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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 9.

FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 4, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
 "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,"
 written by the author of "Barbara's History" for
All the Year Round, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

NOTICE.

ALL the back numbers of the READER are now in print, and we shall be happy to forward them to any subscribers who may need them to make up their sets.

ANY person getting up a Club of five will be entitled to a free copy of the READER, during the existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten, to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's History of Canada, which is published at \$3 00 by R. Worthington, Publisher and Bookseller, next door to Post Office, Montreal.

THE DOCTOR AND HIS FOOLMETER.

SOME innocent reader will ask "what is a foolometer?" According to Sydney Smith, who was the first to classify the species, a foolometer is a man,—or woman,—who embodies and represents the general opinions of the multitude. Moliere's foolometer was his house-keeper, and Dr. McKay, poet, politician, and correspondent of the London *Times*, has found a foolometer in the person of a writer in one of our city journals. This contributor to the *Herald* accuses us of acquaintance with the learned Doctor's poetical works, which he poetically describes as "passports to immortality." We plead guilty to the indictment. We once attempted to read some of them, but found the task too difficult for achievement. An ardent admirer of the poet lent them to us, and assured us that they contained "nectar fit for the gods;" we imagined that they smacked of treacle, a liquid we abhor, even as Falstaff abhorred death by water. It is certain that the specimens produced by the correspondent of the *Herald* have not led to a change of our opinion in that respect; and if these bricks be a fair sample of the building, we suspect that the Doctor's passports will not be vis'd by posterity on his road to immortality. His friend advises him to eschew politics and the *Times*, and to return to his first love, the Muse. We doubt the wisdom of this suggestion; the

Times pays its laborers handsomely, and the prizes in the poetical lottery are few, meagre, and far between. There is the laureateship, it is true; but though the Doctor might claim to be a worthy successor to Cibber and Pye, he can scarcely hope for an office which has more recently been filled by Southey and Tennyson, and which was offered to Scott and Wordsworth. We do not wish it to be supposed that we are indulging in mere meaningless detraction, or that we cannot support by evidence the views we express. We believe we can so support these views. For instance, we find in the *Herald* some selections from Dr. McKay's poems, and to which our admiration is challenged. Here is the first of these literary tit-bits:

"And here.—Oh! shame to Freedom, that boasts with
 tongue and pen,
 We took aboard a cargo of miserable men;
 A freight of human creatures, bartered, bought and
 sold,
 Like hogs or sheep, or poultry—the living blood for
 gold;
 And then I groaned remorseful, and thought, in pity
 strong,
 A curse might fall upon us for suffering the wrong,—
 A curse upon the cargo, a curse upon the ship,
 Panting, moaning, groaning, down the Mississippi."

This is "the regular butter-woman's trot to market," and by way of test we would recommend the lines to be read as if they were prose, forgetting the jingle of the rhyme for the moment.

We contend that they are not poetry at all, or if they be, that it is of very poor quality. Most young men of a literary turn write stuff of the same sort, while in their teens; but few of them, if not very silly indeed, continue the practice after they arrive at years of discretion. In our green days of spoonyhood, "when we used to come a courting to Jane Smile," we ourselves could spin such effusions by the ell, good Flemish measure; and we did it too, heaven forgive us!—a sin over which we have since mourned in confusion of face, and sackcloth and ashes. In the lauded specimens of Dr. McKay's poesy there are, undoubtedly, rhyme, rhythm, and sentiment, each good enough of its kind; but these do not constitute poetry, although necessary or useful adjuncts to it. Hayley was in his day the smoothest and most musical of poetasters; that brilliant butterfly, poor Letitia Landon, has poured forth more sentiment in her poems than can be traced in those of all the great English masters, from Chaucer to Byron. Shakespeare's finest passages often exhibit wisdom and sentiment of the highest order, but the spirit of poetry breathes over all; Tupper is wise and McKay is sentimental, but the poetical element is wanting, or is supplied in such minute particles, that the prosaic leaven remains intact. Enough, however, of the Doctor's poetry, with which we have less to do than with his politics; and yet the injuries he seems desirous to inflict on us might lose some of their force from a more just appreciation of the intellectual calibre of

our enemy; for as our enemy we Canadians must regard him, whatever he may regard himself.

But however deeply we may resent the mischievous course pursued by Dr. McKay in his interference with the affairs of this country, we should regret that he deserved the character given of him by his advocate in the *Montreal Herald*. We only insist that he is a bad poet and a bad politician; this advocate more than intimates that he is still more worthless as a man. He tells us that the Doctor has sold himself to his present employers, and now repudiates in the prose of his communications to the *Times* the principles which he sang in the poetry of his former years. The charge is a grave one, coming from such a source, and we give his accuser's own words: "I deeply regret," he says, "that he should have fallen into bad company, not alone on this side of the water, but also with his present employers in Printing House Square;" again, he is declared to be "in a false position by getting into bad society;" and still again, that "Mr. McKay's connection with the *Times* led him to excuse slavery, if not indeed to argue in favour of it." These are deep offences, truly. "Call you that backing your friend," most sage Foolometer? "a plague on such backing." A strange accusation this, to bring against "the genial Charles McKay," as his libeller elsewhere styles him, and which, we trust, nay, we believe to be as unfounded as it is disgraceful.

But it may be said that we write more harshly on this subject than is our wont. Well, it may be so; for we think that Dr. McKay has been guilty of gross injustice to the people of Canada and British North America. Almost a stranger amongst us, he has presumed to sit in judgment on us, and denounce us to the British nation and the world as a mean, false, selfish race, who belie in our acts the sentiments we profess, and who only cling to England for the benefits, pecuniary and otherwise, we derive and hope to derive from the connection. A leading correspondent of the London *Times* is almost a power in the state, and his utterances carry with them an influence often out-weighting their intrinsic value. When his predecessor, Dr. Russel, was in the Crimea and the United States, his florid and sometimes vulgar but vigorous sketches of passing events commanded public attention to such an extent that the ablest generals of England, France, Russia, and America scarcely loomed larger in men's eyes. It is Dr. McKay the correspondent whom we blame, and not the man. The last task we leave to his admiring friends.

BRIDGE was hired in a female boarding-school, and was told to ring the first bell at six in the morning. At half past six o'clock the pupils were required to attend prayers; but for several mornings after Bridget commenced her labours, many were unusually tardy, giving as an excuse, that they did not hear the rising bell. "Sure, marm," she replied, "I never rings it very hard, for fear I might wake the young ladies!"

A SLEIGH RIDE IN RUSSIA.*

ONE of my most vivid recollections of Russian adventure relates to a journey during which I endured some of the most painful, I may say dangerous hours of my life, owing to my driver being drunk, of which fact I was utterly ignorant when we started from the post-house. The night was clear, and the moon shone brightly from a cloudless sky; but the weather was intensely cold, in fact the centre of the road was as hard as a sheet of ice, and consequently I travelled rapidly, while on each side of me the snow was soft and many feet deep. I was alone, and had very recently enjoyed a cup of hot tea, to which I added a dash of cognac; and having lighted my pipe, I jumped into my sledge, warm and comfortable—so warm and cozy, in fact, that I soon fell into a sound and undisturbed slumber, to which the smooth and rapid progress of my sledge greatly contributed, when all at once I was aroused from my home dreams by a tremendous crash—to find myself, sledge and horses firmly fixed, indeed half buried, in the snow. To rub my eyes, jump from the carriage, heavily fur clad as I was, and to plunge up to my thighs in the snow (for there had been a recent thaw, and the snow was soft on the roadsides), and at the same time to recollect that I was unarmed and alone in the centre of an unfathomable Russian pine forest, at two A.M., with my despatches in the sledge, and no help at hand, was the work of a moment. In the next instant I was startled by a human howl, of such intensity, that I verily believe no hungry pack of wolves in the forest could have rivalled it; and at the same time I discovered that my postillion was in fierce combat with one of the tallest and most powerful men I ever beheld, while a dozen other wretches of the same type were howling and screeching, and rushing to the scene of action. By the bright light of the moon I was also enabled to observe in the road track before me about a score of sledges heavily laden, each drawn by one small horse, and carrying merchandise; while two lay floundering in the snow on the opposite side of the road, against which we had driven and got the worst of it. All these untoward events occurred in far less time than I have told them. Before I proceed, however, it may be as well to remark that while every word I write is fact, an order did exist, and probably still exists, in Russia, which commands that everything and every person—man and beast—shall make way for those who travel with a 'Potragena,' or authority for courier horses, or, in other words, all official persons. But the wretched serf, my postillion, though he was not too drunk to keep his seat while his little horses kept the road at a gallop, was far too drunk to see the impossibility of passing anything but a flock of crows in the narrow lane between two high banks of snow. Therefore, as I subsequently discovered, although every human effort had been made on his blowing his horn to permit us to pass, it was all in vain. But he was in no state to reason; moreover, he probably saw double, which naturally widened the wayside. Thus driving furiously, he upset the hindermost sledge, at the same time, in Russian fashion, lashing the driver with his whip; but the second shock was too great even for my heavier sledge, and thus we became fixed, horses and carriage, fast in the deep snow. Happily, most happily, reason came to my aid, and a moment's thought sufficed to convince me of the dangerous position in which I found myself, and that discretion now was far better than valour. It was quite evident that my driver was in fault; and had I attempted to take his part, or made any effort to defend him, my own life, as well as the despatches, would have been perilled. Heavily therefore as I was clad—observing that blows had already passed between him and the athletic Russian I have named—I made a rush at the former, wrenched the uplifted whip from his hand, seized him firmly by the throat, and throwing him backwards on the snow, I broke the whip

* The Queen's Messenger; or, Travels on the Highways and Bye-ways of Europe. Herbert Byng Hall.

in two, and stood with outstretched arms calmly before him. Meanwhile the whole troop of sledge-drivers had gathered around us, evidently showering threats and imprecations on our heads, which unpleasant language I happily did not understand; at the same time uttering the most diabolical howls I ever heard before or since. Bitter cold as was the night, the perspiration poured down my forehead, and if I did not experience absolute fear—and it occurs to me that I certainly did—why, I most assuredly uttered an inward prayer for Heaven's protection, feeling that the odds were twenty to one that I should perish like a dog, or be murdered far away from all I loved on earth, in the dense pine solitude. It was by no means a pleasant position in which to find one's self, I do assure you, gentlemen who live at home at ease. Indeed, had I ventured, without the aid of a Tom Sayers or two, to strike a blow, or made the slightest effort to defend my drunken friend, then cooling himself in the snow, with the thermometer 28° below zero, the fate of both of us would have been vastly disagreeable, for I never beheld such brutal anger, nay, ferocity, as that which the moonlight permitted me to discover on the dirty faces of the leader and his followers, as by offers of money, attempted smiles, which must have looked like grins, and general affability of demeanour, I endeavoured to appease them. At this moment the postillion arose from his sprawling position on the snow; luckily, I had possessed myself of his whip, for making a rush at the leaders, he cut their slight cord traces, and vaulting on one of the animal's back, tried to make off, whether to escape for assistance or leave me to my fate I know not; but thought, rapid as lightning, soon told me that if left alone I must perish in the snow, even if I escaped a worse fate. Once more, then (recollect he was intoxicated, and a lighter man than myself), I threw him on the snow. At this moment how great was my happiness when a travelling Pole, who spoke German, rode up in the midst of the fray, coming from the direction towards which I was travelling! No glimpse of a distant sail to the wrecked sailor on a raft, no alms to the half-starved beggar, was ever more welcome than the appearance of that bearded Jew. I never look on the race without thinking of him, and could scarcely refuse to accept a bill, even though it were to be discounted at sixty per cent., were I again to meet him. He immediately came to my aid, and it is to his help as much as the calm demeanour which Providence permitted me to assume in the hour of danger, that in all probability I am indebted for the privilege of being alive to tell this tale. Suffice it to say that, after considerable parley, great humiliation and politeness on my part, some forbearance and inconceivable vociferation on that of my enemies, peace was made, and the leader seemed at length to be convinced that I had had no share in the upsetting of his sledges or their contents, which lay scattered on the snow; and I must do him the justice to admit that, when thus convinced, he contented himself with liberal indulgence in savage threats and oaths, which he launched at the head of my driver, but which were to be put into practical execution on some future day. He then called his men together, and after herculean efforts, they extracted my half-buried sledge and horses from the snow, dragged it past the caravan, and sent me on my way rejoicing.

THE EARL of Surrey, afterwards eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who was a notorious gourmand and hard drinker, and a leading member of the Beef-steak Club, was so far from cleanly in his person, that his servants used to avail themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent, by the way—for the purpose of washing him. On these occasions they stripped him as they would a corpse, and performed the needful ablutions. He was equally notorious for his horror of clean linen. One day, on his complaining to Dudley North at his club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism, and had tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied, "Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"

CURIOUS FACTS CONCERNING DAYS AND DATES.

TWO facts must be granted; first, that there are twenty-four hours in each day, and seven days in each week, each day having a distinguishing name; and secondly, that Monday begins, all over the world, one instant after Sunday ends; Tuesday after Monday, and so on.

Now, the fact that the names of our days change in every place on the face of the globe once in twenty-four hours, naturally gives rise to the question "Where does the change first take place?" or, more familiarly, "when does Sunday first begin?"

If a ship were to leave New Zealand for England, via the Cape of Good Hope, the day and date of her arrival would correspond with those of England; while, on the other hand, if the voyage were to be made via Cape Horn, day and date would differ.

Suppose, again, an American war vessel to leave San Francisco in search of the "Shenandoah" at say nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, and a British vessel to sail from Canton in China with the same object at the same time, which would be about five o'clock on Wednesday morning—should the vessels, after a three weeks' cruise, fall in with the "Shenandoah" at the same time, and together capture her, the American commander would in his report say she was captured at say five o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, while the British commander's report would say five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The time of day would be similar, but day and date would not.

The names of days were carried over the globe east and west from Europe and the western part of Asia.

Owing to the difference in time, Monday morning commences in Quebec before Montreal. It begins also in Father Point before Quebec, in St. John, N. B., before Father Point, in London before St. John, N. B., in India before London, in China before India, but not in San Francisco before China, for Monday commences in Montreal before it does in San Francisco.

Consequently, each day gets a new name after leaving San Francisco and before reaching China.

When the telegraph across Russian Territory will be in operation—if it be possible to send a telegram from Montreal to Canton—at certain hours of the day the telegram would leave Montreal on our day, pass through San Francisco on the day previous (by name), and arrive in Canton on the day of the same name as that on which it left Montreal.

To obtain accuracy in day and date, it will become necessary in the course of time to have some degree of longitude on the passage of which the name of the day will change first, and that line should be Long. 170° W. of Greenwich, because that degree separates the continents of Asia and America, and is East of New Zealand.

When it is 12 o'clock noon at Long 10° E. of Greenwich, say at Hamburg, the day is called by the same name, the world over, because it is then midnight at the degree of longitude above mentioned; and when noon at that degree of longitude it is midnight at Hamburg, and the names of two days equally divided over the world, say first day of January, 1866, from 170° W. of Greenwich to Hamburg, over Asia and Europe, and thirty-first day of December, 1865, from Hamburg to that degree of longitude over America.

The instant when it is midnight at 170° W. is the only one when there is universally the same day and date.

R. A. S.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.—The humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tribute into the store of human comfort and bounty, however ample that may rush into it with a mighty sound.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Artemus Ward; his Travels. Part 1. Miscellaneous Part 2. Among the Mormons. 12mo. 231. Illustrations. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Botta. Dante as a Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Carleton. Our Artist in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Epictetus. The Works of Epictetus. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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Schiller's Lay of the Bell. Translated by the Rt. Hon. Sir E. B. Lytton. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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The Iliad of Homer. By the Earl of Derby. In 2 vols. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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The Practice of Medicine and Surgery applied to the Diseases and Accidents incident to Women. By Wm. H. Byford, M.D., &c. pp. 566. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Materia Medica for the use of Students. By John B. Biddle, M.D., 8vo. 359. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Stimulants and Narcotics: their Mutual Relations with Special Researches on the Action of Alcohol, Ether, and Chloroform on the Vital Organism. By Francis E. Anstie, M.D., &c. 8vo. 434 pp. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Practical French Instructor (Complete Course). By P. W. Gengembre. pp. 147. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Can You Forgive Her? A Novel by Anthony Trollope. Illustrated by H. K. Brown. 8vo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Matrimonial Infelicities, with an Occasional Felicity by way of Contrast, by an Irritable Man. To which are added, as being pertinent to the subject, "My Neighbors," and "Down in the Valley." By Barry Gray. pp. 279. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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R. WORTHINGTON,

30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

ALL FOR A RING.

LAURA, Laura, child!"

A young girl, lovely as the morning, disengaged herself from the laughing group about her, to reply to the lady who called her.

"Well, auntie?" she said, with a backward toss of the softest, brightest curls, and a look of saucy defiance out of arch hazel-brown eyes.

"What was that I heard you say just now?"

Laura coloured, but looked saucy still, and laughed. "I don't care," she said, pouting very becomingly the next moment; "I do like Frank Thorley, although he is papa's clerk. I shouldn't have said so, only Ellen Richmond was making fun of what she calls his assurance in dancing with me so often to night."

