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THE

SATURDAY READER.

MARCH TO SEPTEMBER, 1867.

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INDEX TO VOL. IV.

TALES.

	PAGE.
A Romance of the Reading Room	12
A Clairvoyant's Revelations ..	27
About to be Married	71
A Post Office Case	105
An Old Whaler's Yarn	250
A Breton Legend	265
A Story with two Ends	280
A Rise in Indigo	290
A Fenian Adventure ...	355
Birds of Prey, 10, 24, 38, 55, 70, 87, 102, 118, 134, 150, 167, 182, 198, 214, 230, 246, 262, 278, 295, 310, 342, 357, 375, 390,	405
Bullet Marks	368
Cousin Bell	142
Commodore Ladd	297
Davy Jones, Junior,	393, 401
Episode in the Life of Miss Tabitha Treenoodle	200
Found at Last	115
Fish for the Hall	233
Flogged like a Dog	377
Gabrielle of Zermatt	217
How Vogel Von Falckenstein became a Soldier	359
Letty's Temptation	259, 275
Legend of Lynton	314
Love the Avenger	353
La Fleur de Reu	360
Tabernacle Lodge	41
Two Salutations	345
Under Greek Fire	57
Venetian Tales	121
Wearing them to some Purpose	338
Mabel's Progress, 173, 189, 205, 221, 238, 254, 269, 285, 301, 317, 333, 349, 363, 381,	397
My Friend's Villa	72
Mrs. Wang	306
Mr. and Mrs. Howe	313
Proll, a Mystery	409
The Painter's Wife	7
The Lion in the Path, 3, 18, 30, 46, 62, 78, 94, 110,	126
The Banker's Ward	25
The House on the Hill	51
The Great Plague	68
The Story of an Engraver	135
The Old House of Wychcombe	146
The Lively Jenny	163
The New Nurse	170
The Night Passenger	183
The Best Man wins Her	243
The Old Keeper's Story	186
The Voice of a Sluggard	267
The Goldsmith's Apprentice ..	309
The Syke Ferry Boat	321
The Count's Fiasco	327
The Bride of Eberstein	387
The Indian Mother	371
The Vale of Cronach	391
The Kloarek of Vannes	98
Twelve Months of my Life, 158, 177, 192, 208,	225

POETRY.

An Old Soldier	133
A Wooing	356
A Story of the Rhine	235
Cloister Robbing	31
Castle and Cottage	192
Confederation Day	294
Ethel	118
Flirtation	280
Green Things Growing	181
Helga and Hildebrand.	59
L'Auto-da-fe	268
My Lady-Love	98
Misery	213
Madeline	228
Nothing Lost	324
Roger Bon'emps	176
Snow Flakes	8
St. Patrick's Day	89
Street Waif	37
Spring	200
Smothered in Roses	266
Song of the Trojan Captive....	276
Sunset	340
The Tick of the Clock	87
The Keeper's Son	129
The Story of Three Hearts	114
The Wrong Side of the Stream	146
The New Nation	148
The Death Wind	52
The Days that are no more	196
The Recollect Church ...	168
The Three Maidens	169
The Thunder Storm	266
The Iron Safe	307
The Orphan	373
The Child Queen	405
Too Timid	245
Vashti	101
Volunteer Drilling....	389
Wanderers	117
Who hath begotten the Drops of Dew?	309
Woman's Hearts	373

REVIEWS.

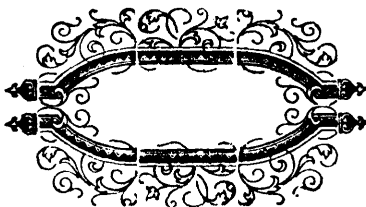
Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood	86
A Song of Italy	166
An Elementary Treatise on American Grape Culture	261
Black Sheep	150
Bench and Bar	340
College Life	341
Christianity and its Conflicts..	341
Ecce Deus	134
Frederick the Great and his Family	150
History of the American Civil War	293
History of the Panama Railroad	324
Henry the Eighth and his Court	324
Laboulaye's Fairy Book	70
Louisa of Prussia, and her Times	310
Miss Ravenel's Conversion from Secession	245
Mr. Wynyard's Ward.	340
Raymond's Heroine	324
Played Out	54
Principia Latina	54
Sowing the Wind	245
Songs of a Wanderer	294
Records of Five Years	10
The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club	10
The Claverings	86
The History of Pendennis	24
The Land of Thor....	293
The Village on the Cliff	70
The Last Chronicle of Barset	293
The Physiology and Pathology of the Mind....	341
Two Marriages	70
Thackeray's Lectures	324

MISCELLANEOUS.

Artemus Ward 100
Alexander Smith 113
A Trip to Sadowa 123
A Man's Head and a Cold in it. 197
A Case of Mistaken Identity.... 213
Alliteration 327
A Critical Position 353
Benefit of Clergy 179
Chess, 16, 28, 44, 60, 76, 92, 108, 124, 140, 156, 172, 188, 204, 220, 236, 252, 268, 284, 300, 316, 332, 348, 364, 380, 396, 412
Canadian Brigands, 1, 17, 29, 46, 61, 77, 93, 109, 125, 142, 157, 175
Concerning the Graphotype.... 33
Civilization 309
Dr. Livingstone 136
Decalcomanie 411
Emmet's Insurrection 255
Eccentric People 325
England and Ireland 22
Flint, Jack 137
Fenianism in Ireland 223
Genuine Letter of Thanks ... 243
Harem Life at Cairo 15
Imigration and Emigration 37
Interesting Discovery 148
Literary Gossip, 8, 86, 102, 118, 148, 166, 182, 246, 315, 366
Life in a Military Prison 129
Luxembourg 153
To Correspondents, 16, 28, 44, 60, 76, 92, 108, 124, 140, 156, 172, 188, 204, 220, 236, 252, 268, 284, 300, 316, 332, 348, 364, 380, 396
The Great Riot in New York.... 82
The Lamirande Extradition Case 149
The Authorship of Shakspeare.. 69
The Dancing Mania of the French Revolution 13
The Arabs of the Street 22
The Art of Misrepresentation.. 181
The Press at Sea 403
The Name "Acadia" 23
The Tower of London 59
The Fall of the Mexican Empire 113
The Trunk-Bearer 194
The Late Lord Plunkett 287
The Battle of a Minority 277
The French in Ireland 335
The Siege of Seven Acres 375
The Cretan Insurrection 53
The Temperance Cause 69
The New Constitution 85
The Bursting of the Bubble.... 101
The Earthquake in Algeria 116
The Sale of Russian America.. 117
The Fifth of March in Dublin.. 145
The Republican Theory 165
The Inner Witness.... 161
The Adventures of Bishop Mackenzie 249
Trafalgar 383
Vicissitudes of Families 241
Wigs and Human Hair 107
Witty and Whimsical, 16, 28, 44, 60, 76, 92, 108, 124, 140, 156, 172, 188, 214, 220, 236, 252, 268, 284, 300, 316, 332, 348, 364, 380, 396, 412
London Thieves 263
Labour as it used to be in England 351
Lucifer Matches 372
M. Du Chaillu in Equatorial Africa 74, 80
Man as an Animal.... 133
Martin Guerre 319
Napoleon's New Policy 9
Napoleon's Life of Julius Cæsar 53
New America 65
Our Leading Columns 367
On Little Villians 343
On Little Haters 272
On Words 228
Old Political Squibs 85
Pastimes, 15, 28, 44, 60, 76, 92, 107, 123, 140, 155, 171, 187, 203, 219, 235, 251, 267, 283, 299, 315, 331, 347, 363, 379, 395
Pipes and Tobacco.... 154
Parisian Fire Eaters.. 389
Prussia and France 408
Recollections of Mendelshson.. 215
Rats and their Doings 378
Resurrection Men.... 89
Ritualism 9
Scientific and Useful, 267, 332, 364, 380, 396, 411
Scotland, from Agricola's Invasion to 1688 304
Stalked by a Lion 323
Snakes in Queensland 399
Snuff-Taking 169

MUSIC.

Won't you tell me, why, Robin? 36



VOL. IV.—No. 79. FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 9, 1867. 4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE
Of the exploits of the
NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS
Who infested
QUÉBEC
In 1834 and 1835,

Translated for the SATURDAY READER *from a French pamphlet published in* 1837.

CAMBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

CHAPTER I.

Frequent robberies in Quebec in 1834 and 1835—Organized band of Robbers—The Conspiracy—Imprudent Measures—Cecelia Connor—First Suspicions—Arrest—Trial—Conviction.

DURING the summer and autumn of 1834, the year of the great cholera, Quebec was visited by a scourge, scarcely less alarming than that of the epidemic; theft, assassination and burglary succeeded each other with inconceivable rapidity, carrying fear and consternation into every circle of society; never was crime nor robbery accompanied by more atrocious circumstances, nor committed with greater audacity, in the midst of a moral and comparatively small population.

The doings were no longer confined to the tricks and ordinary sleight of hand of the habitual inmates of the prison; petty larceny, thefts of clothing or of poultry, prompted by misery and committed tremblingly and in secret. They were the attack of an armed band on our public roads, in our country houses, our inhabited dwellings, and in our churches. In vain did the civic authorities institute enquiry and set their runners on foot; the authors of these crimes escaped out of reach and remained undetected.—All the known reprobates of the town were questioned, but without effect; not a sign, not a hint, not a guess gave a clue to the mystery; bailiffs, patrols, and magistrates were all of them at a loss; even the promise of large sums of money did not tempt the cupidity of a single accomplice.

The conspirators, secure in their secret, and rendered more and more daring by the repeated failures of the authorities, profited by the fear that paralyzed the citizens, and continued their depredations night after night. Scarcely a day dawned but brought with it the rumor of some fresh attempt; the public journals laid hold of the news with avidity, as a piece of great good fortune, by the horrible details of which they attracted the attention and excited the fear of their readers, who, in terrified suspense, awaited anxiously the unravelling of the plot. Certain it was, however, that if professional thieves knew aught of these misdeeds, a secret hand possessing more than ordinary skill, directed and controlled their movements—the conspiracy or what ever it was, had a *soul*, a chief, far superior to the ordinary run of thieves; a head at once skilful, crafty, and energetic; but where to find this head was the question; the core of the secret had still to be touched; day by day it became more and more necessary to bring the guilty to light, and rid Quebec of the accursed plague.

This state of affairs continued until the spring of 1835, without the discovery of a single culprit, notwithstanding that every precaution had been taken by the citizens, who were always on the alert, and well armed; still thousands of pounds fell into the hands of this audacious band.

Happily the career of crime is not of long duration; the guilty cannot hope for exemption from his deserts; sooner or later his very sense of security betrays him, and delivers him, bound hand and foot, at the tribunal of justice. But a recent and unparelleled robbery gave renewed vigor to the drooping spirits of the constabulary.

During the night of the 9th and 10th of February, 1835, the scoundrels introduced themselves into the chapel of the Congregation of Our Lady, of Quebec; breaking it open they violated this sanctuary, consecrated to the worship of the Virgin, taking away with them lamps, candlesticks, and consecrated vessels, all of which were pure silver, and estimated at a value of from a hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds sterling. So enormous a crime aroused the indignation of the entire population, but again, as before, time had to elapse without exposing a single trace of the guilty; the vague suspicions that were afloat served only to embarrass the authorities, so contradictory were their statements. One month—two months—three months passed, yet nothing transpired to afford the slightest hope of success; though four hundred dollars had been held out as a reward to the informer, not a clue could be obtained to the secret.

But the guilty cannot remain quiet in their transgressions, and thus avoid their punishment; they are their own informers. The men who, up to this time had eluded all the vigilance of pursuit, were fast weaving the snare that was to entrap them—in their haste to convert their spoils into money—journeying from Quebec to Broughton to have it melted, and despising the caution which had hitherto been their shield, they discovered upon themselves.

An old Irish woman, Cecelia Connor, lived as servant with a man named Norris, a connection of one of the conspirators, in the Township of Broughton, distant about fifty miles from the City of Quebec. This woman, witnessing an unusual commotion in her master's household—people coming and going at all hours—felt persuaded that something strange was taking place; accordingly she watched every movement of those around her—listened to every sound—questioned all she d red—guessed all she could, and at last, strange to say, questioned rightly; the truth had revealed itself to her—she had fathomed the secret.

One cold winter's night, perceiving a small light twinkling beneath the branches of a distant wood, this old woman, for she was forty years of age, and extremely feeble, actuated by curiosity, arose from her bed and walked towards it, nearly three miles in the dark, and through snow up to her knees; at last she came upon snowshoe tracks—she followed them for about twice the distance of a gun shot—they led to a little hut, used during the maple sugar season as a place for boiling the sap. Creeping cautiously up, she ensconced herself within the shadow of a large maple tree, and awaited in breathless silence, the result of her undertaking.

A man about six feet high acted as sentinel a few paces from the cabin door; he stood upon snowshoes, was armed with a huge and knotty club, and was under orders to fell any living thing that approached. This man the old servant recognised as a brother-in-law of her master's; he had recently arrived from Quebec.—The cabin door was partly open, and by the blaze of a large coal fire, she perceived three men, who looked like salamanders surrounded by flames. One of them held a silver figure of the Virgin in his hand, which he was showing to his companions, to whom it appeared to give intense satisfaction, and who were busily employed in tearing off the branches and ornaments from chandeliers and other objects of church service.

Trembling between fear and joy the old woman leaned forward to catch, if possible, the meaning of their gestures, and in the deep stillness of the night the following words were wafted to her ears:

"In the Devil's name here's a virgin—chaste is she, and pure—she's the girl to fill our pockets—poor little virgin, from a chapel you are likely to visit many a queer place, let me tell you."

As these words were pronounced, the man who spoke snapped off its arms and threw them into a heated crucible. This person was a lumber merchant of the City of Quebec—his name was Charles Cambray—the two others were Norris, in whose service the old woman was, and Knox, a man in his employ; he who kept watch without was George Waterworth.

The old woman dared not remain longer where she was, but she had discovered the secret and was satisfied. Enchanted with her success, she hurriedly retraced her steps to the dwelling, and happily she reached it unperceived and in safety. But what could have inspired this poor miserable creature with the thought, the strength, the nerve, to undertake this laborious journey, the discovery of which would most certainly have resulted in her immediate death? Was it not Providence who made use of this feeble instrument to confound those who had baffled an entire population!

Early next morning the four men returned from their night's work; the servant, in opening the door to them, perceived that Knox was tipsy. She watched her opportunity, and as soon as he had fallen asleep, she searched his person, and found thereon a small silver sceptre which he had stolen from his master, and for several days back had concealed in his shirt bosom. As soon as Cambray and George Waterworth had left for Quebec she went to the magistrate of the place, (Mr. Hall) informed him of what she had seen and placed the stolen ornament in his possession.

The authorities in Quebec having been informed of these facts, Charles Cambray and George Waterworth, two lumber merchants of that place, both enjoying excellent reputations, were, to the utter astonishment of their fellow citizens, arrested and thrown into prison.

In the interval, a minute investigation of the particulars took place; the dwellings inhabited by the prisoners were thoroughly searched, and among the articles found were a telescope and some silver spoons; these there were good grounds for supposing had been stolen within but a short period of time. From this day, the veil which had hitherto concealed the iniquitous career of the confederacy was torn aside, and they stood before the public gaze in all their nakedness and guilt, and be it remembered that to a poor weak woman Quebec owed its deliverance from the depredations of this organised band, all the more dangerous from the fact that their position in society and general reputation screened them the more effectually from suspicion.

In the month of September, 1835, Cambray was accused of house-breaking and robbery, committed against a Mr. Parke, who identified the telescope found at the prisoner's, as belonging to him, and in the month of March following, 1836, he was again accused, this time of a most heartless murder committed at Lotbinière on the person of a Captain Sivrac. Owing, however, to the skill of his legal adviser, to the absence of sufficient proof, and to the perjuries of his accomplices, who were unknowingly permitted to give evidence on his behalf, and who came on purpose to prove an *alibi*, he escaped conviction in both these cases.

With regard to the sacrilegious theft on the

chapel of "La Congregation," the Attorney-General did not like risking an immediate action, persuaded that time would indubitably bring forth more incontestable proof than that furnished by Cecelia Connor. It was owing to that, at the close of the Criminal Term for March, 1836, Cambray and Waterworth were set at liberty upon giving bail.

In the following August fresh suspicions fell upon them for the theft of building material, and they were again incarcerated.

During the September Term the press of business excluded once more the action of *La Congregation*, and actuated by a spirit of folly, a weakness, an inexplicable contradiction in the character of a man so full of energy and determination, that is if we are not to attribute it to a blindness inseparable from the circumstances to be hereinafter explained, Cambray offered the officer of the Crown to turn King's evidence, and, on certain conditions to give all the details of the crime of which he and his accomplice stood accused. This intelligence reached Waterworth, who, having to choose between death or treason, chose treason, and he also offered to reveal without any condition save that which the law allowed, namely: the hope of pardon and liberty after the conviction of the offenders, all the particulars connected with the aforesaid crimes. This offer was accepted, and the accused remained in prison until the month of March, 1837, when the criminal accusations: burglary at Mrs. Montgomery's, and the robbery connected with the chapel of *La Congregation* were brought on for trial by the frightful revelations of Waterworth, and which finally led to the conviction of Cambray, Mathieu, and Gagnon. Never did criminal trial produce a greater sensation in the public mind, owing partly to the sad celebrity of the prisoners, and partly to the gravity of their offences. During the whole of the March term, 1837, the court was positively crammed with spectators, and the columns of the public prints teemed with the details of the case.

To the number of interesting facts brought to light in the course of this trial are added the still more extraordinary disclosures of the accomplice witness, together with those of the convicted, from whom the material of these memoirs has been derived.

CHAPTER II.

Defectiveness of the Penal Code—Revelations of Waterworth—Appearance and character of W.—First interview between W. and Cambray—An expedition—A frolic.

The voice of crime raised only to gratify an idle curiosity, may inspire the mind with horror, but it debases its purity and corrupts its nature, for it familiarizes it with the path of vice. But when it appeals to the Legislature on behalf of unfortunate fellow creatures, cast by their laws on the highway of crime; when in the name of humanity it presses upon the consideration of the country questions deeply affecting its honor and prosperity, when it seeks to elevate wretches above their violent passions and sinful dispositions, it then becomes the province of the philanthropist and the patriot, and it is to these effects we now unfold the fearful annals of bloodshed and wickedness.

It is far from our idea to apologize for scoundrelism, nor do we wish to quiet public indignation at an outrage committed against the rights of society. We heartily desire that the guilty may not escape punishment, but, we also desire that the law of the land may not have the effect of increasing their numbers, and of compelling them to continue in their misdeeds.

Ask a criminal, a man from whose contact we shrink with horror, ask him the history of his life—he answers, *poverty*, *weakness*—the error of one moment led to the theft of a loaf of bread, or an old garment—the law laid hold of me—disgraced me with public exposure—cast me into prison among a number of old delinquents, men who glorying in vice, encouraged the committal of crime. And now, though defamed and shunned by every one, I must still live, and I can only live by crime.

And when this man arrives at the climax of his career—the gallows—when he is brought face to face with death—when at last reflection forces itself upon his mind, and the feelings common to human nature return, writhing in mental agony—bemoaning his bitter fate—kneeling in prayer upon his miserable pallet of straw, deploring his crimes and invoking the mercy of God, for that of man has been denied him—who, without pity can witness the utter wretchedness of his condition, or turn unmoved from so sad a scene?

