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The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 85.

FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 20, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE
Of the exploits of the
NOTORIOUS GANG OF ROBBERS
Who infested
Q U E B E C
In 1834 and 1835.

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

CAMBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

CHAPTER XI.

The Montmorency murders—Cambray at the parsonage—A chattering housekeeper—The Sexton accused—The two Griffiths

One evening, as the rain was falling in torrents and the darkness was so great that at the distance of three paces nothing could be seen, two farmers, from the Parish of Chateau Richer, on their return from market, arrived at a small ford a little above the Falls of Montmorency, when suddenly five bandits, armed with clubs and daggers, presented themselves, and, seizing them by their coat collars, accosted them with the terrible sentence: "Your money or your life."

"You must take our lives then, for we have no money," said one of them.

"Liar! I saw you receive fifty dollars on the market place not four hours ago. our boat has good sails, and we got here before you. Now do you understand—come out with it—out with it, or we'll take the sweat out of our sticks; we'll knock the blood out of you."

The two farmers, trembling with fear, and far from any house where they could have obtained help, surrendered their purses. As one of them handed his to the man who held him, he leant forward with a movement of surprise, and exclaimed: "Why, Polette, is it you, and are you hard-hearted enough to assassinate the companion of your infancy, he with whom your younger days were spent, he who has saved your life twenty times by keeping your pranks secret?"

In truth he had recognised Mathieu among the brigands. Mathieu was a native of the Beaupré Hills, a redoubtable thief known by the name of Polette; but ten years had elapsed since he had left his birthplace, and entered upon the more extended sphere of city life. He had become proud since then, was ashamed of his early plebeian life just as the clerk of a tavern in town looks down upon his brethren of the village.

"Ah, you know me," said Mathieu; "ill luck be-tide you, 'tis your sentence of death. Had not your memory been so bright, you might have got away with only the loss of your money; but now, if you live I shall be hung; it must be your life or mine."

At that moment the five robbers drew the unfortunate men from their carts, threw them on the ground, and, dragging them into the water held them there until drowned. As soon as they were dead, they untackled their horses, pushed the carts into the stream, and threw the bodies in after them, in order that, when found, people would think they had missed the ford and fallen a prey to the accident. This accomplished, they went back to their boats, a distance of two leagues.

An hour later, about six o'clock in the evening, a man respectfully clad, but drenched with rain, presented himself at the house of the Curate of Beaupré, asking whether he could have lodgings

for the night. On his admission, his host cried out in accents of friendship:

"How, is it you, Cambray, and where are you going at such a rate? Come, you must have supper with me, and then I've an excellent bed for you."

"Oh, I'm not going far, only a shooting party to St. Au's. But I shan't refuse your supper, for I've a splendid appetite."

Thus did they engage in conversation, laughing friendly and familiar, while a delicious and bountiful supper was being laid upon a little round table hard by, and in a few minutes the two friends were attacking it.

"Look there," said the curate, "look, there's a fire on the beach; more vagabonds I suppose, come to steal our sheep to-night."

"Pardon me, sir," said Cambray, "they are the sailors who brought me here; they will leave with the turn of the tide."

The two friends supped heartily, after which the curate took up his breviary, and Cambray went into the kitchen to dry his clothes at the chimney fire.

The curate had a housekeeper, and, like all curate's and bachelor's housekeepers, the woman had more tongue than discretion. Cambray soon got chattering with her, and in less than ten minutes he knew all the curate's affairs—how many sheep he had, how much money—where the keys were, where the sacred vases and papers of consequence, together with a goodly stock of village scandal and gossip. All this was told with an air of great importance, the old woman always speaking in the plural *we*. We did this—we did that, we desire that this shall be done so—we are of this opinion, myself and the curate.

And when every mystery had been ventilated, she conducted Cambray to his room, took her broth à la reine, and retired for the night.

Next morning terrible excitement reigned in the parsonage—people crying—running hither and thither, coming in, going out.

It appears the curate, on entering the church, previous to saying mass, noticed that the sacred vases had been stolen during the night. Camb-ray, awakened by the noise of the housekeeper, the servants, the singers and the sexton, dressed himself quickly and hastened to join in the bustle.

In the midst of this din he approached the curate and whispered softly in his ear, "By whom the church has been robbed I can't say—but I have seen a rather suspicious looking character in your kitchen; the man is fearfully agitated—I must confess, I don't like his appearance—there he is."

"Eh, oh. Why, 'hat's the sexton?"

"The sexton, oh then, it can't be he. I suppose he does not keep the keys."

"No, but it is he who shuts the doors, returned the curate—still I think he's an honest man, its true though, it's true, he seems greatly agitated, who can say?"

That day the sexton was arrested and thrown into prison. The old housekeeper told all her neighbours how for a length of time she had had her suspicions of who the thief was—meantime, Camb-ray had joined his party in the boat.

"I've hooked the church plate," said he on arriving, "and more than that" they've got the sexton in the brig (prison) for the job.

The robbers then went to "Isle aux Oies" where they assassinated the two unfortunate Griffiths, but why they did so, remains a mystery to the present hour. Three months later the poor sexton was tried for the church robbery and acquitted—he was innocent.

CHAPTER XII.

Murder of Cap^t in Sivrac—Effrontery and temerity—The Skimming—A reverse of fortune—Arrest of Camb-ray and Waterworth—The veil torn aside.

"These," said Waterworth, resuming the recital, we have interrupted for a moment by another form of narrative; "these are the crimes in which I have taken part, and which continued without interruption from the month of November to the month of July, 1835.

I know there is another charge placed to our account, one on which Camb-ray was tried and acquitted before the Criminal Court, namely, the murder of Captain Sivrac.

Though Captain Sivrac gave the names of his assassins on his death bed, and though Camb-ray, since his conviction stated that he, I, and others were present at his murder, probably with the view of revenging himself on me and getting me into difficulty, I solemnly declare that I have never been at Lotbiniere, and that I never imagined there was money to be found in the miserable hut occupied by Sivrac.

I have often, whilst in prison, heard the details of this affair, and know them to have been of a most revolting nature. A solitary and defenceless old man attacked upon an inhospitable island, severely beaten—forced by the most inhuman treatment to give up all he possessed, and to crown the barbarity after having beaten him almost to death, to throw him into a cellar full of water, and lock the door upon him, were acts the most frightful, the most diabolical that the imagination can invent; it was doing harm for harm's sake, a pure delight in acts of brutality. This was altogether opposed to our plan of working. When people submitted with good grace, and did not seek to oppose us, we never ill-treated them, persuaded that it was more to our safety; that it would abate the rigour of pursuit and the danger of coming into contact with justice. It is an adopted opinion among robbers that the murderer never escapes death, and if such sentence was never pronounced but in such cases, I firmly believe that it would in a great measure do away with violence in burglarious attempts.

By this time we had quite forgotten the suspicions that had reached even our very doors, and we lived in the greatest possible certainty. Little did we think that the first rumor was as a snowball started from a mountain top, destined to gather size with every movement, till at last it descended with crushing violence upon its unsuspecting victims; but Camb-ray in his assurance thought to quell any storm that might arise by his effrontery and bravado.

The day after the robbery of the Congregational Chapel he visited the place for the mere purpose of gratifying his vanity and audacious curiosity, and, passing by the Chapel with a friend, as though by accident, he got him to recount all the details known concerning the matter.

"Robbed the Chapel," said he, "and how did they get in? What, by this window! what audacity, what atrocity—to rob a church in the face of God himself, as one may say! It's horrible, horrible! it makes one's blood curdle to hear of it. They carried away the silver; but what will they do—what will become of them—it seems so incredible, but they have been some miserable prison birds, I suppose."

In making these edifying remarks he had entered the chapel with the guardian, and at each new revelation of pillage, he affected the utmost surprise and astonishment.

He did not hesitate to follow a like course with regard to all subsequent expeditions, and it must be allowed that, aided by this false semblance of honesty and his babblings of morality, for a length of time, he succeeded in escaping the suspicions of the blind goddess of Justice.

But we went further than this in our measures of precaution, for we threatened, and ever used violence where we deemed it necessary; and having thus foiled first suspicions, Cambray and I made arrangements to recommence our traffic in wood, to dupe the entire world, but especially strangers who had possessed any money. These were seduced into hotels where, in the exercise of our lucrative and industrial talents, we rarely, if ever, failed in lightheartening them of their effects. There are, in several parts of this town, many houses of entertainment where from the host down to the servants in his employ, including a numerous fry of attachés, all reap considerable profit in the way we have mentioned.

I was not a little surprised to meet there frequently people who ranked by no means with the lower grades of society, people who pretended to be gentlemen. They were adventurers, it is true, but they had the impudence to mix with honest people. They were rascals of the vilest stamp; one with hypocritical face played upon the best feelings of human nature, by preaching virtue, while his associate, more hardened or more skillful, was extracting the purse of the listener, or involving him in some game in which he was sure to be a loser to some extent.

We were on the high road to fortune when the avalanche fell; we were arrested and thrown into prison. In the records of the Court the details of this unfortunate business will be found; it happened on a fine day in the middle of July, at about three o'clock in the afternoon. The evening before this certain magistrates furnished with an authentic document, had searched the premises occupied by Cambray, and taken therefrom some silver spoons and a telescope. That day Cambray had spent the greater part of his time cockfighting in the *Palais*, according to his laudable custom.

On his arrival at home about the hour mentioned, his wife, whom he found alone, for (Waterworth was absent), gave him in lengthy detail an account of the magisterial visit.

"Did they say nothing more—nothing very significant?" asked he, "did you read nothing striking in their demeanour? Did they often ask to see me?"

"But why so many questions concerning so trifling a matter, if as you told me yesterday morning it is only a seizure for ten pounds, owed by Waterworth, for which you have become responsible, it can never ruin us; it but verifies the old proverb, 'he who answers pays.'"

"Well, you see it is because I do not think their mode of proceeding strictly legal. To enter a house as they did, *secundo* to me rather a stretch of authority."

"Do not agitate yourself," replied the young woman, "there is nothing disgraceful in the matter: if it were even for your own debt, a promise of your own unfulfilled, it might then be a subject of trouble, of shame, but *security* only, there is no shame in that. Ah! Heavens, what do I see? Look there! look, they are speaking together and pointing to the house—now they are coming towards it. Oh, have you concealed anything from me? What do they want? What can they want? Let me lock the door."

"Stop, stop! no foolery," replied her husband with affected coolness, and rising from his chair with a firm step, he crossed the room and lay down upon the sofa. While this conversation was going on, an acute observer might have noticed a certain embarrassment in his manner and speech; doubt, even fear, at times flitted across his countenance, as if disturbed by some secret presentment. In truth, when his wife pronounced to him the terrible words, "here they are," he made an involuntary bound from where he was, a cold shiver seemed to pass over him, and for a moment he remained pale, immovable and dejected. "Can it be?" muttered he between his teeth, "can it be that we are discovered, betrayed?"

Coming to himself again, his strength of mind once more resumed its sway, he became calm and collected, seemed to despise his ill-fortune, and resolved to brave his destiny; when suddenly the house resounded to a thundering knock, and

five or six men, among whom were several members of the constabulary, entered and surrounded him with dreadful precision.

(To be continued.)

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 65.

"My lords and gentlemen, I do not doubt but that my words find an echo in all your hearts. Is it not so?"

"All—all, your majesty!" was the universal response.

"The truth is, sire," said the Earl of Bridgminster—or, to give him his future title, the Duke—"we had all been consulting among ourselves on this very matter, and knowing your majesty's kindness of heart, were about to address to you a unanimous request to do the very thing that your majesty, as a consummate statesman and true father of his people, has already determined upon!"

"I am truly glad of this. Now, indeed, I feel strong in my purpose, and you may all rest assured I shall abide by it!"

"May it please your majesty to bend your eyes for one moment away from the mightier cares of the state, to give your grateful servant counsel on a matter personal to myself?"

"Certainly—certainly, your grace! Speak, and speak freely!"

"Has your majesty yet heard that this unfortunate man is, in a certain slight way, related to myself?"

"Related to you!" The king's small eyes twinkled unceasingly, as he ruminated on what this new fact might mean.

"As a boy, he was married to my daughter Herminia, then, also, a mere child."

"Is it possible! Is it possible! I have heard vague rumours of some romantic love story of this kind, but never did I believe them true."

"Unhappily, they are so far true that he—even while I was hoping to get the marriage set aside—has been arrested in his wife's apartment!"

"You astonish me," said the king. "You distress me! The Lady Herminia! I did not count on this!"

"And I hope your majesty will at once, and for ever, dismiss any painful feelings the incident may call forth. I am an Englishman, not a Roman; but I trust have enough of the Roman's stoicism to bear the things that may be to me calamities, but to the state the choicest blessings. Besides, your majesty," added the duke, with a slight tinge of colour faintly crossing his cheek, "I have no love for him, nor he for me. We are, in a word, enemies, unhappily connected by a single and frail tie, which he has now himself snapped!"

The king looked grave, and presently he said—

"What does the Lady Herminia propose to do?"

"I know not, your majesty, but can guess."

"And you think, no doubt, that I may guess too?"

The duke bowed.

"And if she does come to me, what on earth am I to say to her? Dreadful! It is really dreadful! Her very wedding night—for so I understand you to speak—to be changed into such a sad, black business."

"If your majesty will pardon a hint—"

"I shall be grateful for any suggestion that may lessen the pain of such an interview. It is not possible, I fear, to erade it altogether."

"I fear not, your majesty. My daughter has something in her of the family tenacity, and can hold fast. But this is what I was about to say. She will be wanting admittance to the Tower—wanting indulgence for him there. These I will take care she shall not be able to obtain, except through your majesty."

"Good—very good! I may then yield something."

"Your majesty will thus show your own clemency in a safe way. You will also enable me

to feel that this unhappy gentleman's last hours may have every possible solace. I am most anxious for that!"

"The feeling does your grace credit. But let there be no beating about the bush—no coming upon me with unexpected surprises. You do not tell me, I charge you, in all sincerity of heart—you do not expect, not even hope, that I may thus be induced to spare him?"

"Certainly not, your majesty, for I should expect, if I did so, to have the curses of the nation on my head. If he were spared, and, through such ill-judged clemency, our land were again deluged with blood—"

"That is sufficient. It was not that I hesitated! I feel for Lady Herminia, but she must pardon be if I also feel for myself!"

A servant now came to the door. The duke went to him, received his message, and went back to say to the king—

"Your majesty is happily prepared. She is here!"

CHAPTER CIX.—THE DEATH WARRANT.

When Lady Herminia, a few minutes after, was admitted to the king, she found him alone, and standing formally to receive her.

