

Choice Literature.

One Life Only.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Are you not horrified to see a modern better instead of a hoary ecclesiastical, Una?" said Colonel Dysart, in a low tone, as that functionary came up with various other servants; but Atherstone heard him, and the gloom of his face passed away in a smile of amusement. "Thorpe might almost enact the part," he said, "he has been in our family forty years; but I hope before you make your pilgrimage through the house, Miss Dysart, you will not disdain some nineteenth century tea and fruit, instead of a boar's head, or any little dainty of that kind."

"Spurs in an empty dish is the only food that would suit my ideas," she answered, and her merry laugh woke the echoes of the old stone court.

"We have not heard such a sound as that this many a day, sir," said old Thorpe, as his master went up to give him his orders; "it does my heart good to hear it."

"It is pleasant music, doubtless," said Atherstone, "but I fear it scarce suits our old Abbey, anyhow we are not likely to have much of it here."

Turning back to the Dysarts, he helped Una to dismount, and then led them into a fine old hall, and through various large rooms filled with costly furniture of a somewhat antique description, till they came suddenly upon a sunny, tastefully-arranged boudoir that was in complete contrast to the rest of the house; a conservatory opened out from it, filled with the choicest flowers, and Atherstone placed an easy chair for Una close to it, so that she might enjoy their fragrance.

"I thought you would like this room," he said; "it was the one my mother always used, so I take pains to have it carefully kept exactly as she left it, though I generally sit in the library myself."

"Is it long since you lost her?" said Colonel Dysart.

"Yes, it is indeed; I was only six or seven years old."

"Do you remember her?" said Una, softly.

"Just enough to know that this is an excellent likeness," he answered, taking a miniature from the table and showing it to her. It represented a dark, aristocratic-looking beauty, with the same liquid hazel eyes that Humphrey himself possessed, but not otherwise resembling him. Una remarked this at once, saying she should never have guessed it was a portrait of his mother.

"No," he said, with a rather melancholy smile, "I am too complete an Atherstone to be like her at all, and this was painted when she was very young, before her marriage with my father." He turned round the miniature as he spoke, and showed engraved on the gold at the back of it the name of Philippa Devereux.

"Devereux!" exclaimed Colonel Dysart; "was she of the Mount Devereux family?"

"Yes, she was the youngest daughter of the last lord."

"In that case she was distantly connected with the Molynuxes, which fact constitutes my daughter in some sense your kinswoman."

"I am exceedingly glad to hear it," said Atherstone with a smile, looking round to Una.

"Do you mean that Mr. Atherstone and I are cousins?" she exclaimed, starting up as she eagerly waited for her father's reply.

"Only in a very remote Caledonian degree, I am afraid; but I believe if you could both get high enough in the genealogical tree you would meet somewhere at last," said Colonel Dysart.

"If it is only enough to prevent the necessity of my being on my best behaviour at Atherstone Abbey, very stiff and polite," said Una, "I shall be quite satisfied."

"Pray do let us consider ourselves related to that extent at least," said Atherstone, "and I hope you will do exactly as you please in all ways within these walls."

"I think if I did I should rush off this very moment and explore the whole house quite by myself," said Una, with a rather saucy glance at him, anxious to see if by chance he proved himself afraid of her discovering any mystery; but he looked perfectly at his ease as he said, "You shall do so if you like, but I must warn you that the only result will be your losing yourself hopelessly in a labyrinth of passages, in five minutes' time."

"Then I must resign myself to go in a proper and reasonable manner, I suppose."

"And I think we must not delay if we are to be at home again before nightfall," said Colonel Dysart; so they started at once for a thorough inspection of the Abbey.

It proved to be simply an exceedingly fine specimen of an old medieval castle, and Una appreciated and enjoyed it all enough to satisfy even Atherstone's almost morbid love for the place. At last they reached the picture gallery, where there was so much to be seen that it was impossible they could complete the inspection on that occasion, and Colonel Dysart was obliged to agree to Atherstone's earnest entreaty that they would come another time and spend a whole day with him, in order to give as much attention to some of the masterpieces as Una desired.