Taking into consideration the population of our country, there are few places in the world containing a greater number of criminals; and to the causes we have mentioned is this frightful progress of vice to be attributed, namely: the defectiveness of the penal code—public punishment—a pernicious prison dicipline, and the want of a penitentiary, and houses of refuge to reform the convicted.*

In the present state of affairs, when a man has the misfortune to fall into our prisons, he is lost to virtue, there the barrier between the first step and the last is removed, the road to vice is levelled by this single act, for the best of inclinations fall amidst the surrounding corruption.

It was to expose this, to point out the allurements that here beset the novice, that we have undertaken to edit these memoirs, for, to detail their importance, whether moral or political, is far above our efforts, all that we can hope for is, to make the radical defect of our criminal laws felt; if we succeed in this, we shall be satisfied.

"Yes," said Waterworth," I desire to enter fully into the details of our crimes, for I now see where this life was leading me to, and I desire from my heart to abandon it. Moreover, I owe society a reparation for having so cruelly outraged its laws. I will therefore speak freely and truthfully, concealing nothing that may be necessary to a just comprehension of the workings of the confederacy; after that I intend leaving the country for ever, for my days would be uncertain were I to remain.

"I must acknowledge that it is with deep regret that I bear witness against one to whom I have been bound by the ties of a firm but fatal attachment, but we were leagued for crime, and conscience, which speaks sooner or later, acquits me of the guilty oath; still, as the the rapid and extraordinary adventures of the past sweep over my brain from the first offence to the last, I must own that I proceed with pain.

"To me life has been as a dream—a strange fatality—the fulfilment of a dreadful curse. I know not what charm led me to adopt my perilous calling, nor what hand pushed me so far. I cannot help thinking that fate presides over our actions, for up to the present moment I have had no idea of the enormity of the crimes I have committed. It seemed to me that every thing took place suddenly and without giving me time for reflection.

"It is with difficulty that I recover from my astonishment at the end of this strange blindness."

"Well! well! I cannot say what power my companion (Cambray) had acquired over me, but one thing is certain, namely: that I would have attempted anything in the world he might have desired me."

"What! did you say *he* possessed an influence over you?"

"Influence! Ah, more than it is possible to imagine. I have loved him more than a father, more than a brother, more than it is possible for me to love any one again. There is nothing I would not have done to have pleased him; indeed so much so, that I could hardly believe myself not under the influence of a charm—some magical power. Each time he was arrested I ran and delivered myself voluntarily into the hands of the police, resolved to share his fate whatever the result. Even to-day when my deposition places a halter round his neck—for I am determined to tell the truth—even to-day, I would submit to twenty years exile in the most desolate region on the face of the globe, if I could obtain a commutation of his sentence."

The accomplice witness pronounced these words in accents of sincere affliction, his eyes filling with tears as he spoke, after which he remained silent for several minutes, his spirit prostrate under violent emotion and hideous reminiscence.

George Waterworth is something more than thirty years of age, about six feet high, and well formed. The repulsive manner generally attributed to persons of his class is not perceptible in him; on the contrary his appearance is extremely favourable. He has a remarkably fine head, light hair, regular features, is quick in his movements, in his manner cold, firm, and severe; he has a very large mouth, high cheek bones, and appears very intelligent. But he looks like a man broken by a sudden and violent reverse of fortune; pale, reserved and melancholy, he seems completely subdued by the pressure of circumstances. He has a prodigious memory, but, having heard his confessions, we doubt whether he was courageous under difficulty, or inflexible in his purpose; on the contrary we are inclined to think he was easily led and won over to the opinions of others, though he certainly wanted neither tact nor observation, at least in judging of the dispositions of his former associates. In his religious belief he is a Fatalist, as are nearly all the greatest rogues; in his apparel he carries not the livery of vice and misery, for he is rather neat in his person, and respectably clad.

"Certes the hour advances," observed Waterworth, starting from his reverie and pulling out a handsome silver watch. "This watch," said he, "is all that remains of *that* trade," but to business. If you are ready to listen, I am ready to tell." And thus he commenced his story:

"I am a native of the county of——, in Ireland, but my family came originally from Liverpool. I emigrated to Canada with my parents, fourteen years ago, and lived with them upon a farm on the Little River road, two miles from Quebec, which place we left several years after, to settle in the township of Broughton.

"I am pretty well educated, as up to the age of thirteen, I was kept constantly at school;—at present I am something more than twenty-nine years of age. Whatever may be the crimes of which I am this day accused, or which I may avow, I solemnly declare that in my youth I never felt the least inclination to commit theft; and that before the year 1833, I had never been guilty of an offence of that nature. When a child my disposition was such, that I was cited as a model to my companions. Well, well! I have changed greatly since that time, owing to a combination of circumstances of which I do not know that I was master.

"In the summer of 1833, it so happened that I had to go to Quebec, in charge of some saw-logs belonging to a merchant of that place; one day whilst in port, a man of pretty good appearance jumped from the shore, upon the raft on which I was, and in a very abrupt manner accosted me as follows:"

"'Boy,' said he, 'you've some pretty good wood there; come, let's strike a bargain; what's your price?'"

"'This wood is not for sale, sir,' said I; 'it does not belong to me, but to my master.'

"'Bosh. What does that matter? nobody need know: come, make up your mind; I'll give the money for it, cash down; it will line your purse and make a man of you. Here, I'll give you so much a foot (mentioning the price); come, don't be a child.'

"'Oh no, no; I shall consent to nothing of the kind.'

"'Well, good bye, my boy; I hope your scruples will pass away by the time you're in business for yourself. However; since you won't sell, at least, if you happen to *find* anything, just bring it along to me. I'll give you a good price, never fear—and I say, send your friends to me too. By the bye, you don't know me; my name is

* It must be borne in mind that this narrative was written thirty years ago. Many of the evils here enumerated, have been to some extent remedied, but it is still to be regretted that but slight provisions are made in our jails for the separation of criminals into classes. The youth incarcerated for his first offence, is compelled to mingle with men hardened in crime, and, in consequence, becomes too frequently like them—hopelessly vicious. ED. S R.,

Charles Cambray, I'm a dealer in wood; my place of business is in the Palais; you'll always find me there: come on shore sometimes and have a glass of punch with me.'

"I accepted his offer, and thus terminated my first interview with this man. From that day we became more and more intimate—the remainder is known to you all.

"But to continue; from that time I acted upon the suggestions he had thrown out, being constantly on the look out for drift wood, which I collected in considerable quantities and sold to him. In a short space of time I had amassed much more money than I had ever possessed in my life, and my ideas extending with my appreciation of the business, I soon learned the method of extracting logs from the booms around me, a most lucrative occupation which I followed, I must confess without the slightest remorse, for I could not then foresee the end to which it was leading me. Nevertheless it must be admitted that queer notions exist in Canada concerning individual rights in lumber, for the entire trade is little else than pillage from the very beginning, many a man scrupulously honest in the ordinary affairs of life is a perfect Turk in this.

"Shortly after the close of the navigation, and just as I was on the point of returning to Broughton, I happened accidentally to meet with Cambray, who, addressing me in an insinuating and persuasive manner, peculiarly his own, said—

"'Waterworth, my brave fellow, you're the very man I wanted to see. A word in your ear; I know where there is some splendid wood to be had at a distance of only some nine or ten miles from Quebec. What do you say to it? I can assure you there's a good haul to be made; one night tide and the profit is our own.'

"We undertook the expedition with the happiest results, we brought back about ten pounds worth of wood for which I received ten shillings as my share. On our return, Cambray said to me:

"'George, I know you to be a wide-awake fellow and up to business. Now leave Broughton, early next spring, and I will give you an interest in my business. You'll see how we'll get on together. But before you go, I've a little trick to propose. You know that in our trade we want a boat; she must be a first rate one, a genuine skimmer, now your brother-in-law, Norris, has the very thing we want; he'd sell I know, but then he'd ask such a d—— of a price; but what I wan't to know is, what's to prevent you hooking it?

"'What! would you have me act in that way towards one who has supported me during a whole summer. I think that would hardly be the thing.'

"'Tut, tut, deuce take it, it would be charitable at any rate, for it would keep him from stealing wood.'

"'Come now, no folly; give me your hand; there it's agreed. I'll go with you myself; just you get hold of the key, and see if the boat don't vanish.'

"The next day Norris' boat was snug in winter quarters, in Black Jack's yard, St. Rochs, but it was not Norris who put it there.

"After this little frolic, as we called it, I can scarcely say I looked forward to my partnership with any great pleasure, for I could not forget that it would be with a man who had taught me to steal, stolen with me, and finally stolen from me; in fact I gave him to understand that I did not think I could accept his offer, and even went so far as to claim my share in the boat. He then gave me a note for five dollars; our prize was worth forty at least, and shortly afterwards I left for Broughton, by no means satisfied with the result.

"At this time Cambray appeared to be doing a good business, he had always plenty of money, and lived exceedingly well. He was very regular in his habits excepting indeed the morning after a gale of wind, when he was always up at daybreak. He had also a desperate passion for cock fighting.

"He was not married at that time and boarded at the house of one of his friends. I do not think that he was then on familiar terms with the inmates of the prison, nor do I believe he ever did any thing worse than *find*, but then it must be remembered that he *found* a tremendous lot.

"I did not however like the appearance of those he employed on his rafts; they were the veriest scum of vagabonds picked up on the plains of Abraham, who all of them possessed a terrible propensity for *finding* gloves, handkerchiefs, coats, and in fact every thing that could be *eclipsed* in their hats or pea jackets.

(To be continued.)

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 405, vol. III.

CHAPTER LXXXIX—IN COUNCIL.

The whole of the next day the king spent with his ministers in secret council, as to how they were to deal with so portentous an incident.

The Earl of Bridgeminster again urged, and with some success, his belief that the insurrection was the true plot, and the assassination only a sham one, invented to divert their thoughts at a critical moment from the proper business of preparation.

Of course, under such circumstances, it became necessary to guard in both directions. And then arose some very delicate and subtle questions of policy.

Should the men denounced by Lord Langton be arrested at once?

To that the king objected his royal word.

And to that one speaker after another annexed, in a whisper, the saving clause that, if necessary for the good of the state, His Majesty must be kept in the dark while reasonable precautions were taken.

But this question was soon disposed of. All the ministers agreed that it would be absurd to interfere till the last moment, when they could at once test the guilt of the supposed assassins, and arrest them, if guilty, at one fell swoop.

But how?

To the astonishment of everybody the Earl of Bridgeminster said—

"I advise that no change whatever be made in any—even the smallest—details; that His Majesty, dressed as usual—goes as usual——"

The earl could not proceed, on account of the exclamations aroused by this extraordinary suggestion.

The king stared blankly at his favourite minister, as if wondering if his senses had deserted him.

"Pardon me, your majesty, and you, noblemen, and gentlemen, while I explain myself. Do you not perceive that, if the arrangements go as I suppose, the conspiraters can have no doubt?"

"That is plain enough!" said the monarch, drily.

"Exactly, your majesty. They hear of the illustrious prey going, in perfect unconsciousness, hunting as before; they see him leave the palace; their prey, then, is secure—and what more can they want?"

"It is wonderfully clear, my lord, and, to me, marvellously satisfactory!"

"Then," continued the earl, "we will have an absolutely overwhelming force planted in ambush, guarding all possible inlets and outlets between the spot chosen and the rest of the world! and so, at the critical moment, we wait for thunder clap No. 1—the attack—and then for thunder-clap No. 2, which will, I promise your majesty, wonderfully clear the air!"

"And I am to take part in the pretty game of plot and underplot, am I?" asked the king, indignation and incredulity struggling together for mastery.

"Yes, your majesty, only we shall have ourselves, on this occasion to play the part of rebels, dethrone your majesty for the day, and the hour, and raise to the vacant place the most ambitious man among us—he who now covets the honour of being your representative!"

There was a smile on every face at this explanation, and then the same faces grew very sombre indeed at the thought that one was asked to encounter one of the most perilous risks ever encountered by a loyal and adventurous subject.

CHAPTER XC.—THE BLACK SATURDAY.

No sort of premonitory indication disturbed fashionable, commercial, or industrial London on the morning of the fatal Saturday that was to bring the king and the assassins into contact.

Rumours there had been, no doubt, of plots, for the air was never free from them. But on this particular morning, which was frosty, bright, exhilarating, men forgot politics and dynasties, and bustled about in keen enjoyment of the healthful blood-stirring season.

About seven o'clock in the morning a labourer, carrying an empty hod, as if out of work and seeking a job, stepped near one of the sentries of Kensington Palace, and said—

"Fine day for the king's hunting, but a deal too cold, I guess, for him to venture out!"

"He's going, for all that," said the sentry, and the labourer passed on.

There was nothing remarkable in the incident, but what was remarkable was the fact that the same labourer presently stopped near another sentinel—who was out of sight of the first—and put the same question to that man. He got a similar answer, and walked away.

On reaching one of the thick bits of shrubbery in the park he glided in among the trees, and was concealed. When he emerged he was in the dress of a gentleman, and the hod was left behind.

The Palace stables and yard are full of bustle. The old lumbering, heavy, and gilded state-coach is standing ready; six superb but over-fed greys are harnessed to it, each led by a groom. Horsemen, many in number, are also collected here, intending evidently to accompany the king.

At a given signal the equipage is led away to the principal entrance, where it waits for the king. The horsemen and other carriages draw up in orderly lines in the rear. A squadron of horse now dash on to the ground. Half remain in front, as if to precede the royal carriage; half go to the rear. But this half creates some confusion, by interposing between the royal carriage and the carriages and the horsemen. Angry voices of courtiers are heard, demanding what that change is for.

A loyal-looking gentleman stands there, watching with great interest this little incident. His face strikingly resembles the labourer of a few minutes back, though the dress is different. He is about to start off, hurriedly, when he smiles to note that the mistake is remedied—the soldiers go to the tail of the whole procession, as in ordinary cases.

Other soldiers come—picked men, evidently, on account of the distinction—who, some on one side some on the other, keep near the carriage, forming a kind of line through which it is always passing.

The loyal-looking gentleman takes great interest in that arrangement too, but seems, on the whole, quite satisfied with it as in due routine. Then he draws nearer to the porch where the king is expected to come out, but he is driven back by the officials.

He is, however, so polite, good-humoured, and gentlemanly, his face looks so full of loyalty, that they relax a little in his favour, and he is allowed to get within, say, some twenty feet of the open door of the state vehicle.

Ha! there is the king!

All hats are removed; but the loyal gentleman not only takes off his hat, but gives a loud huzza.

And when that explosion of loyalty, and the similar explosion it called forth from hundreds of other voices, has died away, he cannot help audibly ejaculating—

"God bless him, and hang all Jacobites!"

The king passes to the carriage. The loyal gentleman is troubled to see how the king is wrapped up against the cold. He makes a sud-

den effort to get nearer for a better look, and finds himself all but impaled on a soldier's bayonet. When he looks again the king has passed into the carriage, and is no more visible to the loyal gentleman, who mutters to himself enigmatical words of doubt—

"It must be him; there can be no mistake. The height, the build, the walk—ah, yes the walk! *that* is not to be mistaken."

He retires from the palace precincts, and enters a humble workman's lodging.

The instant he enters, the door is closed and locked after him by an aged woman, who looks terribly frightened as she recognises him and addresses him as "your worship."

"Where is the pigeon?" he demands.

"In the upper room."

"Keep watch here. Cough if anything alarms you."

He left her and went up-stairs.

A basket cage was on the table; inside the cage a carrier pigeon of remarkable beauty, and still more remarkable power of swift and certain flight.

He sat down and wrote in his note-book these words—

All is well. The man keeps the appointment he never made. The moment of departure was 11.50. From this all other calculations may be timed. All well; very well!

He reads and re-reads this; then tears out the leaf, folds it up, and secures it by a silken ribbon under the wing of the beautiful bird, whose bright eye glances sidways at him, as if in full understanding of all that was expected from it.

Then, holding the bird in his left hand he goes to the window, lifts the sash with his left hand, while holding the pigeon against his breast with the right, looks out very carefully for nearly a minute to see that no special danger threatened the messenger, and then lets it loose.

Away flies the bird.

The loyal gentleman watches for some time its spiral circling motions anxiously, as if dreading a mischievous shot before it was out of reach; but no, the bird is gone straight through the upper air to its destined place.

Over Chiswick the bird pauses, seeking for its own place of descent.

The master sees it while too far off to make it hear his whistle.

It descends. He whistles. The bird hears, and flies lovingly to seek his breast.

At this moment a bright flame is seen, then a noise heard, and the poor bird drops among the very men in whose cause it has been engaged.

And then, while rough hands untie the silken fastenings, and read the all-important missive, the owner of the bird, a tender-hearted conspirator, rushes in among them frantic with the loss of his beloved pigeon, which he denounces as an unmitigated murder.

The word strikes on many ears, and more than one voice echoes the voice of him who says loudly—

"A bad omen, to begin with killing our friends!"

"Not at all!" cries another, "provided we end by killing the worst of our enemies."

The voice was Sir George Charter's; and in a moment later, all the conspirators were in active movement, satisfied the prey was within their grasp.

CHAPTER XCI.—THE EXPLOSION.

On went the royal carriage towards Chiswick and the Thames, with its guards in front and at the back and at the sides, and attended by a large number of the courtiers.

Of course, nothing was more natural than that gentlemen on horseback should, from time to time, drop in among the other horsemen to pay their respects to the sovereign, and gossip, if permitted to do so, on things in general.

Strange to say, our friend the labourer, alias the loyal gentleman on foot, is now transformed into a loyal gentleman on horseback, and the very pleasantest of companions he proves to be.

After a while, he ventures a question to the effect—

"What time will the king get back, do you think, to the water on the other side, for I should like to get a peep at His Majesty?"

"Well, to whisper you a bit of a secret the king is not coming back this way."

"Indeed! How is that?"

"I haven't the least notion; unless that His Majesty has done this sort of thing so many times in one mode that he fancies a change."

"Of course, of course! and very right too, it must be tedious. I thought of waiting for his return when he wouldn't have so many grand people about him, and one might have hoped for a look or a smile; but, as I am disappointed in that, it's no use my going further. I wish you a very good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

Our loyal horseman, who is in the rear, draws off from the procession, then puts his horse into a pleasant canter, for a minute or so, then into a sharp trot, then, after a cautious look behind him, he buries his spurs in the sides of the poor horse, and is borne along at a terrific pace, as if the rider had lost all control. But the very instant the frightened and panting animal begins to slacken speed, the spurs are once more at their work.

"On, on, on!" is the low cry of the horseman to his steed, broken by an abrupt, occasional sentence, such as this—

"The whole scheme is ruined, unless——"

He soon reaches Chiswick by a circuitous route, and, leaping his horse over a low enclosure rather than give time for the opening of a gate, he dismounts, leaving his horse unattended, rushes into a doorway and up the narrow, winding stairs, into a room where Sir George Charter and all the chiefs of the assassination plot were assembled.

What a picture it would have been, could an artist have given us the looks of those men as they met the look of the new comer, and saw the alarm and horror in his face.

"They know! They know!"

"Calm yourself," said Sir George, "and let us know, too, what they know."

