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# ILLUSTRATED SATURDAY EVENING READER

VOL. III.—No. 62.

FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10, 1866.

SEVEN CENTS.

## ST. JOHN, N. B.

THE city of St. John, New Brunswick, was founded in 1784, and is situated on a peninsula projecting into the harbour, at the mouth of the river of the same name. The general character of the ground on which it is built, as well as that in its vicinity, is rocky and uneven, but considerable pains have been taken to level the rugged surface, and adapt the streets to the commercial requirements of a busy and flourishing town.

St. John is well built, and, as approached from the river, has an imposing appearance. According to the census of 1861, it was the most populous city in the Maritime Provinces, having 27,317 inhabitants within its own limits; and if the population of Carleton, with which it is connected by a suspension bridge, is added, the population numbered 38,817. It will be the fourth city in size in the Confederacy, only

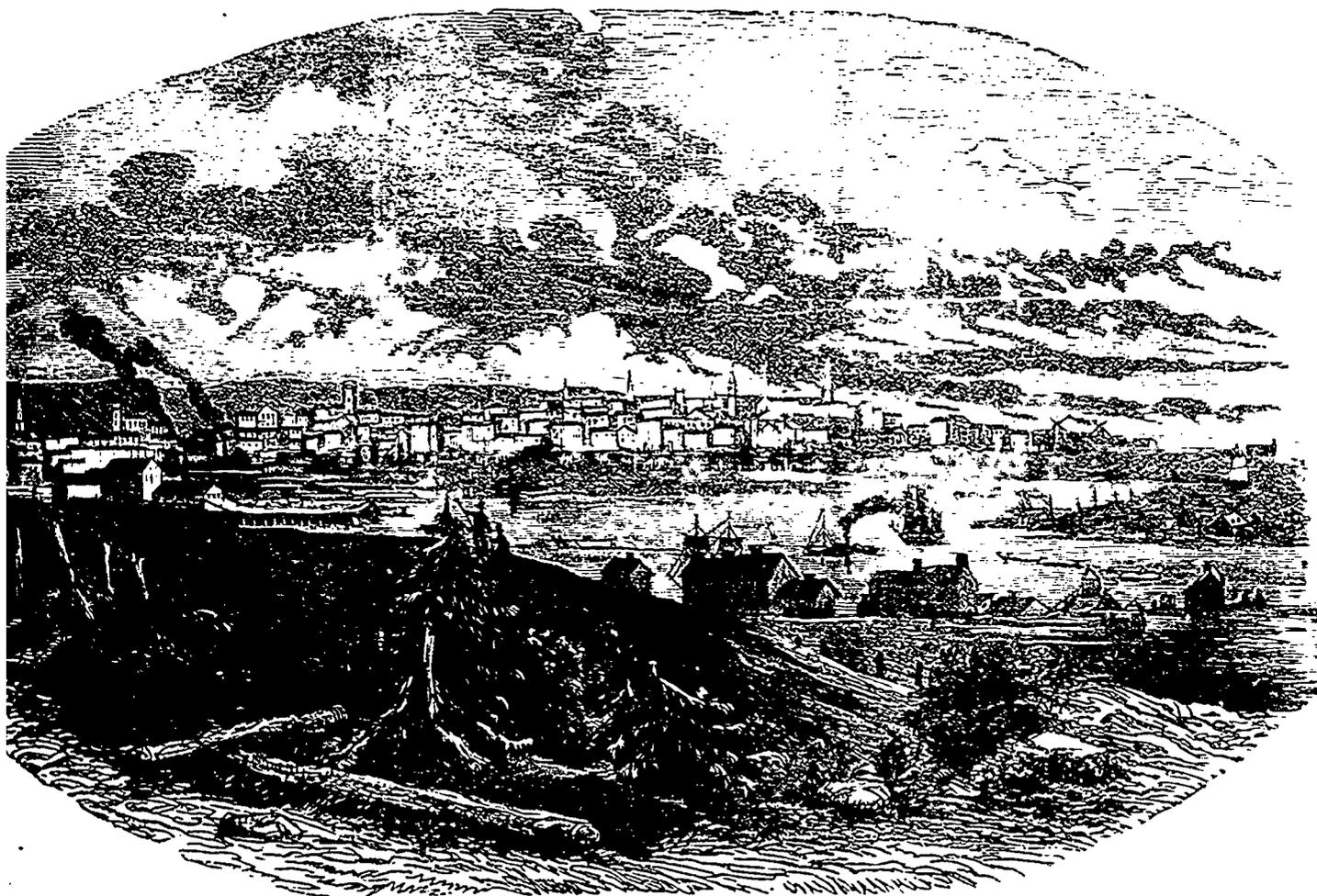
Montreal, Quebec and Toronto being larger. The trade of St. John is large and profitable. In 1862, 1644 vessels arrived at the port, and 1439 departed. The real and personal estate of the city is estimated at about \$16,000,000. It is the seat of the Provincial Penitentiary and Lunatic Asylum, which, with the Roman Catholic Cathedral, the Court House, Institute, and other buildings, add greatly to its appearance. The native population is by far the largest in numbers; the Irish coming next. In 1861 there were 16,924 natives, 6901 Irish, 954 English, and 681 Scotch. They were divided religiously as follows: Episcopalians 5966; Presbyterians 3345; Methodists 3511; Baptists 3177; and Roman Catholics 10,967.

St. John has not escaped the scourge to which our colonial cities have so frequently fallen a prey. It was visited, in 1837, by a very destructive fire, which destroyed one hundred and fifteen houses, and property to the value of one million dollars. It is true that these figures are small when compared with the results of the great fires

which have desolated Montreal and Quebec, but it must be borne in mind that in 1837 the total number of houses in St. John did not probably exceed nine hundred.

Ship-building and manufacturing are carried on at St. John extensively, and altogether it is quite an enterprising and prosperous city.

With the increased facilities for communication afforded by the line of steamers connecting with the Grand Trunk Railway at Portland, the commercial relations between Canada and St. John are becoming of a more intimate character. Already large orders for flour, butter, &c., have reached us from New Brunswick, which, in previous years, would have been forwarded to New York; and with Confederation accomplished, we may fairly hope to find, in our sister provinces, a market for all our surplus products. The city of St. John, with its capacious harbour, free from ice in the most severe winters, must largely benefit by the intimate commercial intercourse which we believe waits upon the political union of the British North American Provinces.



## THE CHEAP NEWSPAPER.

In resuming this subject from our last issue, we will speak first of

### THE MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT.

The work of putting the type together for the morning paper does not commence until four o'clock in the afternoon, when what is called the "night hands," or the printers who set up the paper, come, and without going into precise figures, we may say that upon each Montreal daily paper some forty persons are employed in the various departments, counting editorial staff, reporters, clerks, compositors, and machinists, not forgetting the occasional contributor, like your humble servant. The night hands, when they arrive find their wooden "cises" filled for them with type distributed from the morning's or previous morning's impression, by a number of printers called the "day hands," who begin work at 7 A.M., continuing till 6 P.M. As distributing type is a process from three to four times faster than setting it up, it of course does not require nearly as many hands to throw in the metal letter as to compose it into columns.

"Copy" is ready for the night hands the minute they arrive, swarming punctually into the office like so many bees. And no pile of bread and butter, cut up for hungry school-boys, could go down faster under their operations, than does that pile of reports, telegrams, reprints (or extracts from the English and Provincial papers) and correspondence prepared for them, which the foreman divides and dispenses among them. People cry out when they see an error in a daily paper; but if they saw the way all this miscellaneous intelligence is scattered over a whole office, like the fly sheets at the mouth of the Sybil's cave, they would rather wonder so much order from so much apparent confusion, could morning after morning spring. Sometimes, it is true, a baby (or a birth) will find itself prematurely amongst the marriages, or a newly-wedded couple start to discover the chronicle of their auspicious event, by an ill-omened accident, appearing in the list of deaths; but if you watched the multitudinous scraps of type being "emptied" or deposited by the compositors in quick succession from their "composing sticks," your marvel would be, not that there was now and then a trifling displacement when all was put together, and the forms and pages of the paper were placed upon the machine, to be worked off; but that each morning, the broad sheet, which you opened at your breakfast-table, did not prove the "Chronicle of Chaos." Yet all moves on regularly, silently, and I may say solemnly, during the long night in the large printing room; the proof passing on to the reader, whose low muttered examination of slip after slip with the copy-holder, you may just catch a faint sound of from the adjoining apartment.

About 9 P.M. the night hands are in need of refreshment; after that, they remain until the last of the latest intelligence—midnight telegrams—is in type, and all ranged together, to be rolled off by a different set of hands.

### THE REPORTING DEPARTMENT.

You have seen the mechanical side; but the literary, political and compiling processes have yet to be noticed. If the midnight hands are asleep when the ordinary public is beginning the day, the world is awake. The business of meetings and talking, and of the local courts, begins at 10 o'clock, and from that out until (it may be) midnight, the short-hand writers are abroad in the city, or, it may be, in the country, or back in their room writing out their reports for the sub-editor, who regulates their length according to the space at his disposal; and as the pressure upon each day differs with the number of meetings, inquests, "accidents by flood and field," terrible railway smashes, and crimes which occur, the local town councillor or post-prandial orator, finds himself curtailed or lengthened out accordingly. A murder of a peculiarly sensational character has thus often been

the death of a long orator, and city rhetoricians, when public "palavers" crowd too numerously together on the same day, elbow one another out of print, as a newspaper, like a quart bottle, will only contain a certain quantity. It is, however, a comfort to reflect that those who suffer most by the unavoidable abbreviations referred to are the orators, and my experience is that the reports could never be too long for the speakers, or too short for the readers. There is, or ought to be, a book kept in the reporter's room, in which the "engagements" of each day, as they are announced by advertisement or otherwise, are entered, the sub-editor allotting the work amongst the stenographic staff, so that each, on looking in the diary, sees "what he is down for," as the phrase is. Of course there are numerous other incidents daily and hourly occurring, in the city and out of the city, of which the world, or even the newspapers, have no intimation. Those who commit burglaries and slaughters, get drunk and assault the police, do not give the journals notice of their intentions. Destructive fires take place suddenly, the public and the reporters are both taken by surprise, "dreadful accidents" are rarely or never premeditated, so that the "living intelligencers" must be on the alert for them, as well as for more formal occurrences. Perhaps the reporter is going home towards midnight, after a hard day's work, when he is arrested by the sound of the fire-bells, or it may be the sudden cry of solitary or mingled voices, which Macbeth declared was even too much for his nerves—

The time has been my senses would have cooled,  
To hear a night-briek: and my fell of hair  
Would at a dismal treatise raise and stir,  
As life were in't.

All these alarms, however, which to others are so exciting, to the reporter simply means business, and sound on his ear as a summons to some sensational scrap of news. Or, perhaps, his last visit to the police stations—the last round usually made at night—may disclose a dreadful crime just committed, which causes the work of the night to recommence just as he hopes it was ended.

Two or three strangers were one day going over the establishment of one of our contemporaries, when they paused at the door of the reporter's room, when the greater part of the staff were at the table "writing out." One of the latter had a particularly grave and almost gloomy expression of countenance, which was noticed by one of the party, a lady. "What department," she whispered to the conductor, "is that sad-faced gentleman engaged in?" The conductor having a proclivity for a joke, and seeing a favourable opportunity for indulging in it, immediately answered, "That, madam, is the murder and manslaughter reporter: his is the sanguinary department, and the harrowing character of his work has fixed that chronic expression of horror which you observe in his face."

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady, quite satisfied and deeply interested. Then, pointing to another, with an anxious and alert, I might almost say, painfully intense look, she asked with bated breath, "And that gentleman with red hair; what is his speciality?"

"He is kept for fires and street robberies," was the reply, "and the expression which you notice is contracted from his always keeping his ears open for the sound of the "alarm bell" or "stop thief!"

The lady remembered reading in Lavater that the occupation of a person stamped itself upon the lineaments, and was convinced by "this curious but most remarkable instance of the confirmation of an ingenious theory."

### THE EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Besides the editor, there is the sub-editor, and sometimes an assistant-editor. The assistant-editor is usually the summary writer. He has to skim the English papers as they arrive, and keep himself *au courant* with the telegrams as they come in during the day and night, giving the hasty reader who likes the heads, and does not care to be hampered with the details of in-

telligence, the cream of the political, domestic and foreign news. He, however, is not always necessarily engaged in this, he may occasionally, too, be traced under the headings of "The Drama," "Music," and the "Fine Arts"—as fortunately in this city, not much patronized—Music being generally confined to vulgar minstrels (with the honourable exception of Colonel Fane's promenade concerts,) and the fine arts in the public exhibitions in the windows of Dawson Brother's and Pell's establishment, and a coloured photography from the studios of Henderson and Notman. True, there are at times the productions of important and celebrated artists, as Duncanson and Friend. The line of demarcation between the assistant-editor and the editor, too, is not so finely or tensely drawn as to prevent the two being mutually co-operative.

The editor, besides his other avocations, is the individual who conventionally bears the sins of the whole establishment. The public blame him for everything that goes wrong in the office or out of it, and he accepts the responsibility with charming resignation, though he is probably as innocent with the details of intelligence furnished, or of many effusions attributed to him, as the man in the moon. A sorer sharpship to him is, when, having finished a leader, and read his revise, he puts on his hat to go home, just as the telegram boy comes trotting into the office, and places in his hand a law-telegram, which upsets his leading article, or, what is the same thing, the calculations on which it was based, and compels him to begin again, or at least to undertake a severe revision. This is peculiarly the case in war times, when military commanders will suddenly, and at the last moment, win or lose battles, without the slightest consideration for the clever and convincing conjectures in which newspaper writers (like special correspondents) will frequently indulge. But there is an end to everything, and there is an end to each day's publication, when all engaged on it may go to bed; though unfortunately, one issue follows another so quickly, that if it were not for the pause of Sunday—or the interval of twenty-nine hours rest which it represents—I believe Beauport Luncheon Asylum would be filled with newspaper people, the almost ceaseless wear and tear of nerve and fibre being so very trying. If this paper serves to give the reader any idea of the labour employed to photograph passing events on a broad sheet of paper, to be placed each morning before them, it will have fulfilled its purpose. The Montrealers now get a larger sheet, containing more matter, for a penny, than our forefathers did for sixpence; and, strange to say, do not appear to be at all affected with remorse at taking so much for so little. Nay, more—grumble at there being nothing in the papers. One blushes for an ungrateful public.

## TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We have much pleasure in informing our friends and subscribers, that Mr. R. Worthington has purchased this journal from the creditors of the estate of the late publishers. As the sale is but just completed, as we go to press, we can merely add, that Mr. W.'s well known energy and enterprise are a sufficient guarantee that the business management of the SATURDAY READER will in future be in good hands.

## LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, October 18th.

Queen Victoria still remains in her beloved Highland retreat, from which, however, she emerged for one day in order to open the new works for supplying the city of Aberdeen with water. This she did literally by means of an arrangement of machinery which made the operation as easy as could be wished. On that occasion Her Majesty spoke in public for the first time since her husband's death, and I therefore send you her speech, which, though short, is suggestive enough. The Queen said:

I thank you for your dutiful address, and am very sensible of this fresh mark of the loyal attachment of my neighbours the people of Aberdeen. I have felt that at a time when the attention of the country has been so anxiously directed to the state of the public health it was right that I should make an exertion to testify my sense of the importance of a work so well calculated as this is to promote the health and comfort of your ancient city."

It is in such actions as these that royalty does its best work. Her Majesty's presence at Aberdeen, and still more her words there, will do much towards stimulating the present urgent demand for that which shall be literally the "pure" element.

There is a paper published in Switzerland called the *Gazette de Lausanne* which has been hoeing the private life of Queen Victoria in a style calculated to attract unusual attention. Such attention it has received from the Hon. E. A. Harris, our minister at Berne, who represented the case to the Swiss government. The latest news is that the editor has apologised, and the matter allowed to drop. It would have been wiser to have taken no notice of the *Gazette de Lausanne*, a paper never heard of out of its own immediate locality. The nature of the libel has not transpired, and it is scarcely worth while to enquire for it.

Still keeping on the subject of royalty, let me observe that a fruitful topic for discussion of late has been the health of the French Emperor. There are those who swear that he is in a bad way, and there are those who vow that he is enjoying perfect health. They cannot both be right, and so we are puzzled what to think upon the matter.

The general opinion of Paris is reflected by the *Times* correspondent who maintains that the Emperor's life is seriously threatened by his disease; while on the other hand he of the *Telegraph* a "jolly dog," who affects to be intimate with society in general and every body in particular, laughs at the idea, and protests that his imperial friend is in excellent health. I am inclined to think with the pessimists to a certain extent. A public rumor, with so much vitality as this one has, must possess some foundation in fact. It will be a *mauvais quart d'heure*, however, when Napoleon does "shuffle off this mortal coil," and the strong hand and steady brain leaves the helm of that ill-trimmed ship *La Belle France*.

