

up there, and I got her out easily enough. But she was dead; and you, Leonard Mason, will have to answer to me for her death."

"I tell you I am as innocent of her death as you are!" said Leonard.

"Can you swear it?" cried Archie. "Can you swear it while she lies there before your eyes?"

"I can, I never had any love for Celia, and I never tried to make her think I had. I swear it before the God that hears me!"

As Leonard uttered this oath, Archie kept his eyes fixed on him with piercing intensity; but Leonard met the searching gaze without flinching.

"If you have sworn to a lie," Archie said, "your sin will find you out, and you will have to answer to me for what you have done when you least expect it."

Then he wheeled round, and going to his dead sweetheart, took her in his arms. "Go before me, minister," he said—"go before me, and tell them *what* is coming."

He would not allow me to help him, so Leonard and I walked on before, and Archie followed with his piteous burden. He was a tall powerful young man, besides being under such a strong excitement as gives threefold strength to every nerve, and he carried poor Celia's death-weight, as if she had been a living child.

But I can write no more of that night of grief and anguish. When the dismal morning came, Archie had gone.

Three days after her death Celia was laid in the village graveyard; a peaceful spot away from all noise or traffic, on the side of a gentle hill within site of the Red House. No one but Archie Jonson, Leonard Mason and myself ever suspected the manner of her death. It was naturally supposed that while gathering flowers in the swamp she had fallen into some hidden pool from which the water plants that covered it would prevent her escape.

Archie was not at her funeral, nor had he returned to the farm, but, two days after she was buried, he wrote to Mrs. Forrest telling her that he had rejoined his vessel, the *White Bird*, which was going up Lake Superior with a cargo, the last trip she intended to make that season. The letter made no mention of Celia and was very brief, but it was calmly and coherently written, and the Forrests hoped he intended to come home when the schooner was laid up. But this gleam of light was soon lost in deeper darkness. In the middle of November a letter from the owners of the *White Bird* came to Michael Forrest, informing him that the vessel with all her crew had been lost on Lake Superior in one of those sudden storms which, after a long period of fine weather in the fall, sometimes break over the lakes. Her figure head, on which her name and that of the firm to which she belonged were carved, had been found floating, and recognized by another vessel, confirming the fears for her fate that had been felt. The bodies of the crew were never found, for the ice-cold depths of Lake Superior never give up their dead.

The winter passed slowly and sadly at the Red House, but with the spring came the promise of new hope and joy. Mr. Mason had built a pretty house for Leonard and his bride near the Mills, of which Leonard was to be chief manager. They were to be married in May, and the month famous for its caprice wore its fairest aspect that year. The sorrows which Marjory had gone through seemed only to have deepened the tender sweetness of her delicate beauty, and purified the happiness that illumined her lovely eyes. Leonard, as handsome and charming as ever, had grown more manly and thoughtful, and, if possible, was more in love with Marjory than ever. The old people gained new life from Marjory's happy prospects, and if I had not known what depths of regret and remembrance can lie silent and secret in the human heart I might have thought that Celia and Archie were forgotten.

The wedding day came in warm and bright, and as full of opening buds and blossoms as if it had been expressly made for the occasion. The ceremony was to take place in the Red House parlour at six o'clock in the evening. The supper was to follow immediately. The bride and bridegroom were then to be driven to the nearest station to meet the train for Hamilton where they were to stay a few days and then go on to Niagara Falls to spend the remainder of their honeymoon there.

It was a busy day at the Red House. Two or three young girls from the village came to help in the pleasant task of putting all the rooms in festal array, and in preparing the dainties liberally provided for the wedding feast.

As the time for the ceremony drew near, the day's excitement rose higher and higher. The bridesmaids were dressing the bride, Mrs. Forrest and two favourite assistants were setting out the supper table. The farmer had taken most of the guests to see his new peach orchard. Two young men, one a cousin of Leonard's who had come from Hamilton to be the best man, were chatting and laughing through an open window with two pretty girls who were decorating the wedding cake with dainty little flags bearing embroidered mottoes placed among loves and doves and other appropriate devices in sugar. Leonard and I were standing in the doorway of the verandah, and the eager bridegroom was looking at his watch.

"It only wants twelve minutes to six," he said, "I hope Marjory is ready."

"Your watch is too fast," I said, laughing. "Mine wants fully a quarter."

As I spoke a boy employed to do "chores" came

round from the barnyard and said, "There's a man wants to see Mr. Leonard Mason."

"A man—what man?" asked Leonard impatiently.

"Dun know. He says he must see you for a minute."