They were turning to leave the gallery, and Colonel Dysart had already preceded them out of it, when his daughter's attention was attracted by a picture, before which was hung a veil of black crape. She paused and looked up at Atherstone, hardly liking to ask him if she might see it. The sombre expression which his face sometimes wore suddenly darkened over it; but he did not hesitate to grant the mute request of her eyes, and in perfect silence he drew back the covering and let her look at the picture. Una stood before it, transfixed with a painful sense of awe, for never had she seen a representation of human life in any shape, which had made such a powerful impression upon her as that now before her. It was a large and most masterly painting, executed with strong effects of light and shade, and showing the interior of a gloomy old tower, lit up by a rude iron lamp that hung from the ceiling. A low couch of straw, with a rough covering flung over it, was in one

corner, and at the other end was an enormous stone cross; in front of this, kneeling with clasped hands and head turned upwards in a perfect anguish of supplication, was a man still young, but haggard and emaciated to the last degree. He wore a coarse brown dress, with a knotted cord at the waist; and the evidences of a life of torment and penance which were all around him were as nothing compared with the terrible revelation of his despairing face, which spoke of a remorse and horror that could find no rest. But the most painful sensation which this strange picture caused Una was the unmistakable likeness she could trace in the wild mournful countenance, to that of Humphrey Atherstone.

It was with a timidity in her voice which she could not conquer that she whispered at last, "Who is this?" and he answered, more like a man talking in a dream than one who knew what he was saying, "Fulke Atherstone, of evil memory." He let the black drapery fall over the picture while he spoke, and Una made no attempt to say another word on the subject.

They left the gallery, and as they continued to explore the interminable rooms, the corridors built in the thickness of the wall, and other matters of interest, Una quite recovered her gaiety, and went flitting about like a sunbeam through the lurking shadows.

"It is growing late, Una, and we really must go," said Colonel Dysart; "we have detained Mr. Atherstone too long already."

"I hope we have not quite tired you out," she said, looking up at their host with her charming smile.

"On the contrary, it has given me the greatest possible pleasure to show the Abbey to those who can appreciate it so well," he said heartily.

"Then, if I might see the cave of the refractory monks, I will ask nothing more."

"Oh, by all means," said Atherstone.

"It will not detain you long to go round to the back of the house, where the entrance to it is; if you will come down this turret stair we shall reach it in a moment."

He took them out through a little postern gate, which led to a terrace running the whole length of the house, and from which a precipitous cliff rose abruptly and towered far above them. The rocky foundations of the house were here quite exposed to view, and the mouth of the cave yawned visibly before them, closed in by an iron grating. It was opened by a key which Thorpe, who was in attendance on them, produced from the ponderous bunch he carried. A flight of stone steps led down to the vault, and Colonel Dysart, glancing in, said he was sure it was frightfully damp, and that he must decline visiting the bones of the refractory monks, or whatever it was they were going to see.

"I am afraid there is not even anything so interesting as their bones," said Atherstone; "but it is a curious old cave, and Miss Dysart may as well see it. Let me go first," he continued, "to show you the way;" and she followed him down the steep flight of steps, while her father sauntered away to the other end of the terrace.

There certainly was not much to be seen, except the moist walls of an underground cave, and the atmosphere was sufficiently chilly to make Una willing to go back very soon to the sunshine. She stumbled on the first step going up, and as they were all rather broken and rugged, Atherstone took her hand in his and went in front of her, guiding her safely to the top. He had stepped on to the terrace, and she was just following, when suddenly she felt his grasp tighten on her hand with a convulsive movement, of which he was clearly unconscious, for his eyes were fixed on some objects at a little distance, that seemed to have aroused in him a perfect passion of anger, which transformed his whole countenance in a manner that actually her. Eagerly she followed the direction of his eyes, and saw a man, whom she recognised as the strange-looking foreigner she had seen with Mr. Orlinton, stealing away round the corner of the house, and evidently trying to escape observation.

As he disappeared, Atherstone dropped her hand, apparently forgetting her presence, and striding up to Thorpe, he seized hold of his arm with a violent grasp, and said, "What does this mean?—how have you dared to disobey my most positive orders?"