"I wouldn't dance with him again, my dear."

"Why not, pray?" she exclaimed, elevating her graceful eyebrows.

"Because you are a very pretty girl, and he is a very handsome, impressionable young man. You may do him much harm."

"I?"

"Such flattering preference as you are evincing for young Thorley's society, is enough to turn any young man's head: and coming from a girl in your position, to a man in his, is calculated to do harm. Take my advice, he already sees no one in the room but you. Lavish your wiferies on some one less liable to lose his wits in consequence of them."

Laura turned away from her aunt a little pettishly, and stole from under her thick lashes a furtive glance in young Thorley's direction. He was indeed watching her, with his heart in his handsome eyes; and the vain little beauty flushed with pleasure.

It was not long before Frank Thorley asked her to dance with him again.

"He is so handsome and graceful, and so entertaining," Laura mused, during the instant's hesitation before she put her little white gloved hand in his, "I will dance with him—there."

And away she floated in airy circles.

"It can't do any harm," she continued, with some inward misgiving, as her eyes met auntie's mildly disapproving look, or fell beneath the impassioned and almost too frankly admiring glance of her companion; "of course he knows I am particularly kind to him, because he's papa's clerk; and he can't be so ridiculous as to fall in love with me really, and it isn't likely we shall ever be together this way again."

Miss Laura, however, was mistaken in her calculations. She had indulged a momentary whim, and had insisted upon his attending her party.

As a consequence, somebody else invited him, and then somebody else, and he was so handsome and entertaining—such a graceful addition to any circle—that before the winter was over he had become very popular, and received more invitations than he was able to accept. Laura was surprised, but secretly pleased at this, and at the continuance of his undisguised and almost romantic devotion to herself. Laura accepted this devotion with occasional reluctance, occasional misgiving as to where it was to end; but she liked it too well to lose, and was perhaps more interested at heart than she realized herself.

Imagine her consternation, when Frank Thorley asked her to marry him!

"I—I'm sorry, Frank," she murmured, almost incoherently, as she dropped into a seat.

Thorley's eyes flashed momentarily.

"You've done a wicked thing, Miss Laura Lyle," he said. "If ever woman led man to believe she loved him, you did me."

Laura stopped him there with a haughty gesture, and an angry—"You forget yourself, Mr. Thorley," and she swept imperially past him, back to the drawing-room she had quitted a moment before on his arm.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was at the head of one of the oldest firms in the city. He was a man of sterling integrity and uprightness himself, and sternly severe upon any dereliction in another. His clerks were all liberally paid; and a young man who could obtain a situation, be it ever so subordinate, with Lyle and Co., was considered

to have secured an uncommonly good start in life. Dishonesty or unfaithfulness among the clerks of the firm was rare; partly because of the discrimination exercised in engaging them, partly because of the severe and summary reckoning exacted from the few offenders.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was not inclined therefore to deal leniently with the author of some small but daring pecculation that had been going on of late. Woe to the guilty one, when he discovered him; and from the searching investigation he was making, he was likely to do that soon. The matter worried him so long as it baffled him; and he was sitting in his luxurious library at home, pondering it, when Frank Thorley sent in a note to him.

The merchant started, as he read, muttering, "Sharp fellow, Thorley. I wasn't deceived in him! Show him up, John."

Mr. Lyle shook hands with him warmly when he came in; but Thorley seemed strangely reluctant, and not noticing the seat the merchant offered him, remained standing on the hearth opposite, his face pale and his eyes in an unwonted glitter.

"Glad to see you, Thorley, glad to see you. Shan't forget it if you can give me any clue to the author of this scandalous business," Lyle said. "Behold him," Frank said, getting whiter yet.

Mr. Lyle stared.

"It was I who stole your money," Frank repeated, with a half desperate emphasis on the obnoxious word in the sentence.

Mr. Lyle stared incredulously a few moments still, before he could realize the stupendousness of the fact. He was terribly angry then. The very fact that he had been so ready to vouch for young Thorley, made his unfaithfulness doubly culpable. He remembered suddenly the gay life the young man had been leading of late, vague rumors of which had reached his ears, and said sternly, as soon as he could master his voice enough. "If you come here, thinking to move me to thoughts of clemency, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Not for myself, Mr. Lyle," he said, at last, speaking with difficulty; "but for my mother's sake, I do ask your clemency; not to retain me in your employment, but to give me a chance to begin again somewhere else."

"And serve some one else as you have me?" the merchant exclaimed, with ironical anger; it is rather late to think of your mother, young man."

"I know it, sir. If I had suffered no other love to enter my heart but love for her, I should not stand here the guilty wretch I am to-night. Yet for her sake, spare me. I am her only son—her only support. If you expose me, you strike her to the heart."

Mr. Lyle made an impatient movement. "I tell you, you should have thought of this before. It is too late now; you have had your chance, and abused it wickedly. You must take the consequences."

Thorley was trembling, and he could hardly stand.

"Mr. Lyle," he said, huskily, "do you know how old I am? I am nineteen, sir, and I never touched a farthing that was not my own before."

"It is time to end this," Mr. Lyle said, rising and approaching the bell.

"Wait one moment, sir," Frank Thorley said, passing between him and the bell-pull; and his desperate, anguishing look stayed Mr. Lyle an instant; "shall I tell you who tempted me to do this—whose beautiful face came between me and right, and lured me on to my ruin? As you hope for mercy, hereafter, sir, hear me! Hear how I came to fall, and then refuse to be merciful, if you can."

"I am listening," said the merchant.

"I never saw London till two years ago, and you yourself have commended me for withstanding its temptations. You know, sir, that I neither drink nor gamble. The smallness of the amount I have taken must prove that your money was not spent in that way. You have been pleased to be very kind to me, sir. Do you remember urging upon me the acceptance of an invitation to a party given by your daughter? I was reluctant, but I went, and from that hour

my fate was sealed. The most fascinating, as well as the most heartless of coquettes, did not scorn to set her snares for me, to dazzle me with her loveliness, and lure me with her smiles. There is no intoxication like the first love of youth, sir; don't you know that? There is no frenzy like that inspired by a woman who makes you love her. I lived in a delirium; I was mad on account of this woman whom I loved, and who seemed to love me, and I incurred a debt for her—a debt which, in a wild moment, a moment when I had just been scornfully cast off by her—I paid with your money."

"What was your debt?" Mr. Lyle asked, briefly.

"It was for a ring."

"A ring with a diamond set in a cluster of rubies?" the merchant asked, with a flash of remembrance.

"Yes, sir," Thorley said, reluctantly.

The merchant sat down, and motioning Thorley to a seat, remained some moments thoughtful and with his face averted. Then touching the bell, he waited, while Frank Thorley covered his face with his hands.

"Tell Miss Laura I wish to see her here," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

Laura was just going out; and she came dressed as she was for the party, fleecy white floating about her like cloud wreaths, her lips red, her cheeks aglow, and her eyes sparkling.

She reddened somewhat at the sight of Frank Thorley's ghastly face.

"Did you send for me, papa?" she asked of her father, who sat with his face in shadow.

For reply he reached and took her ungloved hand in his. It was a dainty hand, slender, small, and white, and glittering with rings. He put his finger upon one, a small diamond surrounded by rubies, and lifted his glance to hers.

Laura shrank a little, and looked as though she were going to cry.

Turning toward Frank Thorley, Mr. Lyle said, "Upon one condition I will forgive you. Repeat what you have just said to me in the presence of this misguided girl."

Poor Frank Thorley! Perhaps he thought even exposure would be preferable to such humiliation before her whom he loved. Perhaps a second thought of his mother came and nerved him. He hesitated only a moment, and told the story with a half desperate, half sarcastic eloquence, that took the vivid colour out of Laura's brilliant face, and left it white and scared.

"Won't you forgive me, Frank?" she cried, and clung to her father with a burst of sobs.

"Will you forgive her, Frank Thorley, or not?" demanded Mr. Lyle.

"Heaven knows I forgive her, sir, as I hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, sir. I think she has wronged you more than you wronged me, and I will show you, young man, how I can forgive to-morrow."

But when the morrow came, Frank Thorley had left London with his mother, and vain were all Mr. Lyle's efforts to discover him.

Years passed. There came a financial crash, and though every body supposed Lyle and Co. to be established on too firm a basis to be shaken, they were not able to outlive the storm.

Scrupulously honest now as ever, Mr. Lyle gave up everything, made no effort to save so much as Laura's piano from going under the hammer.

"Never mind, papa," she said softly to him that last night before the sale; "we have still each other, and I am young. Perhaps I may find some use now for those accomplishments you have lavished upon me so freely. You didn't think," she added with an attempt at gaiety, "that you were putting money by when you were spending it on me, did you?"

"Heaven knows what is to become of us!" moaned the unhappy merchant. "To-morrow at this time we shall have no right even to the roof that shelters our heads. But heaven bless you, my child, for this sweet courage. It is something to have so brave a child. You have been used to such freedom from care, though, Laura—I wish you had married, dear, and you would have had a home now."

"I have got you, papa, and there's nobody I like better—"

"Nobody, Laura?"

The soft cheek flushed a little, and the red lips trembled.

"Don't ask me, papa; there's nobody now," she said, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Was it some one who went away?"

"Yes," faintly

"I thought so, dear. It's like you women to love the man they have wronged most."

The two hid away in the remotest corner of the house while the auction was going on next day, and Laura exerted herself incredibly to sustain her father's heavy heart. He grew old fast in those few hours. This losing his home seemed to hurt him cruelly.

The sale was over, and they still sat there alone, waiting, perhaps, to see if some friend would not come to speak a word of counsel or comfort in this trying hour.

There was a hesitating knock at the door presently, and a gentleman came in.

Mr. Lyle, seeing that he was a stranger, said: "You are, perhaps, the new proprietor?"

The stranger bowed, and said,—"I bought everything in trust for a friend of Mr. Lyle's, who requested me to say to him that his home was as much his now as it ever was."

Mr. Lyle lifted his head and looked at the man, and from him to Laura in a sort of bewilderment.

"What does he mean, Laura?"

Laura had come forward breathless, her face red and white in swift changes.

"Papa," she cried, running to him and sobbing upon his neck, "it's Frank Thorley."

"No, no, Laura," the merchant said, incredulously.

"It is Frank Thorley, sir," Frank said, now coming nearer; "and he wishes fervently that he had come sooner. I am a rich man, Mr. Lyle, thanks to you, for giving me another chance in life, and I have come ready to discharge my obligation to you with my all. I have nothing, sir, that is not yours also."

"Don't Frank! I was only just, scarcely that; it seems good to see you, though, like the face of an old friend. We haven't many friends now, you know."

Laura had not spoken. It seemed she could not lift her face from her father's arm. But when Frank asked gently:—"Have you no welcome for me, Laura?"

"Have you forgiven me yet?" she asked, looking up suddenly.

"I have never married," he said, in a low voice; "and you—"

"Nor I," flushing and trembling.

"Laura"—with sudden heat and eagerness,—
"I have loved you all these years."

"And I you."

The new firm is Lyle and Thorley. Frank would have it so.

In a lecture on the chemistry of gas-lighting, delivered a short time since at Birmingham, Mr. Letheby explained a process for washing gas while on its way from the condensers to the purifiers, whereby its illuminating power is increased, and a considerable profit is made by the sale of ammoniacal liquor thus obtained. The gas passes through large chambers in which water falls in showers of spray, and is so thoroughly washed that, as the lecturer remarked, "it is absolutely free from ammonia, naphthaline, and carbonic acid, and the amount of sulphur in any form does not exceed sixteen grains in one hundred cubic feet." In this way the gas is improved, and the water becomes converted into ammoniacal liquor, an important article of commerce.

Cosmos states that a new method of destroying the insects which injure old trees has been employed with success by M. Robert, who it appears has thus saved the old elms of the Boulevard d'Enfer from decortication. M. Robert's first shave off a little of the bark, in order to facilitate the operation; he then impregnates the whole of the trunk of the tree with a concentrated solution of camphor in alcohol; this not only destroyed all the insects then in them, but since not a single insect has attempted to penetrate the bark.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

COMPILED FROM LES RELATIONS DES JESUITES

The captain and his people were greatly perplexed when they saw themselves near the Azores; the cause was, that these islands were inhabited by Portuguese Roman Catholics; and the English were of opinion that, in coming to anchor, their vessel would be visited by the authorities, and, if the Jesuits were discovered, every thing was lost, for they would be hanged, or at least put in irons, as pirate stealers. The remedy for this apprehended evil was at hand—namely, to throw the Jesuits overboard; but the captain resolved to hide them in the hold of the ship, hoping this would suffice for security; and it did suffice, the good faith of the Jesuits aiding the design.

They arrived at the island of Tayal, one of the Azors, intending only to anchor beside the town, and send their boat for a load of water, and to purchase some little biscuits and other things, of which they stood in urgent need. But the captain found it necessary to enter the harbour, and remain in view of the town and the other ships. By an unfortunate mishap, the English vessel came into collision with a Spanish caravel, laden with sugar, and carried away the bowsprit of the latter. The Spaniard thought it was done on purpose, in order to surprise his ship, and run away with her, as a French vessel had done in the same port five weeks before. The captain of the Spanish craft at once raised the cry of "pirate!" There was a great uproar in the town, and great alarm among all the ships. The English captain had to go ashore, and remain there as a hostage; his ship was visited and revisited, and the Jesuits had to hide themselves in holes and corners, in order to avoid being seen. At length the English ship was released, and, in requital of their good faith, the two Jesuits were loaded with favours. The English remained three weeks at Tayal, during which time the two ecclesiastics never saw the sun.

The English being short of funds, determined to return home. A tempest overtook them in the channel, and forced them to take refuge in Milford, in Wales. Here once more all the provisions failed, and Captain Turnel was compelled to proceed to Pembroke, the seat of the vice-admiralty. At this town he was made prisoner, on suspicion of being a pirate. The suspicion arose from the fact that he and his people were English, while their ship was of French build. The captain justified himself as well as he was able, but was not believed, inasmuch as he had no commission, and could have none, because being only a lieutenant he followed his captain, and he was only separated from him by accident of bad weather.

He was forced to produce in evidence of his good faith the two Jesuits whom he had in his ship, and who were, as he said, persons of irreproachable character.

The Jesuits, by command of the magistrate, were soon called ashore, and questioned in a very respectful manner. They made known the true state of the case, and their testimony had its effect of causing the captain to be taken for a gentleman of honour and worth. It was necessary, nevertheless, to sojourn a very long time at Pembroke, waiting a reply from London, for they had to send thither, as well to procure a supply of money, as to notify, by this business, the Lord High Admiral, and the company of merchants, who had control over Virginia. This summoning of the Jesuits, for the purpose of giving evidence, turned out to be a fortunate thing for them, for as much as if they had remained in the ship, being then in want of everything, and this in the depth of winter, for it was now February, there was every likelihood that they would have died of cold and hunger. But on account of having been called upon to give testimony, they became known to the judge, who, very worthy and grave personage as he was, having learnt how wretched was their condition in the ship, caused them to be lodged with the mayor of the city, and paid their expenses. He said it would be a matter of great reproach if persons so deserving and learned as the Jesuits did not meet with

good treatment in that city. The name of this worthy gentleman was Nicholas Adams, vice-admiral of Pembroke. While the Jesuits remained in this place, all kinds of people, some even from a great distance, came to see them. Ministers of religion, judges, gentlemen, and others, came to confer with them, even a Lord of the Grand Council wished to have the pleasure of confronting them, in discussion, with four clergymen.

After some time an answer came from London, and it became known that the ambassador of France had been notified of the arrival of this ship, and was pressing to have her given up, but particularly to have the Jesuits released, having been commanded so to do by His Most Christian Majesty. The Jesuits looked upon it as an interposition of Divine Providence, that their vessel had put into a port of Wales; for they saw enough to show them that if the merchants who had charge over Virginia had been able to mark their will, no stranger who had been in that colony would ever have returned to his own country.

At length the Jesuits were sent home. They were conducted by a roundabout way to the port of Sandwich, and, by command of the King, thence to Dover, whence they passed over to Calais, after having been nine months and a half in the hands of the English. The Sieur d'Arquien, governor of Calais, and Monsieur La Baulage, dean, gave them a warm welcome, and provided them with sufficient funds to enable them to proceed to their cottage at Amiens.

A little while after the deliverance of the Jesuits, the Sieur de la Motte also arrived in England, and loaded a vessel from Bermuda that had touched at Virginia.

Captain Argal had, in a generous manner, contended with Marshal Deal, in order to obtain from him permission for de la Motte to return; and Argal at length accomplished his object. But de la Motte, on arriving in England, was very much surprised to find, that all of a sudden no one spoke to him any longer, that no one came to see him, and that he was deserted by every body; and the worst part of the matter was, that he had fallen sick on board the vessel. He immediately suspected that he was in a dangerous position, and surmised from what quarter the peril came, namely, from the merchants of Virginia, who desired to make away with him, and did not know how it was to be done. He made use of stratagem, and found means to acquaint Monsieur de Bisseant, the French ambassador, with his condition. The representative of His Most Christian Majesty very quickly directed two gentlemen to visit him, set him free, and use him kindly, treatment he well merited for his courage and personal worth.

