

ENIGMA DEPARTMENT.

All contributions to this department must be accompanied by the correct answer.

Square-Word Enigma.

1. A division of time.
2. A volcano.
3. An insect.
4. A mechanical tool.

Enigma.

I am composed of fifteen letters:—
My 8, 2, 6, 5 is the name of an animal.
My 14, 10, 7, 7 is a lady's injunction to a passing gent.
My 13, 15, 6 is a river in Russia.
My 12, 13, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 1, 4, 13, 9, 1, 2, is a boy's name.
My 14, 13, 11, is a cape in Massachusetts.
My whole is the name of a British General.

Simpson's Proposal.

MR. ROBERT SIMPSON, albeit arrived at the mature age of thirty-five, was still a bachelor; and not only unappropriated, but, as word run or reported, unpromised; at perfect liberty, in fact, to bestow himself, his very desirable stock in trade, business premises, and freehold houses in the Poultry, upon any fair lady fortunate enough to engage his affection, and able to return it.

Not that Mr. Simpson was, by any means, insensible to female fascination; he was, unfortunately for his peace of mind, somewhat too susceptible; an ardent admirer of beauty in all its hues and varieties, from the fair maidens of the pale North, to the richer glow of the sunny South. But the care and surveillance of his honored father, joined to a constitutional timidity he was quite unable to overcome, had, however, sufficed, during that gentleman's lifetime to prevent rash impulse from eventuating in rash deed. He was also, I must mention, extremely fastidious in his notions of feminine delicacy and reserve; and his special antipathies were red hair, or any hue approaching to red, and obliquity in vision of the slightest kind. Such was the Mr. Robert Simpson who, about two o'clock on the afternoon of March the 1st, 1847, stepped richly and scrupulously attired, into a brougham, specially retained to convey him to dine at his friend's Mr. John Puckford's modest, but comfortable establishment at Mile End, where he was, by express arrangement, to meet his expected bride. Before, however, relating what their befell him, it will be necessary to put the reader in possession of certain important instances which had occurred during the three previous days.

On the evening of the preceding Tuesday Mr. Simpson finding himself at the East end of the town, and, moreover, strongly disposed for a cup of tea and quiet gossip, resolved to "drop in" upon his new acquaintance, John Puckford, hoping to find him and his wife alone. In this, however he was doomed to disappointment; for he had scarcely withdrawn his hand from the knocker, when he was startled—Mr. Simpson was as I have before intimated, a singularly bashful person in the presence of the fairer and better half of creation—by the sound of female voices issuing in exuberant merriment from the front parlor. There was company it was evident, and Mr. Simpson's first impulse was to fly. As the thought crossed his mind, the door opened, and Mr. Puckford, who chanced to be in the passage, spying him, he was fain to make a virtue of necessity, and was speedily in the midst of the party whose gaily had so alarmed him. That the introduction was managed in the usual way, I have no doubt, but the names, however distinctly uttered, seem to have made no impression upon the confused brain of the bashful visitor, so that, when, after the lapse of a few minutes, he began to recover his composure, he found himself in the presence of three ladies and one gentleman of whose names, as well as persons, he was profoundly ignorant. The ladies were two of Mr. Puckford's married sisters and Miss Fortescue, a young lady of reduced fortune, at present occupied as a teacher in a neighboring seminary. The gentleman was Mr. Alfred Gray, a bachelor like Mr. Simpson, but nothing like so old, and scarcely so bashful. Mrs. Frazier, the eldest of the two sisters, a charming lady-like person, of, you would say, judging from appearances, twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, seemed, after some oscillation between her and Mrs. Holland, whose fuller proportions, dark hair, and brunette complexion, contrasted not unfavorably with the lighter figure and fair features to her sister—to engross Mr. Simpson's whole attention, and to arouse after awhile all his conversational powers, which, by the way, were by no means contemptible. Mr. Simpson's time had come, ere a couple of hours had fled, the hapless ironmonger was hurt past all surgery; had fallen desperately in love with a married lady, and the mother of three or four children! On the only single female present, Miss Fortescue, Mr. Simpson had bestowed but one glance on entering the apartment; that had been quite sufficient to check any desire for a more intimate perusal of features. The lady combined his two antipathies; her hair was decidedly red; a strong cast, to use a mild form, detracted from the un-

common brilliancy of her mind—glancing eye. She took very slight part in the conversation; and that little, so absorbed was Mr. Simpson, was by him utterly unheeded. She wore, like her friend Mrs. Frazier, a plain, dress, and the baptismal name of both was Mary.