The trade outrage at Sheffield, to which I alluded last week, has excited unusual attention as well it might. The government and the town have taken the matter up promptly, as the following extract from a Sheffield paper will show:

"The offer of £500 for information respecting the perpetrators of the late diabolical trade outrage in New Hereford street, Sheffield, has failed to bring the perpetrators to justice. It has now been determined to increase the reward to £1100, and this large reward ought to have the effect desired. £1000 is offered on the part of the town, and £100 by Government; and the Secretary of State will advise her Majesty to grant a free pardon to any accomplice, not being the actual perpetrator of the deed, who will give satisfactory information to the police."

Since the occurrence threatening letters have been received by some of the masters who have just introduced file grinding machines into their establishments to do work formerly done by hand. Here is an extract from one of those choice effusions. "The blasted place of yours ought to be blod up, I should like to do it myself, I wish I had the chance, and warm that devil of an engine tenter of yours." What think you, Mr. Editor, of such elegance? Last week the Rev. Newman Hall, a dissenting clergyman of mark and renown went down to Sheffield, and called the workmen around him. They came in crowds, to hear some very plain speaking. I send you some of it on the principle that "what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander." There may be Englishmen in Canada to whom the advice will be as salutary as to Englishmen in England. This outspoken truth-teller used words to the following effect:

"He thought that working men had a perfect

right to demand whatever wages they could get, to combine to get those wages, and to strike if they could not get them. (Great applause.) If he went into Mr. Rodgers's saleroom and offered 5s. for a knife which was worth, in the opinion of the seller 6s., the latter would "strike" for that amount, and refuse to part with the knife for less, and be perfectly justified in doing so. The working men had time, and muscle, and labour, and skill to sell, and they had the right to demand their price, and to combine together and say they would not work for less than a stated sum per day. If the employer offered less, they could say, "We shan't accept, and we will go home, and read our paper, and enjoy ourselves. (Laughter.) The working man had clearly as great a right to stand out for a certain price for his labour as the capitalist had to demand one for his goods. (Hear, hear.) But there was another side to the picture. Suppose a man were to go to another and say, "I have been working for six shillings a day, and I want seven, I want you to join me in refusing to work for less than seven," and if the other man were to reply, "I trust my employer, who says he can't afford to give more at present, I have a wife and children, and if I were to lose my work my wife and children would be in difficulties. I don't feel disposed to do as you ask, but you can do it if you like, but I shall go on working." Supposing the first replies, "Very well a number of us will combine together, we will drive you from the works, and if you persist in it, we will blow up your house!" That was tyranny. (Great applause.) If the tyranny of the men who had never professed to care for freedom was a despicable thing, the tyranny of those who were always denouncing tyranny and crying out for liberty, was so despicable, that he could find no word in the English language strong enough to express it. (Renewed cheering.) Out upon such despotism! Let the working men deliver themselves from the shackles of their own class."

Would that the working classes always had such wise counsellors.

We have had another grand reform demonstration, the last and well-nigh the greatest of those gatherings which have redeemed the dull season from absolute stagnation. This time it was the smoky commercial metropolis of Scotland—Glasgow, that "pronounced." There was a procession of some 70,000 working men; and afterwards an open air meeting attended by 150,000 persons. Mr. Bright spoke at the evening meeting as usual, and delivered an oration which, for downright eloquence and force, has rarely been surpassed. The peroration especially was a masterpiece of art. I cannot better describe to you what the great popular orator is than by using the words of Garth.

"Whene'er he speaks, Heaven, how the listening  
Dwell on the molting music of his tongue;  
His arguments are the emblems of his mien  
Mild, but not faint, and forcing though serene:  
And when the power of eloquence he'd try  
Hero lightning strikes you—there soft breezes sigh."

Talking of reform, Mr. Editor, if report be true you need one in your "high places" of a peculiar character. There is some talk here of sending over half a dozen of our most eloquent teetotallers, supplied with a stock of best arguments, with a view to the conversion from the worship of Bacchus of some among your cabinet ministers. The cause of this is a statement to the effect that the late Fenian invasion caught the official most concerned to meet it, in a state of unbecoming jollification and more disposed to cry. "Al'right m'boy, let's ave 'noth'r bottl'" (than to shout "To arms." We ought not to fling stones, because we live in a glass house ourselves, but this news has surprised us somewhat. We thought the "three-bottle men" were an extinct species.

Now for a "mysterious affair," duly tragic in character. Some years ago there lived in London a young Turkish student of medicine called Risk Allah Effendi. This gentleman being handsome and agreeable was received into "society," and finally married a rich widow. Shortly after, the lady died leaving her husband the greater portion of her wealth, the remainder going to a young lad, a relative of her former husband, on

his attaining his majority. Risk Allah took this young man to Turkey, but eventually they turn up at Brussels, where, it was said the latter committed suicide. An enquiry took place and the Turk was arrested, but for want of evidence discharged in a few days. From Brussels he went to Paris, where he published a history of his life and adventures, afterwards he reappeared in London. But meanwhile the Belgian police had not forgotten him, and managed somehow to get hold of a letter from his Turkish servant which led to a demand by the Belgian minister here for his arrest and extradition. He now awaits trial in a Brussels prison. A grim romance is wrapped up in this little history which I would commend to Miss Braddon of Lady Audley fame.

The publishing season has now set in, and I will close my letter with one or two items of gossip thereon. Lord Lytton, then, is writing a new play. May it prove worthy the author of "The Lady of Lyons." Tennyson and Browning are each busy on a new poem, and Miss Lott, late a governess in the Palais of Egypt's establishment promises us "Nights in the Harem." W. Carew Hazlitt is preparing a new edition of the "Works and Letters of Charles Lamb," and Mr. S. Adams Leo is editing two volumes of sonnets, collected by Leigh Hunt. Mr. Swinburne, too, the young poet, whose sensuous muse got the better of his judgment is about to bring out "A Parley with my Critics." Mr. J. A. St. John has a life of Sir Walter Raleigh in hand, and Mrs. S. C. Hall promises a Christmas fairy tale, called "The Prince of the Fair Family." These are a few selections out of many, for of the making of books there is now no end.

## BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 118.

CHAPTER XXVII.—JOHN ENGLISH TELLS THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

"Once upon a time," began John, "there was a young man who knew neither his name nor his age, nor where he was born. But I had better drop the story-telling style, and say what I have got to say in my own fashion—My earliest recollections, which are very faint, and very vague, carry me back, as in a dream, to a stately and beautiful home, where everybody is kind to me. I seem to see myself, a very wee fellow indeed, richly dressed, cantering on a pony down a long avenue of trees, and then I am inside a magnificent room, and a lady in rustling silk is beside me, who speaks to me in a soft silvery voice. I fancy she is trying to persuade me to take some physic; but I don't like her, in spite of her honeyed words; and then, all at once, I am in a dreadful room with barred windows, and great wooden, high-backed chairs, and a huge, funeral-looking bed, to which a faint odour of dead people seems to cling—a bed that becomes absolutely horrible as the afternoon deepens. Something whispers to me that behind that shroud-like drape a skeleton is hidden, which will put forth its bony hand in the middle of the night, and clutch me by the hair; and the conviction at length works so powerfully upon me, that I rush to the door, and shriek aloud to be let out; but nobody heeds me, and I fancy that I go off into some kind of a fit, and am ill for many days afterwards.

"Next I am on the sea, and still ill, but in a different way, and am waited upon, off and on, by a lame, ugly man and his shrewish-looking wife, who call themselves my uncle and aunt; but I repudiate the relationship in a childish, obstinate way that makes the lame man snarl and growl, and threaten with an oath to fling me overboard. We seem to be a long time on that dreary sea; but we land at last on a bustling wharf, where I feel more insignificant and miserable than before. Next come scenes, like portions of a moving panorama, in a strange country, as we move slowly forward to our new home, which is in a wretched little American country town. I will

not inflict upon you any detail of the miserable life led by me during the next five or six years. The man with whom I lived, and whose name was Jeremiah Kreefe, was a surgeon by profession, and might, no doubt, have done well had he not been such a drunken, dissolute fellow. He never seemed to hate, and his treatment of me corresponded with the intensity of his dislike. In his drunken fits, he made a point of thrashing me furiously, with or without provocation, till, after a time, I grew too wary for him, and kept out of his reach till he was sober again. But even that did not always save me. That I was headstrong and obstinate, and had a wilful temper of my own, I do not doubt; but in any case, I cannot think that I deserved such cruel treatment at his hands. I have a grateful recollection of his wife having saved me from his clutches on two or three occasions; ordinarily, she was a coarse, sharp-tempered woman enough, with a hand that seemed ever ready to give me a sly box on the ears. After a time, I was sent to school, and there another cane was at work, beating knowledge into me perforce, and a very painful process found it to be.

"The hatred of Jeremiah Kreefe seemed to deepen as I grew older, indeed, the feeling was a mutual one. Sometimes, when he was in his cups, and so far gone as to be incapable of pursuit, I would take my revenge by jerking at him, and calling him names, and setting him at defiance generally. He would snarl and foam at the mouth like a caged hyena, and sling anything at my head that came readiest to his hand, while I performed a sort of impish war-dance round him, and snapped my fingers contemptuously in his face. Had I gone within reach of his muscular arm at such a time, I feel sure that he would have killed me outright. That seemed to annoy him more than anything else when he was sober was my stubborn refusal to address him as my "uncle." Nothing that he said or did could induce me to do this. I defied alike his threats and his promises. I did more than that—I told it up and down the little town that he was not my uncle, and when people asked me who my parents were, I said I didn't know, but that Dr. Kreefe knew, and they had better ask him. And I believe—but how I came to know it, I cannot tell—that the minister and one or two other gentlemen did ask him certain questions, which he found it rather difficult to answer, and I think it likely that the devilish scheme which his evil brain presently hatched resulted from his alarm at being thus cross-questioned.

"Early one bitterly cold morning—as nearly as I can tell, I was about nine years old at the time—Kreefe rode up to the door, mounted on a strong gray horse, and I was told that he was going a long journey, and that I was to accompany him. He seized me roughly by the shoulder, and swung me up behind him, and passed a strong strap round both our waists, and told me to hold tight, if I didn't want to slip off and be smashed. Thus, at break of day, we rode together through the sleepy little town, and Kreefe's wife, standing in the doorway, looked after us with a white, frightened face. Once on the hard, rough, country roads, we rode more quickly—rode all through the short winter-day, stopping now and then for refreshments, or to bait our horse, and then forward again, till, as night came on, we left the last squatter's clearing behind us—as in a dream, I heard some one tell Kreefe this—and so came out on to a great rolling prairie, lighted up by the rays of the full moon. I had grown terribly weary long before this, and had fallen into a sort of half-sleep, without losing all consciousness of where I was, and was only saved from falling by the belt round my waist. A more angry jerk than usual roused me up occasionally, and it was at one of these times that I caught my first glimpse of the prairie. But I was too far gone to heed even that, and was soon lost in dream-land again. I have a sort of half-consciousness of hearing a number of strange voices, and of being lifted off the horse, and laid down on something soft near a huge fire, but I have no distinct recollection of anything more till I awoke some time the following morning, to find

myself surrounded by strange faces, and to be told that I should never see my tyrant again.

"And I never did see Kreefe again—a loss which did not grieve me. I found myself a member of a squatter's family that was moving westward, to occupy a choice tract of land which had been won by one of the sons in a raffle. The father, the chief of this strange brood, was a rude, rough-and-tumble old fellow, by no means bad-hearted, in his own peculiar way, who had lived all his life on the outskirts of civilisation, and who was equally ready for a tussle with a grizzly bear or a skirmish with the Indians. The sons were true chips of the old block—free, rollicking young giants while they were among friends, but merciless and cruel as death when their darker passions were roused. The mother was dead, two unmarried daughters, and the wife of the eldest son, comprised the fairer portion of the family—rough, ignorant, kind-hearted, passionate souls, who did their best to spoil the parentless lad thrown so strangely among them. I think there can be no doubt that Kreefe bribed the old squatter to take me with him into the wilderness, and so lose sight of an eyesore and danger for ever, and waken still further the last frail thread which bound me in memory to a former happy life beyond the sea. The surgeon's name was never mentioned among us, I was quite willing to forget him, and the squatter had probably his own reasons for silence on the matter.

"Among this wild brood I lived, in everything like one of themselves, till I was eighteen years old. I learned how to use the axe, and clear the forest, how to ride, shoot, swim, and hunt; how to track my way across wilderness and prairie by signs known only to the red man and the hunter, and I grew up as tall, as strong, and almost as much a savage as the young giants, my foster-brothers. I lived a contented, careless, day-to-day sort of life, happy in the present, and indifferent alike to the future and the past—not that the past was forgotten, for my memory was tenacious, and carried with it many recollections of my earlier life, but I looked back upon that time with very languid interest, as though it had belonged to quite a different person from myself.

"In one respect, and in one only, was I treated in any way differently from the rest of the family. Twice every year, in the spring and the fall, the old man, accompanied by two of his three sons, all dressed in their gayest apparel, and riding their best horses, would set out for the nearest town, there to make certain indispensable household purchases, but I was never allowed to be of the party on such occasions. I think if the old man had taken me with him only once, I should have come back quite contented; but he will not do so, and I determined to outwit him the first opportunity. A chance offered itself at last. The old man was laid up with sickness, for the first time in his life, at the same time that the eldest son was confined to his house through an accident, and as the visit to the town could be no longer delayed, it was decided that the two youngest lads should go alone. Half an hour after their departure, I quietly saddled a horse, and started after them. I overtook them a few miles away, and we rode on gaily together, laughing to think how riled "Dad" would be when he heard of my escapade.

"While wandering about the town, all eyes and ears, I accidentally heard that the commandant of a government exploring expedition, who had halted there for a day with his camp, was in want of a few good hunters to accompany him across the prairies. Here was an opening that suited well with my budding ambition, and thirst for a wider range of experience than would ever be mine while I stayed with the old squatter. I went, on the spur of the moment, and volunteered my services, and was at once accepted. I bade farewell to my foster-brothers, sent a kindly message to the old folk at home, and set out next morning with my new comrades, as blithe and bold as the best of them. Then followed two years of wild adventure, of which it is not needful that I should speak further at present; and then came a great

change. One day, while wandering about at some distance from the camp in quest of game, I thought I heard the growling of a bear; and parting the brushwood cautiously, I advanced in the direction of the sound. The growls became louder and more menacing, and a few yards brought me to a small opening among the trees, in the centre of which a man in a hunter's dress was endeavouring to keep a huge bear at bay with the butt-end of his gun; but before I could interfere in any way, the monster, with a stroke of his paw, sent the gun spinning through the air, and next moment rushed open-mouthed on its assailant. That minute was the last of its life.

"The stranger whom I had so providentially rescued proved to be a wealthy English gentleman named Felix, who was travelling for pleasure, and from an innate love of adventure. He had been visiting among some tribes of friendly Indians, and his little encampment was only a mile or two away. Mr. Felix was more than ordinarily grateful for the service I had done him. He took a great liking to me; and a few days later, he visited the commandant of the expedition, and, by means best known to himself, obtained my release, and carried me away with him; and from that day till he died I never left him. The squatter's name was Yarnold, and I had been known as Jack Yarnold, but when Mr. Felix heard my history, he said: "You are no Yankee, but a genuine son of the old country; and till we find out your real name, you shall be called John English," and that is how I came by the name I still bear. Even after so long a time, I had not quite forgotten the scraps of knowledge which had been flogged into me when a lad at school; I could still read and write, though those processes were both difficult and painful. But now that the opportunity was offered me, I set to work with all the energy of which I was capable to remedy the neglect of years, and to fill up the gap which lay between myself and men of even ordinary education, of the presence of which I became painfully conscious from the moment we left the wilderness behind us, and came into the busy haunts of men. A few months later, we sailed for Europe. We spent a winter in Italy, and then went to France. A year in Paris sufficed to give me a tolerable acquaintance with the French language. It was the intention of Mr. Felix to have gone thence to London, but a pulmonary complaint, to which he had been more or less subject since his youth, set in with increased violence, and he was ordered back to Italy without delay, but it was too late, and six months after that, my kind patron was no more. His death was the greatest loss my life has ever known. I was not forgotten in his will.

"Mr. Felix and I, among other things, had dabbled as amateurs in photography; and when, after his death, I cast about for some means of earning a living, I determined to adopt seriously as my profession what I had hitherto followed merely for pleasure. I obtained an introduction to a well-known Parisian firm, and the examples of work which I submitted for their inspection were considered so satisfactory that an engagement was at once offered me, and the following two years were spent by me chiefly in Rome and Florence, photographing the most celebrated architectural features of both cities. At the end of that time, I accepted a more lucrative engagement for a London house, which brought me to this country for the first time since I was taken away as a child: and here I am."

The little cuckoo-clock in the corner struck five as John English ceased speaking. Jane Garrod, with her apron thrown over her head, sat gazing silently into the glowing embers. It was quite dark outside by this time, but the room itself was filled with a sort of ruddy gloaming from the decaying fire—a warm colouring that brought into strong relief the pale handsome face of the wounded man, and the worn, sharply-cut features of the station-master's wife. John, looking out into the darkness, saw the express-train, with its blood-red, Cyclopean eye, burst suddenly out of the tunnel, and watched it as it came swiftly on, breathing flame and smoke, and marking its

progress with free largess of fiery cinders. Its wild defiant shriek seemed to break up Jane's reverie.