"The king, I have just learned, is not intending to return this way after the hunt, so that the scheme is clear—we are all to be assembled here waiting his return; he does not return; but at that precise moment that we shall be preparing to strike, we shall ourselves be caught like rats in a cock-pit, and slaughtered like rats, unless they prefer keeping us for the scaffold!"

A dead—an awful silence, for a few seconds pervaded the room, as men weighed carefully the precise value of this most alarming news. Then their excitement broke out, and for another few minutes there was nothing but clamour, and wild exclamations, and still wilder suggestions of all sorts of impossible schemes.

Then the loyal gentleman who had brought the news called Sir George aside, and whispered with him for some time. Then the two men returned to the others, their faces looking wonderfully lightened.

"Gentlemen!" Then, finding the buzz still continuing, he repeated, in sterner accents, and loudly, "Gentlemen! will you listen, or shall I fire a pistol-shot among you, to make you?"

An attentive audience thus secured, Sir George began.

"Our friend here shames us by his quiet courage and self-possession. Just when we were giving up all for lost, he shows us that we may have, if we choose, only an additional security for gaining all. In a word, he proposes that, instead of waiting for the king's return, we attack him now!"

"Is it possible?" was the cry on all sides.

"Certainly. Our friend has come so fast that there is ample time to warn our comrades. Off, then, each to look after his own command, and draw them to the appointed place. Within half an hour, if I find all ready, we strike. If not ready then, you will lose the grandest chance mortal men ever had of making themselves immortal. Speak—are you all content?"

"All! All!"

"Away, then!"

Great indeed was the hurry of horsemen to and fro, during the next few minutes, to collect together from the different ale-houses of the neighbourhood the men who were scattered through them in twos and threes. Some were found already drunk, and were left behind with hearty curses; but these were few. The rest were all waiting so anxiously, that though they had not expected the signal for two or three hours yet, they were at once prepared and alert.

The place of meeting had been most skilfully laid out. Each of the four divisions had a capital shelter provided. One met behind the dead wall of a great brewery, one in a thick grove of trees, one in a deserted house and courtyard near the Thames, and one—the one that was to seize the king—kept in the open, the horsemen wide apart, and irregularly moving about like a few gentlemen waiting in a loyal spirit to see the monarch cross the river.

Not one of these places of waiting and concealment were so far off but that the conspirators who took shelter were able to see what might pass at the spot of embarkation. Of course, therefore, they were also ready to dash forward upon their prey within a space of time so short, that it might almost be measured by seconds rather than by minutes.

One only incident threatened to mar the success of these arrangements. The brewer himself happened to be at that time walking over the roof of a part of his building to look after a defective place that was letting the rain into his tun-room. He thus caught a glimpse of two or three horsemen—he could not see the rest—who were closed under the shelter of the wall, and wondered what it meant.

Not all suspecting political villainy, his thoughts flew rapidly to the idea of what we may call commercial villainy—of robbers, highwaymen, and what not.

He was a fearless man, and so at once descended, intending simply to open the door of a kind of loft, where he could speak to them without endangering his liberty, supposing they were inclined to lay hold of him, and make him ransom himself by a heavy payment.

He opened the loft door, and looked out, and saw, to his astonishment, no less than ten men, evidently gentlemen, and even in that hurried glimpse he saw arms.

While he paused for a moment in astonishment and thought of the fire-bell, and of ringing it, he was thus addressed—

"Cold day, master brewer. Can't you send us a glass of good ale? Don't be frightened; we are only Cockney sportsmen waiting for some comrades to join us."

"Oh, that's it, is it!" said the brewer. "Pon my life, I was just going to ring my fire-bell, by way of alarm; but if you're only sportsmen, and not thieves——"

"Not thieves at all, I assure you," said a good-humoured voice, "What say you to the ale?"

"To be sure! I'll go and get it."

He was at that moment stretching out, in order to reach the door, which had swung back to the wall, when there was a shot, a groan, and a heavy fall.

The murdered brewer lay at the murderer's feet.

"He suspected us, he was going to ring the fire-bell; such sound, at such a moment, might have ruined all." So said the leader of the party, and no one commented. All waited, grim and expectant, for what the next few minutes should bring forth.

Sir George Charter himself led the band of men that were to seize the king.

Among these ten was Scum Goodman. While they all waited in feverish expectation for the first sight of the procession—the course of which they had marked for some time by the cloud of dust, the day being dry and windy—Sir George and Scum Goodman spoke a little apart.

"How beats your pulse?" asked Sir George.

"Feel," responded Scum Goodman, stretching out his wrist.

Sir George smiled, not having intended to be understood so literally, then he put his fingers to the wrist, and did feel.

"A superb sledge-hammer!" was the admiring comment.

"Do you find any wavering there?"
"No."
"Any hurry?"
"No; it goes as grand as a march of the king's Blues."
"Ay, ay!" assented Scum Goodman.
"And is the aim as clear as the will is strong?" asked Sir George.
"You don't want the white elephant!"
"No; but if he's weak enough to say he will go with us, well, then, I think he must."
"Very well; but that pitiful arrangement is barring accident, you know."
"Barring accident, certainly!" said Sir George, and the two men shook hands. "No man can ensure himself against accidents; least of all, at times like these!"
"There they are!" suddenly exclaimed Scum Goodman, about five minutes after this talk.
"Give the hint to all," said Sir George, "to keep as near as we can, without having our faces recognisable, and to keep still and bareheaded; that will infallibly suggest we are *loyal* men."
Scum Goodman fulfilled his commission, and did it in so quiet a manner as to suggest nothing to the heads of the procession.
"Count the soldiers," whispered Sir George to Scum Goodman.
"Just thirty in front."
"Ugly odds, if there are thirty more in the rear! Why, by heavens, there's a whole squadron there in the distance more than we reckoned for! The game's up, I fear."
"No, no!" exclaimed Scum Goodman, exultingly. "See, they're stopping; they're facing about; they are going back!"
"Can it be possible? Does Providence itself play into our hands. Yes, they are going back. Wonderful! Ah, I understand. This is the body of troops that on other occasions always meets the king on the other side, go with him to the hunt, bring him back to the river, and there leave him. Most likely, they are to meet him at some fresh place. Still, 'tis odd; and I wish—Pooh! what time have I to think of trifles, now that the signal is about to be given?"
These ten bare-headed gentlemen of course attracted attention, and the king was seen to bow as he passed.
The courtiers now began to take their leave, and follow the retreating soldiery, all but some half dozen gentlemen—personal friends, as it were, of the king—who waited to see him embark.
"Two old men, one boy—three only good for fighting!" muttered Sir George to Scum Goodman. "I wish, for their own sakes, they hadn't stopped. However, there they are, and they must take their chance!"
"Ay, ay!" responded Scum Goodman, between his teeth. "Shall it be now?"
"No; the ground, you see, is good. Wait till they have got a few yards further, and they will be fast in the mire, and sudden escape impossible!"
"Now," said the impatient Scum Goodman. "We shall see him safe on the barge in another minute or two!"
"Gently! Gently! I see the spot, and have seen nothing else for ten minutes. Scum!"
"Yes?"
"Keep close to me."
"Ay, ay! I know where the danger will be!"
"And the glory!"
"And the cash!" grinned Scum Goodman.
"Pass the word for us to walk our horses fast up to theirs, but only to walk till I fire my pistol twice in rapid succession. The other bands know that signal; and are waiting for it!"
The royal coach was at this time labouring slowly down a long descent toward the river. Suddenly it stopped—jammed fast in the mud. Some of the soldiers, at an officer's word, leaped off their horses, and put their shoulders to the wheel.
The ten bare-headed, loyal gentlemen naturally came on now faster, to see if they too could not be useful. Seemingly nothing could be more unsuspicious than the whole party—from king and courtiers down to the meanest soldier—of any attack.
Hark! What means that? A pistol shot! Another!

There is scarcely time to put the question and to look round, when they see the ten loyal gentlemen riding madly at them. Another second or two, and several of those who look have shut their eyes for ever!
Although taken by surprise, the soldiers soon recover themselves, but only to find a similar store of bullets coming in first from the water side, then from their right, then from their left; and before they have time to guess what it all means, the king's assailants and defenders are all mingled together into a horrible chaos of men, shooting, stabbing, and cursing.
Heedless of the uproar and the danger, Sir George and his followers rush to the royal vehicle, and while Sir George shouts, "Yield yourself prisoner of war and your life is saved!" Scum Goodman, by way of practical commentary, fires at the royal figure dimly seen through the coach; that figure drops.
"You have killed the king!" said Sir George, sternly.
"I said barring accidents, you know!"
Sir George opened the door, saw a prostrate and crouching figure, and drew it out by main force, saying—
"Pardon my rudeness! Halloa! who have we here? Mr. Cavendish, by all that's infernal! Speak! Where is he? Where's your king? Don't juggle, sir, or you're a dead man. Where is he?"
"Safe in the palace, thank God!" said Mr. Cavendish, recovering a little his natural courage, which had been shaken by the horrible scene going on around him.
"And he sent you to represent him, did he?" demanded Sir George, with a face that was like an index to the dark passions struggling within.
"Yes."
"And why?"
"Because your plot was known."
"And yet he sent all these men to useless butchery?"
"Not useless," said Mr. Cavendish. "Look behind you!"
Sir George turned, and a shot instantly penetrated his hat, without, however, injuring him. Mr. Cavendish had fired too quickly.
But how is it Sir George does not repay Mr. Cavendish the blow meditated?
He sees an awful sight. From the east or London side, from the west, and from the north, he sees three solid bodies of cavalry charging towards him and his fellow conspirators at full speed. He catches a horse and leaps upon it. Scum Goodman is already mounted by his side, and ready to indicate a route through the heaving, struggling mass of combatants; for the king's soldiers—such of them as live—have recovered from their panic on learning of the reinforcements, and renewed the contest.
"No," shouted Sir George, "we die or conquer together!" Then, with a tremendous voice, he called to all to form around him; he charged his own horse and Goodman's against one group after another of the king's soldiers that might impede the new formation; and thus, in an incredibly short space of time, he found himself still master of some twenty-eight men, all devoted to him, and devoted, of necessity, to death, knowing that the sword or the scaffold certainly waited for them in one direction; while safety, under Sir George's guidance, might still be assured in another.
"We have failed for once," he shouted; "the more necessary we reserve ourselves for another chance. Hurrah for King James! Death to his enemies!"
"Hurrah! hurrah!"
Sir George now for a single moment looked out upon the coming storm. The nearest of the approaching bodies of horse was scarcely a quarter of a mile distant.
Was it possible, he seemed to ask himself, to go off in another direction, and escape between the converging forces before they could actually meet?
No; for all the bodies would see in what direction he should advance, and again so shape their movements as to converge upon the assassins.
There remained, then, only the one desperate expedient to meet the nearest body of assailants, and drive right at them, in the hope that the bulk might thus get through them.
Many unoubtedly would fall, but a large remnant might escape.
Then, too, it was a dashing, almost chivalrous kind of thing to do, and would shed a kind of glory over the day, that Sir George felt he and his associates needed.
"Gentlemen Jacobites, brothers in misfortune, there lies our path—right through that red squadron. I will pass through it, or drop dead by the way! Ay, even if I go alone! Away! Follow who will!"
He put spurs to his horse, levelled his sharp sword, and charged on, without waiting a single instant to see if they hesitated.
They were instantly moving after him; then they call to him. He understands, and slackens his speed to let them partially envelop him, and then, the whole troop forming a double line—each man and horse keeping well apart to allow free play to individual energy—charged on with terrible impetuosity, the second line being exceedingly close behind the first, ranging chequer-wise with the first line—that is to say, between any two horsemen of the first line appeared one horseman of the second line.
"Down; they are going to fire!" cried Scum Goodman, whose quick eyes saw the king's soldiers levelling for a pistol volley.
Simultaneously all the heads bowed, and off went a rattling and heavy discharge of pistol-shots.
Scum Goodman had the ill-luck not to profit by his foresight. His horse was hit, rolled over, and so badly wounded the rider, that he had nothing left but to wait till his captors should take the trouble to carry him off.
Two or three other riderless horses were also seen.
There was no time to think of the riders, who perhaps could hardly be called unfortunate if their fate as prisoners be remembered.
And now came the shock.
Sir George had so well held his men that, just at the moment of collision, the whole of his troop, small as it was, struck like a solid and deadly weapon right upon the advancing king's troops.
The very momentum opened a way.
And—as for the moment it was but man to man at the exact point of meeting, and as those outside and farther off could not attack till they saw the first mingling of both sides disentangled—the practical effect was that Sir George and about ten or twelve did get through.
A loud hurrah from Sir George marked the triumph of the moment.
It was short-lived: while he cheered on the faithful few left to him, there came a terrible volley from the carbines of the king's horse. Sir George was seen to stiffen for a moment, as if balancing himself against some unseen shock, then, so sitting, and quite rigid, he rode on at the head of his men—now reduced to five in number—and when these were shot down, or taken prisoners, in detail, as they soon after were, it was found that their leader had long been dead.

To be Continued.

THE PAINTER'S WIFE.

"BUT you have not told me yet, Cyrilla, what incident the picture is intended to represent."
"It is intended to illustrate the story of 'Ginevra,' as told in Rogers's *Italy*. I daresay you recollect the poem in question?"
"O yes: I remember all about Francesco Doria and his youthful bride; and how the latter hid herself in an old chest on her wedding-day, and was smothered, and her body not found for ever so many years afterwards."
"That is just the point—where Ginevra is about to hide herself—that Theodore is trying to illustrate. I have sat to him I don't know how many times already."
"And a very good likeness it is of you, my dear. And the chest in which she is about to

hide herself is painted from that real chest in the corner there! It looks hundreds of years old. Dear, dear! it's quite wonderful. But I thought painters always invented such things out of their own heads."

The speakers were aunt and niece—the latter, a fair and slender girl of twenty, with a singularly youthful expression of face for one who was both a wife and a mother. The time was half-past nine on a certain autumn evening some half-dozen years ago; and the place was a pleasant home-like room in a small villa in one of the westerly suburbs of London.

"The mention of those Italian names, Cyrilla," said Mrs. Reece presently, "puts me in mind of an old admirer of yours, Signor Pietro Fastini.—By the by, do you know where he now is?"

"No. Where?" said Cyrilla quickly.

"In a lunatic asylum. He went crazy about a year ago, and has been under restraint ever since. I don't think you treated him well, Cyrilla, to encourage his attentions, and then to cast him off in the way you did."

Cyrilla's cheek paled suddenly; she sank into a chair, and did not speak for a minute or two. "You have been misinformed, aunt," she said at last. "Signor Fastini never received the slightest encouragement from me. I was attracted towards him by his great musical talent; but it was his own presumption that drew him on to speak to me as he did Nevertheless, I am truly grieved to hear of the affliction that has overtaken him."

Cyrilla sat thinking deeply for some time after her aunt's departure, going, in memory, through all those phases of her life in which the young Italian had been an actor. Her reverie was brought to an end by the clock on the mantelpiece chiming eleven.

She got up from her seat with a little sigh, and went into her dressing-room, which opened out of the room in which she had been sitting, and bathed her hands and face, and changed her evening-dress for a comfortable white wrapper; and unbound her yellow hair, letting it fall in a rich sheaf down her shoulders; for Theodore had gone out to-night to a supper-party given by a brother-artist who was about to enter the holy state of matrimony, and she had promised to sit up for him; and Theodore, on his part, had promised to be at home soon after midnight.

Going back into the sitting-room, Cyrilla rang the bell, and presently nurse came in with baby, who, being a well-behaved young gentleman, was happily fast asleep at this late hour. He was deposited in a pretty little cot close by his mother's side. "You can go to bed, nurse, and the other servants can do the same," said Mrs. Thornhurst. "I will sit up for master myself. See that the doors and windows are all fastened before you go up-stairs."

When the woman was gone, Cyrilla stirred up the low fire on the hearth into a fitful blaze, and then took up the first volume of a novel which had been brought her that afternoon from the library. Theodore would be home in an hour at the furthest, and the time would pass pleasantly and quickly away.

A pleasant, cozy home-like picture—the pretty, girlish wife coiled up gracefully in her husband's huge easy-chair; the sleeping child; the room itself, with its walls half-hidden with sketches, prints, and water colours, with the easel in one corner, and the pianoforte in another; with Cyrilla's work-basket on a side-table in company with a meerschaum, big and brown, and a tobacco-jar after the antique. A pleasant picture, and one which Theodore Thornhurst, artist from the top of his head to the sole of his foot, would not fail to note when he should come stepping leisurely in through one of the three French windows opening on to the lawn, which had just been draped, ready for winter, with curtains of crimson damask, in place of the muslin ones which had shaded them through the summer months.

Cyrilla read on undisturbed for about half an hour, at the end of which time baby began to grow restless; so she laid down her book, and began to rock the cot with a slow, gentle motion, and at the same time to sing, in a minor key, the exquisite cradle-song from *The Princess*—

> Sweet and low, sweet and low,
> Wind of the western sea;
> Low, low, breathe and blow,
> Wind of the western sea!

Singing thus, she lifted the child tenderly out of its cot, kissed it fondly, and carried it through the dressing-room into the chamber beyond, and there laid it snugly in bed. Presently, she came back, still humming the music of the song under her breath, and leaving the door of the dressing-room half open behind her, so that she might the more readily hear her darling, should he awake and cry out. Then she sat down again in her husband's easy-chair, and went on with her novel. But the undercurrent of her thoughts was with her husband; and presently she glanced up at the timepiece on the mantel-shelf, only to discover that it had come to a dead stop some ten minutes previously, for want of winding up. She put down her book, and rose at once to perform the necessary duty, for the voice of the little clock sounded like that of a friend in her lonely watching. How the words of that song haunted her memory!

> Sweet and low, sweet and low,
> Wind of the western sea.

She was winding up the timepiece slowly and carefully, and humming the song to herself, and as she did so—what woman would not have done the same?—she glanced at the reflection of her own pretty face in the glass over the chimney-piece. She saw her blue-eyed face with its setting of yellow hair, and the same moment she saw something else by no means so pleasant to look upon—something that for one brief instant caused every pulse of her being to stand still in silent horror.

There was some one in the room beside herself. What she saw in the glass was the reflection of a hand grasping the crimson damask curtains that draped the French window opposite the fireplace. Only a hand—but whose hand? It was very small and very white, but unmistakably the hand of a man, and just as surely not the big brown paw of Theodore Thornhurst.

Cyrilla's eyes dilated as she gazed; the murmur of the song died off her lips; her fingers ceased from turning the key of the clock; she stood like one changed to stone. She durst not turn her head to glance at the dread reality which she knew was behind her; she kept her gaze fixed steadily in the glass, watching with a sort of horrible eagerness for some sign or token of life in those white, deathlike fingers, which looked as if they belonged to a corpse. Suddenly, while she was looking like one fascinated, there was a slight movement of the curtain, the white fingers relaxed their grasp, opened, and for an instant were withdrawn. Next moment, they were there again, grasping the curtain as before; and as they reappeared, Cyrilla's heart thrilled with a fresh terror: she felt—by instinct, and not by the action of any more positive sense—that, from amid the dim folds of the curtain, two eyes, unseen by her, were watching her every movement.