The ladies departed early, and Mr. Simpson and Mr. Gray followed their example a few minutes afterward. "Mr. Gray said the former gentleman, as he took leave of his companion at the end of the street, 'what is that charming person's name? I have forgotten it.'"

"Which charming person?" inquired Mr. Alfred Gray, with a quiet smile.

"This Mr. Simpson thought a very absurd question; he, however, replied—"the lady in the plain dress; Mary, Mrs. Puckford called her."

"The lady in the plain dress, whom Mrs. Puckford called Mary, is a Miss Fortescue; she is a teacher of music and dancing," rejoined Mr. Gray with demure accent. It was too dark for Mr. Simpson to see his eyes.

"Thank you sir, good night," rejoined the enamored municipal dignitary. Mr. Simpson was soon at home, and before an hour had elapsed, had carefully penned, and posted with his own hand, a letter to his friend Puckford. He then retired to bed and dreamed dreams.

"Sarah," said Mr. Puckford, the next morning to his wife, after reading a letter just delivered, with a perplexed expression of countenance "did Mr. Simpson seem to you particularly struck with Mary Fortescue yesterday evening?"

"With Mary Fortescue? Surely not; why do you ask?"

"Only that here is a letter from Simpson professing violent love for her, and stating his determination should you and I be able to assure him, which he scarcely ventures to hope, that she is disengaged, to immediately solicit her hand in marriage!"

"Read the letter yourself. Her beauty be observed, is, he is quite sure, her least recommendation. Comical, isn't it?"

"Well, it is odd; but she is, you know, a most amiable creature, and will make, I am sure, an admirable wife."

"And he, too, that so especially detests red hair, or the slightest cast in the organs of vision—"

"Mary Fortescue's hair," interrupted the wife, "can scarcely be called red; a very deep golden color I should say—"

"Very deep, indeed—remarkably so," interrupted Mr. Puckford.

"And as to the slight cast in her eyes that no one observes after a few day's acquaintance with her."

"I suppose we may with a safe conscience assure him she is not engaged?"

"Of course we may. It's a wonderful match for her, and we ought to do all we can to forward it. Friday next, the 1st of March, is Alfred's birthday; suppose you ask him to dine with us on that day to meet her. We need have only the same party we had last evening."

This was finally agreed upon; and accordingly, as soon as he had finished his business in the city, Mr. Puckford, previous to returning home, called on Mr. Simpson. He found him in a state of great excitement, which, however, gradually calmed down after Mr. Puckford's solemn assurance, which he gave unhesitatingly, that the charming Mary Fortescue was certainly disengaged; and in his opinion, by no means indisposed to entertain an eligible matrimonial proposition. All this was balm to the stricken Simpson; and after several failures, he at last succeeded in inditing a formal offer of his affection; of which impassioned missive Mrs. Puckford was to be the bearer; her husband undertaking that she would exert all her eloquence and influence to secure acceptance of the proposal.

"And now, Mr. Puckford," said Mr. Simpson, "we'll have a glass of wine, and drink to the future Mrs. Simpson's health. What a charming ornament," he added, with a sort of rapturous sigh, as he placed the decanter on the table—"what a charming ornament, she would be to this fire-place!"

"An odd expression that," thought Mr. Puckford, forgetting that the speaker was an ironmonger, and dealt in such articles. In fact, from the way in which Mr. Simpson had been rapturizing upon Miss Fortescue's charms, a doubt of his friend's perfect sanity had sprung up in John Puckford's mind, and he shrewdly suspected that the affair would terminate in a *lunatico inquirendo* instead of a license.

"Do you know, Puckford," said Mr. Simpson, with a benevolent, patronizing air, after the third and fourth glass—"do you know, I fancy there is a great likeness between you and Mary Fortescue?"

Mr. John Puckford, the reader must understand, was a handsome young man, with a brilliant, florid complexion, perfectly agreeing vision, and light brown hair. No wonder, therefore, he was more startled than flattered by the comparison. The color mounted to his temples, and a conviction of Simpson's insanity flashed across his brain. "Mad as a March hare!" he mentally ejaculated; at the same time resolving, should the paroxysm grow dangerously violent to knock him down with one of the decanters; both of which, as two could play at that game, he drew, as if in

doubt which wine he would take, to his own side of the table. Mr. Simpson mistaking the nature of his friend's emotion, added, "Don't suppose, Puckford, I intended any absurd flattery?"

