

"You dread detection, and the consequences which would follow."

"What I do, is done that I may live, and the world admires the man who succeeds, whatever means he may employ."

"Still, I may some day reveal to your guests things which would be unpleasant to you they should become acquainted with."

"No one would believe you; my friends already consider you to be a harmless lunatic, and your eccentricities to be unworthy of their attention."

"Yet I may some day deceive you."

"What! Fool! If ever you attempt such a thing, that wretched life of yours, you cling to with such tenacity, although you affect to despise it, shall quickly be cut short."

"They who live longest will see most."

"What makes you so cross this evening? Are we about to have a change in the weather? The barometer of your animal spirits usually sinks before a storm. Enjoy yourself while you may; the comforts of the chateau are yours to command."

It was common for these two to indulge in such altercations. The old woman was a prisoner at the chateau, and she frequently reproached Monsieur for detaining her; but, as she knew her life depended on his caprice, she was fearful of pushing her opposition too far.

When Lisette had departed from the residence of Monsieur Du Boulay, Brother Anthony made himself exceedingly useful, and performed the little domestic matters required of him with an intelligence which sometimes aroused suspicion. But he was wary, and immediately he caught the eye of Monsieur resting on him suspiciously, something extravagant was certain to be committed. The Frenchman sincerely believed the boy to be imbecile, and in his credulity omitted to warn him against visiting the laboratory. Nor did he in this matter require any caution, for he seemed to possess an instinctive dread of the place, and in his wanderings, even when he had no knowledge that the eye of his master was watching him, he always avoided approaching near to it. For this peculiarity a solution was sought for on philosophic premises, especially as the exterior of the building appeared to fill his mind with alarm; for, whenever he cast his eyes in that direction, he always exhibited unmistakable signs of horror. Being from this satisfied he would never approach the forbidden spot, a greater freedom was felt than with Lisette herself.

Anthony, too, possessed a constructive faculty, and to see the imbecile running about with tools in his hands, or drawing from his pocket a hammer, or a knife, excited no surprise. With such tools the youth made for himself a number of grotesque toys, and it was the delight of his employer to watch his doings. Indeed, Monsieur gravely declared, as the result of a deep philosophical study of the subject, that Anthony would have been a genius, had he been born with the capability. To keep alive such an idea was thought to be well.

Anthony felt free to leave the chateau whenever the Frenchman was in bed. To leave the house after traversing the corridor, was at no time a difficult task, for the back of the place was situated so as to facilitate any attempt to escape unheard. Feeling himself free from being suspected, the imbecile determined to visit the laboratory. It was in the dead of night when he reached the prison house of Charles Freeman, and, placing himself beneath the window where Lisette had stood, spoke aloud:

"She is too good!"

"Who is that speaking?" was the enquiry from within. Charles Freeman was awake, and his watchful ear caught the sound.

Without regarding the enquiry of the prisoner, Anthony again exclaimed, "She is too good!"

"Who is that speaking?" was again the enquiry. This time the questioner seemed in a state of positive alarm, and without waiting for a reply he pleaded with Heaven to be saved from becoming again the victim of a delusion, which excited his hope, only to be followed by a deeper despair, in a voice so full of feeling as to arrest the attention of the gypsy.

"Hush! it is a friend who speaks."

"Oh, the delusion! again I hear a voice."

"Charles Freeman!"

"The mocker now calls me by name. Merciful Father, why has this evil befallen me? Take my life, but spare my brain."

"Peace, peace, poor fellow! this is no delusion."

"If you be a reality, speak once more, and tell me who you are!"

"The friend of Lisette."

"What! was she a reality? Am I not mad?"

"She was a living person; but she is gone."

"Gone, alas! where to?"

"To friends of yours in England."

"Impossible!"

"Poor fellow! it is true."

"And has left you here? Pray tell me all about it."

"This is not the time for explanation; I may be watched in coming here, and although fully capable of defending myself, it will make it worse for you if I am discovered. Come closer to the window."

Obedient to the request, the prisoner approached, and, just as he reached the place, a pane was smashed from the outside. "Who did that?" he enquired in alarm.

"I," returned Anthony.

"You have ruined me; all will now be found out, and I am lost. Foolish man to act thus."

"Nonsense; I am no novice at this kind of

thing. First be assured that I am your friend, and all will then be well."

