

decline to explain. Not that this falls within his professional duties, but from sympathy. In his early London years Dublin had a similar adventure.

Three days later, Parliamentary committees are not sitting. The Queen holds a Drawing-Room at St. James's Palace, and most of the younger members of both Houses are there with ladies of their families. Tobias, out sight-seeing for an hour, stands gazing, admiring, glowing with admiration as the glittering chariots convey to the royal threshold the daughters of fortune.

"Oh, grandeur, beauty, youth, rapture of my soul!" says the heart of insanely inspired Tobias; "She comes, she comes! It is her. On me she directs her beautiful eyes. And I—"

The hat is raised. He bows. He blushes. A stoppage in the current of the grand coaches of state causes this halt. He wriggles out of the wedged rows of spectators, and between two mounted Life Guardsmen observes the chariot of this exquisite mystery closely; to learn the heraldic bearings on the panels, and so arrive at the name.

Black thunder! The woman frowning in the farther seat is Mrs. Scholar, wife of the head of the firm. And Adam Scholar, the nephew, a junior partner, sits with back to the horses, wearing the uniform of Deputy Lieutenant of Middlesex. From under the three-cornered hat and plume, he glooms on the presumptuous clerk more terribly than even the angry woman his aunt.

The prolonged waiting in a crowd at the drawing-room embitters the two offended Scholars, but gives Agnes ecstasies of happiness. The charming affability, graceful and gracious condescension of the Royal Lady, Victoria, on this the first presentation of the timid, trembling young thing, ought to mollify the other two, but does not. Agnes had tenderly inclined her beautiful head to that beggarly clerk.

Adam, on return home, drinks wine copiously, and looks for a horsewhip. With the whip he proceeds to the office. Sends for Tobias to a private room. Shuts the door and begins to lash him. He ends the lashing by himself roaring: "Help—open the door—help—murder—the ruffian, Oman—murder! Oman is killing me"—so much for Adam.

Next day the great metropolis reads: "Wanton Outrage," in one journal; "Murderous Assault" in all the rest. Tobias Oman looks as like any niggardly scoundrel as penny-aligning can paint him. Yet he is not arrested, nor accused before a magistrate.

Agnes Amelia Scholar weeps and chides her cousin for unmanly cowardice in using a whip, and afterwards misinforming the newspapers. It might be a solace to the amazed Tobias, if he knew this; but they tell him through another cousin, that:

"Miss Agnes, whom you have insulted and affronted in public places, haunting her footsteps like a blackguard as you are, you base born beggar's brat, demands, and the family insist, that you leave the country immediately, and forever. Else you are to be prosecuted and sent to the hulks, or hung like your father."

Scholar, senior, summons Tobias to his private office. For half a minute this eminent public man, confidential solicitor of Lord Royalfort, financial agent of the great Lillymere estates, scowls in silence from his arm-chair, over top of the morning paper. The hard, broad brow, short gray hair thickly bristling on end, ruffles at cuffs, ruffles at breast, silver buckles at knees and on shoes, silk stockings, sharp eyes—yet rather kindly twinkling orbs of general purposes, silent language one of the purposes—all penetrate the nerves of the youth before him, and weigh on the heart as if crushing down future life. Being desired by motion of the hand to sit down, Tobias first asks permission to explain how the unhappy occurrences came about.

"Stop," cries the solicitor, in peremptory tone, "not a word on that subject. So far as you are concerned all is settled. You leave my office; cannot remain under any conditions; nor in London if personal safety be an object; nor within the British islands if future welfare be consulted. I sent for you to point a way to future welfare, and arrange for immediate departure. Sit down."

Tobias bonds the head and sits. His sensitive features are pale, but enlivened with passing gleams of the mind's pride, conscious of its treasury of intellectual power lying dormant somewhere. He sits fronting the master of his destiny face to face. The solicitor relaxes in harshness of look, silently remarking the lad's individuality. Light brown curly hair in profusion. Softly beaming blue eyes. Pure skin. A spiritual brow of mental power—of the Longfellow, Tennyson, Thomas Hughes type; or type of the race of all the Lillymeres and Ogleburns combined. Shakspeare and Anne Hathaway. In reverie he says:

"Reminds me of some one known years ago; cannot recall whom. He looks a fine young fellow. Have always thought well of him until this affair. Many of these radical hand-loom weavers were superior men. Really superior in natural talent. The Luds were especially men of talent I have been told. Most leaders of commotion were. This youth

is ambitious, and might be dangerous, with the Lud blood in him. Cannot remain here, but may rise to eminence abroad, and be useful in the business about to be confided to him. Success in that, indeed, may be the beginning of high fortunes, even in England after a time."

