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## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

### CHAPTER XLIV. THE MERCER'S AMBITION.

It was an awkward circumstance for both the mercer and his daughter, that he had that evening determined to enter upon a theme with her of a nature which happened to be peculiarly antagonistic to the influences just now left by Paul. But painful as the unexpectedly chivalrous behaviour of Paul made this duty, it was a duty, and Sir Richard was a man who never paused when he saw that fact clear before him. So, after dinner, while he was enjoying himself over a glass of wine of some peculiarly choice vintage, he managed to put aside his recollections of his late 'prentice, and speak thus to Christina:—

"Teena, how do you like our noble merchant friend?"

"How can you ask me that? I like him very much."

"I can see he is very much impressed with you."

"Indeed!" said Teena, with a little affectation of surprise that was almost coquettish.

"Indeed, and indeed, and indeed! And so now, Mistress Teena, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Am I, then, a criminal?" she asked, archly.

"Certainly, and before a severe judge, who is going to try you for a case of felony—stealing this unfortunate nobleman's heart."

"Not guilty! I cry," said Teena.

"Ah! but if he says guilty—what then?"

"He won't do anything of the sort, papa," said Teena, suddenly, with an entire change of manner that startled the mercer.

"You speak as if you would not like him to be able to say so."

"Papa, I have never thought of such a thing. I don't want to think of such things!"

"And even if he does?"

"Oh, but he doesn't—I am sure of that!" said Christina, with an animated and decided tone.

"What, is my little daughter so learned in the signs and tokens of love, that she knows at a glance the true love from the false?"

The vivid blushes in Christina's face told the mercer this was a home stroke, though it didn't seem to show him that he was at all advancing the idea he was inly cherishing. However, he returned to the charge, saying—

"Teena, darling, you are not only a good but a sensible girl. Now, I want you to forget, for a bit, all the ordinary, nonsensical, romantic notions of school-girls, and listen to me like a woman, who esteems it the highest compliment to her to be addressed in frank truthfulness and simplicity. This nobleman's family did, as you know, lay the foundations of my fortune. I would give much to be able to acquit myself of that obligation. You may say I am doing so by incurring so much danger for him, in preserving his secret, but that it's, at best, only a negative benefit as regards him. Since he has been here, I have noticed he never meets you without his eyes being insensibly attracted towards you. His voice, when he speaks to you,



Lord Langton and Maria Clementina Preston at the Foundling Hospital.

always becomes strangely low and sweet. In fact, I am greatly deceived if he does not love you."

"No, no, papa, you mistake!" said Christina. And there was evidently now pain and distress in her voice and manner.

"Trust me, at least, Teena, with the use of my own eyes and ears. Now, mark. It is not because I think he loves you. And I must say, Mistress Teena, if you compel me to speak the truth, that I have seen you too look and listen as if you were not a little interested and charmed—eh?"

Again Teena coloured, but seemed angry with herself for doing so; and again she cried, almost with tears in her eyes—

"No—no, dear papa, you mistake—you do indeed—both what he feels and what I feel!"

"And what does he feel?" suddenly demanded the mercer.

Christina was too embarrassed to answer the question.

"Ah, you are nonplussed! Well, then, as to yourself—what do you feel?"

"As a friend—as a sister might; no more!"

"Friend! Sister! Humph! Ah, well! I have seen, in my lifetime, that love has a strange power for transforming very middling friends and sisters into exceedingly good wives. So let that pass.

"But now, Teena, for the pith of the matter. We are both of us, at all events, deeply interested in the fate of this gallant gentleman. Can we not save him, and give you a good husband at the same time?"

"Oh, papa! indeed you do distress me."

"Well, hear me out. This man will as certainly die on the scaffold as I shall certainly die in my bed—if I get out of the present mess—unless he can be persuaded to give up the whole infernal Jacobite scheme, and make his peace with the Government. From what I have seen, I feel sure that, if you were to marry him, and then let me go to Lady Hermia and tell her the whole story, I feel sure, I say, that she would for your sake—for my sake—and, I do believe, for the interesting rebel's own sake, go to her father, and worry him night and day till she had got him to obtain a pardon from the Government. There, now you know the scheme I've been hatching of late. You need not wonder at my audacity—I a mere citizen, he a nobleman—in planning such an alliance. But, remember, his rank and his estates are both, in a sense, in the clouds at present, while I have money, influence, and one of the most charming daughters in the world to eke out all other deficiencies."

Christina was silent at this. She did feel deeply interested in the fate of the young, heroic, noble spirit, so handsome, so unfortunate, and now in such danger.

What a blessing for the country, if she, by her own act, could arrest the incipient rebellion at its source, by taking away its moving spirit, and so preventing all the misery, bloodshed, and strife!

But, even were she open to consider such possibilities, was it likely that the earl would do what was expected from him? Clearly no.

Then the woman's modesty finished the last step of the reasoning, by assuring her the supposed lover was, after all, no lover, but only what she believed herself to be, a genial, sympathising friend.

But should she allow the thing to go on? That is, should she allow her father to understand that if he would do nothing painful to her, she would, on her part, oppose no obstacle?

While she hesitated over this thought, and passed in review before her the possible end—the marriage with so distinguished a man, the court life, the splendour, the coronet—there came before her the image of the unhappy departing Paul Arkdale, and in an instant every gleam of pleasure in the review died out, and she said to herself—

"No, no. He may never claim me, and I may refuse him if he should; but not in his present straits will I—"

There she stopped, and the mercer, who had been keenly watching her face, and all its changes of expression, said—

"Well, Teena, may I give him hope if he does say—"

Before she could answer, visitors were announced—Mr. Daniel Sterne and Humphrey Arkdale.

#### CHAPTER XLV. A DISCOVERY.

Sir Richard had scarcely got dinner over, when he was informed of the presence in the hall of two visitors—Daniel Sterne and Humphrey Arkdale.

The astonished knight seemed to feel that Humphrey had come just at that critical moment to punish him by demanding, in severe accents—

"What hast thou done with my brother?" To his great relief, he soon found that this was an entire mistake, and that Humphrey Arkdale was much less concerned, to all appearance, about Paul than the unhappy mercer himself, whose heart now misgave him he had been harsh to the poor lad.

No, Paul's brother had come on quite other business, and business of startling importance to at least one person now present—Humphrey's companion, Mr. Daniel Sterne.

That gentleman himself introduced the subject when, after a little talk between Humphrey and Christina, there came a pause in the conversation.

Turning to Humphrey, he said aloud—

"Will you oblige me by repeating before my kind friends here the extraordinary story you have told me?"

Humphrey Arkdale hummed and hahed a little at this formal appeal, and his face slightly reddened, but he did not hesitate to answer the appeal made in these words—

"You see, sir," he said, addressing his former acquaintance, "when we met so strangely I could not recollect any of the circumstances attending your long residence at my poor father's, except the very pleasant one of our own boyish liking for each other.

"But when I got back to Bolton, and began to talk the matter over among my relatives, one of them told me that a very strange incident had occurred in his family about the very time the lady, your mother, and yourself accepted the poor shelter of my father's roof.

"I saw that he meant to intimate that there was more in the matter than he at first explained, and I tried to make him speak plainer, and then the whole came out.

"His own mother, it appeared, had been engaged by a strange lady to nurse her infant child, then only a few months old. The lady's conduct was strange—mysterious. She came only now and then, and always at night, and seemed buried in grief and anxiety. All at once she disappeared—just about the time of a great defeat of the rebels in that part of the country.

"The nurse was very poor, and very much alarmed when she found the ordinary time pass for the mother's call, lest the child was going to be left on her hands. When another week or more had passed, and still no news came—no letter, no message—she became convinced of the lady's death, and in a moment of alarm at the probable loss of a lover, who was annoyed at the incident, she sent the child off to the Foundling Hospital by a man and his wife who were going to London, and who undertook to place the babe in the hands of the managers of that new and very popular charity, secure that no questions would be asked.

"Well, Sir Richard, as I have already told Mr. Sterne, within a very few days after the babe had been thus disposed of, the mother came to fetch her child!

"Imagine the consternation of the nurse—her shame, distress, and fear.

"Unable to acknowledge what she had done, and obliged to give a sudden and decisive answer, she told the poor mother her child had died and been buried.

"At first, the wretched lady refused to believe; but when once the lie was told it was stuck to, and with so many alleged details to give it circumstantiality that the lady could not resist any longer, and being, so I judge,

unable to make any kind of public movement, went away, and thus the matter slept."

"And do you know if the child safely reached the foundling?" demanded the mercer, in a tone of extreme interest.

"Yes; the man and woman who took the child away were afterwards seen, and exhibited a receipt they had obtained, showing the safe delivery," replied Arkdale.

"Do you understand, Mistress Christina," asked the earl, looking with earnest eyes at the young lady—"do you understand that the child thus dealt with was my sister?"

"Merciful heavens!" responded Christina. "No, I did not indeed understand."

"Yes; it is my sister who has thus been dealt with!" added the earl, in a tone of profound indignation. "And now, how am I to find her? Why, she must be almost if not quite as old as yourself, sweet mistress. How am I to find her? All possible marks of identity have long since disappeared, I doubt not. And if she be found, what sort of person can I possibly hope or expect to see? Trained as a pauper—perhaps sent out already to service—possibly ignorant, vulgar, and utterly unfit for any other than her present mode of life! I see my friend and benefactor is hurt. He thinks it is because she is poor and humble in her condition, I speak with so much bitterness. I will give him proof he mistakes me. Let him now, therefore, learn from me, in this presence, that babe is—if she lives—is Countess in her own right, and who—

who I am—Stephen, Earl of Langton, by the grace of God, if not by the grace of King George; and whether plain Stephen Langton disinherited or Earl of Langton in full possession of his rights, proud to demand a continuance of the friendship of Humphrey Arkdale."

Christina seemed to feel now, once more, all her first instincts of liking for the earl revive, and she gazed with a kind of exalted, rapturous, seraph-like face on the earl's noble and animated countenance.

The mercer seemed strangely puzzled, gloomily silent.

But Humphrey's face was the most interesting study of all as he listened to these words. What he had discovered at Bolton had, of course, showed him that the mysterious Daniel Sterne's parents must have been mixed up with the insurrection of '45. But Daniel Sterne, when he first heard the story from Humphrey, had said nothing as to this point, but only asked him to go off to Blackheath and tell the story to their common acquaintance, Sir Richard.

Arkdale's worldliness had, of course, caused him many twinges of alarm about his own connection, however remote, with a rebel; but as he listened, all the man in him was roused into vivid life by the earl's generosity. He advanced warmly, yet with a certain profound respect, to take the outstretched hand, and said, as he did so—

"My dear Lord—"

"Hush! No lords here, if you please," said the mercer.

"My dear Mr. Sterne, then," said Arkdale, "I do indeed now understand what you must feel to know the condition of a sister born to such rank!"

"Ay, but, Arkdale, it is not the outward condition but the inward, that frightens me. However, what must be must. I shall instantly seek her."

As they were separating for the night—not to leave the house, for they were to sleep there—Sir Richard said aloud, in the presence of all—

"I again desire solemnly, in my daughter's presence, to disclaim any knowledge of, or sympathy with, the plans of this—this gentleman, calling himself the Earl of Langton!"

"And I too," cried Arkdale, glad to have so good an opportunity.

"And I must add," said the knight, "that it is in entire reliance on his honour, and on his solemn word that he is engaged exclusively on private matters, that I offer him my house and home."

"That's right, gentlemen!" said the earl, with a laugh. "Did I not know you both too well, I should suppose you were this very night wash-

ing your hands of me, and preparing for a short and speedy settlement."

They did not share his laugh; and, as to Christina, her eyes were full of tears when the earl came close to her to wish her good night, and said—

"My sweet friend, do not let these gloomy things affect you. They will not long trouble you or your friends. *They shall not!*"

So saying, he kissed her hand, and strode out of the room, as if careless of what else his two friends might be inclined to think, say, or do.

CHAPTER XLVI. A GLIMPSE OF THE SECRET DEPARTMENT.

In a certain small, dark, insignificant-looking room, the way to which—or, at least, one of the ways to which—strangely enough, lay through noble halls and corridors, sat the chief of the Secret Department.

Little light came into that room, and what light there was looked dingy, discoloured, impure, and highly suggestive of the doings that in this room found their chief agent and record.

A thin, lantern-jawed man was this chief, with hollow, sleepless-looking eyes, and a sort of unquiet, suspicious, expectant, hungry look ever visible on his face.

What a revelation would that man's brain have been, if it could suddenly have been made visible, in all its trickeries, its experiences of human nature in its more infamous aspects, its faith in secrecy, in plotting, and in plotting against plotters, and in the juggleries of statecraft in which that brain and those hands had borne a part!

How many wives had been widowed by an unseen mandate from this almost invisible director! How many patriots had come into this den, and went out of it traitors to their cause! What great men in worldly rank, and what little men—rascals of both classes—had met, as it were, here, unknown to themselves, through the links of association binding them together, which this secret worker had contrived!

At this very moment he is handling, in thought just such a chain, having at one end the Right Honourable the Earl of Bridgeminster, and at the other a spy—*Mistress Maria Clementina Preston.*

He rings a bell sharply. A man in official livery answered it, and with looks, tones, and attitude of the deepest respect.

"Has she come yet?"

"No, sir."

"If the Earl of Bridgeminster comes while she is here, say I am particularly engaged."

"Yes, sir."

"Mind! I am, and mean to be engaged!"

"I think I hear her step, sir."

"Away with you! Stop! Take that chair away with you. If I want it, I'll fetch it. Leave it outside."

The attendant removed the chair; then the chief heard a sort of sparkling, bubbling laughter, and lo! enters *Mistress Maria Clementina.*

The chief rose, bowed, and stood gravely, waiting to hear what she had got to say.

Seeing his stern face, she faltered; then turned to look for the usual chair, but, not seeing it, was obliged to stand and confront her angry chief.

"I—I am sorry to say I bring you no news yet.

"What does it matter, my pretty one? Ranelagh, I am told, is more charming than ever. You certainly grow more beautiful, and, doubtless, the gentlemen more embarrassing. But I am fain to ask you, *Mistress Preston*, one short, simple question. *Is this business?*"

"I—I assure you, sir, I have sought him everywhere."

"Excuse me, I want to draw your attention to a few facts. When you first fell into my way, you were, I think, in danger of destitution, or worse; was it not so?"

"Yes," said the poor maiden, every bit of her ordinary courage and audacity having deserted her, as she saw her dismissal and ruin impending.

"I clothed you, had you taught by the best masters, established you as a young lady of for-

tune in handsome lodgings, gave you whatever you needed to play the fine lady—your sedan-chair, jewels, money—and asked you only, when I had done all this, to reward me by making for yourself a good future income. Wasn't it so?"

"Y—yes," faltered *Mistress Preston.* "But I hope you don't forget that I did do something, when I gave you the first intelligence from Rome of his intentions."

"Bless the foolish child! that's so many weeks ago that the thing's clean forgotten in this office. Gratitude with us, my dear, is really, as the Frenchman says, a lively consciousness of future favours. Why do you forget that? In a word, *Mistress Preston*, I find we have advanced you altogether, beyond what may be considered your salary, nearly five hundred pounds. Can you now pay that?"

"I—I!" said the spy. Looks of horror and astonishment formed the only answer she could give.

"What's to be done, then? This money is not the Government's, but mine. I want my money, *Mistress Preston*—must have my money, *Mistress Preston*—or you will go to gaol, *Mistress Preston.* And that's what I wanted to say to you."

In a passionate outburst of sobs and tears, the hapless spy threw herself at his feet, called him her only friend, and conjured him to give her yet a chance.

And then the remorseless chief relaxed a little, and let out, by degrees, what his victim had all along suspected and hoped—that he was merely frightening her, after his usual wont. After a few less important remarks, he said—

"Well, come, mistress, do let us have plain speaking. Play me no tricks, and I may again try to open the path for you. Else I was about to discharge you! To begin, then. I haven't known you, *Miss Preston*, all this time for nothing. In that silly brain of yours there is always a sort of hankering after admiration. Is that business? You know it is not. And if you don't stick to business, not all your pretty face or your pretty way will save from the inside of the gaol. Answer me—haven't you been getting foolish fancies into your very foolish head about this man?"

"No—no. I hate him!"

"Aha! Is it so? Say that again."

"I HATE HIM? Will that do?"

"Perfectly. Now, then, listen. If you have been idling, or blind, we haven't. An agent of mine believes he has seen the very man hanging about the Foundling Hospital—what for, the fellow can't conceive; neither can I. He thinks he saw him purchase a ticket for the forthcoming *Handel Festival.* If it's him, we have him, for my rascal is sure to know him again."

"Ah, but was the ticket for himself?"

"Not likely a man in his position would be buying for anybody else."