Seeing her pallid looks, and also noting her unflinching step and dignified gestures, both in making her lowly obeisance and in rising from it, the king advanced to meet her, holding out his hand.

She took it respectfully, kissed and held it passionately, and weeping again, threw herself on her knees before him, crying—

"Oh, sire, you see before you one who is the happiest, or the most truly wretched of women, and who comes to ask your majesty which she is to be."

This beginning disturbed the king's comparative composure, and for a moment or two prevented his replying directly to her question.

"Rise, Lady Herminia—nay, I ask pardon for forgetting your father's new dignities!"

Herminia did not rise, nor wait to hear what the new dignity was, but said hurriedly—

"Sire, I have another title, dearer to me infinitely than any new one that your majesty's goodness may have conferred on my family, because—because it is a title that I predict shall be no less dear to your majesty, if—"

"What title do you speak of?" interrupted the king, a little harshly.

"I am sire, Herminia Countess of Langton, now, and for ever more!"

"Do you not know that the rebel of whom you speak has been attainted, his rank abolished, and his estates passed to other hands?"

"Oh, yes, sire—his unhappy wife knows all that; but she also knows that what he did was done throughout in honour, and that he broke away from his old allegiance the very instant honour permitted, never—never to return to it!"

"My dear young lady, we may not discuss these things. As a man, I feel for you—as a king, I am bound to close my heart!"

"You cannot do it! No, sire—it is impossible! Your heart, your humanity, your policy, your conscience will all be against taking the life of a man who has saved yours!"

This was certainly a powerful stroke—so powerful, indeed, as to be absolutely self-destructive. The king changed colour—moved away a pace or two to hide the excitement he felt at being reminded of just the one element of the business that he had determined to forget or disbelieve. When he came back, Lady Herminia—or, as we shall now call her, Lady Langton—saw at a glance the mischief she had done, and bled at heart.

"Is that all you have to say?" demanded the king, in a tone of icy quietude, that seemed absolutely to deprive the sad petitioner of any hope.

"Oh, your majesty, forgive—I entreat, implore you to forgive—the error of an unhappy woman—one not accustomed to the ways of politicians, nor heedful how to think one thing while saying another. Can your majesty wonder that I—as loyal an Englishwoman, I dare to avow, as breathes in the words of your majesty's

dominions—can your majesty wonder that I, a devoted subject, must love and honour my husband all the more, that he while avowedly playing the rebel part, would not also play, or allow to be played, the part of the assassin, and against my own dear, rightful sovereign?

"Oh, yes, your majesty, I shall always see in my husband, not merely my lover, but the man who guarded, for the loving people of this realm, the sovereign who was and is so dear to them!"

"Guarded!" said the king. "Why, the man had in his pocket the French king's commission, and wears to this very moment—so I am told—under his ordinary garb, the uniform of a French general! A pretty guard! It was well, young lady, I had other and more faithful guardians in your father and brother, or England might at this moment have been in insurrection, and the rebels enjoying the support of a French army, which your most loyal husband was to have led!"

"You, Lady Langton, may not know these things, but they are true. He was arrested some weeks ago, in the midst of a knot of conspirators—some of them fresh and red-handed from the murder plot—and he only escaped then by his possession of the devil's own strength and sleight of hand.

"Enough! I have him now, and do not mean to let him try any more such costly and murderous experiments! You are a child in these matters, and cannot understand!"

"I am a woman, and can feel, sire," said Lady Langton, with a look of the most eloquent and bitter reproach, which only made the king more angry.

"Look, madam," said the king, as if touching a paper on the table. "Look at the news of a single day: A riot in the very streets of London, which, being put down and inquired into, proves to be another Jacobite weapon fired off, in the hope of hitting something or somebody, and doing some mischief. Happily, it proved but a worthless weapon, and flashed in the pan.

"Well, madam, in the same day I had placed before me, in writing with accompanying plans and sketches, a detailed statement of all the forces now in England—where placed—and of all the forts and strongholds I possess. It is an actual, however ugly a fact, that I do not myself possess, in any document of my own, so luminous a view of the real state of things as this traitorous paper shows. Can you not guess the author?"

"And does your majesty think that the man who was so able—if, also, he were honest—should be rejected when he comes, a suppliant at your feet, and offers his sword, his talents, his character, and his life, that they may all be henceforward devoted to your majesty's service?"

"When, pray, did your husband do this?"

"He meant to—"

"Meant!" interrupted the king, with a cold, unfeeling smile, that almost put Lady Langton beside herself with passionate grief and indignation.

"He meant to do this, sire. He lost not a moment in hurrying back from Rome, after throwing off his previous duty. He came to me, not only as his wife, but as the daughter of your most trusted minister, so that we might take counsel together as to how best approach your majesty, when—when—"

Lady Langton's feelings would no longer bear restraint; she wrung her hands and wept bitterly, with utter abandonment of herself.

Perhaps, after all, this was her wisest course. The king calmed by degrees, then spoke gently, then came and took her by the hand and made her rise.

"Come, my dear Lady Langton, I have been striving in my inmost heart to see if I could find any crumb of comfort with which to lessen the poignancy of your grief—"

Lady Hermia's brightening eye and rapt look warned him to finish his sentence more quickly.

"And to enable you to bear, and to teach him to bear his inevitable lot. I find that prisoners such as he is have a double punishment—their ultimate fate, and the waiting for that ultimate fate. Comforts are denied them; degradations

are sometimes imposed upon them. Fire they do not get, nor have they always sufficient clothing. The chancellor, Sir Thomas More, if we remember rightly, once had earnestly to petition for the means to keep warmth within his aged body while the life was permitted. Visitors also are rarely permitted. Lady Langton, for your sake, and for yours only, will I now write and give to you my own order that he be permitted every reasonable comfort not dangerous to his safe custody; will you not thank me for that?"

"I do thank you, sire, with all the strength of my poor, failing, sad heart."

"And do I rightly divine that your presence in the Tower, under such regulations as the High Constable can sanction, will be also agreeable to you?"

"There is only one thing on earth, your majesty, besides that which would make me more eternally grateful to you."

That "one thing besides" the king did not choose to hear, and the weeping woman was fain to drag herself away, conscious that she took to her husband with herself his death warrant.

CHAPTER CX.—BACK TO THE TOWER.

Lady Langton was entering the Tower more dead than alive, feeling at last that all was over, when, as she alighted from the hackney coach inside the Tower gates, a woman pulled her by the sleeve, and whispered—

"Paul Arkdale wants to see you, but can't get to you without your help."

The woman did not stay to note how her message was received; but the message inspired such new hope in the heart of the unhappy Hermia, that she instantly resolved not to see her husband till she had learnt what this incident might mean.

After a brief pause for reflection she went straight to the lodgings of Sir Norton Mansfield, the governor, and requested audience.

She was immediately admitted, and received with great kindness and courtesy.

"May I congratulate you?" he asked, seeing her a little flushed.

"Not yet, but it will come! Oh, yes, the king was very much moved."

So spake Hermia, much against her conscience, for she knew too well the untruth of her speech.

"But, Sir Norton, may I ask from your great charity permission to see Sir Richard Constable's late apprentice, Paul Arkdale, who may communicate between myself and the knight?"

"Lady Langton, but for the revelations lately made by a woman who committed suicide here in the Tower, I should have found it impossible to grant your request; but now, my dear countess, I have the pleasure to say Paul Arkdale is quite at your service. I am myself perfectly satisfied now that he, at least, is innocent of Jacobite schemes, and as to his master, this woman's evidence will also weigh greatly in his favour when the case is properly gone into. Paul Arkdale shall be immediately sent for."

"Might I, Sir Norton, trespass on your hospitality so far as to speak to him here before going to my husband? I dare not delude him, as I may now be deluding myself, in expecting something from my talk with Paul."

Sir Norton's reply was to touch a bell, whisper to the servant who came, and in a few minutes Paul entered, wondering no little, we may be sure, at Lady Langton's audacity in holding her first meeting with him in the governor's own rooms.

With great politeness the governor again addressed a few words to Lady Langton, and withdrew.

"Paul!" ejaculated the sad lady, while the ready tears again began to flow.

"Dearest Lady Langton!"

And Paul, kneeling, kissed her hands, and bent his head, while she leaned over him as a mother might over a son.

"Well, Paul, I have given you what you asked," she said, gently, after a pause.

"Yes; and I suppose it cannot be helped that we meet here, else I would rather had it been in any other part of this horrible place—ay, even in the 'rats' dungeon' itself, which, they say, is so low that when the ground all about it is over-

flowed with the tide, innumerable rats congregate for shelter in that dungeon—the poor prisoner's sole company."

"Paul, I shall go mad if you talk so wildly!"

"Pardon—a thousand times I ask your pardon, dear Lady Langton; but one's very imagination gets so infected here that—"

"That for that very reason you and I, Paul, and all of us, should resolutely turn our thoughts and fancies in a healthier direction. Or, mercy upon us, how may we be saved?"

"Perfect truth! Blessed truth! The truth of all truths for this particular hour, when I am about to propose something to you that can only be carried out in the spirit you have just indicated. But first permit me to ask—Have you still any well-grounded hope from the king's clemency?"

"Paul, Paul, let me whisper it to you—how will you be shocked to hear me say I have but just answered that question with a 'Yes.' To you I say—oh, heaven help me, that I live to say it—no!"

"Permit me also to whisper, and ask you to continue to whisper in return," said Paul, in a low tone. "I have not the slightest faith in our being now free from observation. Be good enough to answer loudly the nonsense I shall utter loudly, and then take to yourself only the words between, which none else may hear."

"I understand," whispered Lady Langton.

"As to the masquerade, my lady," said Paul, in a clear, distinct voice, but not too loud, as the artful apprentice reminded himself, "nothing can be easier to prove than that my master went there in the full belief that it was only a masquerade." Then, suddenly, he whispered, "*Lord Langton must escape from the Tower! I have planned it all out.*"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lady Langton, also aloud; and, what was probably only a lucky accident as far as she was concerned, the word being a reply to both the things said, seemed to Paul proof that his fellow-conspirator was quite up to the mark required.

"You see, my lady, that Mistress Christina's innocence has been already proved; now they begin to think better of me; and they'll end by taking faith in Sir Richard. *I have ready an accurate plan on paper of the way in and out of the Tower.*"

"And you think, Paul, I may trust to it?"

"I am sure, my lady, you may." Again he whispered—"You'll want three persons—women—absolutely trustworthy. Can you find them?"

"I hope so," responded Lady Langton, who found that Paul's skill saved her from any seeming participation in his trick by anticipating beforehand how she might reply in her usual tone.

"If, therefore, my lady," said Paul, "Sir Richard's own innocence being accepted, he may be permitted to prove that Lord Langton had neither art nor part in these civic riots, which have so alarmed His Majesty, will he certainly do it. *Lady Langton, my dear master must be saved at the same time. I don't trust them with his life one hour longer than I can help it!*"

"Paul, our difficulties seem to increase," responded Lady Langton, in alarm; "but we shall owe to you an eternal debt of gratitude if we may escape from them."

"Trust the King's natural goodness, my lady," said Paul, with increased vigour of tone. Then he whispered—"For your husband's sake, mind! *That word 'escape' you used just now, might be heard and misunderstood.*"

"I will trust to the king through you." The last two words reached no ear but Paul's. "And have you," she recommenced, at a hasty signal from Paul—the showing furtively a paper, which was instantly concealed again—"have you written down any explanations of the facts on which we are so desirous to satisfy the king?"

"Yes, my lady, there is the paper. *Hush! There are two papers. Conceal the thin one. The other is what you have just described.*"

"Thank you, thank you, my good devoted Paul. If ever I have the power to repay you—"

"Secure the king's clemency, my lady, for my master, and, as far as I am concerned, it is I who will have most reason to be grateful." Then he added, in a low tone, as before—"Let me know the day and the hour, if possible; if not, never mind. Everything is planned out in the paper."

"Good morning, Paul."

"I wish your ladyship good morning. If you want me, send for me; but 'twill be dangerous. You must do the work—I cannot, although I shall indirectly help."

"Remember me to Sir Richard."

"I will my lady." Again he whispered—"He must escape. Pardon my saying that that is written in the bond!"

And thus ended this extraordinary scene, which left Lady Langton in a maze of doubt, wonder, hope, but yearning, above all things, to read the mysterious document Paul had put into her hands.

If she needed any evidence of Paul's ability and extraordinary prescience, the evidence was soon furnished to her.

The governor came forth, smiling and polite as ever, and, taking no notice of what he had heard, (for he had unquestionably listened to all that his ears could catch), he took advantage of the fact that Lady Langton had a paper in her hand to ignore any other reasons for requesting to see it than the fact that she did so hold it, and had just received it from a prisoner.

Sick at heart with the sudden apprehension of how this, the latest, and probably the last scheme she could attempt, might have been ruined but for Paul's wit and subtlety, she handed it to the governor, and saw him read it with deep interest—so skillfully had Paul marshalled the facts related in it, and then she knew that not the remotest suspicion of the other paper—the true paper—was in the governor's mind.

CHAPTER CXI.—A NEW AND VERY DIFFERENT CONSPIRACY.

Leaving Paul's scheme to show itself in operation, we shall now merely remark that Lady Langton found, as Paul had personally told her, that she needed the aid of three other persons of her own sex.

Greatly was she puzzled and distressed to discover, after a long and most anxious consideration of the whole of a long list of acquaintances and relations, that there was not even one trustworthy co-operator for the present undertaking.

Seager, her waiting-woman, was taken into council, and made the recipient of all the unhappy Hermia's hopes and fears. This was probably done with a purpose, and one that was, in consequence, soon realised. Seager, after hearing the characters of Lady Langton's friends, relations and acquaintances commented upon in full, suddenly said, with a generous flush of colour upon her cheek—

"I suppose, my lady, you would not think it right in me to offer myself?"

"Have you thought of the danger, the difficulties, and the strain it will be on you?"

"Yes, my lady. I don't think they would hang me if we were to fail."

"No, Seager, assuredly not! Still, failure might involve for you long imprisonment and great anguish of spirit."

"I think I could bear that, my lady."

"You are nervous, Seager, and might find it difficult to master yourself in some of the many moments of agitating suspense through which we must expect to pass."

"Yes, my lady; but I feel my whole heart and soul so bound up in this business, that a sort of strength seems to be growing up."

"Do you really, Seager—do you really think that you can do what I have determined to do; be shaken by nothing, no matter how alarming or horrible for the moment the thing may seem—unshaken, that is to say, till all is over? and then, if we succeed, we shall care little about what has passed, and if we fail, we shall also have something else to think of! Can you so harden yourself as to do this, remembering always that it is but for a few hours?"