Then addressing the young clerk, the solicitor, in his naturally mild manner of gentleman, says:

"Tobias, we require a confidential agent to visit the United States and Canada. We think you qualified for the mission. You are aware, no doubt, that I am legal friend of Lord Royalfort, entrusted with great responsibilities, but may not know that his lordship took you out of the parish workhouse, paid for your education, and placed you with me as clerk. When those foolish, or criminal people, the Ludites, rose to plunder the country, and march on London to inaugurate—that was their slang phrase—inaugurate revolution, and were turned back at Stone Grove by the yeomanry, several children of their families were found there after they fled. Some run over, or ridden over, trodden down and badly hurt. You were one of the injured whom no friends claimed. Your people went to prison. I suppose, then out of the country. Your father, Simon Lud, was tried, found guilty of high crimes and misdemeanours at York, and there executed two years previously."

"But, Sir," interposes Tobias, "is this a certainty? The Stone Grove gallop of cavalry and route of the Ludite weavers, comes to me as a thing seen in sleep. Only a dream, but a very clear dream, and my name then was 'Toby Oman' as now, not Lud."

"The name was changed, we have been told by somebody, to conceal your identity as a Lud, that you might fare better in life than was likely to be your fate if known as Simon's son."

"Pardon my interruptions, sir, I had no voice in deciding my parentage. Else I might, foreseeing what I see, have chosen not to be born. But I am now born, am alive, and in your hands, willing and ready for any enterprise. Only, I may farther remark, that if so great a nobleman, of boundless wealth as the lord of Lillymere Hall, condescended to patronise a radical weaver's child, or brat of a beggar as I have been lately called, a little, just a little more generosity might have made me happier."

"In what way happier, Tobias?"

"In getting better clothes, for one thing. In providing me with, at least, some pocket-money while serving articles on a salary so very small. But for the copying I get at Number One, Tooke's Court, I'd have no pocket-money at all."

"Tobias, it was thought best for your future success in the profession to leave you to the resources of genius."

"I was left to the resources of genius and the result is—"

"Stop, Mr. Oman. Not a farther word in that direction. You are to have an allowance considerably more liberal now. Also, travelling expenses in moderation. Of which you will transmit to me privately a monthly report, the minutest items specified, that we may know what is being done. And now to the business:

"Certain anonymous letters have been submitted for our opinion at various times, beginning about sixteen to eighteen years ago. A child, possibly the legitimate heir of Lillymere, but possibly not legitimate, is supposed to be in America somewhere. It is now a matter of serious urgency that this child should be discovered, if existing, and proof of legitimacy found. Or failing such discovery, that the writers of the letters should be traced. We think you a suitable person to be employed as agent of private enquiry. Go to New York, discover there, if you can, where the emigrants settled in the United States who went out in the ships "Hope" and "Star" fifteen years ago. Visit and live with them. Listen for information about a boy, for whom a reward is expected. Go to British America, live among the Blanketeers and Ludites who went from Iridale to the County of Conway, in Upper Canada. Go to the Eastern Townships, and among the military settlers and Scotch hand-loom weavers of Perth and Lanark, in Central Canada or wherever else intuitive judgment may lead. We have confidence in your discretion. You are to be furnished with detailed instructions, and copies of the letters. One thing, however, must be promised me, on personal honour, and salvation of your soul. Are you prepared for that solemn responsibility?"

"Please say what this may imply."

"It is not to communicate your discoveries to any one but me in person."

"That I may readily promise; swear me at once."

"It implies also that you are not to communicate with Lord Royalfort, nor with any member of the Lillymere family, nor any agent of theirs, on any topic, in any manner, without first disclosing your purpose and topic to me. And, in case of my death, to the firm of Scholar and Schenlars. And you engage not to disclose to Lord Royalfort, nor any other person in this country, or in America, or in the world, that you are under this obligation to be silent."