"You have not told me all," she said, turning on John abruptly.

"What have I left unsaid?"

"You have not told me anything that has happened to you since you came to Normansford. You have not told me how it is that you know Miss Spencelaugh so well; nor why an active, busy, young gentleman like you has lingered so long in such a little out-of-the-way spot as this."

"I will tell you everything," said John. So he began and told her all that had happened to him since his arrival in Monkshire—all save his love for Frederica; but there was no need for him to speak of that; it was a story known to Jane Garrod without the telling. He told her of his recognition of the portrait of Jeremiah Kreefe, and of Mrs. Winch's strange behaviour; he told her of the note intended for Lady Spencelaugh, sent to Cliff Cottage in mistake, and of his sudden dismissal from Belair the day following the landlady's return home; he told her all that he had gathered from Mr. Edwin, and of Mrs. Winch's prevarication under his cross-questioning. "And now that you know everything," he finished, by saying, "you, in your turn, must tell me why you were so startled by seeing me that night at the station. I have waited patiently to learn this for what has seemed to me a very long time. I can wait no longer."

"I was startled by the strong likeness I saw in you to some person whom I knew many, many years ago," said Jane.

"Now that you know me better, do you still see that likeness as strongly as ever?"

"I do—I do."

"Who was that person whom I resemble so strongly?"

Jane Garrod did not speak, but burst into tears, and fell on her knees by the side of John, and kissed his hand, and called him "her darling, her own dear boy."

Amazed, and almost ready to think that she had gone crazed, John stood up, and taking Jane gently by the arms, raised her from the ground. Her straining eyes scanned his features eagerly. "That face, and the mark on his arm," she muttered, "were enough to tell me who he was, without anything more."

"Who am I, then?" asked John breathlessly. "You kill me by keeping me in this suspense!"

"You are," she said—and then she stopped, for just at that moment she heard her husband's beg-pardon cough, and heavy footstep on the gravel outside. John seized her by the gown. "In Heaven's name, speak! Who am I?" he said. She turned, and putting her head close to his, whispered a sentence in his ear which sent all the blood to his heart, and left him for a short time without power either to speak or move. Next minute, Abel Garrod, stalwart, ruddy, entered the room, bringing with him a waft of keen wintry air, and the dying fire leaped up for an instant, as if to welcome him.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—AT PEVSEY BAY.

Jane Garrod went up to Belair the day after that on which John English had told her the story of his life; she went up specially to see Miss Spencelaugh; but on reaching the Hall, she found that Frederica had been summoned away by telegraph a few hours before, to visit an old school-friend who was lying dangerously ill; and as Sir Philip was so far recovered that no immediate danger was apprehended, she had obeyed the summons without delay. Jane Garrod went back home intensely disappointed.

Three days later, John's doctor said: "We are getting on nicely, but slowly. We want change of air; a more bracing climate. We want ozone. We must go to the sea-side for a few weeks. Say to Pevsey Bay. Only twenty miles away. Warm, but invigorating. I will give you a prescription to take with you, and will run over to see you once a week, for the present."

So John English went to Pevsey Bay, and took up his quarters at Hammock's boarding-

house, where Jane Garrod had engaged rooms for him. Jane herself, after staying with him for a couple of days, and seeing that his comforts were properly attended to, was obliged to leave him, and go back to her home duties; but made a point of going over by rail twice a week to see how he was progressing. Both by her and John, Miss Spencelaugh's return was impatiently awaited.

Pevsey Bay, even during the height of its little "season," was not a very lively place, but as it generally contrived to feather its nest pretty comfortably during the summer and autumn, it was wisely content to hibernate through the cold dead months that came after. John was literally the only visitor in the little place, and it was only natural that Mrs. Hammock should waken up gleefully from her state of wintry emptiness to welcome this stray bird of passage, and exert herself to retain him in a way that she would have scorned to do during the busy season, when she and Hammock were obliged to sleep in a damp pantry, so overcrowded were they with visitors; and their eldest boy had to be stowed away on a snug shelf in the coal-cellar.

But it mattered nothing to John English whether Pevsey Bay were lively or dull, he had enough to occupy his mind just then in brooding over Jane Garrod's strange revelation. Jane and he had many conversations together on the all-important topic, after that memorable afternoon on which the station-master's wife had whispered a certain brief sentence in his ear. The incomplete story of each—for Jane also had a story to tell, which we shall hear in its proper place—when added one to the other, formed a whole, which yet had several serious gaps in it; but now that the story, so strangely pieced together, came to be analysed and commented upon again and again, little bits, previously unthought of or forgotten, were added one by one; each intending to elucidate some point that had seemed obscure before, or to bring into stronger relief some fact hitherto only partially known. Still, they both decided that no active steps could be taken till Miss Spencelaugh should return home; the interests involved were so many and so serious, and the baronet's health was so feeble, that the heiress of Belair naturally came into their minds as the one who must be first consulted; besides which, there was a family secret in the case, which it would not do to reveal to strangers until further counsel should have been sought and given.

John gathered strength daily; but with returning health came a desire to be up and doing: the state of inaction to which he was condemned galled his ardent spirit like a chain. He could not bend his mind just yet to reading or study; and to beguile some of the hours that flagged so wearily in the stagnation of the little town, he drew up a *précis* or abstract of his case, for the information of Miss Spencelaugh; beginning with the earliest facts of his personal history that were either remembered by himself or had been made known to him by others, and so setting down one fact after another, in order of time, till he had brought his statement up almost to the date of his writing. He re-wrote and remodelled his first rough draft four times before he was satisfied with his work; and next time Jane visited him, the important document was placed in her hands for delivery to Frederica, so soon as the latter should return. The next wet day sent John to his desk again. Nearly a week had passed since he had finished his statement, and in reading over his copy of it this morning, it struck him, after so long an absence, with an air of strangeness, and he saw far more clearly than he had ever done before, how weak his case was, in a legal point of view, how many important links were still wanting to it; and how easily, for want of such links, any clever practitioner would tear it to rags in a court of law. Considering these things seriously, John English came to a sudden resolution—he had always been impulsive and headstrong—which he determined to put into practice without further delay.

Later on, the same day, he walked up to the station, to make some inquiries respecting the

trains. He was just leaving the office, when the bell rung for the arrival of the down express, and—with the indolent curiosity of a convalescent who has no better employment for his time than that of looker-on—he lingered to watch it. Now, Pevsey Bay is a junction-station, and passengers for Normansford, Kingthorpe, and other neighbouring hamlets, have here to change carriages, and not unfrequently to wait at patience for an odd hour or two, pending the arrival of the branch-train. Among the passengers who alighted at Pevsey Bay Station, on this particular afternoon, was one whom John English's keen glance at once singled out from the crowd, and from that moment he had eyes for none other.

"It is the lady of my dreams!" he murmured to himself. "What happy chance has brought her hither?"

His heart beat so painfully for a minute or two that he could not move; and before he was able to stir a step, Frederica's gaze, drawn by Love's cunning magnetism, was fixed on his white intense face and hungry eyes—rested there an instant with a sort of doubting, pained surprise, only to melt next moment into a look of glad recognition. They both blushed as they drew near each other, but for a little while neither of them could speak, for Frederica's eyes were full of tears by this time; and John, after the fashion of little boys when they go into strange company, seemed suddenly to have lost his tongue. But their hands met in a long silent pressure, that told more than many words could have done.

"Why don't you offer me your arm, sir?" said Frederica with an April smile; "For I mean to monopolise you till the next train comes up. Can't you guess why? I want to hear all about your strange adventure on Inchmallow, and about the recent attempt on your life. Merely a woman's odious curiosity—nothing more."

"But you are getting better—I can see that," said Frederica, when John had done what he could to satisfy her curiosity; "and I hope to see you soon at Belair. I got the portfolio of photographs you so kindly sent me; and I have more commissions for you than I can remember just now, so you must make haste and get well, or I shall have to give them to some one else. Does not my threat frighten you?"

John declared that he was not in the least frightened; and then he added that he should have much pleasure in waiting on Miss Spencelaugh so soon as his health should be sufficiently restored to enable him to attend to business; but he said nothing about the resolution he had arrived at only that morning, neither did he make any mention of the manuscript which he had intrusted into Jane Garrod's hands for delivery to Miss Spencelaugh. After that, the conversation seemed to languish a little, but I don't think that either of them felt inclined on that account to say to the other, "How dull you are;" for Cupid is never more dangerous, never more bent on tying a true lover's knot, than no mortal fingers can unloose, than when he has least to say for himself.

By and by came Frederica's train; farewells were spoken; and John English walked back to his lodgings more confirmed than before to carry out his morning's resolution.

Hammock's boarding-house was managed by Mrs. Hammock, who, in common with others of her tribe at Pevsey Bay, would have contrived to do very comfortably at the expense of the migratory horde who flocked thither during the "season," had not her laudable efforts been utterly frustrated by an idle, incorrigible dog of a husband, who demanded to be kept "like a gentleman" out of the proceeds of the establishment. Mr. Ferdinand C. Hammock—tall, sandy, with high cheek-bones, a ragged moustache, and a quasimilitary swagger, the son of a bankrupt riding-school master—neither could nor would work; he never had worked, and it was not likely that, at his time of life, he was going to degrade himself by doing anything towards earning his own living. So Mrs. H. struggled, and slaved, and scraped at home, while my lord swaggered about the little place as though he were the sole proprietor of it; and

had good clothes and good dinners; and looked down contemptuously on his wife's lodgers, and on his wife too, if the truth must be told; and was never without a crown-piece in his pocket wherewith to make merry of an evening at the *Golden Anchor*. But this pleasant state of affairs had consequences, one of which was that the rent had perforce been allowed to fall into arrear, so that three half-years were due at the time John English took up his quarters in the establishment. Mr. Dilwood, the landlord, was a forbearing man; but patience has its limits, and of late he had been pressing Mrs. Hammock rather hardly to clear off some portion at least of what was owing. But that hard-working person's little hoard had melted through the fingers of her improvident husband till but very few golden pieces were left, hardly sufficient, in fact, to meet the small, unavoidable expenses arising from day to day during the months that yet remained before the first summer visitor would make his appearance. As for paying the rent—the prospect was an utterly hopeless one; and Mrs. Hammock had finally been obliged to intimate to her husband that it was Mr. Dilwood's intention to put a man in possession, and that bankruptcy stared them in the face. So Hammock went moodily about the little town, brooding over the dark prospect before him, and pulling his ragged moustache more than ever, and only brightening up into a forced merriment when he found himself among a knot of congenial souls in the bar parlour of the *Golden Anchor*.

John English's departure from the little station house at Kingsthorpe had been witnessed by unseen eyes; and twenty-four hours had not passed after his arrival at Pevsey Bay, before Brackenridge, under the friendly shade of evening, was quietly reconnoitering the new territory. A few cautious inquiries at shops in the immediate neighbourhood of Hammock's followed his survey of the premises, and then he went home by the last train in high spirits.

One consequence of the chemist's visit to the little watering-place took the shape of a lawyer's letter, received by Mrs. Hammock the following day, in which she was told that unless twelve out of the eighteen months' rent due should be paid within three weeks, further proceedings would at once be taken. The secret of this was that Mr. Dilwood was an old acquaintance of Brackenridge, and under some small obligation to him, and a word from the chemist was sufficient to induce him to "put on the screw," as the latter termed it, in the form of an attorney's letter. Next day, at dusk, Brackenridge strolled into the little watering-place; and later on, when the usual circle met at the *Golden Anchor*, there he was, an affable stranger, ready to stand treat for anybody, and greatly interested in all the news of the place. He seemed to take quite a liking to the raffish, shabby-genteel Hammock; and after a time, when the company had thinned somewhat, he contrived to seat himself next to him. Hammock's moodiness had melted by this time before the genial influence of the compounds purveyed at the *Golden Anchor*, and the chemist found him quite ready to drink any quantity of brandy-and-water at any one else's expense, and to declaim loquaciously on everything connected with Pevsey Bay, his own private affairs excepted. But it was to his own private affairs that the chemist wished to bring him; seeing, therefore, how he shied at the subject whenever it was introduced, even in the most delicate way, Brackenridge decided that a rougher method of treatment must at once be brought to bear; so, at the close of the evening, they went out together, arm-in-arm, and smoking their cigars, wandered down to the jetty to have a last whiff together before parting. Now was Brackenridge's opportunity. "Rather dull here in winter, eh?" said the chemist.

"A wfully slow work," said Hammock sententially.

"Let me see. I think I have been told that you keep a boarding-house, or something of that kind. Is it so?"

"Why—yes—that house on the Parade there. My wife manages the business. One must live, you know, eh?"

"Just so; as well make a living that way as any other. Rents rather high in these parts, I suppose?"

"Why—hum—yes, rather high for houses in good positions."

"Ah, well, the profits you make during the season will easily stand it. Come, now, you contrive to net something handsome every year, don't you?"

"People don't do that sort of thing for nothing; it ain't likely. But really, we are getting to talk about matters that——"

"Then, if the profits are so large," said the chemist, interrupting his new friend, "how does it happen, Mr. Hammock, that you are eighteen months in arrear with your rent?"

Hammock's cigar dropped from between his lips, and he fell back a step or two in sheer amazement. "How the devil!"—he began, and then he stopped.

"Mr. Dilwood is a friend of mine," said Brackenridge quietly; "he mentioned to me the other day, as a matter of business, that he was about to sell you up, and that he had already got another tenant in view of your house. Such little accidents will happen now and then, you know."

Hammock was wiping his hot palms nervously with his handkerchief. The idea of his approximate ruin had never been brought so vividly before him, and his craven heart shuddered at the prospect. He at length broke the silence with a volley of frightful oaths, to which the chemist listened with exemplary patience. When he had done, Brackenridge said quietly: "A bad mess, certainly, for any fellow to be in. But there seems to me one way by which you may squeeze out of it."

"Curse you! what are you driving at?" said the other sullenly.

"Listen to me attentively," resumed the chemist. "There is a gentleman staying at your house just now, Mr. John English by name," and then he took Hammock by the button, and drew him closer, and whispered earnestly in his ear for ten minutes, at the end of which time the two men walked back arm-in-arm towards the town. At the corner of the Parade, they stopped to bid each other good night. "Now, you thoroughly understand what I want?" said the chemist interrogatively. "You will send me a daily report of your lodger's doings—how he spends his time, who comes to see him, and where he goes when he walks out; but, above all, you will arrange that all letters written by him shall pass through my hands before being posted."

"I understand," said Hammock sulkily. "The post-office is right at the other end of the town, and my lad Jack always takes Mr. English's letters for him. Jack will do anything for a cigar, and never peach after. The young rascal is only eleven, and he has learned to smoke already."

"Do what I ask you to do, said Brackenridge, "and I will engage that Dilwood shall never trouble you again about the back-rent."

Jane Garrod, on her next visit to Pevsey Bay, was thunderstruck to find that John English had left his lodgings on the previous day, and gone away, no one knew whither. Had he left no letter, no message for her? she anxiously asked. Neither one nor the other. Mr. English had written a letter, Jack said, which he, Jack, had taken to the post-office; but it was addressed to some gent. in London; and Jack having volunteered this information, turned round and winked to himself, and muttered "Walker!"—Mr. English had paid his bill, and had left by the 2.40 P.M. train, adieu Hammock, and had booked himself through to London. Beyond that, they knew nothing as to the intentions or movements of their late lodger. Jane, wondering more than ever, and suspecting some treachery, went herself to the station, and there ascertained that Hammock's statement was true. After this, there was nothing left for her but to go back home. Surely John would write in a day or two, and with this scrap of hope she was fain to comfort herself, in the midst of her surprise at his unaccountable disappearance.

To be continued.

## CHILDHOOD.

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name, receiveth me."—MATTHEW XVIII. 6.

How we cherish and adore them—

Little children;  
For the light that goes before them—  
Little children;

For the want of worldly traces  
In their frank and fearless faces,  
For their gift of untaught graces—  
Little children.

How we watch their solemn seemings—

Little children;  
And the quaintness of their dreamings—  
Little children;  
When the black skies break with thunder.  
How we mark their mortal wonder,  
Their immortal awe that's under—  
Little children.

How we love their fervent fashions

Little children;  
Candid pains, and quick compassions—  
Little children;

How we love the love that's in them,  
Love the love that did begin them,  
Love our youth's new birth within them—  
Little children.

They are life's fair-showing poem

Little children,  
They are God's own faultless poem—  
Little children:

Let us honour them and heed them,  
Let us reverently read them,  
Keep and guard—He knows we need them—  
Little children.

For their guileless eyes pursue us—

Little children;  
And they soothe us and subdue us—  
Little children;

By their lack of lower heaven,  
By their tender touch of Heaven,  
By Christ's blessing to them given—  
Little children.

Hold us backward in the bright time—

Little children;  
Help us forward through the night-time—  
Little children.

Thou, O God, in manhood send us  
More of child-like heart to mend us,  
Make us most, Lord, when we end us,  
Little children. H. A. D.