"Heaven only knows, my lady, whether I shall mislead you or no; but if your ladyship wants me, I think the very sight of your courage will enable me not to disgrace you!"

"That is enough. Seager, I shall evermore treat you as a friend rather than a servant, for this noble devotion. Your future welfare shall be my first care. Can you advise as to the others?"

"Mistress Christina——"

"No—she is too much mixed up with us already. Every movement of hers is likely to be watched."

"Still, my lady, if she only plays the part of the friend who is to receive Lord Langton outside the Tower——"

"True—true! I did not forget that, but it seemed unadvisable—dangerous. But you are right—you are right! She can easily manage to invent business for going ahead in a coach, to make that business clear in all about her, and then, just before the exact time, she may manage to be quite near the Tower, so as to have very little to go out of her way when the critical moment comes. Yes, that will do. Now, for the third friend."

The third was not forthcoming, and the result was many hours of most terrible delay, while Hermia was obtaining a new interview with Paul, setting him to think of that third, and at last, after nearly forty-eight most precious hours had been lost, receiving from him the name of Joan Arkdale, the wife of Paul's brother.

"Can you rely upon her?"

"I think so."

"Quick, then, tell me how I shall see her!"

To Hermia's horror, she found that Joan Arkdale lived in Bolton, and that it would take the best part of a week to write to her and get her up to London, even if she were willing to come at all.

Nevertheless, Paul advised her to be sent for, and then he also advised that Lady Langton should try to avoid waiting, by getting another person.

"It's good to have a spare string to your bow," he said. Accordingly, he at once wrote the following letter to Humphrey:

"DEAR BROTHER,—I am going to ask you a very serious thing; but I won't attempt to influence your judgment by appealing to your humanity. This it is. A great—a priceless service can be rendered to the daughter of the Duke of Bridgewater just now. It is one involving risk, and demands great courage and devotion. My dear sister-in-law seems to me the woman of women for this job. No political sympathies of any kind are involved, as you may judge, when you recollect how devoted to the present dynasty Lady Hermia has notoriously been. No one doubts that, or dares to doubt it."

"I will not say that the undertaking may not temporarily involve Mistress Joan and you in trouble, though I think not."

"But even then, Humphrey, remember this. When all these sad conflicts are over and forgotten, as they soon will be, there remains for you, if you accede, a friend of the most important character. I can conceive no more powerful patron than Lady Hermia for a man of genius like my dear brother. Now judge."

"In conclusion, if the scale seems, on the whole, so balanced that you doubt, then, dear Humphrey, let Paul, as suppliant, pull down the side he likes, and make the other kick the beam! Will you not write me back instantly these words: 'I consent. Joan is just off!'"

On the fourth day after Lady Langton had dispatched this letter to Humphrey, enclosed in one from herself, written with striking dignity and pathos, that lady received the answer, addressed to herself outside, but to Paul within, and the answer contained just these words.

"DEAR PAUL,—I consent. Joan is just off! Look out for her at the 'Saracen's Head,' Snow Hill."

HUMPHREY."

Humphrey little thought of the difficulty of the task he had imposed on Paul of looking out, knowing nothing as yet of his recent adventure, or of his enforced residence in the Tower.

CHAPTER CXII.—THE NOBLE CAPTIVE.

Lord Langton begins to feel at last the pressure of the heavy hand of adversity. A man's nerves may be shaken when his courage is not; his equanimity will fail him even while his forti-

tude is as rock. So was it now with our hero—a noble captive in that place which had known so many illustrious victims.

He is especially sad to-day, for the prolonged absence of his wife is a source of great anxiety to him. He knows nothing of her aims, or movements, and fears she is only wasting, in renewed attempts of an utterly hopeless character, the few days of solace they might have in each other's society.

He paces round and round the whole area of his dungeon, which, while frightfully gloomy with its heavy arches and black recesses, and mouldering damp walls, is still happily large, so that exercise is possible.

He tries to divert his thoughts from the topics that so oppress him. The ingratitude of the Pretender, the still worse ingratitude of King George, the wasted life he seems now to see he has lived—the loss of a wife so precious, and so recently won, and the nature of that loss, his own impending execution.

How great was his surprise to see the dungeon door open, and Lady Langton enter, her face full of animation and hope, and throw herself in his arms, saying—

"Oh, Stephen, there is still hope—though this is all I can yet say."

After warmly greeting her, Lord Langton turned to notice her companions—a lady, who looked more like a well-to-do tradesman's wife than an aristocratic gentlewoman, and behind her stood one of the warders of the Tower.

Addressing the warder, Lady Langton said, while giving him money—

"Take this for you and your fellows, in token of my increased hopefulness. Drink to my lord as a loyal subject, and then, I am sure, you will wish him well out of this place."

The warder took the money, and said he was very glad to hear things were going well, and then he went away.

Lady Langton, the moment the door was closed, took by the hand the young and comely woman, who stood in an embrasure, with the light full upon her face, looking greatly embarrassed, and her cheek flushing with excitement, and conducted her to her husband, saying—

"Welcome, Stephen, a true friend—one who has come all the way from Bolton, in Lancashire, for your sake."

"For mine!" exclaimed Lord Langton, in wonder, and gazing with surprise on the stranger.

"For yours, Stephen. Welcome to the Tower, Joan Arkdale."

"Joan Arkdale! Is it possible? Humphrey's wife," he said, advancing, with quite a glad smile on his face.

"Just she, my lord," said Joan. "A very humble and, I fear, very inefficient person, but one that is devoted——"

"Hush!" whispered Lady Langton, putting her finger to her lips. "He knows nothing yet."

The three drew close together at the mouth of that embrasure, and conversed in whispers—

"Stephen, forgive me if I am falling into bad ways. I did not tell you truly just now. It was the warder I was talking to, not you. The king is merciless!"

"I expected no other," he said.

"I, therefore," continued Lady Langton, speaking with a certain gravity and sternness that was remarkable, "consider myself absolved from all further consideration of him, or of my father, or of aught but you. Stephen, we mean to save you! We do indeed!"

"Ay, Hermia. But, dearest, that is easily said, only I entreat you, do not let us lose the few real enjoyments yet left us—our love—by vain efforts to evade the inevitable."

"Stephen, I will only say this to you: if you die this—this death that they threaten, you cannot suppose I shall long outlive you. I do not wish to speak wickedly, or to threaten in return. No; I am willing to bear whatever of anguish and horror is shaped out for me; but not the less do my instincts tell me your death is mine. Save me, then, if you do not care to make the effort to save yourself!"

"Willingly, darling. But how?"

"Stephen, you know Paul Arkdale, and his

sagacity and vigour of character. He first opened to me the idea of your escape."

"Escape! From the tower? Impossible!"

"Listen, Stephen, and listen patiently, or you will destroy my instruments." Lady Langton said this so as only to be heard by her husband, and he understood that Joan might, indeed, be adversely influenced by his speech even before he knew what was meditated.

"Stephen," again began his wife, "Paul has given me here a plan of the Tower, so that you can see the way from this very dungeon through all the passages and gateways, and know where all the sentinels are placed. He has also devised arrangements for your escape; and I have been for some days engaged in maturing his rough scheme, and obtaining the friends and the appliances that were required, and, at last, I have got them—ay, all of them, now that Joan Arkdale has come. Joan, dearest, in that corner"—pointing—"you will find my boudoir—a horrible place, but the most comfortable in the whole Tower. Will you go there and begin?"

Joan, with a quiet smile, went to the place indicated, and disappeared.

"Now, Stephen for my trial—or, rather, for your trial. Have I not often heard you speak with profound affection and reverence for certain persons of our sex?"

"Ay, Hermia, and for the sex itself."

"Then will you esteem it an irremediable disgrace to be thought a woman, just for a few hours? Can the gallant soldier allow his own wife to travesty him in such fashion, when he knows that that wife's every hope on earth is bound up in his doing so?"

"What, wear—" began Lord Langton, almost with an angry laugh.

"Hush!"

"Hermia, you ask from me too much."

"Stephen, I will give to you everything in return that you can imagine even to ask—love the most boundless, and life long devotion and worship!"

"But how is it to be done?"

"Ah! you will do it—you will! Oh, dear, dear Stephen, bear with me—with this weakness—these tears—and see, they are soon wiped away. I did so fear you would refuse me."

"Ha! I have caught you! So you acknowledge I ought to have refused!"

"No, no!" and Lady Hermia clasped him in her arms, stopping his speech with her kisses, tears, and laughter, and so conquered.

Joan now came forth, and it was remarkable how the genial luxuriance of her form had suddenly dwindled away, and left her a slender, gracefully formed woman.

"Quick, Stephen," said Hermia: "go in there, where now all is ready for you. When you are dressed call me, for I have much to do to disguise you beyond the cloths."

Lord Langton, with a kind of manly shame on his face, that he himself was the first to laugh at in his soul, obeyed his wife, and she and Joan were left alone.

The usual signal was now given for the warder. He came, and Lady Langton said to him—

"My friend, Mrs. Joan will go now."

He went out, they followed him, and he re-locked the door.

They descended the staircase, at the foot of which Lady Langton stopped, and said—

"Good-bye! I am so grateful to you, and so is my lord, for this visit, and for your priceless aid with regard to the king. Will you, my dear Mrs. Joan, before you leave the Tower, find my maid, Seager? she is waiting about, I dare say. Send her immediately to dress me."

The two ladies kissed and parted, and the warder led Joan away.

They were arrested by the voice of Lady Langton, who said, looking at her watch—

"Dear me, how late it is! Tell her I must be with His Majesty within a couple of hours, or I shall lose my promised audience, and mortally offend him! Dear Mr. Warder, will you kindly help? The king will be soon waiting for me, and I have yet to dress!"

Both, of course, promised their best aid to find Seager, and quicken her movements; and then Lady Langton turned, and began to run swiftly,

as if with the buoyancy of some new and exhilarating hope, up the stairs.

There she found her husband, striding about impatiently, forgetful of the new decorums he ought to have assumed, thinking only, with impatience, of the position, and desiring at any cost, to bring it to an end.

The spectacle of the contrast between his gestures and his garb—his seeming and his real character—affected Lady Langton with a sense of the ludicrous that she was glad to give way to. The tears flowed again, but they were mingled with smiles, which it was hard to keep from changing into hysterical mirth.

"Stephen, I won't tell you how becoming the dress is to you, lest you beat me in token of your manhood," she said, and so speaking, won a laugh from him.

"What next?" I said, in a sort of amused, expectant spirit. "I am prepared to submit in the spirit of a devoted martyr."

"Sit down, just here, where I can reach you and see you."

He obeyed, and she took from her pocket a little bag. From this she drew forth an elaborate looking female head-dress—a pile of artificial hair. Then she took out a piece of water-colour paint, a camel's hair brush, and some rouge.

"Stephen, Stephen," remonstrated Lady Langton, who was obviously playing a part to keep herself from being frightened by the dread realities, "why did you not shave? I shall not permit this kind of neglect by-and-by. There is no time now. Sit still, and I will soon have you turned into a charming resemblance of my waiting-woman Seager."

"Oh, it is Seager I am to represent, not Joan?"

"Yes," said Lady Hermia, "but not as Seager."

"I am glad of that for Joan's sake. Her share, then, is over?"

"Yes. But hush! You talk too much! I am going first to paint your eyebrows. Seager's are dark. There! Now I am going to give you a florid colour, to help to disguise this black stubble-field below."

"But is Seager red in the face?"

"Yes, rather. And now for the head-dress. Stephen, dear, I am frightened at one thing. Seager, though tall for a woman, is nothing to you! Can't you moderate your height?"

"Not easily! I will do my best."

"Oh, I know. You will have to go out in extreme grief; that will enable you to seem bent down with sorrow, and help you to keep your face unseen. Ha! there is Seager. Capital! Now—now!"

The door opened, and Seager entered, but, strange to say, was in the garb of a lady of quality, who wept bitterly, with her handkerchief to her face, and was announced by the warder as—

"Mrs. Gascoigne, my lady!"

"Dearest Mrs. Gascoigne, I will speak to you presently," said Lady Langton to her, after advancing and kissing her. Then she cried, in extreme impatience—

"Mr. Warder, where is my maid? She will ruin me, if she does not now come!"

The warder assured her he had made every search, and that it was clear she was not yet come to the Tower.

"May I again ask you to send out? I will pay your people well! Would it not be dreadful, now that all things are going on so well—now, when I may bring back my lord's pardon this very night—to lose all by her negligence?"

The warder went away, full of commiseration, and told the story of the state of things to his comrades, who, accordingly, were from that moment thinking only of one danger—the danger to the earl, when they should, for their own sakes, have been thinking of a much nearer danger—one for themselves.

"How well, dear, you are disguised!" whispered Lady Langton to her maid. "Now then, quick—your hood! Mrs. Joan did not bring one, unluckily."

The hood was taken off Seager and put on Lord Langton, who then appeared as a very fair representative of the weeping Mrs. Gascoigne, the dress, brought in by Joan under her own

arms, being a perfect fac simile of the one worn by Seager.

"Stephen, dear, all is ready. Seager will now conceal herself in my bed, as if it were you who lay there, only to reappear after you are, I trust, far away!"

"Can she risk this for—"

"Hush! We have settled all that. She knows I stay too, and that, if there be punishment, the lion's share must fall on the instigator—myself!"

"I am ready, Hermia. Have I only to follow you?"

"And to avoid speaking. Be overcome with grief if anybody tries to make you speak. Do anything but speak! I shall go with you right to the gate, to help to baffle them!"

Seager went to her appointed place of temporary concealment, and managed, with a little ingenuity, to make the bed appear occupied by a man's figure, and with a spare coat of Lord Langton's on the top of it, which was irresistibly suggestive of the conclusion she desired.

Lady Langton saw that business accomplished, and whispered to her maid—

"Be of good heart! Let nothing surprise you!

Hold fast control of yourself, whatever happens! 'Twill only be for a few minutes, and then he will be safe, and you will have me back ready to comfort you, and wait with you the explosion when we are discovered."

Returning to her husband, Lady Langton was surprised by a question from him, which she was unable satisfactorily to answer.

"What about Sir Richard, Hermia?"

"Sir Richard?" said she, evasively, and turning away, as if her attention were drawn to the dungeon door.

"Ay. Surely, Hermia, you do not forget that my safety, if obtained by an escape, will be his danger? News has reached me that his fate and mine have a sort of connection. It is said that one of us is sure to die, but that it is most likely one only will be so doomed. Is it right, Hermia, for me to withdraw myself thus, without any kind of communication with him?"