Tobias reflects a minute to discern, if he can, in what manner and to what extent such bondage may lead to a labyrinth of impossibilities. His is naturally a lawyer's logical mind, though poetical. He decides. He makes a solemn engagement to secrecy; and another to conceal that he is bound to be silent.

"Take this money to defray outfit, passage, and expenses for three months. Report in detail frequently, but not later than once a month. You are to be paid a gratuity of from two to five thousand pounds sterling, according to fidelity of service, if you bring privately to me, or my firm, Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, with proof of his identity and marriage of his parents, which proofs are alleged to be in some one's keeping in the United States or in Canada. And from one to five thousand pounds may be paid to the person or persons safely delivering the heir of Lillymere to your keeping, or through you to me, or materially aiding in his recovery, and in proving legitimacy by certitude of the marriage of his parents—both dead.

"And further. If the Heir of Lillymere be through your discreet management handed over to me unmarried, and disengaged in any matrimonial alliance, you are to receive ten thousand pounds. With large contingent benefits in addition, to arise from his marriage—his possible marriage in England. When this Lillymere is found remain in America with him closely under your eye, imparting only sufficient information to inflame his wonder and his hopes, until I, or some of my firm and family, meet you and him there.

"Finally. When travelling in America, and from this hour forward, you may be often watched by an observer whom you will never know. Your kinship to the exiled radicals, as son of Lud the traitor, may carry you within secretaries to which another would not be admitted. Be faithful. Come again this day week at ten, and receive the documents."

Tobias Oman returns by way of Curator Street to his lodging, three pair back, with Yerker a trunkmaker in Greystoke Passage. Settles with Mrs. Yerker. Buys from them that best travelling portmanteau, and a trunk which he has previously admired. And for the last time, perhaps the last time, ascends the belfry and assists at the suspended lines in ringing the factory bell. No workers are employed there, other than the two Yerkers, husband and wife; never were more, nor likely to be more. They work alone, but advertise the neighbourhood as if employing a hundred hands. At six a.m. the resonant bell announces, begin. At eight a.m., breakfast. At nine a.m., resume. At one p.m., quit. At two p.m., resume. At five p.m., quit. At six p.m., resume. At eight p.m., knock off. They are to the law writers in chambers around an institution, and will be missed should the report prove true that they sail to America.

"So, after all said and done, you be the first to go to America, Tobias? I often says to Yerker we should be in the New World. The establishment might have room there to grow. Here we be so confined and hampered up with houses, living on the roofs of houses as I may say, like cats, as I may say, a climbing up and a tumbling down, we cannot grow. My heart will follow you, Tobias, and Yerker's too, though he be a silent man. The law writings be falling off to nothing now, and most of the copies not good pay for lodgings. I often say we must give up keeping lodgers and emigrate to the New World for more room."

"I shall be delighted if you follow me."

"I be afraid of the sea, Tobias. Yet we may follow, so be you get safe over. The best young gentleman with the kindest ways, and the truthfulest, ever was a lodger of mine; that is you, Tobias. And must have had a handsome lady for a mother—such a lady's skin as you have, and hair and eyes! No hard working woman was your mother. Bless you, Tobias Oman, wherever you go. Look about in the New World for a nice trunk-making shop to be ready next year where it is not hampered up with houses."

A stylish suit of clothes is the earliest acquisition following portmanteau and trunk. And after that a more costly evening dress. Tobias has perceptions in gloves, hats, boots, slippers, ideally glowing as if dress were poetry. Now he has a glossy fashionable champagne, and glittering feet, whose steps are thoughts. Lightsome Lillymere footsteps. But he goes in the old dress to meet Solicitor Scholar, sense enough for that. And penetration or presumption enough to discern or think he discerns intentions, such as: when the Heir of Lillymere is found, if ever found, the Scholars are to hasten to America and take private possession, entangling the founding with Agnes before arrival in England. And if any prior engagement of the heart be discovered in the Lillymere, Tobias is to be very materially enriched in money by assisting to extinguish obstacles arising from such misfortune. "Not if sweet Agnes prefers another, and that other be I," says the wayward youth, encouraging rebellious passion. But he may be in error. It is possible that the confidential solicitor of the house of Lillymere foresees some other event. Tobias enters the private office at ten precisely on the day appointed.