The dread inspired by this discovery—for she felt sure that her instinct was not playing her false—was almost more than she could bear; her senses seemed as though they were about to desert her; a dimness crept over her eyes; a numbness began to steal through every limb; and it seemed to her as though the room, herself, and even that terrible hand, were all fading into unsubstantial shadows, and that nothing could ever trouble her more; when all at once her fading senses were pierced by a faint sound—a sound that went straight to her mother's heart, and in one brief moment stung all her fading senses into vivid life. It was the voice of her child that she had heard just as she was about to sink fainting to the floor. He had turned over in his sleep, and had felt for her in the dark, and had given utterance to a low plaintive cry at not finding her beside him. To a feeling of life the most vivid and intense, that weak voice had recalled her. "For my child's sake," she murmured in her heart, "let strength be given me!"

Her hand was steady enough now, and she went on with the winding-up of the little clock, winding slowly, that she might have more time to think what her next move must be. She was strangely calm now, with that calmness which is induced in some natures by the presence of a great peril. As she kept on winding, her eyes seemed to be fixed intently on the little clock, but were at the same time watching the hand with a covert half-look that might or might not deceive the hidden eyes which she felt sure were just as intently watching her.

There! the clock was wound up at last—never had it taken so long a time before—and the question was, what to do next? If she could only get away—get away into her dressing-room, and put the door between herself and her hidden visitor—she felt that both she and her child would be safe. It was their only chance of escape. The effort must be made, and that at once; for to stay in the room much longer, watched by those unseen eyes, would be enough to drive her mad.

> Sweet and low, sweet and low,
> Wind of the western sea.

How she contrived to get the words out she could never have told afterwards, but she found herself humming them over, and sidling across the room with an elaborately careless air, towards a little table placed half-way between the fireplace and the dressing room door. The table was reached in safety, and Cyrilla ventured to breathe again. A photographic album lay on the table, and she took it up and began to examine it with the deepest apparent interest. While in this position, the hand was behind her. She would have given much to be able to glance over her shoulder and see whether it was still visible, but the effort was one that required more courage than she had to spare just then. Perhaps, even now, her unknown visitor was stealing out from behind the curtain—was creeping stealthily after her with a view of surprising her, say by putting his hands over her eyes, or by seizing her suddenly round the waist! His footsteps would be noiseless on the thick carpet. She could bear the horror of her situation no longer; she let the book drop from between her fingers, and made a rush for her dressing-room; but just as she had got within a yard of the door, she stumbled, and came down on her knees. Before she could make even one effort to rise, she was grasped by the right wrist from behind, a cold hand was placed over her mouth, and a stern voice whispered in her ear: "Make the least noise and you are a dead woman!"

Next instant, her mouth was uncovered, and Cyrilla found herself lifted somehow on to her feet. She turned to look at her assailant, and as her eyes met his, she shrank away from him as far as the iron grasp on her wrist would allow, and gave utterance to a low cry of terror: "Signor Pietro Fastini!"

"Even so, *carissima mia*," he said. "You do not seem pleased to see me. But pray resume your seat;" and still holding her by the wrist, he led her back to the easy-chair, into which he inducted her with a profound bow.

A tall and elegant-looking man, this Signor Pietro Fastini; olive-complexioned; with black beard and moustache, thin and silky; and large, dark, melancholy-looking eyes. But in those eyes there was now an expression such as Cyrilla had never seen in them before—an expression that made her shiver with affright. He was dressed in full evening-costume, except that he was without hat and gloves; while his long black hair, all blown and tangled by the night-wind, lent a touch of incongruity to his appearance, which no one could have failed to detect.

"Certainly, you do not seem pleased to see me," he repeated, loosing his grasp of Cyrilla's wrist. "That, however, was hardly to be expected. Let us put it that I took you too much by surprise, and not that I am an unwelcome guest."

He gave utterance to a low, sneering laugh; then he drew up a chair close in front of Cyrilla, and sat down on it, and seemed to devour her with his large black eyes. "Cyrilla Thornhurst," he said, "do you know with what purpose I am here this evening?"

Poor Cyrilla's lips formed "No," but no sound issued from them.

"I am here to kill you," he said, speaking with the slightest possible foreign accent.

Cyrilla pressed her fingers to her eyes, and seemed to shrink back still further in the easy-chair. The Italian twisted the ends of his moustache, and watched her in grave silence.

"Oblige me by removing your hands from before your face," he resumed after a pause.—"Thanks; that is better. Remember, I am here to kill, but not to torture. When the proper moment shall have come for carrying out my purpose, one brief pang will end everything."

He spoke in solemn, unimpassioned accents, without any trace of excitement either in manner or words, and almost as though he were the minister of some stern Fate, whose behests it was his duty to carry out, without having the power to alter them, and against which there was no possible appeal.

"Do you remember when and where we parted last?" he went on. "I know that you do, for such occasions are never forgotten by women. For months before that day, you led me on, little by little, till at last I was foolish enough to think that I had only to ask and to have. I did ask—with what result you know as well as I. You laughed at my love, and dismissed me for ever with a foolish jest. I went away, and strove to forget you, and to a certain extent I succeeded; for at that time I was just beginning to work out the details of my Grand Scheme, and all my time and attention were needed to perfect them.—My grand scheme!" he went on, with a sudden change of tone, and an added brightness in his dark eyes. "It would have revolutionised the world, if only the world had been wise enough to receive it. But, like all great discoverers, I am a century before the age."

He began to pace the room rapidly, with knitted brows, and the forefinger of one hand pressed to his cheek, while his lips moved inaudibly; but always with a covert eye on Cyrilla, to see that she did not attempt to escape.

"Strange, strange!" he murmured. "No sooner did I begin to advocate that great project, than I was set down as a madman; and because I would not forswear my ideas, they shut me up with mad people—me, me!"

He burst into a fit of laughter, loud and shrill; and then drawing from one of his pockets a small box full of those acidulated drops of which children are so fond, he placed two or three of them on his tongue, and swallowed them like so many pills; and with that, he went and resumed his seat close by Cyrilla.

"It was while I was living among the mad folk," he went on, "that I made the acquaintance of my friend the mandarin, a gentleman twelve inches in height. Sometimes he would come into my room through the keyhole, sometimes down the chimney, or as often as not he would hop in at the open window, carrying his head under his arm. He used to perch himself on my table, and sit and nod at me by the hour together, and favor me with his advice on every conceivable subject. Oh, he was a most learned mandarin. It was he who persuaded me to come to this place, and kill you—and kill your husband. And I have sworn to do it! There was to be a grand party to-night at the place where I have been residing for so many months. I dressed for it, of course just to please the foolish creatures—you know what strange whims those poor crazy wretches have some times—and in the confusion I escaped. See! I bought this as I came along, the handle is designed after the antique, and pleased me hugely."

As he spoke, he drew from the pocket of his dress-coat a slender-cased poniard of dull bluish steel, with a haft of bronze. Having extracted it from its case, he proceeded to wipe it carefully, almost tenderly, with his cambric handkerchief; while Cyrilla, coiled up in the easy-chair, watched his every movement with bright, quick-glancing eyes—the eyes of an animal brought to bay—that nothing escaped.

The little clock on the chimney-piece chimed the quarter before midnight.

"When that clock strikes twelve, Cyrilla Thornhurst, you will have lived your life."

He spoke with the quiet, unhesitating conviction of tone of one who sees before a foregone conclusion, from which it is impossible that he can swerve in the slightest degree.

"What have I done to deserve so terrible a fate at your hands?" burst out Cyrilla.

"You have wrecked the happiness of my life," said the Italian—"wrecked it utterly and irretrievably. That I might have forgiven you; but I have promised my friend the mandarin—for state reasons, which it would be a breach of confidence in me to reveal—to kill you, to kill your husband, and to kill your child. It is sufficient to state that your lives are required by the great Dog-star, whose hierophant I am. Ask me no further. The initiated would understand me at once; for there is a transcendentalism in these matters which is as the language of Fi-Fo-Fum to those whose eyes have been anointed with grease from the Great Bear. Your time in this world is reduced to ten minutes and five seconds."

With the putting away of the poniard for a time Cyrilla had taken her eyes off the Italian, and now sat with her chin sunk on her breast, and her hands tightly clasped, brooding over what she had just heard. To kill her husband and child! That would be a thousand times worse than death to herself. Theodore might come any minute now—come stepping jauntily in through the French window, to be sprung upon by this madman, and stabbed before her eyes. "If only I could steady my mind to think," she kept repeating to herself. What was it she had heard and read about the peculiarities of mad people? If she could only bring it to mind!

The Italian was watching her narrowly from under his bent brows. Suddenly, with that abruptness which marked all his movements, he got up, and striding to the easel, flung back the sheet with which it was covered. He started at sight of the picture; but next moment, his poniard was out, and the canvas stabbed through in a dozen different places. "Out! out! cursed likeness of a false-hearted fiend!" he exclaimed. "Oh, that a soul so vile should lodge in a husk so sweet!"

If she could only bring it to mind! All at once, something seemed to catch her breath, and she pressed her hand to her heart for a moment, while a strange expression crept over her face, which subsided presently into one of her sweetest smiles. Then she half rose from the easy-chair, and turned her large soft eyes full on the young Italian. "*Pietro mio*," she said; and there was a world of meaning in her way of saying those two little words.

The dark frown vanished like a cloud from the face of the young Italian, and the light of passion faded from his eyes when he heard himself addressed thus; and he turned on Cyrilla a look half-bewildered, half-suspicious, and felt with one hand for the haft of his poniard. She was standing with her head a little on one side, smiling at him; and while he was looking, her rosy lips whispered "Come!" and as if it were a command impossible for him to disobey, he came towards her—timidly, cautiously, and suspiciously, but still step by step nearer. As she sank back in the easy-chair, still with the same fixed smile on her face, her finger pointed to a low footstool a yard or two away. He understood her gesture, and pushing the footstool across the floor, he seated himself on it close by her chair. Again the same strange expression swept over her face as the sleeve of his coat touched her dress as he sat down; but the smile was back again next moment, and her voice took an accent as low and tender as that of any love-lorn Juliet when she next spoke to him.

"You naughty, naughty boy!" she said, and she pinched his ear playfully as she spoke; "I vow you nearly frightened me to death, creeping into the room in that stealthy way, for all the world like the villain in a melodrama. How was I to know it was you that was behind the curtain? And then, when I did see you, I declare you gave my nerves quite a shock. I had heard such strange stories about your being mad, and all that, you know, so that my fright can hardly be wondered at. My poor Pietro, what you must have suffered!"

Every nerve and fibre in the Italian's body seemed to thrill under the influence of those loving words and that angelic smile; but his eyes were still full of bewilderment, and his lips moved inaudibly for several moments before he spoke. "Why do you pity me?" he said at last. "How can you be glad to see me, when you know that I am here to take your life?"

Cyrilla sighed. "Can you not understand, my Pietro," she said, "that when life has become a burden, it does not seem such a very difficult thing to quit it?"

"Your life a burden!" he said incredulously. "In this pretty nest, and mated with the husband of your choice, your life ought to be very precious to you, Cyrilla."

"The opinion of the world!" said Cyrilla, with a mornful ring in her voice.—"Is there not such a thing, Pietro, as being wedded to a man with whom you have nothing in common? You have read *Locksley Hall*, and you know what I mean without my saying more. Once I had a treasure within my grasp, but not knowing its value, I threw it carelessly away.—Do you think that life to such a one can be a thing of much value?"

She turned away her face, and buried it in her handkerchief. Fastini fell on his knees before her. "Cyrilla, Cyrilla! say that you love me," he cried. One of her hands was lying carelessly on her lap; he seized it, and covered it with passionate kisses. She did not repulse him; she only said gently: "You must not do that; you know that you have vowed to kill me."

"No, no!" he cried passionately, starting to his feet. "You shall not die! I will intercede for you with the mandarin. The dog-star himself shall hear your story, and pity you. Some other life shall be sacrificed in place of yours: you shall live. Together, we will quit this hateful England—together in my own sunny clime, in Italy the beautiful, we will"——

The clock on the mantel-piece chimed midnight.

"There sounds the knell of my doom! said Cyrilla with a mournful smile.

"It is the signal that summons you to a new life—to a life of love, and freedom, and happiness!" said the Italian. "It tells me too," he added, "that I have other work still left to accomplish." He laid a finger lightly on her shoulder. "The man who calls you wife, the child who calls you mother, they must die!"

Cyrilla's eyes confronted those of the madman steadily; not the quiver of a nerve betrayed the feelings at work within her.

Fastini began to move towards the door of the dressing-room; Cyrilla caught him by the button, and held him. He turned on her in an instant, a wild devil of fury glaring out of his eyes. "Do you—dare—to say—that you care the least in the world about either of those two?" he snarled out. He had grasped her firmly by the shoulder with one hand; his other hand was behind her, and she felt the sharp point of the poniard prick through her dressing-robe into her flesh, as he asked the question.

"Care for either of them!" exclaimed Cyrilla with a contemptuous laugh. "Why should I care for them, Pietro mio? It is not not that. It is this, as regards the child: I do not think—nay, I am sure—that I could not love you so well as I do now, if I knew that you were guilty of shedding the blood of that innocent; and *he* at least is innocent."

"No blood, Cyrilla," he whispered—"only the pillow."

"No!" said Cyrilla loftily. "The man I love must be above a dastardly deed like that. To be the murderer of a similing babe! Faugh! —You can go, Signor Fastini," she added coldly, stepping from before him. "The child is asleep in yonder room. When you have killed him, come back and kill me, if you don't wish to see the unutterable contempt with which I should then look upon you!" She pointed to the open door of the dressing-room as she spoke, and drawn up to her full height, stared steadily into the lunatic's eyes. He quailed under that fixed, stern gaze; he wavered; he whispered something to himself; and then with the air of a beaten hound, he slunk up to Cyrilla, and taking her

hand humbly, he lifted it to his lips, and kissed it twice.

"Your pardon, Cyrilla," he said, "for having misunderstood you. The child, truly, is beneath my notice. Let him live."

"Spoken like my own Pietro," said Cyrilla, thawing suddenly into a very May-day of love and sunshine. "You were only jesting with me I know."

"But he—the man who has caused you so much misery—your husband; you will not intercede for him," said Pietro gloomily. "He —he above all men--must die."

"So be it," said Cyrilla with a little shrug of supreme indifference. Ten minutes past twelve! Theodore could not be long now. How her ears strained, how her heart beat at the slightest sound from without! If he were to come now, he could hardly escape with life, unless she, Cyrilla, were to sacrifice her own life in the endeavour to save his. She was quite prepared to do that, she said to herself.

"But pray, tell me," she resumed aloud, "what plan you intend to adopt for carrying out your scheme of vengeance."

"As soon as I hear his footsteps, I shall hide behind those curtains," said the madman. "As he steps across the threshold, I shall rush forth, and strike him dead with my poniard."

"A pretty scheme—a very pretty scheme!" said Cyrilla encouragingly. "But I think I know one still better—one that will avoid all bloodshed, which is objectionable in a lady's room."

"Tell it me," said the Italian eagerly.

"When he comes in," said Cyrilla, "he will ask for a cup of coffee—he always does. Into his coffee I will put a few drops out of a certain vial which I have in my dressing-room. He drinks the coffee, and five minutes later he is a dead man!"

"Good, good!" said the madman, rubbing his hands gleefully. "And then, when he is dead, I will cut off his head, and carry it to my friend the mandarin, and he will give me his magic ring—his cat's-eye ring, that is worth a king's ransom; and we will sail across the seas, you and I together; and you will be mine, my own, for ever! Say, shall it not be so?"

"It shall, my Pietro!" answered Cyrilla boldly. "Ah! you don't know how much I shall love you. But we have no time to lose: Thornhurst will be here presently, and I must hide you at once."

"Yes—yes! behind the curtains!" said Fastini eagerly.

"No, not behind the curtains," said Cyrilla, because the first thing Thornhurst will do after coming in will be to draw back the curtains, and fasten the windows. Let me consider: where will be the best place to hide you?" She paused, and, with her finger on her lips, looked round the room, as if in search of a hiding-place. Fastini was holding her other hand, and pressing it now and again to his lips.

"I have it!" she said at last. "Nothing could be better. You shall hide yourself in this old chest;" and she ran across the room, laughing gaily, and dragging the Italian after her, and flung open the lid of the old carved chest. "It might have been put here on purpose," she said, still laughing. "See—you will have plenty of room; and there will be this advantage in hiding here, you will be able, yourself unseen, to witness the whole of my little drama from beginning to end—from your private box, you know. (A little pun that, is it not? I really won't let you kiss my hand any more.) You must just keep the lid open about a quarter of an inch—not more; and presently you will see Thornhurst come stepping in through one of these windows. You will see him kiss me—for the last time, you know, so you must not be angry. Then he will go round and fasten the windows; then he will yawn and stretch himself; and then he will seat himself in his easy-chair, and ask for his meerschaum and a cup of coffee. But you must not stir till you see his eyes close, and his head droop back on the chair.—And now, sir, to your hiding-place. If you love me, don't delay, for Thornhurst may be here any moment. No—not a single kiss now, but as many as you like afterwards. Why can't you tie those lanky limbs of yours into a knot? A little lower, please. So—that is better."

She was just lowering the lid of the chest gently over him when he struck it up suddenly with his arm. "Cyrilla," he said, "something whispers to me that my friend the mandarin would like me to do this deed myself. Perhaps the Dog-star"——

"Hush!" exclaimed Cyrilla with a start. "The king of the pelicans is coming this way. I hear his footsteps. Hide—hide!" She tried to press the lid down on him as she spoke; but his suspicions, ever on the alert, were roused in an instant, and with all his strength he strove to keep himself from being shut in, but his strength was of little avail in the position in which he then was. Cyrilla flung herself bodily on to the chest, and in spite of all the madman's efforts, little by little, inch by inch, the lid came down upon him, his power to struggle against it decreasing in proportion the closer it shut him in. Suddenly he changed his position, and before he could recover himself, she had shut him in completely, and the same instant the iron staple in the body of the chest shot up through a slit in the lid. The moment she saw it, Cyrilla's instinct pointed out to her the only method by which Fastini could be retained a prisoner, for her bodily strength was all but exhausted. The iron bar that should have passed through the hole in the staple, and have kept the chest fast shut, was broken away, and all that Cyrilla could now do was to push her thumb through the staple, and use it as the bar had been used.

The footsteps on the gravel outside were coming nearer; and presently, Theodore Thornhurst, cigar in mouth, and with a merrier twinkle than usual in his eye, stepped in though one of the French windows.

Not one moment too soon.. "Saved! saved!" cried Cyrilla as her eyes met those of her husband, and then she sank fainting by the side of the chest. The painter was a cautious man as well as a brave one; he heard strange noises proceeding from the interior of the chest, and at the moment of releasing Cyrilla's poor bruised thumb, he slipped his pocket-knife into its place. Then lifting his wife in his arms, he carried her into another room, and summoned the servants to her assistance. Armed with a revolver, he then went back to the chest, and lifted up the lid; but Fastini was half-suffocated by this time, and was dragged out by Thornhurst more dead than alive.

Ultimately, the Italian was reconsigned to the place from which he had escaped; but a long time passed before the painter's wife recovered thoroughly from the effects of that terrible hour.

SNOW-FLAKES.

Float on, float on,
Ye snow-flakes hovering down—
All that is fair and tender and sweet,
Lap in your pitiless winding-sheet
Under the meadows brown.

'Tis well,' tis well
Your dreariest wreaths to spread,
Where the flowers have sunk to the earth in sorrow
For the blighted hope of a sunnier morrow,
Over the lovely dead.

