

his family, the young baron had no misgivings about the friendship demonstrated for him by an acquaintance he made, so much so that the baron and the Black Monk became constant companions. Alas! oftener comrades in evil than in good.

King Richard liked the gallant young soldier, who also won his way among the fair dames who followed the camp of the monarch even to distant lands; and the baron, nothing loth, drank deeply of the cup which he sipped under the monk's guidance. Headlong was his downward course—honour, good name, even royal favour were forgotten. Lapped in debauchery, all that was pure and of good report grew stale and tasteless to him.

Richard returned to England; but not so the baron, who made some excuse that he might stay behind amongst the companions of his sin. At last, more in kindness than displeasure, the king despatched a royal order commanding his return. But too late; when the baron reached home the Lion-heart had ceased to beat, and John, urged on by the queen-mother, was making the whole land a scene of confusion and trouble.

With John, the Lord of Linton became a primo favourite, and no doubt would have remained so had they not both fallen in love with the Lady of Lee. The king, following the example of a love-sick monarch in golden days, despatched the dame's husband to the Border Country, under the pretence of keeping the Scotch in check; but the dame, loving the baron better than the king, set off at once for North Devon, where her home lay adjacent to the Castle of Lynton; nor did she go without making sure that her favoured lover would follow. So it needed but small persuasion from the never-absent monk to induce the baron to defy the royal command and set off for his long deserted home. Accordingly, the eve of St. John found him standing upon the same tower where, years before, stood the grandmother to whom he owed so little. It was a soft, warm evening, and from the newly-restored chapel came the vesper hymn. Long lost hopes, saluted and trampled upon, began to rise. Conscience awoke, and the voice long silent spoke out, at first feebly, then clearer, until, by God's grace, it filled his heart, and showed him the life of death he had been leading. Sweat-drops stood out upon the repentant sinner's forehead, and burning tears burst from his eyes, which wandering from spot to spot recalled the visionary forms of mother and infant sister long dead—a mother, too, whose life had ebbed away in ceaseless prayer for her prodigal. Thus the Black Monk found my lord, and mocking, said: "What! weeping, my Lord of Lynton? Faith, we must send for my Lady of Lee to kiss the drops away!"

There was a devilish sneer in the monk's speech, but the baron resented it not; turning to the stairs he went to the room where the morning meal was spread, and where, taking up a tankard, he drank a deep draught: then, pulling his hat over his eyes, he left the table, heedless of the wondering whispers that crept round among his retainers.

"He is love sick," said the monk. "And my lady lies at Lee Abbey and the pathway is easily trod."

But along no pathway, and to no lady love went the young baron; his face was turned westwards, and beyond the drawbridge he stood, listening to the voices of prayer. Here, too came the monk, whispering:

"The hours fly, and love is easier lost than won. My lady has not lain down save to dream of you since she fled the court. A laggard in love is—"

"Peace, monk!" interrupted the baron. "You weary me with your counsel."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the monk, "The sword saith to the armourer I need thee not; but what if the sword say to the arm that yields it the like?"

The baron's eyes flashed. "By St. George, I'll put an end to this! You've overstayed your welcome, sir monk!"

"Fool!" hissed the other, bending his dark face to the baron's ear. "Thou art mine—all

thine are mine! Come," he added softly, "the journey and drink have gone to thy brain, and I like not clash words."

As the baron listened his cheek grew paler, and a strange trembling seized his limbs, for in the porch of the chapel a misty shadow developed itself, and the figures of a woman and child became distinctly visible.

Slowly the woman raised her shadowy arm and beckoned. A cry broke from the baron's lips, and he sprang forward, but the monk's arms were round him.

"Remember Mira!—remember thy plighted love!" yelled the Black Monk.

"Mother! mother!" cried the baron, struggling; "I come! Christ forgive my sins!" And breaking from the monk's grasp, he was caught in the phantom arms, and a cloud hid them from sight.

Then there echoed through the valley a shock of thunder, the earth shook and trembled, darkness fell upon all; and when the cloud passed away, not a vestige of church or castle remained. The smiling valley had become a wilderness—chaos sat triumphant where Paradise had smiled; and the only living being in the desolate waste was the gaunt figure of the avenger—the Black Monk, who, looking round, cursed the ground; then climbing to the top of the rock upon which the Castle once stood, he plunged into the dark abyss below.

Whether the Lady of Lee took warning, and turned over a new leaf, or whether being off with an old love, she consoled herself with a new, legendary lore sayeth not. The Valley of Rocks remains, however, a scene of desolation, and the Castle rock frowns over the Channel. Since that time Lee Abbey has passed from hand to hand, and a story, sad and wild enough, has been enacted there in later days.