About the same time, Madame de Guercheville despatched La Saussaye to London, in order to ask that the ship be given up, and to seek reparation for the injuries received "by such an iniquitous robbery." The vessel was again placed in possession of her proper owners, but nothing further done at that time. And just as the ship was setting sail for France, who should make his appearance but her master, Captain Flory, who arrived in the nick of time to go aboard and take command.

Captain Argal, in returning to England, had plucked him out of the hands of the Marshal, and two other Frenchmen as well.

Father Biard, speaking of Captain Argal, says—"For a truth this same Argal has shown himself to be such, that we have occasion to wish, on his behalf, that hereafter he may serve in a better cause, where his nobleness of heart may be able to appear, not to the loss but to the gain of worthy people."

Of all the number who went to Virginia, three died and four still remained, for whose deliverance all exertions were making at the time Biard wrote this narrative.

HOW TO RECEIVE A PROPOSAL.—You ought to take it kind, looking downhilt, with an expreshun about half-tickled and half scart. After the pop iz ovor, if yure luvver wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind ov take its own course.

INGRATITUDE.

I had carried her basket through the wood,
And helped to pile up its treasures sweet;
I had torn my hands with the wanton briars
Which would have hindered her dainty feet.
My longing arm was her ready aid
When we came to the side of the tiny burn,
And she scarce dare trust to the stopping-stones
Which the tricky ripple tried to turn.

Though the sun was sinking, her smile to me
Was all the sunshine that e'er I sought;
Though the birds were silent, it seemed to me
Her voice the charm of their songs had caught.
The arching trees shut out heav'n above,
Their full-grown leaves hid the world around;
But the summer earth was less glad than I;
And in her presence a heav'n I found.

But a short half-mile round the woodland path,
So brief, alas! was my term of bliss—
And we came to the hedge which stood between
The world that side and an Eden this.
I skirted one end of the village green
Where the children, chasing far and wide,
Broke in on my dream as they laughed and played
In the country's toilsless eventide.

Yet another turn we should reach the stile
(I joyed to think the maiden fair
Must seek my help when she strove to climb)—
We came to the opening—one sat there
Casting a shadow where else had been light;
His back was towards us, but then, ah me!
Well I knew by that blushing, tell-tale smile
She felt the face which she could not see.

Ere our footsteps told him that we were near,
Her gentle hands had him captive ta'en;
Such a gladsome gaze met her beaming eyes,
I knew that my only hope was vain.
Long saw they me not though I stood close by
So I called my dog and turned me back;
Quoth he at her side, "Who's the boy, dear Nell?"
Then she, "Oh! it's only my cousin Jack."

ST. SWITHIN.

LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

FOUNDED ON FACTS

"Well, did you see him last night, when you went for the supper beer?" said the housemaid of Twenty-one, Snowdon Terrace, N., to her sister in arms, the maid of all work at Twenty-two ditto, an arch smile meanwhile playing over her face, and digging pleasant dimples into her round ruddy cheeks, and dashing roguish sparkles into her sloc-black eyes. "Did you, eh?"

Twenty-two was a smart, active young woman, and almost as well-favoured as Twenty-one. Her cheeks were a little less rosy, her eyes scarcely as full and lively, but her face was well balanced, and her figure well proportioned. From a business point of view, Twenty-one, as a professed housemaid, completely threw the maid of all work into the shade. She had a style of handling a hair-broom which declared the adept, and was perfectly captivating. She would sweep her flight of steps with actual grace, and describe the most beautiful and elaborate flourishes with the hearthstone.

"I don't know what you mean," replied Twenty-two, lifting her brows with affected wonder.

"O, no; you don't know," continued Twenty-one, delicately frisking some particles of dust from behind the scraper. "Of course you don't. Well, I must say that I admire your taste. Quite a dashing fellow; tall enough for a policeman or a soldier, and dresses like a gentleman."

"Well, he just ain't a policeman, nor a soldier neither," said Twenty-two, quickly; unintentionally admitting that there was somebody who was looking after her. "I am not going to throw myself away on a soldier, I can tell you; and, as to policemen, they would make love to anybody, if they thought they could get anything by it. I am sure to see a policeman when I go for the supper beer, if I can't see anybody else. I don't mean anything personal, Mary, because I know you have got a brother in the police. A

good many girls that I know have got cousins policemen—at least they tell their mistresses so when they are caught gossiping at the area rails—and they always say they are sending their love to their aunts."

"Well, never mind," said Twenty-one; "It wasn't a policeman, nor a soldier either, but perhaps it was your cousin—there, now, don't laugh—that I saw you talking to four times last week, for at least a quarter of an hour at the stretch, just by the lamppost. You didn't see me watching you from the nursery window, did you? No wonder your master's been going on about flat beer lately. Mind what you're doing, or else he'll be taking a cask in again, and then you'll have nothing to run out for in the evening. Not that I blame you. If people won't allow followers, what can one do? I think it's very hard on a servant."

"And so do I, Mary," returned Twenty-two, earnestly. "Now, the young man you've seen me speaking to is most respectable, all his friends well off; and I think it's very hard he can't be treated like a Christian, and not be obliged to go hanging about the corners of streets like a dog. But, I say, Mary; both our families are off out of town to day, for a month or six weeks, and you, like me, are to stop at home and take care of the place."

"Yes; cook's going with our people, on account of not being in very good health."

"Well, then, it will be our own faults if we don't make the most of the opportunity. I can't think why masters and mistresses are so alarmed at the sight of a young man calling upon the like of us. They don't all come courting for the sake of what they can get. I've never seen much cupboard love, as they call it, wherever I've lived. Why, the cook at the last place I was at had a young man who used to come and see her three nights a week, regularly"—here she fell to thumping the door-mat upon the kerb-stone with the head of the broom, and glancing upward at the windows to see nobody was looking—"unbeknown, of course, to any but ourselves; and I'm sure he always brought something into the house instead of taking anything out of it. Ah, he was something like a sweetheart! Oranges, twelfth-cakes, filberts, cocoa-nuts, grapes, and I can't tell you what all. He never came empty handed."

"Did she have him?" asked Mary.

"Well, I'll tell you. You must know he was in the dry-fish trade, and came from Billingsgate. Once he brought cook a present of a quarter hundred of bloaters, and we thought we'd have a treat for supper; so what does cook do but put a couple on the gridiron. Just as we'd sat down, all three of us, the kitchen door suddenly flew open, and there was master. He hated bloaters, and the smell had got up-stairs. Cook fainted on the spot, and did it very well. I gave a tremendous scream; but the young man, though he turned very white, behaved like a true Briton, and tried to argue; but master, who'd been in the Royal Navy, threw a kitchen candlestick at him, and the poor young fellow ran up-stairs, and escaped over the garden wall. He never came any more, and poor cook was discharged the next week without a character, and—"

Here Twenty-two made a dead stop, and fixed her gaze on the opposite side of the way. Twenty-one naturally looked across also, and there, sure enough, was the young man she had so often seen gossiping with Jane. Smart, clean, well dressed, with a smile upon his lip, he looked as fresh as a daisy.

"Ah, how d'ye do, my dear, this morning?" said he, shaking his charmer heartily by the hand. "Why, you are an early riser. Not seven o'clock yet?"

Twenty-one was about to turn aside, but the young man fixed his eye upon her, gave a familiar nod, and inquired after the state of her health also. She blushed, and replied that she was quite well, and then withdrew, and began scrubbing down the steps.

"Where are you off to this morning?" asked Jane.

"Oh," returned the young fellow, "only to see a friend away on the Great Western. Couldn't pass the end of the street without taking a peep

at the house, you know. Here comes my friend. I'll introduce him."

Jano said "No," but her gallant insisted, and so a young man of nineteen or twenty, bearing the air of a commercial traveller, was forthwith presented.

"My friend, Mr. John Smith. Mr. John Smith, the young lady whom you've heard me so often speak of."

Jano inverted her broom, struck an attitude like a funeral mate, and then curtsied. John Smith raised his hat, and said he was delighted to make her acquaintance.

"And now," said Jane's young man, addressing his friend, "you may go and make yourself agreeable next door, while I say something private and confidential here."

Without another word, John Smith struck up to Twenty-one, and soon both appeared to be engaged in a very pleasant conversation.

"When do your people go out of town?" asked Jane's beau.

"This very day," she replied, "and the people next door are going also."

"What, where that young woman lives?"

"Yes."

"Then, I suppose you will be able to take a little pleasure together?"

"Oh, yes! I hope so, I am sure."

"Right you are; and I'll take you. You shall see all the sights of London—plays, panoramas, the rope conjurers, the waxwork—whatever you like. But there," pulling out a watch—a gold watch it looked like, and quite dazzled Jane's eyes—"we must be off. I suppose, if I call to-night, you'll be able to let me in?"

"Yes, I expect they'll be gone; but you had better not come till dusk, and then, don't knock at the door. Run your heel along the railings; I shall hear you."

"All right. Good-bye. Come along, John." And with shakes of the hands they parted.

True to his promise, George White, for such was the name of Jane's admirer, came down at dusk, and struck with the heel of his boot so dexterously upon the iron railing of 22, Snowdon Terrace, N., that the street-door responsively fell back, and he was admitted almost on the instant. Both families having departed, Mary was presently apprised over the wall of the arrival of George, and invited to make a third at a hand of cards. Come, of course, she would. Ah, and a very pleasant evening they spent together. George had travelled through the greater part of England as buyer for a skinner and furrier, and told funny stories, and knew lots of comic songs, and could do sleight-of-hand tricks, and make any card you liked to mention walk out of the pack of itself in the most mysterious manner. So that, what with one thing and the other, it was eleven o'clock before they knew where they were. At the mention of the hour, George started up, and said that he should catch it for being so late out; that late hours were very bad for young men, and that his people would be wondering whatever had become of him. After he had gone, Jano and Mary were both of opinion that he was a very nice young man, indeed, and deserved encouragement. Mary, in the course of conversation, intimated that it would not be at all disagreeable if John Smith were one of the party the next time she should be invited. Two nights afterward all four were assembled at Twenty-two, enjoyed a round of merriment, and when the men had taken their departure, Mary was fain to confess to Jane that John Smith had very favourably impressed her. Two or three days afterwards, at a banquet of cold boiled beef and half-and-half, given by Mary, matrimony was made the theme of conversation, when both young men intimated that single blessedness was "all gammon," and that they hoped to be husbands ere many months had gone over their heads. Before they left, it was proposed by George that they should all go to the play the next night, and see "Lord Dundreary." Jano at once accepted, but Mary for a long time stood out. However, the arguments of the three proved too much for her, and, in the end, she consented also. The next evening came, and with it a Clarence cab and the young gallants. Jane was soon ready, but, to the surprise and annoy-

ance of the others, Mary declared she had altered her mind, and could not think of going, and leaving the house to take care of itself.

"But you promised," said John; "you know, Mary, you promised, and we can't do without you. Why, we shall be like a pig upon three legs. Come, don't be foolish."

"I know I promised, but you made me promise," replied Mary, "and, therefore, it's as much your fault as mine."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" chimed in Jane; "we shall come away as soon as the first piece is over, and be home by—"

"Half after ten to a minute," said George.

"No; do what they could, Mary was not to be moved. She could not be brought to believe that there was no harm in deserting the house which had been left in her charge by a master and mistress who had unbounded faith in her integrity. The line must be drawn somewhere. They had already, she considered, gone far enough.

"Oh, very well," said Jane, "you can do as you like; and a good deal the better you'll be thought of, no doubt. I mean to go to the play and enjoy myself, now I've got the chance; and, perhaps, as you're determined to stay at home, you'll just cast an eye now and then at our house?"

Mary agreed; and so off they went. About three quarters of an hour afterwards John Smith returned.

"Why, whatever has happened?" asked Mary.

"Nothing particular," he replied. "I left the others at the door of the theatre. I couldn't enjoy myself as you hadn't come, and so I made up my mind to return and spend the evening with you."

"Oh, how foolish of you to deny yourself on my account," said Mary. "But there, I take it as very kind; come in."

Having the house to themselves, John proposed that they should adjourn to the drawing-room. Arriving thither, he pulled a couch up to the window, flung himself upon it at full length, lit up a cigar, and made himself quite at home. After telling some very entertaining anecdotes, he said, raising himself on one hand—

"I suppose, Mary dear, you haven't such a thing as a glass of wine you could give a fellow?"

Mary said she had not, but he could have a glass of ale, if he chose. He returned a "No, thank'ee," and continued—

"Now, if you wouldn't mind running out and getting a half-pint of port or sherry, whichever you like best, my dear, it would be very nice. I can't smoke a dry cigar, and ale doesn't agree with me."

He threw down a half-crown

"I'm afraid of going myself, as I'm known about here, and shouldn't like to be seen coming out of a public-house. They might hear of it at the office, and that would do me no good."

Mary readily consented to fetch the wine—not that she cared for any herself.

"Let it be port, then, if you please, and the best," said John, puffing out a cloud of smoke like a sputtering coal.

Mary was soon round the corner, and into the bottle and jug department of the "Fleece." She had not taken more than a dozen steps upon the return journey, when a young man stepped after her on tiptoe, and touched her lightly upon the left shoulder, and as she turned to look round, tripped the other side, and gave her a hearty kiss on the cheek. She started angrily back, and was about to say something very severe, when suddenly her manner became entirely changed, and all her dimples showed at their fullest and best.

"La, brother Tom! now, who'd have thought of seeing you?"

"Well," replied Tom, giving her a kiss upon the other cheek, "you see, being off duty, and not having heard anything of you for some little time, I thought that I'd slip on my private clothes and come and look you up. You know you told me in your last letter that you expected the family would be going out of town to-day, and so I thought most likely I should be able to come in, and have a good long gossip. What have you been to the public-house for?"

Mary turned very pale. In her pleasure at meeting with her brother, the sweetheart had for a moment been forgotten. Tom's question, however, had brought John Smith back to her memory; and, if the truth much be told, she was not quite so glad to meet her brother as she ought to have been.

"Well, Tom," returned Mary, hesitatingly, "the fact is—You know, Tom, I never was any hand at story telling. The fact is, a young man has lately been paying his addresses to me, and he's come to see me to-night, and I've been to get some wine for him, because he's afraid of being seen in a public-house. He's such a nice fellow, Tom—quite a gentleman. I'm sure you'll like him."

Tom muttered something to the effect that he thought he might as well run upon his own errands; but in a minute turned off into a laugh, and said, jokingly, "I don't see what business a fellow who isn't a policeman has to make love to the pretty servants. It's a privilege of the Force, Polly; and if we do sometimes make free with the victuals, our business is to take good care nobody else does—so, you see, the governor gains in the long run, but let's go and have a look at my brother-in-law that is to be."

"Lor, Tom, how you go on!" said Mary, laughing, however, and blushing a little."

John Smith started up in astonishment, and did not look particularly well pleased when he saw one of the same gender as himself return in company of the object of his affections; but Mary calmed him at once by saying—

"It's all right: it isn't master; it's my brother."

The men shook hands, and wine-glasses having been procured, all three were soon on the best of terms and in the best of humours. Mary told her brother that the maid of all work next door had gone to the theatre with John's friend, but that she (Mary) wouldn't make one of the party, on account of a sense of duty. Thereupon the brother laughed heartily, and said, knowingly, perhaps she liked to stay at home best.

In about an hour Tom arose and intimated that he should go, as he knew, by his own experience, that in all cases of love-making two were company when three were none. Just as the clock struck ten a ring came at the bell, and on Mary going to the door, she was astonished to find her brother had returned, in company with two other men.

"Hush!" said Tom, and instantly hurried upstairs.

"Hilloa!" exclaimed John Smith, "why, what's brought you back?"

"You, you scoundrel! I'm a police officer, and you are a thief!"

Without replying one word, the amiable John dashed to the door, leaped clean over the balusters, and was affectionately received into the arms of detective Crab on the door-mat. Mary was dumb with astonishment and alarm.

"Polly," said Tom, while slipping a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of her admirer, "you've had a narrow escape. Your young man is a convicted thief; that's just about it. He wanted you to go to the play, that his associates might rob this house. I knew him directly I saw him, and guessed what would soon be going on next door, and left here just in time, with the assistance of others, to arrest three gentlemen, who had got all the valuables packed up and ready to carry off. They are now safely lodged in the station-house, and we have a cab waiting, that this Mr. John Smith, *alias* Charley White, *alias* Richard Swills, also known as the Nobbler, may, as soon as possible, be taken thro' too."

And to the station-house John Smith was taken, and on being searched, it was discovered that he had not been wholly idle during Mary's temporary absence, as several articles of jewellery, &c., the property of Mary's master, were found in his possession. Poor misguided Jane did not return until the next day, and then only to be sent about her business by her employer, who had been telegraphed for by the police. Her story has a sad finish. Within a year of the date of her discharge, she was herself sent to prison for a theft committed in the company of her old admirer, George White, and he at the same

time was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. John Smith and the three men arrested at number Twenty-two all received the punishment they merited—penal servitude for many years.