Float on, float on,
Under your mantle chill,
Where traitorous hope can dream no more,
Where her mocking phantoms have fled before.
Oh, that this heart were still!

Forbear, forbear,
Dark spirit, thou dost us wrong—
Under our mantle so soft and warm
Is slumbering safe each loveliest form,
Though winter's night be long.

Fear not, fear not,
There are bright, bright buds below—
Thou shalt see them again on the green hill side,
When the silvery mist of summer tide
Is born of the winter's snow.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW work by Mr. Du Chaillu is announced as in the press. It will be published in London and New York simultaneously.

MISS EDEN, author of "Up Country," has in the press "A Lady's Glimpse of the Late War in Bohemia."

JAPANESE LITERATURE.—F. V. Dickins, M. B., has translated into English verse as many Japanese lyrics as fill an octavo volume, and published them in London.

MRS. EDWARDS, the author of "Archie Lovell," is to commence a new novel in the April number of "Temple Bar." Its title will be "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," a reverse of the medal of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

"ARMADALE" ON THE STAGE.—Mr. Wilkie Collins has dramatized his own sensational novel, "Armadale," and the play will be brought out early this season, not on the London, but on the Parisian stage, it is reported.

SHAKSPEARE.—The Chevalier de Chatelain, who has published translations of "Macbeth," "Hamlet," and "Julius Cæsar" into French, has just produced a version of "The Tempest."

A LATE number of "Notes and Queries" contains a number of letters written by the late Leigh Hunt to the son and grandson of his crotchety friend Hazlitt. They are not remarkable, though pleasant enough to read, like most that Hunt wrote.

MEYERBEER. — "Itruensee," a tragedy, by Michel Beer, with the music by G. Meyerbeer, has been published in Paris, with the piano-forte score, and contains thirteen musical pieces, including a long and elaborate overture and the familiar Polonaise. It was fully prepared by the composer long before his death, and is spoken highly of by musical critics.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—The Rev. Scott Surtees, differing in opinion from most historians, Napoleon III. inclusive, contends, in a pamphlet which he has written, that Cæsar never crossed the British Channel, but went from the mouth of the Rhine to the coast of Norfolk, the East of England.

GREEK BIBLE OF THE VATICAN.—In the Papal library is a manuscript of the Greek Bible, said to be more ancient than that of Mount Sinai. The Pope is having a fac-simile of it printed at the press of the Propaganda, intending to send it to the Paris Exhibition, to compete with the Bible of Tischendorff.

NOBLE AUTHORSHIP.—The Duke of Argyle has just published an octavo volume, entitled "The Reign of Law;" and his eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, now in his twenty-second year, announces an illustrated volume entitled "A Trip to the Tropics." Lady Llanover announces, in one volume, with illustrations, "Good Cookery from the Recipes of the Hermit of St. Gover." The Viscountess Combermere announces "Our Peculiarities." The Hon. Mrs. Norton will soon publish her new novel, "Good Sir Douglas." Lady Herbert, of Lea, has just published "Impressions of Spain." Earl Russell has published the third and concluding volume of his "Life of Charles James Fox." The Hon. Emily Eden's "Up the Country" (descriptive of life in India) has got into a third edition. Lord Brougham has supplied a Preface to the forthcoming "Life and Speeches of Lord Plunket," edited by his son.

A REPRINT of "Ecce Deus:" Essays on the life and Doctrines of Jesus Christ, with Controversial Notes on "Ecce Homo," is announced as nearly ready by an ancient publisher. The style of "Ecce Deus" is said to be like that of "Ecce Homo;" and such readers as accept the doctrine of one book will like that of the other. The anonymous author of "Ecce Deus" states in his preface that it is not an answer to "Ecce Homo." It is hinted, by those who ought to know, that both books are by the same author, one being published in London, and the other, "Ecce Deus," having just appeared with the imprint of an Edinburgh firm, perhaps the better to disguise the *ruse*.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 9, 1867.

TO BRITISH AMERICAN AUTHORS. The Publisher of the SATURDAY READER offers a prize of TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for an original CANADIAN STORY—to run through from 20 to 26 numbers of the *READER*.
A Committee to be hereafter named, will be appointed, to whom all MSS. received will be submitted.
MSS. may be forwarded to the Publisher of the *SATURDAY READER*, Box 401, Post Office, Montreal, up to the 26th June next.
For further particulars, please address Editor SATURDAY READER.

R. WORTHINGTON, Publisher.

We desire to dirrect the attention of our readers to the singular narrative commenced upon our first page. Apart from the interest it possesses as a truthful record of the almost forgotten exploits of the notorious characters who infested Quebec in '34 and '35; it will be found especially valuable for the light which it throws upon the social and domestic conditions of the time of which it treats.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

IN the first number of the "Reader" issued under the auspices of the present publisher, it was announced that the experiment of publishing an "Illustrated Saturday Reader," should be fairly tried for six months. That time has now expired, and, in entering to-day upon our fourth volume, we resume our original title—The Saturday Reader. The reasons which have led us to resolve on this course are—first, the great difficulty we have experienced in procuring suitable illustrations; secondly the impossibility, owing to the meagre facilities at our command, of presenting our readers with a paper that would compare favourably with the better class of illustrated journals published in England, and with which we have to compete; thirdly, the convictions that the money expended by us for illustrations could be better employed in the interest of our subscribers, in enlarging the staff of writers for the Saturday Reader, thus devoting all our efforts to insure increased literary excellence in the paper; and fourthly, the not unfrequent intimations we have received from subscribers that they would prefer that the space devoted to illustrations should be occupied with reading matter. The maxim is a sound one, that, unless a thing can be well done, it should be left undone. We confess that we have found it impossible to publish an illustrated paper with satisfaction to ourselves, and therefore have resolved to abandon the attempt.

RITUALISM.

WE shall offer no apology to our readers for directing their attention to the important subject of ritualism. The jealousy with which some of the clergy regard any reference to topics of religious controversy by the secular press, appears to us irrational and uncalled for. In a country like ours, where the people as a whole, are eminently attentive to the duties of practical religion, it is impossible for the journalist, if he would be a true exponent of public opinion, to ignore the vital subject, which, more than any other, moulds the hearts and influences the lives of the people. For the great mass of the community, the newspaper follows after, and supplies the place of the schoolmaster as a popular educator. The work which the latter began in youth, the former carries on in manhood. It is not a little surprising, therefore, that they who bitterly complain of the exclusion of religion from the school, are the very men who object to its recognition by those who express public thought and direct public opinion.

Moreover, from the intimate connexion which exists between Church and State in England, ritual is not a purely religious topic. The settlement of the question is in the hands of a lay tribunal; and any alteration in the law must be made by parliamentary enactment. The contending parties have appealed to Cæsar; to Cæsar, therefore they must go. This being the case, the journalist possesses as valid a right to discuss ritualism, as that which he exercises in dealing with the abolition of church rates or the commutation of tithes. The subject has become too important to remain the monopoly of a dean and chapter or the occasion for wrangling in convocation or Synod; and, beside that, it involves, as we may have occasion to show, a very serious moral question.

In speaking of ritualism, we do not allude to the employment of such ceremonies as may be necessary or proper for the performance of Divine Service with solemnity and decorum. It is not to the use of ritual that we are about to object, but to the abuse and exaggeration of it. The gradual assimilation of the Anglican ceremonial to that of Rome—the many coloured vestments of purple and green and gold—the lights upon the altar—the smoke of incense from the thurible—the frequent genuflexions—the lifting up and adoration of the eucharistic elements—and generally the introduction of ornaments and ceremonies of the Ante-Reformation period into the reformed Church of England,—these are the innovations to which we take exception. These "old novelties," as the Bishop of Oxford not inaptly terms them, would be beneath the dignity of argument, if they were not indications of a departure from the doctrinal teachings of the Church.

Before, however, we point out the tendencies of this movement, let us briefly examine the law on the subject. The ritualist alleges that the changes he is making in the services of the Church are only efforts to restore usages which have been improperly permitted to fall into desuetude; in fact, that he is not a breaker of the law, but rather a stricter and more faithful observer of it. Now, though this were true, and it is not, it would be far from justifying him in the course he has taken. That antiquarian spirit of his has caused many of his fellow-churchmen to stumble and fall into the Church of Rome; it has offended many, and others it has made weak. A system which has already produced apostacy and now threatens to be the occasion of schism, even if it were merely a return to the rigidity of ancient forms, ought scarcely to commend itself to those who, with St. Paul, cherish the grace of Christian charity.

The law of ritual is the subject of much disputation, and will probably continue to be so until authoritatively expounded and settled. Still we have the means of forming a very strong opinion upon its true bearing. The 14th Canon ordains that ministers are to observe in their ministrations the Book of Common Prayer, "without either diminishing in regard of preach- "ing or in any other respect, or adding anything "in the matter or form thereof." This, it seems to us, is decisive against the legality of the services contained in the supplementary prayer-books of the Tractarians,—the prayers for the dead, the consecration of incense, salt, oil and water, and others of a similar character. As for the elevation and adoration of the bread and wine, both are expressly forbidden in the articles. With regard to "ornaments," (using the word in its technical sense), we have a guide in the rubric at the beginning of the liturgy, which directs that such ornaments "shall be retained and be "in use, as were in this Church of England by "the authority of Parliament in the second year "of the reign of King Edward VI." Now, the only decision given upon the general construction of this rubric by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is that pronounced in the celebrated Liddell cases, 1855. It was then ruled that "the authority of Parliament" referred to is the act 2nd and 3rd Edw. VI. c. I, and the only authorized ornaments are those distinctly mentioned in the prayer-book sanctioned by that statute. Now, this prayer-book makes no mention of incense, altar-lights, holy water, chrism, stone altars or holy water brushes. The communion table must be movable, (the 82nd canon orders it to be moved in some cases) and of wood; and though the cross may be permitted as an emblem of the Christian faith, the committee ruled that it must not be fixed upon the table.

Ritualists have urged that candles burning at noon-day are emblems of "the light of the world," a stretch of typical imagination which, but for the serious nature of the subject, would seem almost ludicrous to those who have seen their feeble glimmer pale before the beams of that glorious orb of day, which we have Divine authority for regarding as a fitting type of Him who "was the true light that lighteth every "man that cometh into the world." In the Court of Arches, Dr. Lushington gave a decision which has not been overruled, that "all lighted "candles on the communion table are contrary "to law, except when lighted for the purpose of "giving necessary light." With regard to the colour and style of vestments the law is not quite so explicit, and requires settlement either by the courts or by parliament. The fathers of the Reformed Church were earnest, practical men, not "ecclesiastical milliners;" they drew up a code of regulations for the general guidance of ministers, and not a book of the fashions.

So much for the law on this subject; we have only a brief space left to glance at the tendencies of this movement. Notwithstanding the earnest protests of the ritualists to the contrary, it is beyond all question that the changes they are making in Anglican worship are without meaning unless for those who are prepared to accept doctrines denounced by the church as "errors of Rome." We give the innovators, as a body, credit for believing otherwise. It is evident that many of them do not see clearly whither their teachings tend, and we are willing to recognize the honesty of their hearts even at the expense of their understandings. But where, we should like to ask, is the utility of incense and altar-lights together with all the imposing pageantry of the mass, if, as the church of England asserts, there be no sacrifice? By what name shall we characterize the worship of the elements, if there be no transubstantiation of them? What mean those supplications to the blessed Virgin and the saints, if their intercession be of no avail? Of what benefit are prayers for the dead, unless, as was the case centuries ago, they come to be regarded as prevailing to release the spirits of the departed from the pains of purgatory? And finally, as regards auricular confession, as now enjoined, and its consequent, plenary absolution, are they not, as Dr. Pusey explains them, part and parcel of the Roman system? Whether Rome be right or wrong is beside the present question, which is simply this:—Are these doctrines and practices in consonance with the Anglican standards? We are not charging ritualists with having covert and insidious designs against the church; it is not necessary to do so, and we shall not be so uncharitable as even to insinuate that they have. But we cannot forbear remarking that if sordid and unworthy motives have been imputed to them, they have themselves to blame. The peril to which they are exposing the young and ardent who are committed to their care, is no fiction of the imagination. Many a parent, sister and brother has had to lament, in the secession of a beloved and hopeful relative the results of the ritualistic system. More than one father has made use, in the bitter disappointment of his hopes of words once addressed to Dr. Newman, "Give me back my son." The danger is too real to be trifled with, and it behoves all devoted members of the Church of England to insist upon its final and immediate removal.

NAPOLEON'S NEW POLICY.

WHILE the concessions just made by the French Emperor to the nation are, of themselves, no doubt of considerable value, we cannot help believing that they are still more a humiliation and a disgrace than they are a benefit to the great people on whom they are conferred.

Napoleon's language, stripped of some high-sounding phrases and patriotic verbiage, reminds one strongly of that of a master manumitting his slaves, or a conqueror granting privileges to a conquered province. "I, Napoleon," he says, "forbid the Legislature to find fault with, or even approve of, the speech from the throne, but questions may be asked of ministers; I allow French citizens to meet together on public occasions; and I permit the French press to discuss public and other questions, responsible to the ordinary tribunals only." An ukase of Ivan the Terrible might have been expressed in fiercer terms, but scarcely in words more indicative of the fact that he held the persons and property of his subjects at his absolute disposal. To talk of the rights of a people that can be given or taken away at the will of an individual is mere mockery. And it is thus that her ruler treats France, nearly a century after the great revolution, when Frenchmen freed themselves from the tyranny of kings and nobles at such a fearful price of crime and blood. Truly, theirs has been the labour of Sisyphus, and the stone is now at the bottom of the ascent, if ever it was. To be secure and permanent, the rights and liberties of a nation must proceed from the nation; and when they do not, they may at any moment vanish like fairy-gifts, and the treasure be converted into dross. It is true that Napoleon plainly asserts that France is not fit to be intrusted with freedom, and his friends and admirers re-echo his sentiments on that head; but when is the day of her emancipation to arrive? When is her state of pupilage to cease, when is she to reach the years of political discretion? She was never more enlightened, never more peaceful, than she is at present. If the country of Guizot, of Thiers, of Montilambert, and Victor Hugo, is not to be entrusted with her own destinies and the management of her own affairs, few countries ought to be, and *she* certainly is not likely to be until a new civilization dawns upon the earth. Eminent in literature, eloquence, science, art and commerce, France, in the leading-strings of Louis Napoleon, is a sight for gods and men to wonder, and will be a still greater marvel to posterity, however ingeniously explained. She is paying dearly for her *saturnalia* of '89.

But while Napoleon is loosening a few of the bonds that bind the limbs of France, he is increasing the number of his soldiers. Judging from the simple facts, we should infer that he regards France in the light of a dangerous lunatic, and that having allowed her a certain amount of free action, he finds it necessary to provide additional keepers for her. But we imagine that he has a further object in view, and that we should have heard nothing of the concessions, were it not for the contemplated addition to the army. Whether Louis Napoleon be, or be not, a great man, he is beyond question a person of no ordinary astuteness, and reads knowingly the signs of the times. He has seen the sure but slow progress that the Liberal party has been making for the last few years, in the rural and other constituencies, and he knows that the army reveres the name of his uncle, and regards himself as the heir of that name. The intended increase will place immense patronage in his hands, and enable him to gratify the ambition of the soldiers, from the private to the general, by the changes and promotions to which the new levies will give rise. For our part, we can conceive no other sufficient reason for this measure. France stands in no danger from foreign aggression—for Prussia, the only power from which attack might be apprehended, has more than enough business to do at home in organizing her lately acquired territory, to meddle with such a neighbour; nor do the possible contingencies of the Eastern question call for it. Napoleon is undoubtedly taking this step to preserve his crown and dynasty, which were military in their origin, and cannot long exist but by military support. The Empire may mean peace, but it is an armed peace. All this may be a bad prospect for France, but the facts are not the less palpable. It has always struck us that much of the misfortune of that country has sprung from this mistaken course of her best and wisest men. The *doctinaires* and liberals, whose ranks comprise so large a portion of the intellect, knowledge and respectability of the nation, were always inimical to Louis Napoleon. Had they accepted him, in good faith, even as a necessity, his position would have been a far less difficult one, and they might gradually have guided or forced the Empire into the paths of a constitutional monarchy. But the *doctinaires*, especially, have been anxious to imitate the English revolution of 1688, and they imagined they found a William of Orange in Louis Phillippe. They wanted a usurper as a part of their *programme*, because they considered the overthrow of the doctrine of divine right as a necessary prelude to the establishment of free institutions and constitutional government. Surely Louis Napoleon is usurper enough to answer their purpose. Even yet, they had better rally round him, were it only on the principle of making the best of a bad bargain. We are convinced, too, that the restoration of any branch of the Bourbons would lead to the most deplorable consequences, in the shape, probably, of a civil war between their partizans and those of the Bonaparte family. In this age, at least, if not for generations to come, we suspect that, if there is to be a throne in France, it must be filled by a descendant of Napoleon the Great. A Republican, indeed, would repeat Tallyerand's sarcasm, "*je ne vois pas la necessité*," and would dispense with the throne.

In the commercial world there are revolutions which occur with extraordinary regularity. There were such in 1827, 1837, 1847 and 1857. It is a curious coincidence that the governments and dynasties which have ruled over France since the beginning of this century have all lasted for about the same space of time, namely, about sixteen years. Napoleon the First, as Consul and Emperor, from 1800 to 1816; the restored Bourbons, from 1816 to 1832, Louis Philippe, from 1832 to 1848, and Louis Napoleon, as Prince President and Emperor, has now governed for about the like period. It is still to be seen if his reign is to be much longer than those of his predecessors.

REVIEWS.

RECORDS OF FIVE YEARS. By GRACE GREENWOOD, author of "History of my Pets," "Merrie England," &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields; Montreal: R. Worthington.

This is a collection of thirty-three papers, embracing a considerable variety of subjects, from "Baby in the Bath Tub" to sketches of country life, and articles on politics and the war. Grace Greenwood is a charming writer, and her books are sure to meet with a large number of admirers. Many a young mother's eyes will glisten as she reads the opening chapters of this book.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, for the year ending October 31st, 1866.

We have received a copy of the above report, and are glad to observe from it that the Association is in a prosperous condition. Sixty-five new members were added during the year, and the reports of the various committees shew that the members have been active and earnest in performing the work allotted to them. Our large towns and cities present ample fields for the extension of these valuable associations.

THE POSTHUMUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB. By CHARLES DICKENS, with original illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields; Montreal: R. Worthington.

This is the first instalment of the "Diamond Edition" of Dickens' works, which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields are about to issue at the rate of one volume each month. The volume before us is similar in style to the "Diamond Tennyson" lately issued by the same publisher. The type, though small, is clear and legible; the paper good; and, in addition to an excellent portrait of Dickens, there are sixteen illustrations, among which we would notice as specially happy in conception, "Mr. Alfred Jingle and Job Trotter," "The Fat Boy," "The Rev. Mr. Stiggins and Mrs. Weller," "Dodson and Fogg," and "Old Weller and the Coachman." Taking the Pickwick Papers as a specimen, this is by far the most elegant edition of Dickens' work we have seen, cheapness considered, and we predict that the enterprise of the publishers will prove a decided success.

BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Third.

HEAPING UP RICHES.

Continued from page 396, vol. III.

CHAPTER III. GEORGE SHELDON'S PROSPECTS.