"It was not me, sir, indeed; I would sooner have died than let him in. It must have been the new footman, who does not know him by sight."

"Let every servant of the house be told that if he ever enters within the park walls again they leave my service, one and all; and go now at once, Thorpe, and see him well off my ground."

The old man hurried away, and Atherstone came back to Una, still frowning and disturbed.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Dysart. I was annoyed by the intrusion of a person who has no right here."

"I want you so much to tell me who that man is," she said eagerly.

"What do you know of him?" he asked, in an abrupt, stern tone.

"Nothing whatever; but I saw him once talking to the rector, and I took the strong antipathy to him, for no reason that I could account for to myself."

"An instinct of what he is, probably—a villain, a base, deep villain, in the fullest sense of the word. His name is Edwards."

Una said not another word, and soon was riding home with her father, finding abundant food for reflection in her first visit to Atherstone Abbey. It was not her last.

CHAPTER VII.

Among the holiday gatherings which took place at Valehead during Whitsuntide, was the anniversary celebration of the foundation of a cricket club, which Humphrey Atherstone had been the first to establish, with the view of securing some better recreation for the young men of the village, than could be found in the public-houses where they were wont to congregate. It had been very successful, other parties had joined in it, the great people all round patronised it, and in the last week of May a great day of festivity was held, when the Eleven of Valehead played a match against all Northamptonshire. The field used as a cricket ground on this occasion was at some distance from the village, and was

most easily approached by the river, which was always thronged with boats conveying the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses to the scene of action.

It was the fashion of the county to go, and so the county went, and made its own little arrangements for amusements, quite irrespective of the duty of encouraging the cricket club. This year the weather proved extremely propitious, and by noon on the appointed day many a merry party was moving down the river with pennons flying and gay voices filling the summer air with glee. Two boats were allowed precedence of the others as conveying a specially illustrious freight. Mrs. Northcote was seated in the first, with an air as solemn and frigid as if she were personating Charon himself, while her husband, much subdued in such close proximity to the great arbitress of his destinies, sat on one side, and the rector on the other. Colonel Dysart and a few more persons unknown to fame completed the number, and in sober and stately fashion they passed on in advance of the gay party which followed them.

In the next boat Will Northcote and Una Dysart sat together, with Mr. Knight and Hervey Orlinton on either side of them. Further on, Mrs. Burton, the doctor's wife—an affected, languishing invalid, who, suffered chiefly from want of occupation, was placed beside a very quiet curate, to whom she was detailing the extreme susceptibility of her nerves, and on the other side Rupert Northcote, deliberately turning his back on every one else, looked admiringly into the pure sweet face of Lilith Orlinton. She seemed to be a being almost of another mould from the rest, as she sat there, perfectly still and unexcited, drooping her fair head like a graceful flower, her white robes glistening in the sun, without a fragment of colour about them to mar their spotlessness.

She appeared to be as much absorbed in Rupert's presence as he was in hers, but when she raised her great blue eyes and looked on him, they were filled with an intensity of mournful regret, which seemed strangely at variance with the knowledge she could not but have of his devoted affection, and the extent to which she apparently shared it.

Una Dysart often looked towards her with great interest, for Lilith was in many respects an enigma to her, though Hervey left her very little time to think of anything but himself, as he did his best to please and amuse her in every possible way. Una was slightly restless, however, and at last she somewhat suddenly turned round to Hervey, and asked him whether Mr. Atherstone did not appear amongst his people on this the gala day of the institution he had founded.

"Yes, I believe he is always there," he answered rather shortly.

"Only he rides down instead of going by the river," said Will, "for the express purpose of avoiding such parties as ours, and when he gets there he devotes himself to the cricketers and their friends, and ignores the society of his equals with a sublime indifference."

"By the way, Miss Dysart, we were all much surprised to hear that Atherstone had conducted you himself over the Abbey. It was an extraordinary feat for such a determined misogynist. I feel sure you are the very first lady he ever indulged so far," said Hervey Orlinton.

"I am very glad I was so much favored then, for the house is well worth seeing."