"Very well. You want me?"

"Yes."

"I am ready."

"Now, then, mark. Be careful. Business now, not pleasure. The pleasure shall come after as much as you like of it, only get this job through. Some members of the Royal Family will be at the Festival, therefore I shall see that a military detachment is present. Besides that, I shall have several trustworthy, active, powerful men in plain clothes, dressed as gentlemen, tradesmen, and blackguards, ready to assist and hold him fast, while the soldiers are giving warning."

"And my duty is—"

"Nothing more than this: To find him, talk to him, interest him, get him to make love to you, if you can; and so luring him, gently and unsuspectingly, out from the place into the street, where we can seize him and make sure of him. Don't you be afraid for yourself—we'll take care of you."

"But if you saw me with him inside the place, couldn't you then give me a signal, to let me get away, and then seize him where escape would be impossible among a crowd so dense, and yet so orderly arranged in seats?"

"Well, child, there's sense in what you say;

but, for reasons which don't concern you, it isn't to be so. Say we are merciful, if you like, and don't mind indulging our prey with the chance of a run for his life!"

"Yes, and then you'll shoot him?"

"Child! I run along—this isn't business. Want any money?"

"If you please."

"Here's five guineas. When the job's done, come for fifty more."

CHAPTER XLVII.—THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

It is one of London's greatest days of spectacle, interest, enjoyment—the *Handel Festival* at the Foundling Hospital. Eight hundred coaches and chairs are congregated round the building; and almost every man and woman of distinction you think of are here—the very quintessence of English society.

Captain Coram, the founder, moves about among the throngs inside, his benevolent face and white hair helping the vast auditory to recognise him, and making him the "observed among all observers."

Hogarth, too—another great benefactor—is there, enjoying, no doubt, in popularity what compensates to him for many disappointments; and among them this one—that his artistic brethren will not recognise him as a great historical painter.

But the special circumstance that gives this festival such extraordinary attraction is the fact, that *Handel*, though blind, is to be here in person, and preside at the organ, probably for the last time in life, as his health and spirits are known to be greatly affected.

Earliest among the crowds comes *Lord Langton*, drawn not so much by the idea of the festival itself, as by his secret hope that in frequenting the place he may gradually get some clue to his long-lost sister.

He has been to the directors; they have been most kind, most unwearied in their exertions, and this was the result of their inquiries:—

One *John Forbes* had brought a female child at the time indicated, and had left with it this motto—

The higher you look, the nearer the truth.

This child had been carefully trained, had proved extraordinarily clever, but had given the directors a good deal of trouble when, at fourteen, they put her out apprentice to a dress-maker. She was very tall and womanly for her age, and of such extraordinary beauty, that special care had been used to get her a religious and trustworthy mistress. She had not been long in service before she disappeared, and the directors had never set eyes on her since.

They had, however, learned thus much of her: she had been living disreputably, it was said, though they were not sure of the fact, with some gentleman; and yet, at the same time, had been busily learning languages, the French and Italian. Beyond that, they knew no more.

This was the dreadful story given to *Lord Langton.*

"And what was the name given to her?" he had asked.

"I will write it down for you," said the official.

He did so, and handed it to the inquirer, who read it, evidently knowing nothing about it.

What was the earl to do? Give up the search for one so truly disreputable, or continue it in the hope of finding and reclaiming her?

He could not answer the question to himself otherwise than as he did, practically, by hunting the precincts of the hospital on all occasions when he fancied the misguided woman might be there. Though, of course, he knew well that, even if she were by his side, he had no means of knowing the fact, unless accident helped him.

However, here he is to-day, at the *Handel Festival*; and, forgetting his own secret anxieties, he listens to the sublime music, and remembers that the musician himself, the inspired author of all these glorious strains, is presiding at the organ, unable to see the vast crowds of his eager worshippers, and feeling himself, probably, that this may be the last earthly mani-

festation that England can make to him personally in acknowledgment of his genius.

But will he ever forget the almost terrible pathos of the moment when Beard, the great singer, sang these strains from "Samson Agonistes,"

"Total eclipse! No sun, no moon,  
All dark amid the blaze of noon!"

Handel himself, having years before set the music to those words, little dreaming of their future application to himself!

And then came the climax, when the audience, transported beyond themselves, would have Handel forward, and he came to the front, led by Smith, his friend and fellow musician, and there presented his sightless eyes to the applauding thousands, whose applause, however, was of slight value in contrast with the deep emotion that everywhere lay beneath.

The festival is over. The crowds are hurrying away. Lord Langton sits still, too deeply influenced by what he has seen and felt to care to mingle just yet with the world.

Then he begins to notice that there is by his side a figure dressed in black, the figure apparently of a youthful and extremely elegantly-formed woman, but whose face is so shrouded by her veil, that he cannot catch a single glimpse of it.

Why does he wish to see that face?

Simply because he sees she is suffering from deep emotion.

He fancies now, on recollection, that he had heard her before sob once or twice during the performance, but had taken no notice, as there were so many people deeply moved, and the women especially, by the touching circumstances we have referred to.

Wondering to see her stay so long, and remembering his own secret search, but guarding himself from the absurdity of supposing he was going now suddenly to find his unworthy sister, he drew near to her, and said—

"Pardon me, an older man than yourself, and one used to trouble, if I ask you what is the matter?"

She turned, lifted her veil, and lo! there beamed upon him the very loveliest face he thought he had ever seen in his life. Its very tearfulness, strange to say, did not seem able to spoil the brilliant sparkle, the delicious play of expression, over that youthful, fascinating countenance.

The earl was too much dazzled by it for a moment to go on speaking with quite such a tone of abstract philanthropy as before.

Looking again, he found his thoughts a little—just a little—changing as to the beauty. Something seemed wanting to it that was difficult to express in words, but that, in fact, seemed the want of all wants to Lord Langton.

Was it conscience, honesty, truth?

He could not tell, but confessed himself very much interested.

And then, at yet a third glance, he fancied he must have seen that face before. Yet where, he could not for the life of him recollect.

Why, surely, it was like the lady he had seen at a distance bow to Paul, and whom he had then fancied he had seen before at Rome, when she dropped her fan and he had picked it up.

But that face had evidently never known a sorrow, while this was buried in grief.

The dress, too! That lady was almost in the extreme of fashion: this one, even if in grief, might still have shown some trace of the same foible; but no, her dress was studiously plain, simple, and seemed to express a severe and faultless taste.

She did not, at first, reply to the gentleman's kind question, but wept only the more vehemently.

Again he pressed her, and then she said, drying her tears—

"I—I am very sorry to distress you, but I was very unhappy. I have lately lost my only friend, and now I have nobody: and I was thinking, when I saw Mr. Handel, whether he or I was the most to be pitied: he with thousands of dear friends all about him, but with no eyes to see them; or, I, with eyes only too well able to look

for my friends, if I had them, but having not one left in all the wide, wide world."

Again her emotion overpowered her, and there was a painful pause.

"But you have relatives?"

"No, not one. Or, if I have them, this cruel institution has taken care I shall never know them."

"How is that? Pray tell me," said the earl, with increasing interest in this beautiful mourner.

"Why, I was a foundling; and of course a child sent here never knows anything more of father or mother, and might, in my opinion, be as well dead!"

"A foundling! You! Is that possible?"

"Are you so much surprised? You fancy, perhaps, paupers ought not to look other than like paupers!"

Avoiding comment on the slight acidity of tone that accompanied these words, Lord Langton said to her—

"Pray, if it is not too much trouble, tell me your story. I really feel much interested in you, and I could, I think, find a lady of great respectability, who might, for my sake, help you, if—"

"If I am good enough. I dare say I am not. I only wish I was!"

Here issued a fresh burst of tears, which Lord Langton was obliged to watch for a time in silent embarrassment—half in sympathy, half in doubt.

"Come," said he, "tell me, I entreat you what you know about your history."

"Ah, yes; that's easily done. The people here take care you shan't know much. I was brought here by a man and his wife, and they left a motto with me—"

"Do you happen to have that motto with you?"

"Yes; I never move without it, for how do I know what blessed chance might happen to restore me to my relatives, who, I believe are grand people?"

"What—what is that you say?"

"I have reason to believe," said the lady in black, "that my father and mother were people of rank."

"Why?"

"Because of the motto. Here it is."

And she produced a scrap of parchment where, in faded letters, the earl read—

The higher you look, the nearer the truth.

Anything else? said the earl, in visible and increasing emotion.

"Yes; the name shows the same. Don't you think so? It's the same as the mother of the Young Pretender."

"Your name, then, is—?" demanded the earl, taking the scrap of paper from his pocket that had been given to him by the official, and looking at it.

"Maria Clementina Preston!"

The earl's face underwent a great change; still, he concealed the emotion he felt, and let her go on.

"The Preston, I dare say, was to show that it was about the time of the last insurrection that I was born in the neighbourhood of Preston."

"And to whom do you think these strange and, I own, strikingly interesting facts point as your father?"

"How can I venture to say?"

"But have you never guessed?"

"Yes! To the Pretender himself!"

"Indeed! Of royal blood?" said the startled earl; and there was a strange mixture of scorn and indignation in his voice at her obvious pride in the idea, and the seeming insensibility of this fair young creature to the baseness of her birth under such circumstances, even if her hypothesis was true; for certainly she could not, as she must know, be a child by marriage.

This incident seemed to shock the stranger so much, that Mistress Preston, who had for the moment been revelling in a bit of true enjoyment—true character—saw the mischief she had unintentionally done, and hastened to remedy it by a wonderfully frank and naive confession.

"There, now, you are ashamed of me because, having no father at all, I am glad even to claim

acquaintance with one who was, at all events, a gallant gentleman and a warrior."

"True—true!" said the earl, cheerily, and thinking to himself it was natural a woman so brought up should feel as she did.

An embarrassing pause.

Mistress Clementina wondered what her neighbour was thinking about, and became very restless, as she looked round and saw the place was rapidly emptying, and as she caught a glimpse at the door of a face that was always terrible to her—now more than ever so—that of the chief.

The earl noticed her restlessness and continual glances backward.

Suddenly he turned to her, and said, in an earnest and slightly severe tone of voice—

"Madam, we are as yet quite strangers to each other; but, if what you have said be true, we shall be strangers no longer."

"Do you doubt its truth?" asked Mistress Clementina, turning her pretty face to look up innocently in his.

"No; but I must, for serious reasons, have confirmation?"

"You do not mean that—that—"

And now, indeed, Mistress Clementina's face became a study. One of the most extraordinary changes came over it in an instant that it would be possible to conceive. All the infantile petulance and pretence—the charming affectation—died out, and the look was grave, intense, eager, the eyes flashing with excitement, the cheeks reddening with even new and deeper colour, as she added, after a moment's pause—

"You know me! You do! You are my relative! Oh, God! perhaps my brother!"

"Pray—pray be calm. Whatever the truth be, we will find it out. I will not leave you till the truth is made known to us both, one way or the other."

Turning over in his own mind a thousand schemes for the moral redemption of the relative so strangely and unexpectedly restored to him, the earl forgot, for a brief time, his own personal interest in the past doings of pretty Mistress Clementina.

But when he remembered the confession she had made, he saw the necessity of learning, once for all, whatever she knew that might guide him as to his own future actions.

What a disgusting recital it was, in spite of the beauty and piquant provokingness of the lips through which that recital passed! His cheek burned; his step became hurried, impetuous, abrupt; his voice, as he questioned her, harsh and unreal; his eyes and his whole countenance averted from her in instinctive dislike.

"Is it not my sister?" then he suddenly asked himself—"my sister, whom I am bound to love and cherish?"

She strove to hide from him one fact—her character as a double spy; but he was too keensighted, and so got it all out of her. Then, wondering what she really was driving at, he questioned her as to whether she had been intending to be faithful to either.

"Yes—to King George!" she unhesitatingly replied. "But not now!"

"Why not now?" demanded the earl.

"Because you are a Jacobite; and because I like the Jacobites best; and because my family are all Jacobites!"

It was delicious the way in which she pronounced the words, "my family." It was evident that Mistress Maria was quite prepared to assume queenly dignity itself, if only she had the chance. And then she poured out all the secrets that her late occupation had made known to her, and a most painfully-interesting revelation it was. Lord Langton saw that, if her account were true, the Government was really alarmed, the people of England more inclined to the Stuart cause than he himself had of late believed, and that, in short, he would have no excuse for not prosecuting his mission.

"Come, let us go forth," said he.

A sudden pallor overspread the cheeks of his companion as he said this.

"Come, give me your arm," he added seeing her hesitate.

"Ah, yes—yes. Do not let go of me, not for the world!"

She took it, and he led her out; and then, instead of going out at the principal door, in order thus to cross the great quadrangle, and so issue through the lodge-gate to the street, he moved to go by a kind of private door and passage, leading to the residence of the chief officer of the hospital, whose acquaintance he had made.

"Where are you going?" demanded the lady in black.

"To the officials!"

"What for?"

"To let them confirm your story."

"No—I won't go. I don't like them—I hate them!"

"That may be; but our present meeting is too serious to be brought to an end for such a reason. My beautiful acquaintance cannot, I am sure, be an impostor?"

"Impostor!" rang out the young lady, in the clearest, most bell-like tones of anger and indignation.

"That's right. I augur well of you, Mistress Preston. Forgive me, then, suggesting to you that I have seen the directors, and heard the story of the Maria Clementina Preston known to them."

"You have!" said the young lady, sullenly, and with a face becoming greatly overcast.

"Yes; but I cannot afford to think of such matters just now—neither can you."

"That's very easy for you to say now; but when you find what I have told you is true, then you will come back to my character, and abandon me, be—be—cause—"

Again flowed the tearful fountain.

"I will never abandon you, if you are indeed, as I suspect, my sister, the sister of the Earl of Langton."

"Your sister! yours! Lord Langton's! Oh, if that be true, how wicked I have been! I have denounced you—I have hunted for you. Even now, I—I—I have brought the bloodhounds on

you. They are here—they wait for you. Oh, fly, fly! But no, you cannot—not without me! Oh, what shall I do? Miserable, miserable, wicked, infamous wretch that I am! Now I am indeed justly punished. Oh, what shall I do?"

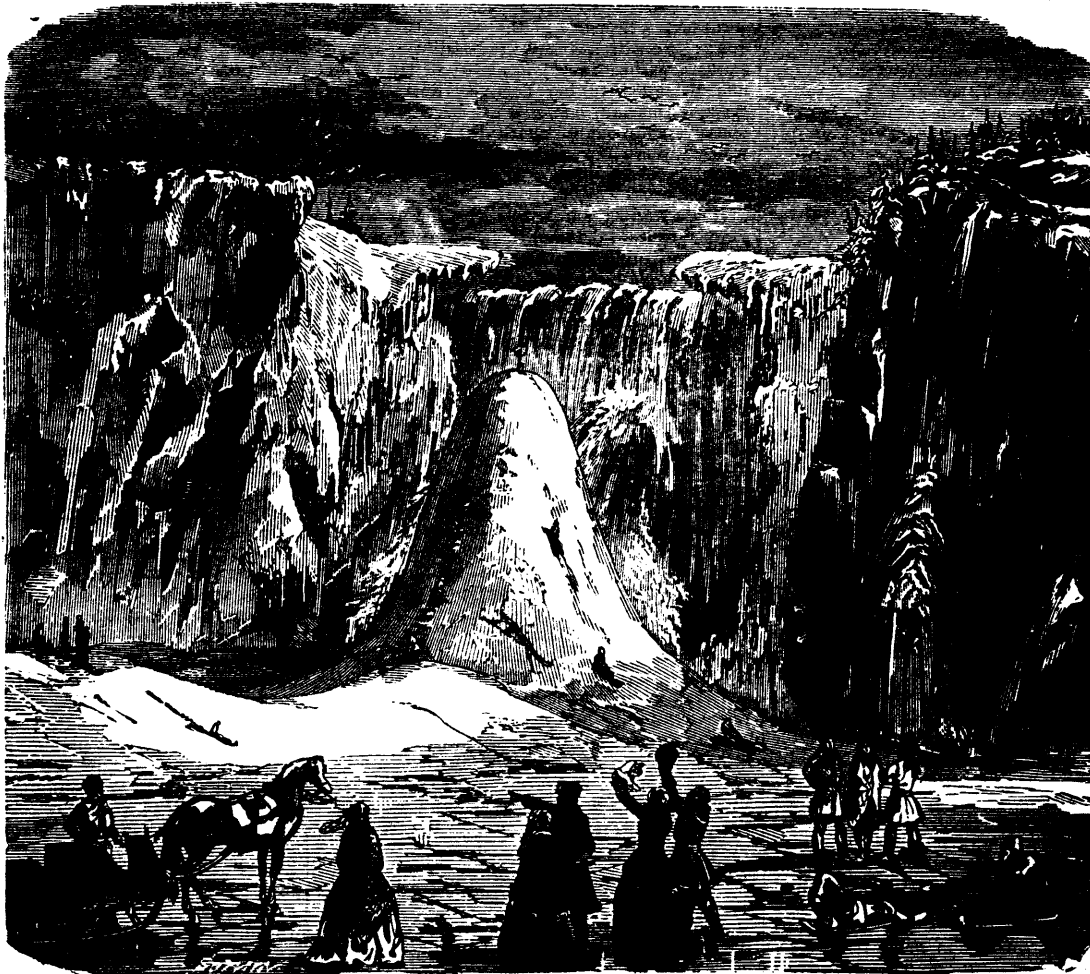
"Come as a spy upon me, eh!" exclaimed Lord Langton, seeing, or fancying he saw, at a glance the explanation of all—the fan business at Rome, the attentions to Paul, just when Paul and he had become acquainted, and now her presence at the hospital.