For George Sheldon the passing years had brought very little improvement of fortune. He occupied his old dingy chambers in Gray's-inn, which had grown more dingy under the hand of time; and he was wont to sit in his second-floor window on sultry summer Sundays, smoking his solitary cigar, and listening to the cawing of the rooks in the gardens beneath him, mingled with the voices of rebellious children, and shrill mothers, threatening to "do for them," or to "flay them alive," in Somebody's Rents below. The lawyer used to be quite meditative on those Sunday afternoons, and would wonder what sort of a fellow Lord Bacon was, and how he contrived to get into a mess about taking bribes, when so many other fellows had done it quietly enough before the Lord of Verulam's day, and even yet more quietly since; agreeably instigated thereto by the pleasant casuistry of Escobar. Mr. Sheldon's prospects were by no means promising. From afar off he beheld his brother's star shining steadily in the commercial firmament, but except for an occasional dinner, he was very little the better for the stockbroker's existence. He had reminded his brother very often, and very persistently, of that vague promise which the dentist had made in the hour of his adversity—the promise to help his brother if he ever did "drop into a good thing." But as it is difficult to prevent a man who is disposed to shuffle from shuffling out of the closest agreement that was ever made between Jones of the one part, and Smith of the other part, duly signed and witnessed and stamped with the sixpenny seal of infallibility; so is it still more difficult to obtain the performance of loosely-worded promises, uttered in the confidential intercourse of kinsmen.

In the first year of his married life Philip Sheldon gave his brother a hundred pounds for the carrying out of some grand scheme which the lawyer was then engaged in, and which, if successful, would secure for him a much larger fortune than Georgy's thousands. Unhappily the grand scheme was a failure; and the hundred pounds being gone, George applied again to his brother, reminding him once more of that promise made in Bloomsbury. But on this occasion Mr. Sheldon plainly told his kinsman that he could do no more for him.

"You must fight your own battle, George," he said, "as I have fought mine."

"Thank you, Philip," said the younger brother; "I would rather fight it in any other way."

And then the two men looked at each other, as they were in the habit of doing sometimes, with a singularly intent gaze.

"You're very close-fisted with Tom Halliday's money," George said presently. "If I'd asked poor old Tom himself, I'm sure he wouldn't have refused to lend me two or three hundred."

"Then it's a pity you didn't ask him," Mr. Sheldon answered with supreme coolness.

"I should have done so, fast enough, if I had thought he was going to die so suddenly. It was a bad day for me, and for him, too, when he came to Fitzgeorge-street."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Sheldon sharply.

"You can pretty well guess my meaning, I should think," George answered in a sulky tone

"No, I can't; and what's more, I don't mean to try. I'll tell you what it is, Master George, you've been treating me to a good many hints and inuendoes lately; and you must know very little of me if you don't know that I'm the last kind of man to stand that sort of thing from you, or from any one else. You have tried to take the tone of a man who has some kind of hold upon another. You had better understand at once that such a tone won't answer with me. If you had any hold upon me, or any power over me, you'd be quick enough to use it, and you ought to be aware that I know that, and can see to the bottom of such a shallow little game as yours."

Mr. Sheldon the younger looked at his brother with an expression of surprise that was not entirely unmingled with admiration.

"Well, you *are* a cool hand, Phil!" he said.

Here the conversation ended. The two brothers were very good friends after this, and George presented himself at the gothic villa whenever he received an invitation to dine there. The dinners were good, and the men who ate them were men of solidity and standing in the commercial world; and George was very glad to eat good dinners, and to meet eligible men; but he never again asked his brother for the loan of odd hundreds.

He grubbed on, as best he might, in the dingy Gray's-inn chambers. He had a little business—business which lay chiefly amongst men who wanted to borrow money, or whose halting footsteps required guidance through the quagmire of the Bankruptcy Court. He just contrived to keep his head above water, and his name in the Law-list, by means of such business, but the great scheme of his life remained as yet unripened, an undeveloped shadow to which he had in vain attempted to give a substance.

The leading idea of George Sheldon's life was the idea that there were great fortunes in the world waiting for claimants; and that a share of some such fortune was to be obtained by any man who had the talent to dig it out of the obscurity in which it was hidden. He was a student of old county histories, and a searcher of old newspapers; and his studies in that line had made him familiar with many strange stories: stories of field-labourers called away from the plough to be told they were the rightful owners of forty thousand a year; stories of old white-haired men starving to death in miserable garrets about Bethnal-green or Spitalfields, who could have claimed lands and riches immeasurable, had they known how to claim them; stories of half crazy old women, who had wandered about the world with reticules of discoloured papers clamorously asserting their rights and wrongs unheeded and unbelieved, until they encountered sharp-witted lawyers who took up their claims, and carried them triumphantly into the ownership of illimitable wealth.

George Sheldon had read of these things until it had seemed to him that there must be some such chance for any man who would have patience to watch and wait for it. He had taken up several cases, and had fitted link after link together with extreme labour, and had hunted in parish registers until the cold mouldy atmosphere of vestries was as familiar to him as the air of Gray's-inn. But the cases had all broken down at more or less advanced stages; and after infinite patience and trouble, a good deal of money spent upon travelling and small fees to all manner of small people, and an incalculable number of hours wasted in listening to the rambling discourse of parish-clerks and oldest inhabitants, Mr. Sheldon had been compelled to abandon his hopes time after time, until a man with less firmly rooted ideas would have given up the hunting of registers and grubbing up of genealogies as a delusion and a snare.

George Sheldon's ideas were very firmly rooted, and he stuck to them with that dogged persistency which so often achieves great ends, that it seems a kind of genius. He saw his brother's success, and contemplated the grandeurs of the gothic villa in a cynical rather than an envious spirit. How long would it all last; how long would the stockbroker float triumphantly onward upon that wonderful tide which is constituted by the rise and fall of the money-market?

"That sort of thing is all very well while a man keeps his head cool and clear," thought George; "but somehow or other men always seem to lose their heads on the Stock Exchange before they have done with it, and I daresay my wise brother will drop into a nice mess sooner or later. Setting aside all other considerations, I think I would rather have my chances than his; for I speculate very little more than my time and trouble, and I stand in to win a bigger sum than he will ever get in his line, let stocks rise and fall as they may."

During that summer in which Miss Halliday bade farewell to Hyde Lodge and her school-days, George Sheldon was occupied with the early steps in a search which he hoped would end in the discovery of a prize rich enough to reward him for all his wasted time and labour.

Very early in that year there had appeared the following brief notice in the *Observer* :

"The Rev. John Haygarth, late vicar of Tilford Haven, Norfolk, died lately, without a will, or relation to claim his property, £100,000. The Crown therefore claimed it. And last court-day the Prerogative Court of Canterbury decreed letters of administration to Mr. Paul, the nominee of the Crown."

Some months after this an advertisement had been inserted in the *Times* newspaper to the following effect:

"NEXT OF KIN.—If the relatives or next of kin of the Rev. John Haygarth, late vicar of Tilford Haven, in the county of Norfolk, clerk, deceased, will apply, either personally or by letter, to Stephen Paul, Esq., solicitor for the affairs of her Majesty's Treasury, at the Treasury Chambers, Whitehall, London, they may hear of something to their advantage. The late Rev. John Haygarth is supposed to have been the son of John Haygarth, late of the parish of St. Judith, London, and Sarah his wife, formerly Sarah Copeland, spinster, late of Langford-court, Soho, in county of Middlesex; both long since deceased."

Upon the strength of this advertisement George Sheldon began his search. His theory was, that there always existed an heir-at-law somewhere, if people would only have the patience to hunt him or her out; and he attributed his past failures rather to a want of endurance on his own part than to the breaking down of his pet theory.

On this occasion he began his work with more than usual determination.

"This is the biggest chance I've ever had," he said to himself, "and I should be something worse than a fool if I let it slip through my fingers."

The work was very dry and dreary, involving interminable hunting of registers, and questioning oldest inhabitants. And the oldest inhabitants were so stupid, and the records of the registers so bewildering. One after another Mr. Sheldon set himself to examine the lines of the intestate's kindred and ancestors; his father's brothers and sisters, his grandfather's brothers and sisters, and even to the brothers and sisters of his great-grandfather. At that point the Haygarth family melted away into the impenetrable darkness of the past. They were no high and haughty race of soldiers and scholars, churchmen and lawyers, or the tracing of them would have been a much easier matter. Burke would have told of them. There would have been old country houses filled with portraits, and garrulous old housekeepers learned in the traditions of the past. There would have been mouldering tombs and tarnished brasses in quiet country churches, with descriptive epitaphs, and many escutcheons. There would have been crumbling parchments recording the prowess of Sir Reginald, knight, or the learning of Sir Rupert, counsellor and judge. The Haygarths were a race of provincial tradesmen; and had left no better record of their jog-trot journey through this world than the registry of births, marriages, and deaths, in obscure churches, or an occasional entry in the fly-leaf of a family Bible.

At present Mr. Sheldon was only at the beginning of his work. The father and grandfather and uncle and great-uncles, the great-grandfather and great-great-uncles, with all their progenies, lay before him in a maze of entanglement which it would be his business to unravel. And as he was obliged to keep his limited legal connection together, while he devoted himself to this task, the work promised to extend over months, or indeed years; and in the mean while there was always the fear that some one else, as quickwitted and indefatigable as himself, would take up some tangled skein and succeed in the unravelment of it. Looking this fact full in the face, Mr. Sheldon decided that he must have an able and reliable coadjutor; but to find such a coadjutor, to find a man who would help him, on the chance of success, and not claim too large a share of the prize if success came, was more than the speculative attorney could hope. In the mean time his work progressed very slowly; and he was tormented by perpetual terror of that sharp practitioner who might be following up the same clue, and whose agents might watch him in and out of parish churches, and listen at street-corners when he was hunting an oldest inhabitant.

CHAPTER IV. DIANA FINDS A NEW HOME.

The holidays at Hyde Lodge brought at least repose for Diana Paget. The little ones had gone home, with the exception of two or three young colonists, and even they had perpetual liberty from lessons; so Diana had nothing to do but sit in the shady garden, reading or thinking, in the drowsy summer afternoons. Priscilla Paget had departed with the chief of the teachers for a seaside holiday; other governesses had gone to their homes; and but for the presence of an elderly French woman, who slept through one half of the day and wrote letters to her kindred during the other half, Diana would have been the only responsible person in the deserted habitation.

She did not complain of her loneliness, or envy the delights of those who had departed. She was very glad to be quite alone; free to think her own thoughts, free to brood over those unforgotten years in which she had wandered over the face of the earth with her father and Valentine Hawkehurst. The few elder girls remaining at the Lodge thought Miss Paget unsociable, because she preferred a lonely corner in the gardens and some battered old book of namby-pamby stories to the delights of their society, and criticised her very severely as they walked listlessly to and fro upon the lawn with big garden-hats, and arms entwined about each others' waists.

Alas for Diana, the battered book was only an excuse for solitude, and for a morbid indulgence in her own sad thoughts! She had lived the life of unblemished respectability for a year; and looking back now at the Bohemian wanderings, she regretted those days of humiliation and misery, and sighed for the rare delights of that disreputable past! Yes, she had revolted against the degraded existence; and now she was sorry for having lost its uncertain pleasures, its fitful glimpses of sunshine. Was that true which Valentine had said, that no man can eat beef and mutton every day of his life; that it is better to be unutterably miserable one day and uproariously happy the next, than to tread one level path of dull content? Miss Paget began to think that there had been some reason in her old comrade's philosophy; for she found the level path very dreary. She let her thoughts wander whither they would in this quiet holiday idleness, and they went back to the years which she had spent with her father. She thought of winter evenings in London when Valentine had taken her the round of the theatres, and they had sat together in stifling upper boxes,—she pleased, he critical, and with so much to say to each other in the pauses of the performance. How kind he had been to her; how good, how brotherly! And then the pleasant walk home, through crowded noisy thoroughfares, and anon by long lines of quiet streets, in which they used to look up at the lighted windows of houses where parties were being given, and sometimes

stop to listen to the music and watch the figures of the dancers flitting across the blinds. She thought of the journeys she had travelled with her father and Valentine by land and sea; the lonely moonlight watches on the decks of steamers; the long chill nights in railway carriages under the feeble glimmer of the oil-lamp, and how she and Valentine had beguiled the tedious hours with wild purposeless talk while Captain Paget slept. She remembered the strange cities which she and her father's protégé had looked at side by side: he with a calm listlessness of manner, which might either be real or assumed, but which never varied; she with an inward tremor of excitement and surprise. They had been very happy together, this lonely unprotected girl and the reckless adventurer. If his manner to her had been fitful, it had been sometimes dangerously, fatally kind. She looked back now, and remembered the days which she had spent with him, and knew that all the pleasures possible in a prosperous and successful life could never bring for her such delight as she had known in the midst of her wanderings; though shame and danger lurked at every corner, and poverty, disguised in that tawdry masquerade habit in which the swindler dresses it, accompanied her wherever she went.

She had been happy with him because she had loved him. That close companionship, sisterly and brotherly though it had seemed, had been fatal for the lonely and friendless daughter of Horatio Paget. In her desolation she had clung to the one creature who was kind to her, who did not advertise his disdain for herself and her sex, or openly avow that she was a nuisance and an encumbrance. Every slight put upon her by her father had strengthened the chain that had bound her to Valentine Hawkehurst; and as the friendship between them grew closer day by day, until all her thoughts and fancies took their colour from his, it seemed a matter of course that he should love her, and she never doubted his feelings or questioned her own. There had been much in his conduct to justify her belief that she was beloved; so this inexperienced, untutored girl may surely be forgiven if she rested her faith in that fancied affection, and looked forward to some shadowy future in which she and Valentine would be man and wife, all in all to each other, free from the trammels of Captain Paget's elaborate schemes, and living honestly, somehow or other, by means of literature, or music, or pen-and-ink carricatures, or some of those liberal arts which have always been dear to the children of Bohemia. They would have lodgings in some street near the Thames, and go to a theatre or concert every evening, and spend long summer days in suburban parks or on suburban commons, he lying on the grass smoking, she talking to him or reading to him, as his fancy might dictate. Before her twentieth birthday, the proudest woman is apt to regard the man she loves as a grand and superior creature, and there had been a certain amount of reverential awe mingled with Diana's regard for Mr. Hawkehurst, scapegrace and adventurer though he was.

Little by little that bright girlish dream had faded away. Fancy's enchanted palace had been shattered into a heap of shapeless ruin by those accidental scraps of hard worldly wisdom with which Valentine had pelted the fairy fabric. He a man to love, or to marry for love! Why, he talked like some hardened world-weary sinner who had done with every human emotion. The girl shuddered as she heard him. She had loved him, and believed in his love. She had fancied a tender meaning in the voice which softened when it spoke to her, a pensive earnestness in the dark eyes which looked at her; but just when the voice seemed softest and sweetest, the pensive eyes most eloquently earnest, the adventurer's manner had changed all at once, and for ever. He had grown hard and cold and indifferent. He had scarcely tried to conceal the fact that the girl's companionship bored and wearied him. He had yawned in her face, and had abandoned himself to moody abstraction when accident obliged him to be alone with her. Miss Paget's pride had been equal to the occasion. Mary Anne Kepp would have dissolved into tears at the first unkind word from the lips of her beloved; but Mary Anne Kepp's daughter, with the blood of the Cromie Pagets in her veins, was quite a different person. She returned Mr. Hawkehurst's indifference with corresponding disregard. If his manner was cold as a bleak autumn, hers was icy as a severe winter; only now and then, when she was very tired of her joyless existence, her untutored womanhood asserted itself, and she betrayed the real state of her feelings—betrayed herself as she had done on her last night at Forêtdechêne, when she and Valentine had looked down at the lighted windows shining dimly through the vaporous purple of the summer night. She looked back at the past now in the quiet of the school-garden, and tried to remember how miserable she had been, what agonies of despair she had suffered, how brief had been her delights, how bitter her disappointments. She had tried to remember what tortures she had suffered from that wasted passion, that useless devotion. She tried to rejoice in the consciousness of the peace and respectability of her present life; but she could not. That passionate yearning for the past possessed her so strongly. She could remember nothing except that she had been with him. She had seen his face, she had heard his voice; and now how long and weary the time might be before she could again see that one beloved face or hear the dear familiar voice! The brightest hope she had in these midsummer holidays was the hope of a letter from him; and even that might be the prelude of disappointment. She wrestled with herself, and tried to exorcise those ghosts of memory which haunted her by day and wove themselves into her dreams by night; but they were not to be laid at rest. She hated her folly; but her folly was stronger than herself.

For three weeks Diana Paget had no companions but her sorrowful memories—her haunting shadows; but at the end of that time the stagnant mill-pond of her life was suddenly ruffled—the dull course of existence was disturbed by the arrival of two letters. She found them lying by her plate upon the breakfast-table one bright July morning; and while she was yet far away from the table she could see that one of the envelopes bore a foreign stamp, and was directed by the hand of Valentine Hawkehurst. She seated herself at the table in a delicious flutter of emotion, and tore open that foreign envelope; while the French governess poured out the tea, and while the little group of school-girls nugged one another and watched her eager face with insolent curiosity.

A ROMANCE OF THE READING ROOM.

THERE are few places that I like so well as the reading-room of the British Museum Library. In cold weather it is always warm, and in hot weather cool, which is harder to manage, always light, always quiet. The desks the chairs, the book-rests are all especially well adapted to their purposes, and there is a general atmosphere of study which predisposes one to work. Civil service officials are not in general noted for their attention to the public, but here ordinary rules are reversed; for, from the sub-librarians downwards, every one vies with the rest in kindness, courtesy, and attention.—Certainly it is not pleasant, when one is short of time, to wait half-an-hour for one's books, but it is hard to see how this is to be avoided when their great numbers are considered; and such a drawback as this is amply compensated for by the certainty that, whatever one's researches may be, the library contains practically every book that exists on the subject.

But it is not entirely on such grounds that the reading-room is so pleasant to me; it happens to have also been the main scene of the most important event of my life; and this is the story that I have to tell.

I cannot pretend to be a learned man, but I have always been a studious one. Perhaps the very fact that my time is much taken up by business, may make me attach a higher value to study than I should if I could devote myself to it. However that may be, I am always delighted when I can spare time to investigate any of the numerous fields of inquiry that are always presenting themselves. At the date of which I write I was examining some minor matters of Roman domestic economy, which obliged me to make frequent use of dictionaries, and to seat myself by the shelves that contained them. And it so happened that I was employed with one of these books when the chance occurred that altered the course of my life, and converted me, a confirmed misogynist of nearly forty, into the most tractable of Benedicts.

As I put the book down on the desk by which I was standing, some one lifted it up and looked at the back; then there came a sort of sigh of disappointment. I turned round and saw a girl, plainly dressed, who faced me in turning again to the shelves. I do not intend to describe her; descriptions of beautiful women are always failures, and besides, she was not a beautiful woman; but there was something noticeable about her. I was sure I had never seen her before, yet I knew her face as well as if it had been an old friend's. Most people know what this feeling is. I have myself felt it in the case of faces, scenery, and music, but most in music; it is hard to say whether it means a vague recollection, or a dream, or a previously undeveloped idea.