## THE SILVER WATCH.

"FOUR oranges, Charley, and a bunch of grapes, the nicest you can buy. I'm afraid we cannot afford the port wine Dr. Baker has ordered for poor Frank."

Ellen Granger's young brother looked wistfully up in her face as she spoke. It was a fair, delicate face, although rather pale, with soft blue eyes, shadowed with long lashes of brownish gold, and bright chestnut curls hanging round its oval outline, like a drapery of sunshine. The deep, intense crimson of her lips supplied the wanting touch of colour in the face that was so Madonna-like in its sad, sweet repose, while the perfectly modelled features gave you the unconscious impression that Ellen Granger would always be beautiful.

"Ellen," said the boy, with a sort of quiet resolution, "I am going to sell my silver watch that papa gave me the spring before he died."

"No, Charley, I don't like to have you do that. We'll try and get on without."

"Why not, Ellen? You have sold all your things, even down to the little locket Captain Leshe gave you, that you thought so much of. Ah, young lady, you needn't blush," added the boy, mischievously standing on tiptoe to look into his sister's eyes. "You were a goose, Ellen, to quarrel with Robert Leslie, and he was a still greater goose to go off in a tangent to France, and marry that foreign girl out of the convent. But I suppose it is too late to lecture you now. What I meant to say was, that is isn't

fair for you to make all the sacrifices, and me none. So I'll just make the best bargain I can for the watch, and Frank shall have his port wine, after all."

Ellen Granger looked after her brother with a gentle regretful little sigh, as the sound of his departing footsteps died away on the uncarpeted hall below. She was rather young—this girl of twenty-two—to be the sole guardian and protectress of the two orphaned brothers; and this narrow suite of rooms in an obscure lodging-house was not a pleasant exchange for the stone mansion that had always been her home previous to her father's bankruptcy and death.

"Life is a strange, sad riddle—when shall we read its solution?" mused Ellen Granger to herself.

And as she sat by Frank's bedside, stitching mechanically away at the delicate embroidery that was to help pay their rent, her fancies instinctively wandered back to the sweet old times—oh, how long ago they seemed now!—when she had been Robert Leslie's affianced love, and the shadow of his great tenderness encircled her whole life.

With a quick, sudden movement she dashed away the bright drops that fell upon the silken fabric she was ornamenting.

"Four years ago—is it only four years?" she murmured, under her breath. "I wonder if he ever remembers his old love. Poor Robert. I think he would pity me a little, if only for the sake of old times, could he see me now. Perhaps he is happy. I know that I am miserable."

And so Ellen Granger worked patiently on, and thought—alas, how sadly! of what might have been.

"I think you might give me more than two pounds for this watch. It is a very good one, and has hardly been in use a few months."

Charley Granger looked down at the despised silver timepiece as he spoke. To him it had always seemed a priceless treasure; and it was almost like desecration to see the watchmaker handle it so contemptuously.

"I dare say," said the man, indifferently; "but you see it's a little old-fashioned, and only a second-hand affair at best, and I really can't make you any better offer."

Charley looked down at his watch, with a suppressed sigh.

"Give me the money, then," he said, adding, paternally, "Frank must have the wine; and after all, I don't need the watch so very much. Two pounds is a good deal of money—at least, it takes Ellen a long while to earn it at her needle. Oh, I wish I wore a man, to work for her!"

He put the money into his pocket, as these thoughts passed through his mind.

And so it happened that Charley Granger, with the bottle of rich coloured port wine under his arm, and the little paper packet of oranges and grapes in his other hand, came to be crossing the street, just as a foaming pair of fiery greys shot round the corner.

"Take care, boy!"

"Stand back, young fellow!"

The warning echoed from a dozen voices. Charley, confused and bewildered, sprang back, but he was too late. One of the shafts struck him on the shoulder, throwing him almost directly under the wheels.

A great flash of light seemed to dazzle his eyes, a humming sound filled his ears, and then he became unconscious for a few seconds.

When he recovered his senses once more, he was lying among the purple velvet cushions of the handsome open phaeton that had been the cause of his mishap, with his dizzy head resting on the broad shoulder of a bronzed and bearded gentleman, while the coachman bent over him, trying to loosen his cravat.

"He's better now, sir—he's opening his eyes," said the man, eagerly, as he met Charley's vague, puzzled gaze.

"That's well," said the gentleman. "How do you feel now, my boy?"

"I am better," said Charley, with a boy's disinclination to confess the whirling of his head and the dull, agonizing pain in his left arm.

"Better? Then well must be a tolerably bad state of things," rejoined his companion. "My boy, I think your arm is broken."

"Oh, take care, sir!" cried Charley, instinctively recoiling from the gentle touch that sought to fathom the extent of his injuries.

"It hurts, eh? I thought so. John, drive to Dr. Warnell's. You're not afraid to have it set, are you?" he added, turning to Charley.

And Charley said "No," with a great, doubtful throb at his heart.

The setting was a long and painful operation; but our little hero bore it like a man, and was only a trifle paler when he re-entered the carriage, at his companion's urgent desire.

"And now, my boy, tell us where you live," said the stranger.

Charley hesitated, and coloured—there were two very good reasons why he did not care to divulge the secret of his residence. One was, that neither street nor locality were what real estate agents call "highly desirable;" the other was, that, in spite of the heavy brown beard and the ronzed glow of the rich complexion, Charley thought he had seen the strange gentleman before.

"I—I think I can walk home, sir; I am not much hurt," said Charley. "Please don't let me detain you any longer."

For he thought within himself that Ellen would not be pleased if he were to bring Captain Leslie to the obscurity of her poverty-stricken home note.

"What is your name?" demanded Leslie, looking kindly into the boy's eyes.

"I would rather not tell you, sir," said Charley, stoutly.

Leslie laughed.

"Upon my word, you are a spirited little chap. At all events, however, you must give me your address—I certainly shall not leave you, except at your own door."

"Indeed, sir, I would rather walk."

"Indeed, my boy, you shall do no such thing. Where is the place?"

Charley Granger saw the quiet determination in Captain Leslie's face, and mentally decided that it was of no use to resist.

"It is No. 29, Claypole Street," he said, feeling the blood rise to his temples as he named the squalid locality.

"Drive to No. 29, Claypole Street, John," said Captain Leslie, quietly; and John, with an imperceptible elevation of his aristocratic nose, obeyed.

Ellen Granger was beginning to wonder why her little brother did not come home. The neighbouring church clock had struck five—the fire was burning cheerily in the grate—and the shadows of the chill autumnal evening were beginning to gather over the roofs and chimneys, which were the only prospect she commanded from the bed-room window.

"It is certainly time Charley was back," said restless Frank, from his bed.

"Yes, it is," said Ellen, uneasily. "If you won't feel lonesome, Frank, I'll just go down to the door and see if he is coming."

"Go," said Frank; and Ellen, throwing a light shawl over her shoulders, hastened down the stairs, feeling as if any movement, however slight, were better than a state of quiescence.

The spirited grey horses were just being checked at the door as she came to the threshold:—Ellen gave a little terrified shriek as she saw her brother's pale face in the carriage.

"He isn't hurt much, miss," said the coachman, divining instinctively the relationship between brother and sister. "The arm is set, and—"

"Indeed, I am not hurt, Ellen," said Charley, springing out of the carriage into her arms, and forgetting, at the sight of her speechless terror, all his doubts and annoyances.

But Ellen, weak and worn, was not capable of enduring two shocks at once; and as her dilated eyes met Captain Leslie's recognising gaze, she fainted there on the threshold.

When life and volition came back to her, she was in her own room, with Charley, busily arranging the pillows under her head, and Robert Leslie kneeling beside her.

"Don't try to talk, Ellen," he said, gently. "My poor little one! what miseries you have endured!"

And Ellen turned away her face with a dim fancy that it was very wrong of her to feel such a thrill of joy at the tender tones that sounded on her ear.

"He is married—he is nothing more to me!" she kept repeating to herself. And when Robert Leslie pressed her hand so closely and long before he went away, Ellen felt almost guilty.

"I may come again to-morrow, Ellen?"

"Yes," she faltered; and then wondered if it would not have been wiser had she said "No."

"I know all about him, Ellen," said eager Charley, pressing close to his sister's side, when Captain Leslie had driven away. "The French girl is dead—the girl he married out of the convent; she died two years ago."

"How do you know?" said Ellen, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"He told me so himself, when they were deluging you with eau-de-Cologne; he said he had spent the two years since his wife's death in travelling on the continent and in the Holy Land; and that was the reason he knew nothing about the troubles we had had. "Oh, Ellen, I shouldn't wonder if—something happened!"

"Hush, Charley! how can you talk such nonsense!" said Ellen, with cheeks that looked as if two crimson lamps had been lighted behind the transparent skin. "Don't jump about the floor so—you will certainly hurt your arm."

"It is so hard to keep still when all sorts of things are coming into a fellow's head," said Charley, as he went to Frank's bedside to tell him "just how he felt" when the horses' hoofs were ringing on the pavement close to his head.

Robert Leslie came again "to-morrow," according to the permission granted him; and that "to-morrow" was the turning-point to Ellen Granger's life. Before he went away, she had promised one day to take the place of the poor young French girl who was lying under the daisies at Pere la Chaise, with wreaths of immortelles on her tombstone.

"I suppose we were very happy," said Leslie—"at least, she was very gentle, and I tried my best to be a good husband to her; but I never loved her as I love you, Ellen. My dearest, I think the springtime of life is coming back to us both."

And Ellen, blushing softly under the tender light of his lover-eyes, thought so too.

"Wasn't it lucky that your horses knocked me over, Robert?" said Charley, enthusiastically, bursting into the whispered cadences of conversation. "After all, Ellen, it's the old silver watch that has done it all!"

Ellen remembered her own despairing words spoken so short a while before, and thought she had found the solution to life's riddle at last.

## WE WERE ONLY COUSINS, YOU KNOW?

NELLY and I have laugh'd and chaff'd

Since childhood, long ago;  
Our smiles, our tears, were the same for years—  
We were only cousins, you know!

I left her a boy: when I came back a man  
She was lovely in youth's first glow;  
I whisper'd, she blush'd, but the matter was hush'd—  
We were only cousins, you know!

She wore on her finger one delicate ring:  
It was I who placed it so;  
Softly and sweetly my song she would sing—  
We were only cousins, you know!

We parted; 'twas but for a few short years  
And I begg'd she would never forego—  
Her faithful vows; she promised in tears—  
We were only cousins, you know!

I return'd;—a plain ring of shining gold  
Deck'd her tiny hand of snow:  
And she laugh'd when I spoke of the days of old—  
We were only cousins, you know!

\* SHYLIE BAWN.

Words by Mrs. CRAWFORD

Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.

ANDANTE

AFFETTUOSO.

Shy - lie Bawn! my mountain maid! When roam - ing far a way from thee, On pur - ple heath, or path - less glade, Thy  
 Shy - lie Bawn! Gen sunbeams fade, And ev'ning sha - dows round me fall I seek some low - ly cab - in's shade Or

love - ly smiles come back to me I see thee mid the blooming flow'rs That spring to kiss thy  
 tune my harp in cas - tie hall Oh! then thy dar - ling i - mago brings Tho spell that wakes its

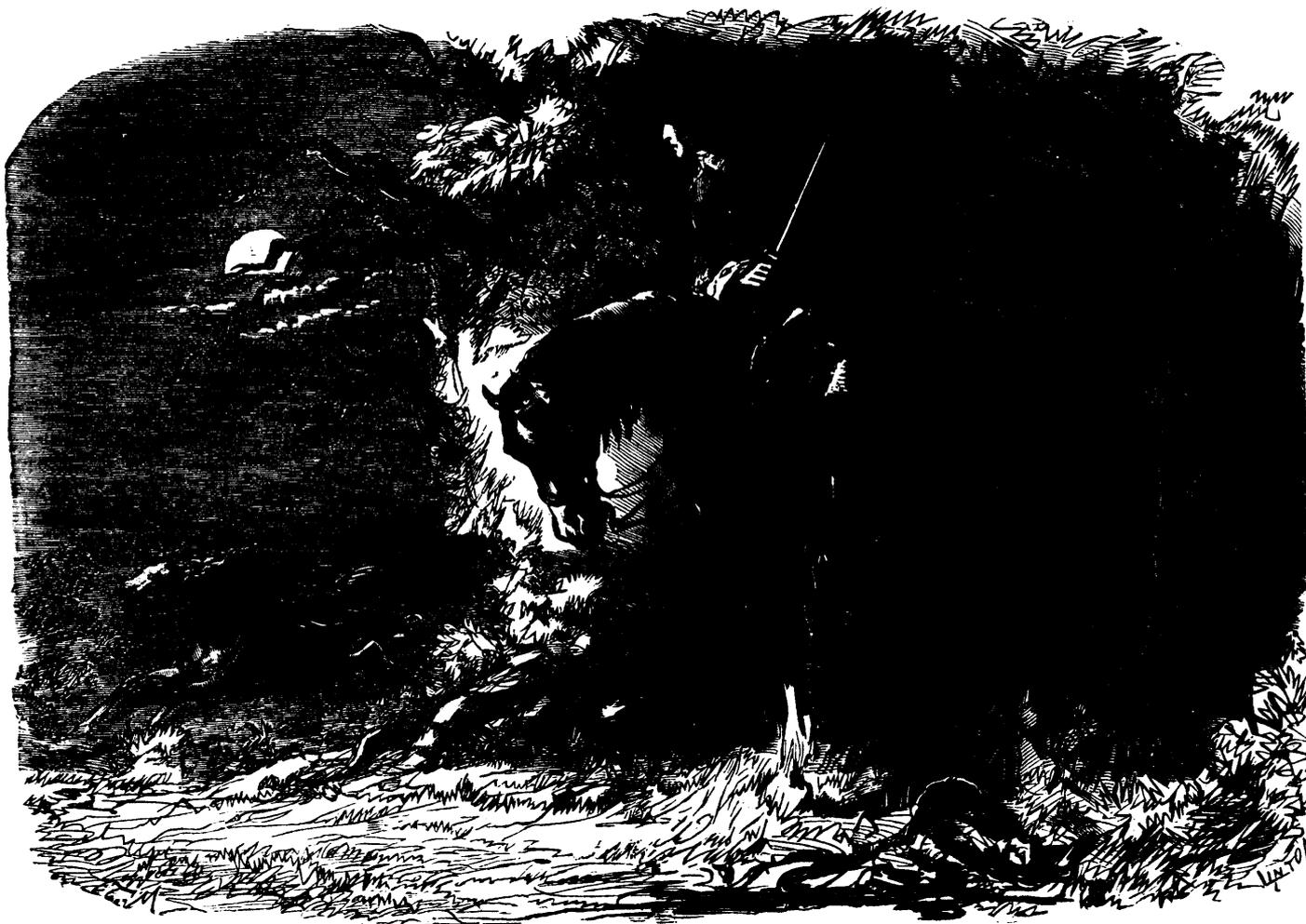
fai ry feet, While fan - cy wakes in lone - ly bow'rs, The e - choes of thy voice so sweet.....! Shy - lie Bawn!  
 sweet - est lays, While flut - ting o'er the bounding strings, Love whis - pers tales of hap - py days!.....! Shy - lie Bawn!

*cresce rall. a tempo.*

Shy - lie Bawn! The echoes of thy voice so sweet!  
 Shy - lie Bawn! The echoes of thy voice so sweet!

*rall. a tempo.*

• In English Fair Julia.



The Dark Lady of the Grange.

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 141.)

The merchant and the maid servant withdrew, and when they were gone, and the door had been closed after them, Lady Hermia began to pace rapidly up and down the room; but presently stopped, looked up, stamped unconsciously with one foot—seemed to strive determinedly, by slight artifices of that kind, to stave off the coming storm. But it could not be staved off. It grew, and blackened, and big drops began to fall; and at last her hand went, with a passionate gesture, to her face, and her head dropped; and then she tasted once more all the intensity of the grief, the disappointment, the despair, natural to the heart of such a woman, who saw, after all her long period of sadness, that had not been quite destitute of hope, that there really *was* no hope—that her unknown husband was going to be known to all the world but her, and known by deeds, she thought, desperately evil, and leading to an end that could only be the scaffold!

The maid fortunately did not return soon. Lady Hermia had time to recover her equanimity, and to rid herself of the traces on her cheeks.

She sat down by the little table where the merchant had displayed his gems. There was an extraordinarily beautiful little antique vase of ivory and silver standing upon it. A scrap of paper lay in, almost covering the mouth of the vase. Lady Hermia's glance no sooner fell upon it, than she divined it had been left by the stranger—a leaf torn out of that note-book in

which she had fancied he had been making mere business memoranda.

She took the paper, and found written on it in pencil these words;—

The price of this diamond, which seems to meet Lady Hermia's approbation, shall be made known to her. Till then, the writer begs to leave it in her ladyship's hands, in the hope that the price will not be so heavy as the *agent* has been obliged to ask.

"Where was the diamond?"

Lady Hermia turned up the vase, and the diamond—one of large size and extreme beauty, of the finest water, and absolutely destitute even of the suggestion of a flaw—rolled out.