As to Mary, out of consideration to her youth and inexperience, and in remembrance of her partial faithfulness, and further, as a recognition of the readiness and activity of Police-constable brother Tom, she was retained in her situation; and thus was preserved to her that invaluable possession to anybody, but especially a young girl—A CHARACTER.

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

"Gustav, on Wednesday we must order the sledge at 8 p.m. for the S.'s have sent us an invitation to their ball?"

The said Gustav looked up from the newspaper he had been perusing attentively, and removing his everlasting companion, his pipe, from his mouth, he answered his wife's query with a gaze followed by "all right dear: but I fear there will be a thaw to-morrow. See," said he, rising and looking at the weather-glass, which had risen several degrees, "see, it would by no means be a pleasant trip, if the snow were not perfectly crisp and hard, as you remember by experience, when Fritz and Anna were with us last year."

Here the conversation ended. A few hours, however, soon materially altered the condition of the glass, and it promised to turn out fine.

It suffices to say the weather turned out agreeable to all parties, and so after an hour's brisk drive, they were set down at their friend's house in the heart of Moscow. They arrived in very good time for the ball, and anticipated an agreeable evening.

I hope, kind reader, you will pardon me for not having given the name of the Russian family, S——, to whose ball the Keims were invited: it is one of those unmentionable names ending in a sneeze, and as too often they try English mouths very severely, I will content myself with using the initial letter.

The occupation of the evening—dancing, soon commenced with great zest.

I shall not try the reader's patience by describing the ball in question, for as far as I know Russian balls do not differ materially from English ones. The evening passed pleasantly enough, but towards the close the heat began to get intolerable, and although the gentlemen did their duty well, it is only fair to say, in fanning the fair ones, and bringing them ices, it became more and more oppressive. At last a gentleman braver than the rest—(probably his arm ached)—threw open the top part of a window, and now happened the phenomenon.

A cold gust of wind blew suddenly in through the open window, and the heated air which was congregated in the upper part of the room became suddenly condensed, and descended upon the assembled party in the form of snow-flakes. Probably there was never seen so curious a sight in a ball-room. Ladies and gentlemen in ball toilette, in the midst of a dance, snow-flakes descending; and were it not for the incongruity of the attire, more like a skating party. However, to return to our company. The snow storm was, as may be imagined, the conversation of the guests for the rest of the evening, and of the inhabitants of the town for the ensuing week. On his way home, Gustav was also busily engaged in explaining the phenomenon of the evening to his wife. His description ran as follows:—Of course you know that light bodies ascend and heavy ones fall by the law of gravitation. Well, a certain quantity of air being shut up in a room necessarily becomes heated, and when heated becomes lighter, and therefore ascends. Then any cold body coming in contact with the heated air will naturally freeze it, and if frozen, can descend in no other form than that of snow flakes. Ida, being satisfied of the truth of Gustav's explanation, and feeling tired, speedily consigned herself to sleep, and did not wake till she found herself at their own door.

A FEATHER FROM ABOU TOB.

SOMETIMES, at the peep of dawn in the desert, where you have been perhaps sleeping all night on your prayer carpets, if you glance along the surface of the sand-hills, you may discern millions of spikes diminutive as the finest needle, and green as an emerald, spreading forth a fairy mantle to the sky. It would be difficult to imagine anything softer or more lustrous than this evanescent robe of verdure, which fades as the dawn advances, and disappears altogether at the first touch of the sun. An Arab said it was as green as the wings of the angel Gabriel, or as a feather plucked from the breast of Abou Tob. Who and what is Abou Tob? we inquired, and to our surprise found it was the phoenix, which, after having been evicted from the natural history of Europe, has taken refuge in the warmer faith of the children of Ishmael.

A princess, the Arabs say, once dwelt in Persia, whose beauty was so great, that all the kings of the surrounding countries sought her in marriage; the sole condition, however, on which she would consent to bestow her hand was hard to be complied with: her lover, she insisted, should present her with a feather from one of the wings of Abou Tob. Construing this into an insult, all her suitors retired from the field, save one, an emir of the country of Oman, who owned groves of frankincense-trees, quarries of emerald, and tracts of desert strewn thickly with the beryl and moonstone. Before quitting the Persian court, he obtained the shah's permission to enjoy a short interview with his beloved, in presence of her mother. His object was to obtain a promise that, however long he might be absent, she would patiently wait his return. The promise was given. The emir set out; in what direction he wandered was known to no one. On the twentieth day he arrived at the brink of a rocky eminence overlooking a circular valley, in which there was a lake, surrounded by grassy banks, sloping down to the water's edge. Here, worn out by fatigue, and having consumed all his provisions, he alighted from his horse, and turning the animal loose to graze, lay down, resolved there to await the terminator of delights, and the separator of companions. His attention, however, was soon attracted by a spectacle which, in spite of weariness, violently excited his curiosity. Clouds of birds, issuing from trees which he had not previously noticed, alighted in such numbers on the lake, that they almost hid the water, and as the sun was then shining, threw forth at every motion coruscations and flashes so dazzling and bright, that he felt persuaded he saw before him the children of Abou Tob. Here, then, he thought his toils might end, if he could only obtain one feather from those countless wings. Language would be exhausted in the attempt to describe the colours spread out before the eye—purple, scarlet, rose colour, green, amethyst, saffron, gold, mingling, traversing each other in flocks, in clouds, in bars, glancing, shifting, quivering, now reflecting the light in one direction, now in another, like an accumulation of the most gorgeous gems, till, as he gazed, the emir's heart throbbed with delight. To descend into the valley, to find one feather, would surely not be difficult, where so many birds had stretched out their pinions. He descended accordingly, and found—not a feather, but an idea, with which he was so completely satisfied, that he resolved immediately to retrace his steps, and present himself with his discovery before the princess. How he lost his way, how he lived on roots and berries, how his clothes were torn, his sandals worn out, his face emaciated, need not be dwelt upon. He arrived at the capital of Persia, and declaring he had found what he went in search of, was conducted into the presence of his beloved. "And where is the feather?" she inquired. Placing his hand upon his heart, he replied, "It is here." "Emir," she said, "you have understood my meaning; you might have understood it sooner; but better late than never. I accept the feather of Abou Tob, and in return give you myself." Thus, according to the dwellers in the Nejed, the Emir of Oman won the Princess of Persia—apropos of a feather.

YADACE.

THIS strange word is the title of a game very popular in Algeria. It is very simple, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play.

The following story will suffice to initiate anyone into the mysteries and peculiarities of the game; and also show the danger to a Moor of playing at "Yadacé" with his wife:—

Hassan-el-Djeninah was vizier, and chief favourite to the Pasha of the Oudjah of Constantine.

Gay young Mussulmans trembled as they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine or issue from the barber's shops. He walked slowly, for his breath was short; but his yataghan was long, and he could use it. Hassan had four wives—a very moderate and respectable number for a Moor. The name of the youngest was Leila Khanoum. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other; save poor little Leila, who was only sixteen, and not at all of a jealous disposition; but between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with most inconvenient fondness, she led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favourite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else, to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouthpiece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet, when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would loiter for hours on the cushions of his divan, listening while she sung monotonous love-songs—rocking herself two and fro the while, and accompanying herself upon a guitar, in the manner of Moorish ladies. He gave her rich suites of brocade and cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey from Spain to ride on; he gave her jewels, scented tobacco to smoke, henna for her eyelids and finger-nails—in short, he paid her every little delicate attention that he could think of; and finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake—nothing less than the repudiation of the other three wives and the settlement of all his treasures upon her—at Yadacé.

At the same time, as I said before, he was terribly jealous of her—watched her day and night. He kept spies about her, bribed her attendants, came home at day-break after a night of watching silent and unobserved. He studied the language of flowers (which in the East is rather more nervous and forcible than with us); finally he took a lodging on the opposite side of the street, that he might sit and watch who went in or out of his house, when he was supposed to be far away.

One day, while employed in this dignified pursuit, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously and beckon with her hand. Then from a dark passage a figure habited as a Frank followed the slave into the house and shut the door. This was quite enough. Up jumped Hassan, rushed across the street, and into his wife's apartment, where the beautiful Leila was in the act of bending over a large chest that stood upon the ground. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs in an instant. The Giaour must be in the chest! He knocked over the wretched black slave like a ninepin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid.

"The key, woman! the key!" he cried.

"My lord, I have it not. It is lost; it is gone to be mended."

Hassan was not a man to be trifled with; the trembling Leila knew it, and soon handed him the key. He rushed to the chest, and tore open the lid. There was certainly some one inside, habited as a Giaour; but beneath the Frank habit were discovered the face and form of Sulee, Leila Khanoum's favourite Georgian slave!

"What—what means this?" asked Hassan, looking very foolish.

"Yadacé! O my lord, for you took the key!"

"Yadacé!" repeated the Georgian slave.

"Yadacé!" screamed the negroes with a horrible grin.

"Allah akbar!" exclaimed the vanquished Hassan; "Allah akbar! I've lost my wives!"

PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP.

CHARLES COOTE.

PIANO. *p*



The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a 2/4 time signature, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.



The second system continues the piano introduction. It features first and second endings in the treble staff, marked '1.' and '2.'. The bass staff continues with a steady accompaniment. A forte (*ff*) dynamic marking is present in the bass staff.



The third system continues the piano introduction with first and second endings in the treble staff. The bass staff accompaniment remains consistent.



The fourth system marks the beginning of the Trio section. The treble staff has a repeat sign followed by first and second endings. The bass staff has a 'Fine' marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The section is labeled 'TRIO.'.



The fifth system continues the Trio section with first and second endings in the treble staff. The bass staff has a 'Fine' marking and a forte (*ff*) dynamic.



The sixth system concludes the Trio section with first and second endings in the treble staff. The bass staff accompaniment continues.

GOOD CHEER.

WHAT time Life's weary tumult and turmoil
Threaten my feeble struggling soul to foil,
Which, faint and desolate, slinks with my sorrow's
weight,

Thus sings my heart to cheer me for the toll:

"The threatening thorn is mother of the rose,
The stormiest strife is herald of repose,
And they who labour best amid this world's unrest
Claim the best guerdon at life's welcome close.

The greenest herbago owes its hue to rain;
'Tis tedious toil that lends the worth to gain;
Is it a strange thing that, then, that in lives of men
The sweetest sweetness is the dower of pain?

The safest springs nestle round dangerous eyes,
The clearest bays from prisoning granite 'scapes:
Toil on—and understand, 'tis honest Labour's hand
Presses the richest wine from Life's full grapes!"

T. HOOD.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 121.

"I could not have borne to do harm," said Saxon; "but now that you explain the matter so fully, I am quite willing—"

But Mr. Trefalden would not hear of it.

"No, no," he said, coldly, gathering up his papers and folding his map. "I was anxious to do all that was possible for your interest; but it is, perhaps, better that you have nothing to say to the New Route."

"Yet, if you think well of it—"

"I think so well of it, that I am about to invest all I possess in the Company's shares; but that need not influence you. In point of fact, Saxon, I had rather leave your money in the funds. You will get only three per cent; but you can reinvest when you please, and the responsibility of advising you will be mine no longer."

"You are vexed with me, cousin William!"

"I regret that you think me capable of advising you to do what would not be right," replied Mr. Trefalden, somewhat stiffly.

"But I think nothing of the kind! I was in error; but, as you said only a moment before, I know nothing of life, so pray do not hold me accountable for the sins of my ignorance."

"Tush! not another word," said the lawyer, kindly. "You have said more than enough."

"And the investment?"

"With regard to the investment, I think the most satisfactory course will be for me to leave your money in government stock, at three per cent. Even so, it will bring you one hundred and thirty-five thousand per annum."

"As you please. It will be less trouble to spend, and make me quite as happy!"

Mr. Trefalden looked very grave.

"It will also leave you with less to give, and less power to make others happy," said he.

The careless smile faded from Saxon's lip. "I wish I knew what I ought to do!" he exclaimed, with an impatient sigh. "What do you really wish me to do, cousin William?"

"I had rather not say more than I have already said," replied Mr. Trefalden. "You have had my advice."

"So I have—and of course I ought to follow it. You won't refuse to help me to do so?"

"Certainly not. You need only make your decision, and give me your instructions."

"I have decided. Invest the money, by all means, and let there be an end of it."

"And how do you wish me to invest it, Saxon?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with his pen in the ink.

"In the New Route, of course!"

"In one hundred pound shares, in the New Overland Route Steam-packet and Railway Company, Limited," said the lawyer, scribbling rapidly. "And to what amount?"

"To whatever amount you think proper."

"Shall we say to the extent of two millions?"

"Why only two? What is to be done with the rest?"

Mr. Trefalden stooped over his writing, and a keen observer might have seen that he changed colour.

"I do not recommend you," he said, "to invest more at present. As it is, you will be the largest shareholder on the list; and by-and-by, if the company should see fit to raise further capital, you can purchase additional shares. I must trouble you to sign this paper, Saxon—it is a power of attorney, which gives me authority to sell out your two millions."

The young fellow took his cousin's pen, and scrawled his name as carelessly as if he were signing away a couple of pounds.

"You ought never to subscribe your name to a paper without reading it," said Mr. Trefalden. "Remember that. By the way, Saxon, I shall see that you are entered as a director."

"As a director, if you please, then, who is not expected to do anything," replied Saxon, laughing. "Are you also a director?"

"No; I am only solicitor to the company. But now that our business is settled, would you not like to glance over these tables of estimates? Here, you see, is a plan of the Route, and here the probable cost per mile, including—"

"I beg your pardon, cousin William," interrupted Saxon, "but if our business is settled, I protest against hearing another word about the Route. For pity's sake, let us go out, and forget all about it!"

"I fear," said Mr. Trefalden, "that you are utterly incorrigible."

"I know I am. Do you ride?"

"Yes; now and then."

"Then we will go in search of the hunting party."

So Mr. Trefalden put his tables of estimates back into his pocket-book, and business was banished beyond recall. Then they went round to the stables, and Saxon ordered out his two thorough-breeds.

"I trust you have not forgotten what I said to you at Reichenau on the subject of fetters, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, as they cantered across the park. "Mademoiselle Colonna is a dangerous neighbour. Beware of her."

Saxon laughed gaily.

"Fear nothing on my account, cousin William," said he. "I have the advantage of Achilles—there isn't a vulnerable point about me."

"We are all apt to think so till the arrow finds us out. However, if even your heart is safe, I still say beware—for your cheque-book. Has the signora levied no patriotic tax upon you yet?"

"None whatever."

"That's ominous, with a revolt actually in progress. She is reserving her strength, that the blow may fall the heavier when it comes. All I implore is, Saxon, that when Mademoiselle Colonna, or her father, shall solicit your support you will confine yourself to a money contribution—and pledge yourself to nothing foolish."

"Of course not; but what else could I pledge myself to?"

"Heaven knows! She is capable of asking you to take the command of a troop."

CHAPTER XXIX. THE RICH MISS HATHERTON.

An evening party at Castletowers was a momentous affair. It involved a good deal of expense, and a vast amount of anxiety; for the hereditary coffers were ever but scantily furnished, and the hereditary hospitality had to be kept up at any cost. How some of Lady Castletowers' few but elegant entertainments were paid for, was a secret known only to her son and herself. Sometimes an oak or two was felled in some remote corner of the park; or the Earl denied himself a horse; or the carriage was left unrenovated for half a year longer; or her ladyship magnanimously sacrificed her own brief visit to London in the season. Anyhow, these extra expenses were certain to be honourably met, in such a manner that only the givers of the feast were inconvenienced by it.

On the present occasion, however, Lord Castletowers had been compelled to apply to his solicitor for an advance upon his next half-yearly

receipts; and when William Trefalden went down that Thursday morning to see his cousin Saxon, he brought with him a check for the Earl. The party was fixed for the following evening; but Mr. Trefalden could not be prevailed upon to stay for it. He was obliged, he said, to go back to town the same night by the last train; and he did go back (after making himself very pleasant at dinner), with Saxon's signature in his pocket-book.

It was a very brilliant party, consisting for the most part of county magnates, with a sprinkling of military, and a valuable reinforcement of dancing men from town. Among the magnates were Viscount and Lady Esher, a stately couple of the old school, who, being much too dignified to travel by railway, drove over with four horses from Esher Court, a distance of eighteen miles, and remained at Castletowers for the night. The Viscount was lord-lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county, and had once held office for three weeks as President of the Board of Perquisites; a fact to which he was never weary of alluding. There, too, were Sir Alexander and Lady Hankley, with their five marriageable daughters; the Bishop of Betchworth and Mrs. Bunyon; Mr. Walkingshaw of Aylsham, one of the richest commoners in England, with Lady Arabella Walkingshaw, his wife, and their distinguished guest, Miss Hatherton of Penzance, whose father had begun life as a common miner, and ended it with a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. These, together with Lord Boxhill; His Responsibility Prince Quartz Potz, the Prussian Envoy; a few local baronets and their families; an ex-secretary of legation; and a number of lesser stars, parliamentary, clerical, and official, made up the bulk of the assembly. There were also three or four celebrities from the lower paradise of arts and letters—Sir Signor de Robinson, the eminent portrait-painter; Signor Katghuttin, the great Dalmatian violinist; Mr. Smythe Browne, the profound author of "Transcendental Eclecticism," and Mrs. Smythe Browne, who wrote that admirable work on "Woman in the Camp, the Council, and the Church"—a very remarkable couple, whose distinguishing characteristics were, that Mrs. Smythe Browne wore short hair and shirt collars, while the sandy locks of Mr. Smythe Browne floated upon his shoulders, and he displayed no vestige of linen whatsoever.