Well, there she was, evidently in grief for want of some book of reference, and as evidently without any knowledge of where to find it. What was I to do? I was quite unused to the ways of girls, and if one of the attendants had been within hail I should have handed her over to him at once. But, as it happened that none of them was near, I nervously offered my services, and was instructed to find a Latin dictionary. Now it will readily be believed, where more than a hundred people are reading, many of them Latin, that the more portable dictionaries are apt to be appropriated. So it was on this occasion, only the ponderous old fellows being left, to one of which I turned for the word she wanted. She looked at it, more helplessly than ever, for the explanation was also in Latin. So, assuming the fatherly manner to which my years entitled me, I asked her to show me the passage she wanted explained. Her book was one of German stories, each written on a Latin proverb. These, she said, she wished to translate, and sorely they puzzled her, for she knew no word of Latin, and could only guess at their meanings with the help of the dictionary. The result was that she had made a dreadful hash of them, as she willingly confessed when I told her their real meanings. She had only part of her manuscript with her, so I filled up the gaps in that, and arranged to go there the next day and proceed with the task. When that was finished I took to amending her English, which had the continental style commonly used by unpractised translators, and in fact, I employed in her service all the time which passed before my books arrived. We became friendly over our labours, and I had begun quite to look forward to my pleasant half-hour with her as a reward after my day's work, when all at once she disappeared. I had been too much engaged to be at the reading-room for some days before I noticed this, so that she had perhaps had no chance of telling me about it.

A month passed, and then, annoyed half with her for her absence, and half with myself for thinking about it, I resolved to follow her example and go away on my own account, incited thereto by a pressing invitation from some friends—Forrester, by name—who lived on their own land in Norfolk. Tom Forrester was an old schoolfellow of mine, whom I had lost sight of for nearly twenty years, when I met him at Paris on his return from his wedding trip. I got on excellently with him and his pretty young wife, and had more than once visited them for a day or two. I now made up my mind to a longer stay.

So next morning I started, confiding myself to the tender mercies of the Great Eastern, got to my port of disembarkation, and walked on across the fields, leaving my portmanteau to fol-

low. To get to the house I had to pass through the garden, where I found all the forces encamped under a large walnut tree—Forrester, his wife, and a third person in a light-coloured muslin dress. Mrs. Forrester jumped up tumultuously. "So glad to see you! How hot you must be! What will you have to cool you? Tom, dear, is there any soda-water in ice? Let me introduce you to my cousin Eleanor—why, you don't mean to say you know each other? What fun! Tom, come and help me to make some claret-cup," and so forth; and off she went.

Of course she was my friend of the reading-room, and very pleasant she looked. She received me as an old acquaintance, and by the time the claret-cup was made and consumed we were on the easiest terms possible. From my hostess I learned that her cousin was the only child of a clergyman of high attainments and no influence, who had died after a long illness while the Forresters were abroad after their marriage, leaving his daughter no means of support. She had lived since then with an old bachelor great-uncle, who had a small pension as a retired government clerk, and her translation was intended to supply her with means for dress and other expenses. Mrs. Forrester had wished her to live with them; but she refused to leave her great-uncle who had helped her in time of need, and only visited them from time to time. She was a great favorite with Forrester and with the "neighbours," as these local folks, the only visitable people about the place, were emphatically called. Great were the mutual visittngs among these people, all of whom came to welcome my arrival. The "neighbours" consisted of Mr. Hemsted, the rector, up to the neck in a county history he was writing, and distressingly local; Mrs. Hemsted, over-head and ears in district visiting, school-children, and the other multitudinous cares that so often make the parson's wife more parsonical than the parson; and Mr. Drake, the surgeon, who had a taste for minute anatomy, and was for ever exhibiting some preparation in which every part of some abominable beetle or other was stuck on a separate pin in its exact relative position to the rest, so that it was to a whole beetle what a "Fantaccini" skeleton, which comes to pieces and joins up again, is to a respectable and compact skeleton which has a decent regard for its joints.

With these companions, or by ourselves, we led an exciting life, rather dreamy and vague, but altogether pleasant. In the morning Forrester and his wife, who were a busy couple, went about their avocations, planting, house-keeping, gardening, and so on, while Eleanor and I sat opposite to each other, one at each end of the library table, she at her everlasting German, and I getting into shape a lot of old notes which had long been waiting for such a chance, and which did not improve much owing to my constantly falling asleep over them. In the afternoon we rode or walked, dined with or without our neighbours, and were lazy to our hearts' content. I began to doubt whether my real vocation in life was not that of a country gentleman, when after about a fortnight my lotos-eating existence was rudely broken into by a letter from my office, which said that an important business connection of mine, who was returning from Egypt, had telegraphed from Marseilles that he wanted to see me in London in a couple of days. "Hang the fellow!" I said to myself, "fidgeting about like that. Pity he couldn't be contented to stop in one place or the other. I didn't care two straws whether I came here or not; but now I am here it is so jolly that I don't want to be dragged away all at once. Forrester and his wife are capital people, and there is something by no means disagreeable about Miss ——."

How very odd! I had been living in the same house with her, and associating with her from morning to night for a fortnight, and for all that I had never heard what her name was. Tom, in his rather solemn way, called her by her Christian name at full length, carefully pronouncing it as a trisyllable, and his wife used all the diminutives of it that she could lay her hand to, showing much resource and invention therein. Application to the servants was not likely to do any good; the butler, and his wife the housekeeper, the only servants I ever saw, were old family retainers, who had kept house for Forrester during the long years of his bachelorhood, and hated his wife, her cousin, and the visitors with strict impartiality. To appeal to them was impossible. Then, on reflection, it seemed to me that I had dropped insensibly into the local habit, and had taken to thinking about her by her Christian name myself. It was plain that this course of action was not the thing for a bachelor in the sear and yellow leaf; so I decided that I must ascertain her name on the first opportunity. But somehow the chance would not come off. I could not well ask Mrs. Forrester the name of, as she supposed, an old acquaintance: Forester, who was sharp enough when he was not wanted to be so, would not take a hint, and on my last evening I knew no more than before. Dinner came duly, and with it the neighbours. The rector had a distinct partiality for Forester's '34 port, and we sat late over our wine; but as we went to the drawing-room I resolved on my effort. My good intentions were in vain: the moment I had got my coffee Mr. Drake, who was a most assiduous button-holer, drove me to a corner, and gave me a lecture on popular entomology, while the others all aired their hobbies at once. The room was not large, and the conversation simply bewildering.

"The parish was held as a manor, and four hides, one carucate in demesne, &c."

"No, we sent back the grey gingham, and got some striped purple and black; salvage stock, you know, not hurt by the fire: but,——"

"I need not tell you that the digestive apparatus of the wasp is——"

"Pannage for eleven hundred hogs, two hives."

"Lined with pink flannel, and tied under the chin."

"So that when you apply oil with feather, the insect collapses at once."

Something did collapse at once,—I did. The rector's fourwheeler was announced; the visitors set off, the ladies retired, and Tom and I went to the smoking-room, where he would do nothing but bother about the authorship of the "*De Imitatione*," till he yawned fearfully, and departed without his candle. I expected him to come back; sat up vainly for two hours, overslept myself, and was late for breakfast. The butler gave me my solitary eggs and coffee grudgingly.

"Master's at his rent matters, and so he will be till luncheon; missus is in the house-keeper's room, and Miss Eleanor's at the rectory."

So my last chance seemed bad; but as I smoked my second cigar on the lawn, I saw Mrs. Forester in the drawing-room. Recklessly wasting half a regalia, I went in; determined to do or die.

"Ah!" she said, "down at last? We are very sorry to lose you. Mind you soon come again."

"Most happy, I'm sure; but—a—I was—it's very odd; but I really don't know——"

"It'll do you good, you know. You're looking better already."

"Yes, I know; but would you mind telling me——"

"Sorry to interrupt you; but don't forget to keep me all your foreign postage-stamps."

"No, indeed I won't; but do tell me——"

Mrs. Hemsteed!" said the butler, opening the door.

And that blessed woman talked right on end till luncheon was over, and I had to start. My only hope was that Tom would drive me; but even that was in vain, the gig held only myself and my portmanteau, and I had to say good-bye in public. I was going to say "good-bye, Eleanor," and observe the effect; but Mrs. Hemsted's eye was on me, and I quailed.

Back to town I went in anything but a good temper; and when I tried my chambers again, it took little time to convince me that I was really hard hit. It was no good going to the reading-room just to worry myself, I thought, and I had plenty to do after my absence, but I could not stop away, and so in a week or so I lounged in, sad and wretched, for I could not help thinking of the difference of our ages, and of the probability that her affections might be engaged already. As I walked to my usual place, all the blood in my body seemed to rush into my head, for there she sat as usual. A few seconds steadied me a little, and I sat down beside her.

"I am so glad you have come," she said; "I am in trouble as usual, and I wanted you by my side."

"I could not help it." I said at once, in a voice that sounded like somebody else's; "let me stay by your side now, and for life!"

She bent over her book; her face was turned from me, but I saw the colour rise in her neck, and a sort of little throb come. After a pause, I said,—

"You have not shaken hands with me."

She turned slowly, and put her hand in mine, and a kind of electrical shock—more eloquent than words—filled me with great joy, for I knew that I had won the prize I would have given my life for.

And then I asked her what her name was. Here I am conscious that my story is deficient in dramatic effect, for of course she ought to have been the daughter of the hereditary foe of my house, able to play Juliet to my Romeo. But my house never had a hereditary foe, as far as I know, and the name was quite unknown to me. I need not tell you what it was, as it was exchanged for mine before long.

The good old man with whom she lived gave her to me, not altogether cordially, for he too knew her value, but kindly enough. He was more than seventy when she came to live with him, and these few last years of his were a kind of Indian summer,—perhaps the happiest part of his life. We wished him to live with us, but he would not; he was too old, he said to change his habits. Poor old fellow! it was very sad to see him drooping, but it was soon over; he died two months after Eleanor left him.

* * * * *

We do not often go to the reading-room now, for we have home cares and home blessings to keep us away. My chambers are exchanged for a country house; and though I keep up my reading, it is often interrupted by the sound of little feet, and by little tongues lisping soft, broken English, sweeter far in my ears than the dead languages. Still we sometimes find time to occupy our old quarters, surrounded by the friendly books of old days, and there we sit side by side, as by God's blessing we shall continue to do until the books of our lives are closed. S.

THE DANCING MANIA OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The scenes of bloodshed and horror which accompanied the outbreak of the French Revolution, did not in the least abate that love for dancing which is one of the characteristics of the French nation: on the contrary, it seemed to increase under these terrible circumstances. Whilst the guilotine was doing its work, there were constantly balls at Trianon, at the Hermitage, and in all parts of Paris. At Meudon they were even dancing whilst the unfortunate prisoners from Orleans were murdered at the foot of the staircase of the orange-house; their cries might be heard during the pauses in the music, but the ball nevertheless continued.

Towards the middle of the year 1793 this mania came gradually to an end, and in 1794, when the fatal cart brought every day an uncounted number of victims to the guillotine, the taste for dancing had so far declined that dancers could only be procured "by order of the authorities. These official balls were consequently as sad and dismal as the Dance of Death on the mediæval churchyard walls. The dancers for the most part were youths and maidens whose parents had been arrested, or were suspected, in prison, or guillotined, which after all were only so many different words for the same thing. If they dared to decline an invitation to the national balls, they were

sure next day to be lodged in the prisons of La Force, the Madelonnettes, or Saint Lazare, which was only a station on the road to the Place de la Revolution and the guillotine. Refractory dancers were treated in the most off-hand manner. One day the Parisians were celebrating the victory of Fleurus with dances on the site of the Bastille: a quadrille had been formed, in which there was a partner short. One of the Masters of the Ceremonies addressed a young man who stood looking on in the crowd, and requested him to act as *vis-à-vis*.

"I cannot dance," was the answer.

"That is to say you *won't*."

"I tell you I *can't*"

"That is nonsense, you can dance well enough if you like."

"I can do nothing of the kind."

"Then you must be a cursed aristocrat who despises the amusements of the people, and is vexed at our victories. You must follow me at once to the *Section* (a kind of police court), and I shall know who you are."

With these words he took hold of the young man, and with the assistance of the rabble, dragged him to the *Section*, where, unless his antecedents were of the very best, in a republican point of view, they no doubt made very short work of him.

But after the fall of Robespierre, and the changes connected with that event, there was again a violent reaction. Balls were organized in every part of Paris; everywhere the joyous sound of the cornet, the fiddle, and the clarinet, invited those who had servived the Reign of Terror to join in the "mazy dance," and they willingly answered the call. The splendid garden of M. Boutin, a *fermier général* who had been guillotined for selling damp tobacco, was opened to the public under the name of Tovili, and this was the first public ball. Next a similar establishment was got up in the Champs Elysees. It was called the gardens of Marbeuf, and probably few of the dancers remembered that the delightful spots in which they were tripping it "on the light fantastic toe," had cost the life of their owner, the Marchioness of Marbeuf, who had been guillotined for no other crime but that she refused to metamorphose her beautiful gardens into potato-fields for the benefit of the "sovereign people."

Innumerable other public balls were opened one after the other. There was one in the Elysée National, the palace which the present Emperor of France occupied before 1853, whilst he was still President of the Republic. There were Ranelagh and Vauxhall, so named in imitation of our famous London resorts, and there were Frascati, and the Pavillon d'Hanovre, which two last ones were patronised by those members of the upper classes who still remained in Paris and had escaped the guillotine. Then there was the Prado, where also "mewing concerts" (*concerts miauliques*) were given.

These concerts were a cruelty worthy of that horrible period. A score of cats were placed in a row on a kind of piano, their bodies were in a box from which their heads alone projected. Each of the touches of the instrument corresponded with the tail of one of the cats, and when the touch was struck, a sharp blade penetrated into that tail, and of course the cat uttered a cry. Although the voices had been selected with due regard to the different notes of the scale, yet there was no control over the expression of their anger and pain, nor of its duration, so that this ingenious and novel instrument did not prove a success.

Another public ball was actually instituted in the ancient cemetery of Saint Sulpice. The gate to it was adorned with a pink transparency, on which were written the words, "*Bal des Zephyrs*:" but that same gate also bore the emblems of the former destination of the place. There were still distinctly visible on it, carved in stone, a skull with bat's wings, a pair of crossbones, and an empty hour-glass, and underneath it in large letters:—

HIC REQUIESCANT BEATAM SPEM EXPECTANTES.

The tombstones had not even been removed, and the amorous couples sat on the monuments, not "smiling at grief," but at their own giddy raptures. This certainly was a dance of death with a vengeance, and the contrast was more striking than any of the sombre creations of the old painters. Yet the enormity actually continued, until the time of the consulate, when Napoleon ordered it to be closed.

The garden belonging to the ancient convent of the Carmelite nuns was also transformed into a dancing place, which, from the quantity of lime-trees growing in these grounds, was called *le Bal Champêtre des Tilleuls*. The orchestra was placed against a little door, through which scarcely two years before the unfortunate nuns had been brought forth one after the other, to be executed, and the stone steps still bore indelible traces of the stains of blood. But the summer of 1794 was magnificent, the sky was cloudless, and the sun shone bright, and when in the evening the pale moon rose in the sky, and peeped over the dark lime-trees, when the orchestra sent forth its merry strains, and gauze and muslins, ribbons and fair tresses fluttered in the evening air, nobody thought of the "pensive nuns" who whilom wandered under the shade of those same trees,—

> Devout and pure,
> Sober, steadfast, and demure,
> All in a robe of darkest grain,
> Flowing with majestic train.

In fact, the *Dansomania* had taken hold of all classes of society, and the majority of those *bals champêtres* were a complete success.

One of the sequels of the events of the ninth of Thermidor, was that the goods of all those who had been guillotined, which had been confiscated by the Convention, were restored to the surviving heirs. Even the arrears which the nation had received since the time of the confiscation were paid back. This unexpected stroke of good fortune turned the heads of those to whose share it fell. After having lived for a length of time in utter poverty, the heirs of those who had been executed all at once found themselves opulent, and, naturally enough, not a few excesses were committed. This event just happened when the rage for dancing was at its greatest paroxysm. It was natural, therefore, that dancing should occupy a prominent place in the round of amusements in which those newly enriched people indulged.

But as the persons thus favoured by fortune mostly belonged to the highest aristocracy of Paris, they refused to dance with the profane vulgar, nor did they even condescend to dance like them. They wished to organise a dancing club, something after the style of Almack's, to which the vulgar could not be admitted. To make nobility and rank openly the title of admittance would have been unsafe in those times, but they made another rule by which the same object was obtained. The majority of the persons who had been guillotined were nobles and people of rank, and consequently they determined that nobody could become a subscriber unless he had lost his father, mother, brother, or sister, or at least an uncle or an aunt, by the guillotine. Hence this dancing club obtained the name of the Ball of the Victims.

These balls were held during the winter of 1794 on the first floor of the Hôtel de Richelieu. The dancers were all to be dressed in the deepest morning, the hangings were entirely black, and black crape was attached to the instruments of the band, to the chandeliers, and to the furniture. Not satisfied with these indecent jokes, they also invented a bow *à la victime*. This consisted in a motion of the head which imitated that of the person who, lying under the guillotine, bends his neck in order to pass his head through the hole above which the fatal knife is suspended. And these unparalleled acts of levity were actually perpetrated by the children and relatives of those who had died that fearful death.

The Terrorists, however, were determined not to yield in heartless sportiveness to the Victims, so they instituted a rival ball, called the Ball of the Executioners, which was held on the second floor of the same hotel, and to which no member was admitted that could not prove his active share in the deeds of the Reign of Terror.

The dancers were all dressed in red, the hangings were red, and red silk ribbons were attached to the instruments of the band, to the chandeliers, and to the furniture. Perhaps it may be imagined that when the members of the opposite balls encountered, blood flowed. Quite the contrary took place, however; their bows were low and formal, and compliments were exchanged in the loftiest style of revolutionary fraternity.

As there were at the Ball of the Victims numerous younger sons and daughters who, thanks to the guillotine, had become heads of families; as the company was entirely composed of people who in a few days had arrived from poverty and danger to opulence and security, so the ball, notwithstanding its funereal appearance, was exceedingiy gay.

One incident, almost equally ludicrous and horrible, which occurred at this ball, is related by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his Memoirs. During the Reign of Terror, if the person intended for the guillotine was not to be found, some prisoner whose name was similar in sound, or who was related to him, was sacrificed in his place, and then the name of the proscribed was erased from the fatal list, and his death published. This was the case with two sisters; both had evaded their persecutors; but the names of both were on the list of the guillotined, and each, therefore, considered herself the only one saved. Their screams of horror and astonishment when they met at this ball may be imagined. However, when they were convinced that neither was a ghost, they embraced, and each congratulated the other on her happy preservation. While they were thus fondly locked in each other's arms, a Master of the Ceremonies approached them. As the death of the *other* was the title on which *each* had received her ticket of admission, he addressed the elder sister, and informed her that now her title to admission was faulty, unless she could name some other relation who had perished during the Reign of Terror. The lady hesitated for a moment, and then answered, "she was sorry to say she did not think she could." The same question being put to the younger sister, she also replied in the negative.

"Then, mesdames," said he of the ceremonies, "it is my painful duty to inform you that you are no longer members of this ball."

The two ladies stared in silent astonishment and chagrin.

"It is delightful to have found a sister," at last cried the elder, taking her younger sister by the hand; "but it is a sad thing to lose one's right of admission to these balls."

