quite as popular with our readers as "Half a Million of Money."

**WYVANT.**—We are painfully aware of the fact, but must decline to establish a precedent, we should be expected, we fear, to follow too frequently. A letter has been mailed to your address.

**OTAC.**—We candidly confess, that we do not consider you very successful as a writer of verses. There is much virtue, however, in perseverance.

**FRED BENGOUGH.**—Please acknowledge receipt of letter mailed to you this week.

**A GRATIFIED READER, CHATHAM.**—Will please receive the thanks of a gratified Editor.

**SRD.**—In olden times "gossip" was understood as an affectionate term of close intimacy, and was used to denote an intimate friend whose society was preferred to others. It is a pity that the good old Saxon word should have degenerated into a term of opprobrium.

**S. S.**—Perhaps it will be as well to let the Doctors and Lawyers die a natural death. We shall feel obliged if you will act upon C's suggestion without any reference to the penalty or proviso.

**FRANK H.**—Brigadier General Charles H. Winder was killed at the battle of Slaughter Mountain, whilst leading a charge of the old "Stonewall Brigade." He was struck by a shell which tore him nearly in two.

**ALPHA.**—"The Fatal Volley" is respectfully declined.

**R. H.**—Your letter is perfectly unintelligible to us. Please repeat the questions in a more definite form.

**G. C. G. AND M. J.**—Will oblige by acknowledging receipt of letters mailed to their respective addresses.

**L. T. R.**—Luther F. Beecher, D.D., is principal of the "Temple Grove Institute," Saratoga Springs.

**LEO, Toronto.**—We will publish your communication in an early issue.

**C. H. S.**—Received.

## MISCELLANEA.

He who travels through life in the hope of jumping into the shoes of another, mostly goes on a bootless errand.

**THE OWNERS OF ONE-FOURTH OF SCOTLAND.**—Five noblemen, the Earl of Breadalbane, the Dukes of Argyll, Athole, Sutherland, and Buccleuch, are said to own one-fourth of the land in all Scotland.

**GOOD HUMOUR.**—One thoroughly good-humoured person in a house will do more to preserve both the moral and physical health of the inmates than a fashionable physician and a popular preacher together.

**AN INDUSTRIOUS GERMAN.**—A German once undertook to count the hairs of four women's heads of different complexions. The blonde had 140,419; the brown-haired, 109,440; the black-haired, 102,992; and the red-haired, 83,740.

**A PENNYWEIGHT.**—"Twenty-four grains make one pennyweight," says the troy weight table. This was the weight of the silver penny of the reign of Edward the First, and it has ever since remained one of the units of weights for precious metals.

The leading natives of Bengal, the learned pundits, the wealthy zemindars, the old aristocracy, and the orthodox Brahmans, have all

united, to the number of 21,000, in praying Government to put down polygamy.

**THE RAG BUSINESS IN NEW YORK.**—Mr. McKnight, a prominent rag-dealer, has asserted that the rag business in New York city amounts to 50,000,000 dollars annually. There are 10,000 persons employed in the business.

He who sets up a carriage at the suggestion of his vanity, generally sets it down at the suggestion of his creditors.

**ALUMINIUM ARMOUR.**—A trial has just been made at Florence of a cuirass in aluminium, which is as light as an ordinary waistcoat, nearly as flexible, and capable of turning a musket-ball fired at the distance of thirty-eight paces, and of resisting a bayonet thrust from the heaviest hand. Each cuirass costs only 25 francs. Two regiments are, it is said, to be immediately provided with them.

A list of the Irish kings from 1300 B.C. to the days when Henry II. annexed that island, just published, points out the curious historical and ethnological fact that out of some 140 monarchs about 120 of them were either slain by their successors or killed fighting, leaving the small residue to be killed by thunderbolts, drowning, and in a few instances to die of plague or grief.

A STRANGE illness, which has resulted in the sudden death of several people in Norway, has been traced to the oysters—largely eaten by all classes in the country—which are said to be just now suffering from a species of oyster plague.

**LIFE.**—Life is a book, in which we every day read a page. We ought to note down every instructive incident that passes. A crowd of useful thoughts cannot but flow from self-converse. Hold every day a solitary conversation with yourself. This is the way in which to attain the highest relish of existence; and, if we may so say, to cast anchor in the river of life.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A NEW textile plant has been discovered in Mexico. Its fibres are extremely long, having the appearance of those of hemp, but are much finer. By chemical means it may be reduced to perfect whiteness, and the waste may be worked into a pulp for paper.