By nine o'clock the guests began to arrive. By ten, the reception-rooms were well filled, and dancing commenced in the great hall. Though rarely thrown open to the light of day, the great hall, with its panellings of dark oak, its carved chimney-piece, its Gothic rafters, and its stands of rusty armour, some of which dated back to the field of Agincourt, was the glory of Castletowers. Brilliantly lighted, decorated with evergreens and flowers, and echoing to the music of a military band, it made such a ball-room as one might vainly seek in any country but our own.

Lady Castletowers received her guests near the door of the first reception-room, looking very stately, and more like Marie Antoinette than ever, in her glitter of the old family diamonds. Gracious to all, as a hostess should be, she nevertheless apportioned her civilities according to a complex code of etiquette. The smile with which she greeted Viscount Esher differed by many degrees from that with which she received Sir Jones de Robinson; and the hand extended to Mrs. Smythe Browne was as the hand of an automaton compared with that which met, with a pressure slight yet cordial, the palm of the rich Miss Hatherton.

"But where is the noble savage?" said this latter, surveying the room through her double eye-glass. "I have heard so much about him, my dear Lady Castletowers, and I am dying to see him!"

Miss Hatherton was a tall, handsome young woman of about five or six-and-twenty, with black eyes, fine teeth, a somewhat large, good-natured mouth, and a very decisive manner. She made one of a little privileged knot that was gathered behind Lady Castletowers; and amused herself by criticising the guests as they came up the stairs.

"The noble savage!" repeated Lady Castletowers. "Whom can you mean, Miss Hatherton?"

"Whom should I mean, but this young man who has inherited the famous legacy?"

"Mr. Trefalden? Oh, he was here but a few minutes ago. There he stands, by the fireplace."

"The Antinous with the golden curls? But, my dear Lady Castletowers, he's absolutely beautiful! And he doesn't look savage at all. I had expected to see a second Orson—a creature clothed in raiment of camel's hair, or the skins of wild beasts. I declare, I am disappointed."

"Mr. Trefalden is a very pleasant person," said Lady Castletowers, with a faint smile. "And very unassuming."

"Is he indeed! Pleasant and unassuming—dear me, how very charming! And so rich, too! Worth millions upon millions, I am told. I used to think myself above the reach of want, at one time; but I feel like a pauper beside him. Who is that stout person now coming up the stairs, covered with as many stars as the celestial globe?"

But before Lady Castletowers could reply, the name of His Responsibility Prince Quartz Potz was thundered forth by the groom of the chambers, and the noble Prussian was bending profoundly over the fair hand of his hostess.

"What a funny little fat man it is!" said the heiress, in her loud way, looking after His Responsibility through her glass, as he passed on towards the adjoining room.

"Prince Quartz Potz, my dear Miss Hatherton, is a highly distinguished person," said Lady Castletowers, greatly shocked.

Oh yes—I know he is."

"He is distantly connected through his maternal great-grandmother, the Margravine of Saxe-Hohenhausen, with our own Royal Family; and the present Grand-Duchess of Zollenstrasse is his third cousin twice removed.

Miss Hatherton did not seem to be at all impressed by these facts.

"Ah, indeed," said she, indifferently. "And this fine man with a head like a lion—who is he?"

"Mr. Thompson, the member for Silvermere," replied Lady Castletowers, when the gentleman had made his bow and drifted on with the stream.

"What, the great Thompson?—the Thompson who instituted that famous inquiry into the abuses of the Perquisite Office?"

"I do not know what you imply by 'great,' my dear Miss Hatherton," said the Countess, coldly, "but I believe Mr. Thompson's politics are very objectionable."

Ah, I see you don't like him; but I shall implore you to introduce me, notwithstanding. I have no politics at all, and I admire talent wherever it may be found. But, in the meanwhile, I have lost my heart to Antinous, and am longing to dance with him. Do pray make us known, dear Lady Castletowers."

"Upon whom does Miss Hatherton desire to confer the honour of her acquaintance?" asked Lord Castletowers, who happened to come by at the moment. "Can I be of any service?"

"Of the utmost. I want to be introduced to this Mr. Trefalden, about whom all the world has been talking for the last five or six weeks."

"I will perform the office with great pleasure. Will you allow me to hand you a seat, while I go in search of him?"

"Thanks. And be sure you make him dance with me, Lord Castletowers—I want to dance with him above all things. He can dance, I suppose?"

"Of course. How can you ask such a question?"

"Because I have been told that he was a perfect wild man of the woods before he inherited his fortune—couldn't write his name, in fact, six weeks ago, and had never seen a sovereign in his life."

"If you mean that he has not yet been presented at St. James's you are probably right," replied the Earl, laughing.

"What a pun, Lord Castletowers? How shocking! I did not believe you capable of such

an enormity. But do pray tell me a little truth about your friend; for I dare say I have heard plenty of fiction. Was he not really a barbarian, after all?"

"No more than I am."

"Is it possible?"

"Nor is this all. Saxon Trefalden has plenty of solid learning under those yellow locks of his, Miss Hatherton. He speaks French, Italian, and German with equal facility; he is a first-rate mathematician; as for his Greek and Latin scholarship, I have known nothing like it since I bade farewell to the dear old professors at Magdalen College.

"Well, you surprise me very much," said Miss Hatherton, "and I cannot deny that I'm disappointed. I had far rather he had been a barbarian, you know. It would have been so very delicious!"

"Perhaps, then, you will be consoled by finding him as unsophisticated as a child. But you shall judge for yourself."

And with this, the Earl installed Miss Hatherton in an easy-chair, and went in search of Saxon. The heiress immediately turned to her nearest neighbour, who happened to be the Bishop of Betchworth, and began a conversation. It was Miss Hatherton's way to be always talking—and somewhat loudly, too.

"What have I done, my lord, said she, "that you have scarcely spoken to me this evening? I have a thousand questions to ask you. I want to know how the renovations are going on; and if you are really to have a stained oriel, after all. And what are you going to do about that grand carved old screen? I have been told it is past repairing, and cannot possibly be put up again. I hope that's not true."

"I am happy to say that it is not," replied the bishop, who was a very handsome man, and much admired by the ladies of his diocese. "I believe we shall be able to restore the worst parts, and that it will keep its old place for the next two or three centuries. About the east window, I am less hopeful."

"Why so?" asked the heiress.

"I fear we cannot afford it."

"But how is that?" I thought there was a large surplus fund in hand."

"There was; but we have found since then that the spire is in a much worse state than we had at first supposed; and to put it into thorough repair will swallow up the whole of our available money."

"Dear, dear, I'm sorry!" said the heiress.

"You really want the stained window. One misses the poetry of colour in Betchworth Cathedral. How much would it cost?"

"More than we could hope to raise after the liberal subscriptions already granted. A thousand pounds."

"So large a sum? Ah, bishop, if I were one of your flock, I should ask leave to put that window in. However, if you like to open a fresh list you may put me down for two hundred and fifty."

"My dear lady," said the prelate, "what can I say in acknowledgment of such munificence?"

"Only, I beg, that you will try to get the rest of the thousand as quickly as you can. But here comes my partner."

And Miss Hatherton turned to Lord Castletowers, who had found and captured Saxon, and now stood with him beside her chair.

"Will you permit my friend Mr. Trefalden the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Hatherton?" said he.

"I am delighted to make Mr. Trefalden's acquaintance, and shall be most happy to dance with him," replied the heiress, putting out her hand as cordially and unceremoniously as if Saxon were an old friend already. "What are they doing in the hall now, Lord Castletowers?"

"Finishing a waltz—which will be followed by a quadrille."

"Then we shall be just in time for the quadrille. Won't you find us a pleasant vis-à-vis?"

"Will you accept me, if I can find a partner?"

"Delightful! Bishop, we must have another moment's chat before the close of the evening."

Saying which, Miss Hatherton gathered her

ample skirts together, took Saxon's proffered arm, and swept through the room and down the wide old stairs in a very stately fashion.

CHAPTER XXX. THE HOSPITALLER'S GATE.

Mr. Keckwitch sat alone in a little private parlour at the back of the bar of the Hospitalier's Gate Tavern, with a bottle of brown sherry and a couple of glasses before him, waiting patiently. It was the evening of the very day that his employer spent at Castletowers; but he had not, therefore, left Chancery-lane over five minutes the sooner, or neglected any detail of his regular work. He had, on the contrary, seen his fellow-clerks off the premises, and locked up the office with even more than his usual caution; for Abel Keckwitch was such a highly respectable man, that he would not on any account have taken advantage of Mr. Trefalden's absence. He was waiting, as he had just told the "young lady" who presided at the bar in ringlets and pink ribbons, for a friend. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and although the sky was as yet only grey with dusk, the gas was already lighted; for the Hospitalier's Gate was a queer, old-fashioned, shut-in place, and the daylight always seemed to make a point of getting away from it as early as possible. There was, however, a bright fire burning in the grate; and the bar, beyond was all alive with customers. The tops of the great yellow paneled and the lacquered gas burners were visible above the blind that veiled the half-glass door of the parlour; and now and then some privileged customer would peep over, and disappear. But the clerk sat, all unconscious, gazing placidly at the fire, and never once looked round.

But for the brisk trade going on within the precincts of the Gate itself, the place would have been singularly quiet. The passers-by, just at this hour, were few. Sometimes a cab drove up; sometimes a cart rumbled past, but not often. The great stream of traffic flowed close by, along a neighbouring thoroughfare, and was hoarsely audible, like the dull roar of a heavy sea; but the Hospitalier's Gate stood apart, grey, and hoary, and stored with strange memories, spanning the shabby by-street with its battlemented arch, and echoing, in a ghastly way, to the merriment below.

Standing in the very heart of the city, within a few yards of Smithfield market, in the midst of the over-crowded parish of Clerkenwell, this rare old mediæval fragment was scarcely known, even by name, to the majority of Londoners. To the Smithfield drover, the student of Bartholomew's, the composers of Tallis's press, and the watchmaking population in general, it was a familiar spot. Archaeologists knew of its whereabouts, and held occasional meetings in the oak room over the gateway, where they talked learnedly of Jordan Brisel, the patriarch Heraclius, Thomas Dowercy, Stow, and King Harry the Eighth; and oftentimes moistened their dry discussions with rare old port from cellars that had once held good store of malmsey and sack for the pious knight's own drinking. Literary men remembered it as the cradle of the Gentleman's Magazine, and as the place where Samuel Johnson, in his rags and his pride, ate his dinner behind a screen, like a dog fed from his master's table. But these were pretty nearly all who knew or cared about the Hospitalier's Gate. Hundreds of intelligent Londoners passed within fifty yards of it every day of their lives, ignorant of its very existence. Of the dwellers in the west of Temple-bar not one in a thousand knew that scarcely a stone's throw from the Charterhouse walls there yet stood some portion of a far more venerable religious foundation, begun in the last year of the eleventh century, and linked with many strange and stirring episodes of English history. Even so true a lover of the antique and picturesque as T. C. Hunt, passed it by in his pleasant memories of the town, without a word.

But Mr. Keckwitch was thinking neither of the good Knights Hospitaliers, nor of Dr. Johnson, nor of anything nor any one just then, saving and excepting a certain Mr. Nicodemus Kidd, who had promised to meet him there

about eight o'clock that Thursday evening. And Mr. Kidd was late.

The clock in the bar had struck eight long ago. The clock of St. John's Church, close by, had struck a quarter-past, and then half-past, and still Mr. Kidd was not forthcoming. The head clerk looked at his watch, sighed, shook his head, poured out a glass of the brown sherry and drank it contemplatively. Before he had quite got to the end of it, a jovial voice in the bar, and a noisy hand upon the latch of the glass door, announced his friend's arrival.

Mr. Kidd came in—a tall, florid, good-humoured looking fellow, with a frank laugh, a loud cheery voice, and a magnificent pair of red whiskers. The practical observer, however, noting his white hat, his showy watch guard, his free and easy bearing, would have pronounced him at first sight to be a commercial traveller; but the practised observer would for once have been wrong.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Keckwiteh," said he, nodding familiarly to his entertainer, drawing a chair to the opposite side of the fire, and helping himself at once to a glass of wine. "Not my fault, I assure you. Sherry, eh? Capital sherry, too. Don't know a better cellar in London, and that's saying something."

"I'm very glad you have been able to look in, Mr. Kidd," said the head clerk, deferentially, "I was particularly anxious to see you."

Mr. Kidd laughed and helped himself to another glass.

"It's one of the peculiarities of my profession, said he, "that I find the world divided into two classes of people—those who are particularly anxious to see me, and those who are particularly anxious not to see me. Uncommon good sherry, and no mistake!"

Mr. Keckwiteh glanced towards the glass-door, edged his chair a little nearer to that of his guest, and said huskily:

"Have you had time, Mr. Kidd, to think over that little matter we were speaking about the other day?"

"That little matter?" repeated Mr. Kidd, in the same loud, off-hand way as before. "Oh yes—I've not forgotten it."

He said this, filling his glass for the third time, and holding it in a knowing fashion between his eye and the lamp. The head clerk came an inch or two nearer, and, bending forward with his two fat hands upon his knees, ejaculated:

"Well?"

"Well, Mr. Keckwiteh?"

"What is your opinion?"

Mr. Kidd tossed off the third glass, leaned back in his chair, and, with a smile of delightful candour said:

"Well sir, to be plain with you, I can give no opinion till you and I understand each other a little better."

Mr. Keckwiteh breathed hard.

"What do you mean, Mr. Kidd?" said he, "Haven't I made myself understood?"

Mr. Kidd pushed his glass away, thrust his hands into his pockets, and became suddenly grave and business-like.

"Well, sir," replied he, dropping his noisy voice and jovial smile, as if they had been a domino and mask, "this, you see, is an unusual case. It's a sort of case we're not accustomed to. We don't go into things without a motive, and you've given us no motive to go upon."

The clerk's face darkened.

"Isn't it motive enough," said he, "that I want information, and am willing to pay for it?"

"Why, no, Mr. Keckwiteh—not quite. We must be satisfied of the use you will make of that information."

"And supposit' I don't want to make use of it at all?"

"Then, sir, I'm afraid we can't help you. We are not spies; we are a legal force. Our business is to promote the ends of justice—not to serve private curiosity."

Mr. Keckwiteh looked down, silent, baffled, perplexed.

"I should have thought," said he, "that the mere fact of any professional man keepin' his house and his ways so deadly secret, would be motive enough for inquiry. Where there's mys-

tery, there's safe to be something wrong. People ain't so close when they've nothin' to hide."

"Some folks are eccentric, you know, Mr. Keckwiteh."

"It ain't eccentricity," replied the clerk promptly.

"What then?"

"I can't say. I may have my suspicions; and my suspicions may be right, or may be wrong. Anyhow, one can't see far in the dark."

"No, that's true," replied Mr. Kidd.

"If it was no more than his address, I'd be satisfied," added Keckwiteh, staring hard at the fire.

"Now I tell you what it is, sir," said the other, "we must have your motive. Why do you want to know a certain person's address? What is it to you where he lives or how he lives?"

"It is a great deal to me," replied Mr. Keckwiteh. "I'm a respectable man, and I don't choose to work under any but a respectable employer."

Mr. Kidd nodded, and caressed the red whiskers.

"If, as I suspect, there's somethin' wrong somewhere," the clerk went on to say, "I don't want to be mixed up in it, when the day of reck'nin' comes round."

"Of course not."

"And there's my motive."

"Have you always been on good terms, Mr. Keckwiteh, with the party in question?"

This was said very sharply and suddenly; but the clerk's face remained stolid and inexpressive as ever.

"Well, Mr. Kidd," said he, "I can't say there's ever been much love lost between us. I've done my duty, and I don't deny that he's done his; but we've been neither friends nor enemies."

Mr. Kidd stared at Mr. Keckwiteh, and Mr. Keckwiteh stared at the fire; the one all scrutiny, the other all unconsciousness. For some minutes both were silent, and the loud mirth at the bar became more distinctly audible. Then Mr. Kidd drew a deep breath, pushed his chair back with the air of one who arrives at a sudden resolution, drew a slip of paper from his waistcoat-pocket, and said:

"Well, sir, if the address is all you require—here it is."

The steady light so rarely seen there flashed into Abel Keckwiteh's eyes, and his hand closed on the paper as if it had been a living thing, trying to fly away. He did not even look at it, but imprisoned it at once in a plethoric pocket-book with a massive metal clasp that snapped like a handcuff.

"What's the fee?" said he, eagerly. "What's the fee for this little service, Mr. Kidd?"

"That's a question you must ask at headquarters, sir," replied Mr. Kidd, eyeing the clerk somewhat curiously, and already moving towards the door.

"But you'll take another glass of sherry before you go?"

"Not a drop, sir, thank you—not a drop. Wish you good evening, sir."