"Oh, hang it!" said Leonard. "Well, I suppose I can give him a minute," and he stepped out of the verandah. Then, looking back at me, he exclaimed, "I hope the day is not going to change."

It was already changing. Grey clouds coming up from the lake were creeping over the sun. An icy wind followed them, chilling me to the bone, and I heard a distant peal of thunder. Farmer Forrest came hurrying his guests into the verandah. "Is all ready, minister?" he enquired. "Where's Leonard?"

"He went to the yard to speak to a man that wanted to see him," I answered.

"Well, we'd best go into the parlour now, and receive the bride and bridegroom in state," said the farmer leading the way.

As Leonard did not come at once, I went to meet him, wondering at his delay. The clouds were growing darker; there was a sharp gleam of lightning, and the thunder that followed showed it was nearer. The storm was certainly coming up, but it might be only a shower.

I looked all round the horizon, and while I was noting the darkening clouds, two men going up the road to the graveyard came into my view; a gleam of the fading sunlight making them distinctly visible. The one in front was more than commonly tall, and led the way with swift, vigorous strides. He was dressed in what seemed a sailor's rough jacket and trousers, and a sailor's glazed hat with floating ribbons. His companion followed him with curiously unequal steps, as if dragged by some invisible chain. It was easy to recognize in this last Leonard Mason in his new wedding suit; and as I gazed the conviction flashed upon me that the man in front was Archie Jonson. After all, then, Archie had not been drowned when the *White Bird* was lost. But by what strange power had he compelled Leonard to leave his waiting bride and follow him to the graveyard?

Such an extraordinary proceeding was both mysterious and alarming, and might be dangerous for Leonard; and on the impulse of the moment I followed them as fast as I could. I was a rapid walker, but they had a start of some minutes, and I could not overtake them.

When I entered the graveyard the whole sky was wrapped in a black pall except a little space above the plot of ground, bordered with periwinkles, in which Celia's grave lay. The white stone at the head of the grave and the figures of two men beside it stood vividly out under that clear space, while the black cloud came swiftly on as if to swallow them up. The tall man had his hand on the gravestone, his face was turned towards me and I could see every feature. It was Archie Jonson's face, lividly pale; or it might have been the shadow of the thunder cloud that made it appear so. Leonard's back was towards me, and he confronted Archie—if Archie it was—in a fixed and moveless attitude. I saw them distinctly for a moment; the next the black cloud that seemed almost to touch the ground covered them, and all was hidden from my eyes. Then a bolt of blue flame with a red light in its centre shot from the cloud, and an awful crash seemed to rend the heavens. A blinding torrent of rain succeeded, but it ceased in a minute or two; the cloud passed on, and the sun, now near its setting, shone clear in the western sky. Anxiously I looked round for Leonard and his mysterious companion. Leonard was lying stretched on Celia's grave; Archie, or his avenging ghost, or whatever had assumed his likeness, had disappeared.

Going up to Leonard, I found him dead; killed by the lightning I supposed, though I saw no sign of its having touched him. As I was still stooping over, half stunned by the shock, his cousin and two or three other young men came round me. They had heard a confused account of our having gone to the graveyard, and while others were looking for us in the barns and out-houses, they had come to see if it could be true. We made a rough litter of pine boughs on which we laid poor Leonard, the young men carrying the bier while I walked before, wondering how it would be possible for me to tell the awful tidings it was my hard fate to bring.

But it was not left to me. Marjory, who had been waiting and watching in an agony of terror at Leonard's absence, had seen the ominous procession coming down the hill, and before anyone could prevent her she was flying madly to meet it. Desperately I tried to stop her, but she broke away from me, saw her lover's dead body lying on the bier, and fell at the feet of the bearers in a death-like swoon; her dainty wedding dress and fair hair wreathed with flowers, lying in the muddy pools the thunder-rain had made.

It was long before she could be brought back to life, and then her mind was gone. She remembered nothing of the past, she had no recognition of the present; she knew no more, not even her mother; she never spoke, and did not seem conscious of anything said to her. She lingered a few days in this state, and then died so quietly that the watchers did not know when she passed away.

The poor old people did not long survive the wreck of all their earthly hopes. The Red House farm was sold, and Michael Forrest's property was divided among relations he had never known.