"Stephen, you will drive me mad. Every moment is now worth incalculable treasures. Let us go."

"No, Hermia, I cannot—not, at least, till I see further."

"Then, if I must explain all to you, this is how the matter stands. Paul, in proposing the scheme to me, demanded that his master should be saved at the same time."

"Paul acted right? I honour him for his manliness in so demanding, even though it was with you, Hermia."

"Yes, he made that a part of the compact. But when we got further into the details of the scheme, I saw that the whole would be sure to end in failure if we attempted so much. I convinced Paul of this—reluctantly, I own, but I did, I think, convince him, and he agreed—though not till after consultation with his master."

"Ah, yes, I understand. The mercer comes out bravely. He has already refused to ensure his safety by becoming a witness against others. Now he similarly refuses it—nay, infinitely enhances his own danger, that other men may escape. Hermia, dearest, do you not see what responsibility this enforces on me?"

"Yes—yes! Do what you will, Stephen, to aid him, if only you get out of this frightful place."

"Hermia, you say this, meaning it?"

"I do. By my hopes of the future, I do. I have already suffered much on his account since I saw Paul's bitter disappointment."

"Well, Hermia, I must try to accept all my duties, however much they war with each other. I am ready."

"Stephen, we have four different sentinels to pass, and we have, worst of all, a guard-room to go through, where there are always many soldiers, as well as other persons."

"Any officers?" asked Lord Langton.

"Sometimes—not always, I think."

"Any one of the sentinels particularly dangerous?"

"Yes, the last but one of those we have to

pass. He is an ill-conditioned fellow, and seems to take a perverse pleasure in annoying the friends of prisoners."

"Is he to be bribed?"

"No, unfortunately. I tried him just far enough to excite his suspicions, and to see he was immovable."

"Which makes him the more dangerous," said Lord Langton, meditatively. "Hernia, you come prepared to this work—knowing it is no child's play, and that we must be prepared for all contingencies. If I have to do unpleasant things, your presence of mind will not fail you?"

"I am a Langton!" said Lady Langton, "not by marriage only, but in heart."

"Bless thee, then, my own true wife. We will make a gallant struggle for it, so that, if we fail—"

He paused, and she finished the sentence—

"We shall not have ourselves to blame."

"You have no weapon of any kind, I suppose?"

"No, Stephen, I dared not have one. It was not likely that a weapon would open the dungeon doors and set you free; and if I had been searched, and that found, I should probably never again have been admitted, except in the presence of the warders."

"You acted with consummate judgment, Hernia. But I wish I knew how or where to— No matter! It is skill, not force we must rely on. Will you give the signal for Mrs. Gascoigne's departure?"

Hernia paused for a moment with both her hands pressed against her sides, and a faint smile on her face. She was evidently summoning up all her power for the terrible ordeal before her.

Lord Langton waited in silence—saw her lips moving in prayer, her eyes turned upwards—and he, too, for a single instant concentrated his whole soul and strength in a similar appeal.

Then she looked to him and smiled. He responded by a similar look and smile, and from that time the task began.

When the warder came to the signal, the first words he heard passing between the two agitated ladies he saw were these from Lady Langton—

"Go, dearest, best friend! Fly to the king! Tell him what has happened, that my maid has, perhaps through the horror of this place, shamefully deserted me. Be sure that you get to him, to kneel to him, and to conjure from him another audience for the morrow—for else all is lost. No, don't talk to me, you are already too much agitated. But you will grow calmer when you once get outside this detestable place, and then I am sure you will master this sweet, womanly grief, and save me."

Lifting up Mrs. Gascoigne's veil, at a moment when the warder could make little out of the face below it, she kissed her distressed friend, and said, "I think my lord is asleep. I will just go in and see before you go."

(To be continued.)

MY LADYE LOVE.

SEE! my longing eyes behold her,
She has come, and I am blest;
Nearer, nearer—till I hold her
To my warm and dotting breast.

Never yet was Maiden truer
At the olden, trysting shrine;
Never maiden met a wooer
With a love surpassing mine.

What a winsome, dainty creature
Is my charming, darling one;
See! she dresses her fair tresses
With the gold-braids of the sun.

See how gaily she is wreathing
Green with white and purple bloom.
Till my veins beat high with breathing
Such a sweet and fresh perfume.

Hark! she speaks—soft sounds are coming
Rich and varied music floats;
Now below, in brooklets humming;
Then above, in wood-lark's notes.

Look upon her dimpled fingers,
Gemmed with apple-blossom ring,
Wonder not my foud kiss lingers
On the hawthorn pearls that cling.

Round her neck with dewy lustre,
Adding fairness to the fair
While the young bees swarm and cluster,
Feasting on the nectar there

Hand in hand we blithely ramble,
She may lead me where she will,
Tripping now o'er heath and bramble,
Resting them on bosky hill.

Beautiful she seems when sitting
With her face one happy blush,
Till her gauzy cloud-veil, flitting,
Softly shadows down the flush.

Wisfully I watch her treading
Where, beneath each step she takes,
Deeper tints of green are spreading,
And a brighter earth-star wakes.

Now she breathes through mossy valleys,
Making every lily-bell;
Now she threads the tangled alleys;
Now she tracks the cowslip-dell.

See! her lit-filled eyes are beaming
Where the woodland rannel plays;
And the ripples now are gleaming
In a flash of diamond rays.

On she wanders—all who meet her
Pouring welcome in her ear;
Every bud becoming sweeter
As it feels her presence near.

Cherished one! I bend before thee
With a homage saints might own;
Blest and blessing! I adore thee,
Messenger from God's high throne,

I am yet thy constant wooer,
Doting with a fervent zeal;
Never wilt thou have a truer
Worshipper to serve and kneel.

Never will my soul's affianced
To a brighter idol cling;
Never own more pure affianced
For my "Ladye Love" is "Spring"

ELIZA COOK.

THE KLOAREK OF VANNES.

WHEN the notable Duchess Anne passed away from this world, the independence of Brittany passed away also—that is to say, Brittany was no longer a separate province, ruled over by a monarch of its own. When Anne married the French King, or rather the second of her royal husbands, Brittany became part of the heritage of the French crown. For, despite the conditions which the proud lady made in favour and for the benefit of her beloved land, in the hope that it might remain for ever an independent state, the marriage of her daughter Claude with the Duke of Angoulême, afterwards Francis the First, sealed irrevocably the fate of Brittany.

Time stole on; but though Brittany had now become part of France, the Bretons were not French in feeling and aspirations; they did not march onward, were not progressive; they preferred an "ancien régime," an old-fashioned state of affairs, and went plodding on, with their feudal seigneurs living like minor patriarchs amongst them. There was not much money, much energy, much talent to boast of; but they were a simple, honest folk, who went on their way peacefully, and at the conclusion of their uneventful lives descended to the grave well satisfied with the manner in which they had performed their various duties.

And yet there are Breton names that will live as long as history is history; heroes and men of letters, from Du Guesclin to Georges Cadoudal, from the monk Abelard to the renowned LeSage and Descartes.

Throughout the north-west and western provinces of France the primitive state of life existed to a great extent, and simplicity extended even to the priests, who were, we are told by a French historian, "ignorant, but pious and

irreproachable," a half-and-half commendation; but the blind led the blind in the right direction, and it needs not a learned man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Throughout these provinces a very old-fashioned attribute—namely, loyalty, reigned supreme, and was as much in vogue with the "bons Bréttons" and the "Fenlécens" as in the days when it ranked as one of the cardinal virtues.

One scarcely knows whether loyalty in the present age is more than a sentiment, or whether loyalty exists at all in its full and original signification. Days have gone by wherein a man would cheerfully lay down his life at his sovereign's bidding, deeming that by such act he was all but working out his own salvation. True, armies go out to fight the sovereign's battles, and there are soldiers found willing to be stot at and to take the risk; but whether the trifling sum per diem is not a stronger argument with them than any virtuous and abstract idea of loyalty, is perhaps less than doubtful.

Loyalty was loyalty in the olden times as it never can be now; for those were the days of chivalrous feeling and knighterrantry, and venturesome youths grew into courtiers, and gained the hearts of kings and queens romantically, in a manner quite impracticable in this unromantic age. A poet's verses or a velvet mantle, work not the results which they wrought in those days of poetry and romance. But those half-misty days might well linger long among the Bretons, for has not Merlin found a grave in their midst, and is not Arthur still sleeping in Avalon? Perchance he lulled them into a half-enchanted sleep, like to that of the king and queen and all the court in the legend of the Sleeping Beauty.

And as they slept, a hedge grew up around them, and they were as dead to the outer world; and they woke not up until a prince should come to kiss the princess who reigned in the hearts of those "bons Bréttons." And the name of the princess was Loyalty.

The prince who touched her lips was a Bourbon, he was the heir to the throne, the legitimate monarch, so those Bretons argued, and therefore their allegiance was due to him. No matter that the Bourbons had faults, imbecilities, shortcomings of all kinds, the Bretons were blind to them, for loyalty, like love, can overlook many failings.

Far away from the stir of the great world, in villages where the lives of fathers and sons for many generations were but as the same story told over and over again, they with their simple habits and ignorant but irreproachable priests wished for no change—they comprehended not the need of a revolution for which they felt no individual necessity.

The Bretons were content; and content in itself, and in a certain sense, is a blessed possession; but in another sense it has a degenerating tendency, for, as a modern writer truly observes, when a man sits down perfectly satisfied with himself and his surroundings, he has "reached his culminating point," he will go no higher, and the probability is that he will henceforward go downward. For the world is a gigantic see-saw that is ever in motion, and if one is not going up, up, up, one must be going down. True, it may be said that at this rate each will have his turn; but some by dexterity, favour, time, chance, or opportunity, seem to be ever at the rising end of the plank.

The Bretons, however, were content with things as they were; they were content with the Bourbons, they were content with the present system. Was not the dethroning of a monarch a sacrilege? The Bretons shuddered in their quiet villages. Was not—? But my peroration has lasted longer than I intended, and with this sketch of the state of Breton feeling in the year 1793 or thereabouts, I begin my story.

II.

"And thou would'st go to Vannes, my son, and become a great man? What has put that thought into thy head?" asked Madame Châbot.

"No great man, mother," answered the youth, "but a priest; to help forward our holy religion, endangered by the wicked decrees of those who

rule over France and deluge the unhappy land with blood. I would lift up my voice against their false god, and bear witness that there are those yet left who will not bow down to any but the one true God." And René's eye kindled, and a flash of unwonted animation lighted up his pale, intellectual countenance.

"Ah, my son," returned Madame Chabot, "rest quiet in thine own home; surely there need no more martyrs to swell the ranks. Thou hast caught the fever that is raging in Brittany, and dost believe that Georges Cadoudal is destined to be the deliverer of his country."

"He is a brave man; see how he fought at Granville," said René.

"And remember how he did but just escape from the prison at Brest," interrupted the mother. "René, if needs be I will not urge thee against lifting thine arm in defence of thy country when the time comes; but stay in thy home now. Remember that thou art my only child; thou art not wanted as I want thee. Wait René, wait."

"So did Madame Cathelineau argue with her husband," answered René; "and what came of it?"

"Tray, if he had but listened it might have been well for him," replied Madame Chabot.

"And his work have been left undone. No, mother, this is not the time for me to be hiding away in safety. No man's life is his own in these days."

"Thou art scarce a man yet," responded Madame Chabot, sadly, as she gazed upon the slender figure of the youth before her.

"So said Georges himself," returned René, half sorrowfully.

"Thou has seen and spoken with Cadoudal?" exclaimed Madame Chabot. "Then my words go for nothing, for they say that Georges can persuade men to follow him as the bird lures its young from the nest. He has made many a Breton home desolate, and many a wife a widow. When I hear the wild cry, Chou!—chou! resounding through the midnight air, I close my ears and shudder."

"That is not spoken like a Breton," answered René; "when our good priests dare not perform their holy rites on land, but steal away in frail boats far out on the open sea, and there, with the dark night heavens for a roof and the waves for an unstable resting-place, speak comfort to their congregated flock, is it a time for any to hold back? I will go to Vannes. Georges himself said, 'thou art too tender for our rough work, my lad; go and pray for us, for we need the prayers of true hearts.' I have made up my mind; I will go to the college at Vannes, and become a kloärek."

"And then a priest?" ejaculated Madame Chabot, interrogatively.

"And then a priest," repeated René, calmly.

"And Ninon?"

A shadow passed over the face of the youth.

"Ninon is young. I have never told her that I loved her."

"René, dost think that she knows it not already?"

"These are no times to think of marrying or giving in marriage," replied the young man, evasively; but despite the cold words, Madame Chabot knew that a struggle was going on in his breast.

"Poor Ninon!" said she.

"Mother!" answered René, almost sternly, "tempt me not. My duty lies before me. It is for you to strengthen me, and not to bring my heart."

Poor Madame Chabot! She saw not with the eyes of the young enthusiast. She had looked forward to the marriage of her son with the good little Ninon as the joy and solace of her declining years. And to have the pleasant picture painted out was too much for her.

She was, it is true, a staunch royalist; and if M. le Comte d'Artois had suddenly appeared on the scene, she would have gone down on her knees in a paroxysm of loyalty and yielded up the last tith of her possessions to aid his cause.

But M. le Comte was in England, and doubtless the great English nation was looking after his interests; so wherefore was she, a lone Bre-

ton widow, to be deprived of her only son on his account?

She knew her duty to her sovereign, and would not be behindhand in performing it "when the time came?" for Madame Chabot held that there was a fitting time for all things, and that the best the Breton peasants could do at the present crisis was to remain quiet until the revolutionary storm had passed away, and the clouds should discover the sun shining on the legitimate monarch, when she and all other good Bretons would step forward and tender their loyalty.

For Madame Chabot's loyalty was not effusive, it was of the sentimental character—quite unlike that which burned in the heart of the enthusiastic René.

III.

"Poor Ninon!"

The words rang in René's ears as he turned from his mother's cottage, and they seemed to draw him unconsciously to the spot where he should find the girl. Ninon was drawing water at the well, and looking into its depths to see the bucket come up.

She started as René approached.

"What is the matter, René?" she asked, as she caught sight of the grave face looking down upon her.

But René made no reply, for somehow it occurred to him all at once that it would be much more difficult to confide his projects to Ninon than it had been to his mother.

Ninon unfastened her bucket from the chain, and placed it on the ground beside her. At another time, René would have done this for her, but to-day he seemed absorbed, and she looked up at him again.

"Vannes is a fine place," said René.

"Yes," answered Ninon, wondering what should make René think of Vannes at that particular moment.