"But with such facts before him, was it credible that this very woman could be his sister?"

He did not—would not believe it. She must have learned the facts that had so troubled him, and determined to counterfeit the missing sister. Of course, then, she would not go before the officials. Oh, yes! he understood.

To his boundless astonishment she said—

"Forgive me for objecting; but I was, I own it to you, ashamed that you should hear what



Ice Cone, Montmorenci.

you would hear, if you saw them. But since you know all, I have no more to say."

The officials soon recognised Mistress Clementina in spite of the wonderful improvement that cultivation had made in her during two or three years; and the earl was about to remove his sister, now a miracle of sweetness and contrition and of promise of future good behaviour, when she suddenly fainted away.

## THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

Our engraving represents these celebrated Falls in their winter dress, when the ice-cone has been formed by the frozen spray accumulating upon the level ice on the river beneath. The height and dimensions of the cone vary each year according to the quantity of spray produced by the water in its descent; one of

the highest which has been observed was formed in the winter of 1829, which attained an elevation of one hundred and twenty-six feet.

The Falls of Montmorenci are in winter the resort of numerous pleasure parties intent on climbing the summit of the cone, toboggan in hand, and then dashing down its slippery sides with tremendous velocity. The Skating Rink, which affords a more graceful, if less exciting, amusement, is now, however, we believe, a serious rival to the "cone."

## THE OLD SOLDIER.

From the German of Pfeffel.

"God greet you, old man! smoking there!  
But what a pipe, let's see—  
Of reddish clay, with golden rim,  
Wilt give that pipe to me?"

"O, sir, with that I cannot part.

It came from a brave wight,  
Who won it from a beathen Turk,  
In Belgrade's bloody fight.

"Aye, sir, there was rich booty then.  
Long live the Prince Eugene!  
Like harvest ripe our men did mow  
The Turkish dogs I ween."

"Another time I'll hear thy tale,  
Come, don't so foolish be,  
But take this double ducat piece,  
And give the pipe to me."

"I am a poor old man, and live  
But on my scanty pay,  
And yet, good sir, that pipe for gold  
I would not give away.

"Hear, sir—Once, we, hussars, the foe  
Pursued with fierce delight,

When by a Turk our captain bold,  
Was wounded in the fight.

"I flung him quickly on my horse,  
While ebbing fast his life,  
And to a noble peasant's hut,  
I bore him from the strife.

"I tended him, and, ere his end,  
He gave me all his gold,  
Likewise his pipe—then pressed my hand,  
And died a hero bold.

"The gold I to the peasant gave:  
Who thrice had plundered been,  
But kept this pipe, that aye his name  
In memory might be green.

"I've borne it with me ever since,  
A relic did it seem,  
In battle, rout or victory,  
My boot its sheath hath been.

"Before proud Prague I lost that leg,  
Shattered by cannon ball,  
But first I grasped my precious pipe,  
Nor thought of leg at all."

"You move me, old man, e'en to tears,  
O say—your captain's name!  
That my heart too may honour him,  
And swell his meed of fame."

"We called him only brave Walther,  
His home lay on the Rhine."  
"That was my father! good old man,  
And still that home is mine."

"Come, friend, you now shall live with me,  
By me be nursed and fed,  
Come drink with me of Walther's wine,  
And eat of Walther's bread."

"Well be it so, you're his true son;  
To-morrow, I'll be there,  
And, when I die, this pipe shall pass  
To none but Walther's heir."

W. G.

## SCRAPS OF LAW.

"HUNDREDS and thousands of men pass through life without knowing or caring to know any of the numberless niceties which attend our abstruse, though elegant, system of real property, and without being at all acquainted with that exquisite logic on which our rules of special pleading are founded." They seem to think that the study of the law is nothing but a dull, prosy, and disagreeable pursuit, and should be left entirely to those poor, miserable creatures who have to earn their daily bread by its practice, and that law books are not even to be tasted by them, much less swallowed or chewed and digested, but come within the category of those books which Bacon says, "may be read by deputy,"—though that illustrious lawyer, philosopher, and statesman remarks that that is to be "only with the meaner sort of books." "Tis true, they often beguile themselves with the perusal of works in medical science, or with the prolix and interminable controversies of rival theologians; but seldom, if ever, do they assay to make themselves acquainted with even the fundamental principles on which is based that noble and admirable edifice, the jurisprudence of their country; although a glance would show that there are innumerable facts and fancies in every branch of the study with which even the most superficial reader would be interested, and many that would cause the sour countenances of men of the most vinegar aspect to be relaxed with a broad grin.

It will be our aim and endeavour in this paper to point out some of the interesting facts, to exhibit some of the scraps of antiquated lore which, covered with the dust, cobwebs, and debris of centuries, lie scattered throughout the multitudinous tomes of text-books and reports in which the wisdom of the legal profession is contained.

The most important thing in this mundane sphere of ours is the earth upon which we live and move and have our beings, and the law concerning it occupies the greater portion of a

practitioner's library, so many are the niceties and technicalities, the quiddets and the quilletts involved in the buying and selling of even the smallest portion of land: but it was not always so: there was once a time,—although in the remote ages of antiquity, when our forefathers, if indeed we had any then, cared little about being freeholders or owners of the ground upon which they wished to erect their tents for a season, they thinking more about hunting and fishing and painting their skin, than of ploughing and building or dyeing their hair,—when it was not necessary to search registry offices to see the title, and when conveyances the most skillful of the age would not have made salt for their bread. In those halcyon days, which seem gone for ever, notoriety was the great object sought after in the transfers of real estate, and this was acquired either by actual entry upon and the taking possession (or seisin as it is technically called) of the portion of land bought and sold, or by a symbolical delivery of possession. We find a curious instance of this latter mode of transferring property in the early history of the Jews: Naomi, a widow in destitute circumstances, wished to sell a parcel of land which had belonged to her deceased husband; and Boaz, a kinsman, consented to become the purchaser, more out of charity than because he wanted those few acres to add to his broad demesne. The inspired penman tells us what was the usual way of buying lands in those days, in these words: "Now this was the manner in former times in Israel concerning redeeming and concerning changing, for to conform all things: a man plucked off his shoe and gave it to his neighbour: and this was a testimony in Israel." And then, in the next verse, that Boaz bought this plot by drawing off his shoe.—*Ruth* iv. 7.

The ancient Goths and Scandinavians had a practice somewhat similar: in the presence of a number of witnesses, the buyer extended his cloak or outer garment, into which a clod of earth was thrown by the seller; and a staff was likewise passed by the seller through the hands of the witnesses to the purchaser; and this was the only deed and the only delivery required among those nations. Among the Saxons, the symbolic possession was obtained by the delivery of a piece of turf, a twig, or the latch of the door, in the presence of the neighbouring landowners. And William the Conqueror, although rather a lawless character himself, and oblivious to the distinctions recognised by the courts of justice, between *meum* and *tuum*, knew this much of the law with regard to the mode of acquiring land then in vogue; for when landing on the coast of England at Penvensey Bay, he had scarcely reached *terra firma* when he stumbled and fell on his hands, and his superstitious followers, struck with what they considered a bad omen,

"Astonied stood and blank: white horror chill  
Ran through their veins and all their limbs relaxed."

and in their fear cried out, "*Mal signe est-ci!*" But the Prince, springing to his feet, with some mud in each hand, exclaimed with great presence of mind—"No! I have taken seisin of the country;" whereupon, one of his archers, to make assurance doubly sure, ran to a neighbouring cottage, and pulling away a portion of the thatch, presented it to the duke, bidding him receive that as an additional symbol of the seisin of the realm, which he was about to acquire. And verily the seisin in this case was good; and we all know that the stout Norman not only took possession of the kingdom of England, but also held it against all the assaults of his enemies; and his illustrious descendants still hold it, and doubtless will, until the celebrated New Zealander arrives in London to take his stand amid the decaying gates of the bridge, to gaze upon the ruins of the metropolis of the world. Even at the present time, in England, the conveyance of a copy-hold estate is usually made from the seller to the lord or his steward, by delivering a rod or verge, and then from the lord to the purchaser, by re-delivering the same in the presence of a jury of the tenants.

Although the symbolical delivery constituted

in the eye of the law the real transfer, still as an additional evidence thereof, a record of the transaction was made in writing; and the records in those days were short, pithy, and to the point, when compared with the long deeds now in use, as appears from the following, which is a copy of a grant by William the First to the ancestor of the Hopton family:

"From me and from myne, to thee and to thyne,  
While water runs and the sun doth shine:  
For lack of heirs to the king again:  
I, William, King, the third year of my reign,  
Give to the Norman hunter,  
To me that am both live and deare,  
The Hoffe and Hoptoune,  
And all the bounds both up and down,  
Under the earth to hell,  
Above the earth to heaven,  
From me and from myne, to thee and to thyne,  
As good and as fair, as ever thy myne were.  
In witness that this is sooth,  
I bite the white wax with my tooth,  
Before Jagg, Marode and Margery,  
And my third son Henry:  
For one bow and broad arrow,  
When I come to hunt upon Yarrow."

And this curious relic of other days contains all that is required to constitute a good and valid conveyance, and would endure the microscopic eyes of the most hypercritical conveyancer of the present day, and to find a flaw in it would severely puzzle attorneys possessed of the astuteness and acuteness of the redoubtable firm of Quirk, Gammon and Snap.

Many estates were formerly held of the crown in consideration of the performance by the holders of certain services, as carrying the king's sword or banner in time of war, officiating as his carver or butler on his coronation day; and others, as old Littleton says, were held by the service of rendering him annually some small implement of war, as a bow, a sword, a lance, an arrow, or the like; and, indeed, even now the descendants of the illustrious conquerors of Blenheim and Waterloo have, on the anniversaries of those great victories, respectively to present a small flag to the sovereign at Windsor Castle, as a rent for the splendid estates which were given by a grateful people to the victorious Marlborough and Wellington.

As was before remarked, in times of simplicity and semi-barbarism, lands were conveyed from one to another by the seller merely putting the purchaser in possession thereof; but as time rolled on, and the advancement of civilisation and commerce introduced new occasions and necessities, requiring means to be devised of making estates liable to a multitude of conditions and minute designations for the purpose of raising money, and making decent and competent provision for the numerous branches of the family, without an absolute sale of the land; and as none of these could be effected by a mere simple, corporal transfer of the soil from one man to another, which generally conveyed an absolute unlimited dominion, written deeds were introduced, in order to specify and perpetuate the peculiar purposes of the party who conveyed. These writings are called deeds, *par excellence*, because they are the most solemn and authentic acts that a man can possibly perform with regard to the disposal of his property,—they are so solemnly and deliberately done, that he is never allowed to deny them. A deed made by more than one is called an indenture, because, formerly, as many copies of it as there were parties to it, were written on the same piece of parchment, and then cut apart in a zig-zag manner like teeth (*instar dentium*), so that the one would tally and correspond and fit into the other, and so prevent any other writing from being fraudulently substituted therefor. A deed made by one party was not indented, but was polled or shaven quite even, and therefore called a *deed poll*. It is absolutely necessary that every deed should be sealed; in fact, without a seal it would not be a deed, and this is done for the purpose of authentication. Sealing is an extremely ancient custom; mention of it is found in the books of Daniel, Esther, and Jeremiah; among the Saxons, however, those who could write signed their names without sealing, and those who could not (and in those days of darkness the number of such was legion)

affixed the sign of the cross to their documents; the Romans, for the same insurmountable reason which led some of our Saxon forefathers to use the cross, instead of signing their deeds, merely sealed them; and, on their arrival and establishment in England, introduced, along with their other customs, that of using waxen seals, instead of the English method of writing the name and signing it with the sign of the cross. These seals were usually a knight on horseback, or some such device, for coats of arms were not in use until about the reign of Richard the Lion-hearted, who brought them back from the wars of the Crusades, where they were first invented and emblazoned on the shields of the gallant champions of the cross, to distinguish the warriors of the different Christian nations who bravely went to the Holy Land, and there valiantly fought against fearful odds to wrest the holy sepulchre from the defiling hands of Saracenic infidels; and who could not, when clad in armour, be known or recognised without such distinctive marks. This neglect of signing still continues, for even at the present day sealing and delivery is all that is requisite for the valid execution of a deed.

And now for a few remarks for the special benefit of the fairer portion of the readers of this Saturday periodical, if any such have had sufficient patience to wade thus far, or sufficient curiosity to cause them to exercise such exemplary patience; and for them a few words will be said with regard to that, to them, very interesting subject, Dower. Doubtless it would be rather difficult to find any of these fair daughters of men, whose husbands possess the smallest portion of their country, who do not know what dower is, and what benefits they derive therefrom; but for the benefit of those who have not yet entered into the state of holy matrimony, and who consequently are not supposed to know anything with regard to marriage rights, dower will be defined to be the right which the law gives to a widow to hold during the remainder of her life the third part of the lands, tenements and hereditaments of which her husband was the sole owner at any time during their marriage. For this great boon the ladies have to thank a man, of whom, it is to be feared, they knew very little, namely, Sweyn, one of the famous old sea-kings of Denmark, and an ancestor of the Princess Alexandra; perhaps some blue-stocking will recollect that he was the father of one Canute, a king of England, who reigned away back in the dim ages of antiquity, and is chiefly known for having one day sat in his chair by the sea side until the tide came up and wet the tips of his royal but barbaric toes. Well, this Sweyn introduced dower into Denmark (from whence it was imported into England), out of gratitude to certain Danish ladies, who—animated by a spirit of patriotism unparalleled in the annals of history, except, perhaps, by the Carthaginian women, who cut off their raven locks to make strings for the bows of their beaux—sold all their jewels, and left themselves with nothing to wear, to ransom their king from the Vandals, into whose hands he had unfortunately fallen captive. Formerly there were five kinds of dower, called, in common parlance, dower by the common law, by particular custom, *ad otram ecclesie, ex assensu patris*, and *de la plus belle*; but now, as all these, except the first (which is defined above), have been wiped away by law reformers with hearts of stone, nothing need be said about them, except that they were much better for the ladies than the one which now survives.

To those young ladies who are advocates of early marriages, and are eager to escape on the first opportunity from the watchful guardianship of their parents, to become the mistresses of themselves, their husbands, and their houses, we would say by way of caution, and on the authority of one Mr. Littleton, a man in former days very learned in the law; that unless a wife is more than nine years old at the time of the death of her spouse, she will not be entitled to dower; nor will she be, if she is foolish enough to marry an idiot, for, as Sir William Blackstone, Knight, remarks, "it seems to be at present agreed, upon principles of sound sense and

reason, that an idiot cannot marry, being incapable of consenting to any contract." Another essential is, that the husband must have been actually seized (as the expression is) of the land: but it will be sufficient if the land has been in him for even a single moment, as appears from a case decided in Wales in the days of farthingales and cambric ruffs, and good Queen Bess, where "a father and son were both hanged in one cart, but the son was supposed to have survived the father by appearing to struggle longest; whereby he became seized of an estate by survivorship, in consequence of which seisin his widow had a verdict for her dower." (See the benefits which arise from giving the last kick: a poor, destitute widow, with, doubtless, a large family of small children, becomes possessed of a comfortable subsistence for life.)

Sometimes on the wedding-day, at the door of the church, the husband, "after affiance made and troth plighted," pointed out with what particular lands he intended to endow his wife; and this was binding on the wife, if she consented to it at the time. When the wife was endowed, generally the husband said, "with all my lands and tenements I thee endow," and then they all became liable to her dower. When he endowed her with personal property only, he used to say, "with all my worldly goods I thee endow," or, as the old Salisbury ritual has it, "with all my worldly chattel," and she was entitled to her thirds. The former expression, which is retained in the present liturgy of the Church of England, if of any meaning at all, can now refer only to the right of maintenance which the wife acquires out of her husband's goods and chattels during marriage.