Leonard Mason's death was, of course, attributed to lightning. The "chore" boy's description of the man with whom Leonard had gone to the grave was so fanciful, and so

mixed with improbable incidents, that his tale was not credited by anyone. From some dreamy, incoherent utterances of Mrs. Forrest's, it was afterwards believed that Leonard had gone to the graveyard at Marjory's desire to lay a wreath of flowers on Celia's grave; and when the conjecture was added that the unknown man must have been an express messenger from Hamilton, bringing the wreath that had been delayed by some mistake, the mystery was supposed to be explained. As for the strange things connected with this tragedy that had come to my knowledge, I kept them hidden in my breast.

I have never seen or heard anything of Archie Jonson since his inexplicable appearance on that fatal day; and I have been informed that it was absolutely impossible the best sailor that ever lived could have escaped in such a storm as that in which the *White Bird*, with her crew, foundered.

LOUISA MURRAY.

Stamford.

MRS. JAMESON ON SHAKESPEARE AND THE COLLIER EMENDATIONS—I.

HAPPENING to have in my possession a volume once the property of the late Mrs. Jameson, showing on its margin a number of autograph pencillings expressive of opinion and sentiments, I have thought that a transcript of some of them might not be devoid of interest to Toronto readers; indelibly associated as the name of that writer is with the early annals of the city. The volume referred to is a copy of the well-known "Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays," published in 1853 by J. Payne Collier. Notes and Emendations, derived, it will be remembered, from an old Shakespeare folio of 1632, casually picked up by Collier at Mr. Rodd's, a well-known dealer in antiquarian books in London, filled with manuscript corrections of some former unknown possessor. Collier's volume created a great deal of controversy, as its emendations, if received, would oblige all preceding readers and students of Shakespeare to alter their ideas in regard to numerous passages in their favourite author, and render imperfect all former editions of Shakespeare. Mrs. Jameson's book has on a fly leaf at the beginning her autograph, "Anna Jameson," and at the close of some introductory matter she has given a key to certain symbols which she has made use of throughout the work to indicate her approval or otherwise of the emendations. A small cross indicates "accepted"; a small O, "rejected"; a ?, "questionable." In addition to these marks, which are to be seen on almost every page, we have besides frequent exclamations—such as "No, no!" "Yes, more than no," "No, more than yes." Once or twice "stupid," and occasionally "plausible." It would, of course, occupy too much space to give at full length all the corrections thus marked, although every one of them deserves consideration as proceeding from the hand of so competent a judge of Shakespeare as Mrs. Jameson has shown herself to be in her well-known work entitled "Characteristics of Women"—meaning, in particular, the women of Shakespeare.

This volume seems to have belonged to the observant and intelligent manager of some theatre in London at some period soon after the year 1632. He appears to have made it the receptacle of a variety of manuscript memoranda relating to the stage. He has corrected therein with his own pen a number of typographical and other errors, such as mishearings, etc., and wrong punctuations, detected by him in the text. He has inserted here and there lines which were known by him, doubtless on some competent authority, to have been omitted, including some rhyming endings. He has added many special stage directions, and has cancelled some sentences which, as we may suppose, it was unusual for the actors of the day to deliver. It would extend this paper to too great a length were I to attempt to give anything like a free account of the changes suggested by the manuscript corrected. I shall, therefore, simply present a few specimens, giving first the word with which Shakespeare readers have been compelled to content themselves from the year 1632 downwards, making out of it whatever sense they best could; and then the word or words which ought to be substituted, and finally I add the approval, partial or otherwise, of Mrs. Jameson, and, in some instances, her rejection of the change. I begin with an example from "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in Act 2, Sc. 1. The corrector bids us change "precision" into "physician"; Mrs. Jameson affixes her mark of approval to the alteration.

Again in "Hamlet," Act 3, Sc. 4, "sconce" for "silence." To this also Mrs. Jameson affixes her mark of approval. In "Hamlet," Act 4, Sc. 4, "politic" becomes "palated," but this Mrs. Jameson rejects. In the same play, Act 4, Sc. 4, she consents to "stoop" for "step," with a query added, however. In "Hamlet," Act 1, Sc. 5, for "despoiled" we are to read "despatched." To this no demurrer is entered, which is also the case with "back" for "beck" (Act 3, Sc. 1), "scene" for "same," Act 5, Sc. 2.

In "Cymbeline," Act 3, Sc. 6, read "tir'd" for "attired," and this is approved; in the same play Act 1, Sc. 1, "perverse errant" we are told ought to be "imper-severant." This is queried, but marked possible by Mrs. Jameson. In "As You Like It," Act 3, Sc. 4, for "capable" read "palpable." This is approved; again in Act 3, Sc. 4, "rather" for "ranker" is marked with approval.

In "King John," Act 5, Sc. 4, for "rude eye" read "roadway." This is queried.