"Not at all, Simpson; I didn't suppose anything of the sort I assure you."

"To be sure; nothing is more contemptible. You are a good-looking fellow—very; but, of course, I could not mean that you, a man, are to be compared to Mary Fortescue."

"I should think not;" dryly responded the more mystified and bewildered Puckford.

"Exactly; you do not resemble each other about the eyes, either in color or expression."

"Oh!"

"No; as to hair," continued Mr. Simpson, meditatively, "yours there can be no doubt, is decidedly the lightest."

"It's coming now," thought Mr. John Puckford, grasping at the same time one of the decanters, and envying his friend intensely.

Mr. Simpson, quite misinterpreting the action, added quickly "Do, my good fellow, fill me a bumper, and we'll drink to our good-looking friend's health—the lady, I mean, with the dark, silky hair, and brunette complexion. Do you know," continued the complacent Mr. Simpson, crossing his legs, throwing himself back easily in his chair and hooking his thumbs to the arm-holes of his waistcoat—"do you know that if Mary Fortescue had not been at your house yesterday evening, I might have—"

What the worthy ironmonger might in the case supposed, have done or said must be left to the readers' imagination, for on the instant a clerk hurriedly entered the apartment to announce that an important customer awaited Mr. Simpson in the counting room below. Hastily rising, Mr. Simpson shook hands with his friend, and both departed their several ways—Mr. Puckford bearing off the epistle addressed to Miss Fortescue, and musing, as he went upon the lover's madness, which he fully agreed with Rosalind, deserved chains and a dark house quite as much as any other variety of this disease.

The next day Mr. Simpson received a note from Mary Fortescue, modestly and gracefully expressed, in which, with charming humility, and many expressions of gratified surprise, the offer of his hand was—on one condition, to be explained, but which rested altogether with himself—gratefully accepted.

Such was the state of affairs when, on the 1st of March, Mr. Simpson, as I have before stated, entered a brougham and directed the driver to make the best of his way to Mile End. It was a fine, bright and exceedingly cold day; but notwithstanding the nipping, eager air, the love-lorn ironmonger, as he approached the house which contained his charmer, was in a state of profuse perspiration and nervous excitement. Once more he drew from his pocket the fairy note and glanced over the modest, graceful, feminine expressions. "Dear lady," he audibly exclaimed, as he finished about the five hundredth perusal of the familiar lines, "dear lady, she will be all tears and tenderness!"

About a minute after giving utterance to this consolatory reflection, Mr. Simpson found himself in Mrs. Puckford's presence who congratulating him on his punctuality and pointing to the door of the front apartment, said, "there is only one lady there, and you know her." Mr. Simpson's heart leaped and thumped, as if desirous of bursting through his green velvet waistcoat. He stepped desperately toward the door and essayed to turn the brass handle; but so profusely did the bashful man's very fingers perspire, that they slipped round the knob without turning it. The second trial, with the help of his cambric handkerchief, was more successful, and the lover was in the presence of the lady.

Certainly it was she! Mrs. Frazier, the hapless Simpson's Mary Fortescue, was there in bodily reality. But the grateful, humility, the "tears and tenderness," pre figured by the charming note! "Oh, Alfred Gray!"

The untruffled ease, the calm, reserved politeness with which Mrs. Frazier received him, chilled his enthusiastic fervor wonderfully.

His perspiration became a cold one, and in a few moments he felt as if enveloped in coatings and leggings of Wenham Lake ice. Recovering as speedily as he could from the shock of this unexpected reception, Mr. Simpson stammered forth something about his extreme good fortune in having obtained a favorable response from so amiable a person, etc.

"Certainly," replied the lady, "I think you are very fortunate, Mr. Simpson." And by the way of saying something particularly civil and to relieve the modest man's embarrassment, she added: "But few men have like you, sufficient discrimination to discern and appreciate attractions which lie hidden from the merely superficial observer."

confering a tremendous obligation on a civic dignitary worth at least, twenty thousand pounds, by accepting him for a husband! That was quite clear, and although Mr. Simpson was too much in love to deny such a proposition in the abstract, still it was, he thought, scarcely consistent with maiden modesty to state it so very broadly.