But to counterbalance this right of the wife to dower,—as the husband and wife are but one person in the eye of the law, and the very being and existence of the woman is suspended or entirely merged and incorporated in that of the husband, during her existence in a state of wedlock,—formerly, on marriage by the act of the law, all the goods and property of the wife became vested in the husband, who thus obtained the same power and control over them as the wife had when single. This, doubtless, was sometimes a great hardship, and decidedly unpleasant to the poor wife, who, in a moment of confidence and love, gave her hand, her heart, and her property, to some animal clothed in the shape of a man, who had neither property to support, hands that would work, or heart that would love his poor deluded victim; and so the law has been changed.

And now, in conclusion,—for it is to be feared that too much space has been taken up with these rambling and hastily thrown together scraps,—a few words must be said on the laws of evidence. Every one, even Lord Macaulay's celebrated school-boy, knows that before a witness in a court of law is allowed to testify to any fact, however simple and paltry it may appear, he is obliged to take an oath that he will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Formerly none but believers in the truths of Christianity were allowed to be sworn as witnesses in our courts of law; and this doctrine, however contrary to common sense and common humanity it may appear, was law until 1744; but now belief in the Bible is not necessary, and if one believes in a Superior Intelligence, the rewarder of truthfulness, and the punisher of falsehood in a future state, such a one is a competent witness, be he Jew, Turk, infidel or heretic. But every one must be sworn in the manner which, according to his own apprehension, is binding on his conscience; so there are very many, and some rather curious, ways which oaths have been administered recorded in the books. Every one who has ever been in a court of justice knows that a Christian is generally sworn upon the Four Evangelists—that is to say, he kisses the New Testament when he calls God to witness to the truth of what he is about to state; but a Scotch Covenantant swears by holding up his right hand towards heaven without kissing the book; and a Jew is sworn on the Pentateuch or Old Testament, with his head covered; an officer in Her

Majesty's service, on duty, is also allowed to remain covered while the oath is administered to him. A Mahometan swears on the Koran; a Gento by touching with his head the foot of a Brahmin or priest of his religion; a Brahmin by touching the hand of another member of that sacred order. The Chinese have several rather singular modes of affirming what they say, such as breaking a saucer, writing sacred characters on paper, and then burning them, praying that the witness may so burn for ever and ever if he swear falsely; and by burning straw: but the most solemn and sacred way in which these extraordinary and eccentric Celestials testify to the truth of any facts, is by cutting off the head of a cock, with an imprecation that the deponent may so perish if he lies. The Hindus swear by drinking the holy waters of the sacred Ganges, which they revere as a divinity, and eating the leaves of a sacred plant; some Brahmins swear on the Pundits and Shasters, the sacred scriptures of their religion. Some Jungle tribes do not consider any oath binding, unless taken standing on a tiger's skin; while Sir James Mackintosh relates a case in which, at Bombay, he had to have a cow brought into the court-room that the witness might have the satisfaction of swearing with her tail in his hands.

### FACT OR FANCY.

"DO you believe in ghosts?" Few questions are ever asked more idle. But the general answer, "I do," or "I do not," is worthy of it; that is to say, if "I do not believe" is to be taken in its fullest sense of dogmatic unbelief. It is impossible, in the first place, to help admitting some belief in ghosts, for that belief runs through all the history of mankind. People of all nations, languages, and religious creeds, have believed in ghosts in all ages. In days as sceptical as the present the wisest of the classic ancients told their ghost stories, wisely refraining from saying whether they believed them or not. No man among the Romans was less superstitious than the sceptical poet Lucretius; yet, instead of repudiating the existence of ghosts, he proceeds to account for them on perfectly natural and scientific principles, as being filmy emanations from the people to whom they belong.

Pliny the Younger has a famous story of a haunted house with its usual dramatic incidents. Cicero believes, at all events, in the fact of spectres appearing to the dreaming. The difficulty in all cases is scientific verification, and this is a difficulty which, from the nature of the subject, appears insoluble. That the appearance of a spirit in the sleeping or waking state has been a mental fact to numberless persons, is undeniable; the question remains whether or not this mental fact is to be considered in the light of the usual phenomena of external nature; whether, to use the language of philosophy, it has an objective existence. Perhaps no person is entirely without experiences of the kind, either at first hand or second-hand; and a record of such experiences, however trivial, is always interesting, although no possible accumulation of facts may lead us any nearer to the final determination of the general question. For instance, I have the following case on such unquestionable authority that I cannot for a moment dispute it:

Many years ago a young surgeon, on board a man-of-war in the Indian seas, was observed by his messmates one morning to wear a very careworn and anxious look. They questioned him as to its cause, and with some reluctance he said that the night before he had seen his father lying dead in an open coffin. He noted the circumstance in his log-book, with the date. In due time a letter came announcing the death of his father at that exact date.

No one from this story could infer the actual objective appearance of the spectre; but it is difficult to refuse to the human mind in states of sleep or trance, a power of clairvoyance, consisting in either the nullification of space or of time. In this case space was overleaped.

The next instance I can perfectly vouch for, as an example of apparent foresight;





Toronto University Buildings.

An English clergyman, whom I knew very intimately in Germany, lodged in the same house with a native family. On the night on which the lady of that family was confined, he dreamt that the nurse came to call him in the middle of the night, requesting him to come down and christen the new-born infant, as the child was in such immediate danger that there was no time to send for the Lutheran clergyman. In the morning, however, on inquiry, the answer was that mother and child were doing well. However, in exactly fourteen days afterwards the incident of the clergyman's dream actually occurred. His memory could not have deceived him, as he had mentioned the dream to his wife the next morning,

To the question whether I have ever seen a ghost? I should answer, "No"; but I know some one who has—that is to say, who fully believes that he has—seen one. Here is the story just as it was told to me:—

Near the town of Weimar, in Saxony, on the right of the long alley planted with chestnuts, that leads from the town up to the summer-palace of the Grand Duke at Belvidere, there is a spot bare of trees, showing the site of some ancient building, the ruins of which have almost entirely disappeared. Near this site, among the brushwood, are openings to a most extraordinary series of subterranean passages, which, it is said, have never been thoroughly explored. Some say that human bones have been found in them; others, that persons endeavouring to explore them without a clue, have become bewildered and perished of hunger. Some attribute them to human hands, and some to natural geological causes. It is only certain that they are there, and that no one is able to give any definite account of them. As to the building, whose foundations alone are visible among the bushes, it is said to have been an ancient castle belonging to some former Dukes of Saxony. Some few years ago a friend of mine, Herr H—, of Weimar, was in the habit of making frequent visits to Oberwisma, a village at the end of the park, one of the ways to which lies through the Belvidere Allée. One evening in October, after the sun was set, he was passing along this road in a thick fog, illuminated by the moon; as he passed the spot where the ancient castle formerly stood, he was aware of an appearance in the mist beside him, which he at first did not pay much attention to, as he thought it might be the reflection of his own form. After awhile, however, it struck him that the image which followed his steps so closely was accompanied by the image of a dog, and he had no dog with him. This circumstance caused him to stop and look at the figure, when, to his horror, he observed that it wanted a head.

Herr H—walked towards it, it retired; he ran from it, it followed him; he fell into his usual pace, it continued to keep step with him; he addressed it, but it did not answer. Herr H—is a Roman Catholic. In mortal terror he mechanically made the sign of the cross. The ghost immediately vanished in the direction of the remains of the old castle.

There is an old tradition connected with the scene of this adventure, that a former Duke of Saxony caused his son to be beheaded for some fearful family crime—either the murder of his own mother, or an intrigue similar to that which forms the foundation of Lord Byron's Parisina.

At Berka, a small bathing-place among the hills, seven miles from Weimar, there is also to be seen, on a woody knoll, the site of a ruined castle, from which the Grand Duke of Weimar derives his title of Count Berka. The old people of Berka still talk of a headless apparition which used to haunt it, and which often appeared to their grandfathers.

### THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

Our engraving gives an excellent view of the University of Toronto, which is by far the most magnificent pile of buildings which has been erected for educational purposes in Upper Canada. It provides accommodation for University College, with its various lecture rooms, residences, and students' quarters, as well as for the University of Toronto, which only confers degrees. The general outline of the buildings approaches the form of a square. The main frontage on the south, about 300 feet long, is built with a view to distant effect from the lake; the massive Norman tower in the centre being 120 feet in height. The entrance to the east side of the building, which is 260 feet in length, is by a subsidiary tower. The west end of the quadrangle is 200 feet in length. Toronto may, with reason, be proud of this noble pile of buildings, which would take no mean position among the collegiate structures which adorn Oxford or Cambridge.

### THE HERDSMAN'S REPOSE.

The herdsman rested awhile at noon,  
At noon when the sun was shining bright,  
And the hills and valleys were all a-light  
In the glow of Summer glory,

And the rivulet lazily hummed a tune,  
And the flax-n-haired herd-boy soundly slept,  
And into the herdsman's thoughts there crept  
A long-forgotten story.

Quietly grazed the cattle around,  
And the pony cropped the herbage sweet;  
The worn-out dog at his master's feet  
Stretched out was fitfully sleeping,—

The valley in tranced slumber was bound;  
Only the herdsman and Hector grim,  
Who had watched through many a watch with him,  
A dreamy look-out was keeping.

The herdsman sighed a heavy sigh,  
And his thoughts went back to days gone by,—  
The herdsman lighted his pipe. Quoth he,—  
"All things must happen that are to be:  
There's never a day, be it ever so bright,  
But must darken and darken into night;  
There's never a night so black and drear  
But the morning light draws ever near;  
And the darkest night that ever shall be  
Must brighten into eternity.

"There were two brothers in days gone by,  
Loving each other tenderly—  
Loving till love stepped in between!  
Who was fairer than little Jean?  
Little Jean with the golden hair,—  
Why should hate come through one so fair?  
One was loved, and one was not—  
One was flushed with triumph, and one  
Was as his heart were turned to stone;  
All the pulses of life seemed gone,  
And the blood in his veins to rot.

"Whence rang out that terrible cry?  
The river was deep, and the current strong,  
And a drowning man was borne along.  
'Let him die!  
Death hath been mine for many a day,  
I might have died, and what cared they?  
She may weep, and she may wail,  
And her cheek and lip turn ashen pale  
As her lover in his shroud shall lie.  
And again rang out that terrible cry.  
They were two brothers,—in days gone by  
Loving each other tenderly."

The herdsman took his pipe from his mouth,  
And he wiped his burning brow,  
And a choking sob in his throat arose,  
As the tale he thought over now.  
"Thank God there was no murder done,  
The strong man rescued the drowning one;  
The strong man looked in his mother's face,—  
The strong man had in her prayer a place.  
And little Jean with the golden hair  
Blessed the strong man again and again,  
Till his stony heart thobbed free from pain,  
And the blood coursed softly through each vein.

He might not now despair.  
Years ago in the quiet grave  
Little Jean is laid at rest,  
And only one brother lives to bear  
The secret in his breast,  
Of the hand that was stretch'd forth to save  
Him from a life of dark unrest,  
Him from the curse of Cain."

JULIA GODDARD.

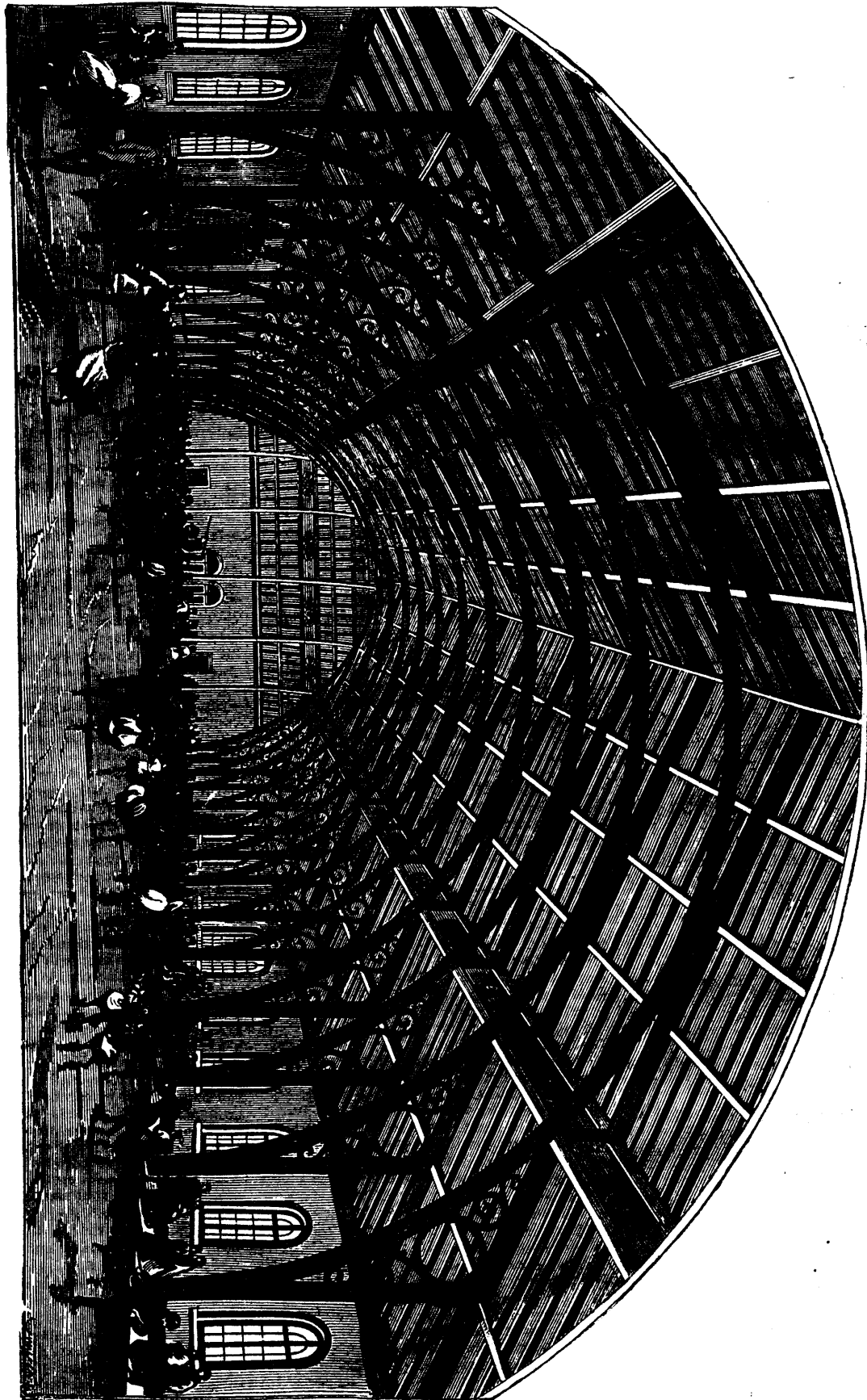
### THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK.

Skating has obtained of late years, especially among the fairer portion of our population, an unwonted popularity, and the Skating Rink appears now to be a permanent and prominent feature in our winter amusement. Quebec, we believe, claims the honour of establishing the first enclosed rink in Canada; it was on a scale, however, which will not bear comparison with many others which have since been constructed in various parts of the Province.

The first rink in Montreal was erected by the Montreal Skating Club in Upper St. Urbain street in 1859. The Victoria Rink, which in its construction and style is far in advance of any

other edifice of a similar character in the Province, was built in 1862, and was first opened to its subscribers on the 24th December of that year. The building is situate on Drummond

Street, on a lot of 120 by 127 feet. The area for skating is 202 feet long by 80 feet wide, covering a space of about 160 square feet. This is spanned by a semi-circular framed roof rising



Victoria Skating Rink.

to a height of 52 feet, and constructed in such a manner as to give an apparent lightness of effect, combined with great strength, the arched principals of the roof springing immediately

from the ground. The skating area is surrounded on all sides by a platform 10 feet wide for promenading, and in the centre of one side is a recess, in which, extending over the platform, is

a handsome and commodious gallery for the music, which is supplied weekly by some of our fine military or other bands. The rink is lighted during the day by large

windows on three sides, and at night by six pendant rings or stars, each containing 48 burners, and by a bracket light attached to each of the 48 principals of the roof, containing in addition 192 burners, making with those in the orchestra some 500 jets, by which the building is brilliantly and effectively illuminated.

The building fronts on Drummond Street, and is entered by a spacious hall, on each side of which, and opening on the platform, are separate dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen, with hat and cloak rooms attached. These rooms are furnished with numerous boxes, each with lock and key, and of sufficient size to hold the skates, boots, &c. They are also stove warmed and thoroughly comfortable.

Fancy Dress entertainments take place two or three times during the winter, which are thronged by enthusiastic skaters, with their friends as spectators, numbering in all some 1500 or 2000 persons. We may add, that those held during the last winter were far more brilliant and successful than any which had preceded them.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.  
Book the First.