One other benefit of the reaction which followed the events of Thermidor was the resurrection of the toilet; for in the dark days of the Terror, to be properly dressed was equivalent to wearing a royalist badge. But after the fall of Robespierre the ladies strove with each other to make up for lost time, and by profuse indulgence to forget the horrible times when they were deprived of silks, satins, velvets, and jewellery. Hence luxury became most extravagant. But good taste did not preside over the choice of the garments. It became the fashion to appear at the balls, at the theatres, and even in the streets, dressed,—or shall we say undressed?—according to ancient Greek and Roman patterns, and she who nearest approached to the toilet of the Venus de' Medici was reckoned to display most taste. These fashions originated in a great measure at the Balls of the Victims, and for those ghastly meetings every part of female attire was generally curtailed a few inches more of its already too scanty proportions.

Not only were these Greek and Roman dresses introduced by this club, but also a style of head-dress, which continued for more than twenty years after; this fashion was called *à la Titus*. Some of the members, not considering the bow *à la victime* sufficiently expressive, introduced an article into the rules of the club that nobody should be admitted whose hair was not cut close to the neck, in the same manner as the executioner cuts that of the victims when he prepares them for the guillotine. This *coiffure* was at once adopted by all the members, and, as may

be imagined, the shaven necks of the beaux and belles gave a new grace to their bows *à la victime* of the day. From this club the fashion spread through the whole nation, and nobody who had the least pretension to dress well could appear in public without having his hair cropped *à la victime*. Decency, however, changed its name into that of *à la Titus*, in order to obliterate its repulsive origin. General as this fashion was, it became nobody; well-favoured ladies looked plain with it, and ugly ones utterly hideous. Another fashion of the same period, also originated by the members of the Ball of Victims, was a red shawl, such a one as the executioner had thrown over the shoulders of Charlotte Corday and the ladies de Sainte-Amaranthe on their way to the guillotine. This levity and heartless sportiveness, this utter disregard of decency in all parties, is, perhaps, one of the most curious and characteristic features of the French Revolution. A. SADLER.

HAREEM LIFE AT CAIRO.

LITTLE is known of what really passes in harcems, as the Turks are exceedingly jealous of their domestic life being talked about. Many intrigues and scandals take place, and are known to the ladies in other hareems, but rarely transpire beyond their walls. The two following events took place not long ago at Cairo, and rather interfere with our ideas (chiefly taken from the Arabian Nights) of the poetry of Turkish life.

On the road to Old Cairo lives a Bey, whom we will call Hassan, and whose wife had been a slave of the viceroy's. It is deemed a great honour to receive a cast-off slave-girl of the viceroy, or of one of the princes, as a wife, and the lady usually gives herself airs, and generally leads her poor husband a miserable life, by threatening to complain to the Effendina's mother, unless all her whims are gratified. Hassan Bey's wife at some fantasia heard the celebrated singer Suleiman, and was enchanted with his voice. She sought every occasion of seeing him, and one day he rode under her windows while she happened to be looking out from behind the musharibiëb. The lady from that day refused to eat, became melancholy and sullen, and at length one of her old slaves ventured to ask the cause of the Khanoum's sorrow. On being told it, the old woman reflected awhile, and then proposed to her mistress to marry Suleiman to one of the girls in the hareem who had a fine voice, and was rather a favourite in consequence. The lady approved of the idea, and charged the old woman with the direction of the affair. Suleiman, thinking that out of so good a house as Hassan Bey's he would get valuable marriage-gifts with his wife, accepted the proposal. The marriage was celebrated with some pomp; and Zeeneb, the slave-girl, was envied by her less fortunate companions at having made so brilliant a marriage; for Suleiman earned large sums by singing at marriage-feasts and burials. The old woman now explained to Suleiman why her mistress had given him one of her favourite slaves, and that he must manage to come often to the hareem on some pretext or other. For some time things went on smoothly, until Suleiman became fonder of his own wife than of the other lady, and neglected going to the hareem as often as the latter wished, and also gave less baksheesh to the eunuchs and slaves. Hassan Bey, sitting in his divan one day, overheard his people talking of Suleiman, of baksheesh, and of his frequent visits, and summoned the chief eunuch, demanding what all this meant? The Aga hesitated, but threats soon loosened his tongue, and he denounced the old slave woman as chief authoress and abettor of the intrigue. Hassan Bey had her brought before him, and gave her the alternative of bringing Suleiman to the hareem within an hour's time, or of losing her head. Thoroughly frightened, she went off to Suleiman's house, and implored him to come to her mistress, dying, as she said, from longing to see her heart's beloved one. Zeeneb had her suspicions aroused by the evident trepidation of the woman's manner, and besought her husband not to go. The old woman threatened to destroy his livelihood through her mistress's influence in the vice-regal hareem, and Suleiman at last yielded; but promised Zeeneb that this should be the last visit to Hassan Bey's hareem. Unfortunately for poor Suleiman, his words turned out true, for Hassan Bey cut him down as he entered the door. Zeeneb waited for her husband for some hours, and then sent her mother-in-law to inquire after him. Hassan Bey himself received her, and showing her the dead body of her son, bade her begone. She burst forth in a torrent of reproaches and bitter lamentations, which so enraged him that, drawing his sword, he killed her too. By his orders, the corpses were flung into the Nile, close by, after small black crosses, such as the Copts wear, had been hung round their necks to divert suspicion. Next morning the bodies were found, and were buried in the Coptic burial-ground by a priest, on the supposition of their being Christians. The disappearance of Suleiman caused some wonder, but it was soon forgotten, and it was no more talked of, until the viceroy's mother gave a fantasia at the marriage of some slave-girl in her hareem, when Zeeneb was summoned with other gazialis, or singing-women. When it was her turn to sing, she rose, burst into tears, and, falling at the Validé Khanoum's feet, declared she could not sing, and implored justice. The princess stopped the fête, and inquired what she meant. Zeeneb then related that Suleiman, her husband, had had an intrigue with Hassan Bey's wife, had gone one day against his wish to her hareem, and had never returned; that his mother had gone to make inquiry for him, and had never been seen since; and that she suspected foul play. The Validé Khanoum promised that justice should be done, and kept her word; for the viceroy summoned Hassan Bey before the council, interrogated him, and sentenced him to banishment at Fazoglou (the Egyptian Cayenne). Since then, nothing has been heard of Hassan Bey's wife. Whether she was killed by his orders or by Ismail Pasha's, or is still alive, imprisoned in some distant hareem, is a mystery; but it is improbable that Hassan Bey would have dared to touch a woman who came out of the vice-regal hareem.

The second tale is more tragic and touching. Osman Bey, so we will name him, had two daughters, Fatmé and Elmass, whose mother had died young; the Bey had not married again, and left the two girls very much to the care of their old nurse. A young Turk, living close by, had seen Fatmé as a child in the doorway with the eunuchs, and had observed her pretty face; he by chance caught a glimpse of her at the open musharibiëb, and demanded her in marriage of her father. Osman Bey answered that he was honoured by Shaheen Bey's proposal; but although there was nothing to object to in point of fortune, or so forth, yet he declined to give him his daughter, as he lived much with infidel dogs, and was therefore no true Mussulman. "Piqué au jeu," and deeply smitten with Fatmé's charms, Shaheen Bey contrived to bribe the old nurse, who introduced him into the hareem dressed in woman's clothes. No Turk, it should be observed, can enter his own hareem when a lady is there on a visit; and even should he have strong reason to suspect the visitor to be a man in disguise, he would never dare to touch the seeming lady. Woe betide him should he unveil a woman! and he can, of course, never be sure of his suspicions. Fatmé, of the mature age of fifteen, was much delighted at the impression she had produced, and soon her love for Shaheen Bey became as strong as his passion for her; but Elmass grew jealous, and threatened to tell her father, quoting at the same time an old Turkish proverb: "Whoever does not beat his daughter will one day strike his knees in vain." Fatmé in great alarm took counsel with her old nurse, who suggested that Shaheen Bey should bring his younger brother to amuse Elmass, and that, being then equally culpable with her elder sister, she would say nothing. The two brothers paid frequent visits to the hareem, and all went well for some time, until Shaheen Bey committed the extreme imprudence of going into the hareem undisguised. Coming out, he met Osman Bey, who recognised him in spite of his efforts to cover his face; a tremendous struggle ensued, in the course of which the old father was thrown down; and Shaheen Bey got away. By dint of threats, Osman Bey made the eunuchs confess that they had long suspected the sex of the two visitors, and by a vigorous application of the whip he got the whole truth out of the nurse. In a towering passion he went directly to the viceroy's secretary, who, more civilised than the Turks usually are, tried to persuade the Bey to hush up the whole thing, and marry the two young couples. Osman Bey would listen to nothing, and insisted on the affair being laid before Ismail Pasha, who condemned the two brothers to be sent to Fazoglou. The youngest, luckily for himself, died soon after passing Thebes. The two girls and their nurse were sentenced to death. Horrified by so severe a decree, Osman Bey threw himself at the Effendina's feet, and after many prayers obtained a commutation of his daughter's sentence to imprisonment for life among the female galley-slaves.

To keep order in the numerous hareems, it is necessary to strike terror into the hearts of the women who are shut up, without interest, education, or occupation. Doubtless many events quite as sad as the foregoing occur within the high walls of the hareems, of which we Europeans have no idea.

PASTIMES.

REBUS.

1 A king of Troy.
2 A celebrated Greek historian.
3 The Greek name for the Goddess of Discord.
4 The celebrated Spartan legislator.
5 A people of Ancient Britain.
6 A celebrated amatory Roman poet.
7 The god of the Sea.
8 An Egyptian goddess.
9 A king of Egypt who attempted to connect the Mediterranean with the Red Sea.
10 The Goddess of Justice.
11 The God of Marriage.
12 The muse who presides over music.
13 A celebrated philosopher of Athens.
14 The tutor of Alexander the Great.
15 The muse that presides over dancing.
16 The great Trojan hero.

The *initials* will give the title of a story with which our readers are familiar.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

FRINGLALAASA a fashionable place of resort.
MABLURLE a useful article to borrow.
GASKUBELCTION a gentleman's aversion.

POLLY.

SQUARE WORDS.

Part of a ship.
Surface.
A past participle.
A large cistern.

CEPHAS.

CHARADES.

1. My 12, 5, 8, 9, 4 is an article of food.
My 16, 2, 18, 15 is worn by both gentlemen and ladies.
My 1, 13, 3, 12, 5, 16, 7, 8 is a female name.
My 10, 17, 14, 15 is a title.
My 11, 6, 19 an ancient place of refuge.
My whole is a building in Montreal.

POLLY

2. *First* was my sun in the sky,
When I set out on my *second*;
Hot was I, weary, and dry,
Ere seven hours had been reckoned.
Dark it became—though a *third*,
I liked not my *second* so dreary—
There was not a sound to be heard
As on I trudged, footsore and weary.
Suddenly, close at my side,
Out sprung my *whole*, and addressed me;
But his demands I defied,
For a brave *third's* courage possessed me—
I drew, and ere many breaths he had fetched,
On my *first* and my *second* my *whole* lay outstretched.

3. My 10, 7, 1, 2, 3, 4 is to look for.
My 8, 5, 6, 9 is an American coin.
My whole was a distinguished mathematician.

CEPHAS.

ENIGMA.

Ne'er was existence trampled on as mine;
Low down, and grovelling in the dust I lie;
And yet I ne'er complain, nor e'en repine—
I shall possess thee soon; that time draws nigh.

And yet, though oft thou spurn'st me with thy foot,
And spitt'st upon me, like the lowest jade,
Somewhiles thou meet'st me on thy knees, and mute—
Why honour thus, and then so low degrade?

Ofttimes thou toil'st to deck me, and to give
Things that make me more beautiful, less wild;
And yet, more strange, while thou are left to live,
Though raised above me, thou art yet my child.

Yes this though canst not help; thy destiny
Binds thee to me while still thou hast life's breath.
And when that breath has fled, shall I lose thee?
Never, while this world lasts—thou shalt be mine in death!

WETSTAR.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c.

No. 77.

Enigmas.—1. Potatoes. 2. Bellows.

Anagram.—Miss M. E. Braddon.

Square Words.—S T A R.
T U N E.
A N N A.
R E A M.

Charades.—1. Spare-rib. 2. Water-loo. 3. Better late than never.

Transpositions.—1. Shawenegan. 2. Crabbe. 3. Cacouna.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Enigmas.—Polly, Bericus, Geo. B., Den, Argus, H. H. V., Ellen, Dido.

Anagram.—Dew, Dido, Polly, Argus, Bericus, A. R. T., Ellen, Wetstar.

Square Words.—Bericus, Dew, A. R. T., Wetstar, Colon, Argus.

Charades. *Polly*, Dew, Wetstar, Argus, Bericus, Colon.

Transpositions.—Wetstar, Dew, Polly, Bericus, H. H. V., Argus, Camp.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters intended for the Editor, should be addressed "Editor Saturday Reader, Drawer 401;" and communications on business to "R. Worthington, publisher."

J. J. L.—We wish the Prize Story to be illustrative of life in Canada, but do not limit competitors as to date, or desire them to confine their characters entirely to this country during the progress of the plot. Our aim is to secure the best story obtainable; we wish, therefore, to give authors all possible license consistent with the terms of the advertisement. As a guide to the length of the story, we will state that we require sufficient matter to fill about seven columns of the "Reader" from twenty to twenty-six weeks.

H. O. C.—We regret that we cannot insert the verses.

A. L.—The Jews harp is so called, probably, as a corruption of Jaws-harp.

A CONSTANT READER.—The superstitious belief that thirteen is an unlucky number to assemble at table is a very ancient one, and is said to have taken its origin from the Paschal Supper, as Judas Iscariot was the thirteenth guest.

G. A. L.—The right bank of a river is that which is on your right hand when your back is turned to its source. Montreal is therefore on the left bank of the St. Lawrence.

ARGUS.—Rapid speakers pronounce from seven thousand to seven thousand five hundred words per hour, or about two words per second. You will require to practice the system you have learned very assiduously before you can report a rapid speaker verbatim.

VOLUNTEER.—A colonel is the highest in rank of those called field officers; and is immediately subordinate to a general of division. An admiral, who is actually the commander-in-chief of a fleet, ranks with a field marshal.

J. W., HALIFAX.—The Bible nowhere forbids the marriage of either first or second cousins. All such marriages are legal; but, in a social point of view, their propriety is very doubtful.

QUERY.—Sir Walter Scott died at Abbotsford in 1832.

J. O.—Respectfully declined.

We are compelled to defer till our next issue replies to a number of letters received.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I R; M. B HAMILTON, C.W.—Thanks for the Problem—Will examine those additional variations shortly, and apprise you of the result.

T. P. BULL, SEAFORTH, C.W.—Much obliged for your welcome enclosures, upon which we have already drawn.

J. C. ROMEYN, KINGSTON, N. Y.—We have not yet had leisure to examine your positions, but will do so at an early day.

MEDICO, WATERVILLE, C.E.—The Problem will have our best attention. Some blank diagrams shall be forwarded. We wish you every success in your efforts to organise a club.

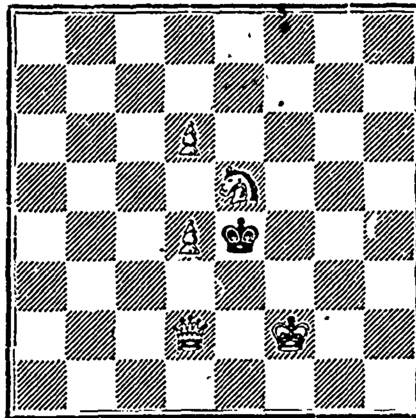
P. L. T. SHERBROOKE, C.E.—The *key move* of Problem 54 is correct. Look carefully at No. 55 again and you will find it impossible to effect mate in the way you point out.

PROBLEM, No. 55.—Correct solutions have been received from I. R.; M. B. Hamilton, S. Hull, and J. McH.

PROBLEM, No. 56.—Correct solutions received from Medico, Waterville; S. Hull, Alpha and C. P. E.

PROBLEM, No. 58.
BY THE LATE J. B., OF BRIDPORT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 56.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R to Q B 3.	Any move.
2 R to Q B 5.	
3 R or Kt mates.	

Game played in New Orleans (1852) between PAUL MORPHY, then but thirteen years of age, and JAS. McCONNELL.

(EVANS' GAMBIT.)

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

and White resigns.

The above game shows unmistakably the originality of Paul Morphy's genius, even thus in his boyhood, for it is characterized by the same coolness and brilliancy which his later efforts have ever exhibited.

A VALUABLE HINT.—Potatoes or other roots which may be frozen, will, in most instances, have the frost quite extracted from them if buried in the ground before the thaw commences. As the frost leaves the ground it will leave the roots. Potatoes frozen quite hard when buried have been dug up a week or two afterwards with their cooking qualities, or growing properties, quite unimpaired.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE child who cried for an hour, didn't get it!

THE man who "held out an inducement," has had a sore arm ever since.

WANTED TO KNOW.—The cost of a poetical license; and also that of a license of speech.

WHAT is taken from you before you get it?—Your portrait.

ONE of those things that no fellow can understand.—The female heart.

IT is a popular delusion that powder on a lady's face has the same effect as in the barrel of a musket—assist her to go off.

THE HARDEST TAX LEVIED.—The tax on one's patience.

PROVERB BY OUR SERVANT-OF-ALL-WORK.—Wishes won't wash dishes.

THE WORST KIND OF CORKSCREW.—The man who is sparing of his wine.

POST JANUM MARS.—What class in the social scale comes after nursery-maids?—Soldiers.

IF the husband makes an inordinate use of tobacco, the wife should constitute herself a tobacco-stopper.

WHY are washerwomen silly people?—Because they put out their tubs to catch *soft* water when it rains *hard*.

MANY persons think themselves perfectly virtuous because, being well fed, they have no temptation to vice. They don't distinguish between virtue and victuals.

A CURIOSITY.—The very last curiosity spoken of in the papers is a wheel that came off a dog's tail when it was a waggin'. The man who has discovered it has retired from public life.

A TALE OF A BEAU.—A young woman, on alighting from a stage, dropped a ribbon from her bonnet in the bottom of the coach. "You have left your bow behind," said a lady passenger. "No I haven't; he's gone a fishing," innocently rejoined the damsel.

CHANGING THE SUBJECT—A lad who had borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he had got through, with the remark, "It was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often." It was his sister who thought the first ice cream she tasted was "a leetle touched with the frost."

A WISE DECISION.—A gentleman going to take a boat at Richmond, cried out, "Who can swim?"—"I, master," came from forty bawling mouths; but one fellow turning about said, "Sir, I cannot swim."—"Then you are my man," said the gentleman, "for you will at least take care of me for your own sake."

MRS. PARTINGTON wishes to know if the man who "fell into a train of thought" was very much injured by the collision. The dear old lady adds a postscript, wishing to be informed whether the person who was "worsted in an argument" is sold cheap, as she would like to purchase a few balls.

CURIOSITIES WANTED.—A bunch of blossom from a railway plant; the topmost bough of an axle-tree; 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 in pealing 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.

THE late Lord Kelly, who was remarkable for his rubicundity of nose, having spoken rather disrespectfully of a gentleman in the army, an Irishman present observed, that if any man that lived, or had ever lived, or ever could live, had said the same of him, he would have pulled him by the nose.—"Yes," replied Foote, "I dare say you would, but in the present case that would not do; there are ways enough of revenging an insult, without running one's hand into the fire."