"There, Mr. Oman," says Solicitor Scholar,

"you have the documents, severally docketed, enveloped, taped. You smile; as the giddy world sneers, at so much red tape. Listen young man:

Red tape is truth, order, honesty, honour. It is in nations, civilization, stability of political institutions, security of popular rights.

Red tape is the Ten Commandments. With the philosophy of red tape prevailing the world would have no wars, society few crimes.

Red tape restrains folly, protects virtue. It is cut in twin by tyrants, fanatics, lunatics, robbers, liars, hypocrites, revolutionary conspirators, sovereign despots.

If you hear the orator declaiming against red tape and his audience applauding, see that your purse is safe.

Red tape is the holy bond of matrimony, defence of woman against treachery. It is school, university, church, parliament, court of justice, army, navy, organized industry, science.

Red tape is international law, which for the peace of the world, and every element of human happiness, should be held the most inviolable of all public covenants.

What saith the renowned Lord Stowell, greatest of modern jurists? Thus saith the judgment, in re the ship *Maria C.* Stockholm. *Rob. Ad. Rep. III.*—hope you will not neglect your law books, Tobias—Sweden being then neutral—words to be written in gold, or branded on political men's skins with hot iron. Saith the judgment:—

"Though incidentally sitting in London, I am to decide international law as if I sat in Stockholm, or in Paris, or in Washington, or in Madrid, or in the capital of any of the countries concerned in the case to be decided, I seeing the public law of nations by the light of those countries, as well as by the light of England."

That is red tape, the true philosophy of international law. It means equity and peace. Without which civilization becomes ashes, anarchy, chaos; drifting to boundless ruin, unlimited wickedness.

Observe, Tobias, that Lord Royalfort taking law from me, I, at my distance, take politics from him, the Conservative luminary of England; safeguard of British Empire; conservator of peace.

You go out this day to the United States, and to Canada—supreme step of your life. Say not a word, do not a thing, to offend national sensibilities. That man dignifies his country the most who in himself personates its courtesies.

You go to America, either on the ascent to fortune, or down by trap doors to ruin. And it is one or the other according as you honour and conform to, or dishonour and disregard red tape. Go. Be faithful. Your hand, Tobias. Farewell."

To be continued.

There has been much difference of statement as to the exact amount of land in the United States, and also how much is still the property of the general Government. The Nation, which is always a reliable authority in these matters, gives the following figures: The precise facts are: The total area of the United States is 2,200,000,000 acres. Of these, 455,000,000 acres had passed into the ownership of States, corporations, or individuals before the establishment of the Land Office, leaving \$1,835,000,000 acres at the disposal of the nation at large. Of these latter, 439,000,000 acres have been disposed of at various times up to November 1st, 1860, the date of the last published official report, and 1,396,000,000 remained then to be disposed of, including in the latter the amounts granted to railroads but not received."

THE TORONTO TELEGRAPH.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The immense increase which has taken place in our circulation during the last three months, and also the constantly increasing pressure of advertisements upon our available space, compel us to make an advance in our advertising rates. The circulation of our Daily issue now amounts to 25,760 copies; while our Weekly issue has made such rapid strides, that we now print over 33,000 copies of every issue, and it still keeps on increasing. It has many times been said that the success of our paper is without a parallel in the history of Canadian journalism, and those who said so spoke the truth. There is not a corner of the Dominion into which THE TELEGRAPH does not now find its way. We have subscribers in every quarter, from Nova Scotia to Manitoba; and we are adding to our list hundreds of names each day. For these reasons THE DAILY TELEGRAPH is now the very best advertising medium in the Dominion of Canada, and we are therefore warranted in increasing our advertising rates. We had intended doing so some time ago, but finally came to the conclusion to allow the rates to remain unchanged till the end of the year. The beginning of the year being the best time to inaugurate such a change, our new rates shall be charged on and after this date, and shall be as follows:—

In THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, wants, etc., will be charged Twenty-five Cents, when containing not more than twenty words, prepaid; and One and a Half Cent for each additional word. All other advertisements Ten Cents per Line of nonpareil for each insertion. All advertisements under Ten Lines will be charged One Dollar.

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