And in another moment, Mr. Kidd, with the white hat a trifle on one side, and the jovial smile seeming to irradiate his whole person, had presented himself at the bar, and was saying agreeable things to the young lady with the ringlets.

"Ah, sir," observed she playfully, "I don't care for compliments."

"Then, my dear, a man must be dumb to please you; for if he has eyes and a tongue, what can he do but tell you you're an angel?"

The barmaid giggled, and bade the gallant stranger "get along!"

"It's a remarkable fact," said Mr. Kidd, "that the prettiest women are always the most hard-hearted. And it's an equally remarkable fact, that the sight of beauty always makes me thirsty. I'll trouble you, Mary, my love, for a bottle of Schweppes."

"That's a good sort of fellow, I'll be bound," ejaculated a stout woman, looking admiringly after Mr. Kidd, as he presently went out with an irresistible air of gentlemanly swagger.

"You think so, do you ma'am?" said a seedy bystander. "Humph! That's Kidd, the detec-

CHAPTER XXXI. ABOUT SWITZERLAND.

Your English match-maker is, for the most part, a comfortable matron, plump, good natured, kindly, with a turn for sentiment and diplomacy. She has "The Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage" at her fingers' ends; and gives copies of that invaluable little manual to her young friends, as soon as they are engaged. When the sermon is dull, she amuses herself by reading the Solemnization of Matrimony. She delights in novels that have a great deal of love in them, and thinks Miss Bremer a finer writer than Mr. Tuckey. To patch up lovers' quarrels, to pave the way for a proposal, to propitiate reluctant guardians, are offices in which her very soul rejoices; and, like the death-bed hag in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, who surveyed all her fellow-creatures from a professional point of view, seeing "a bonny corpse" in every fine young man about that country-side, she beholds only bridegrooms and brides elect in the very children of her friends, when they come home for the holidays.

Lady Arabella Walkingshaw was an enthusiastic match-maker. She had married off her own daughters with brilliant success, and, being a real lover of the art of matrimony, delighted "to keep her hand in" among the young people of her acquaintance. What whist was to Mrs. Battle, match-making was to Lady Arabella Walkingshaw. "It was her business, her duty, what she came into the world to do." She went about it scientifically. She had abstruse theories with respect to eyes, complexions, ages, and christian names; and even plunged into unknown physiological depths on the subject of races, genealogies, ties of consanguinity, and hereditary characteristics. In short, she constructed her model matches after a private ideal of her own. But hers was not altogether a sentimental, nor even a physiological, ideal. She was essentially a woman of the world; and took an interest quite as deep, if not deeper, in the pairing of fortunes as of faces. To introduce an income of ten thousand a year to a dowry of fifty thousand pounds, and unite the two sums in the bonds (and settlements) of wedlock, was to Lady Arabella an enterprise of surpassing interest. She would play for such a result as eagerly and passionately as if her own happiness depended on the cards, and the stakes were for her own winning.

With such a hobby kept perpetually saddled in the chambers of her imagination, it was not surprising that the sight of Saxon Trefalden leading Miss Hatherton down to dance, should have sufficed to send Lady Arabella off at a canter.

"What a charming match that would be," she said to Mrs. Bunyon. Mrs. Bunyon was the wife of the handsome Bishop, tall, aristocratic-looking, and many years his junior. Both ladies were standing near their hostess, and she was still welcoming the coming guests.

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Bunyon, doubtfully. "I don't see why."

"My dear Mrs. Bunyon—two such splendid fortunes!"

"The less reason that either should marry for money," replied the Bishop's wife. "Besides, look at the difference of age!"

"Not more than five years," said Lady Arabella.

"But it would be five years on the wrong side. What do you say, Lady Castletowers—would they make a desirable couple?"

"I did not hear the names," replied Lady Castletowers, with one of her most gracious smiles.

"We were speaking," said the match-maker, "of Miss Hatherton and Mr. Trefalden."

The smile vanished from Lady Castletowers' lip.

"I should think it a most injudicious connexion," she said, coldly. "Mr. Trefalden is a mere boy, and has no prestige beyond that of wealth."

"But fortune is position," said Lady Arabella, defending her ground inch by inch, and thinking perhaps of her own marriage.

"Miss Hatherton has fortune, and may therefore aspire to more than fortune in her matri-

monial choice," replied the Countess, with a slightly heightened colour, and dropped the conversation.

Mrs. Bunyon and Lady Arabella exchanged glances, and a covert smile. Moving on presently with the stream, they passed out of Lady Castletowers' hearing, and returned to the subject.

"Their united fortunes," pursued Lady Arabella, "would amount to five millions, if not more. Only conceive it—FIVE MILLIONS!"

"You will meet with no sympathy from Lady Castletowers," said the Bishop's wife, significantly.

"Evidently not. Though, if there were really a coronet in prospect—"

"I think there is a coronet in prospect," said Mrs. Bunyon.

Lady Arabella shook her head.

"No more than there is a crown matrimonial," said she. "I am a close observer of young people, and I know quite well what direction the Earl's inclinations take."

"Indeed!"

"He is over head and ears in love with Mademoiselle Colonna," said Lady Arabella, confidentially. "And he has been for years."

"Does Lady Castletowers know it?"

"I think not."

"And do you suppose they are secretly engaged?"

"Oh dear no! Mademoiselle Colonna, I believe, discourages his attentions—greatly to her credit."

"It is a marriage that would be highly distasteful to Lady Castletowers," observed Mrs. Bunyon.

"It would break her heart," said Lady Arabella.

"She is ambitious."

"—and poor. Poor as a mouse."

If Lady Castletowers had not been a Countess, a Holme-Pierrepont, and the daughter of an Earl, Lady Arabella Walkingshaw could scarcely have forgiven her this fact. She was one of that large majority who regard poverty as a crime.

In the mean while, Miss Hatherton had found that Saxon could not only dance, but, when the first shyness of introduction had worn off, could actually talk. So she set herself to draw him out, and his naïveté amused her excessively.

"I don't mean to let you hand me to a seat, and get rid of me, Mr. Trefalden," she said, when the quadrille was over, and the dancers were promenadeing up and down the hall. "You must sit down in this quiet little nook, and talk to me. I want you to tell me ever so much more about Switzerland."

"I am glad to find any one who cares to hear about it," said Saxon. "It is a subject of which I am never weary."

"I dare say not. I only wonder how you can endure this life of tinsel and glitter after the liberty of the mountains. Are you not disgusted with the insincere smiles and polite falsehoods of society?"

Saxon looked at her with dismay.

"What do you mean?" he said. "The world has been very kind to me. I never dreamt that its smiles were false, or its kindness insincere."

Miss Hatherton laughed.

"You'll find it out," she said, "when you've lived in it a little longer."

"I hope not. I should be very unhappy if I thought so."

"Well, then, don't think so. Enjoy your illusions as long as you can. I have outlived mine long ago; and I'm sorry for it. But let us talk of something pleasanter—of Switzerland. Have you ever hunted the chamois?"

"Hundreds of times."

"How charming! High up, I suppose, among the snows?"

"Among the snows, along the edges of precipices, across the glacier—wherever the chamois could spring, or the foot of the hunter follow," replied Saxon, with enthusiasm.

"That's really dangerous sport, is it not?" asked the heiress.

"It is less dangerous to the practiced mountaineer than to one who is new to the work.

But there can be no real sport without danger."

"Why so?"

"Because sport without danger is mere slaughter. The risks ought never to be all on the side of a helpless beast."

"That is just and generous," said Miss Hatherton, warmly.

Saxon blushed, and looked uncomfortable.

"I have not only been over a glacier, but down a crevasse, after a chamois, many a time," said he, hurriedly. "I shot one this very spring, as he stood upon an ice-ridge, between two chasms. I ought not to have done it. I ought to have waited till he got to a more open spot; but, having him well within range, I brought him down. When I reached the spot, however, there was my chamois wedged half way down a deep, blue, cruel-looking crevasse—and I had no alternative but to get him out, or leave him."

"So you cut steps in the ice, as one sees in the pictures in the Alpine-club books?"

"No—I simply tied the cord that every mountaineer carries, round the stock of my rifle—fixed the gun firmly across the mouth of the chasm—and let myself down. Then I tied another cord round my chamois, and when I had reached the top again, I drew him up after me. Nothing is easier. A child can do it, if he is used to the ice, and is not afraid. In all glacier work, it is only the rash and timid who are in danger."

"And what other sport do you get?" asked Miss Hatherton. "Are there any eagles about the mountains of the Grisons?"

"Not so many as there used to be. I have not shot more than five or six within these last three years: but I robbed many an eagle's nest when I was a boy. Then, you know, we have the steinbok, and in winter, the wolf; and sometimes we get the chance of a brown bear."

"Have you ever shot a bear, Mr. Trefalden?" said Miss Hatherton, intensely interested.

"I have shot two," replied Saxon, with a flush of boyish pride, "and made sledge rugs of their skins. You have never been in Switzerland?"

"Oh yes I have," replied Miss Hatherton, "but only in the beaten tracks, and under the custody of a courier, like a maniac with a keeper."

"Ah, you really know nothing of the country," said Saxon, "nor of the people. The Switzerland that the Swiss loves is that wild, free, upper region where there are neither roads nor hotels, tourists nor guides; but only dark pine forests and open plateaus, the haunt of the marmot, the ptarmigan, and the chamois."

"I never saw but one chamois," said Miss Hatherton, "and that was a poor fat melancholy creature in a cage."

"Of course you never visited Switzerland in winter?"

"Oh dear no."

"And yet that is the most glorious time of all, when the plateaus are all sheeted with snow, and the great peaks rise above them like marble obelisks, and even the pines stand out white against the deep blue sky. It is like a world awaiting the creation of colour."

"What an enthusiast you are," laughed Miss Hatherton.

"I love my country," replied Saxon.

"You need not tell me that. But what can you do in winter, snowed up in those wild valleys?"

"We are not snowed up. We have sledges; and the deeper the snow lies on the roads and passes, the better our sledges fly along. You should see the Rheinthal between Chur and Thusis, on a bright day in the depth of winter, when the sledges flash along in the sunshine, and the air is full of the music of the bells."

"How delightful!"

"Indeed it is delightful. Then we also skate, practise with the rifle, carve wooden toys, and attend to the winter work of our farms; and sometimes, if there is a wolf or a wild boar about the neighbourhood, we have a great hunt by torchlight. Winter is the time for Switzerland! Ask any Swiss who is not a townsman, and he will tell you the same story."

"I suppose you mean to go back there some day?" said Miss Hatherton.

"Go back!" echoed Saxon. "Why, of course I do. It is my own country—my home!"

"Then if I were to come some Christmas to Chur, would you be very kind to me, and show me some of these winter sports?"

"That I would!" exclaimed Saxon. "And I would buy the loveliest Canadian sledge for you that money could purchase; and you should see a boar hunt by torchlight; and a Schützen Fest; and a wrestling-match; and I would find you a young marmot for a pet. Above all, you would know my dearest father, and if you loved Switzerland for no other reason, you would love it for his sake."

"Your father?" said Miss Hatherton. "I had no idea your father was living."

"He is really my uncle," replied the young man; "but my father by adoption. He is a Lutheran pastor—a miracle of erudition; but as simple as a child, and as pious as an apostle."

"I hear you are terribly learned yourself, Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Hatherton, rising abruptly. "But what is this they are going to do—a waltz? Do you waltz?"

"Try me," replied Saxon, merrily. "It is our national dance—the only dance I ever knew, till I learned these hideous quadrilles a few weeks ago."

In another moment he had encircled the heiress's waist with his arm, and was flying round the hall with her in those smooth, swift circles which no dancers, however good, can execute like the Germans and Swiss. Miss Hatherton was delighted, for she valued a good partner above all things, and Saxon was the best waltzer in the room.

She would willingly have danced and talked with him all the rest of the evening; for Miss Hatherton liked to be amused, and cared very little for the remarks of lookers-on; while Saxon, pleased with her blunt cordiality, would with equal readiness have gone on waltzing, and praising a Swiss life, till it was time to hand her to her carriage. But this was not to be. Lady Castletowers, who, in her quality of hostess, always knew what her guests were doing, was by no means disposed to permit any such proceeding; so she dispatched her son to dance with the heiress, and, having sent for Saxon, herself handed him over to Miss Colonna for the next quadrille.

By this time the arrivals were over, and the departures had begun; and after supper was served, the rooms cleared rapidly. By two o'clock, all were gone, save those guests who remained for the night, and of these there were about a dozen.

Then Viscount and Lady Escher, who had brought valet and maid in their suit, retired to the stately apartments prepared for their reception; and the young men all went down to the Earl's smoking-room; and the Colonnas, instead of going to bed like the rest of the guests, repaired to the little study in the turret. They had much to talk over. Mr. Thompson, the liberal member, had brought them information of Garibaldi, and a packet of letters from friends in London and Turin; Miss Hatherton and Mr. Walkingshaw had promised contributions to the fund; and Mrs. Bunyon had undertaken to distribute some addresses, and fill up a card, among her friends. With the Eschers and Lord Boxhill there was, of course, nothing to be done. Like Lady Castletowers, they looked upon liberty as a vulgar institution, and upon patriots in general as doubtful characters.

The letters read, and such entries made as were necessary, the father and daughter rose to say good night.

"You have done nothing yet, Olympia," said the Italian. "Here is the fourth day already gone."

"I know it."

"I have talked with him once or twice about our country's cause, and he listens willingly; but I have purposely abstained from doing more. The work is yours—why do you delay it?"

"I will not delay it longer," said Olympia, impatiently; "I will begin it to-day."

"He is so rich," said Colonna, "and Italy so poor; and every letter we receive is a prayer for help!"

COLONEL AND MRS. CHUTNEY.

Continued from page 125.

CHAPTER V

The next evening Mrs. Chutney sat alone in the library, expecting the return of her lord to dinner, and hoping earnestly he would fulfil his intention of bringing Captain Peake with him, a trial which was almost more than her weakened nerves could bear.

Mrs. Chutney looked very pale; traces of tears dimmed her soft eyes. She had passed a most distressing day. She had been early despatched to extract the truth from Mary Holden, who had been left in derance vile with the redoubtable Aunt Barbara. But tears and caresses were as unavailing as threats. Mary seemed to harden under Miss Bousfield's taunts and reproaches. Poor Mrs. Chutney was in despair; fluctuating between her unbounded confidence in, and admiration of her cousin, and the undoubted evidence of her indiscretion—for Mary admitted that her unknown admirer proved to be Sir Frederic Samperton; a fact which, although Mrs. Chutney carefully suppressed, filled up the measure of her uneasiness. Mary herself too, though angry, and putting on a bold front, was, Mrs. Chutney could see, frightened and anxious. "If she would but open her heart to me!" thought the tearful Louisa. "It must be something very strange, or she would tell me. I trust it will all come right by Tuesday next, or I do not know how I shall manage the dinner—perhaps, indeed, the colonel will put Sir Frederic off, though he has fixed the day himself."

At this point in her cogitations a ring at the hall-door bell set her heart beating. She glanced at the clock. Ten minutes to six—it was Colonel Chutney, of course, and she shuddered in anticipation of the well-known cloud upon his brow, and the inevitable outbreak of indignation with which whatever and whoever first encountered him would be greeted. It was, therefore, a certain relief, though a great surprise, when "Mr. Adolphus Deal" was announced; especially as that gentleman presented himself in accurate evening costume—a waistcoat with jewelled buttons, elaborate shirt-front, a mere thread of a white tie, patent leather boots, and a crush hat.

"He has evidently come to dine," Mrs. Chutney thought. "Some mistake. How shall I get rid of him before Colonel Chutney arrives?" She then advanced a step or two, and said interrogatively, with an air of polite surprise,

"Mr. Deal?"

"Yes," replied the exquisite upholsterer, with a smile and a bow; both marred by nervousness. "am here in obedience to your slightest wish. I have selected the earliest moment you named, and trusted to your delicate tact to manage everything—all—a—in short—all serene."

"Mad!" thought Louisa. "I am sure, Mr. Deal," she said aloud, "I am much obliged by the promptitude with which you have executed all our orders; but did you not get a note from me this morning, in which I explained that—?"

Deal foresaw something uncomfortable, and stammered hastily, "No, I received no second communication."

"I really do not understand you," said Mrs. Chutney, almost peevishly. "But after sending you that note on Monday, I found that I had unconsciously mistaken—"

"Then he does not do 'out-to-day?' interrupted Deal, eagerly. "But fear not, I shall vanish at your slightest wish. Perish every consideration except your happiness!"

This dramatic burst bewildered Mrs. Chutney more than ever. "You see," she returned incoherently, "I put them into wrong envelopes, and saw immediately the danger of Colonel Chutney discovering the error—in short, Mr. Deal, he is rather peculiar, and I wish you would be so good as to go away."

"I am gone," replied Adolphus, with what he intended for an air of chivalrous devotion.

"Yes, do go; you can call to-morrow, you know, about the ottoman?"

"The ottoman?" Adolphus laughed satirically. "Oh! woman in thine hour of ease—"

"There, pray be calm, my dear sir," cried Mrs. Chutney, now convinced of his insanity and greatly alarmed. "But oh, this is his!" she continued, in despair, "that is his ring! And if he sees you, I would hardly answer for your life, or mine either."