"You did not find a wife imprisoned in any of the rooms did you?" said Will. "I sometimes wonder whether the fact that he has one already may not be the explanation of his determination never to marry—any of us at all events."

"I saw no one in the house but a fat old butler," said Una, laughing.

"No," Atherstone will never marry," said Mr. Knight. "I do not know his reason, but he is much to be pitied, for there is certainly some painful motive which makes him quite immovable in this determination. Poor fellow! I feel for him deeply," and Mr. Knight accompanied this remark with so meaning a glance at Will, to whom he had most vainly been endeavouring to make himself agreeable, that she started up, seeming determined to find a means of putting a stop to his attentions. She had a resource at hand. Stooping down, she drew out from under the seat a small violin-case, and took from it a dainty little violin, which she proceeded to adjust on her shoulder in the orthodox fashion, and then taking the bow in her firm little fingers, she began to draw forth the most exquisite melody from the strings, playing with all the grace and execution of an accomplished artist. Una was delighted, and even Hervey ceased looking at her in order to listen to the enchanted sounds, while little Will's bright black eyes grew soft under the influence of her own music, and only Mrs. Burton whispered plaintively to the curate, "How that masculine sight must pain you! I am so feminine in all my tastes."

(To be continued.)

The British Post Office is about taking an advance step in the transmission of the ocean mail. Instead of continuing the subsidies to the Canada and Indian lines, which have hitherto received them, it proposes to give the mails to the steamers which make the quickest passages, paying the companies according to weight.

While the English Arctic Expedition, though fitted out so completely, has failed of accomplishing anticipated results, Prof. Nordenskiöld, an eminent Swedish scientist, has settled the fact that there is an open route between Europe and China by way of the Arctic ocean and the Yenisei river which traverses Siberia nearly to the frontier of China.

The Congress in behalf of a better observance of the Sabbath that met at Geneva, Switzerland, the last of September, is another indication of the growth of a better sentiment in Europe. Several hundred delegates assembled from nearly every country on the continent, and thousands vainly attempted to gain admission. The Emperor of Germany and Austria, the King of Wurtemberg, and the Grand Duke of Baden each sent representatives. It was resolved to form a confederation "on a Biblical basis."

What Makes the Man?

AN ORIGINAL POEM BY A. WATKINS.

Read on Halloween, the 31st Anniversary of the Caledonian Society of Montreal.

This hallow night—this Halloween,
Auld Scotland's blithesome bairns convene.
In lowly cot, or lordly ha',
To crack and spend an hour or two;
At home, or in a foreign land,
Drifter grasps brother by the hand,
And kindly at all other apers
For kith and kin and a' that's dear;
And thoughts and scenes o' auld lang syne
In memory's mirror brightly shine,
Which tells this truth, the world o'er,
Scotchmen are Scotchmen to the core!

What makes the man, I ask of you,
What idol rises to the view?
Is he a man of wealth and fame,
Does flattery trumpet forth his name?
Come list, while we attempt to scan,
And picture up what makes the man.
I dream'd a dream—an angel bright
Appear'd in robes of dazzling white,
Her heavenly mien was past compare,
Love nestled in her golden hair,
A child lay cradled on her breast,
She to the child these words address'd—

Behold the tyrant thron'd on high,
With hatred flashing in his eye,
He holds aloft a burning brand,
And hurls destruction through the land!
Though Mercy whispers in his ear,
Though Pity sheds the doleful tear,
Come woe, come ruin unconfined,
Ambition's ladder must be climb'd.
Kindness can still the lion's rage,
But tyrant man in every age
Has risen to deal the deadly blow
And glory o'er his fallen foe.
Better 'twould be to emulate,
Of what in man is good and great;
The golden rule is heaven's plan,
The tyrant he is not the man.

Behold you wretch with luring smile,
With serpent tongue and heart of guile,
Tempting the innocent to stray
From virtue's pure and spotless way,
Weep for his victim, tattered—torn,
Cursing the hour that she was born;
To make amends is not his plan,
The libertine is not the man!

Behold you miser, gaunt and pale,
Hark! listen to the widow's wail,
She tells him that her husband's dead,
And that her children cry for bread;
See how she pleads, the widow's moan
Falls heedless on a heart of stone,
Unmindful he of woman born,
He treats her tears with bitter scorn,
To cheerfully give is not his plan,
The miser, he is not the man!