The merchant had dropped it there! Surely the strangest of merchants!

While Lady Hermia gazes on this diamond almost lovingly—even while there is also in her breast a consciousness that she may have to return it rather than pay a price impossible for her to pay without the knowledge of her father—she hears a great clamour in the neighbouring court-yard.

She goes, in alarm, hurriedly along a corridor till she reaches a window, through which she can look into the court. She sees there many of the servants collected, some with arms in their hands, and she sees horses being brought forward.

In breathless anxiety she opens the casement to listen. Two of the retainers are talking just below.

"It must be a queer job! I'm told to mind the powder's good, and to keep an eye to my bullets, that I don't forget it!"

"Ay, ay, I guess what its all about, though mum's the word."

"What!"

"I heard in a whisper a certain name mentioned; that explains all."

"What name! Can't you speak out?"

"Yes, and get my windpipe slit for my pains. However, if you must know, we're off on a rebel hunt."

"Ay, bully-boy, and the rebel's Lord Langton!"

In an instant Lady Hermia is back to her own place, and flying distractedly across the room, not knowing what she is going to do or whither to go, but the cry is in her heart at last—

"Oh, my husband! Is it thee? Ought I not to have known it sooner, when I saw thou would'st not sell me thy diamonds? And art thou gone?"

"Oh, my own husband! Now in the very jaws of death!"

### CHAPTER XXXIII. WHO WAS THE INFORMER!

Scarce half-an-hour had elapsed after the departure of the diamond merchant, before Seager burst into Lady Hermia's presence, crying excitedly—

"Oh, my lady, my lady!"

"What is the matter!"

"Oh, my lady!"

"Seager, restrain yourself. What is the matter?"

"Oh, your ladyship, there are spies in the castle!"

"Spies! What on earth can you mean?"

"Oh, I am sure of it. We are watched, my lady."

"*We!* Seager, leave the room, and send some one who can speak a few plain, common-sense words of explanation, if you cannot do it yourself. Again I demand from you, what is the matter?"

"Oh, my lady, but I *was* so shocked—so excited! Some one must have been watching—

must have been prepared long ago to watch; and that wretch, whoever he is, has told my lord, your father, that a stranger has been admitted to audience with you, and been with you a long time."

"Indeed! Are you sure of this?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, my lady. And though they are doing everything as secretly as possible, I have discovered, through Shrubsole, that men armed, and horses, are fast getting ready—Shrubsole himself is one—and that the earl and Sir Charles are both going with them in pursuit."

"Do they not know he is a mere diamond merchant?"

"I cannot say, my lady; but if they do know it, I am very sure they don't believe it. Oh, my lady, blood will be shed. And whose blood!"

"Ay, Seager, whose blood? Who can answer that? Seager, come here. Nay, look me in the face. Can I—can your unhappy mistress trust you?"

"Oh, my dear, sweet mistress, if you would! If only you would!"

"I will. You have guessed or discovered my secret relation with Lord Langton?"

"Forgive me, my lady, for saying—Yes!"

"I do forgive you. I know not how you discovered it, nor does it matter, if only you are true to me."

"True as steel! True to the death will I be, believe me, my dear and honoured lady."

"Very well. Do you suspect this diamond merchant to be—be—anything but what he professes?"

"Oh, it—it—it must be—your ladyship's husband! I suspected him the moment he came into the room. No diamond merchant ever walked, looked, spoke, or bore himself like him; and did it all, too, before one of the most beautiful and one of the proudest ladies in the land! Oh, my lady, is he not indeed a handsome, noble, stately gentleman?"

"If it be he, I—I— But, merciful heaven! why do we stand here, like two weak, miserable women, talking, while his life is in danger? In danger? Oh, that word is weak. He will be dead—slaughtered ruthlessly—within the next hour, Seager, if we do not save him!"

"We! We! What does your ladyship mean?"

"Seager, now heed me—obey me—dispute nothing with me; think only, with all the power of your intellect, and all your native subtlety of sex, how to execute the instructions I will give you. Can you do it? Are you calm?"

"I can; I will! Only, please, give a minute or two, for I was so agitated."

"Sit down. Obey! Drink this glass of wine! Now—have you courage?"

"Yes, my lady, I think so."

"And now, do you feel quiet—able to think—able to look steadily at difficulties, knowing that you have me by your side?"

"Oh, yes, my lady; you shame one into something like sense and spirit, and—"

"Calmness?"

"Yes, yes; that's coming at last. I am ready, quite ready, my lady, to do whatever you bid me."

"These horses you tell me of; you have not heard any leave the castle yet, have you?"

"I think not, my lady."

"Very well. Now for your woman's wit and resolution. I must have two of the very best of those horses, and a trustworthy man to ride one of them. How is that to be accomplished?"

"Would Shrubsole do?"

"Can he ride?"

"Very well."

"And is devoted to you."

"He pretends so, my lady."

"And, therefore, will be devoted to me for your sake?"

"If he doesn't do all we want, I'll never speak to him again—I mean as—as a friend—so long as I live."

"Run, then, while I prepare myself. I will be ready within five minutes at the outside. Seager, Seager, his life is now a question of minutes!"

"I think I know how it is to be managed, my lady."

"No words, then. Come back here the instant you learn whether this arrangement will work; for if not, I must take far more desperate measures."

The waiting-woman paused, looking as if she wanted to say something, yet found it impossible to do so, then turned to go, and again turned; and then, with a cry of anguish, ran to Lady Hermia, fell on her knees before her, clasping her robe, and crying, amid a torrent of passionate tears—

"Oh, my lady, I must tell you, and try whether you can forgive me! It is I who have been the shameful instrument of this calamity."

"You!" said the Lady Hermia, in wonder, indignation, and alarm.

"Oh, yes, yes! I did it thoughtlessly at first. It was Earnshaw, the earl's valet, who persuaded me to keep a watch on all your movements, and especially on anybody getting to see you. Well, my lady, I was frightened when Shrubsole told me of the diamond merchant, for I had half repented of my promise—my, treachery to you; but—but—"

"You did tell him?" demanded the Lady Hermia.

"Yes, yes; but oh, my lady, I have so bitterly repented, and I have come to you now in time; and you spoke to me so sweetly, so confidently, I was obliged to see my own wickedness. And now, if you will only trust me, you shall find me devoted in life and in death—you shall, indeed!"

"Rise, Seager, and tell me: did you not say something like this a little while ago, even while you were betraying me?"

"No, no, no, my lady! I meant it then, as I mean it now; and I was trying then to tell you what I have since told you."

"Is that so?"

"It is, indeed and indeed, my lady!"

"Certainly, I did think there was a true woman's voice in you, Seager, then."

"There was and is; oh, believe me!"

"Very well. Take, then, my full trust once more—my fullest trust; and then betray me if you can!"

Away then went the speakers in different directions, and the sixth minute had only just passed when both re-entered—the Lady Hermia in her riding habit—a dark blue, with dark hat and feathers—and Seager full of glad excitement.

"Oh, my lady, Shrubsole says that if you are now ready, and will come to the outside of the court-yard, he will venture out before the other man, leading the earl's own horse—for he has had to get ready, like the rest, to ride, and the earl's horse has been given to him to hold. Yes, my lady, he will come out, pretending to think he heard the signal; and then, he says, if you order him to go with you, he shall consider that is just the same as if the earl himself had been there, and spoken, and so he means to say afterwards."

"That is good. Come, then, Seager. See me off, and guard me, if you can, from all eyes till I am mounted; then I will guard myself! But the route, Seager—the route?"

"Oh, Shrubsole knows all they know; so, if they are on the right track, you will be so too; and you will overtake the—the merchant first. If they are wrong, then we shall be wrong too, and not come across him, which won't matter."

"Keep watch for me till I return, whatever time of the night it may be. It is an awful business, this on which I adventure. Pray for me! Pray for your unhappy lady! Hark! Oh, God—they are off! Yes; I hear the clatter of many feet. The whole troop is gone, and I am left here defenceless. Have I—have I—murdered him—my own dear husband—by bringing him here to see me, for that, no doubt, is what he came for? My senses are leaving me! It is I, now, who must be calm. Calm! Oh, God, tell me, I beseech thee, where I may look for succour in this my extremity! Quick, Seager; learn, if thou canst, which way they have gone, while I collect my senses. Quick!"

## CHAPTER XXXIV. THE DARK LADY OF THE GRANGE.

It was only too true that the earl had come out sooner than Shrubsole had anticipated him, had ordered the gates to be thrown open, and given the word for a rapid and general departure.

The earl himself led the van, having on his right Sir Charles Mordaunt, and on his left his own confidential body-servant or valet, whom he had signed to take that position while the pursuit went on.

It was soon clear what this seeming familiarity meant. The earl began to discourse with him in under-tones, carefully modulated to the difficulties of the ride, and so kept down that Sir Charles could hear nothing of what passed.

"Earnshaw."

"Yes, my lord?"

"Is there any suspicion of you on account of this officer?"

"Not the slightest, my lord. I have so managed matters that no less than two of my fellow servants are supposed by the rest to have given the information."

"Guard your secret: for if you do not, there is an end to your position. I do not mean that if you fail, I will not still befriend you; but if you succeed, your future is in your own hands."

"I will succeed, my lord, if I have the chance."

"You say the stranger professed to be a diamond merchant?"

"Yes, my lord."

"And you think he is not? Why?"

"Shrubsole, my lord, is a great ass; and though he thinks he tells nothing, he has told me all. Everything he knows goes to Seager, and everything she knows comes to me. I found the stranger had given him half-a-crown to begin with, in thanks for a refusal to let him see the gardens; then a guinea, for leave to roam about in them alone."

"The rascal! I'll have him flogged, and sent off to join a press-gang!"

"Pardon me, my lord. My only chance of fulfilling my duty to you is, that no one of my fellow servants gets any injury for conduct that might even remotely be attributed to me. While no one's hurt, strange things may pass unchallenged; but if the servants find now one of them stricken, then another, and no visible reason why, the place will be too hot to hold me; for already, while they do not suspect me, they know and are rather inclined to be jealous of the favour they fancy your lordship shows me."

"Earnshaw, you are a wise man—fit for better things. You shall have your chance, remember that; not only now, but, if you acquit yourself rightly, afterwards in a different sphere."

"My lord, it would be impossible for you to offer me anything I more care for than that which you have just said. I do believe, my lord, I have a brain and a hand at your lordship's service, faithful, and yet—"

"And yet not to too scrupulous, eh?"

"And not too scrupulous, except in devotion to my patron's interest."

"Are we not now nearing the place where we ought to come upon him?" demanded the earl, arresting alike the conversation and the familiarity, when it had reached the right point.

"Not till we reach the other side of this moor, I fancy, my lord. He must have had a horse, or we should have already seen or heard something of him, for I have sent no less than four scouts out, and I see they are all hovering near, and showing that they have discovered nothing."

"And if he is horsed?"

"Then, my lord, I calculate that, if he went moderately fast to take possession of his horse, and then went at a good pace afterwards, he may about reach the other side of the moor. But he may, on a matter of life and death, get even further, and then we shall be less sure of him."

"On! Faster! On!" shouted the earl, and the whole party spurred furiously, and the sound of the galloping horses sounded terrible and ominous in the wild, weird-looking night.

As they thus swept along the earl had a strange fancy. He thought he saw or felt—for

he could scarcely distinguish between the two sorts of perception—a swift shadowy something pass by on the right, not far off.

The very whiff of the shadowy something seemed to reach him in the pulsations of the atmosphere; and the earl, though cured, as he fancied, of all superstitious notions, could not help a certain something unpleasant creeping over him.

With an effort of will, however, he challenged the idle fancy—dismissed it—and lo, it was gone!

Presently Sir Charles, who had been riding along in a strangely thoughtful mood, as if not very much admiring the business in hand, to make away with the husband of the woman he wanted to marry, said to the earl in a low voice—

“My lord.”

“Yes, Sir Charles?”

“Do you see anything on our left, a little in advance?”

“No.”

“Did you see nothing pass there just before I spoke?”

“On the left, you say?”

“Yes.”

“I did not,” said the wondering earl, but keeping to himself the fact that he had seen something on the right.

“Strange!” said Sir Charles. “It was an optical delusion, I suppose; and yet—”

There he relapsed into silence.

Earnshaw had dropped back among the other men when his master had cased to address him. He now spurred his horse in order to regain his former position, for still the furious gallop went on, and said—

“My lord, pardon me telling you a stupid thing on the part of the men. It’s passing all round among them that the Dark Lady is forth to-night, and that before midnight some of them will be lying stark and still, as has always happened, they say, on one of her visits.”

“Pooh, the fools! Tell them to look out and catch her! Ten guineas for the man that does. By heavens! there is something! Earnshaw, did you see that?”

“I did, my lord. Hadn’t we better slacken rein, lest the men suddenly stop, and leave us possibly in danger? Lord Langton may have confederates on the watch for him.”

“True!”

The word was then passed to slacken rein, and the party fell into a moderately sharp trot.

It was now no longer possible to doubt the fact that some form, corporeal or spiritual, was hovering, first on one flank then on the other, and a general and pervading sense of alarm seized the whole party, the earl and Sir Charles alone excepted. Even Earnshaw, a man whom the earl believed capable of any deed, however ruthless, seemed to lose heart when he had, as he thought, to confront personages belonging to another world. He said little, but the earl noted his trepidation with a bitter scorn, though aware the “failing” was one common enough, even among the bravest and most desperate of men.

“What do you make out of the aspect of this ghost—if it be one?” demanded the earl.

“My lord, I—I—hardly know.”

“You can guess, surely. There—look! surely it is plain enough now, with that pale gleam of light behind it!”

“Yes,” shuddered Earnshaw, while doing his best to look steadily at it.

“Well, now?” said the earl, impatiently.

“It—it looks very like a figure—not a man’s—on horseback; but the horse is concealed—you scarcely catch a true glimpse of the form!”

“Precisely my idea,” said the earl. “No doubt your Dark Lady is some confederate of this rebel, perhaps his mistress, laughing to think how she is juggling us!”

Earnshaw pricked up his ears; looked again and again earnestly at the apparition, which, however fast the party moved, had been able always, and seemingly without effort, not only to outstrip them at pleasure, but even to amuse itself by crossing, now in front, now in the rear, though generally doing so when out of sight.

“Does the Lady Hermia ride a dark horse?”

he whispered, in significant tones, to the earl, who started at the question, and, before answering it himself took a prolonged and anxious look at the now distant figure.

“No,” he said, recollecting the question.

“And has my lord no dark horse in the stable capable of what we see, besides the horses now with us?”

“Certainly not! I expressly ordered every serviceable animal to be got out. Besides, I have no horse, neither has my daughter any animal capable of such feats, with the exception of Lady Hermia’s white mare.”

“If—if it were not for the head, of which I caught a fair glimpse a little while ago, I should have fancied the dark appearance was merely the accidental effect of dark drapery, but the head and neck were unmistakably dark too.”

“Of course, it could not be the Lady Hermia.”

“No, my lord, that’s clear.”

“It is, then, equally clear who she is, and what she is doing; preparing either directly to mislead us at a critical moment, or else to give him warning before we can reach.”

“Yes, my lord, I think that is the case.”

“Earnshaw,” said the earl, a minute or so later, and Earnshaw knew well there was serious matter in that tone.

“Yes, my lord?” said Earnshaw, coming as close as possible to his master.

“Can you rely on your own weapon?”

“Quite, my lord.”

“And should you object to fire at this Dark Lady, if it becomes pretty clear what she’s after?”

“Not the least in the world, my lord. I should rather like it; I mean, in that contingency, as a *quid pro quo* for her supernatural tricks.”

“Hold yourself ready, then! Keep that one object alone in view. Don’t scheme just now, or mind me, or think even of your own future fortune. Do nothing but secure your fortune by a great hit at night, and I feel assured the Dark Lady will have first to be dealt with.”

“Ready, my lord; ay, ready! as an ancestor of mine used to inscribe on his coat-of-arms.”

“You a gentleman born?”

“No, my lord, but a gentleman descended.”

“All the better. Silence, now!”

“Ha! Look! There he is!” suddenly shouted Sir Charles.

“Where—where?” demanded the earl, seeing nothing to justify the exclamation.

“That cottage, with the light—in the window about half a mile off. The door was open but now; but I saw by the light just for one instant—a horseman outside, probably asking his way; and then the door, I suppose, was shut, and I saw no more.”

“On! On! Harder! Faster! On! A hundred guineas, besides the King’s proclamation, to the man who catches or kills!”

With terrific energy, the horses foaming and half maddened by the ceaseless pain and provocation, the party swept like a whirlwind on.

Again the Dark Lady passed, and crossed right in front!

The men were now in advance, for the earl and Sir Charles had drawn a little back, not in cowardice, but in order the better to see and judge of what might happen when the first attack should be made, and both having the idea that they coming thus, an instant or so after the first rush, might at once satisfactorily end whatever of the bloody business might then remain unsettled.

They might have even owned that they did rather wish, also, to have it said that the rebel lord had been killed by anybody but themselves, provided he did not escape through any scruples on that score, upon which they were both equally determined.