"Put me somewhere—anywhere! Dispose of me as you will," said Deal, with an uncomfortable recollection of the stout frame and irate temperament of the coming veteran; and he turned hastily to the library door.

"No, no," whispered Mrs. Chutney, eagerly, "not there. Go into the garden. John," she continued to the page, "show Mr. Deal into the garden. Then after your master is safe in, take him the key of the lower gate. Make haste—oh! do make haste."

In the midst of his dread and timidity Adolphus dropped his hat, and made an ineffectual effort to recover it. "Do not delay, Mr. Deal—pray do not," implored Mrs. Chutney; and the next moment the French window leading to the garden closed upon the hatless upholsterer.

A second furious ring at the bell, and Mrs. Chutney, retreating hastily towards her fauteuil, tripped over the lost head-gear, picked it up, and dropped it into an obscure corner between the window and the piano, where the ample curtains effectually concealed it.

Colonel Chutney entered, seething with wrath. He wiped his brow and took a turn up and down the room, unable to find words sufficiently expressive of his indignation, while Mrs. Chutney sat trembling. In this condition violent-tempered people consider they are calm, turbulently insisting that they are so. When the words came that the colonel had been vainly seeking for, he spoke them slowly and solemnly; "Look here, Mrs. Chutney, I have been kept five minutes at that infernal door, with the sun blazing full upon me! How can a man stand these repeated insults? Insults I call them, by Jove! when a man's wishes are disregarded, and—"

"Well, never mind," said Mrs. Chutney, in a soothing tone, and nerving herself with the hope that her difficulties were nearly over. "Go up and wash your hands. There is such a nice curry for dinner."

"That is all very well," replied the husband, suspiciously, "but I would lay two to one you have forgotten the cocoa-nut."

"You have lost, then," cried his wife, attempting a playful tone. "Come"—trying to snatch a kiss—"I consider you owe me a pair of gloves."

The colonel, a good deal surprised, submitted awkwardly, and, slightly mollified, continued his quarter-deck walk over the carpet. "Now, Louisa," he began, "what have you done with Mary to-day?"

"Nothing, dear. I could make nothing of her. Not a single syllable of explanation could I extract from her. So I begged Aunt Barbara to bring her over to dinner."

"You have? Then you have done very wrong. I have asked Peake; and as I do not wish him to be dragged into the same miserable position I have been, I should prefer—"

here he stopped short and stared fixedly at the windows. "I say," observed the colonel, intensely, "look at those blinds; one of them is a foot lighter than the other. How any, right minded person with an eye in head can endure such a dreadful obliquity, is more than I can fathom." He began to untwist the cord, when he again made a sudden pause and looked out intently into the garden. "Who is that lunatic walking about without his hat? he asked at last. "Gad, it's Deal, the upholsterer. What the deuce is Deal doing there?"

"It is all over," thought the wretched Louisa, her heart sinking within her.

"John," shouted colonel Chutney to the page, "come here"—pointing to the garden. "Who is that maniac?" John appeared like magic, troubled with a bad cough, and looked to his mistress for directions. She shook her head despairingly. John's cough got worse.

"Swop that confounded hacking!" cried the colonel, sternly, "and come here. Look! Tell me who that is in the garden?"

"Please, sir," returned the page, with an air of unhesitating certainty, "that, sir? that's Miss Jemima Ann, as lives at Number Twenty—her young man. I see him often of a evening walking under her balcony, and he never do wear his 'at."

"Do you mean to tell me you do not recognise him as that ridiculous idiot, Deal, the upholsterer?"

"Well, sir," looking out carefully, and with a tone of great candour, "now I look closer, it is Mr. Deal."

"There is some infernal mischief here," cried the colonel, a dark suspicion rushing to his brain. "Why was I kept so long at the door? Why—why—Mrs. Chutney?"

"My dear Felix, believe me—"

"I will believe nothing! Go, John, go this moment, and bring me that wretched imbecile. I will get to the bottom of this, and if I find you have been compromising me with expensive orders, I will post a warning against you in all the public papers to-morrow."

The colonel paused for want of breath, the page rushed away to execute his wishes, and poor Mrs. Chutney, roused to indignation at last, stood silently watching the scene, unutterably humiliated at being placed in such a position for so insufficient a cause. The colonel threw open the window, and, regardless of public opinion, shouted out his directions and orders in stentorian tones.

Meanwhile, the wretched Adolphus, finding the garden gate locked, had lingered about in search of succour, and his hat. On first seeing John flying with the most ostentatious speed, he imagined he was coming to his aid, and hastened to meet him, till warned by an injunction from the page, in as loud a tone as he dared, "to cut 't'other way! I'm sent to catch ye alive;" whereupon Deal, his wits sharpened by a dread of Colonel Chutney's wrath, and a suspicion that (as he would himself have phrased it) he was in the "wrong box," turned sharply and dived down another walk; while, under shelter of a friendly tree, the page unlocked and left open the garden gate, then rushed towards Deal, shouting to him "to come back, as master wanted him."

The colonel stood at the half-open window in his eagerness, and Mrs. Chutney, fearing the neighbours' comments, endeavoured to drag him back. "That's right, John! dodge under the willow-tree, and you will have him! Double round the mignonette plot. Turn his flank by the garden-seat. Police! Police!"

"For heaven's sake, Colonel Chutney," said his wife, alarmed and scandalized at these outcries, "compose yourself! People will think you mad!"

By this time several smart parlour maids had assembled at both the back and front entrances, with friendly messages to enquire if the house had been robbed; if "master could be of any use;" if "missis should come and stay with Mrs. Chutney," who was popularly supposed to be in violent hysterics, after witnessing a desperate band to hand conflict between her husband and a truculent house-breaker.

In the midst of this excitement Captain Peake presented himself, with the intention of dining according to invitation with the hospitable owners of the house.

Mrs. Chutney, now thoroughly roused to self-assertion, had surmounted a strong inclination to a fit of crying, and received Captain Peake with wonderful composure. "What is the matter?" asked that gentleman, with natural curiosity. "There's a bevy of uncommon smart girls in caps on the door-steps, and they say Chutney has been obliged to cut somebody's throat in self-defence. Where is your cousin, Miss Holden?"

"Thank heaven!" returned Mrs. Chutney, "there is one sane individual in the house at last! Captain Peake, I can explain this matter in a few words, and the colonel will not hear me."

Captain Peake looked much distressed, and pulled his long moustaches meditatively, as the colonel panted on a chair, flushed and heated from unusual exertion.

"Sorry to give you so strange a reception, Peake," he said in an injured tone; "but I have partly unearthed a mystery of some kind."

"Come, come, Chutney, you are in a passion, and will not hear reason. Let Mrs. Chutney explain."

"Two days ago," said Mrs. Chutney, quietly, "at the colonel's request I wrote to Sir Frederic Samperton, asking him to dine here to-day, or to name any other day on which he could dine with us, and I stupidly put his note into an envelope directed to Mr. Deal, at the same time enclosing a note intended for Mr. Deal about the exchange of an ottoman, to Sir Frederic. Mr. Deal consequently thought he was invited to dinner, and arrived at six o'clock. While I, knowing Colonel Chutney's irritability and impatience with my short-comings, foolishly strove to hide my mistake by sending Deal into the garden."

Further explanation was cut short by the abrupt entrance of Miss Bousfield, who dragged rather than led Mary Holden after her.

Poor Mary looked much less brilliant than usual. Her cheeks were pale, and a dark shade under the eyes bespoke fatigue or anxiety. Still the mouth looked resolute, and the large speaking eyes were even brighter than ever in their sadness.

Mrs. Chutney stepped forward hastily, and warmly embraced the culprit, who endeavoured to brush away a tear furtively.

"There," said Miss Bousfield, "is a reception for a modest woman to give one with—a cloud on her reputation, to say the least."

"Aunt Barbara!" cried Mary, stung to self-possession by this coarse attack. "I know you will try to degrade and insult me in every way; but, for all that, the motives which took me to Sir Frederic's chambers were pure and good."

"Nevertheless, you don't like to disclose them," said Miss Bousfield, sneeringly.

"Excuse me, Miss Bousfield," said Colonel Chutney, solemnly, "but I have some very queer suspicions—there's some ugly work going on somewhere. Now, Miss Mary! you decline positively to say what business took you to Sir Frederic Samperton's; will you assure me it was not in any way connected with Mrs. Chutney?"

"With me?" exclaimed his wife.

"Mrs. Chutney was perfectly unacquainted with my visit, or its object," replied Mary, steadily.

"Oh!" cried Miss Bousfield, exasperated to find how little her severity or condemnation was valued by her penniless niece. "You may say what you please, but it's my opinion that the truth isn't in you."

At this moment Colonel Chutney's eye was attracted by the corner of an envelope which peeped out of Mrs. Chutney's little work-basket. Without more ado he drew it forth, and while Peake was trying to soothe the aunt and to comfort the niece, read its contents. Then, with a withering look of indignation, repeated it aloud:

"My dear Mrs. Chutney.

"Ha! Dear Mrs. Chutney would have been enough for all purposes of civility."

"Your charming note"

"Oh, a charming note!"

"'Has just reached me; quite in time to prevent any mischief."

"Query, who was the bearer of that note, eh?" Here he glared at Mary with all his might.

"Forgive me if I express a wish to trace in what direction your gentle thoughts could have been floating when you made the mistake."

"What infernal nonsense! It isn't correct English, hang me if it is!"

"It will give me infinite pleasure to accept your hospitality on Tuesday next. I will know Colonel Chutney's peculiarities."

"Colonel Chutney's peculiarities! Ha! my peculiarities! What infernal impudence! Why, what peculiarities have I, I should like to know?"

"Your secret is perfectly safe.

"Is it? Egad! we'll worm it out somehow."

"Yours, as ever, most truly,

"B. SAMPERTON."

"Pray, Colonel Chutney," began his wife—

"Confound it, Mrs. Chutney! What are my peculiarities? Is this the way a man is to be dis-

cussed by the wife of his bosom, to—a man—a man about town?"

"Ah!" put in Miss Bousfield, still triumphant, "there is a pair of them! I wash my hands of them. I never did expect gratitude! But I was fool enough to believe that creatures without any stake in the game would at least play fair."

"What have we to be grateful for?" asked Mary, composedly. "What have you ever done but look on, and prophesy evil, while strangers held out the rope to pull us struggling orphans through the snaf of life?" To Colonel Chutney "I had nothing to do with that note—my business was my own, and I do not choose to reveal it—let me go!" Bursting into tears, "I'll advertise to-morrow for a situation as governess to go abroad, to the Colonies, or Kamschatka, and never come back again!"

"Stop a bit, Miss Holden," said Captain Peake, who had been edging closer to her.

"How dare you speak to me in that manner, you penniless chit?" cried her enraged aunt. "Do you know I can cut you off with a shilling?"

"I may be penniless, Mrs. Bousfield," replied the niece, "but I am a capitalist for all that. I have my share of the great original capital—youth, health, industry, and patience. If I can provide for my own wants, I am as independent and as rich as Croesus."

Captain Peake here made a timid exclamation, and, asking Mary to listen to him, drew her aside, and proceeded to whisper insinuatingly into her ear.

"Where is all this to end?" asked Chutney, observing this, and ceasing to pace the room in his fury. "What devilish schemes may not now be plotting under my very nose! But I will be blind no longer. No, by Jove, not Ycur keys, madam! I'll see the contents of that davenport!"

Mrs. Chutney, still keeping an air of indifference, handed over the keys.

Colonel Chutney opened the davenport, and pulled out account books, notes, papers, a ready reckoner, some half-finished embroidery, Johnson's dictionary, receipts for various curries. "Ha! butcher's book—one fortnight unpaid! Baker's—a week owing! Robbed and betrayed, both. Madame Friselle's account unpaid!" He struck his hand vehemently on one side of the davenport, whereupon a secret drawer flew open.

"Another paper," cried the distracted husband. "A man's writing! What is this?"—and he read:

"London, May 18th, 186—

"Two months after date I promise to pay to the order of Thomas Bousfield, Esq., Fifty Pounds for value received.

"FREDERIC SAMPERTON."

What is this? How came it here?"

"I have done with explanations," said Mrs. Chutney; "but I will say that I was not aware that such a drawer as that existed."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mary, "how could the bill have got there? Has dear Loo paid and concealed it?"

"Let me see," said Miss Bousfield, putting on her glasses and compressing her lips. "This is a strange business! A promissory note to Tom Bousfield, signed by—"

"Sir Frederic Samperton," announced the page, throwing open the door.

The fresh and smiling baronet appeared, like the genius of order and good breeding, to the conflicting assemblage.

"I am particularly anxious to assure you," addressing himself first to Mrs. Chutney, "that Miss Holden's visit of yesterday was simply—"

"Sir," interrupted Colonel Chutney, solemnly, and holding Sir Frederic's letter towards him, "this is no time for trifling. A question or two, if you please," striking open the epistle. "Is that your handwriting?"

"It looks like it."

"And here, sir, did you or did you not address this note to my wife?"

"I did, Colonel Chutney."

"Is that your signature?" continued the colonel, showing him Tom Bousfield's promissory note.

"That is a question I decline to answer," cried the astonished baronet. "But where did you find it? I have been hunting for it incessantly for the last four days."

"Lost or found, I suspect it to be a forgery," said Chutney. "A drop or two more or less of disgrace is of small importance in such a bumper as this," said the Colonel, bitterly.

"Really, Chutney," began Samperton, in a tone of severe common sense, "you must excuse me, but I am a good deal surprised to see a man of your standing and knowledge of the world so knocked over by a simple contretemps. Mrs. Chutney very kindly invites me to dinner, and at the same time she writes to Deal, Board, and Co. about some furniture, and puts the notes in wrong envelopes. I get Deal's billet, and write immediately to know what assistance I am expected to render in the case of your ottoman. Mrs. Chutney writes to me again that it is all a mistake, but 'to say nothing about it, as you know how particular Colonel Chutney is.' I reply thus," pointing to the letter still held out by the Colonel, who seemed transfixed.

"Well," said Captain Peake, rubbing his hands with an air of relief, "I think that is cleared up."

"But how about this?" said Colonel Chutney, slowly, and taking up the promissory note.

"Oh!" replied Samperton, in a tone of easy generosity, "that is easily settled. I could never think of wounding the feelings of this young man's charming relatives. The bill I must have put into the secret drawer when I exchanged the davenport for another I liked better. I have told my solicitor to stop proceedings for the present, and you will pay me the fifty pounds when convenient. Don't be in a hurry. Next week will do."

"What!" roared Colonel Chutney, "am I to be betrayed by my wife" (by this time Deal's hat had been kicked away from the curtains, and prompted a new and dreadful suspicion), "and fleeced by a worthless brother in law?"

Here Captain Peake, who had been doing nothing but whispering very eagerly into Mary Holden's ear, exclaimed aloud: "Yes, you must, to oblige me!" Then addressing Sir Frederic: "Miss Holden desires me to say she will be most happy to place fifty pounds to your credit at your banker's to-morrow morning, and so this unpleasant matter may be closed."

"Miss Holden has suddenly become rich," said the colonel, sarcastically.

"You accept my offer?" observed Peake, earnestly addressing Mary. "It is a mere trifle! Don't think twice about it."

"I do accept it and I accept you too, you dear, kind, generous man," cried Mary, warmly, passing her arm through his. Captain Peake's dark eyes blazed out one flash of delight, and then nodding triumphantly to Sir Frederic, contented himself with patting the little hand which lay on his arm.

A shade of disappointment passed over the baronet's face, but he soon banished it, being too philosophic not to bow before the inevitable. Then, a new light breaking in upon him, as he observed the tender expression of Peake's countenance, the generous side of his character broke out. "My dear Peake!" he exclaimed, "I cannot allow you to bear all the loss!"

"I do not intend to lose anything," replied Captain Peake. "The young lubber shall repay me. I'll put him in the way of doing it, and repayment shall be the salvation of him."

"I hope, now, all misunderstandings are cleared up?" said Samperton.

"Not at all," answered Mrs. Chutney. "From the total want of confidence and consideration Colonel Chutney has shown me, I feel that my society no longer gives him pleasure." Here the colonel, not wishing to compromise his wife before strangers, showed her the rim of Deal's hat, which he held partially concealed. But this had no terrors for the speaker, who continued: "I live in terror of his temper, and in unsuccessful endeavours to please him. Mary, I shall leave this house with you."

"Come Loo!" said the colonel, "these theatrical airs will not impose on me."

"Let me go in peace," returned Mrs. Chutney,

so resolutely that all were astonished, and the colonel dropped Deal's hat, and turned pale. "Keep Wilson," continued Mrs. Chutney, in the same tone of determination; "she understands a curry, and she is tolerably careful. I shall send to-morrow for my large black portmanteau and bonnet-box."

At this crisis, Wilson the page, and housemaid, who, by some mysterious means, seemed fully aware of every tittle of what was passing, entered tumultuously, the women weeping. "D'ye think, 'm, I'd stay behind with such a raging lion of a master, without you, 'm?" cried Wilson. "No! I hereby give notice I leave this day month."