"And the cathedral, Ninon, and the solemn music. One almost envies the good priests their calling."

Ninon made no reply, but she felt a sudden pain shoot through her heart; though why René's words should have caused it she could not imagine. However she turned quite white, so that when René looked at her, he said, as she had said to him—

"What is the matter, Ninon?"

"Nothing," said Ninon; but no sooner had she said it than she knew she had spoken untruly. Then she was silent, because she could not answer René's question.

"I am going to Vannes, Ninon," continued René, after a pause.

"Thou art going to Vannes?" gasped Ninon, trembling so that she held on by the handle of the windlass to steady herself. "Wherefore art thou going, René?"

"I am going to be a priest, Ninon," answered René in a low tone.

"A priest, René—a priest?" murmured Ninon, as if she did not quite understand what he was saying. "And everything was going round before her, and she almost felt that she should fall to the ground. It had come upon her so suddenly, and it came just at the moment that she seemed to know for the first time how much she cared for René."

And she had thought that René cared for her; but of course that was impossible, or he would not think of becoming a priest. She stood quite still, looking down upon the ground; she was afraid that René would find out the truth if she looked up, for the tears were coming into her eyes.

"Wilt thou not wish me well, Ninon?"

Then Ninon with a great effort spoke. Her voice was very faint, but René heard the words.

"I will pray for thee " at and morning, René."

And so René went to Vannes, and was enrolled among the "kloäreks" of the college.

And Ninon grew pale and quiet, and one would scarcely have believed her to be the same Ninon that but a few months ago was so gay. She looked older too, and graver; and little Margot, with a great pear in one hand, waiting

for her basin to be filled from Ninon's pitcher, said—

"Ninon, why art thou so sad? I have not heard thee laugh for so long."

But Ninon only kissed the child, and bid her go and play.

Ninon could not see into René's heart, or it might have consoled her to know that there had been a struggle between love and duty in the breast of the young kloärek.

IV.

René pursued his studies at Vannes, and the war of the "Chouannerie" went on. Cadoudal had made common cause with La Vendée, and rumours were afloat that a great enterprise was in hand, which, if successful, might reseat a Bourbon on the throne of France.

Whether a Bourbon were a fitting person to fill it, entered not into the calculations of the "bons Brétans." Their horror of the Revolution and their old-fashioned virtue of loyalty amply sufficed to enlist their sympathies in behalf of the royalist cause.

And René listened eagerly to the news that penetrated within the college walls; how that Cadoudal was ranging the country, inspiring the peasants with zeal, and enlisting all who would join him; how that the cry through Brittany was "Vive le Roi!" for the ancient spirit of loyalty was waking up, and men were arming themselves with what weapons were within their reach, and joining the Chouan chief. For Georges was a man whom men were bound to revere, a man of calm, unwavering resolution, of dauntless energy, of cool, collected courage, a man to be trusted in times of emergency.

And so, in their rough goat-skins or picturesque costumes they came, a motley company, yet with stout hearts, determined to defy the "Blues" of the republican army.

Unfortunately the royalist party was somewhat divided amongst its leaders. Stofflet and Cormantin were the leading spirits of the Paris faction, whilst Charette and de Puisaye held divers opinions on the opposite side of the Channel. And the rumour of the enterprise came nearer and nearer; and soon upon the ocean glided forth a stately fleet. The émigrés were on their homeward way to battle, and, they hoped, to victory. To victory, for had not a favourable omen greeted them already? Had they not put to flight the ships of the enemy, and now they were in sight of Quiberon?

Southward they should have steered their course, but they turned aside, and made for the shores of Brittany.

Meantime, the inland provinces were in agitation. Men, rudely armed, rose up on every side, from the smuggler on the sea-coast to the peasant at the plough, the red-scarfed Vendéen, the Breton chevalier; and onward to sustain the disembarkment of the troops marched Georges Cadoudal with his trusty Chouans.

And René, in the quiet college, heard the echo of the war-cry, and his pale face lighted up. He, too, would fight for his country.

"Up, comrades! our country calls; let us enrol ourselves under the banner of Georges Cadoudal!"

There was a dead silence when René's voice had died away, and the kloäreks gazed in astonishment on the pale slender student, whose eyes still sparkled with unwonted fire.

And then a thrilling cry ran through the hall—

"Vive le roi! Vive Georges Cadoudal!"

A spirit of enthusiasm reigned throughout the college. And as the call to arms went on, the kloäreks of Vannes enlisted under the standard of Georges Cadoudal.

V.

What need to recount the disasters of Quiberon; the indecision of the chiefs of the royalist party; the skill and activity of the republican general? What need to tell how the elements warred against the unfortunate émigrés, and beat their vessels back when they would fain have fled to them for shelter? What need to tell of the horrors of the after-massacre? These are all matter of history.

There is a wounded soldier lying under the walls of Port Penthièvre, so still, so motionless. Hundreds are dead around him, and he is dying.

Feebly he lifts his head, there is a sabre-cut across his brow, and the blood oozes from a wound in his side.

He has not long to live, and amidst the awfulness of the scene, and the anguish that is upon him, old memories come crowding into his brain, and he sees a lone Breton widow weeping for her only son. And then another memory that has been with him and never left him, starts up before him, so real it seems to him that he mutters faintly,—

"Ninon."

What matter for earthly rows now that the earth is passing away; the poor kloarek is too feeble to battle against the old love that once filled, that has ever filled, his heart.

"Ninon!"

"René!"

How came she there? How had she followed on the footsteps of the Chouan army? How had she braved and been preserved from all the dangers of the wild warfare? René knew not, thought not, wondered not. Her arms were round him, supporting his drooping head, and he eagerly drank of the draught she held to his parched lips. It seemed quite natural that Ninon should be with him, by his side.

"René! my René! you will not die!"

"My Ninon!" gasped the dying soldier; "my own Ninon!"

These were the last words of the Kloarek of Yannes.

In the convent chapel of La Chartreuse a nun might be seen, at early morning and at the vesper hour, praying beside a small stone tablet, on which these words were inscribed

"Quiberon, 1795.

"Pray for the soul of René Chabot."

JULIA GODDARD.

ARTEMUS WARD.

We extract the following article from the *London Review*.

"Dear Dash," said Sydney Smith of a scented friend, and as he said it he sniffed and looked round with a twinkle in his eye, "he makes all the country smell like Piccadilly." So humour makes humanity pleasant. It is humour that has peopled our memory with pleasant features and forms. With Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, Nym, another corporal, Sergeant Kite, Master Slender, Mine Host of the Garter, the whole of that incomparable procession to Canterbury, Mrs. Gamp, and a very large Pickwickian family, the Knight La Mancha and his inseparable Squire—stay, we must take in the ever-living animals, Rosinante and Dapple (may good fairies grant they are now both pasturing in the Elysian fields!); also Launce and his immortal dog—and a thousand others that come crowding on, Friar John, M. Jourdain, Sir Peter Teazle, and a host of histrionic fellows from whom no one can part: here is that thief Auctolyceus being lectured by Touchstone—you see we cannot get them from our pen. More than this, humour has made us recognise the bad as of our own kind, and not disdain the guilty. The flesh is heavy on Sir John Falstaff, and the spirit weak, but yet we love him, and our heart goes with him when he lies on his sad bed, and calls out three times the name of God, even the sneak Pecksniff is drawn so subtly that we cannot deny that he is of our family—ay, there's the satire, there's the rub,—and truly we are forced to admit Mistress Doll Tearsheet as our sister in the flesh. Humour, therefore, is of more importance than to tickle us to laughter; without it we are but poor dolls—it makes us, in good fact, men and women.

The more, then, should we grieve that a true humorist has passed from us, who was this day week laid to rest—till carried to his distant home—in Kensal Green, attended there by men of the pen, artists, and many of the public whom he had often made laugh, and whom he, as one of the spectators said, for the first time made cry. Mr.

Charles F. Brown was "known to the world as Artemus Ward," so said his modest coffin-plate, and although very young—he was born in 1833—he had achieved much notoriety, if not fame. Perhaps, of all his friends—and in England he was surrounded with enthusiastic admirers, loud protestors, and those whose admiration is most free from being weakened by judgment—of all his friends, the humorist thought less than any of himself. Nor was his genius of a very high or of a very subtle character. It was like our Church service in one respect, that is, made "to be understood of the common people," and years ago it had let sunshine into the columns of our cheap periodicals—for Artemus Ward was one of the few American authors from whom publishers stole freely,—and then it worked its way up into the middle classes. Many persons thought him vulgar—not in himself, for he was a gentleman, and one of gentle thoughts and deeds—but in his work; his showman was not of the vulgarity of dear Mrs Jarley or of the immortal Codlin and Short, two friends introduced to us by Mr. Dickens, who keep a Punch and Judy show—that kind of low life, so pure, so delicately drawn, that it is pleasant in the drawing-room; but Mr. "A. Ward," as he spelt it, was often very profane, sometimes silly, and at other times low. But this, we believe, was entirely the fault of Yankee humour, not of its professor. When loud oaths, comic invocations of the Deity, and misapplications of the persons of the Trinity, are looked upon as venial, or even funny, we must not wince at a Biblical reference spicing an anecdote; nor if the blessed Apostles are put up in wax "figgers" on purpose to be laughed at. That his "kangaroo is the most larkable little cuss" might startle those who reflect that "cuss" means "curse," and is the Yankee diminutive for a heavy chain-shot of oaths not pleasant to repeat; but if we pass these blots, as not belonging to the author, but as inherent to the bad taste of his nation, we may find in the "Book" of Artemus Ward some fairly clever sketches of character and some good fun. Mr. Brown, who began life as a compositor, had, by pure force of humour, risen to be one of the best contributors to *Vanity Fair*, the *American Punch*, and had even contributed, though not very successfully, to *Punch* itself. He had lectured far and wide, and probably killed himself by over exertion, for he was not of a strong constitution, and it is to be remarked that, as he rose, his humour rose with him, and became more refined, although it is of that peculiar sort that cannot be translated or transplanted, and which will probably very soon die out. For a great deal of his fun consists in queer spelling, a method which Smollett introduced with Wimsfred Jenkins, and which Hood and Thackeray have very freely used, thus, "going 4 to see him," "sow 4th," "3 ten (for threaten)" "2 B and not to B," are ingenious, but hardly comic; and though "bizness" and "figger" look curiously phonetic, we soon get tired of them. Mr. Ward, too, was unfortunate in his London editors. We added insult to injury; we first printed his good things without an equivalent, and then, in the "author's own edition," stuck a vulgar piece of biography, in which he was patted on the back as "a first-rate type sticker," and comic essays are said to be his "fortus," while a dreary attempt at fun is seen in something said about his "pieters." But all this the deceased humorist, had life been given him, would have lived down. He was so amiable and so good,—at it has been said that he never met a man without making him his friend; and having made him a friend he never lost him; and we can believe it, granting this one exception to that proverb, which wisely condemns him who is praised by everybody. It is the misfortune of young authors to fall into the hands of doubtful publishers, but when out of his publishers' hands "Artemus" made friends. When he first appeared in public, the public recognised him as a gentleman, and his lecture was original, and, for a wonder, better than his book. The very programme issued, though somewhat similar to his American bills, was full of fun, and disposed the audience to mirth. At Broadway, No. 806, he had announced "that his foot was once more

on his native heath, and that is name is trooly yours;" and at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, his first line seriously informed us that "during the vacation the Hall had been carefully swept out, and a new door knob added to the door." His address was to be a "rather frisky prologue" of about ten minutes in length and of nearly the same width; of the depth he modestly adds, "I will say nothing." And when he represents himself, Artemus, as leaving his native shore, "the citizens on the wharf appeared entirely willing that he should go. 'Bless you, sir,' they say, 'don't hurry about coming back; stay away for years if you want to go.' It was very touching." It was very funny, that's what it was, this artistic incongruity; that was the chief characteristic of his wit, and it was part and parcel of the man. The audience actually saw before them a tall, fair gentleman, with a face upon which Death had written his summons open and at large, without a smile upon his lips, with solemn and large eyes, talking in a soft and measured voice, and often with apparent pain, certain incongruous platitudes. Hence they were constantly struck with surprise, and the laughter, suddenly explosive all over the hall, often rippled up from different quarters: of the room long after the joke had passed. And add to this that all was done in good style, without a tinge of impropriety, even when speaking of the Mormons. Once, indeed, and the humorist was a Christian, he referred to the knavery of Brigham Young, the vicious folly of polygamy, as a gentleman of the world; such a thing, he said, was beneath debate, and far below expatiation, in a civilized capital—but that was all. In his very "puffs" there was a humour better than in his book. He describes himself as an orator thus:—"It was a grand scene, Mr. Artemus Ward stand on the platform talking; many of the audience sleeping tranquilly in their seats, others crying like a child at some of the jokes—and when he announced that he should never lecture in that town again, the applause was absolutely deafening." And happily this funny burlesque is as utterly untrue as it is comic; for no one slept as he spoke, and no one ever cried, or was ever wounded at his jokes. And, if most of his wit is evanescent, and he has created no grand character, indeed left but two—the bald old showman and his wife, with his wax figgers and his comical kangaroo, fond of oratin', and go anxious to make a speech that he thanks the Baldinsville ingin', because when he illuminated on the 4th of July, the firemen thought his house was on fire, and came up to it, and didn't squirt,—he has, at any rate, left no line which we could well wish to blot. He died young, after much work, and after raising himself from an obscure position. He had his best years to come, and the wisdom and reflection that time would have brought would have ripened him into something much higher than he was. He has left us a pleasant memory, and it is a happy thing to record that he so loved the English, and was so touched and warmed by the friendly hands and hearts that received him here, that even in his illness he clung to the shores of the old home which he had often amused and against which, after he had known us, he had never said one word. So even to the last line of his burlesque "opinion of the press," we must, as we think sadly of him, give his gentle spirit the pleasure of hearing a hearty contradiction. "And when he rose to go, and announced that he should never lecture in that town again," he wrote, "the applause was absolutely deafening." Truly, when he rose to go, and turned his steps to the silent shore where we are all travelling, there were many hearts that were sad, and many eyes that were wet with tears. Sydney Smith, a great master in the domain that Artemus explored, said, after much sad thought of Wit and Humour, "I wish I could satisfy myself of their good effects, but I am convinced that the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart." But this young humorist, so sadly taken from us, gave a proof in his life that the reverse was true. Wit and humour had expanded his understanding, and had not only opened his heart but had thrown wide the doors of the great heart of the world to him.

VASHTI.

"After these things, when the wrath of King Ahasuerus was appeased, he remembered Vashti."—Book of Esther ii. 1.

