

"Well, and what's that to me?" she gasped, her white lips quivering.

"Only this: if the squire—he's a lawyer, you remember—if the squire knew about that little matter yonder, he'd make a hanging matter of it."

"No, no; I'd tell him all."

"You'd tell him all? And do you think he'd be such a fool—such a weak, kind-hearted fool—as I ha' been, and believe you? Tell him all! Why, what you've done would put you in a solitary cell all your life if it didn't hang ye. Ye know it would. But he'd hang you for murder."

He did not finish the word; her hand was over his mouth, as she muttered, you know better."

"I don't know only what ye telled me. A pretty thing. Ye've a wean in your care, and ye get a holiday to see your friends, and, instead of ganging hame ye meet yer lover, and leave the bit bairn crawling on the grass for a mad woman, ye tell me, to mak' off wi' and kill. Whose word but yours is there for that? And ye come hame to us wi' your tale, and we hid your fault, and ye yoursel' planned to take the wee bit lassie from your sister, and you and she planned it all. Am I right, eh?"

"Oh, you telled us to do it! I was off my head wi' fright, and heart sore for Tom's enlistment."

"Hech! But when he listed, maybe he feared the jewels the bairn had—the costly things that were sought after among the servants—maybe they were useful to him—nae doubt, nae doubt."

"Hush man! don't belie the dead; he never had them, no more than I had. I did leave the puir bairn laid on the grass o' the hill-side. I did no worse till I ventured to put the other one in her place—which the marriage lines ye know—"

"I tell ye," he interposed, severely, "that's of itself enough to put you between four walls for life; but there's only your word ye did not murder yon bairn—aye, and Isabel, too (I've seen the day ye were jealous of her), and give the trinkets to him. I couldn't take upon me if I were put on my oath, to say different; nay, if I were put on my oath, I'd be obliged—yes, I couldn't help myself, to go against ye. And I say again I saw a man hanged there last Thursday for less."

Ruth's features worked convulsively. The fear of Burke, which she had well nigh overmastered in the midst of her recent grief, returned again to crush her spirit. He saw his advantage, and continued, "Keep a palm tongue, woman; there's naething to fear but yersel'—nae thing—and the bonny young lady has her right."

"And why, then, don't you do justice? You've nae right to threaten me," she said in a querulous tone.

"Justice! Ou, I'm no that clear the marriage-lines would stand in law. The lady, doubtless, thinks so. Besides, the lad is lost—clean gone! Justice! How is justice to be done? Harm may. You may tell your tale, and get your recompense up there." He pointed as he spoke, in the direction he had so often indicated, resuming. "And the young leddie might be turned out as an impostor. Who's to prove anything about her? And the family would be just where they are—a daughter the less, that's all. Why should you be for upsetting things; the way taken is so far right? What's the good, woman?"

To be continued.

## IN THE SHALLOWS.

### WATERFALLS.

IT is not one of the regulations formed, as to unalterableness, on the model of the Medes and Persians, that you shall meet at St. Pierre a man of your acquaintance. A particular man of your acquaintance, that is. In fact, a town-friend, who was imbecile on the subject of your fan at the last party you met him.

Not a regulation. Therefore unlooked for, and highly, or supposed to be, highly agreeable, when you unexpectedly see him stretching out hands

to you through the spray. Gloved hands, for that matter, mauve kid-gloved hands, not improved by action of the fogs, and mists, and showers, that damp you when you go to St. Pierre.

For you do go to St. Pierre—there is no denying it; and there is no denying that St. Pierre is a very disagreeable place to go to. Besides getting wet, you are very apt to slip, and rasp angles on an ice-cone that forms there in winter, and which you will climb; not to mention your getting into a very reduced state as regards revenue. But this you might have expected, for it was anticipated for you before you went by heads of friends and shoulders of foes—not to mention your own secret soul pricking it into you after the experience of the person in classics, whom every one will remember in connection with a shirt.

In fact, St. Pierre has a very bad moral reputation indeed; although it pretends to give you adequate aesthetic profit for financial loss. You go there with an empty head and a plethoric purse. You carry them to every desirable (and undesirable—can't help yourself), point of view: down hills, up stairs, across bridges, around islands, over rocks, into towers. Purse attenuates, head inflates. Remunerative? That's as it may be. You growl, but continue to go; for St. Pierre is an attraction, which, in the nature of things, and especially of trips and tours, you are bound to do. Solemnly called by every throe of your rhyme, if you are a poet; by every pencil in your—wherever you keep your pencils—if you are an artist; by all sorts of national qualms, if you are the Travelling Public.

And the ridiculous way we gape and go on, when we get there, trying our best to—what is the expression those betting-people use, hedge?—to hedge our little transactions, and come out with about as much profit as loss, we know all about, dear Blank. We lose ourselves in the Beautiful—get up beyond the ears in the Sublime,—but we remain severely practical, not to say commercial, to the last; which is, very likely, as it should be. We take the world as we find it, and as human nature has made it, and are not responsible.