"And I'd be woe to an atomy in a fortnight if the mistress wasn't here to soften the 'spirities of the place," added the page.

"I leave with Mrs. Wilson," concluded the housemaid, emphatically.

"Leave? Leave the room this moment!" cried the colonel, broken down by this unanimous testimony against him. "But I say, Loo, this—is this absurd. I—I'm sorry I vexed you. I—oh I don't leave me—I love you—by Jove, I am more in love with you than ever I was."

"What?" asked Mrs. Chutney, "do you openly entreat me to stay, and promise to put up with my short-comings, and try to make the best of me?"

"Yes, stay on any terms. I do ask you. I won't find fault any more; and nothing that happens in this house shall put me in a passion again." Several tender adjurations to his "dear Loo!" followed, and the colonel finished by holding out his arms to her.

"You darling old tiger," said his wife, falling into them. "Have we filed your claws at last?"

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

An epitaph in an Essex, (England,) churchyard, runs as follows—

'Hero lies of Johnson, the venerable dust;
Forget him old England never must,
And hero have come to rest their weary bones,
Their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jones."

Another in Cheshire, on a person whose name was "Poorly:"

"Poorly lived,
And poorly died,
Poorly buried,
And no one cried."

Another in an Irish cemetery—

"Hero lies John Davies,
Quite at his niece,
With the tips of his nose
And the end of his toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

The internal evidence of the following is sufficient to show what they purport to be,—viz., the epitaph of an accomplished parish officer at Crayford in Kent. They run as follows:—

Here lieth the body of
Peter Isrell,
(30 years Clerk of this Parish.)

He lived respected as a pious and meritorious man, and died on his way to Church to assist at a Wedding on the 31st day of March, 1811; aged 70 years.
The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

The life of this Clerk was just threescore and ten,
Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen;
In his Youth he was married, like other young men,
But his Wife died one day, so he chanted Amen.
A second he took, she departed, what then?
He married and buried a third with Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were Trebled, but then
His Voice was deep Bass as he sung out Amen.
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
So his horn was exalted in blowing Amen;
But he lost all his Wind after threescore and ten,
And hero with three Wives he wags till again
The Trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

THE BODY AVENGED.—By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is Nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor. Thus has many a monarch mind been dethroned

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

1. What is that English word of five syllables from which, if you remove two letters, no syllable will be left?

2. What is the third and half a third of eleven pence?

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why must an avaricious person have a bad memory?

2. Why are the French Church towers like a ball room?

3. When is a wounded man like a French document.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. SEEEEECFNFCR. Produced by chemical operation.

2. PASTTEELR. A chemical compound.

3. ORCTUIHYS. What ladies are celebrated for.

4. CPEIHYS. Famous two thousand years ago.

5. RSMPESE. No ordinary individual.

6. Must not I cover plans. A celebrated personage. E. R. A.

7. Make one word out of "New door," (obvious.)

CHARADES.

My first in locks and keys is found,
And sometimes too in Chancery;
At court my second sweeps the ground,
Respect to show to majesty.
Then in my school, with special care,
'Tis safely housed for ladies fair.

2. My first is a material used in buildings; my second is a measure; my third is a man's name mentioned in scripture, and my whole is a bird

3. I think kind friend that you and I,
Do both my first possess,
Mankind must all my second have,
I know you will confess
A thrilling story is my whole
Its name I pray you guess.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of five letters; read me forward and I am an English name, and what you pass on a journey; backwards I prove a Turk; my first two letters read forward are an Italian pronoun, my last two read backwards are a French pronoun, and my last three read forward are a French article.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. A number of merchants have a common stock of £5000, and each contributes to it twenty times as many pounds as there are partners, with which they gain as much per cent as there are partners. On dividing the profit, it turns out that after each has received five times as many pounds as there are partners in the company, there is still remaining £200. Required the number of merchants.

2. A man, on returning from a long journey, was asked by a friend how many days he had been travelling. He replied, "I have travelled 1000 miles in 20 days; the first day I went 12 miles, increasing every day by an equal excess." What was that daily increase?

3. The sum of the squares of two numbers are 61, and if from the square of the first their product be taken, the remainder will be 6. What are the numbers?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c. No. 7.

Puzzles. 1. 54d.

2. 15 Apples. This question was not clearly stated; it should have read "half of what remained and half an apple more at the second gate, and the same at the third." Most of our correspondents appear, however, to have understood it as we intended they should.

Charades. 1. Locomotive. 2. Bachelor.

Enigma. 1. Key. 2. Ghost.

Conundrum. Because it is a bee holder (beholder).

Transpositions. Sorc, Rose, Orc, Sorel. 2.

Reciprocity. 3. Tomahawk. 4. Marriage. 5.

Etiquette.

Anagrams. 1. Petunia. 2. Geranium. 3.

Violet. 4. Heartsease. 5. Cineraria. 6. Carnation. 7. Lobelia. 8. Lilac.

The following answers have been received.

Puzzles. Both, Gloriana, X.Y.Z. J. McD P. H. H. V. Nemo, E. H. A., H. J. M.; 1st. Peter. Jim Crack Corn, S. E. F.

Charades. Both, H. H. L.; Gloriana X. Y. Z.; W. W. Nemo 2nd. J. McD P., S. E. F. Q. E. D. Peter, Jim Crack Corn, H. H. L.; J. S. D., E. H. A., H. J. M.

Enigma. Both, Gloriana, Peter S. E. F.; 2nd. Q. E. D., H. H. L., X. Y. Z., W. W., Jim Crack Corn. Nemo E. H. A.

Conundrum. Gloriana, J. McD P., + J. S. D., Jim Crack Corn, Q. E. D., E. H. A., H. J. M. Nemo.

Transposition. All, S. E. F., Peter, X. Y. Z., W. W., J. S. D. Gloriana, J. McD P., Jim Crack Corn. Nemo 1st + 3rd, 4th, and 5th., H. H. L. H. J. M., E. H. A.

Anagrams. All, H. H. L., + J. McD P., Gloriana, J. S. D., S. E. F., Peter, Q. E. D. 1st to 4th and 8th., J. S. D. 2nd to 8th., X. Y. Z. Nemo E. H. A., H. J. M.

The following did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in last week's number: Gloriana, Laura, A. A. Oxon, Ware H., Clio.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

We hear that an aeronautic society is in course of formation in London. Mr. Glaisher is to be one of the council. Its object will be to make aerial experiments.

Mr. H. J. Church, writing to *The Chemical News*, gives the following method for making skeleton leaves: "The leaves are boiled for two minutes, then transferred to a strong solution of permanganate of potash and gently heated. In an hour or two the laxer tissues may be easily removed by the means of a brush. Sulphurous acid or a solution of chloride of lime may be used for bleaching them. The stains of permanganate of potash upon the fingers are easily washed off by dilute sulphuric acid."

The following are among the results of the recent observations made by M. Coulvier Gravier upon shooting stars. The mean of every three observations being taken showed that from the 24th of July to the 7th of August the number of shooting stars increased from 6-1 to 26-8, while on the maximum of the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August the number was 58, but again decreased on the following days. M. Coulvier Gravier's yearly observations show not only a cessation of the increase, but a gradual decrease in the horary number of shooting stars; in 1864 there were seen 2-8 less than the year before, and this year there is again the diminution of 5 from the mean horary number of last year.

We referred a short time back to a system of concentrating syrups by the application of cold, the water being frozen, and the sugar left in solution. The *Moniteur*, in an article on the recent increase in the produce of Havannah, states that M. Reynoso, the inventor of the process above referred to, has already succeeded in obtaining, by means of improved methods of cultivation, fifteen thousand kilogrammes of sugar per hectare, instead of the usual yield of three thousand. By treating the syrups according to the freezing process, the percentage of sugar obtained is nearly doubled.—*The Reader*.

SEWERS.—The effluvia which escape from sewers, in the very attempt to ventilate them, are of a most pernicious character, and has been productive of mischievous effects. M. Robinet, a French chemist, has devised a very effective means of freeing the sewers from them. For this purpose, he proposes that the furnaces of factories shall derive their supply of air from the sewers; the latter will thus be emptied of their mephitic gases, which will be destroyed by composition, fresh air from the atmosphere supplying their place. He calculates that if the combustion of 70,000 tons of coal can be thus economised annually in Paris, or only a tenth part of what is about 140,000,000 cubic feet of fresh air—that is more than seven times their contents—daily. He would apply the same principle to the ventilation of cesspools, &c. It has been partially in use already on the small scale.—*Scientific Review*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOLO.—The definitions are unique and many of them droll; we will select a number for insertion in an early issue. Thanks.

R. A. S., HUNTINGDON.—The present number contains a satisfactory comment upon your letter.

W. P. D., TORONTO.—"Atalanta in Calydon" has been reprinted by Ticknor & Fields. You can procure it through any of your booksellers.

MEMO.—You are right. Typographical errors in both cases.

E. H. A.—The Con. noted by you was sent to us as original; please forward the information we asked for in last week's issue.

CLIO.—In making up our Pastime column we purposely present many questions which are of easy solution, in order that our younger friends may be interested. We have not previously met with the proposition you forward, and shall be glad to insert it, but would like to be in possession of the solution before doing so. Please forward it.

E. R. A.—Yes, in the second line, fifth word, which should read "dieug."

JIM CRACK CORN.—We feel half inclined to doubt what you say when you describe yourself as "a poor boy—very poor." At any rate you you have had educational advantages, and have written us a very sensible letter, which would not disgrace any lad in Canada. Fortunately the road to advancement in our country is open to all, and we think and hope you are just the lad to press forward in it, with diligence, probity, and perseverance, you may yet be prime minister. The errors referred to have caused us considerable annoyance. One or both of your contributions will be inserted.

Wm. W.—Welcome as an old friend.

GLORIANA.—We certainly would apologise with all befitting humility, could we charge ourselves with neglecting your first communication. It did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in our last number.

J. S. D.—"Because my neighbour does wrong, therefore I may" is bad logic and worse morality; and we are glad to see that you acknowledge it to be so. We owe you an apology respecting the second point—the phrase staggered us, not understanding it in the light you indicate. We endorse your suggestion, and shall be glad to hear from you whenever you can find leisure to write.

WOLF.—The article is under consideration, but we fear we shall be compelled to reject it.

FRONTENAC, U. E.—Your communication is to hand, and will appear in our next issue. Thanks!

EMMA M., TORONTO.—The subject is hackneyed, and you present nothing original in its treatment.

MARY DASHWOOD.—It will never do to make your hero propose and your heroine softly whisper "yes, and thank you kindly," after sixty minutes acquaintance. Croquet must be a dangerous game, if such tremendous results habitually flow from it. The gentle Minnie and the impressible Mr. Leslie should have been allowed at least twenty-four hours to dream and sigh over their true, true love of marvellous sudden growth, ere they were discovered on the sofa clasped in each other's arms. You must try again, Mary. The game at croquet won't do.

PETER.—The mistake is corrected in the present number.

C. H. S.—The M.S. is to hand. We have only found time to glance over it cursorily, but our impression is that the letter will be inserted.

MYRA C.—We have received the tale, but shall not be able to give you our opinion of it this week; will do so in our next issue.

ENGINE.—The horse-power of an engine can be ascertained in the following manner:—Take the pressure per square inch in pounds, multiply it by the area of the piston, multiply the product by the number of strokes per minute, and this product by the length of the stroke (double); then divide the result by 33,000.

M. W.—A hospital under female medical practitioners has been opened in London, England, and we believe that quite a number of females are practicing medicine in the States.

A. H. Y.—We cannot of course promise before we have an opportunity of perusing the M.S.

WILLIAM O.—Probably not—we do not believe the threats will be carried into execution.

ALPHA.—Mercy is twice blessed.

ELLEN B.—We refer you to the notice in the present issue respecting back numbers.

B. N.—The measure is not sufficiently correct to warrant insertion. The idea, however, is good.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

TO REMOVE WALNUT AND FRUIT STAINS FROM THE FINGERS.—Dip them in strong tea, rubbing the nails with it and using a nail-brush; afterwards wash in warm water. The stains come out instantly.—See also No. 809.

INEXPENSIVE POMATEM.—Lard two pounds; beef suet one pound; essence of lemon, one drachm.

INK STAINS ON BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS.—They may be removed by applying a solution of oxalic acid, citric acid, or tartaric acid upon the paper, without fear of damage. These acids take out writing ink, but do not interfere with the printing.

OINTMENT FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Goulard's extract, one fluid drachm; rose-water one fluid ounce; spermaceti-ointment, two ounces. Melt the ointment, and rub it up with the extract of Goulard, mixed with the rose-water.

PLAIN BISCUITS.—Into a pound of flour rub half a pound of butter; then mix thoroughly half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with two ounces of powdered white sugar; blend these ingredients well with the flour, and make up the paste with a quarter of a pint of fresh milk. Roll it a quarter of an inch thick, after having kneaded it very smooth. Shape it out into rounds with the top of a wine-glass. Roll these out thin, prick them well, lay them on lightly-floured tins, and bake them in a gentle oven until they are crisp quite through. If you make a quantity of these biscuits, you should keep them in dry canisters.

CROQUETS.—The ingredients of croquets are various. They have this to recommend them, that they can be made to use up anything left at table the day before, whether fish, fowl, or fowl. But they cannot be made properly without plenty of fine crumbs of bread. With a good grater and a stale loaf, these are easily procured; but to provide against the chance of having no stale bread, it is well, from time to time, to put all waste cuttings of bread into the oven until brown, then to keep them in a bag in a dry place. They will thus be ready for croquets, real cutlets, &c. Fish or meat intended for croquets must be minced, then mixed in a bowl, with an equal quantity of crumbs of bread, and seasoned to taste with pepper and salt; after which, according to the quantity of your ingredients, beat up an egg, or eggs, white and yolk together, and mix, with the meat and crumbs, so as to form a stiff paste. Roll into balls about the size of a potato, and fry in melted butter. The fire should not be a fierce one, as croquets, in order to be done thoroughly, should be done slowly. Turn them frequently, and serve up when of a light brown colour. Croquets are very suitable either for luncheon or supper.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"Whose son are you, my little boy?"—"I ain't no-body's son; I'm Mr. Thompson's nephew, sir."

You may wish to get a wife without a failing; but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character!

A LADY excused her extreme love for diamonds and other precious stones by saying, "They are the only bright things which never fade on earth."

While talking a few days ago about a lady of his acquaintance, a gentleman remarked that she was so graceful that she walked about the house "like a sylph." An Irish gentleman who was present, and who heard the observation, remarked, "An' would you have her then crape about like a crab or a cat? Sure, what could she do but walk like herself?"

COUSIN'S TALK.—"No, Amy, you're quite wrong I never was refused in all my life."

"Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was Louie Simpson."

"I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. It's true I was 'declined with thanks' once, but I never was refused."

A COMMON WANT.—In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began—"Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."

"Exactly," Jerrold interrupted. "that is precisely what you do want!"

The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

SAYING AND DOING.—A candidate at an election, who lacked eloquence, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great things, got up and said "Electors of G—, all that he has said I will do."

The President of the English Royal Academy, Sir Martin Arthur Shee, F.R.S., was an artist of some renown; and it was upon his name that Lamb made one of his best jokes. Two men at a club-house were discussing the paternity of a picture on the walls, when one of them remarked, "I'll wager a guinea that that picture was painted by Shee."—"I beg your pardon," interrupted Lamb in his driest manner, "but would it not be more grammatical to say 'painted by her?'"

WHAT IT WAS.—A lady passing along the street one morning last winter, noticed a little boy scattering salt upon the sidewalk, for the purpose of clearing the ice. "Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "that's real benevolence."—"No, it ain't, ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."

A PENNER in human form declares that it is no wonder that American finances are in a state so far from satisfactory. He asserts that everything depends upon the "mouey of account"—the unit by which you reckon. England, he says, can always pay twenty shillings in the pound—"In fact" (this he whispered below his breath), "she is pound" (or "bound"—we did not quite catch the word) "to do so. France is always prepared with a 'franc' statement of her liabilities. Even Spain, who is proverbially considered insolvent, reckoning her liabilities in 'reals,' can at any time make out a clear account of her 'real' debt. It is only America," he says, "which, summing up her financial position, will find the arithmetical result truly and unmistakably *dollar-ous!*"

TOM CLAUKE, of St. John's College, Cambridge, desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burnet's "History of the Reformation;" the other told him he could not spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased he might come there and read it all day long. Some time after the same gentleman sends to Tom to borrow his bellows. Tom sent him word that he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and use them all day long if he wished.

LORD ELDON AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.—Traveling the circuit with a companion, who, according to a custom not uncommon in those days, always carried pistols with him, and placed them under his pillow, they slept one night at an inn, and at dawn of day Mr. Scott discovered in his bedroom a man's figure, seemingly dressed in black. The intruder, being sharply challenged, said: "Please your honour, I am only a poor sweep, and I believe I've come down the wrong chimney." "My friend," was the reply, "you have come down the right; for I give you a sixpence to buy a pot of beer, while the gentleman in the next room sleeps with pistols under his pillow, and had you paid him a visit he would have blown your brains out."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

A Good story is told of an Irish ostler, who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."—"Certainly, yer honour, I know that very well; but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."