Oh world of guile! Oh world of woe!
Is there no good on earth below?
Yea! greets the man whose chiefest aim
Is to preserve an honest name—
Who after years of toil and care,
To heaven can lay his bosom bare,
And say, though wreck'd on fortune's tide,
"My God, my Maker is my guide,"
Still loves the right, detests the wrong,
He is the monarch of his song;
The honest man, he leads the van,
He is the man—mind makes the man!

The vision flitted slow away,
On the gold wings of dawn's day,
And Faith and Joy sang songs of praise
As Hope proclaim'd the better days.

Canada beloved! my steps once more
Have sought your friendly fertile shore;
O, may thy sons, and daughters fair,
The richest gifts of heaven share;
O, may they be in power or place
An honor to the human race.

Sons of auld Scotland, far away
From classic Tweed and winding Tay,
From Dee and Don, and Forth and Clyde,
From Yarrow brigs and Solway tide,
From Highland hills, and Lowland glades,
Auld Scotland in her tartan plaid,
With parent pride, on highest height
Is stretching forth her hand to-night,
Telling mankind the world o'er
Her Sons are Scotchmen to the core!

Home of our fathers! ever dear
Your name, your record we revere,
White heather blooms, while waves the fern
Can we forget the martyrs' cairn?
The auld kirkyard, the battle-field
Where warriors fell and roses reel'd,
And died, that all her sons might see
The glorious light of liberty!
Illustrous dead! in every age
Your names are stamp'd on history's page.

Trac'd on the map, our sea-girt land
Is smaller than an infant's hand;
Yet under Heaven's fostering care,
Men have arisen to do and dare,
Arisen from a lowly lot
To grace and guide a world's thought;
There, on the pinnacle of fame
Is chisell'd out Hugh Miller's name,
And reverently we point the while
To mighty-minded grand Carlyle!
In world of song, how great the fame
Of Ramsay, Burns, and Scott and Graham,
And Tannahill, whose living lyre,
Was touch'd with pure poetic fire!

O Scotchmen, upon life's pathway,
Ye ne'er forget the Sabbath day;
Kind memory lingers o'er the scene,
The school, the church, the village green,
The pulpit, where the words were given,
Pointing the way from earth to heaven,
There know, O! with piercing eagle-eye,
Did superstition's anks only
Honor the great and good and wise,
Their memories let us fondly prize;
And may the rulers of this land
Be guided by a higher hand
To wisely make and mend the laws,
As gain the poorest man's applause.

Scotchmen! in this Canadian land,
O wake your child ren by the hand,
And teach them with all native care
To God's own house—the house of pray'r.

Auld Scotland, in her best array'd,
With bonnet blue and tartan plaid,
With parent pride, on highest height,
Is blessing ill her sons to-night,
Telling mankind the world o'er—
Her Sons are Scotchmen to the core!

A NEW Roman-catholic sisterhood has been organized in England, and has received the sanction of the pope. Its objects is to prepare homes and religious instruction for poor factory girls.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI, the Pope's prime minister, has at last passed away, aged seventy years. In at least the special affairs of the Pontificate he has been the real Pope. He was one of the ablest politicians of Italy of this century.

Scientific and Useful.

TO BOIL EGGS.

Pour boiling water over them till it rises an inch above the eggs. Cover close, and let them stand five minutes. Pour off the water, cover again with boiling water, and let them stand five minutes. They will be thoroughly cooked without being hard.

CORN BREAD.

Two cups of meal, one cup of wheat flour, one tablespoon of sugar, one salt-spoon of salt, two eggs, well beaten. Milk to make a rather stiff batter. Three tea-spoonsful of sea foam or other baking powder.

STEAMED PUDDING.

Three eggs; one tascup of sweet milk; a pinch of salt; one teaspoonful cream tartar; one-half ditto soda; a little sugar, if preferred; one cup of fruit of any kind, and flour to make a stiff batter. Steam one hour, and eat with cream and sugar. Very nice; try it.

THE SHINE.