"If Lisette was a real person, and you are her friend, I have confidence in you, for as an angel of mercy she brought me hope."

"Good; I am her friend. Now, listen to me. Lisette is gone to England to make preparations for your escape. That she will succeed I have no doubt—don't speak, my time is short,—should she do so it will be necessary for you to be in readiness to leave this den at a minute's notice. But don't anticipate the result of her endeavour; it may be weeks before she can return."

"Your intelligence is life; it is salvation. May God speed the effort of that noble woman!"

"Here, take this file. I have feigned a taste for the employment of a carpenter that I might search for something to aid us in our purpose, and my diligence has been rewarded in finding such a treasure as Monsieur had no knowledge he possessed. That instrument is well adapted for your work; secrete it about your person, and at your leisure file asunder those bars inside the window. Don't do too much at a time; and whenever you leave off, collect the dust from your labour and hide it. Discolour your work as you proceed, lest the quick eye of the Frenchman should become attracted by the shining metal."

"Precious instrument!" exclaimed the prisoner, as he took the file; "the possession of this fills my soul with hope."

"All will be well; only count not the hours, lest your patience should become exhausted. Do nothing at those bars until the window-pane is repaired."

"That pane of glass will ruin all."

"Peace; take this stone with which I broke it, place it on the other side of the room, and leave the rest with me. Now, good-night; obey my instructions and preserve your patience."

Leaving Charles Freeman to ruminate on the prospect of deliverance, Anthony returned to the chateau. All was as quiet within the old dwelling as when he left it, and, creeping along the corridor, he listened at the door of the apartment of Monsieur, and had the satisfaction of hearing him utter sounds of deep sleep. Stealing noiselessly to his own room, he, too, quickly forgot the considerations of earth in the depth of slumber.

Having obeyed a summons to arise that he could not well resist, that of being pulled violently out of bed, on descending to the kitchen a wild yell escaped from the throat of the imbecile. This was attended with stamping his feet, pulling his hair, and then rushing out in the direction of the laboratory. When within a stone's throw of that building he stopped suddenly, and, taking a handful of large pebbles from the path, commenced throwing. Every stone he hurled he made strike the forbidden place, and accompanied his efforts with the wild and unearthly yell of "The cat! the cat!" The noise arrested the attention of Monsieur, who came forth to ascertain the cause of such confusion. As he came upon the scene Anthony was pelting the laboratory. On seeing such conduct, he ordered him immediately to desist and to return.

On hearing the command he turned, and presented a countenance so filled with the mingled expression of horror and grief, that the Frenchman himself became startled by its appearance.

"The cat! the cat!" came in sounds so sorrowful from the lips of Anthony, as he obeyed the summons.

"What has the cat done?" enquired Monsieur; and, taking his hand, in a truly idiotic manner, he led him to a corner in the kitchen where stood an old empty basket.

"Gone! bird gone!" said Anthony, in the most plaintive tones, as he stood looking at the basket which had formed the temporary home of a lame robin Monsieur had caught and given to him to amuse him. He had no knowledge the creature had lived until shown the empty home, and by the vociferating was led to understand that a cat had stolen it.

Monsieur had a thorough hatred of cats, and the mournful aspect of the idiot as he pointed to the tenantless basket, increased it to intensity, and led him to vow the direst vengeance against the whole feline race. Being satisfied with the cause of confusion, he sought to comfort the boy by assuring him that he would obtain for him another captive. By this promise he soothed his feelings, and then started off in the direction of the laboratory. But, scarcely had he proceeded forty paces, when Anthony rushed after him, and, taking him by the shoulder, with intense alarm written on every line of his face, he tried to prevail on him to return.

"The cat!" exclaimed the idiot, pointing toward the building; and then by pantomimic gesture, employing both mouth and fingers, he continued, "Cat! bite—scratch—Monsieur."

Assuring Anthony that he was not frightened at a cat, and that he might test the sincerity of his horror at the sight of the laboratory, he took hold of his hand that he might lead him thither. But, as soon as the intention was realized, he wrestled violently to obtain his release, and being again free he started at full speed toward the chateau.