Notwithstanding his amazement, Mr. Simpson, as soon as he recovered his breath continued, so well had he studied for the occasion, to get out a sentence or two about the superiority of connubial to single blessedness. This sentiment also met with ready acquiescence.

"Oh, dear yes," said Mr. Frazier; "I would not have been an old maid for the world!"

"Well," thought the astonished admirer of feminine reserve, almost doubting the evidence of his ears, "this certainly is the frankest maiden I ever conversed with."

A considerable pause followed. Mrs. Frazier, seated upon a sofa, played with the luxuriant auburn—really auburn—tresses of her nephew Alfred.

"A handsome boy," at length remarked Mr. Simpson; "it's a pity that he hasn't different colored hair."

"A pity," exclaimed the lady; "I think it beautiful. And, added she, looking the astonished man somewhat sternly in the face, I should be well pleased if all our children had hair of the same color."

This was a climax! Simpson leaped to his feet as if impelled by the shock of a galvanic battery. "Our children." Well, after that! But I must be dreaming," thought the fastidious ironmonger, as he wiped the perspiration from his teeming forehead; "Laboring under some horrid enchantment." Dreaming indeed, and to be swiftly and rudely awakened. The door opened, and a gentleman entered, whom Mrs. Frazier immediately introduced with—"Mr. Simpson my husband, Mr. Frazier."

The blow was terrific. Simpson staggered back as if he had been shot. He glared alternately at the husband and wife for a few seconds; then, pale as his shirt collar, tottered to a chair, and sinking into it, ejaculated with white lips, "Oh!"

"What is the matter, sir; you look ill?" said Mr. Frazier.

The bewildered man made no reply. His brain was whirling. "Who on earth, then have I been courting?"

A loud knock at the street door somewhat aroused him. "My sister, I dare say," exclaimed Mrs. Frazier.

Her sister! Possibly his Mary might be the brunette; and yet—there were but three females present on that fatal evening, besides Mrs. Puckford, that he distinctly remembered, and perhaps—vain hope! the door opened; and the brunette and two gentlemen entered—"Mr. and Mrs. Holland and Mr. Alfred Gray."

An illusion was now over. He Robert Simpson, wealthy tradesman, respected fishmonger, and common councilman, was the betrothed husband of a red-haired dame, with a decided cast, with whom, moreover, he had never exchanged a sentence. His first impulse, as the certainty of his miserable fate flashed upon him, was to strangle Alfred Gray, out of hand, as the author of his destruction, when fortunately another rap-tap arrested his fell intent.

"Miss Fortescue at last," cried Mrs. Frazier, as if announcing glad tidings.

"Oh!" ejaculated the accepted suitor, falling nervously back into the seat from which he had just risen—"Oh."

He was seized with a sort of vertigo; and what occurred, or how he behaved for a considerable interval, he never distinctly remembered. He was, however, soon seated at the table by the side of his affianced bride, Mr. Puckford saying grace. This was the actual state of affairs; but poor Simpson's impression at that moment was, that he had been led out to a sudden execution by an enormous Jack Ketch, with red hair and a frightful squint, and that his friend Puckford was the chaplain reading the funeral service. Gradually, however, his brain cleared, he grew more collected, and considering the suddenness of the shock he had endured, rallied wonderfully, and he was enabled to address a few words of course to Miss Fortescue, in almost a cheerful voice and manner. The lady's answer was uttered in the gentlest, sweetest tones he had ever listened to, and Mr. Simpson was a connoisseur in voices. The conversation continued; became general; and the dinner, commenced so inauspiciously, passed off, considering all things remarkably well. After dinner, Miss Fortescue—her friends, who greatly esteemed her, generously drew forth her powers—appeared to a great advantage. Her mind of a superior order, had been well cultivated and her conversation was at once refined sparkling and sensible. Mr. Simpson was surprised, pleased, almost charmed. Music was proposed, and she sung several songs, admirably. Mr. Simpson determined to postpone his explanation—necessarily an unpleasant one—till the next day, when he would do it by letter. The party departed about 9 o'clock, long before which, it had several times glanced across the ironmonger's mind that a dislike of any particular colored hair, was, after all a very absurd prejudice; as to the cast, that, he was satisfied, was so slight as to scarcely deserve the name. It had been arranged that they should all dine with the

Fraziers the day after the next; and as Mr. Simpson handed Mary into the cab, in which Mr. and Mrs. Frazier were already seated, she whispered, "Oblige me by coming on Sunday half an hour before the time appointed; I have something of importance to say to you." Mr. Simpson bowed, and—her hand to his lips. The carriage drove off, and the worthy man was left in the most perplexing state of dubiety and irresolution imaginable. He began to think he had gone too far to recede with honor; and what was very extraordinary, he felt scarcely sorry for it. At all events he would not act rashly. Sunday was not far off; he would defer his explanation till then.