### FATAL FRIENDSHIP.

Continued from page 274.

In London Mr. Halliday found the spirit of jolly-dog-ism rampant. George Sheldon had always been his favourite of the two brothers; and it was George who lured him from the safe shelter of Fitzgeorge-street and took him to mysterious haunts, whence he returned long after midnight, boisterous of manner and unsteady of gait, and with garments reeking of stale tobacco-smoke.

He was always good-tempered, even after these diabolical orgies on some unknown Brocken, and protested indistinctly that there was no harm "'pon m' wor, ye know, ol' gur'! Geor' an' me—half-doz' oyst'r—c'gar—botl' p'l ale—str't home," and much more to the same effect. When did any married man ever take more than half-a-dozen oysters—or take any undomestic pleasure for his own satisfaction? It is always those incorrigible bachelors, Thomas, Richard, or Henry, who hinder the unwilling Benedict from returning to his sacred Lares and Penates.

Poor Georgy was not to be pacified by protestations about oysters and cigars from the lips of a husband who was thick of utterance, and who betrayed a general imbecility of mind and unsteadiness of body. This London excursion, which had begun in sunshine, threatened to end in storm and darkness. George Sheldon and his set had taken possession of the young farmer; and Georgy had no better amusement in the long blustering March evenings than to sit at her work under the flaming gas in Mr. Sheldon's drawing-room, while that gentleman—who rarely joined in the dissipations of his friend and his brother—occupied himself with mechanical dentistry in the chamber of torture below.

Fitzgeorge-street in general, always on the watch to discover evidences of impetuosity or doubtful morality on the part of any one citizen in particular, could find no food for scandal in the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday to their friend and countryman. It had been noised abroad, through the agency of Mrs. Woolper, that Mr. Sheldon had been a suitor for the lady's hand, and had been jilted by her. The Fitzgeorgians had been, therefore, especially on the alert to detect any sign of backsliding in the dentist. There would have been much pleasant discussion in kitchens and back-parlours if Mr. Sheldon had been particularly attentive to his fair guest; but it speedily became known, always by the agency of Mrs. Woolper and that phenomenon of idleness and iniquity, the London "girl," that Mr. Sheldon was not by any means attentive to the pretty young woman from Yorkshire—but that he suffered her to sit alone hour after hour in her husband's absence—with no amusement but her needlework wherewith to "pass the

time," while he scraped and filed and polished those fragments of bone which were to assist in the renovation of decayed beauty.

The third week of Mr. and Mrs. Halliday's visit was near its close, and as yet the young farmer had arrived at no decision as to the subject which had brought him to London. The sale of Hyley Farm was an accomplished fact; and the purchase-money duly bestowed at Tom's bankers: but very little had been done towards finding the new property which was to be a substitute for the estate his father and grandfather had farmed before him. He had seen auctioneers, and had brought home plans of estates in Herefordshire and Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somersetshire, all of which seemed to be, in their way, the most perfect things imaginable—land of such fertility as one would scarcely expect to find out of Arcadia—live stock which seemed beyond all price, to be taken at a valuation—roads and surrounding neighbourhood unparalleled in beauty and convenience—outbuildings that must have been the very archetypes of barns and stables—a house which to inhabit would be to adore. But as yet he had seen none of these peerless domains. He was waiting for decent weather in which to run down to the West and "look about him," as he said himself. In the meantime the blustering March weather, which was so unsuited to long railroad journeys, and all that waiting about at junctions and at little windy stations on branch lines, incidental to the inspection of estates scattered over a large area of country, served very well for "jolly doggism"—and what with a hand at cards in George Sheldon's chambers, and another hand at cards in somebody else's chambers, and a run down to an early meeting at Newmarket, and an evening at some rooms where there was something to be seen which was as near prize-fighting as the law allowed, and other evenings in unknown regions, Mr. Halliday found time slipping by him, and his domestic peace vanishing away.

It was on an evening at the end of this third week that Mr. Sheldon abandoned his mechanical dentistry for once in a way, and ascended to the drawing-room, where poor Georgy sat busy with that eternal needlework, but for which melancholy madness would surely overtake many desolate matrons in houses whose commonplace comfort and respectable dullness are more dismal than the picturesque dreariness of a moated grange amid the Lincolnshire fens. To the masculine mind this needlework seems nothing more than a purposeless stabbing and sewing of strips of calico; but to lonely womanhood it is the prison-flower of the captive, it is the spider of Latude.

Mr. Sheldon brought his guest an evening newspaper.

"There's an account of the opening Parliament," he said, "which you may perhaps like to see. I wish I had a piano, or some female acquaintances to drop in upon you. I'm afraid you must be dull in these long evenings when Tom is out of the way."

"I am indeed dull," Mrs. Halliday answered peevishly; and if Tom cared for me, he wouldn't leave me like this evening after evening. But he doesn't care for me."

Mr. Sheldon laid down the newspaper, and seated himself opposite his guest. He sat for a few moments in silence, beating time to some imaginary air with the tips of his fingers on the old-fashioned mahogany table. Then he said, with a half smile upon his face:

"But surely Tom is the best of husbands! He has been a little wild since his coming to London, I know; but then you see he doesn't often come to town."

"He's just as bad in Yorkshire," Georgy answered gloomily; "he is always going to Baringford with somebody or other, or to meet with some of his old friends. I'm sure, if I had known what he was, I would never have married him."

"Why, I thought he was such a good husband. He was telling me only a few days ago how he had made a will leaving you every sixpence he possesses, without reservation, and how he has insured his life for five thousand pounds."

"O, yes, I know that; but I don't call *that* being a good husband. I don't want him to leave me his money. I don't want him to die. I want him to stay at home."

"Poor Tom! I'm afraid he's not the sort of man for that kind of thing. He likes change and amusement. You married a rich man, Mrs. Halliday; you made your choice, you know, without regard to the feelings of any one else. You sacrificed truth and honour to your own inclination, or your own interest, I do not know, and I do not ask which. If the bargain has turned out a bad one, that's your look out."

Phillip Sheldon sat with his folded arms resting on the little table, and his eyes fixed on Georgy's face. They could be very stern and hard and cruel, those bright black eyes, and Mrs. Halliday grew first red and then pale under their searching gaze. She had seen Mr. Sheldon very often during the years of her married life but this was the first time he had ever said any thing to her that sounded like a reproach. The dentist's eyes softened a little as he watched her, not with any special tenderness, but with an expression of half-disdainful compassion—such as a strong stern man might feel for a foolish child. He could see that this woman was afraid of him, and it served his interests that she should fear him. He had a purpose in everything he did, and his purpose to-night was to test the strength of his influence over Georgina Halliday. In the old time before her marriage that influence had been very strong. It was for him to discover now whether it still endured.

"You made your choice, Mrs. Halliday," he went on presently, "and it was a choice which all prudent people must have approved. What chance had a man, who was only heir to a practice worth four or five hundred pounds, against the inheritor of Hyley Farm with its two hundred and fifty acres, and three thousand pounds' worth of live stock, plant, and working capital? When do the prudent people ever stop to consider truth and honour, or old promises, or an affection that dates from childhood? They calculate every thing by pounds, snillings, and pence; and according to their mode of reckoning you were in the right when you jilted me to marry Tom Halliday."

Georgy laid down her work and took out her handkerchief. She was one of those women who take refuge in tears when they find themselves at a disadvantage. Tears had always melted honest Tom, was his wrath never so dire, and tears would no doubt subdue Philip Sheldon.

But Georgy had to discover that the dentist was made of a stuff very different from that softer clay which composed the rollicking good-tempered farmer. Mr. Sheldon watched her tears with the cold-blooded deliberation of a scientific experimentalist. He was glad to find that he could make her cry. She was a necessary instrument in the working out of certain plans that he had made for himself, and he was anxious to discover whether she was likely to be a plastic instrument. He knew that her love for him had never been worth much at its best, and that the poor little flickering flame had been utterly extinguished by nine years of commonplace domesticity and petty jealousy. But his purpose was one that would be served as well by her fear as by her love, and he had set himself to-night to gauge his power in relation to this poor weak creature.

"It's very unkind of you to say such dreadful things, Mr. Sheldon," she whimpered presently; "you know very well that my marriage with Tom was *pa's* doing, and not mine. I'm sure if I'd known how he would stay out night after night, and come home in such dreadful states time after time, I never would have consented to marry him."

"Wouldn't you?—O, yes you would. If you were a widow to-morrow, and free to marry again, you would choose just such another man as Tom—a man who laughs loud, and pays flourishing compliments, and drives a gig with a high-stepping-horse. That's the sort of man women like, and that's the sort of man you'd marry."

"I'm sure I shouldn't marry at all," answered

Mrs. Halliday, in a voice that was broken by little gasping sobs. "I have seen enough of the misery of married life. But I don't want Tom to die, unkind as he is to me. People are always saying that he won't make old bones—how horrid it is to talk of a person's bones!—and I'm sure I sometimes make myself wretched about him, as he knows, though he doesn't thank me for it."

And here Mrs. Halliday's sobs got the better of her utterances, and Mr. Sheldon was fain to say something of a consolatory nature.

"Come, come," he said, "I won't tease you any more. That's against the laws of hospitality, isn't it?—only there are some things which you can't expect a man to forget, you know. However, let bygones be bygones. As for poor old Tom, I dare say he'll live to be a hale, hearty old man, in spite of the croakers. People always will croak about something; and it's kind of a fashion to say that a big, hearty, six-foot man is a fragile blossom likely to be nipped by any wintry blast. Come, come, Mrs. Halliday, your husband musn't discover that I've been making you cry when he comes home. He may be home early this evening, perhaps; and if he is, we'll have an oyster supper, and a chat about old times."

Mrs. Halliday shook her head dolefully. "It's past ten o'clock already," she said, "and I don't suppose Tom will be home till after twelve. He doesn't like my sitting up for him; but I wonder *what* time he would come home if I didn't sit up for him?"

"Let's hope for the best," exclaimed Mr. Sheldon, cheerfully. "I'll go and see about the oysters."

"Don't get them for me, or for Tom," protested Mrs. Halliday; "he will have had his supper when he comes home, you may be sure, and I couldn't eat a morsel of anything."

To this resolution Mrs. Halliday adhered; so the dentist was fain to abandon all jovial ideas in relation to oysters and pale ale. But he did not go back to his mechanical dentistry. He sat opposite his visitor, and watched her, silently and thoughtfully, for some time as she worked. She had brushed away her tears, but she looked very peevish and miserable, and took out her watch several times in an hour. Mr. Sheldon made two or three feeble attempts at conversation, but the talk languished and expired on each occasion, and they sat on in silence.

Little by little the dentist's attention seemed to wander away from his guest. He wheeled his chair round, and sat looking at the fire, with the same fixed gloom upon his face which had darkened on it the night of his return from Yorkshire. Things had been so desperate with him of late, that he had lost his old orderly habit of thinking out a business at one sitting, and making an end of all deliberation and hesitation about it. There were subjects that forced themselves upon his thoughts, and certain ideas which repeated themselves with a stupid persistence. He was such an eminently practical man, that this disorder of his brain troubled him more even than the thoughts that made the disorder. He sat in the same attitude for a long while, scarcely conscious of Mrs. Halliday's presence, not at all conscious of the progress of time.

Georgy had been right in her gloomy forebodings of bad behaviour on the part of Mr. Halliday. It was nearly one o'clock when a loud double knock announced that gentleman's return. The wind had been howling drearily, and a sharp, slanting rain had been pattering against the windows for the last half-hour, while Mrs. Halliday's breast had been racked by the contending emotions of anxiety and indignation.

"I suppose he couldn't get a cab," she exclaimed, as the knock startled her from her listening attitude; for however intently a midnight watcher may be listening for the returning wanderer's knock, it is not the less startling when it comes. "And he has walked home through the wet, and now he'll have a violent cold, I daresay," added Georgy, peevishly. "Then it's lucky for him he's in a doctor's house," answered Mr. Sheldon, with a

smile. He was a handsome man no doubt, according to the popular idea of masculine perfection, but he had *not* a pleasant smile. "I went through the regular routine, you know, and am as well able to see a patient safely through a cold or a fever as I am to make him a set of teeth."

Mr. Halliday burst into the room at this moment, singing a fragment of the "Chough and Crow" chorus, very much out of tune. He was in boisterously high spirits, and very little the worse for liquor. He had only walked from Covent Garden, he said, and had taken nothing but a tankard of stout and a Welsh rarebit. He had been hearing the divinest singing—boys with the voices of angels—and had been taking his supper in a place which duchesses themselves did not disdain to peep at from the sacred recesses of a *loge grillée*, George Sheldon had told him. But poor country-bred Georgiana Halliday would not believe in the duchesses, or the angelic singing-boys, or the primitive simplicity of Welsh rarebits. She had a vision of beautiful women, and halls of dazzling light; where there was the mad music of perpetual post-horn gallops, with a riotous accompaniment of huzzahs, and the popping of champagne corks; where the sheen of satin and the glitter of gems bewildered the eye of the beholder. She had seen such a picture once on the stage, and had vaguely associated it with all Tom's midnight roysterings ever afterwards.

The roysterer's garments were very wet, and it was in vain that his wife and Philip Sheldon entreated him to change them for dry ones, or to go to bed immediately. He stood before the fire relating his innocent adventures, and trying to dispel the cloud from Georgy's fair young brow; and, when he did at last consent to go to his room, the dentist shook his head ominously.

"You'll have a severe cold to-morrow, depend upon it, Tom, and you'll have yourself to thank for it," he said, as he bade the good-tempered reprobate good-night.

"Never mind, old fellow," answered Tom; "if I am ill, you shall nurse me. If one is doomed to die by doctor's stuff, it's better to have a doctor one knows than a doctor one doesn't know for one's executioner." After which graceful piece of humour Mr. Halliday went blundering up the staircase, followed by his grieved wife.

Philip Sheldon stood on the landing looking after his visitors for some minutes. Then he went slowly back to the sitting-room, where he replenished the fire, and seated himself before it with a newspaper in his hand.

"What's the use of going to bed, if I can't sleep?" he muttered, in a discontented tone.

#### CHAPTER IV.—A PERPLEXING ILLNESS.

Mr. Sheldon's prophecy was fully realised. Tom Halliday awoke the next day with a violent cold in his head. Like most big boisterous men of herculean build, he was the veriest craven in the hour of physical ailment; so he succumbed at once to the malady which a man obliged to face the world and fight for his daily bread must needs have made light of.

The dentist rallied his invalid friend. "Keep your bed, if you like, Tom," he said, "but there's no necessity for any such coddling. As your hands are hot, and your tongue rather queer, I may as well give you a saline draught. You'll be all right by dinner time, and I'll get George to look round in the evening for a hand at cards."

Tom obeyed his professional friend—took his medicine, read the paper, and slept away the best part of the dull March day. At half-past five he got up and dressed for dinner, and the evening passed very pleasantly; so pleasantly, indeed, that Georgy was half-inclined to wish that her husband might be afflicted with chronic influenza, whereby he would be compelled to stop at home. She sighed when Philip Sheldon slapped his friend's broad shoulder, and told him cheerily that he would be "all right to-morrow." He would be well again, and there would be more midnight roystering, and she would be again tormented by that vision of lighted halls and beautiful diabolical creatures revolving madly to the music of the Post-horn Galop.

It seemed, however, that poor jealous Mrs. Halliday was to be spared her nightly agony for some time to come. Tom's cold lasted longer than he had expected, and the cold was succeeded by a low fever—a bilious fever, Mr. Sheldon said. There was not the least occasion for alarm, of course. The invalid and the invalid's wife trusted implicitly in the friendly doctor, who assured them both that Tom's attack was the most ordinary kind of thing; a little wearing, no doubt, but entirely without danger. He had to repeat this assurance to Georgy, whose angry feelings had given place to extreme tenderness and affection now that Tom was an invalid, quite unfitted for the society of jolly-good-fellows, and willing to receive basins of beef-tea and arrow-root meekly from his wife's hands, instead of those edibles of iniquity, oysters and toasted cheese.

Mr. Halliday's illness was very tiresome. It was one of those perplexing complaints which keep the patient himself, and the patient's friends and attendants, in perpetual uncertainty. A little worse one day, and a shade better the next; now gaining a little strength, now losing a trifle more than he had gained; the patient declined in an imperceptible manner, and it was only when he had been ill three weeks, and was no longer able to leave his bed, and had lost alike his appetite and his spirits, it was then only that Georgy awoke to the fact that this illness, hitherto considered so lightly, must be very serious.