Suddenly there was a general and startling stoppage.

“What’s the matter?” demanded the earl.

“The Dark Lady has twice crossed us in front within two minutes, and the men are getting frightened and mutinous, and swear that the man who offends her will never reach home to-night!”

“To the front, Sir Charles—Earnshaw!” shouted the earl. “Cowards!” he said to the

servants and retainers, as he passed. “Afraid of a woman. Don’t you see this is a trick of that rebel to escape! a clever confederate he has got to aid him. On! for shame! If you can’t lead, can you follow? If the Dark Lady is the very devil’s dam herself I’ll confront her. On!”

The three swept on to the front, and the retainers sullenly followed.

And now even the bold leaders came to a pause. There was a flash of moonlight—quite an accidental one—breaking through a mass of dark clouds, and right in the centre of that light, raised upon a hillock, now rested the spectral horsewoman, waving its arms, as if in appeal or menace for the party to stop, or go back.

“I see him again,” cried Sir Charles. “She sees him too, and that’s why she stops!”

“Ready?” whispered the earl to Earnshaw.

“Quite; but it will be useless to fire till close.”

“True! Go gently, then. Make as if for a parley, and then—”

“I understand, my lord.” Earnshaw hung his reins for safety over his left arm, while still holding them, but holding them so that he had both hands sufficiently at liberty to deal with his pistol.

On they go—gently—drawing nearer and nearer.

But the spectral horsewoman recedes at the same pace, keeping the same distance, and still waving to them.

“Keep quiet, Earnshaw, in the gallop; don’t be disturbed. I am going to make a rush. Again I ask—ready?”

“Ready—ay, ready!”

“Charge!” shouted the earl.

On they went; and then it became evident that the Dark Lady was about to sacrifice her supernatural character. She paused a moment, as if still expecting they would stop if she seemed unmoved. But when half the space between them had passed she turned, and fled—unnistakably fled.

The fright seemed to have affected her speed for the first time. They gain upon her!

Earnshaw gives one nervous glance about him, as if to feel for elbow-room.

They are now within fifty yards, and are still gaining, as if her horse had received some slight injury.

The click of Earnshaw’s weapon is heard. He has cocked his pistol, purposely only at the last moment, that no jerk, such as he might be unable to foresee, should cause a premature discharge.

Within twenty yards now!

The earl looks at Earnshaw, and then checks himself, and says—

“At your own time! At your own time!”

Within ten yards!

Earnshaw now, with a terrible blow at his horse’s flank, which makes the red blood spurt, leaps forward in a series of bounds, till almost close, and then, leaving his horse to keep up with the horse in front, prepares for the deadly stroke, thinking in his own subtle mind that Lord Langton himself may, if the Dark Lady falls, come up to them, in his rage and despair—if this, indeed, be a friend and mistress of his.

At that precise moment of time Sir Charles, who had not heard the previous conversation of the earl with Earnshaw about the colour of Lady Hermia’s steed, imparted to his friend a curious observation he had made, even through all the hurry.

“The horse is disguised! The head is decidedly grey, so I saw it, not an instant ago, though the whole body is dark!”

“Hold!” shouted the frantic earl; “hold, Earnshaw!” But the words died on his dry lips, as he saw the bright, sudden light flash, and heard the report, and knew he was too late!

His own valet had, at his own orders, fired on his own and only daughter, the Lady Hermia!

#### CHAPTER XXXV. BONNY BELL.

Suppose we now pause a moment to clear up the mystery of the Dark Lady, and of her extraordinary behaviour.

After the first terrible sense of helplessness and despair had passed off, Lady Hermia saw one gleam of hope. Her own swift and beautiful horse was, of course, left undisturbed in the stable, while every other animal was taken away to assist in the "rebel hunt." The question that made her so long hesitate was, could she, under present circumstances, be seen and known as riding about, in some wild and unseemly fashion, in pursuit of a man who, whether he were a mere diamond merchant, or a friend of Lord Langton's (as she sometimes fancied him), or lastly, Lord Langton himself, was not the personage towards whom she, the daughter of so proud a family, could take up so demonstrative a position?

But when Seager was made aware of her difficulty, she suggested that it surely would be quite easy to cover the mare with some very dark fabric of thin texture, that would not heat the animal; and the idea was at once caught at, and carried out in this way:—

The groom brought the mare to the courtyard for Lady Hermia, she intending (so it was understood) to follow for a short distance the rebel chase, and probably meet her father and his friend and the party on their return.

Away rode the Lady Hermia on her beautiful grey—a horse of extraordinary power, speed, and courage, that had no known rival in fleetness either in her father's or through many a neighbouring stud.

She seemed to know and to feel this fact keenly and hopefully as she rode forth, patting the graceful, stately, curving neck, and curvetting elastic limbs, which seemed to arch and to spring more and more proudly at every touch and word from its beautiful mistress.

"Ah, my Bonny Bell! dost thou know—I think thou dost—what thou must do for me to night? Save him, darling! and never shall human form but mine touch thee; and when thou growest old, thou shalt roam in the pastures with no earthly care except that which old age shall bring. Dost thou hear, my Bonny Bell? Away!

Like the wind swept along the wonderfully swift creature, but not for long. The slight touch of the rein—Bonny Bell needed no more—brought her to a pause within a half mile or so, for there, in a little glade of the forest, waited Seager with a bundle.

Lightly leaping to the ground, Lady Hermia and her maid soon enveloped the whole of Bonny Bell's person in a thin, black, gauzy kind of covering, which effectually removed all idea of the true colour or the horse.

When ready, Lady Hermia, with an eye unusually skilled in such matters, looked narrowly to the bridle, reins, girths; got Seager to tighten the last a little more, and then, fancying Bonny Bell did not like it, had them restored to the former state, which made Bonny Bell neigh with pleasure, then, in a moment more, Lady Hermia was cantering away, striving to realise to herself the full import of the one bit of information her maid had been able to obtain as to the route.

"The Warren!" Thither the party had gone; and, it was believed, through some information that had been picked up.

"To the Warren, then, Bony Bell! Quick, darling—quick! If we do not overtake them, and within the next few minutes, all is over!"

The night was cold and stormy—just that kind of night when the very light is suggestive of darkness and the shades of terror—the sort of night that, if spirits ever do walk abroad, they would assuredly choose for such wanderings.

As Lady Hermia swept along, in one continuously rapid gallop, that still did not in the least embarrass Bonny Bell, who seemed full of a kind of mad enjoyment, she could not but feel old, childish, superstitious fancies come over her, and grow every moment more and more attractive and awful!

And then the story of the Dark Lady of the Grange rose before her in such vivid colours, that she almost fancied herself a representative of that personage.

And then suddenly the thought seemed to come, like a great beam of light, into her brain.

How fine it would be for her present purpose, if she could only make those servants and dependants of her father's fancy she really was no being of human origin, but a spectral illusion, come to warn, on penalty of death if the warning were not taken!

Notwithstanding her sudden alarm and anguish at the idea of the possible tragedy about to be enacted, she could not but feel a kind or sombre satisfaction in the thought of this chance of veiling her own actions under the Dark Lady's dreadful shadow; and she began, as she fancied she saw, in the distance, the form she sought, to shape out her course.

"Now, darling, now, Bonny Bell, canst thou do it? Canst thou not only run like them, but sweep by them like a meteor now on this side, now on that, till the minds of men shall grow fearful at thy weird doings? Canst thou do it, darling? And forgive me just this one touch, Bonny Bell, to remind thee *thou must*. This one—no more!"

In went the sharp spur, and forward several yards sprang the excited and indignant creature; but from that time her mistress did not again repeat the provocation. She had no need. Never, surely, did blood and bone, and muscle and nerve, and elastic filament, move more harmoniously or more powerfully, to a given end.

Bonny Bell soon saw the party, and strained every faculty to overtake it. Bonny Bell passed it in triumph, at a little distance—crossed before it—paused to let it come on—again passed in triumph, on the other side; and this was several times repeated, till Lady Hermia caught the faint and distant glow of a light, as from a window; then a broad stream of radiance, as if from an open door; and there she saw, just as Sir Charles had seen, the horseman at the door. But Sir Charles could only guess who it was. She, being much nearer, was certain it was the diamond merchant!

Then occurred the incidents already narrated, of her trying to check the party, in her hope to give the fugitive a better chance of escape; her failure to keep up the character of the Dark Lady; and of her being fired on by her father's orders.

It was an awful moment, and Lady Hermia felt it in its utmost terror. She was a woman of superb courage, but still a woman: unused to scenes of violence, and, above all utterly unprepared for such a hideous outrage as this—a whole band of men rushing at her, as if she were a wolf or a tigress, her father and would-be-lover at their head!

For one instant her heart failed her; a piercing scream was heard. She dropped on her horse's neck fainting, and the miserable earl saw, as he thought, his daughter dead, or dying.

Catching at the horse's neck in her last moment of consciousness, she did not fall, but clung, with convulsive grasp—utterly powerless to know or think, or, indeed, to feel anything—but still clung, while the alarmed mare again started with new speed, and rapidly removed her from the proximity of the earl and his party.

On went Bonny Bell, as if she had received some word of guidance, or as if she knew her mistress' heart: not aimlessly, not back, but directly forward, after the diamond merchant.

He, on his part, becoming aware of this pursuer, began to pause, and endeavour to estimate who and what the pursuer might be.

The pause was for him most dangerous, but he could not help it, in his wonder at that riderless steed, which yet did not at times seem riderless.

Was some treachery intended? Was it a man crouching low, in the hope of escaping observation, and making him (Lord Langton) believe that it was only a runaway steed?

Surely not. And if the steed were riderless, it was, in fact, coming to his help when he most needed it, for his own mare was worn out by the fatigue of a long journey, before this night ride taxed its powers so far.

Lord Langton hesitated as to whether or no he would draw aside, and try to evade observation, if there really was a man on the back. He knew he could not outstrip him. Could he

evade him? Probably not. There was, then, only one alternative.

He stopped, drew forth a weapon, examined it, and planted himself ready, in the darkest spot he could discover, so as to give himself the chance of seeing the horse and rider—if rider there were—go harmlessly by, himself undiscovered.

But no; the horse was evidently coming as straight towards him as an arrow from a bow driven straight to the goal.

"Very well!" muttered Lord Langton. "On your own head be your blood!"

He could not help a little nervous feeling come over him, as he watched the rapid approach, and now had a new idea.

"Surely floating garments! A woman! Is it possible? Ah, it is! A woman hanging about the neck! She has fainted, possibly, or been shot! My God! I heard a shot a few minutes since. Was this aught to do with me? Who is it? Not—oh, Father of Mercies!—not Hermia!—not my own wife!—not she, come forth on a mission of love and devotion, to be sacrificed for my sake!"

Bonny Bell now slackened pace, slower and slower still, till she came to him, as if he had been her only master.

One glance told Lord Langton all.

What a moment was that for him! To know what she *must* have been doing—for Lord Langton was perfectly aware of the earl's pursuit—and yet not to know whether she was even alive—and if alive, she might still be fatally stricken!

He is at her side—his arms embrace her—his eyes seek her face, his lips are on her cheek—on her lips, but only in a sort of passionate despairing appeal to ask if there was yet life!

That touch of the lips sent an electric shock through Lady Hermia's frame. She quivered like a reed in the wind, shuddered, opened her eyes, saw and beheld the diamond merchant.

"Are you hurt? Were you shot?" was the man's first abrupt, agitated demand.

"No, not hurt."

"Not!"

He said no more, but Lady Hermia heard the convulsive inward drawing of his breath, as if to enable him to hold fast the perilous secret trembling on his lips; or rather, perhaps, to hold fast the perilous mission to which he was pledged, and which he felt he might sacrifice were he again task those lips, and feel them respond to his kiss.

"See, see!" murmured Lady Hermia, after a moment of eloquent silence, during which she, too, had been struggling *not* to say the words of challenge as to his true character that were throbbing in her heart.

The merchant looked in the direction of her finger, and saw the shadowy horsemen—the hunters in this rebel hunt—coming darkly on in a broad line.

"Is it possible that you came to save *me*?" at last, in a broken voice, said the merchant.

"If you are saved, I am glad. Here is your diamond."

"I will not take it. I prefer to meet that pack of wolves, clamouring for my blood!"

"I cannot parley with you. You are lost if you delay!"

"I am lost in any case, if my being overtaken means being lost."

"How? Why? In God's name, speak!"

"My horse is dead beat."

In an instant Lady Hermia had slid off her horse, and stood apart from it.

"Mount! No words. I command!"

Never did command speak more authoritatively.

Lord Langton sprang into the saddle.

"Quick! quick!" she gasped. "Off! Not one word more."

"What shall I do with her?"

"When you can spare her, tie up her reins, and let her loose, and she'll be home ere long. Will you go?" she passionately demanded.

"Noblest of women! I have no earthly power or opportunity now but to obey you. Farewell!"

"Farewell! Throw off the disguise," she

called after him. "They will not then know her or you."

And then again she cried to him—

"Go off in the way you do not mean to continue, and then I can honestly answer my father's questions if he comes up."

"Once more, farewell!" shouted the merchant; but he did not hear the faint, quivering, tearful reply which Lady Hermia gave.

And thus were they separated, with no hope of again meeting under happier auspices.

As the earl and troop advanced, their astonishment may be imagined to find the Lady Hermia standing alone, in her riding-habit, no horse near her, for she had driven off the merchant's horse.

"Hermia! In Heaven's name, what means this?"

"Very little, sir," she said, in a tone of such intense quiet, such proud iciness of feeling, that all who heard were amazed.

The earl began to fancy that she must be able to give some explanation of her conduct of a very different character from aught he had supposed; and that she was, in fact, standing there in the full sense of the horrible outrage that had been perpetrated on her. He knew not what to say before so many people, so wisely determined to say nothing that could compromise her or himself any further.

Lady Hermia herself in part relieved him by volunteering a word or two.

"I thought, sir, I should like to meet you on your return, but Bonny Bell was so fresh, and carried me so fast that I was at the Warren first."

At that moment, and while the earl was making one of his men dismount to give the horse to his daughter, the latter saw something before any one else could, that armed her to venture a still further explanation.

She saw her grey mare cantering towards her from the distance, as though the merchant had, after all, refused her aid except for a short distance—probably to some spot where he had help ready; or was it only that she herself might have a chance of getting hold of Bonny Bell, and so be spared her own personal embarrassment as to her ride home?

Whatever it was, she instantly determined to do her utmost to screen the merchant from the danger of her acknowledging any interest in him, practical or otherwise.

"I am sorry to say, sir, I have had a great fright. Two figures I have seen—one a man on horseback, one a woman with him—and they both appeared and disappeared in such strange fashion that I became alarmed, and Bonny Bell trembled from head to foot, and I slid off, and Bonny Bell fled like a mad thing, as if flying from those two strange figures."

The earl coughed, as if wondering that Lady Hermia should degrade herself by such a palpable untruth. When lo! he heard the neigh—not of the dark horse they had all seen, but of Bonny Bell, Lady Hermia's grey mare, which presently came up to her mistress, pushing her nose into her hands.

Who then could doubt as they looked on the beautiful creature, destitute of any covering or colour except those that nature had given her, that she and the dark lady's steed were two very different animals, and that they all had been made the victims of a very clever and audacious device on the part of a female confederate of the flying rebel?

The earl's first business was to send off a detachment of half a dozen of the men whose horses promised the longest endurance, and these he placed under the care of his valet, upon whom Lady Hermia gazed with an intensity of scorn and abhorrence (as she remembered what Seager had told her) that would have been unwise had there been light enough for that worthy man to be able fully to appreciate it.

As to the pursuit, she was quite reassured when she saw this man and his comrades go off in the direction indicated by her.

But even while she followed the party with an eye that no longer felt any special interest in their movements, she saw them—she felt sure of

it—changing the route just when the leader might fancy they were beyond her observation.

With the dread of that fact again overshadowing her, Lady Hermia rode home with Sir Charles and her father, who then, in brief words said to her, without further comment—

"You will be surprised, Hermia, to hear that there is some suspicion that this man, who came to you as a diamond merchant, is a rebel—is, indeed, so they say, no other than the arch-rebel himself, Lord Langton!"

"Indeed!" said Lady Hermia. "He certainly made me believe he was a diamond merchant, and I told him so, rather rudely."

And then she, too, was silent.

The moment the earl could get hold of the groom who had led Lady Hermia's horse out from the stable he managed to satisfy himself that she certainly had left the castle without disguise of any kind, and he became more and more puzzled.

Early next morning the valet and his companions returned, quite unsuccessful, their horses all lame—themselves almost dead with fatigue.

But before going to sleep, or even to take any kind of refreshment, Earnshaw the valet presented himself before the earl, who had not gone to bed, and seemed just as ready as ever to go on with his ordinary duties.

The earl wondered, and then accepted his man's services, and waited, convinced in his own mind he was going to hear something, which Earnshaw would only let out in his own subtle fashion.