In a paper recently presented to the French Academy of Sciences, Dr. Chauveau examines the causes of cow-pox and virulent diseases generally, with great minuteness. His conclusion is that there are no spontaneous virulent affections, and that those which appear to be so are merely produced by a virulent germ, the origin of which is concealed from us.

Mr. Hay, American, has discovered that ozone always exists in abundance in the telegraph offices, and to this fact he attributes the immunity from cholera and contagious fevers which the clerks of those offices enjoy, as he himself remarked while professionally engaged on the telegraphic lines west of the Ohio, in 1849-54, when cholera overran nearly the whole of the American continent.

**A NEW CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.**—M. Fuster proposes to cure all cases of consumption by the administration of raw meat and spirits. Although his method of treatment has not been long employed by Continental physicians, considerable testimony has been borne to the great success which has attended its employment. The new treatment has now been tried satisfactorily in two thousand cases of phthisis. The raw meat is reduced to a pulp, mixed with sugar to conceal its unpleasant flavour, and administered in doses of 100 to 300 grammes per diem. The alcohol of the strength of 20° Baume is given in doses of 100 grammes a day.

It has been proved, by repeated experiments, that straw, saturated with a solution of lime or common whitewash, is incombustible. The fact is of great importance, especially as thatch is not only rendered fireproof, but more durable. A solution of alum has been tried, but being soluble the rain destroys its virtues.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

**COUNTER-ATTRACTION.**—A pretty saleswoman. A "FANCY" FARE.—A prize-fighter in an omnibus.

BULLETS can sing and whistle, but they are not pleasant musicians.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?—Because, though the first in pity, he is the last in help.

Out of what kind of vessel ought an angry man to take his drink?—Out of a cooler.

If a man snores loudly, can he be said to be sound asleep?

**THE NEW DEFINITION FOR EVENING DRESSES.**—Dresses of Eve.

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse—after which he will manufacture a plume for General Intelligence.

**A DELICATE QUESTION.**—"Why is the letter d like a ring?" said a young lady to her accepted one day. The gentleman, like the generality of his sex in such a situation, was as dull as a hammer. "Because," added the lady, with a very modest look, we can't be wed without it."

What is the difference between a Columbine flower and a Punch cartoon?—Why, one is perennial, the other is per Tennis.

When is a sick man a contradiction? When he is an impatient patient.

A SWEET but unrefined young woman should be sent to a sugar refinery.

NEARLY all our silver, judging from the difficulty of holding it in one's grasp, must be quicksilver.

A COXCOMB told a lady that he knew her thoughts by her eyes. "Do you?" said she; "then I am sure you will keep them a secret, for they are by no means to your advantage."

**LORD DUNDREARY** has expressed himself favorable to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, on this ground:—"It is economical, because when a fellow marries his deceased wife's sister he has only one mother-in-law!"

**SOLUTION OF HAUNTED HOUSES.**—A haunted house is a tenement of any number of ordinary stories, to which is added an extra-ordinary one, in the form of a Ghost Story.

"FIRST class in geography, come up," said a country schoolmaster. "Bill Toots, what is a cape?"—"A thing that mother wears over her shoulders."—"What's a plain?"—"A tool used by carpenters for smoothing off boards."—"What's a desert?"—"It's gooseberries after dinner."—"That'll do, Bill," said the pedagogue, "I'll give you gooseberries after school."

**ECCENTRIC PERSONAGE.**—The individual who tried to clear his conscience with an egg is now endeavouring to raise his spirits with yeast. If he fails in this, it is his deliberate intention to blow out his brains with a bellows, and sink calmly into the arms of a young lady.

A YOUNG officer of the British House of Commons wore a tremendous pair of moustaches, on which one of the members said—"My dear fellow, now the war is over, why don't you put your moustaches on the peace establishment?" "Had you not better put your tongue on the civil list?" was the prompt and happy retort.

The mayor of a country town was questioning the boys at the ragged-school, and he asked them what were the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. He asked them one by one, but they could not tell him. At last, a little boy near the bottom said, "I know, sir. The mayor and corporation going to church, sir."

**WOMAN'S WILL.**—Dip the Atlantic Ocean dry with a tea-spoon; twist your heel into the toe of your boot; send up fishing-hooks with balloons, and fish for stars; get astride a gossamer, and chase a comet; choke a mosquito with a brickbat—in short, prove all things hitherto considered impossible to be possible, but never attempt to coax a woman to say she will, when she has made up her mind to say she won't.