I. D. FENTON.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Daute's "Inferno" has been made to supply the materials for the libretto of a new opera by Gounod.

Mr. Robert Buchanan will shortly publish through the Messrs. Routledge a new volume entitled "North Coast Poems."

Mr. Sydney Whiting is about to publish "The Romance of a Garret; or, the Life of a Man of Letters, with his Misfortunes, Failures, Successes, Hopes, Fears, and Adventures."

A new novel, called "Carlyon's Year" by the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," is about to commence in *Once a Week*.

A new magazine, the *Broadway*, will appear in London in August, under the editorship of Mr. Edmund Routledge. A list of contributors furnished promises good fare of the magazine kind. It appears some American authors are also to be engaged upon the venture. The *Broadway* will give eighty pages for sixpence, and a muscular novel by the author of "Guy Livingstone" is to form a leading feature. The new periodical will be illustrated.

According to the *Times of India*, of May 20th, a ship belonging to the Sultan of Zanzibar, which had recently arrived at Bombay, had brought further confirmation of the death of Dr. Livingstone in the way reported. "The Johanna men who had been in the doctor's service, and brought the news of his death, had been taken before the Sultan or Rajah of Johanna, and strictly cross-examined as to the route taken, and the events both before and after the doctor's death. They were also examined by Dr. Kirk, who found that the route they stated to have been taken was the same as that which Livingstone had marked out for himself before starting. Dr. Seward made every inquiry at Keelwah (Quiloa), but failed to obtain any other information." It will be as well, however, to suspend our judgment until the expedition now on its route shall have given the world the results of its inquiries; though it must be admitted that in the meanwhile the case does not look hopeful.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREM.

- 1101 and of gain (a Venetian grandee.)
501 " O rat (dexterous.)
150 " has a (a covering for the head.)
601 " Anna Erb (a character in "measure for measure.")
50 " era (a nobleman.)
50 " eat (a wild fowl.)
1 " no hod (a native of Hindostan.)

The initials and finals, read downwards, will name two Shaksperian characters.

ENNIS KILLENER.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A leaden weight, a power; a part of the human body; a fruit, to mark.
2. A mechanical power, a reason; belonging to the country; a legal instrument spelt backwards; a town in England.

ENIGMA.

Within a wall as white as milk,
Behind a curtain soft as silk,
A golden apple doth appear
Bathed in a bath of crystal clear,
No door nor window you behold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
W. or F.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A Dominion.
2. A British possession.
3. A soothing drug.
4. A river in Spain.
5. A river in France.
6. An island famous in history.
7. To improve.
8. A cure.

The Finals name a Shaksperian actor, and the Initials, a character he represented. B. N. C.

CHARADE.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 9, 14, 21, 4, 25, 7, 12, 9, is an animal.
My 19, 2, 26, is a sprite.
My 16, 8, 23, 10, 7, 15, is a man's name.
My 24, 13, 17, 11, is a river in England.
My 6, 20, 3, 22, is a chief beauty in woman.
My 1, 12, 21, 18, 5, is a stratagem.
And my whole is a proverb. B. N. C.

DECAPITATION.

909 There is in Europe a river of five letters; take two away, and one will remain.

G. W. G.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. The ages of John and Reginald are together equal to twice Walter's age, the united ages of the three amount to twenty-four years, the sum of the cubes of their ages to 2,304. Find the age of each.

1. At an evening party the number of the girls was as 3 to 2 of the boys, but when ten boys left, each with a sister, the proportion of the girls remaining was to the boys as 2 to 1. How many were there of each, when all were in the room?

ANSWERS TO HISTORICAL ARITHMOREM, &c. No. 96.

Arithmorem.—1. Oudenarde; 2. Murat; 3. Austerlitz; 4. Rodney; 5. Pictou; 6. Abercrombie; 7. Sadowa; 8. Halleck; 9. Alcantara.

Square Words.—1. L I L Y 2. S A L T
I D E A A V E R
L E E R L E V I
Y A R N T R I O

Charades.—1. Wormwood; 2. Sir Henry Havelock.

Logograph.—Emit-time-mite-item.

Arithmetical Question.—A £15; B £32; C £56.

Answers received:—*Arithmorem*.—B. N. C., Geo. B., H. H. V., G. S., Arctic.

Square Words.—Bericus, B. N. C., Arctic, Canop, Geo. B., W. H., Niagara.

Charades.—B. N. C., Arctic, Niagara, W. H., Bericus, Geo. B.

Logograph.—Bericus, B. N. C., Niagara, W. H., H. H. V.

Arithmetical Question.—B. N. C., Bericus, H. H. V., Niagara, Geo. B.