And so it was. When the earl, tired of waiting longer for communications that, after all, might not be forthcoming, told him to go to bed—that he should not need him for a few hours—Earnshaw gratefully retired, or, rather, seemed about to retire, but then said suddenly, in a tone as quiet as if he had told the earl he had just aired his shirt—

"My lord, I picked up something in our pursuit; would your lordship like to see it?"

His Lordship was embarrassed with the question, but, dreading exposure of Lady Hermia, but, of course, could only answer—

"Yes, if it's worth showing me."

The valet went out, and returned with a small bundle, which he opened. It proved to be an extraordinary garment, which Earnshaw took care to do full justice, by spreading it to the fullest extremity.

There was no mistaking it. It was the covering of a horse, hastily made, and made, obviously, by feminine hands.

The earl did not lose his presence of mind, not for an instant.

Perfectly well aware of Earnshaw's skilful stroke, and his hope thus to get power over both, perhaps, the earl said, quietly—

"Oh, yes! I understand! I knew the 'Dark Lady' was an imposture without this evidence. She and her rebel confederate, I dare say, find disguise of this sort necessary. Well, they have both escaped for once. They can't do it a second time! Now, Earnshaw, to bed; and take this rubbish with you, and destroy it. Do it yourself! *Discretion, Earnshaw, is a good quality!*"

"Oh, yes, my lord.

*To be continued.*

## AN OCEAN WAIF.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER VI.

I suppose it must have been the devil put it into my head, for while I was busy lowering things down into the boat, I thought how easy it would be to get upsidcs with the murdering party as were in the ship. I'd only got to turn over the cabin lantern, and she'd soon have been in a blaze, when my gentlemen would have had enough to do to save themselves, and the treasure must have gone to the bottom. But I shouldn't have done such a thing, and in another minute I should have been helping to shove off the boat, if that Hicks hadn't rushed on to his death; that was a terrible thing to think on, not but that he deserved it richly, and I knew

what I did was in self-defence, and for the sake of them two poor gals.

I should say it was about twelve o'clock when we laid to at it, and rowed straight off right away into the thick darkness, with not a sound to be heard but the "lap, lap, lapping" of the water against the boat's stem, and the splash and rattle of our oars. There wasn't a word spoken, for we wanted all our breath, and knew well enough that all depended on our being well out of sight of the ship when day broke; and of course they would be sweeping the offing with a glass. What I was most afraid of was, that we might get rowing in a circle, and not get far enough off, when we knew what would be the end of it if they once caught sight of us. It quite made me give a shudder and lay back to my oar, till Tom said "Steady!" when steady it was again.

There seemed something awful and solemn about that night: what with the horrors we had been through, and one thing and another, I felt quite outer sorts; and the still darkness we were driving through, far out there in the midst of the great ocean, seemed to hang heavy-like upon me, so that I did not care to speak. A regular long, steady pull, hour after hour, and all that while not a star to be seen, while I could barely distinguish my mate Tom when I looked over my shoulder; and in front sometimes I could make out something indistinct, which was the ladies, though not often. But it was hot, steaming hot, that night, for there wasn't a breath of wind stirring; and at last the pull began to tell upon us both, so that we were glad to take another sup apiece of the wine; but that did not take us long, and we were off and away again faster than ever.

All at once, with a sort of jump, the clouds began to tinge, and we then knew what we didn't know before, that we were pulling due north; and then, almost all at once, up came the sun, and shone upon them two poor things fast asleep—worn out, as they sat in the bottom of the boat, with their arms tight round one another, and their poor faces that pale and bad, it was pitiful. Up went the sun higher, and there was the sea heaving gently and curling over, and all glowing with the most beautiful colours. But we had no thought for the glowing morning, for there was something else to take our attention—there lay the ship, not half the distance off that I had hoped; and so near, that I knew if a breeze sprung up, she must soon overhaul us. If the darkness had only kept on, I shouldn't have cared, but there it was, a bright glowing morning; and I knew, if they looked out, they must see us; our only hope being that, half-drunk overnight, they might be hours yet before they roused up; and then, dispirited with the loss of their head man, they mightn't care about pursuit.

"Wash your face, Jack," says Tom, in a whisper, as we lay to, looking at the ship, now standing out quite plain on the horizon—"wash your face and hands, mate."

I looked at my hands, and gave a shudder, for they were all over blood, while I suppose my face was in the same state, and it wasn't from the cut as I had on my head. So I leaned over the side, and had a good dip in the cool, pleasant water; and while I was drying myself upon my handkerchief, Miss Mary gave a sigh, and opened her eyes, and looked at me as if she didn't know where she was, nor anything about it; but, directly after, the colour began to come into her cheeks, and she reached over her hand to me, and I kissed it; and then she reached her hand over to Tom, and he did the same; and of course we did it roughly, but Miss Mary seemed to know what we meant, and she gave us a sweet, sad smile, and then kissed her sister, and woke her. "We were dead beat, both of us, Tom and I; but I gave a look at the poor old *Star*, and so did Tom, and we quite understood one another, and rowed on with a quiet, steady stroke, for we were too tired to make a spurt. I got the ladies to sit down in the bottom of the boat, so as to shew as little as we could, and then we kept on till they begged of us to stop and have something by way of breakfast. You see Miss Mary had ranged pillows and blankets, and made a place for her sister to lie down, for the poor gal was

so ill she could hardly hold up her head; and then she had stowed the stores about a bit handy, and made things straight, in a way just as if she hadn't been a delicate lady as had never known trouble before. And now, as I said afore, she and her sister begged of us to stop and have some breakfast.

But we couldn't do it. I knew that every yard now was as good as a mile by and by, and though I felt ready to drop, it was pull steady, though we had a freshener as we went on.

I didn't think as they knew the ship was in sight, for nothing was said about it; but as she was passing a cup of wine over to Tom, Miss Mary leaned her hand upon my shoulder, and whispered: "Don't let my sister know that the ship is in sight."

How that poor girl did work to cheer up the other, as she lay there; and to have looked at her, you would not have thought she had a trouble upon her, for she had a cheerful word for all of us; and as I dragged away there at my oar, it seemed to me that we must have got an angel in the boat.

I did not want to make any more show than I could help, or I would have soon made an awning over where the ladies sat; but we laid a blanket across an oar, and sheltered Miss Madeline, for the sun came down fierce. I could have hoisted the sail, too, and let the light breeze, which now just touched us, give us a help along; but I daren't; and I'd just taken hold of my oar again, when I saw that the *Star* had some sails shook out, and was coming bowling along after us fast.

I couldn't help it: if my life had been at stake, that groan must have come; and just then there was another behind me. I turned sharp round just as Tom's oar hit me in the back, and there was the poor fellow swooned right away.

I laid the oars in, and Miss Mary came and helped me, when between us we got him laid in the bottom of the boat; and then, while putting him comfortable, I found what I didn't know before—that his head was regularly laid open, and there had he been working till he dropped, without saying a single word, or giving a groan. We bathed it, and tore up one of the sheets, and tied it up; and after a bit, he seemed to come to a little, but it was only to talk wildly, and throw his arms about, and stare. So when we had done all we could for the poor fellow, we made a sort of shelter over him; and then, as I was shading my eyes, and looking out towards the *Star*, to see what way she made, I found as I couldn't see her, and that things looked swimming and misty-like, and then back I went across the thwarts, as if struck down. But I wasn't long so, for I soon came to; and as I did so, and the horrible, deathly sick feeling went off, I felt the blood come up in my face with a rush, as a regular wild thrill ran through me, and I closed my eyes, and lay quite still, as if I dare not move; for there was that face bending over me, and those soft white hands were bathing my face; while twice over there was a tender, pitying tear fell upon my cheek.

"Poor fellows! what you have suffered for us," she said, as I got up and said I was better now."

"It was that crack on the head, you see, miss," I said.

"What! were you wounded, too?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, not much," I said; "not much, miss. One of those blackguards knocked me down in the scuffle. But," I said, trying to put a good face on the matter, though I could not help feeling better as I said it—"but I'm only a common, thick-headed sailor."

"Hush!" she said, with such a quiet, dignified way as she could put on when she liked—"hush! Don't speak like that, when you have acted so nobly, so heroically, and—and—may God bless you for it!" And here her voice seemed to break down, and she turned away her head for a minute; but directly after, she was quiet, and still, and reserved again, and tearing up some more of the sheet, as if to make bandages.

"Let me look at your head," she says all at once, and though I was against it, and didn't want her to, she would examine it; and cut

away the hair with a tiny pair of scissors, and then bathed it, and bound it up; and I suppose it was a bad cut, for if I didn't go right off again just as she'd bound it up, and only came to, feeling sick and done up, and without a bit of life left in me hardly. The sun came down fiercer and fiercer, so that we were all soon parched with thirst, and glad of the water, as there was fortunately a good drop of; and Miss Mary wetted our lips for us from time to time, for after about an hour, I gave up, and was obliged to lie still.

And all this time the ship came slowly nearer and nearer, and Miss Mary told me from time to time as I asked her, and she did it, too, without moving a muscle; and at last, towards evening, when we knew they must see us as they came slowly on, Miss Mary kneeled down by me to put the bandage more comfortable, and then whispered to me with her face and lips, too, quite white: "Was any one killed last night when you escaped?"

I couldn't do anything else, and so I said: "Yes."

"Who was it?" she said again in a voice that didn't seem to belong to her.

"It was his own fault," I said: "it was to save my own life."

"Was it that fiend who shot poor papa?" she whispered.

"Yes," I said; and then she closed her eyes for a bit, and did not speak; but after a time she leaned closer to me, so that I could feel her breath upon my face, and then she whispered: "We shall be taken again, shall we not?"

I could not answer, but I knew that if the wind freshened ever so little they would be alongside us by dark. But she wanted no answer, for she read it all in my face.

"God bless you, brave, noble man!" she said: "then we must join poor papa;" and then she seemed as if she would say something more, but did not speak for perhaps half an hour; when, as the wind freshened, and the ship came bowling along towards us, she spoke again in a whisper.

"You know, if we are taken, what is in store for us; and I suppose," she said mournfully, "they will not be merciful to you?"

I gave my head a shake.

"Then," she said, with quite a smile on her beautiful lips, "I want you to promise, on your oath as a man, that we shall not—poor sister and me—fall alive into the hands of those monsters."

"What do you mean?" I says, falling all of a tremble, and with the sweat standing on my forehead. "What do you mean?"

"For God's sake—for the sake of your own mother—by all you hold dear and holy," she whispered, "kill us both."

"I couldn't—I couldn't," I groaned.

"Would you sooner see me do it?" she said quietly.

I could not speak, for I felt choking. I could do nothing but gaze in a wild sort of way at the beautiful creature who was talking so calmly and patiently of death.

"There is no mercy from those monsters," she said—"so promise," and she took both my hands, and I promised; for the blood seemed to rush through my veins again as she held my hands, and I thought of the cries and prayers I heard as I hung on by the rudder-chains, and then I felt that I should sooner clasp her in my arms, and plunge overboard, than that one of those ruffians should ever again lay a finger upon her.

"I swear it," I says; and then, with a choky, husky voice I says: "And you'll forgive me?"

"Yes," she says; "and pray for you. And now I feel calm."

On came the ship, with the wind freshening every minute, so that our little boat began to dance a little on the waves. The sun sunk down lower and lower, and the cool breeze seemed quite to revive me, so that I sat up, and then helped Miss Madeline to sit up as well; when, with poor Tom fast asleep, I sat down in the stern-sheets waiting for the end, with those two well-born ladies, one on each side, clasping my hands, and trusting to me to save them, but not from death. In the calm of that golden,

glorious evening there was more than one prayer said aloud by a sweet and touching voice, as I sat thinking how hard it was to die so young; and there we sat, with the vessel coming nearer and nearer, but not to touch our boat, for with the boat-hook near at hand I was ready to drive out a plank or two when I saw it was time; and there we sat waiting for the end.

## CHAPTER VII.

"Another quarter of an hour, and then death," I muttered as I thought to myself; but they both heard it, and Miss Mary looked up in my face with so sweet and heavenly a smile as she said: "Yes, dear friend; and rest where there is no more sin and suffering, no more pain and sorrow. But a little while, and we shall be at peace."

It was not for such as me to answer her; but her sweet calmness seemed to nerve my arm, and as the ship came nearer and nearer, I drew the boat-hook closer to my hand, and laid it across the boat. The sun was now just dipping, and roused and excited as I felt then, it seemed to me that the broad red path which stretched along the waves would be the one we should take; and certain as death then seemed, I don't know that I felt to dread it so very much, for there was so much pity, so much sorrow for the young and beautiful girls by my side.

"Very soon now," said Miss Mary; and with a wild, strange look, she laid her hand upon my knife, which stuck in my belt, and taking it, tried, with her tender fingers, to open the great blade, while her sister, seeing the movement, covered her face with her hands, and slipped fainting off the seat.

"Poor Maddy! good-bye!" said Miss Mary, kneeling by her, and kissing her pale face; and then she glanced at the ship, and then fixed her eyes on mine as I held the great open-bladed knife in my hand. "I will not flinch," she whispered.

"Not with this," I said hoarsely; "it's stained with his foul blood;" and cutting the lanyard which held it, I threw it overboard. "No," I says, "I could not do that; we'll go down together."

As I looked at her, I remembered some words I had read in the Testament about seeing Stephen's face shine like the face of an angel. I've said that hers was an angel's face, but if I had thought so before, how much more did it seem so now, in its sad, mournful beauty, with her bright, golden hair hanging down loose, and the deep glow from the setting sun, half beneath the water, full upon her; and the sight of this made me hesitate, for it seemed impossible that man could wrong one so beautiful; and though my hand was stretched out to take hold of the boat-hook, I drew it back; when she saw what was passing, and whispered: "Your promise!" and then I called up those dreadful cries again; seized the boat-hook, and stood up, watching the bearing down of the ship, with the water foaming beneath her bows, and the golden sunlight seeming to creep up her masts till all below was in shadow; and nearer and nearer she came, as though to run us down.

I gave one look at Miss Mary, whose eyes were now closed; and with clasped hands, and a sweet smile still playing on her lips, she kneeled by her sister, waiting for the end, now so near.

And nearer and nearer still came the ship; but now the shadow deepened, for we were where there was no twilight, but a quick change from day to night. I could now see plainly the faces on board, and see that preparations were being made for shortening sail; and then I laughed, for I knew what our old ship was, and that she would shoot by far enough before they could bring her to.

They saw me standing up with the boat-hook, and, I suppose, thought I meant to hook on when they brought up, but, in another minute, it would have gone through the bottom of the boat with a crash. I looked towards poor Tom, who lay asleep; Miss Mary was still on her knees, beside her fainting sister; and I felt that the moment had come; when, with a prayer for mercy—one learned years upon years before, and which now came rushing to my lips—I

raised the pole. The ship would pass within twenty yards of us, I knew; but it was almost dark already, and as she came dashing down, the breeze seemed to freshen as if by magic; and as the old *Star* swept by, my arm sank to my side, and I fell on my knees in the boat, muttering: "Saved, saved!" for the ship was far astern, and I knew that before she could bring to under their clumsy management, it would be night, for even now it was dark.

The change from despair to hope was so sudden that for a few minutes I could scarcely believe in the truth of our position, but a hand laid upon my arm roused me, and I explained how it all was, and that there was yet a chance of life. Then I set to and considered a little, and tried to think what was best to do; but for a bit my brain was all in a whirl, and I could do nothing.

It was now dark, but not like the night before, for the stars shone out brightly overhead, and there was a brisk breeze blowing. I could just make the ship out, and could see that they had brought up; but felt sure that we could not be seen. Once I thought I heard a shout; then there was the flash of a gun; and then the fools began to burn bluelights, thinking, I suppose, that we were flies ready to go and burn our wings. But I saw my way clear now; and set to work, and shipped the rudder as well as I could in the dark; cleared and stepped the little mast; and before long had the sail set, with a reef in it, for the breeze blew fresh: and then knowing pretty well where the ship lay, shaped to give her the go-by in the dark; when I felt sure they would wait about all night, and with the breeze then on, and the long dark hours before me, I hoped yet to get clear off.

Just then, they burned another blue-light; and I have several points off, and kept on till we were far enough, when I put the boat's head before the wind, and she seemed to leap through the water, and dashed away like a live thing. Another blue-light far astern, and then another when we were a mile off, and again another faint glow far astern, and then I fancied I saw another but it must have been but fancy, for the bright stars overhead shed the only light that we could see.

"Only pray for this wind to keep up, miss, and if we see her masts in the morning, I shall be surprised."

"Then are we saved, indeed?" whispered a voice; but it was not hers; and on speaking again, I found that Miss Mary had given up at last, and was now sobbing in her sister's lap, when she, the poor weak one, roused up directly, and was soothing and comforting her sister, who had held up so long and so bravely.

