

LITERARY.

WHAT ARE NEWSPAPERS?

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy, To answer the taste of the day, my boy, Whatever it be, They hit on the key, And pipe in full concert away, my boy, News from all countries and climates, my boy, Advertisements, essays and rhymes, my boy, Mixed up with all sorts Of (f) lying reports, And published at regular times, my boy, Articles able and wise, my boy, At least in the editor's eyes, my boy, And logic so grand That few understand To what in the world it applies, my boy, Statistics, reflections, reviews, my boy, Little scraps to instruct and amuse, my boy, A lengthy debate Upon matters of State, For wise headed folks to peruse, my boy, The funds as they were and they are, my boy, The quibbles and quirks of the bar, my boy, And every week A clever critique On some rising theatrical star, my boy, The age of Jupiter's moons, my boy, The stealing of somebody's spoons, my boy, The state of the crops, The style of the fops, And the wit of the public buffoons, my boy, List of all physical ills my boy, Banished by somebody's pills, my boy, Till you ask with surprise Why any one dies, Or what the disorder that kills, my boy, Who has got married, to whom, my boy, Who were out off in their bloom, my boy, Who has had birth On the sorrow-stained earth, And who totters fast to the tomb, my boy, The price of cattle and grain, my boy, Directions to dig and to drain, my boy, But 'twould take me too long To tell you in song A quarter of all they contain my boy

The Stolen Interview OR, HOW WILL IT END.

Mine host of the Blue Boar Inn, Westmorton, stood at his doorway surveying with lazy pleasure the prospect afforded by the village street, with its groups of rosy-cheeked white-headed urchins playing at "hop scotch knock-le-under," and other unaristocratic but highly interesting games. It was a lovely evening in October, and the worthy landlord had indulged in his after-dinner nap, and was now enjoying his pipe preparatory to going in to tea. He was a portly man, who looked as though the world had wagged easily with him, and whose appearance certainly spoke well for the cheer to be obtained at the Blue Boar. Retired as the village of Westmorton was, the inn had a good number of visitors; for there was excellent fishing in the neighbourhood, and ardent lovers of the sport often came to the spot, and not unfrequently stayed for some time, charmed with the quantity of the finny prey, and the comfortable quarters they found at Josiah Goodman's hostelry. One of these disciples of Isaak Walton was at the present time staying at the inn; he had arrived the night before and had departed with his rod and basket directly after breakfast, leaving word that he should not be back till evening. As the worthy Josiah stood gazing down the street, he saw his guest advancing towards the house, and went forward to meet him, with the double inquiry of "what sport he had had, and what he would have for dinner." "Oht as for sport," the fish were rather shy; I must hope to do better to-morrow. For dinner, anything you happen to have ready will do; and, while they are putting it on the table, I will follow your example and lite my pipe." When the pipe was lighted, the stranger lolled against the doorpost opposite the landlord, and, like him, gazed vacantly into the street. He was a tall man, with a dark face, almost swarthy complexion, and nearly covered on the lower part with the large moustache and beard which he wore. The most noticeable fea-

ture in his face, however, seemed his eyes, which were bright and keen, but with a restless, uneasy expression in them, as though they were always looking out for something or somebody. He had a habit, too, of starting and looking round, which was far from pleasant, suggesting as it did the idea that he heard or saw something invisible to other eyes, and inaudible to other ears. While the two men were standing at the door, the clatter of horses' hoofs sounded through the quiet village and at the end of the street there appeared on horseback the figures of a lady and gentleman, followed by a groom. As they dashed by, the landlord made a low bow, which was returned with a kindly nod from the two foremost riders. As soon as they had passed, Josiah turned round to his guest, and saw that he was gazing earnestly after the retreating figures. "Ah, sir," said he, "I don't wonder you look after them, for I'll be bound you won't a handsomer couple between here and London town." A strange smile was on the visitor's face as he replied, "They appear to merit your admiration certainly. Pray, who are they?" "Who are they?" echoed Mr. Goodman, in a tone of surprise, as though he thought his guest ought to be known such grand persons at once by some intuitive perception; "why, who should they be but young Squire Rivingdale and his wife? She's a regular beauty, she is; I don't believe Queen Victoria herself beats her in good looks, and then she always has a kind word for all the poor folks round. They worship her about here; and as to the young squire he doats on the very ground she walks on." "Dear me, she's quite a paragon!" exclaimed Josiah's auditor, with a slight sneer. "Indeed, sir, it's truth," said the landlord, rather indignantly; "my wife's niece is Mrs. Rivingdale's own maid, and she says everybody both high and low, seems to love her mistress, and no one more than her husband. But I dare say your dinner's ready now, sir; I'll just go in and see." When the landlord had gone the stranger descended the steps, and, clasping his hands behind him, began to pace up and down the space in front of the house, with a thoughtful expression on his face. "Rich, and with a dotting husband," he muttered; "come, that ought to be worth something to me. Anyway I'll try it on. I wonder if Nell will be glad to see her—" "Please, sir, your dinner is ready," exclaimed the voice of the rosy-cheeked waiting-maid, breaking in upon his muttered soliloquy. The stranger entered the house and sat down to dinner, but he soon finished his meal, and then asked for pen, ink, and paper. He wrote a few lines, sealed the note, and saluted forth with it in his pocket. When he got down the village street he called a shock-headed urchin from a group at play, and asked him, abruptly, but in a low tone, if he would like to earn a shilling. "Ah, shouldn't I, that's all!" said the boy, with visions of marble and peg tops floating before his dazzled eyes at the mere mention of such a treasure. "Then I will give you a bright new one if you will carry this note for me safely, and bring me the answer back," said the gentleman, giving him the paper. "But you are to tell no one where you have been. Do you hear?" He then looked round carefully to see that no one was by, and, whispering in the boy's ear the direction to which he was to take his way, he bade him be off and not loiter on the road. The other boys wondered what made Bobbie Jones desert his game of marbles, but wisely considering that they were not bound to follow his example, they soon resumed their play. As the squire and his wife rode up the avenue of Rivingdale Park, the village clocks were striking the hour five. When they reached the house the gentleman dismounted, and throwing his reins to the groom hastened to assist his wife from her horse. As he did so, he gazed admiringly at the bright face to which the exercises had given an extra glow. "Well, Nellie," he exclaimed, "if the roses have left off blooming in the garden, they have only transplanted themselves into your cheeks. You have such a colour, my darling!" "Now, Hugh, my dear old goose, don't talk nonsense; but, like a sensible cavalier, help your lady to alight," said Mrs. Rivingdale, with a laugh. To be continued.

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