Mr. Simpson, punctual to his engagement found Miss Fortescue awaiting him alone. He felt, on this occasion, none of the violent emotions he experienced on the previous Friday. His heart, instead of knocking and thumping like a caged wild thing, beat tranquilly in his bosom; yet it was not without a calmly pleasurable emotion that he met the confiding, graceful smile which beamed on his entrance, over the lady's features. Seating himself beside her, he with respectful gentleness, requested her to proceed with the matter she wished to communicate. She blushingly complied and speedily beguiled him, if not of his fears, which I am not quite sure about of something under the circumstances, far more valuable. Her family, not many years before in affluent circumstances, had been, by reverses in trade, suddenly cast down in extreme poverty. The only surviving member of it, her mother and youngest sister, had been long principally dependent on her exertions for support. The assistance she had fortunately been able to render had hitherto sufficed for them; but, of course, if she married, that source of income must fail; and she never, till surprised by his generous offer, contemplated marriage—but she was even now fully resolved never to do—unless—Mary Fortescue paused in her narrative, and her timid, inquiring glance rested anxiously upon the varying countenance of her auditor.

Mr. Simpson was not made of adamant, nor of iron, though he traded in the article, and no wonder, therefore, that the graceful manner, the modest pleading earnestness, the gentle tones, the filial piety of his betrothed should have vanquished, subdued him. Her features, plain as they undoubtedly were, by the lustre of a beautiful soul, kindled into absolute beauty! At all events, Mr. Simpson must have thought so, or he would not have caught joyfully the weeping maiden in his arms and exclaimed, in answer to her agitated appeal, "unless your home may be theirs also? Be it so; I have thank God, enough and to spare for all."

This was oddly brought about, and finally determined in, one of the happiest of marriages, if Mr. Simpson himself is to be believed—and he ought to know—that the church has ever blessed. Should he attain, of which there is every reasonable prospect the dignity of Lord Mayor, he will, I am quite sure, attribute, as he does all fortunate events, to his supreme luck in having unwittingly fallen in love with another man's wife.

Brought up by a Wolf.

All the world has heard the story of Romulus and Remus who were brought up by a she wolf till they were of age to start the enterprise of building Rome. We all credited the story when we were young, but rejected it when we came to reason about the matter. But the reports of an English missionary establishment in the north of India give an account of two boys who were captured from the wolves, which are very plenty in that region. The boys were apparently about seven years old when taken from their wolf mates. One of them was taken by some hunters who were engaged in smoking out the wolves from a cave. He ran away on all fours, but he was caught. The only sound he uttered was a whine, but his features showed unmistakably that he was a Hindoo boy. He would at first wear no clothes, tearing them off if they were put on him; would eat nothing but raw meat, and lapped up water with his tongue. He was, at length, taught to walk erect, to use a fork and spoon, and to drink like a human being. Although treated with the greatest care he pined away and died after he had been at the mission four months. The other boy has been in the establishment six years and has now laid aside most of his wolfish ways. He walks erect, but has a peculiar gait, owing to the fact that he moves his hands at the same time he does his feet. He has not said a word, but he exchanged his whine for a sound expressive of gratitude. He wears clothes, though at first they were a source of annoyance to him. He has been taught to do some work, but is neither skillful nor faithful in its performance. He has lost all desire to escape, and has become a favorite with the other children.—*Land and Law Advisor.*

A Maine farmer, on recently taking some eggs from a hen's nest, observed a slight protuberance at the end of one, but thought nothing of it till he heard the shell snap. Upon looking he saw a singular substance oozing out, which proved to be a fully developed snake, 7 inches long, which had apparently lain coiled up in the end of the egg. It was nearly the color of the white of the egg, and exhibited some signs of life when it first came out.