"That is well, said Monsieur, as he saw the youth running; my secret in the laboratory is safe from him; he will not be the cat who will release my lame robin from his confinement; he seems to have a perfect horror of the place." Thus talking to himself, he reached the building, when the first thing he detected was the broken pane.

"How was this done?" he demanded of his

prisoner, who, without deigning a reply, pointed to the stone on the floor. Not doubting but Anthony had broken it in throwing at the thief, he cursed all the cats from the flood to the end of time. But Charles Freeman regarded not this outburst of Monsieur, and sat motionless on his wretched bed, with his face buried in his hands.

(To be continued.)

## REFLECTIONS ON FIRST LOVE.

In dimness, in deep ignorance do we begin this life of ours; we make mistakes and afterwards chide our infamous delay and yet nevertheless the smeared record remains for us with all its faults and its unclean nakedness. We fall not as one falls covered with glory, but with grief, confusion, and shame, and we only rise by sheer force of our sacred determination to live forever nobly unto virtue; unto all great uses of our fleeting careers.

But despite these, our frailties, who shall mourn for man, fashioned as he is by so great an Architect? Who shall dare to defy the Eternal, the Infinite, the Just, and scorn His great deed, for mankind all embody the lofty intention of God who, in the depths of His compassion and tenderness for His children, has so ordained that their lives should be imperfect, and has endowed them with many passions and with many opportunities for holiness.

The divine poet sings:—

"Love took up the harp of life,  
And smote on all the chords with might;  
Smote the chord of self, that trembling  
Passed in music out of sight."

For this reason is love to be prized, in that it deprives us of our selfishness, and yet we very often err in deeming ourselves beloved when such is really not the case. I am making a sad assumption, for my own experience has been that

"'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

And if there be any consolation in the thought, I am only too ready to listen to it. But it costs me much to learn so hard a lesson, though I never play the woman.

I then approach my last love with stern feelings, perhaps with excessive wrath, for although I had not analysed her mind to a nicety, I was secretly convinced of the weakness of her nature and reluctantly bring myself back to my old loneliness though I am destined not to be reconciled. Seeing her as a girl, and being moved towards her in a loving way, not entirely decided in any thing of moment, I temporarily lost her and so was for the time being saved from trouble.

But later on nothing could avert the love-sorrow which, like "the blood-red blossom of war," came on me with a heart of fire. And to be heated suddenly gives one the wildest impulses, and ultimately the sweetest inspirations of thought.

Let me call to mind here that I never told my love, and consequently may have lapsed out of memory, ever and anon thoughtless, extravagant, and diseased; but I trusted to the affected language of the eyes and vaguely hoped for a fuller understanding, and this (be it remembered) can never wholly be attained. I have treated the subject according to my various moods, sometimes seriously, sometimes lightly; now with contempt, now with a feeling akin to despair; but the end has revealed merely stoicism, that cold state of temperament which forbids all the wantonness of youth and which indeed assists us to expect soberly the approach of a witty companion.

We fall into all manner of infidelities, and extravagances of belief and unbelief, and flatter ourselves that the world is wide, and that love is all embracing. With me I can but appreciate one great loss, and I say, "Give me back my heart;" once I have my heart again I shall neither move nor be moved, but "a little grain of conscience makes me sour," and as I obey my conscientious dictates I persist in loving nobly and hopelessly.

I have become almost a hero in some respects of the case, but am now a forgotten thing and cannot survive the rush of the modern herd who are "wedded to raw haste, half-sister to delay;" but for all my inconsistencies, I have not forgotten my first obstinate love, and it is fitting I should describe my last interview with her.

I fear that at certain terrible seasons I am prone to an excitement which is sure to cause me the most lamentable results, and not only is this my enemy, but my physical condition occasionally weakens my mentality, and in a word I become utterly effete.

It was in such a state of weariness as this that I was called upon to be merry, and I verily believe that such will occur again if Fate is to curse me more forcibly than before; such is her malignity towards a struggling sufferer, and a servant of the Sun.

"Let it flame or fade  
I embrace the purpose of God and the doom assigned."

The meeting took place, not, however, in such a spirit as would justify the advances of a lover, for I was sick at heart and might have uttered,

"Wed whom thou wilt,"

even though I could not believe her capable of so delicate a piece of treachery. We chatted indifferently, and I stayed too late; in fact, my hour of destiny had almost arrived when I departed, thinking that of a truth this episode was—

"Remembered, not regretted."