"I think if—if you have no objection, I should like to see another doctor, Mr. Sheldon," she said, one day, with considerable embarrassment of manner. She feared to offend her host by any doubt of his skill. "You see—you—you are so much employed with teeth—and—of course you know I am quite assured of your talent—but don't you think that a doctor who had more experience in fever cases might bring Tom round quicker? He has been ill so long now; and really he doesn't seem to get any better."

Philip Sheldon shrugged his shoulders. "As you please, my dear Mrs. Halliday," he said carelessly; "I don't wish to press my services upon you. It is quite a matter of friendship, you know, and I shall not profit sixpence by my attendance on poor old Tom. Call in another doctor, by all means, if you think fit to do so; but, of course, in that event, I must withdraw from the case. The man you call in may be clever, or he may be stupid and ignorant. It's all a chance, when one doesn't know one's man; and I really can't advise you upon that point, for I know nothing of the London profession."

Georgy looked alarmed. This was a new view of the subject. She had fancied that all regular practitioners were clever, and had only doubted Mr. Sheldon because he was not a regular practitioner. But how if she were to withdraw her husband from the hands of a clever man to deliver him into the care of an ignorant pretender, simply because she was over-anxious for his recovery?

"I always am foolishly anxious about things," she thought.

And then she looked piteously at Mr. Sheldon, and said—

"What do you think I ought to do? Pray tell me. He has eaten no breakfast again this morning; and even the cup of tea which I persuaded him to take seemed to disagree with him. And then there is that dreadful sore throat which torments him so. What ought I to do, Mr. Sheldon?"

"Whatsoever seems best to yourself, Mrs. Halliday," answered the dentist earnestly. "It is a subject upon which I cannot pretend to advise you. It is a matter of feeling rather than of reason, and it is a matter which you yourself must determine. If I knew any man whom I could honestly recommend to you, it would be another affair; but I don't. Tom's illness is the simplest thing in the world, and I think myself quite competent to pull him through it, without fuss or bother; but if you think otherwise, pray put me out of the question. There's one fact, however, of which I'm bound to remind you. Like many fine big stalwart fellows of his

stamp, your husband is as nervous as a hysterical woman; and if you call in a strange doctor, who will pull long faces, and will put on the professional solemnity, the chances are that he'll take alarm, and do himself more mischief in a few hours than your new adviser can undo in as many weeks."

There was a little pause after this. Georgy's opinions, and suspicions, and anxieties were alike vague; and this last suggestion of Mr. Sheldon's put things in a new and alarming light. She was really anxious about her husband, but she had been accustomed all her life to accept the opinion of other people in preference to her own.

"Do you really think that Tom will soon be well and strong again?" she asked presently.

"If I thought otherwise, I should be the first to advise other measures. However, my dear Mrs. Halliday, call in some one else, for your own satisfaction."

"No," said Georgy, sighing plaintively, "it might frighten Tom. You are quite right, Mr. Sheldon; he is very nervous, and the idea that I was alarmed might alarm him. I'll trust in you. Pray try to bring him round again. You will try, won't you?" she asked, in the childish pleading way which was peculiar to her.

The dentist was searching for something in the drawer of a table, and his back was turned upon that anxious questioner.

"You may depend upon it I'll do my best, Mrs. Halliday," he answered, still busy at the drawer.

Mr. Sheldon the younger had paid many visits to Fitzgeorge-street during Tom Halliday's illness. George and Tom had been the Damon and Pythias of Barlingford; and George seemed really distressed when he found his friend changed for the worse. The changes in the invalid were so puzzling, the alternations from better to worse, and from worse to better, so frequent, that fear could take no hold upon the minds of the patient's friends. It seemed such a very slight affair this low fever, though sufficiently inconvenient to the patient himself, who suffered a good deal from thirst and sickness, and showed an extreme disinclination for food, all which symptoms Mr. Sheldon said were the commonest and simplest features of a very mild attack of bilious fever, which would leave Tom a better man than it had found him.

There had been several pleasant little card-parties during the earlier stages of Mr. Halliday's illness; but within the last week the patient had been too low and weak for cards; too weak to read the newspaper, or even to bear having it read to him. When George came to look at his old friend, "to cheer you up a little, old fellow, you know," and so on, he found Tom, for the time being, past all capability of being cheered, even by the genial society of his favourite jolly-good fellow, or by tidings of a steeple-chase in Yorkshire, in which a neighbour had gone to grief over a double fence.

"That chap upstairs seems rather queerish!" George had said to his brother, after finding Tom lower and weaker than usual. "He's in a bad way, isn't he, Phil?"

"No; there's nothing serious the matter with him. He's rather low to-night, that's all."

"Rather low!" echoed George Sheldon. He seems to me so very low, that he can't sink much lower without going to the bottom of his grave. I'd call some one in, if I were you."

The dentist shrugged his shoulders, and made a little contemptuous noise with his lips.

"If you knew as much of doctors as I do, you wouldn't be in a hurry to trust a friend to the mercy of one," he said carelessly. "Don't you alarm yourself about Tom. He's right enough. He's been in a state of chronic over-eating and over-drinking for the last ten years, and this bilious fever will be the making of him."

"Will it?" said George doubtfully; and then there followed a little pause, during which the brothers happened to look at each other furtively, and happened to surprise each other in the act.

"I don't know about over-eating or drinking," said George presently; "but *something* has disagreed with Tom Halliday, that's evident."

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXV.—EVIDENCE FOR THE PROSECUTION.

*Continued from page 204.*

"The first evidence which I shall bring before you," said Mr. Penning, "is that of Jane Garrod—a woman of excellent character, and well known, I believe, to several persons present."

Jane Garrod was accordingly called. As the servant who had ushered her into the room was going out, Lady Spencelaugh said: "If Martha Winch is there, tell her to bring me my salts." Once in the room, Mrs. Winch took care not to leave it again. She sat down on a low stool behind Lady Spencelaugh, and was an attentive auditor of all that followed.

Jane courtesied respectfully to Lady Spencelaugh, and then to the assembled company; and then seated herself in the chair indicated by Mr. Penning, a short distance from the table. She was a firm nerved woman, and neither her manner, nor her voice when she spoke, betrayed the slightest discomposure. After a few preliminary questions from Mr. Greenhough, she began her narrative as under:

"My name is Jane Garrod, and I shall have been married eighteen years come next Lady-day. My father was a small farmer a few miles from Normandford; but he was too poor to keep all his children at home, and when I was old enough, I had to go out to service; and a few years later, I was fortunate enough to be chosen as lady's-maid to Miss Honoria Barry of Dean's Manor—close to where my father lived. Miss Honoria was just seventeen at that time, which was my own age. She was as beautiful as she was good; and it was impossible for any one to be near her without loving her. She took a liking to me, and was very kind to me, and treated me more like a humble friend than a paid servant. Wherever she and her papa went, I went with them; and we travelled about a good deal at different times, both in England and abroad. Miss Honoria had many friends and acquaintances, as was but natural to one in her position; but the friend that she loved above all others was Miss Eveleen Denner. They had been school-girls together, and now they were more like sisters than anything else, and far more devoted to each other, than many sisters that I have known. Well, it so fell out, one Christmas, when Miss Eveleen was staying at Dean's Manor, that among other guests invited there for the holidays came Sir Arthur Spencelaugh of Belair—at that time a major in the army, and his cousin, Captain Philip Spencelaugh; both over from India on leave of absence. They had not been twenty-four hours at the Manor, before Sir Arthur was head over ears in love with Miss Honoria, and his cousin was as deeply smitten with the charms of Miss Eveleen. There were ardent lovers in those days; and before two months were over, the double wedding took place.

My dear Miss Honoria was now Lady Spencelaugh, but that made no difference in her treatment to me; she was just as kind to me as she had always been. We lived here at Belair for eight quiet happy months, and then both Sir Arthur and his cousin were ordered back to India, in consequence of some frontier war that had just broken out. Well, nothing would serve the ladies but that they must go with their husbands; and I, of course, must go with my dear mistress. When we reached Bombay, the war had been snuffed out, and our soldiers were ordered to an up-country station, and we, of course, went with them; and so three or four years passed quietly and pleasantly away, marked with nothing in memory beyond an occasional removal to a fresh station. But, after a time, Captain Spencelaugh's lady was confined of a son; and a little while afterwards, my dear mistress brought her husband a sweet daughter—no other, in fact, than Miss Frederica here. We had just been celebrating baby's second birthday, when cholera of a very bad kind broke out at the station, and among its first victims were

Sir Arthur Spencelaugh and his poor wife. They were well in the morning, and dead, both of them at sunset; and they were buried under the walls of the fort at daybreak next morning. The last words my dear mistress said, and they were all that she had strength to say, were: "Take care of baby;" and I promised her solemnly that, with Heaven's help, I would do so as far as in me lay. The captain's wife was away on a visit at the time, but the shock nearly killed her when she heard the news; and as her health had been delicate for some time, the captain (now Sir Philip Spencelaugh, the late baronet's only child being a daughter) determined at once to send her back to England, together with his own child, and his cousin's orphan girl. So we all went down to Bombay, and everything was got ready for the voyage. But misfortune still followed us; for on what was to have been the very last day of our stay, as Lady Spencelaugh was riding out, her horse shied suddenly, and threw her. Her leg was broken by the fall; and although everything was done for her that could be done, fever set in, and she was dead in less than a week. I thought for a time that Sir Philip would have gone crazy, but it takes a deal of grief to kill; and, besides, he had his little son to live for; so he got leave of absence, and we all came over to England together—the baronet, his son, little Miss Frederica, myself, and an ayah, or native nurse, who was in charge of the little motherless lad, with me to look after them both. This ayah, who was never any favourite of mine, was sent back to India a few months after our arrival, the climate of England being too cold for her. We came to Belair, and I and the children settled down here; but Sir Philip soon left us, and went to London, for his melancholy got the master of him in the country. At the end of about eighteen months, we heard that he was going to marry again; and presently he came down to Belair with his bride, the present Lady Spencelaugh. As it had happened after his first marriage, so it happened now: scarcely was the honeymoon over, when he was summoned back to India. This time, he went alone. A short time after Sir Philip had left England, Miss Frederica's health became delicate, and the doctors recommended change of air; so we went to Pevsey Bay, she and I, and were away for about six months. This was two or three months after Mr. Gaston was born. Lady Spencelaugh drove over every fortnight or so, to see how we were getting on, besides which, I had instructions to write to her Ladyship every few days, so that she might know how Miss Frederica's health was progressing. It was while we were staying at Pevsey Bay that news came to us of Master Arthur's illness and death; and I remember as if it was only yesterday, our mourning things being sent over by the Normanford carrier; and after we got back home, the first place Miss Frederica and I went to was Belair church, to see the marble tablet which had been put up to the memory of the dead child. I stayed with Miss Frederica a year or two longer, till she was taken out of my hands, and put under the care of a governess; and I was then free to marry, for I had been engaged many years, and Abel Garrod, my present husband that is, was getting tired of waiting."

"A very interesting piece of family history," said Mr. Greenhough testily, as Jane paused for a moment; "but really, I don't see in what way it bears upon the case now under consideration."

"Mrs. Garrod, I believe, has not quite finished yet," said Mr. Penning, drily.

Mr. Greenhough shrugged his shoulders, glanced at his watch, and began to bite the end of his quill viciously.

"Captain Spencelaugh—that is, the late Sir Philip"—resumed Jane, "on his visits to Dean's Manor, was sometimes accompanied by a younger brother, named Reginald, who had been brought up to be a barrister, but who afterwards went out to Canada, and died there a few years later. I saw Mr. Reginald many different times, and had often occasion to speak to him, and have had presents from him, so that I could not possibly be mistaken as to his appearance. One evening last autumn, as I was walking through

the waiting-room at Kingsthorpe Station, I certainly thought that I saw his ghost before me. I was quite scared, so striking was the likeness between the man I saw before me and my late master's youngest brother. I never thought of asking who the stranger was, but set it down as a mere chance likeness, and forgot all about it after a few days; that is, I forgot all about it till I saw the stranger again. The next time I saw him was when he was brought to my door by the Kingsthorpe carrier, who had found him lying wounded and insensible in the high-road. I recognised him again in an instant as the stranger I had seen for a moment one evening about two months before; but, gentlemen, I should quite fail in expressing to you what I felt when the doctor, on stripping the wounded man's shoulder to examine his hurt, pointed out to me a strange mark on that shoulder, exactly similar to the mark which I knew to have been on the shoulder of Master Arthur, who had died twenty years before: there it certainly was, line for line, as I so well remembered it.

I have already said that we brought an ayah with us from India, who had charge of Master Arthur, under me, and who was sent back home after a very short stay in England. This woman was passionately fond of the boy, and before she left Belair, while I was away for a few days burying my mother, she contrived, by some means best known to herself, to mark him on the left shoulder with the figure of a coiled snake holding a lotos-flower in its mouth, done in faint blue lines, which nothing could ever rub out. I was sorely vexed when I got to know about it; and I scolded the woman rarely; but you see it was done, and couldn't be undone. I mentioned it privately to Lady Spencelaugh, but I never spoke of it to Sir Philip—I was afraid of his anger. Both the lotos and the snake, as you gentlemen are perhaps aware, are sacred symbols among the Hindus; and the ayah said the mark was a charm which would carry the child safely through many dangers, and that would bring him back to life when everybody thought he was dead. Of course, I set no store by her gibberish; but I must say, I was startled when I saw on the shoulder of Mr. John English an exact counterpart of the mark which I knew to have been on the shoulder of Master Arthur Spencelaugh, dead twenty years before. And I think, gentlemen, that is all I have to say at present.

"And quite enough, too," muttered Mr. Greenhough.

The vicar had been taking copious notes; and the baronet had tried to follow his example, but had got the tail of one sentence so inextricably mixed up with the beginning of another, that, after several vain efforts to make some sense of what he had already written, he gave up the task in despair. Said the lawyer to the vicar: "You do not, I hope, my dear sir, attach much importance to the evidence of this woman?"

"Not much, certainly, as the case stands at present," returned the vicar. "Her evidence seems to rest on nothing stronger than one of those coincidences which are by no means so unfrequent in real life as some people imagine. Still, I believe Jane Garrod to be a strictly honest woman; one who would speak the truth conscientiously, as far as she knows it."

"Just so—as far as she knows it," said the lawyer drily. "Half-truths are always dangerous things to handle."

"Well, let us proceed a little further, and see what more we can elicit," said the vicar. "Who is your next witness, Mr. Penning?"

"What I propose to do next," said Mr. Penning, "is to read to you the evidence of one James Billings, formerly a footman at Belair, afterwards transported for burglary, and now just released from Portland, after serving out a second sentence."

"Oh, ho!" said Mr. Greenhough grimly. "Pretty company you are introducing us to! I wonder what value any jury would attach to the evidence of such a double-dyed scoundrel. But why is not the fellow himself here?"

"I did not think it necessary to produce him in person on such an occasion as this," said Mr. Penning. "I can, however, have him here for

you by to-morrow morning, if you wish it. Meanwhile, I will, with your permission, read this statement, which has been drawn up by Billings himself without any assistance."

"Pray proceed, sir," said the vicar; whereupon Mr. Penning read as under:

"According to promise made and given, I, James Billings, otherwise known as 'Jim the Downy,' now proceed to put down on paper some Recollections of my Early Life.

"To begin at the beginning. You know already that I was footman at Belair, but you don't know how I came to fill that situation; and I must add a few words of explanation, so that you may understand better what follows. My father was a well-known begging-letter writer, which accounts for my education; and all my family were more or less mixed up with the profession. But my governor got lagged at last, and my two brothers came to grief in another way; and I got such a sickening of the whole business, that I determined to try what honesty would do towards making my fortune. Not to bother you with what you wouldn't care to hear about, I got a footman's place at last; and two or three years later, I went into the service of Lady Spencelaugh on her marriage; and so, in course of time, I found myself at Belair. I liked a footman's life well enough for some things—there was no hard work to do, and plenty of time for reading the newspapers; but, on the other hand, I seemed as far as ever from making my fortune. It was about this time that I fell in with Nance Fennell, who was living with her mother at White Grange, and I used to go there to see her as often as I could find time.

"I ought to have told you that one of my sisters was married to Charly Wing, a noted cracksmen or housebreaker. Charley often professed to be sorry that I had taken to such a duffing way of getting a living; and said that a young fellow of my abilities, with proper instruction, might have done something splendid in his own line; and would often invite me to join him. One day Charley met me, and said: "Your people often go to Sedgely Court, and you go with them." "Yes," said I. "Well," said he, "me and my pal, Bill Stuckley, have got a plant on there. There's no end of plate in the house; and just at this time of the year, while they are having so much company, the old dowager keeps all her diamonds at home. Now, I want you, next time you go there, to make me a careful plan of the house, and to ascertain all you can about the position and strength of the plate-chest; and if the crack comes off all right, you shall have a fair share of the swag, and then you can marry that girl that you are so sweet on, and hook it to Australia." I took the bait after a while, and agreed to do as he wanted. Perhaps Charley would have wanted to crack Belair, only he knew from me that while Sir Philip was away in India, all the family plate was kept at the bankers.

