

natural that the young people of the two families should be very much thrown together. The absence of Alice with her father in England had broken up the boy and girl aspect of the young people's friendship, but only to replace it by the more strong and tender attachment of love. Henry Hewit had no sooner lost his old playmate than he discovered that his heart had gone with her, and upon the return of the young lady had hastened to assure himself, as soon as the agitation attending upon the painful nature of the circumstances had in a measure subsided, that Alice had not learned to do without him. He had begged to be allowed to speak to Dr. Leslie on the subject of an engagement, but this Alice had deferred for a year more, in consideration of her father's feelings. That Dr. Leslie looked upon the intimacy between his daughter and Henry Hewit with tacit approval was evident, therefore much of the reserve that must otherwise have existed between father and daughter on the subject was removed.

On the afternoon in which the events narrated in the previous chapter occurred, Dr. Leslie was seated in his own sitting-room, before a blazing fire amusing himself with his *protégé*, Walter, while Alice was busy with some sewing at the table. The doctor was in more than his usual spirits, and his fine face glowed with contentment and humour, as he chatted with Walter, or persuaded him to sing some childish ditty. While they were thus merry, Alice bent over her work in pensive mood. She was thinking of him who had become very dear to her; she had learned that he was in trouble on his brother's account, anxious and unhappy, and this, although she would scarcely own it to herself, caused her to feel very much depressed. Her father had noticed her gloomy dejection, and in order to divert her thoughts bade Walter fetch the accordion and ask Alice to play and sing for them. The little boy ran to obey, but in passing a window suddenly cried out:

"Look, look, uncle, Mr. Hewit's horse is running away with him."

Dr. Leslie rose quickly, smiling at the child's excitement, but Alice was at the window before him and exclaimed:

"It is not Harry, but a stranger."

"I'm sure it is Mr. Hewit's horse," cried Walter.

"Yes, dear," returned Alice, "but not Mr. Hewit."

By this time the rider had reached the door and dismounting quickly entered the hall without knocking. Dr. Leslie met him followed by Alice and the child.

"Dr. Leslie, I believe," said the man.

"The same, at your service," responded Dr. Leslie.

"Pray excuse my unceremonious entrance, but when you read the letter you will find an explanation." And handing Dr. Leslie a letter, he bowed, sprang on his horse and dashed away.

"Bless my soul, what does it all mean?" exclaimed Dr. Leslie, "that is one of David Samos's sons, I believe. I hope the old gentleman is not ill. Ally, dear, where are my glasses?"

Alice handed her father his spectacles, but she was very pale and trembled violently. Dr. Leslie did not see fit to observe her agitation, and broke the seal of the letter with due deliberation, seating himself quietly to glance over its contents. No sooner had he done so, however, than he tossed the letter on the table, strode to the door and calling to his man to saddle his horse, hurriedly returned to put on overcoat and boots.

You may read the letter, Alice," he said, while engaged in these hasty preparations, "only don't go into hysterics or anything of that sort. It is a scheme of some rascals, and will end all right, never fear."

Dr. Leslie rode at a sharp pace, and arrived at the court-house to find that the case had been opened and a witness for the prosecution was in course of examination. Greeting Mrs. Hewit who sat there pale and anxious, and assuring her that all would yet be well, Dr. Leslie bowed to the prisoner at the bar, and advanced to the bench. He plainly observed glances pass between Pugh and one of his associate magistrates, and also between them and Howis.

"Will you take a seat with us, Dr. Leslie?" said Pugh, "Although not a magistrate you are a man of experience and may be of service to us."

"I beg your pardon, Squire Pugh," replied Dr. Leslie, "I have held a commission of the peace since a short time after I left off practice, but I have never acted, and must decline doing so now."

The court, no way displeased at this resolution on the part of Dr. Leslie, proceeded with the case. The witness on the stand was Philip Jackson, a respectable farmer, living near the lower dam. He affirmed that he was out very early that morning, and on crossing the road at the mill bridge he found a rifle lying upon the ground that he at once recognized as belonging to Mr. Henry Hewit, having frequently seen it in his possession, but more lately in the hands of Frank Arnley. After picking up the rifle he looked around and just on the mill-dam he picked up a cap which had been identified by several who had seen it that day as one worn by Frank Arnley the day before. And near the cap he found a knife which was now produced and sworn to. The knife was covered with blood, but Harry knew it at once, a large clasp knife that he carried commonly when hunting. And he now recollected that Frank had taken it the day before, after killing the deer, and had not returned it.

Two other witnesses were called who swore to seeing Harry and Frank together at a late hour the night before.

"Did you overhear any of their conversation?" enquired one of the magistrates.

They both affirmed that Harry was speaking loud and using violent gesticulations, but the only words that they caught were, "it will kill you," or, "I will kill you," or words to that effect.

Upon being questioned by Harry, they could not swear that the words were not, "it will kill her," which, the reader will remember, were the words Harry used in referring to his mother.