I.

Is this all the love that he bore me, my husband, to publish my face To the nobles of Media and Persia, whose hearts are besotted and base? Did he think me a slave, me, Vashti, the beautiful, me, queen of queens, To summon me thus for a show to the midst of his bacchanal scenes?

II.

I stand like an image of brass, I, Vashti, in sight of such men! No, sooner, a thousand times sooner, the mouth of the honours' den, When she's fiercest with hunger and love for the hungry young lions that tear Her breasts with sharp, innocent teeth, I would enter, far rather, than there!

III.

Did he love me, or is he, too, though the king, but a brute like the rest! I have seen him in wine, and I fancied 'twas then that he loved me the best; Though I think I would rather have one sweet, passionate word from the heart Than a year of carresses that may with the wine that creates them depart.

IV.

But ever before, in his wine, towards me he shewed honour and grace; He was king, I was queen, and those nobles, he made them remember their place, But now all is changed; I am vile, they are honoured, they push me aside, A butt for Memucan and Shethar and Mores, gone mad in their pride!

V.

Shall I faint, shall I pine, shall I sicken and die for the loss of his love? Not I; I am queen of myself, though the stars fall from heaven above. The stars! ha! the torment is there, for my light is put out by a star, That has dazzled the eyes of the king and his court and his captains of war.

VI.

He was lonely, they say, and he looked, as he sat like a ghost at his wine, On the couch by his side, where, of yore his Beautiful used to recline. But the king is a slave to his pride, to his oath and the laws of the Medes, And he cannot call Vashti again, though his poor heart is wounded and bleeds.

VII.

So they ransacked the land for a wife, while the king thought of me all the while— I can see him, this moment, with eyes that are lost for the loss of a smile, Gazing dreamily on while each maiden is temptingly passed in review, While the love in his heart is awake with the thought of a face that he knew!

VIII.

Then she came, when his heart was grown weary with loving the dream of the past! She is fair—I could curse her for that, if I thought that this passion would last! But, e'en if it last, all the love is for me, and, through good and through ill, The king shall remember his Vashti, shall think of his Beautiful still.

IX.

Oh! the day is a weary burden, the night is a restless strife,— I am sick to the very heart of my soul, with this life— this death in life!

Oh! that the glorious, changeless sun would draw me up in his might, And quench my dreariness in the flood of his everlasting light!

X.

What is it? Oh! as I lie awake and my pillow is wet with tears, There comes—it came to me just now—a flash, then disappears; A flash of thought that makes this life a re-enacted scene, That makes me dream what was, will be, and what is now, has been.

XI.

And I, when age on age, has rolled, shall sit on the royal throne, And the king shall love his Vashti, his Beautiful, his own, And for the joy of what has been and what again will be, I'll try to bear this awful weight of lonely misery!

XII.

The star! the star! oh! blazing light that burns into my soul! The star! the star! oh! flickering light of life beyond control! O king! remember Vashti, thy Beautiful, thy own, Who loved thee and shall love thee still, when Esther's light has flown!

JOHN READE.

March, 1867.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 20, 1867.

THE BURSTING OF THE BUBBLE.

WE imagine that the days of Fenianism as a revolutionary organization are numbered, and that little now remains but to inscribe upon its tomb, its "forlorn hic jacet." The association may still survive, indeed, as a sort of debating club, at whose meetings orators of the class of President Roberts and Senator Morrison will indulge in scathing abuse of England and lamentations over the woes of Ireland—woes which they have done so much to increase, and nothing to mitigate, to redress, or even to avenge. But henceforward it must be regarded as a thing of the past, "meagre and pale, the ghost of what it was." And what record has it left behind it? Its civil administration has been marked by incapacity, extravagance, and deception; its military feats consisted, on this continent, of shooting a few brave lads from behind a hedge, after the Whiteboy fashion, and "coshering" for a few days on unarmed farmers; in Ireland, of the robbery of arms from private dwellings, and attacking some detached police stations; all their attempts ending in flight. Deaf as the Fenians have been to all arguments founded on the madness and wickedness of their designs against England and the British North American Provinces, they cannot long withstand the ridicule caused by the farcical denouement of an enterprise heralded by bombastic threats, heroic resolves, and magnificent promises dealt out in such prodigal profusion. In fact, whatever reason there might have been for apprehending danger from the movement has been dispelled by recent events. It has, besides, become abundantly evident that its importance has from the beginning been exaggerated. The late futile rising in Ireland has proved that the mass of the people are neither willing nor prepared to rush into a struggle with England, and that the petty insurrection which has just so easily been put down has been chiefly confined to some Irish-American adventurers and an inconsiderable number of the lowest class of the native population, whom they had seduced into their plans. The whole affair, too, resembled a scheme that had been devised in the delirium of a tap-room

denauch. To inaugurate a rebellion in the height of a winter of extraordinary severity was silly enough, and the absurdity is increased by the fact that it was at a time when the country was denuded of food, the small farmers and peasantry having, as usual, consumed most of the stock of provisions reserved for their own subsistence, and the prices in England and elsewhere having drawn away from the country all that was intended for exportation. The truth is that this circumstance alone ought to have convinced everybody that the outbreak was utterly despicable; and we ought also to perceive that nothing but success in the struggle at home, or, at all events, its prolongation, would induce an attack on these Provinces this spring by the American Fenians, in the present exhausted state of their means. The case then stands thus: All the world must at last be convinced that any rebellion likely to break out in Ireland would be quelled as easily as an election riot; and as for a Fenian invasion of this country, the following sensible remarks of our accomplished Adjutant General of Militia, Colonel Macdougall, show how little we have really to dread on that head. In a lecture delivered by him last month before the Volunteer Officers' Association, he observed:

"I confess it excites my great astonishment to observe the exaggerated ideas of danger which are created in some quarters by the ridiculous rhodomontade of the Fenian leaders.

"I utterly disbelieve in the power of these men, under the most favourable conditions possible, to place 5000 armed Fenians along the whole of our frontier, from Detroit to Maine. And even supposing them to bring up 20,000 men well armed and appointed,—and the wildest imagination has never supposed a greater number,—without field guns, and opposed to 1000 infantry with a battery of artillery, any force of 5000 Fenians would be like a child in the hands of a giant.

"When we consider that Canada is garrisoned with 12,000 regular troops, and several batteries of regular artillery, and that these are backed by the volunteers and the volunteer field batteries of Canada—that these troops are so distributed that by means of our railroads we could concentrate, at any given point, a force which would be three times stronger, numerically, and ten times stronger, both morally and effectively, than any Fenian force which could be collected at the same point, any serious annoyance, much less any serious danger from Fenian attempts, appears to me utterly out of the question. Notwithstanding, whether these interesting gentry come in with the smaller or with the greater numbers of which I have spoken, we are thoroughly prepared for them, and so they will find to their cost, if they are inclined to make the experiment.

"To deal with any such attempts, I am convinced that the frontier volunteer companies will be amply sufficient,—holding our reserves in the rear, in central situations, and ready to reinforce the frontier companies as occasion might require."

We must remember that Colonel Macdougall is no mean authority on the subject, for he is not only an officer of long experience, but an author, whose works on military matters have gained him a high reputation in England. We have another assurance of the abatement of the Fenian nuisance in the change that has come over public sentiment in the United States since the failure of the insurrection in Ireland, and the attack on the police in New York on St. Patrick's day. Our good friends have suddenly made the discovery that the expense of enforcing the due observance of neutrality towards the British Provinces is a heavy demand on the public purse, which the people of the United States ought not to be burthened with, merely to gratify the whims of their Irish fellow-citizens; and they also begin to perceive that goring their own ox is quite a difficult operation from goring the ox of their neighbour. When the Fenians slew our volunteers fighting in defence of their country, the slayers were heroes and patriots; but when the said Fenians made a somewhat similar onslaught on American policemen, in

* Vashti means "Beautiful Woman;" Esther means A "Star."

defence of a truckman at whom they took offence, they were murderers and assassins. We have reason to rejoice, however, that the light has fallen upon the American intellect at last, even though it be at the eleventh hour.

We do not mean to assert that abortive efforts may not be made to revive the Fenian troubles; but we feel not the less confident, to repeat a common but expressive phrase, that, virtually, "the bubble is burst." No temporary disturbance, or other adventitious incident, can materially alter the great leading features of the situation.

The most deplorable circumstance connected with this unhappy movement is that many well-meaning persons have given their names, their exertions, and their sympathy to it, while a still more numerous class of Irishmen have, by their silence and inactivity, extended to it a tacit support, without which it would have been comparatively harmless. An Irish Roman Catholic prelate, addressing his flock, alluded to this phase of the question in a striking manner. We do not speak of Bishop Moriarty of Kerry, who, with the fiery energy of his Celtic blood, and the unstudied fervour of a Hebrew prophet, told his hearers that "eternity was too short" to punish the Fenian leaders, who were deceiving the people to their ruin, but to one of a calmer temperament, Bishop Power of Killaly, who, while commending his people for keeping aloof from the conspiracy against the Government, reproved them for sitting with folded arms, and neither by speech nor act resisting the preparations for a conflict that was in progress before their eyes. The good Bishop's words are perhaps as applicable on this side of the Atlantic as on the other.

But with the restoration of peace and order, the cure of Irish evils ought to be undertaken in earnest, and without unnecessary delay. There is no time to be lost, and the great danger is that the Imperial Legislature may shrink from the performance of a duty which might have the appearance of having been forced upon them. Yet they cannot fail to see that the depletion of the population of the country, by the vast and increasing emigration, is not to be overlooked. The immediate cause of this exodus is, of course, the far higher price of labour in the United States than in Ireland: still it is the symptom of a long-seated and complicated disease in the social system, for which a remedy *must* be found. Any attempt to arrest the movement, except by making the people happy and comfortable at home, would be both a blunder and a crime. The task is not an easy one, but we trust it is not impossible.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

NEW EDITIONS OF DICKENS—Besides their "Household" edition, and the recently announced "Riverside," Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, of Boston and New York, promise to publish very shortly a new "Globe" edition of Dickens' works, to be completed in thirteen volumes. These volumes will contain Darley & Gilbert's illustrations; and will be of handy size, and printed on good paper in fair and legible type.

Longfellow's translation of Dante's "Divine Comedy" is in the hands of the printer. It will be published in three volumes royal octavo. It is intended to make it a model of Boston workmanship. The "Inferno" will be published next month, the "Purgatorio" in May, and the "Paradiso" in June.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—"The Fair Maid of Perth," not one of the best of the Waverley Novels, has supplied M. Bizet, a French composer, with the subject for a new opera, to be immediately produced at the Italian opera house in Paris.

A sister of Béranger, the poet, still lives. She is a nun in the Convent des Oiseaux, at Paris, and is a hundred and one years old, but in good health.

The *Guardian* says it is "in a position to state that the work which her Majesty has been for some time reported to be engaged in writing,

is not merely in a forward state, but is actually printed, stitched, bound, and, at least a fortnight ago, was distributed among her own personal friends and those of the late Prince Consort."

A writer in *Notes and Queries* says of Thomas Southern, the dramatic author, that, having reached the age of eighty-five, "he enjoyed the longest life of all other poets." This is a strange slip. Surely the writer was forgetting the cases of Samuel Rogers and Walter Savage Landor—the former of whom lived to be ninety-two, and the latter to be eighty-nine.

Mr. Charles Reade, in a letter addressed to the "Sun," confesses himself as indebted to the "Pivardiere" case, in the *Causes Célèbres*, for the main incidents in his "Griffith Gaunt."

An autograph letter of Franklin's was exhibited at a recent *conversazione*, in London. It runs thus.—Philadelphia, July 5, 1775.—Mr. Strahan,—You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction. You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People. Look upon your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations! You and I were once Friends: You are now my enemy, and I am yours,—B. FRANKLIN.

MESMERISM IN FICTION.—There has just appeared in London a new novel, advertised as "Illustrative of Mesmeric Influence—or whatever we may choose to term that strange power certain persons exercise over others—controlling without being seen, ordering in silence, and enslaving or freeing as fancy or will may dictate."

There are some rather contradictory statements with respect to Dr. Livingstone. The despatches of Dr. Seward, the British political resident at Zanzibar, and the more detailed letters of Dr. Kirk, communicated by Lord Stanley to Sir Roderick Murchison, are said to leave scarcely any hope that the adventurous explorer is yet alive. Drs. Seward and Kirk, however, have sailed in her Majesty's ship *Wasp* for Quilon, to make inquiries, and to obtain any further evidence that may be forthcoming; and the former gentleman writes to Sir Roderick Murchison:—"I have personally made inquiries among the traders of Keelwa Kooma, and have gathered information there which tends to throw discredit on the statement of the Johanna men, who allege that they saw their leader dead. The evidence of the Nyassa traders strengthens the suspicion that these men abandoned the traveller when he was about to traverse a Mazite-haunted district, and for aught they know to the contrary Dr. Livingstone may yet be alive. I purpose sending details by the next mail."

BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Third.

HEAPING UP RICHES.

Continued from page 88.

On the day after Valentine's journey to Ullerton, Mr. Sheldon the elder presented himself at his brother's office in Gray's-inn. It was his habit to throw waifs and strays of business in the attorney's way, and to make use of him occasionally, though he had steadily refused to lend or give him money, and it was his habit, as it were, to keep an eye upon his younger brother—rather a jealous eye, which took note of all George's doings, and kept suspicious watch upon all George's associates. Going unannounced into his brother's office on this particular morning, Philip Sheldon found him bending over an outspread document—a great sheet of cartridge-paper covered with a net-work of lines, dotted about with circles, and with little patches of writing in red and black ink in the neatest possible penmanship. Mr. Sheldon the elder, whose bright black eyes were as the eyes of the hawk, took note of this paper, and had caught more than one stray word that stood out in larger and bolder characters than its neighbours, before his brother could fold it, for it is

not an easy thing for a man to fold an elephantine sheet of cartridge when he is nervously anxious to fold it quickly, and is conscious that the eyes of an observant brother are upon him.

Before George had mastered the folding of the elephantine sheet, Philip had seen and taken note of two words. One of these was the word *INTESTATE*, the other the name HAYGARTH.

"You seem in a great hurry to get that document out of the way," said Philip, as he seated himself in the client's chair.

"Well, to tell the truth, you rather startled me," answered George. "I didn't know who it might be, you know; and I was expecting a fellow who—"And then Mr. Sheldon the younger broke off abruptly, and asked, with rather a suspicious air, "Why didn't that boy announce you?"

"Because I wouldn't let him. Why should he announce me? One would think you were carrying on some political conspiracy, George, and had a modern Thistlewood gang hidden in that cupboard yonder. How thick you and Hawkehurst are, by the bye."