St. Pierre with the rest. Trying, by the aid of a little geology, a little history, and a little imagination, to determine what a very charming place it must have been in its normal condition, and what sort of feelings it was calculated to awaken in a tough old savage, who came upon the pretty bright thing, with its sudden rainbows, and its changing, and glancing, and glinting lights, for the first time, of a sunshiny summer's morning. What it is, at present, besides being an Attraction, is more difficult to decide. Not a watering-place, although its water-privilege is of untold horse-power. Nor Baths, although shower-baths, with caoutchouc perquisites, are available, and can be bartered for coin. Nor a stuffed-bird cage. Nor a fan and pin-cushion bazaar. Nor a hack-stand. Nor a toll-gate. St. Pierre is none of these separately, but wildly combines them all, in fearfully prodigal, and amazingly profuse and extravagant quantities, that impose themselves upon you until you grow haggard.

In the matter of pin-cushions alone, for instance. If you are a woman—mercy knows what you do if you are a man—I did not look at it in that light, every pin that you ever had, or hadn't when you wanted it, by some occult metallurgy practised only at St. Pierre, becomes a separate Nemesis, and compels you to go in for cushions to an extent sufficient to set up half a dozen women, for life, in that article. I do not pretend to explain it. I mention it, simply, as a curious fact.

Hacks, too. Forever starting up, trotting after you, wheeling you into corners, and recklessly offering to drive you anywhere, in the shortest possible space of time calculated to deprive you of breath, and for the most startlingly low rates of remuneration. Ruinous rates, in fact, and admissible only on the hypothesis of being blinds, and the hack-owners rakes and villains of the deepest dye.

Engaged in plotting this hypothesis am I, and successfully, if not cheerfully, resisting opportunities for exerting what, at first sight, looks

like philanthropy, when through the spray rises, particularly unlike Venus, he of the gloves.

Flourish, of course, and effusion. His honor and word, not—pshaw! it could be, really. Aw! Too charmed—Unexpected—Indefinite—but fortunately something of life. Fellow glooming by himself through this delightful scenery—scarcely presentable—savage; pardon,—too happy—as assistance, services—

That is the way he puts it. The way he means it is: Here is the Lady of some of my elegant dreams; here likewise are unimportant, but necessary, Dragons; here am I, ready to introduce to the notice and approval of Lady and Dragons, certain points of St. Pierre which have met with my notice and approval, and which, of course, must meet with the notice and approval of the entire known world.

For very much more like Podsnaps is he of the gloves, than like Venus. Quite a little Podsnaps, indeed. In the circle of his own private brain revolves, with admirably adjusted mechanical contrivances, the entire known world. Revolves St. Pierre, kindly taken under patronage. Revolves my very humble self, seen through the lens of Podsnappery, and approved of. Outside the limits of his philosophy is a mighty blank; beyond the movements of his little circle is a huge nothing; what is not contained in the scale of his ideas has no existence. If I tell him I am a Canadienne, he reflects that a Canadienne suggests vile French, vile *habitants*, vile eaters of fat pork, leeks, and molasses. Do fat pork, leeks, and molasses revolve in the magic circle? Assuredly not. These objectionable items are therefore chaff on my part; and, if it were possible to question anything connected with any one connected with him—which it isn't,—questionable chaff. Narrow escape for me, and open to congratulations.

He is always a good-natured little gentleman, and as chivalrously polite, bestirring himself with the strictest decorum, and indeed almost utterly strangling his speech, so particular is he with it. He now, with his best manner, leads the way up a flight of several hundred icy steps, slipping horribly, and clutching the balustrade in a manner that is not elegant, although highly conducive to self-preservation. Removes, at the top, some men from the face of existence who are not disposed to revolve.

Through a gate, along a highway, across a bridge, to an island—where slush and sloop predominate, to a marked degree, over any possible beatenness of track, but which, we are assured, is, under different circumstances, a Paradise.

Assurances politely credited. Great toleration is shown the slush and sloop, as being inseparable from an Upper Canadian winter, which does revolve, at the instigation of the authorities at Home, whose high pleasure it seems to be to change a man from post to pillar, with an overpowering suddenness of movement calculated to deeply impress the ignorant unacquainted with the brilliancy of military tactics.

The mist which drizzles upon us is also compatible, and the want of an umbrella the sole reason for not crossing another bridge to another island, and toiling down another flight of a few hundred steps to a work of masonry, that has the desolate and inhuman look of a light-house. Reflection in the abstract revolves, it being dinner-time. Reflection in the concrete remains unexistent—St. Pierre not having done with us. Re-cross bridges, re-splash pavements, and take the massive fellow at another angle. What is not mist, is spray; and what, occasionally, is neither, is a very magnificent glimpse of water, according to little Podsnap, who discourses of it, revolutionally, and says his honor and word, people at Home have no idea of its extent.

At Home, as highly distinct from the colonies, being a sort of suffocative bugbear, after the manner of nightmares.

We take the view from this side and from the other side, we stare from all points, airing our little ideas, and setting our little sentiments ambling. Until finally, are we looking upwards at St. Pierre, or downwards? when he of the gloves receives a sudden shock, that clatters the round of his theoretical mechanism, unloosing, unscrewing, unbolting, and uncogging, and