Mrs. Hewit was next called upon to state the hour at which her son reached home the night before. To this she replied that she had not marked the exact time, but judged it to be about two hours before daylight, or perhaps more.

Dr. Leslie now enquired what search had been made for the missing man, and Pugh replied from his place on the bench that as he lived at no great distance from the place where Mr. Jackson found the articles, and was the first person the farmer encountered after his discovery, he had taken the case in hand judicially and had at once sent to Squire Arnley's house to learn when Frank had been last seen by his uncle. The servants stated that Master Frank had not been at home since the previous morning, and that Squire Arnley had departed very suddenly on the afternoon of the same day for Toronto. Under those circumstances he had consulted with his brother magistrates, and they had issued a warrant for the arrest of Henry Hewit, as the last person with whom the murdered man had been seen, and he thought, he added in pompous tones, the case was sufficiently established against him to warrant the prisoner's commitment.

"That is probably a straight enough conclusion," replied Dr. Leslie, "but I intend to stand bail for Mr. Hewit, and save you the trouble of sending him to jail until the assizes."

This was unexpected, and Pugh looked confused and exchanged significant glances, not only with his fellow-magistrates, but also with Howis, who all along had watched the proceedings with evident anxiety. Replying to Dr. Leslie, he said that he and his brother magistrates would undoubtedly be glad to accept bail on behalf of the prisoner, if it could be done, but in a case of like importance with the present they doubted if bail would be proper, even though it might be lawful. Moreover it would require two bondsmen, and for his part he doubted if there was another man beside Dr. Leslie in the county who could be found willing to aid in setting such a character as the prisoner before him loose on society.

"Tut, tut, sir!" replied Dr. Leslie with some severity, "you are prejudging the case, and I protest."

At this juncture Mr. Samos, sr., came forward and offered to join Dr. Leslie in security for

Harry's appearance at the assizes if called on. Pugh was, therefore, compelled to accept bail, and thus the case was closed for the time.

(To be continued.)

## THE MUS. DOC.

I may be allowed to allude to an absurd habit which consists in the title of Mus. Doc. being taken for a guarantee that the man on whom it has been conferred must, besides a learned musician, be a great composer. A great composer must be a great musician, but it does not follow that a great musician must be a great composer, for a great musician is he who has learned all you can learn—thorough bass, harmony, counterpoint, composition. He will be pronounced a great musician if he offends against no rule, if, for instance, he can write an orchestral score and make no mistake, giving no instrument either notes or passages which it cannot play and violating no rule of harmony; but, just as a man can learn grammar, syntax, style, and, without offending against any rule, may not be able to write an interesting book unless he have ideas of his own or an original way of representing things as distinguished from the ordinary claptrap, so will no man write a great composition without new ideas of his own, or a style of his own. Being a musician is, in fact, a negative quality, not to make unallowed mistakes, just as a well-educated man will not offend against good manners; but being a great composer is an absolute merit. You must not only show what you don't do, but what you can do; you must create, you must give something that nobody before you has given; and though a doctor's diploma may prove that you have written a faultless manuscript, no title on earth can give you genius and make you a composer. A Welsh paper once distinctly stated that Dr. P. stands higher than Beethoven, since the latter was no doctor of music, and the former was. I was led to this digression on account of the difficulty Handel encountered with his "Te Deum," which could not be given in any church where the works of Doctors of Music only were admitted. There were five or six then; what has become of their names and their work, and where are they by the side of the name of the immortal "Sassone," who was a genius and no doctor? It is, as Dumas once said to a young gentleman who was invited to a Russian *soirée*, and was dazzled with the stars and ribands of the gentlemen present; "Vous êtes l'homme le plus distingué de la soirée," said Dumas to him, "vous êtes le seul qui ne soit pas décoré." And Frenchmen, who are so often ridiculed for this eager craving after the riband instituted by Napoleon I., attach not less value to that distinction than Englishmen do to the title of Mus. Doc.—*Temple Bar*.

## BALLADE OF FALSE COUNCILLORS.

"Where are the snows of yester-year?"

—*Francoys Villon.*

The roads are heavy with mud and mire,  
Angry citizens vainly swear,  
Little I ween avails their ire,  
Little the callous Councillors care!  
Little they reck of the maid's despair,  
Crossing the streets in dread and fear,  
Lest she her new fall dress impair—  
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

When to office they did aspire,  
Oh! they were modest and debonnaire,  
Naught but our good did they desire.  
Oh! but their speeches were frank and fair—  
How could we deem they were all a snare?  
That they at our complaints would jeer,  
And not a "continental" care?  
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

But when these Councillors retire  
Of others like them we should beware,  
And better guarantees require  
Than speeches that are as empty air,  
Or they once more may us ensnare—  
But choose men honest and sincere,  
Lest we again cry in despair—  
Where are the pledges of yester-year?

ENVOY.

City Councillors, then, beware!  
Keep your ways and your conscience clear,  
So that to cry we may forbear—  
Where are the pledges of yester-year?  
Ottawa.

W. H. FULLER.