"At this time there was living at Belair, Lady Spencelaugh and her baby son; Master Arthur Spencelaugh, the baronet's son by his first marriage, a lad about five years old; and Miss Frederica Spencelaugh, the daughter of the last baronet, both of whose parents had died in India. After a time, Miss Frederica was sent away with her nurse to some sea-side place for the good of her health; and a few weeks after that, it was reported among us servants down stairs that Master Arthur was lying very ill upstairs of some catching fever; and orders were given that nobody was to go near the room except the doctor, and the woman who had volunteered to nurse him. This woman was a Mrs. Winch, the landlady of the *Hand and Dagger* at Normanford, and my Lady's confidante in everything (it seems they had known one another when girls); and everybody said it was very good of her to run the risk. The doctor who saw the boy was Mrs. Winch's brother; his name was Kreefe—a lame, squint-eyed man, and not one of your swell doctors by any means. Well, Master Arthur got worse and worse, and in a few days he died—at least we were told so; and so particular was Mrs. Winch that nobody should run the risk of catching the fever but herself, that when the undertaker's men brought

the coffin, she made them leave it outside the room, and said she would do the rest herself. So we were all put into black, and there was a quiet funeral one morning; and everybody thought they had seen the last of poor Master Arthur.

"On the second night after the funeral, I had an engagement to meet Crack Charley at twelve o'clock in the east plantation. We kept early hours at Belair; and at that time of night I was obliged to let myself out and in again unknown to anybody; but that wasn't difficult to manage. I had seen Charley, and was coming back along the gravelled path that runs round the east wing of the Hall, when what should I hear but a child's thin voice, that sounded close by me, but whether above or below, I couldn't tell, crying: "Help—help! Please ask them to let me out." I looked round, but could see nobody, and my blood ran cold all over me. I called out: "Who the d— are you? and what place do you want to be let out of?" "I am Master Arthur," said the child's voice, "and I have been shut up here ever such a long time. Oh, do please beg of them to let me out!" I swear you might have knocked me down with a sneeze when I heard these words. I had watched this lad's funeral only a few hours before, yet here he was, still alive, and speaking to me! With a good deal of bother, I made out where he was; and then I got one of the gardener's ladders, and planting it against the wall, which just there is thickly covered with ivy, I climbed up it, and so found the spot where the voice came from. It was a long narrow slit in the thick wall of what is the oldest part of the Hall, lighting a small room, which no doubt had often been used as a hiding-place in the old troubled times. This opening, as I afterwards found, was entirely hidden from the outside by a thick curtain of ivy. "Who shut you up here, Master Arthur?" I said, speaking to him through the slit in the wall. "My Lady, and that woman with the cat's eyes," he said—meaning Mrs. Winch. "How long have you been here?" I asked. "I don't know how long, because I always feel so sleepy here; but a very long time," he said. "That's you, Billings, is it not? I know your voice. Will you please to shake hands with me?" I squeezed my hand into the slit as far as I could, and then I felt his cold little fingers grasp mine. "Thank you," he said, in his sweet, melancholy way, as he let go my hand again; and I had a very queer feeling round my heart for some minutes afterwards. I talked to him a little while longer; then he said: "I think I must get down now, Billings—I am standing on two chairs placed on the table—as I am getting very sleepy again, and I might fall, you know. You will ask them to let me out, will you not? Good-night, and God bless you, Billings!"

"On my soul, I don't like to put it down! but I betrayed my promise to that child, and never mentioned to any one what I had seen and heard. I have done many a rascally trick in my time, but that was the wickedest of them all. Instead of doing what I ought to have done, I said to myself: "My Lady has got a little private game of her own on here. If I can only make myself master of it, she will pay me well to keep the secret." So I determined to keep my eyes open. I had not long to watch, for the very next night about 11 P.M., a little covered cart, driven by Kreefe, came up to one of the side-doors; and presently Mrs. Winch came out, carrying the child in her arms, fast asleep. She got into the cart with him; the cover was tied down, and the doctor drove off with his load. I heard them say something about White Grange, so I stole away by a near footpath across the moors, and was there, hidden in the thick thorn-tree that grows just inside the boundary-wall, when Kreefe drove up to the door. Old Job Sandysen came out with a lantern, and himself carried the lad, still asleep, into the house; and there he was hidden away for six weeks in one of the top rooms of White Grange. Nance Fennell told me all about it afterwards. At the end of that time, Mrs. Winch and the doctor went one night to White Grange with the same little covered cart, and took the lad away; and as to what became of him afterwards, I know nothing, only Nance said that she happened to overhear that they

were going to Liverpool. But I do happen to know that just at that very time Kreefe and his wife left Normanford; and it was given out that they had gone to America.

"Well, I thought after this that I had got a clear case against my Lady, such a one as ought to bring me in something handsome; and so it would have done, had not other things turned out badly. Sedgeley Court was safely cracked, and I got my share of the plunder; but unfortunately the police got hold of Bill Stuckley for it, and he peached when in prison; besides which, my plan of the house was found on him; so one fine morning, he and I and Charley had the pleasure of hearing that we were to be sent on our travels into foreign parts for several years to come. Before sailing, I sent a message to Lady Spencelaugh, telling her I wanted to see her on important business; but either she never got the message, or else she wouldn't come. But the secret was one that would keep, and I determined to keep it till I got back home. At the end of ten years, I found myself in the old country again, hard up. I had made up my mind that as soon as I got the means, I would run down to Belair, and pay my Lady a visit. Before I could do this, however, I fell in with an old friend of Charley's, and was persuaded to join him in a little affair, for which we both got into trouble; and the rest you know.

"And now you've got the whole boiling out of me; and my opinion is, that I'm a cursed fool for my pains. I ain't a superstitious cove, but I can't help thinking that if I had acted square by the lad, as I promised him, things might have gone more square with me. But, what can't be cured must be endured. One thing I do know—that writing is deuced dry work; so, now that this job is well out of hand, I'm dead nuts on to a tumbler of old rum, and a pipe of choice negro-head. Yours to command, JIM BILLINGS."

"P.S.—I haven't bothered you with any dates in my letter, but I can give you them all as ninepence, whenever you may want them."

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.—MR. PENNING'S PROPOSITION.

"A very characteristic production!" said Mr. Greenhough, as Mr. Penning finished reading the ex-convict's statement. "Mr. James Billings's old skill as a begging-letter impostor has stood him in good stead in that ingenious piece of composition. Faugh! The whole narrative is redolent of the Old Bailey!"

The baronet chuckled, and then instantly became grave again, as though he had been caught in some dereliction of duty. The vicar, too, looked very grave, and was conning his notes seriously. Mr. Greenhough had a strong opinion of the vicar's clear good sense, and he felt vaguely uneasy at the expression of that gentleman's face; for the lawyer himself was quite serious in believing that the whole affair was nothing more than an ingenious conspiracy got up to defraud the rightful heir.

Lady Spencelaugh said no word, but sat quite still, with one hand clasped in that of her faithful friend, Martha Winch; and with her eyes bent mostly on Gaston—that son for whose sake she had risked so much. Gaston himself sat biting his nails moodily. The olive of his cheek had paled somewhat during the last half hour. Title, houses, and lands seemed to be slipping from under his feet in some incomprehensible way, just at the moment when he had begun to realise them as being all his own. If he were not Sir Gaston Spencelaugh, the richest baronet in all Monksheire, what would become of him, by Jove! with that threatening array of bills, and duns, and post-obits hemming him in, and stopping up every avenue of escape; and ready to swoop down upon him the moment his misfortune should get wind, and crush him remorselessly, as by the *peine forte et dure*! He would shoot himself; by Jove! that's what he would do—it was the most gentlemanly mode of writing Finis to one's Memoirs—and give them all the slip that way.

"What further evidence have you to offer in support of this extraordinary charge?" said the vicar at last, breaking a silence that was becoming oppressive to every one.

The next evidence put in by Mr. Penning was

that of Margaret Fennell, at present a resident in Grellier's Almshouses; who deposed, that in a certain month of a certain year, Martha Winch, and her brother, Jeremiah Kreefe, took to the house known as White Grange a boy, apparently about five years of age; which child, after being kept locked up in the said White Grange for the space of six weeks, was taken away one evening after dark by the two before-named persons, and never seen by her, Margaret Fennell, afterwards.

Mr. Penning next brought forward the evidence of Mr. Edwin, ex-master of the Foundation School at Normanford; who deposed to having been at Liverpool on a certain day of a certain year, and to there seeing Dr. Kreefe, his wife, and Mrs. Winch accompanied by a boy apparently about five years old, alight from a cab at one of the docks. Mr. Edwin further deposed to seeing Mrs. Winch bid farewell to her brother and his wife; and to seeing the two latter, accompanied by the child, go on board a vessel named the *Lone Star*, which vessel, as he found from after-inquiry, was advertised to sail for New York at high-water that very day.

The next piece of evidence put in by Mr. Penning was the Statement written by John English at Pevsey Bay, and sent by him to Miss Spencelaugh. Mr. Penning read this Statement aloud, as he had done the previous evidence. In it, as may be remembered, John English spoke of his early life in America with the Kreefes; and how the lame doctor had at last contrived to get rid of him. He mentioned his recognition of the doctor's portrait at the *Hand and Dagger*; and how he became acquainted with the contents of the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh; and of his sudden dismissal from Belair the day after Mrs. Winch's return to Normanford; together with various other minor matters, some of which had been brought out more strongly in the previous evidence, but all tending to establish the truth of his story.

"This concludes our case as it stands at present," said Mr. Penning as he refolded John's manuscript.

"In the absence of Mr. English, as I must still continue to call him," said the vicar, "I really don't see what further steps can possibly be taken in this matter. But perhaps Lady Spencelaugh may have something to say to all this?"

Mr. Greenhough was whispering earnestly with my Lady and Mrs. Winch, and presently he came forward, and addressing the vicar and the baronet, said; "Lady Spencelaugh desires me to deny most emphatically the truth of the allegations contained in the statements just read to you by Mr. Penning, so far as they affect her Ladyship. The evidence of the convict Billings she states to be without the shadow of a foundation in fact—at least that portion of it which relates to the late Master Arthur Spencelaugh: whether the rest of it be true or false, is a matter of no moment. Mrs. Winch, the respected landlady of the *Hand and Dagger*, is quite willing to admit that there was a child taken to White Grange by herself and brother, and that the same child was afterwards taken by Dr. Kreefe to America; but that the child in question was Master Arthur Spencelaugh, she most positively denies. At the proper time and place, Mrs. Winch will be prepared to prove who the child really was, and explain why it was found necessary to get him out of the country in such a surreptitious manner. For the rest, until this Mr. English turns up, and proves his own case more completely, and to better purpose, than his advocates have done for him, we shall sit down contented with the nine points of the law which we have in our favour. We don't think that this Mr. English ever will turn up in this neighbourhood again. We believe him to have been wise in his generation, and to have "made tracks," as the Yankees say. Should he, however, have the rare impudence ever to shew his face in this part of the country again, we are quite prepared to have him arrested as a common impostor. Six months' oakum-picking would, I opine, go far towards checking his ambitious proclivities for the future. I may add that Lady Spencelaugh cannot but feel intensely grieved that any one for whom she has felt so warm an

affection as she has for Miss Spencelaugh, should have taken a course so unwarranted, so opposed to sense and good-feeling." Here Mr. Greenhough caught the vicar's eye fixed on him, and there was something in it which told him he had better stop. "But the subject is a painful one, and I refrain from adding more," he said, and then sat down.

My Penning rose. "We are not to bandy accusations" he said, "but to set right, as far as in us lies, a great apparent wrong. As stated by me before, I am quite at a loss how to account for the absence of Mr. English; but I have no doubt that when that gentleman does return, he will be able to furnish a satisfactory explanation of what at present seems so inexplicable. It is easy to call any man an impostor; but in the present case the term is a simple absurdity, as no one knows better than Mr. Greenhough himself. The facts which have been laid before you to-day having come to Miss Spencelaugh's knowledge, too late, I am sorry to say, for Sir Philip to be made acquainted with them, Miss Spencelaugh felt that this occasion, more than any other, was the one on which she ought to relieve herself of a responsibility which she was no longer prepared to carry alone. On you, reverend sir, and on your colleague, as executors under the will of the late lamented head of this family, that responsibility must now devolve; and in the absence of the person chiefly concerned, it will rest with you to decide, from what you have heard, as to what steps, if any, you may deem it requisite to take in the present contingency. Whatever decision you may arrive at, Miss Spencelaugh will abide by; but to say, as my legal friend has said, that the lady in question ought to have kept back the evidence which you have heard this morning, is equivalent to saying that she ought to have made herself accessory after the fact to what, if our case be a genuine one, is one of the most base and cruel conspiracies that ever came within the range of my experience. I say this without the slightest imputation on any person or persons here present. We can, however, go one step further in this extraordinary business, and one only; but that step, if you are willing to sanction it, may prove a most important one in testing the value of the evidence which has been brought before you to-day—that evidence which my legal friend has denounced as a wholesale piece of imposture. Gentlemen, we can open the coffin which is said to contain the body of Master Arthur Spencelaugh."

At these ominous words, a low cry of agony burst irrepressibly from the lips of Lady Spencelaugh, and a deathlike whiteness overspread her face. Gaston, thinking she was going to faint, sprang to her side; but she waved him impatiently away, and straightened herself presently, and summoned back a little colour to her cheeks, as though she were afraid lest any one should see how powerfully Mr. Penning's last words had affected her. They had taken every one in the room by surprise. Mr. Greenhough was fairly puzzled. His scepticism was beginning to be shaken in spite of himself. Up to this moment, he had really looked upon the whole affair as a cleverly concocted conspiracy; but his observant eye had not failed to note Lady Spencelaugh's evident agitation; and the audacity of Mr. Penning's proposition almost took his breath away.

Mr. Penning resumed. "You, Sir Michael, are, I believe, a county magistrate; and, unless I mistake you, reverend sir, are vicar of the parish in which the church of Belair is situate; besides which, the family vault is private property; and, as the executors of the late baronet, you have, I opine, full power in that capacity to act as I have indicated, should you think well to do so."

"Really, Mr. Penning," said the vicar, "this proposition of yours is a most extraordinary one, and one on which I and my colleague are not prepared to decide without some consideration. But, in any case, we certainly could not think of proceeding in such a matter without the concurrence of Sir Gaston Spencelaugh, whom, notwithstanding all that has been said

this morning, I must still consider as the head of the family, and the owner of Belair."

"It would be rank sacrilege!" exclaimed Lady Spencelaugh, addressing herself to the company for the first time that day. All present were struck by the change in her voice, ordinarily so low, honeyed, and courteous, now so husky, and with an ill-concealed anxiety in its tones.

"What have we to fear, mother?" said Gaston, his pale olive face looking more haggard than ever, and his under-lip twitching nervously as he spoke. "You have already stated, or rather Mr. Greenbough has for you, that the evidence we have heard this morning is a tissue of falsehoods, as far as you are concerned. Do you still adhere to that assertion?"

"I do, I do!" said the miserable woman eagerly. "All lies, Gaston dear, as far as I am concerned."

"In that case, mother, we have nothing to be afraid of," said Gaston. "To open my poor brother's coffin, under such circumstances, cannot be any sacrilege.—Gentlemen," he added, coming forward to the table, "whatever permission you require from me in this case, I grant freely and fully. Act as seems best to your own judgment. For my mother and myself, I state emphatically that instead of shunning inquiry, we court it. Let your perquisitions be as searching as possible; we have no fear of the result."

"But Gaston, Gaston," implored Lady Spencelaugh in a tone of agony, "I tell you this must not be allowed! Oh, it is horrible! For my sake, Gaston, you must not allow this!"

"Mother, in such a case as this it is necessary," said Gaston firmly. "The permission I have given I cannot retract. Besides, such a proof will go far to shew the utter worthlessness of this base scheme of imposture. Come; take my arm. For the present, our business here is at an end."

She gave one look into his face, and then seeing that his resolve was not to be shaken, with a low, bitter sigh, she took his arm, and allowed herself to be led from the room, Mrs. Winch following meekly.

After a long consultation with Sir Michael, the vicar announced that Mr. Penning's proposition would be acceded to, and appointed the hour of six that evening as the time for the gentlemen there present to meet at the church.

To Frederica the day had seemed a long and terrible one. She thanked Heaven fervently that it was over at last, and that the weight of the dark secret which she had carried about with her for so long a time would rest on her feeble shoulders no more.

PASTIMES.