Since that premature day I have been invited to the banquet of success, and as a sober guest have not feasted with loud revelry, but rather with becoming quietness, and look for nothing so much as a happy solution of this fitful appearing diffidence.

Ultimately what can come from out the studied bitterness of the heart? Shall we rise to greatness and be seated on a golden throne? Let us seek all fame, all worthiness, all glorious honour, but let us hide forever this ghastly memento of a love that was never perfected. Shall life be ruined because one woman has degraded herself in the dust, because one soul was base enough to be bought with a filthy price? There is hope for the vilest, yea, the most abject shall be saluted with the kiss of peace, and on the dying lips will be a word of happiness, and over the dying face will be spread the soft subdued tints of silent sanctity. So too with those who have cast themselves foolishly on the fidelity of a young woman. They shall know no longer the hunger that agonises the spirit before the light, for with the morning the gloomy shadows will flit away noiselessly, and the solemn end will bring its calming benediction and its joy. "ITHURIEL."

## "A CHARLATAN AND ADVENTURER."

In discussing the causes and consequences of the liberal victory in England the New York *Nation* takes particular pains to call the present Premier "a charlatan" and "an adventurer." These names give a sharp point to paragraphs, and to the careless reader have considerable weight as specimens of heavy journalistic judgment. To the careful and impartial reader they are simply journalistic bosh. We presume England has her share of charlatans and adventurers, but she generally manages to keep them where they belong and never permits them to obtain position and power in public affairs. America might profitably imitate the English example in this respect. When, under a monarchical form of government and in a society where noble birth is still reverenced as something sacred, the son of a Jewish bookmaker climbs to the top of the tree, it is not an accident or merely the result of an odd combination of circumstances. Such a man would go to the top of the tree in any country and in any age, providing the country and the age were highly civilized. Charlatans and adventurers are occasionally flung to the surface in times of great political excitement, but their rise and fall are equally rapid and they exercise no very serious influence upon their surroundings. Lord Beaconsfield has been forty years in reaching the place he now occupies, and every step in the long, upward march has been gained by hard fighting, not against puny and contemptible antagonists, but against champions as stout and brave as any that ever grew on English soil. Without powerful friends, or the wealth which not unfrequently answers as a substitute; contending, during the earlier part of his career, at least, with a "prejudice of caste" which none before him had overcome; hampered by the memories of a failure so complete as to be ridiculous—he has made his way through all these obstacles by the sheer force of brains. To one of his juvenile novels he attached this characteristic motto: "Why, then, the world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open." The oyster has been opened, and it contained the robes of a prime minister, the coronet of an earl, and the ribbon of the Garter. The sword was drawn from his own head. No man living—and not many dead—has a better right to be proud of his achievements, or less cause to thank others for them. The veteran of seventy-five can look back along the rough road which stretches between the desk of a lawyer's clerk and a seat in the house of lords; between the drawing-room of Lady Blessington and the council chamber of Queen Victoria—and feel that at every stage of the toilsome journey he has been sufficient for himself and is the architect of his own fame.

The defeat of his party can no more destroy the reputation of Beaconsfield as a statesman than the defeat of Waterloo can destroy the reputation of Napoleon as a soldier. The chances are that he will never again rule the British Empire, but while that Empire stands he will be remembered, not as a "charlatan" or "an adventurer," but as a brilliant political strategist, a splendid leader, a minister of imperial ideas and imperial policy, of whom it may be said, as Macaulay says of Warren Hastings—that he was "tried by both extremes of fortune and never disturbed by either." Public opinion in and out of England is divided in regard to the soundness of his ideas and the wisdom of his policy; but public opinion in and out of England is unanimous as regards his indomitable will, his dauntless courage, his stainless character, his consummate ability. The wonderful race whose blood he boasts and whose name he bears has never produced a rarer genius or brighter renown.

## A Good Housewife.

The good housewife, when she is giving her house its spring renovating, should bear in mind that the dear inmates of her house are more precious than many houses, and that their systems need cleansing by purifying the blood, regulating the stomach and bowels to prevent and cure the diseases arising from spring malaria and miasma, and she must know that there is nothing that will do it so perfectly and surely as Hop Bitters, the purest and best of medicines. See other column.