To make shirt bosoms shine like those of the laundries, take enough of common starch to make a pint when boiled. Add spermaceti, half a drachm, white wax, half drachm. Then use as common starch, but have the iron as hot as possible.

SAWDUST FOR CELERY.

The editor of the *Journal of Horticulture*, London, says sawdust is a good thing for earthing celery, placing it between the rows and around the plants after the leaves and stalks have been brought together, pressing the sawdust about them so as to compact and insure blanching perfectly. It is better, he thinks, than soil, not being so liable to cause stalks to rot, and is a good protection against frost. The only objection is that some sawdust may impart a taste to the celery.

CAUTION IN VISITING THE SICK.

Do not visit the sick when you are fatigued, or when in a state of perspiration, or with the stomach empty—for in such conditions you are liable to take the infection. When the disease is very contagious, take the side of the patient which is near the window. Do not enter the room the first thing in the morning, before it has been aired; and when you come away take some food, change your clothing immediately, and expose the latter to the air for some days.

TURPENTINE FOR WOUNDS.

For all ordinary burns, spirits of turpentine will be found to give a great relief from pain. Turpentine is also an excellent application in case of punctured wounds. It relieves the pain at once, promotes a rapid healing, and tends to prevent the sad consequences of lockjaw. We have known of very ugly wounds made with a pitchfork in the hand, being filled up immediately with turpentine, greatly to the comfort of the patient. People have an idea that it must irritate and sting, which is not the fact.

OFFENSIVE BREATH.

Take from six to ten drops of the concentrated solution of chloride of soda in a wineglassful of pure spring water. Taken immediately after the ablutions of the morning are completed, it will sweeten the breath by disinfecting the stomach, which, far from being injured, will be benefited by the medicine. In some cases the odor from carious teeth is combined with that of the stomach. If the mouth is well-rinsed with a teaspoonful of the solution of alum in a tumbler of water, the bad odor of the teeth will be removed.

DEFECTS OF THE HUMAN EYE.

In a recent discussion before the Physical Society, London, one of the speakers remarked that, though the eye has been considered to be achromatic because it practically is so, it is easy to cite evidence of the defects of the organ in this respect. For instance, to short-sighted persons the moon appears to have a blue fringe; and, in using the spectroscope, the red and blue ends of the spectrum cannot be seen with equal distinctness without adjusting the focusing glass. Again, a black patch of paper, on a blue ground, appears to have a fringed edge if viewed from even a short distance, while a black patch on a red ground, when observed under similar conditions, has a perfectly distinct margin. In the opinion of the speaker referred to, it is the overlapping of images in the eye which produces the mental impression that there is no want of achromatism.

EXCESSIVE USE OF MEDICINES.

The *London Times*, in speaking of the excessive use of medicines, says that it would be utterly impossible to tell how many constitutions have been impaired, how many digestions ruined, how many complexions spoiled, and how many purses emptied, through medicine. The wisest philosophy of the present day is gradually delivering us from these potent perils. Nature has a self-righting power within her; there is a kind of *vis medicatrix* in the physical frame. Treat the body kindly; let as much pure air as possible get to the lungs, and as much fresh water as is needful be applied to the flesh, and as much healthy exercise as duty permits be given to the muscles, and as early rising as circumstances will allow be afforded to the recruitment of the brain, and then medicines will be an avoidable affair.

NUTRITIVE FOOD.

The problem of feeding the young and the poor physiologically is not easy, but it is simple if considered from the scientific point of view. That the bulk of the food of the poorer classes must always be bread is unique in itself. Peas, beans, and other like leguminous plants, however rich in albumen, can never be expected to successfully compete with bread; first, because they require steeping in water and boiling for hours—next, they become hard so easily, and then are indigestible, while at all times they are not so easily digested as bread. But bread is not so good a food as meat—and here chemistry comes in, and shows that bread soaked in broth made from extract of meat is as good food as the best meat diet. Indeed the most eminent chemists and physiologists are now agreed in the opinion that, when people will use more of such simple vitalising extract, and a little less, for their strength and health, they will be willing to dispense with the present articles of cookery as numberless as they are useless.