We shall be glad to receive from any of our friends who take an interest in the column original contributions of Puzzles, Charades, Problems, &c Solutions should in each case accompany questions forwarded.

HISTORICAL ARITHMOREM.

- The initials will give the name of an early French Monarch.
1. 101 and son at nuts = A jealous Roman Monarch.
2. 1,150 " era he unu = A city suddenly overwhelmed.
3. 20 " rates are = A famous Persian General.
4. 1,000 " ore = An ancient Roman city.
5. 561 " puse = Was banished by Octavianus, and died in obscurity.
6. 651 " ue = An Egyptian mathematician.
7. 1,001 " a ness = A City, Hannibal obtained possession of by stratagem.
8. 561 " nasan rae = People who chose Cleopatra for their sovereign.
9. 1,050 " guage aaa = A city in the east of the River Tigris, where a Persian army was defeated.
10. 2,022 " sup on pau = Roman Emperor.
11. 1,866 " e a hero = A King of Babylon who was put to death.
Civis.

ENIGMA.

On a monarch's brow I sit,
When all things look brightly;
O'er a baby's cheek I fit,
Kissing it so lightly.

Of Affection am I born.
My sponsors Joy and Mirth;
Sometimes, on angels' faces worn,
Am there too bright for earth.

You can call me up at will.
And dismiss at pleasure;
Laugh, and you destroy me—still
I exist in measure.

Weep, and I must vanish quite,
It may be for years;
Yet am I oft a charming sight,
Seen through a veil of tears.

Before the rod of care I flee,
But before Love stand true;
Oh, set, dear friends, much store on me—
I bring much joy to you! A. H. B.

RIDDLES.

- 1. Why is a blind man like a water-pipe?
2. Why is the letter W like a busy body?

CHARADES.

1. 'Tis the fashion now to make my first
In the Autumn long vacation,
And men thus gain experience
Of many a foreign nation.

My second was a Marshal famed
In European story,
Who sadly died, although he oft
Had led his troops to glory.

My whole was in the days of old,
When ladies used the jesses
In falconry; and knighthood's prize
Was one of Beauty's tresses! A. H. B.

CHARADES.

- 2. My 6, 5, 1, 2, is part of a ship.
" 2, 4, 5, is a beverage.
" 3, 5, 2, is an animal.
3. My 3, 4, 2, 5, is a fruit.
" 3, 2, 1, 2, is a relative.
" 5, 4, 2, 3, is to cut down.
4. My 1, 5, 5, 4, is part of a bird.
" 3, 4, 2, 6, 5, is a fish.
" 6, 2, 3, 4, is employment.

SCRUTATOR.

PROBLEM.

A witness at a trial, being asked at what hour a certain event occurred, replied that it was certainly between four and five o'clock, but that he could not tell the precise moment; he remembered, however, that the hour and minute hands of the clock were together. What was the time, exactly?

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM, &c., No. 65.

Arithmorem, Lord Nelson.—1. Languedoc. 2. Oliver. 3. River. 4. Dream. 5. Northumberland. 6. Empire. 7. Leith. 8. Scotland. 9. Ostend. 10. November.

Charades.—1. Mistletoe. 2. Imaginary. 3. Kettle. 4. Lifeboat.

Decapitation.—Taunt-aunt-tun-nut.

Floral Anagrams.—1, Acanthus. 2, Heart's-sease. 3, Marigold. 4, Buttercup. 5, Ranunculus. 6, Chrysanthemum. 7, Lavender. 8 Heliotrope. 9, Dandelion. 10, Snow-Drop. 11, Honeysuckle. 12, Wall flower.

Geographical Rebus-Christmas.—1, Carlisle. 2, Humber. 3, Russia. 4, Ithaca. 5, Siberia. 6, Tagus. 7, Mexico. 8, Alps. 9, Seine.

Problem.—16 Horses. 80 Neat cattle. 640 sheep. Total, 736.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Arithmorem.—Bericus, Valour, Civis, Sharp-eye, H. H. V.

Charades.—Civis, Valour, Geo. H., Bericus, H. H. V., Pastime, J. E. D'A.

Decapitations.—Pastime, H. H. V., Bericus, Civis, Geo. H.

Floral Anagrams.—Bericus, Civis.

Geographical Rebus.—H. H. V., Pastime, Civis, Bericus, Geo. H., J. E. D'A.

Problem.—Bericus, H. H. V., Pastime, Sharp-eye, Geo. H.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. R.; M. B. HAMILTON, C.W.—Your valued enclosure was duly received and is under examination. Hope to hear from you again soon. Your solution of Problem No. 46, is correct.

G. G., ST. CATHARINES, C. W.—We have booked you as a regular correspondent and contributor, so mind, and "toe the scratch."

R. B., TORONTO, C. W.—Thanks for your kindness in that matter.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 45.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q 2. Q to Q B 7.
2. Q to Q 4 (ch.) Q to Q Kt 7.
3. Q to Q sq (ch.) Q to Q Kt 8.
4. Q to Q R 4 (ch.) K to K 7.
5. Q to Q Kt 3 (ch.) K to B 8.
6. Q to K 3 (ch.) K to Kt 7.
7. K to Kt 4. Q to Q B 7 or (a.)
8. Q to Q R 3 (ch.) K to Kt 8.
9. B to Q 3 and wins.
(a.) 7. K to R 3 (dis ch.)
8. B to Q Kt 3. Q to Q Kt 7.
9. Q to K Kt sq (ch.) Q to Q Kt 8.
10. Q to Q R 7 (ch.) K to Kt 7.
11. Q to Q R 3 Mate.

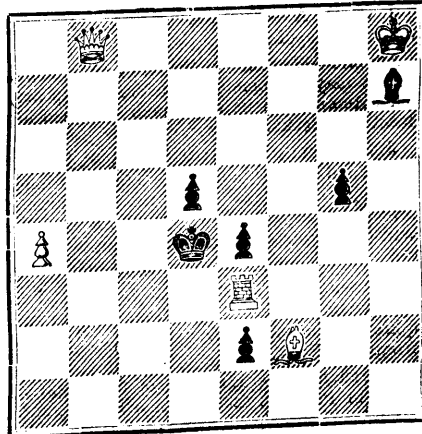
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 46.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 5. K to B 6.
2. Q to K R 4. K to K 6.
3. Q to K B 2.

PROBLEM No. 48.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

The following short but brilliant specimen of the "Allgaier Gambit" is the eighth game which occurred in the late match between Professor Anderssen and Herr Steinitz.

- WHITE, (Steinitz.) BLACK, (Anderssen.)
1 P to K 4. 1 P to K 4.
2 P to K B 4. 2 P takes P.
3 Kt to K B 3. 3 P to K Kt 4.
4 B to B 4. 4 P to Kt 5.
5 Kt to K 5. 5 Q to R 5 ch.
6 K to B sq. 6 K Kt to K 3.
7 P to Q 4. 7 P to Q 3.
8 K Kt to Q 3. 8 P to K B 6.
9 P to K Kt 3. 9 Q to K 2.
10 Q Kt to B 3. 10 B to K 3.
11 P to Q 5. 11 Q to B sq.
12 P to K 5. 12 P takes P.
13 Kt takes P. 13 Q takes Kt.
14 Q B to B 4. 14 Q to K Kt 2.
15 B to Q 3. 15 B to Q 3.
16 Kt to Q Kt 5. 16 K to Q sq.
17 Q to K sq ch. 17 P takes B.
18 B takes B. 18 Kt to K B 4.
19 Q to Kt 4. 19 Kt to Q R 3.
20 B to Q 3. 20 Kt to Q B 4.
21 Q to Q R 3. 21 Q to R 3.
22 B takes Kt. 22 R to K sq.
23 B to Q 3. 23 Q to Q 7.
24 P to K B 4. 24 R to K 7.
25 R to K Kt sq.
And Herr Steinitz resigned.

A Spartan going out with his countrymen to battle, and being very lame, the circumstance provoked the ridicule of his companions. "I came to fight—not to flee!" was the response of the limping hero.



## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ADA H.—In the event of the death of the Prince of Wales, his eldest son would be heir to the throne.

A. L.—Your friend is correct—the loftiest spire in England is that of Salisbury Cathedral which is 404 feet high; that of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, which you supposed to be the highest, is only 356 feet.

LIZZIE W.—We do not profess to be an authority on the subject, but we believe the popular notion is that yellow means jealousy and green forsaken. Shakespeare, however, says:

"O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on."

ETIQUETTE.—When comparative strangers of the opposite sex meet, the gentleman should always wait for the lady's recognition. This is a privilege which has been universally accorded to the fair sex.

A. L.—The Portuguese shook off the Spanish rule in 1640, and elected John Duke of Braganza their king.

M. L.—We regret to be obliged to decline your sketch.

BERICUS and CIVIS are thanked for their contributions to our Pastime column.

FELIX.—The English national debt amounts to about 800 millions pounds sterling, or roughly 4,000,000,000 dollars.

LIZZIE B.—Can procure in sheet form the song published in a late number, entitled: "The Nicest Kind of Croquet," at Mr. Prince's Music Store, Notre Dame Street.

J. E. D. A.—You are correct. Our proof-reader is responsible.

ARTIST.—We preserve the biographical sketch, but it may be some time before it appears, as our columns will be very much crowded for at least five weeks.

JOHN ENGLISH.—We regret that we have been compelled to withhold our usual instalment of "Brought to Light" from the past fortnight's issues. The story is resumed this week, and will be completed in four more numbers.

R. W. CHAMBERS.—Apply to C. T. Palsgrave, of the Montreal Type Foundry, who will either supply you with the description of Press you require from his stock, or will procure it for you from New York.

EMPEROR.—The Emperor of the French was born in Paris on the 20th April, 1808, and the Empress Eugenie, at Granada, on the 5th May, 1826.

J. C.—Your contribution is respectfully declined.

W. G.—The translation is in type, and may possibly appear in the present issue.

## MISCELLANEA.

Old memorials, says a London paper, that have had the good fortune to survive, in more or less poor condition, down to our own times, seem to be perishing. A cry of *Shame!* has been raised, at the condition into which Byron's tomb has fallen. Of Bunhill Fields burying ground we bear, and can back the testimony, that the Campo Santo of the Dissenters, where lie Bunyan, Defoe, Watts, and many other men of note, is abandoned to decay and wild cats. It is a perfect dissolution, within the circle of which the tombs are crumbling into ruin. The plain, erect stone marking the whereabouts of the dust of Defoe is nodding to its fall; and even the tomb of Bunyan, which was restored barely five years, is described as "shamefully defaced." This work of defacing begins early. A Correspondent of the *Times* states that "where bronzes or metals of any value are introduced into monuments, they invariably disappear in a short time."

An English working-man has invented a plan by which the action of a shower of rain is made to close an open window. The window, when opened, stretches two India rubber springs. These

springs are prevented from drawing the window down by means of a curved rod fixed outside the sash, the end of which works up and down in a tubular, bell-mouthed stand on the window-sill. A piece of loaf-sugar is inserted into the mouth of the stand, and the end of the rod is let down gently on it. The sugar prevents the rod descending in the tube, and of course keeps the window-sash up. As soon as it begins to rain, the bell-mouth of the tube collects the drops, the sugar is melted, and the sash is drawn up.

It is a beautiful custom in some Oriental lands to leave untouched the fruits that are shaken from the tree by the wind, these being regarded as sacred to the poor and the stranger.

LORD BROUGHAM, at the earnest desire of many friends, has consented to sit for his bust, to Mr. Adams of Rome. This artist is engaged on the statue of Mr. Gladstone for Liverpool.

THE HAPPY DISPATCH.—On the death of the Tycoon of Japan, says a letter from that country in the *Independence Belge*, ten high dignitaries demanded the unspeakable favor of being allowed to rip themselves up in honor of the deceased ruler. Five only were deemed worthy—the others not being sufficiently noble to receive it.

NEW APPLICATIONS OF INDIA RUBBER.—In France, whence enormous quantities of wine are exported, the time and material expended in packing the bottles are of immense value. An immense saving in this item has been effected by the use of India-rubber rings, which, placed round the bottles, prevent all jar, and, by keeping them apart, render breakage impossible. When the bottles are unpacked the rings are put aside for subsequent use.

A STRANGE STYLE OF DOING BUSINESS.—We learn from the *Saturday Review* that there has sprung up in Paris a company whose object is rather novel. It is called the *Magasins Reunis*, and is erecting enormous edifices for the sale of goods on a new principle. This principle is simple enough. "Buy, and your money will be returned." Your expenses of to-day will become your fortune in the future. But how, in the name of wonder? Well, you purchase something for five pounds, paying cash for it, and you receive an "obligation-warrant" from the company promising to repay you five pounds at some future date—possibly to-morrow, but certainly within fifty-nine years. The theory of course is that an article sold for five pounds will cost the company about three, and that the two pounds gained will fructify so as to meet the obligation-warrant some time or other.

An old writer says:—"When it is well with me, it is well with my wife; when it is well with my wife, it is well with the children; when it is well with the children, it is well with the servants; and when it is well with the servants, it is well with the parish."

THE QUEEN, it is said, has given her commands to Mr. Woodward to collect everything that illustrates the paintings, career, and personal character of Michael Angelo, in whom the Prince Consort took a deep interest.

EXPENSIVE MEALS.—Queen Elizabeth's daily diet for breakfast, dinner, and supper, cost £11; or, taking into consideration the altered value of money, something equivalent to £130!

CURIOUS EFFECT OF THE INCOMPRESSIBILITY OF WATER.—If a vessel is filled to a certain height with water, and in the centre is plunged a glass cylinder in such a way that a part of it shall be in and a part of it above the water, and a leaden ball is allowed to fall with sufficient velocity within it and along its axis, the glass will be cut horizontally where it touches the surface of the water, and will be broken in pieces longitudinally in the portion immersed in the water, while the portion above the water will merely be separated from the remainder. We are indebted for this experiment to the Baron Séguier. The principle illustrated by it has, in reality, been applied to blasting; since at Toulon and other French ports the charge is merely exploded in the water at a certain distance from the rock, and is not placed in an aperture bored in the rock for its reception.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE man who could not "trust his feelings," is supposed to do business strictly on the cash principle.

A MODERN physiologist notes the extraordinary fact, that at the dinner-table every time a man crooks his elbow his mouth opens.

DOUGLAS JERROLD says of a fruitful soil, that when tickled with a hoe it laughed a flower.

THE celebrated Sir Boyle Roche once made the following speech in the Irish Parliament:—"Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; but, mark me! I shall yet nip him in the bud!"

THE sieve through which the man strained every nerve, is for sale at cost price.

IT is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

"MARY," asked Charles, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

AT a shop window in the Strand appeared the following notice:—"Wanted, two apprentices, who will be treated as one of the family."

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS AND FRUITS.—The lilac in April—"Give me leave." The rose in June—"Well! I'm blown." The asparagus in July—"Cut and come again." Peas in August—"Shell out." The apple tree in September—"Go it, my pippins." The cabbage in December—"My heart's my own."

"How dat, Sambo? You says you was at de battle of Bull-Run, when I sees you at New York on de same night!" "Yes, Julius, you did for sartin. Yer see, our colonel says he, 'Boys, strike for yer country and yer homes! Well, some struck for der country, but dis chile he struck for home. Dat splains de matter, yer see!"

THE gentleman who borrowed an oyster-knife to open an account at his banker's with, is anxious to meet with a patent corkscrew to draw a cheque.

"JIM, I believe Sambo's got no truth in dat 'You don't know; dere's more truth in dat nigger dan all de rest on de plantation.'" "How do make dat?" "Why, he nebbber lets any out."

"OUR MUTUAL FRIEND."—Money.

OPPORTUNITIES, like eggs, must be hatched when they are fresh.

"You must go," as the wind said to the dust.

"I'll make a man of you," as the sculptor said to the marble.

Why is Brighton more aristocratic this year than last?—Because it has one Pier more.—*Punch*.

"Good blood will show itself," as the old lady said, when she contemplated the redness of her nose.

Of a man too prodigal of lampoons and verbal jokes Lamb said, threateningly, "I'll Lamp-pun him."

A philosopher, who married a vulgar but amiable girl, used to call his wife brown sugar, because, he said, she was sweet but unrefined.

A lady told her husband she read the *Art of Love* on purpose to be agreeable to him. "I would rather have love without art," replied he.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared an irate lawyer at an exasperating witness. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

A singing master, while teaching his pupils, was visited by a brother of the tuneful art. The visitor, observing that the chorister pitched his tune vocally, said, "Sir, do you use a pipe?"—"No, sir," replied Semibreve, with admirable gravity, "I chew!"

An American judge was renowned for his ferocity upon the bench. While going the circuit, a facetious lawyer was asked if the judge was not just behind? "I don't know," said the lawyer; "but if he is, I am sure he was never just before."