In spite of the convenient "by the bye," this last remark of the stockbroker's sounded rather irrelevant.

"I don't know about being 'thick.' Hawkehurst seems a very decent young fellow, and he and I get on pretty well together. But I'm not as 'thick with him as I was with Tom Halliday."

It was to be observed that Mr. Sheldon the younger was very apt to refer to that friendship with the dead Yorkshireman in the course of conversation with Philip.

"Hawkehurst has just left town," said Philip indifferently.

"Yes, I know he has."

"When did you hear it?"

"I saw him last night," answered George, taken off his guard by the carelessness of his brother's manner.

"Did you?" cried Mr. Sheldon. "You make a mistake there. He left town at two o'clock yesterday."

"How do you happen to know that?" asked George sharply.

"Because I happened to be at the station, and saw him take his ticket. There's something underhand in that journey of his, by the way; for Paget told me he was going to Dorking. I suppose he and Paget have some game of their own on the cards. I was rather annoyed by the young man's departure, as I had some work for him. However, I can find plenty of fellows to do it as well as Hawkehurst could have done."

George was looking into an open drawer in his desk while his brother said this. He had a habit of opening drawers and peering into them absently during the progress of an interview, as if looking for some particular paper that was never to be found.

After this the conversation became less personal. The brothers talked a little of the events of the day, the leaders in the morning papers, the probability or improbability of a change in the rate of discount. But this conversation soon flagged, and Mr. Sheldon rose to depart.

"I suppose that sheet of cartridge-paper which you had so much trouble to fold is one of your genealogical tables," he said as he was going. "You needn't take so much trouble to keep things dark from me, George. I'm not likely to try to steal a march upon you; my own business gives me more work than I can do. But if you have got a really good thing at last, I shouldn't mind going into it with you, and finding the money for the enterprise."

George Sheldon looked at his elder brother with a malicious glitter in his eyes.

"On condition that you got the lion's share of the profits," he said. "O yes; I know how generous you are, Phil. I have asked you for money before to-day, and you have refused it."

Mr. Sheldon's face darkened just a little at this point.

"Your manner of asking it was offensive," he said.

"Well, I'm sorry for that," answered George politely. "However, you refused me money when I did want it; so you needn't offer it me

now I don't want it. There are some people who think I have sacrificed my life to a senseless theory; and perhaps you are one of them. But there is one thing you may be certain of, Philip Sheldon: if ever I do get a good chance, I shall know how to keep it to myself."

There are men skilled in the concealment of their feelings on all ordinary occasions who will yet betray themselves in a crisis of importance. George Sheldon would fain have kept his project hidden from his elder brother; but in this one unguarded moment he forgot himself, and allowed the sense of triumph to irradiate his face.

The stockbroker was a reader of men rather than books; and it is a notable thing what superiority in all worldly wisdom is possessed by men who eschew books. He was able to translate the meaning of George's smile—a smile of mingled triumph and malice.

"The fellow has got a good thing," he thought to himself; "and Hawkehurst is in it. It must be a deuced good thing too, or he wouldn't refuse my offer of money."

Mr. Sheldon was the last man in the world to reveal any mortification which he might experience from his brother's conduct.

"Well, you're quite right to stick to your chance, George," he said with agreeable frankness. "You've waited long enough for it. As for me, I've got my fingers in a good many pies just at present; so perhaps I had better keep them out of yours, whatever plums there may be to be picked out of it by an enterprising Jack Homer. Pick out your plums for yourself, old fellow, and I'll be one of the first to call you a good boy for your pains."

With this, Mr. Sheldon slapped his brother's shoulder and departed.

"I think I've had the best of Master Phil for once," muttered George; and then he thrust his sinewy hands into the depths of his trousers-pockets, and indulged in a silent laugh which displayed his strong square white teeth to perfection. "I flatter myself I took a rise out of Phil to-day," he muttered.

The sense of a malicious triumph over a social enemy is a very delightful kind of thing,—so delightful that a man is apt to ignore the possible cost of the enjoyment. It is like the pleasure of kicking a man who is down—very delicious in its way; only one never knows how soon the man may be up again.

George Sheldon, who was tolerably skilled in the science of human nature, should have known that "taking a rise" out of his brother was likely to be a rather costly operation. Philip was not the safest man to deal with at any time; but he was most dangerous when he was "jolly."

Book the Fourth.

VALENTINE HAWKEHURST'S RECORD.

CHAPTER I.—THE OLDEST INHABITANT.

Black Swan Inn, Ullerton, Oct. 2nd.

As the work I am now employed in is quite new to me, and I am to keep Sheldon posted up in this business day by day, I have decided on jotting down the results of my inquiries in a kind of diary. Instead of writing my principal a formal letter, I shall send a copy of the entries in the diary, revised and amended. This will insure exactitude; and there is just the possibility that the record may be useful to me hereafter. To remember all I hear and pick up about these departed Haygarths without the aid of pen and ink would be out of the question; so I mean to go in for unlimited pen-and-ink like a hero, not to say a martyr.

And I am to do all this for twenty shillings a week, and the remote possibility of three thousand pounds! O genius, genius! in all the markets of this round world is there no better price for you than that?

How sweetly my Charlotte looked at me yesterday, when I told her I was going away! If I could have dared to kneel at her feet under those whispering elms,—unconscious of the children, unconscious of the nursemaids;—if I could have dared to cry aloud to her, "I am a penniless reprobate, but I love you; I am a disreputable pauper, but I adore you! Have pity upon

my love, and forget my worthlessness!" If I could have dared to carry her away from her prim suburban home and that terrible black-whiskered stockbroking stepfather! But how is a man to carry off the woman he adores when he has not the *de quoi* for the first stage of the journey?

With three thousand pounds in my pocket, I think I could dare anything. Three thousand pounds! One year of splendour and happiness, and then—the rest is chaos!

I have seen the oldest inhabitant. *Ay de mi!* Sheldon did not exaggerate the prosiness of that intolerable man. I thought of the luckless wedding guest in Coleridge's grim ballad as I sat listening to this modern-ancient mariner. I had to remind myself of all the bright things to be bought for three thousand pounds, every now and then, in order to endure with fortitude, if not serenity. And now the day's work is done, I begin to think it might as well have been left undone. How am I to disintegrate the mass of prosiness which I have heard this day? For three mortal hours did I listen to my ancient mariner; and how much am I the wiser for my patience? Clever as you may fancy yourself, my friend Hawkehurst, you don't seem to be the man for this business. You have not the legal mind. Your genius is not the genius of Scotland-yard, and I begin to fear that in your new line you may prove yourself a failure.

However, where all is dark to me, the astute Sheldon may see daylight, so I'll observe the letter of my bond, and check off the residuum of the ancient mariner's prosiness.

By dint of much pumping I obtained from my ancient, first, his father's recollections of Matthew Haygarth a few years before his death, and secondly, his grandfather's recollections of Matthew in his wild youth. It seems that in those last years of his life Matthew was a most sober and estimable citizen; attended the chapel of a nonconforming sect; read the works of Baxter, and followed in the footsteps of his departed father; was a kind husband to a woman who appears to me to have been rather a pragmatical and icy personage, but who was esteemed a model of womanly virtue, and who had money. Strange that these respectable and wealthy citizens should be so eager to increase their store by alliance with respectable and wealthy citizenesses!

In his later years Matthew Haygarth seems to have imitated his father in many respects. Like his father, he executed more than one will, and like his father, he died intestate. The lawyer who drew up his will on more than one occasion was a man called Brice—like his client, eminently respectable.

After his marriage, our esteemed Matthew retired to a modest mansion in the heart of the country, and some ten or fifteen miles from Ullerton. The mansion in question is at a place called Dewsdale, and was the property of the wife, and accrued to him through her.

This house and estate of some thirty acres was afterwards sold by the rev. intestate, John Haygarth, shortly after his coming of age, and within a year of his mother's death.

This much and no more could I extort from the oldest inhabitant relative to the latter days of our Matthew.

Respecting his wild youth I obtained the following crumbs of enlightenment. In the year 1741-2, being then one-and-twenty years of age, he left Ullerton. It is my ancient mariner's belief that he ran away from home, after some desperate quarrel with his father, and it is also the belief of my ancient that he stayed away, without intermission, for twenty years,—though on what precise fact that belief is founded, is much more than I can extract from the venerable prosier.

My ancient suggests—always in the haziest and most impracticable manner—the possibility that Matthew in his wild days lodged somewhere Clerkenwell way. He has a dim idea that he has heard his grandfather speak of St. John's gate, Clerkenwell, in connection with Matthew Haygarth; but, as my ancient's grandfather seems to have been almost imbecile at the time he made such remarks, this is not much.

He has another idea—also very vague and impracticable—of having heard his grandfather say something about an adventure of Matthew Haygarth's, which was rather a heroic affair in its way—an adventure in which, in some inexplicable manner, the wild Matthew is mixed up with a dancing-girl, or player-girl, of Bartholomew Fair, and a nobleman.

This is the sum-total of the information to be extracted in three mortal hours from my ancient. Altogether the day has been very unsatisfactory, and I begin to think I'm not up to the sort of work required of me.

Oct. 3d. Another long interview with my ancient. I dropped in directly after my breakfast, and about an hour after his dinner. I sat up late last night, occupied till nearly ten in copying my diary for Sheldon—which was just in time for the London post—and lingering over my cigar till past midnight, thinking of Charlotte. So I was late this morning.

My ancient received me graciously. I took him half a pound of mild bird's-eye tobacco, on diplomatic grounds. He is evidently the sort of person who would receive Meplhistopheles graciously, if the fiend presented him with tobacco.

I returned to the charge—diplomatically, of course; talked about Ullerton and Ullerton people in general, insinuating occasional questions about the Haygarths. I was rewarded by obtaining some little information about Mrs. Matthew. That lady appears to have been a devoted disciple of John Wesley, and was fonder of travelling to divers towns and villages to hear the discourses of that preacher than her husband approved. It seems they were wont to disagree upon this subject.

For some years before her marriage Mrs. Matthew was a member of a Wesleyan confraternity, in those days newly established at Ullerton. They held meetings and heard sermons in the warehouse of a wealthy draper, and shortly before Mrs. Matthew's demise they built a chapel, still extant, in a dingy little thoroughfare known as Waterhouse-lane.

On these points my ancient mariner is tolerably clear. They belong to the period remembered by his father.

And now I believe him to be pumped dry. I gave him my benediction, and left him smoking some of my tobacco, content with himself and with the world—always excepting the authorities, or board, of the almshouses, against whom he appears to nourish a grievance.

After leaving him, I walked about Ullerton for an hour or so before returning to my humble hostelry. The streets of Ullerton are sealed with the seal of desolation—the abomination of desolation reigns in the market-place, where the grass flourishes greenly in the interstices of the pavement. The place has known prosperity, and is prosperous no longer; but although its chief trade has left it, there are still some three or four factories in full swing. I heard clanging bells, and met bare-headed women and uncouth-looking men hurrying to and fro. I went to look at the Wesleyan chapel in Waterhouse-lane. It is a queer little building, and bears some resemblance to a toy Noah's ark in red brick. Tall warehouses have arisen about it and hemmed it in, and the slim chimney shaft of a waterworks throws a black shadow aslant its unpretending façade. I inquired the name of the present minister. He is called Jonah Goodge, began life as a carpenter, and is accounted the pink and pattern of piety.

Oct. 4th. A letter from Sheldon awaited me in the coffee-room letter-rack when I went down stairs to breakfast.

"MY DEAR HAWKEHURST,—Don't be disheartened if the work seems slow at first. You'll soon get used to it.

"I should recommend you to adopt the following tactics:

"1st. Go to the house at Dewsdale, inhabited by M. H. and his wife. You may have some difficulty in obtaining admission—and full liberty to explore and examine—from the present servant or owner; but you are not the man I take you for if you cannot overcome such a difficulty. I enclose a few of my cards, which you can use at your discretion. They show profes-

sional status. It would be as well to call yourself my articled clerk, and to state that you are prosecuting an inquiry on the behalf of a client of mine, who wishes to prove a certain event in the past, connected remotely with the H. family. If asked whether your business relates to the property left by the rev. testate, you must reply decisively in the negative. But I must remind you that extreme caution is required in every move you make. Whenever you can do your work *without* any reference to the name of Haygarth, avoid such reference. Always remember that there may be other people on the same scent.

"2d. Examine the house in detail, look for old pictures, old furniture, old needlework; if you are lucky enough to find the Haygarth furniture was sold with the property, which I should think probable. The rev. testate must have been at the University when he made the sale; and a young Cantab would in all likelihood pass over his ancestral chairs and tables to the purchaser of his ancestral mansion, as so much useless lumber. It is proverbial that walls have ears. I hope the Dewsdale walls may have tongues, and favour you with a little information.

"3d. When you have done all that is to be done at Dewsdale, your next work must be to hunt up any scion of the lawyer Brice; if such scion be in existence at Ullerton. Or if not to be found in Ullerton, ascertain where the descendant, or descendants, of Brice, is, or are, to be found. Brice the lawyer, must have known the contents of those wills executed and afterwards destroyed by Haygarth, and may have kept rough drafts, copies, or memoranda of the same. This is most important.

Yours truly, G. S."

This Sheldon is a wonderful man, and a cautious!—no signature to his letter.

I started for Dewsdale immediately after my breakfast. I have made arrangements for boarding in this house, which is a second-rate commercial inn. They have agreed to give me board and lodging for twenty shillings a week—the full amount of my stipend: so all that I gain by my researches in the affairs of the departed Matthew is food and shelter. However, as this food and shelter is perhaps more honestly obtained than those little dinners which I have so often partaken with the great Horatio. I will try to fancy a sweetness in the tough steaks and greasy legs of mutton. O sheep of Midlandshire! why cultivate such ponderous calves, and why so incline to sinews? O cooks of Midlandshire! why so superficial in the treatment of your roasts, so impetuous and inconsiderate when you boil?

A railroad now penetrates the rural district in which the village of Dewsdale is situated. There is a little station, something like a wooden Dutch oven, within a mile of the village, and here I alighted. The morning savoured of summer rather than autumn. The air was soft and balmy, the sunshine steeped the landscape in warm light, and the red and golden tints of the fading foliage took new splendour from that yellow sunshine. A man whose life is spent in cities must be dull of soul indeed if he does not feel a little touched by the beauty of rustic scenery, when he finds himself suddenly in the heart of the country. I had seen nothing so fair as those English fields and copses since I left the pine-clad hills of Forêt-dechéne. An idiotic boy directed me across some fields to Dewsdale. He sent me a mile out of the way, but I forgave and blessed him, for I think the walk did me good. I felt as if all manner of vicious vapours were being blown out of my head as the soft wind lifted my hair.