Just then, my attention was taken off, for it seemed to me that the wind sank, and I felt my heart sink too, for it was like losing sight of life again; but directly after, the little boat careened over, and away we went before the wind, at a rate that seemed to lend fresh vigour to me every moment. Soon after, Miss Mary was sitting calm and quiet beside me as I steered, so as to get all the speed out of the boat I could; and after a bit, in the stillness of that bright and beautiful night, she offered up a simple prayer, and so sweet and touching that it brought the tears from my eyes, unused enough to such weakness; but then I had been wounded, and had had a hard time of it.—I'd heard prayers read often enough by the captains I'd sailed with, and been to church times enough, but never heard words like those that seemed to move the heart, as they offered thanks for our preservation from so great a peril, and prayed forgiveness for our desperate resolve. And then there was a deep silence among us for some time, and the brisk breeze bore us along gallantly, so that one's heart seemed to bound with the boat, and it was all I could do to keep from shaking out more sail.

After a while, Miss Mary crept forward, and saw to poor Tom, who still lay in a heavy sleep; and then forced some biscuit, wine, and water upon me; when I made that an excuse for getting them both to take some, and I wanted them to try and get some rest. But no; they both said they would sit with me, and they did, too,

all through that long night, when that breeze, which was truly for us the breath of heaven, never once failed, but bore us bravely on, and on, and on, with hope rising in our breasts, till we saw the stars pale, the glow in the east, and the sun once more leap up, and shed the golden path across the waters, now dancing with life!

Although we were going so free, before the sun rose I downed the sail, and when there was the full daylight, I looked long and anxiously for the ship, and again and again sweeping the horizon well; but there was not a mast in sight, and so I told those anxious ones, whose lips were quivering, and who dared not ask the question. "Not a sail in sight," I said; and I up with our own once more;—and away we went over the bright and dancing waters, while so great was the change which had now come over me, that, in spite of calling myself a fool for fancying it, I could not help looking at a pale face at my side, and thinking how sweet it would be to go on sailing like this for ever. But directly after, there came another change over me, and I felt bitter, and sorrowful, and dull, and I couldn't tell myself why it was, unless it was because I was such a poor common man, though it had never seemed to matter before.

### A GERMAN JUBILEE.

**D**OUBTLESS many of our readers may not be aware of the fact that there is anything of importance connected with the 18th more particularly than with any other day of October; but when the date of the year, 1813, is affixed to that of the month, most will remember that day to be the anniversary of the great triumph gained by Germany over the common enemy, the great Napoleon, at Leipzig.

The city of Leipzig, the chief town of Saxony, lies in an enormous plain named after itself, varied towards the west by marsh lands. A promenade leads to the town. It was, therefore, easy for the allied Saxons and Prussians to prevent Napoleon from making his entry into the town itself, as the narrow *alleé* is soon barricaded by a handful of brave men, but it is much more difficult, and demands a far greater knowledge of tactics, to pursue, with safety, an army over such a large tract of land as the plain of Leipzig.

Bernadotte, Napoleon's old comrade in arms, said, with truth, in an "Essay on the Art of War,"—"One can hardly understand how a man who has commanded in thirty battles could have placed his army in such a bad position as Napoleon did on that day." By nine o'clock on that eventful morning the contending armies had begun the day's work. Amongst Bonaparte's bravest warriors may be numbered St. Cyr, Bertrand, Reynier, Victor, and Poniatowski; but with theirs and their leader's combined valour they proved no match that day for Blucher, familiarly called "Marshal Forward," on account of his bravery; in fact, the great defeat which Napoleon sustained that day was only a foretaste of the greater one which befell him two years later, in which Wellington and Blucher, the latter of whom was then seventy-three years of age, shone conspicuously.

By the evening all hope of the French proving victorious was over, and Napoleon had to make the best of his way back to France, through a hostile country, with the remnant of his once fine army. It suffices to say that 20,000 men, 200 pieces of cannon, and innumerable weapons, fell into the enemy's hands. Thousands were drowned in crossing the Elster, in which was found subsequently the corpse of Prince Poniatowski, who, as he had nearly reached the opposite bank, was struck by a cannon-ball. The loss of the French army was estimated at 80,000, while that of the allied army only amounted to 50,000. Napoleon did not dare to set foot east of the Rhine again, and at the beginning of the new year the allied flags waved west of the Rhine, on French ground.

All Germany unites in a mutual celebration of this, for itself, most glorious and happy victory; not only Leipzig, but all the principal

towns of Germany—Berlin, Vienna, Munich, Frankfort, Mayence, and many of the lesser ones—for instance, Heidelberg and Darmstadt, in which latter town I was staying during the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary, now three years ago. But as what happened on that day is repeated every autumn, I will describe the leading features of the festival.

Early on the morning of the 18th of October, even the soundest sleepers are awoken by peals of bells, in every direction, ringing out joyously. At intervals, guns may be heard booming in the distance, to make the day more imposing. I arose and dressed as quickly as I could, not to lose anything of what might be going on; and after a cheerful breakfast, during which frequent allusions were made, by my hostess, and a pleasant party of fellow guests, to the great day of which we were reminded by a return of the anniversary, I hurried out with some of my kind friends, who were anxious to show me the beauties of their pretty town of Darmstadt in its festive garb. We walked through the principal streets,—the Rhein and Necker Strassen,—admiring the tastily-decorated houses, belonging mostly to wealthy burghers, and here and there we stopped, attracted by an unusual display of festoons and flowers, to say nothing of flags and banners.

The Grand Ducal Castle was not behind-hand, neither were the churches, in celebrating the joyous day. Gay flags were streaming everywhere in the morning breeze. The streets and market-place were full of life. Instead of the eager business-like bustle of every-day life, a quiet, joyous, pleasant expression was visible on every face; the Darmstadters all, like ourselves, were sauntering about for the purpose of seeing and admiring all the wonders of the town. At about twelve o'clock a procession took place in honour of the day. It consisted of a large number of young girls and youths. The former led the way, and were dressed in white, with garlands of flowers in their hair. They carried baskets of roses and leaves, which they strewed on the ground. Their waists were encircled by blue sashes. The youths followed next: they each had a laurel-wreath, symbolic of what their grandfathers had done, and a white ribbon on the left shoulder. A band followed, playing some inspiring airs from the popular songs of "Fatherland," "The Rhine," &c. The procession wended its way round the town, and then filed into the *Stadt Kirche*, where a short and impressive service was held, the burden of the sermon being gratitude for their freedom from the yoke of France; after which the members of the procession dispersed, with peals of merry laughter, to their several homes. All the afternoon there were amusements for the poorer classes; the theatre was thrown open at the expense of the Grand Duke, and representations of comedies and farces were going on all day. Occasionally pieces of paper, which at first seemed to a stranger very mysterious, were wafted hither and thither in the air; if you had been lucky enough to catch one, you would have found that it contained some doggerel verses anything but flattering to the memory of the great vanquished hero.

In the evening bonfires might be seen blazing on all the hill-tops of the Taunus, the Melibocus, and the Frankenstein, fed till a late hour by the eager hands of peasants and burghers, both young and old. Illuminations and fireworks ascended on high, and seemed to vie with the very stars in brightness. Thus the whole of *Vaterland*, from the shores of the Baltic to the mountainous valleys of Switzerland, and from the Rhine to the frontiers of Poland, presents one universal scene of light and joy, in memory of the battle that rid the patriotic German people of their Corsican oppressor. It is now impossible to say whether or not this custom will be continued, since the Prussian campaign of 1866, and the successful aggrandisement of Count Bismarck at the expense of the German people; but I may say with certainty that if it be dropped, the lovers of the ideal will have reason to grieve, as well as that people to whom such an annual celebration has hitherto proved, at least a great bond of union. W. L. M.

## PASTIMES.

## ENIGMA.

Where the great Turkish prophet lies,  
Entombed beneath Arabian skies,  
Where Darnley fell a sacrifice  
To his fair consort's ire;  
Where famed Erasmus first drew breath,  
Where Jones reposes now in death,  
Where Keppel gained the victor's wreath,  
I fain would now inquire.

Where Charles the Seventh at length was crowned,  
Though adverse fortune long had frowned;  
Where Constantine, a name renowned,  
Unconscious first saw light;

I also ask: for in our sphere  
A little planet does appear,  
Which these initials will make clear  
To your discerning sight.

- In the midst of peace and war alike  
My first is always seen;  
Without my next, the good or great,  
Would not be so, I ween.  
The eye and ear then claim my next,  
The first, too, in their way,  
My whole of time a period is;  
Now tell me what, I pray.

## DECAPITATIONS.

- Complete I am transparent; behead me I am frequently mischievous; again behead me and I am an animal.
- Complete I am a weapon; behead me I am a fruit; again behead and I am part of the body.
- Complete I am a weapon; behead me and I am what my whole is; transpose and the wise kiss me.
- Complete I am at a distance; behead me and I am near; again behead me and I am before.

## CHARADES.

- My first gives light and heat;  
My next 's oft used to cheat;  
My whole it means to cheer;  
Or "comfort" those most dear.
- The sportsman saunters out with gun and dog,  
And meets with famous sport upon the bog,  
Up starts a covey! takes his aim as erst,  
And fires! when presently falls my first.  
A bar or impediment is termed my second,  
My whole, an ornament, by the fair is reckon'd.
- Along the beach my whole is left,  
In mem'ry of the storm just past;  
But if of tail 'tis now bereft,  
And when transposed, you gain my last.  
Which by the singing waves were toss'd,  
Had struggled 'midst my whole, but lost.
- I am composed of nine letters.  
My 8, 9, 3, 2, 7, 8 was made for my whole.  
My 3, 6, 7 my whole is.  
My 8, 5, 9, 6, 8 my whole probably experiences.  
My 6, 8, 3, 4, 5, 2, 1 is a title in the navy.  
And my whole has been the subject of much recent controversy.

## ARITHMOERMS.

## BRITISH AUTHORS.

- 2,202 and take a leek war pay hate.
- 701 "H larks seen.
- 1,100 "We won yar butter.
- 1,000 "A hen, A horn.
- 500 "Ho toe, he rook.
- 1,601 "Earn ye.

## ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A merchant having some brandy at 22 shillings a gallon, and also at 15 shillings a gallon, wishes to make a mixture of 21 gallons, so that it shall be worth 18s. a gallon. How much of each must he take?

A. A., Oxon.

## ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREMS, &amp;c., No. 60.

Arithmorems.—Birds.—1. Cockatoo. 2. Vulture. 3. Partridge. 4. Magpie. 5. Humming bird. 6. Pelican. Fishes.—1. Pilchard. 2. Mackrel. 3. Anchovy. 4. Haddock. 5. Flounder. 6. Dolphin. 7. John Dory.

## SQUARE WORDS.

- |             |             |
|-------------|-------------|
| 1. E A R L. | 2. W I N E. |
| A S I A.    | I O E S.    |
| R I O T.    | N E V A.    |
| L A T E.    | E S A U.    |

Enigma.—Smoke.

Charades.—1. Cur-rent. 2. Charles Dickens. 3. Knight-hood.

Arithmetical Question.—The 3rd lamp burns  $\frac{1}{2}$  gallon per hour, the 2nd  $\frac{1}{4}$  gallon. The 1st requires to be filled 12 times; the 3rd twice, and the 2nd once.

We give the answer to Mathematical Problem in No. 59, omitted in our last. The ages were 10 and 6 years respectively.

## MISCELLANEA.

THE nominal total strength of the Papal army at the present date is 15,297 men.

IN the reign of James I, when a person was invited out to dinner, he took his own knife with him, and, on entering the house of his host, found a whetstone behind the door, on which to sharpen it.

A Mr. Paris who has been some time experimenting on the means for taking South American beef to England, declares the problem solved, and that it can now be supplied in perfect condition, and in unlimited quantities, at from 4d. to 5d. per lb.

IT is scarcely two months since the sale of horseflesh as food was officially authorised in Paris, and the consumption is now considerable. The establishments for the sale of the flesh are under the surveillance of the government veterinary inspector. A manufactory of horseflesh sausages has just been opened in the Avenue du Clichy.

TELEGRAPHIC OFFICES.—There are 1,000 telegraphic offices in Europe. Africa is connected with the continent by two lines. Egypt and India have each two routes. The latter contains 161 stations; the island of Ceylon has four more. Despatches for China pass through Russia, thence to the frontier towns of Tartary, where, received by horsemen, they are delivered through the empire, reaching Peking.

A STRANGE NURSERY.—An old stable, with one hundred little babes nestling in the horse-troughs, is something of a novelty, but the spectacle is daily to be seen in the locality of Union Street, Borough Road, London. The work has been somewhat recently undertaken by the Rev. George Aldington, who, at his own expense, secured the old stable to form a nursery, and fitted it up, for taking care of the babes of woman obliged to go to char or work, away from home. The hay cribs remain, and serve as cradles.

A NEW GUILLOTINE.—Amongst the curiosities which are to figure in the Exhibition of 1867, the *Evening* mentions a guillotine on a new model, invented by a Prussian, capable of cutting off six heads, and even eight on an emergency, simultaneously. The blade is put in motion by a beam adapted to a powerful steam-engine, and is suspended so as not to fall vertically on the neck, but to cut off the head by a circular and rotatory motion.

EXHIBITION OF HOPS AND BEER.—We hear that an international exhibition of hops and beer is to take place at Dijon, in France, the centre of the Burgundy vineyards, in the middle of October. Gold and silver medals, and other rewards, are offered as prizes, which will also be given for meritorious instruments and apparatus, as well as for papers on the subject. England, the favourite abode of "John Barley-corn," will surely take high honours in this competition.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WANTED—a lifeboat that will float on a "sea of troubles."

"MESSAGES carefully delivered," as the ear-trumpet said to the old maid.

WHICH is the most intelligent, the man who knows most, or the one who has most nose?

WHAT is the companion game to parlour croquet?—Cricket on the hearth.

WHEN does a man treat a friend most like water?—When he bails him out.

"JOHN did you ever bet on a horse-race?"—"No; but I've seen my sister Bet on an old mare!"

WHY is the circulation of the blood sometimes suspended?—Because it attempts to circulate in vein.

SOME persons seem to obey literally the injunction, "Hold fast the truth;" they never allow it to escape them.

LET any lady paint who chooses. If she raises a hue on her cheek, that's no reason you should raise a hue and cry.

"SHOOT Folly as she flies—Pope," was set up by a stupid printer, "Shoot Polly as she flies—Pop."

A servant girl applied to a druggist a few days since for six pennyworth of the "glory of rhyme" (chloride of lime).

WHAT a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock; but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch-key!

WHAT is the difference between an honest and a dishonest laundress? The former irons your linen, and the latter steels (steals) it.

SPODGER says he came across a man the other day who is so conservative that he refuses to take a particular medicine because it promises to work a radical cure.

A NATURAL CONSEQUENCE.—A man tried for larceny called witnesses to character, one of whom said "he had never heard anything against his character, as he was hard of hearing."

A PROMISING PUPIL.—Lady Harley, writing to a friend in 1636, speaks of Ned Smith, Lord Conway's little son, as a fine child, very strong and witty. "Learns apace, and forgets as fast."

SONS AND PARENTS.—"Tommy, my boy, run to the shop and get some sugar."—"Excuse me, ma; I am somewhat indisposed this morning. Send father, and tell him to bring me a plug of tobacco!"

KNOWLEDGE.—"Pompey," said a good-natured gentleman to his coloured man, "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week."—"Didn't you, massa?" replied Pompey; "I know'd it at the time!"

NOTICE.—The following was found posted on the wall of a country post-office:—"Lost—a red kaf. He had a white spot on 1 of his behind leggs. He was a she kaf. I will give three shillins to evriboddi wot will bring hym hom."

"IS THIS so?"—For Notes and Queries. The uncomfortable limp of a lame sheep dog in the North first suggested the expressive word *Collywabble* (?)

BACK AND NOSE.—"What's the matter, Cæsar?"—"Dat nigger, datlib down Cat-alley, hit me on do mou' wid his fist."—"Well, didn't you strike him back, Cæsar?"—"No, massa, but I strike him nose."

SO NICE.—One of the very latest styles of ladies' hats now worn is called the "butter-dish." They are a cross between a turtle's shell and a wash-pan. They are so nice.

OCULAR.—Taylor says, "my best pun was that which I made to Sheridan, who married a Miss Ogle. We were supping together at the Shakspeare, when the conversation turned on Garrick. I asked him which of his performances he thought the best."—"Oh," said he, "the *Lear*, the *Lear*."—"No wonder," said I. "You were fond of a Lear when you married an Ogle."

The following is recommended as an excellent recipe for a summer drink:—Take one pint of whisky; stir in a spoonful of whisky; then add one pint of whisky, and beat well with a spoon. Take one gallon of water, and let a servant carry it away beyond your reach; then put two spoonfuls of water in a glass, immediately throw it out and fill the glass with whisky. Flavour with whisky to suit your taste. When it is to be kept long in warm climates, add sufficient whisky to prevent souring.

CURIOSITIES WANTED.—A bunch of blossoms from a railway plant; the topmost bough of an axle-tree; a twig from a branch of trade; a crust from the roll of the ocean; a feather from the crest of a wave; some quills from the wings of the wind; a lock of hair from the head of a column; a hoop from the pale of society; the knife used by ringers when peeling bells; a broom for sweeping assertions; a collar for a neck of land; a quizzing-glass for an eye to business; a rocker from the cradle of the deep; a few tears from a weeping willow; and some down from the bosom of a lake.