And so to Dewsdale. Strolling leisurely through those quiet meadows, I fell to thinking of many things that seldom came into my mind in London. I thought of my dead mother—a poor gentle creature, too frail to carry heroically the burden laid upon her, and so a little soured by chronic debt and difficulty. I have reason to remember her tenderly, we shared so much misery together. I believe my father married her in the Rules of the Bench, and if I am not

sure upon this point, I know for a certainty that I was born within those mystic boundaries.

And then my mind wandered to those nomadic adventures in which poor Diana Paget and I were so much together. I think we were a little fond of each other in those days; but in that matter I was at least prudent, and now the transient fancy has faded, on *Dis*'s part as well as on mine.

If I could be as prudent where Charlotte II. is concerned!

But prudence and Charlotte's eyes cannot hold their own in the same brain. Of two things, one, as our neighbours say: a man must cease to be prudent, or he must forget those bewitching gray eyes.

I know she was sorry when she heard of my intended departure.

(To be Continued)

A POST-OFFICE CASE.

I SUPPOSE that those well-meaning people who are just now reviving the agitation about the wickedness of any duty being performed on Sunday in the Post-office would have been horrified if they could have looked into a certain room in St. Martin's-le-Grand about two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon in May, 1865. For there was duty being performed there at that time, and no mistake, and some of the first men in the service were engaged in its performance. I'm not speaking of myself when I say this, though I was there amongst others. I had been to church, and was holding my little girl by the hand and answering her, to the best of my power, one of those odd sorts of questions that children will ask about the sermon and the service, when, as we turned the corner of the road (I live in a suburban district), I saw a Hansom cab, with the horse very hot and very blown, standing at my garden gate, and I turned to my wife, who was following close behind with my eldest boy, and said to her, "Off again!" I had only arrived at home on Friday night from a trial at Lancaster, where I had had the pleasure of convicting one of the great est scoundrels that ever disgraced our service, and I should not have minded a little rest, but the Hansom cab gave me the first hint of being wanted, and when the door was opened, and I saw one of the detectives whom we retain in our employ sitting in my little hall, I knew my fate. "Wanted, Scotcher?" said I to the detective. "Wanted immediate, sir?" said Scotcher, "and it's a buster this time, and no mistake." So I had my portmanteau, which I always keep ready packed, put into the cab, and I said good-bye to the wife, and drove off with Scotcher in the Hansom to St. Martin's. You know that building, I know, sir, but you've only seen it when it has been thronged with hundreds of people all intent on getting through an immensity of work in a limited time. You've no conception what it is when empty, how your footfall reverberates through the long passages and the vast halls and the big rooms, and how the very fact of your knowing how lively it can be renders the dullness and the silence oppressive and intolerable. Scotcher and I, admitted by a private pass key, clanked through the long passages until we reached the private room of the Head of the Missing Letter Branch, where he, one of the secretaries, and two or three of the inferior officers, were assembled in conclave, and then I learned what had taken place.

It appears that after business hours on the previous day (business closes at one o'clock on Saturdays), the officer who is left in charge of the building to transact any pressing business that may arise, and who is officially styled the "clerk in waiting," received the following telegram from the postmaster of Waterbridge. "A number of money-order advices of large amount passed through the office last night, from Higher Brickey. From communication just received from the sub-postmaster, it does not appear that any such were issued by him. I fear something wrong has taken place. They were all addressed to branch offices in London. One is believed to be the Minoros, and one in Peckham district."

Acting upon the very vague information received in this telegram, the clerk in waiting ascertained in the course of Saturday that Higher Brickey money orders to the extent of one hundred pounds had been cashed in the course of the morning at the money-order offices in the Minoros and at the Eastern District offices. No further information could be obtained that evening. Before the following morning (Sunday) the following telegram was received from Waterbridge: "Send to the secretary immediately. Five hundred money orders and advices were taken from the sub-postmaster of Higher Brickey, on Friday, by a man calling himself an inspector of the Post-office. At least fifty were used on that day, and will involve a loss of one thousand pounds, as the advices all appeared to be made out for ten pounds each. Caution should at once be sent to all the money-order offices in the London district. The remitter's name appeared to be Grieve."

This was startling intelligence indeed, and on the receipt of it, the clerk in waiting at once sent off for the assistant-secretary and the head of the missing letter branch, and despatched Sergeant Scotcher for me. When we were all assembled we had a hurried consultation, woke up a semi-vivacious, semi-somnolent printer who had a small hand-machine in a neighbouring court, and made him set up and work off a lot of caution notices for despatch to the various postmasters and letter-receivers by the night and morning mails, sent out and secured a staff of clerks to fold and envelope these notices, and took the following measures to ascertain the extent of the frauds and to prevent any repetition of it extending, and to ensure the capture of the offender if such repetition were attempted.

The money-order accounts of the London branch receivers (four hundred in number), which had come in by the last despatch of Saturday night were opened and examined, and in them were found, in all, fifty-seven orders for ten pounds each, purporting to be of Higher Brickey issue, which had been cashed on Saturday at twelve money-order offices in the east of London. It was then ascertained, by inquiry of these receivers, that two persons, one a short dark man, the other a tall fair man, had been concerned in the presentation of these orders; that the dark man had visited some and the fair man other offices, that at the money-order office in Limehouse they had been seen in company under the following circumstances. The fair man, in the first instance, went along to the receiving-office in Limehouse, and presented five Higher Brickey money-orders for ten pounds each, the letter-receiver had but thirty pounds in hand, and therefore stated that he could cash three only of the orders, but that he would apply to the chief office for funds to cash the remainder. The fair man, after some conversation, took the thirty pounds for three of the orders and went away, but returned almost immediately with the dark man, who had in his hand a further bundle of money-orders drawn on another office (the business of which had been transferred to the Limehouse office), for which he demanded payment. As the receiver was unable for the reasons before given, to cash any more orders, the dark man abused him violently, and the altercation which ensued was so warm and noisy as to draw a crowd round the office. At length the receiver said he would send a telegram to the chief office for funds, and if the man would call at four in the afternoon they should be paid. On this they left him, and never returned. Stupid fools they were to do this, for from this very Limehouse receiver we obtained what afterwards proved to be a tolerably accurate description of the two men, and we also obtained the numbers of several Bank of England notes which had been paid to them. So far, so good. But the postmaster of Waterbridge having stated that three hundred money-orders had been stolen, of which, as we knew, but fifty-seven had been cashed, it seemed reasonable to suppose that further attempts to cash some of the remaining orders would be made early on Monday morning. So with a view to defeat any such attempts, the principal postmasters throughout the kingdom were instructed forthwith to detain any person

who should present money-orders of Higher Brickey issue, and to despatch similar instructions to their sub-postmasters. A force of sorters and letter carriers was despatched to ever money-order office in London with similar instructions.

The carrying out of these arrangements occupied us nearly the whole of Sunday night, but they were so effectually completed by an early hour on Monday morning, that any person who had then presented a Higher Brickey money-order at any money-order office would assuredly have been detained; indeed, the holder of a genuine Higher Brickey order was pounced upon by our people at Birmingham, and detained at the office until the postmaster had received instructions to let him go. No attempt was, however, made to utter any more of the forged orders, although, as we ascertained early on Monday morning, thirty-three forged advices of such orders were lying at six money-order offices in the east of London. Before the close of Monday it became evident that the perpetrators of the fraud, alarmed probably by the offer of the Limehouse clerk to telegraph for funds, had made up their minds to rest contented, for a time at least, with the plunder which they had obtained. As, however, it seemed by no means improbable that they would, in a little time, attempt to pass off some of the stolen orders on tradesmen in exchange for goods, we had some cautionary notices framed, and distributed by the agency of the police, in which London tradesmen were warned that any money order which purported to be of Higher Brickey issue must be regarded as forged, and that the person presenting it must be detained.

Precautions taken, it now became necessary to take steps for the detection of the offenders. From a report which we received from the postmaster of Waterbridge, on the morning of Monday, the 15th of May, we derived some information as to the mode in which the money orders had been obtained from the post-office at Higher Brickey, and from the same source we obtained a description of the man who had thus obtained the orders, and of a confederate who waited for him at Waterbridge, whose description tallied closely with the description of the two men who had cashed the orders in London. A little communication with the police superintendent at the Great Western (we know every man in the force worth knowing, whether in public or private service), and a little cross-examination of the night porters, enabled us to trace the arrival of these two men at Paddington, from Waterbridge, on the morning of Saturday, the 13th of May. But though we thus found reason to suppose that the offenders were only two in number, were located in London, and would ultimately be found in London, it still seemed desirable that the search for them should be commenced in Higher Brickey and Waterbridge. It appeared probable that the men must have been induced to select a place so little known as Higher Brickey for the scene of their operations by some motive personal to themselves—by previous knowledge, for instance, of the place of the sub-postmaster—and it was reasonable to expect that we should ascertain by inquiry on the spot, first, these motives for the selection of Higher Brickey, and thence by whom the fraud had been committed. So, with my mind filled with all the facts, as far as we knew them, and with certain ideas of how to work them, I went down to Waterbridge, and when I returned I was enabled to lay before the heads of the department the following statement.

On the evening of Thursday, the 11th of May, two men, the one short and dark, the other tall and fair, arrived in Waterbridge from Lowbridge, where, during the day, they had endeavoured, without success, to obtain a fly to convey them to Higher Brickey. They had been drinking, rather freely in Lowbridge, and had become loquacious and incautious. On arriving in Waterbridge, they went to the Commercial Hotel, where the fair man remained for the night. The dark man, after asking the boots of the Commercial whether Mrs. Dean still kept the White Hart, and being answered in the affirmative, went to the White Hart and engaged a bed for the night. In the course of the even-

ing he inquired of the attendants for more than one old inhabitant of Waterbridge, and he made special inquiry after one Anne Love, who had been, as he said, a servant to his father. Later in the evening he went out and sought out two women of the town, whom he accosted as old acquaintances, but they did not recognise him, so to one of them he introduced himself as "Harry Morris," asking her, at the same time, not to mention that she had seen him. Before he went to bed he gave orders that a gig should be in readiness next morning at nine o'clock to take him to Higher Brickey. But on the following morning he had slept off his liquor, and was much less communicative; and when he set out for Higher Brickey, in the gig, he cautiously avoided the principal street, and took a circuitous route through by-lanes. After calling at a shop in Bannington, a village through which he passed, and purchasing a sheet of blotting-paper and a chamois leather, he drove to the post-office at Higher Brickey, accosted the sub-postmaster by name, and desired to be shown into a private room, and declared himself to be an inspector from the General Post-office in London. He had come down, he said, specially to investigate circumstances connected with the loss of several letters which had been posted at this office, and taking some red-tape-tied documents from his bag, he read, or pretended to read, complaints from several gentlemen who actually lived in the neighbourhood, and from a Mr. Hamilton, of Camden Town, who, he said, had already written to the sub-postmaster. Denying the imputations of the resident gentry, the sub-postmaster was compelled to confess that he had been in correspondence with Mr. Hamilton (I ascertained afterwards that Mr. Hamilton was Morris himself, who had entered into correspondence with the official for the purpose of making himself acquainted with his writing, and practising a forgery of his signature), and the "gentleman from London," after severely rating the unfortunate man, told him that he should "institute a test," and that for the purpose of this test the postmaster must attend to his orders for a week.

The postmaster demurred at first, but, impressed by the accurate official knowledge of the inspector from London, and awed by his demeanour, finally consented to do his bidding. The inspector then asked the postmaster at what time the night mail would be despatched, and, on learning the hour, stated that he should be present to see the mail made up, and that, meanwhile, he should prepare a "test letter" on which he should require the postmaster to place a private mark for future identification, for despatch by that mail. Then, producing another bundle of papers from his black bag, he began to question the postmaster as to the nature and extent of his money-order business, and on learning that on an average about fifteen orders per week were issued, he said that under the existing system the disparity between the numbers of orders issued at small offices and the numbers issued at such offices as Liverpool and Manchester caused much inconvenience to the chief office, where all the numbers were registered by machinery, that an important alteration was about to be made, and that he had been instructed to take from the postmaster his stock of blank orders and notices, and leave him no more than would suffice until the 16th of May, when the alteration would take effect. He thus obtained from the postmaster one complete book, containing two hundred money orders and advices, and one hundred orders and advices from another book. The complete book, he said, would be at once forwarded by him to London, but it would be necessary that the postmaster should affix the dated stamp of his office to those orders and advices, with a view to cancel them, and to mark the date on which they were removed from Higher Brickey. The postmaster did so accordingly.

Having thus obtained the orders and advices, the gentleman from London informed the postmaster that he was going on to pursue his inquiries at a neighbouring office, and that he should return in the evening with the test-letter, which he should himself place in the mail-bag, and that, until his arrival, no other letters were

to be placed in that bag. I found out he never went to any other office, but drove off to a tavern called the Castle of Comfort, a few miles off, in a quiet out-of-the-way spot, where he occupied himself in filling up the orders and advices. He came back to Higher Brickey at the appointed time to see the mail made up, brought his test letter with him, and made the postmaster keep his door shut, and serve any of the public that applied through a little sliding panel, such as you have often seen in country offices. He had tremendous luck, too, this gentleman from London, for the poor postmaster was constantly called away to serve the public with stamps and to answer inquiries, and on one occasion had to rush out and seize the inspector's horse, which was frightened at the passing of a volunteer band. During these temporary absences of the postmaster, the inspector no doubt contrived to slip the advices into the bag, and possibly to stamp each lot on the back. He then saw the mail off, and on bidding the postmaster farewell, announced his intention of keeping a sharp-eye on the mail-cart driver in front of him. On reaching Waterbridge, he was joined by the tall fair man who had been waiting about at the different inns all day, and they both started for London together.

It was of course plain enough that the dark man was the prime mover in the affair, that he did all the work that required clever handling, and that the fair man was a mere common thief—he had "let out" a little when the drink was in him—but that the dark man was of a much higher order than a mere "magsman." So the first thing to do was to find out who the dark man was. There was a little bumpy ostler at the White Hart, a cunning little chap, who had taken a great deal of notice of the dark man. It was from him I learned that the stranger had asked after Anne Love, and mentioned that she had lived as servant with his father; and it was through him that I was brought face to face with Anne Love, then married and doing well. She had only been in three situations before she got married, she said, and only in one where there had been sons in the family. Where was that? That was at Morris's. (I felt I was hot on the scent then, for my dark friend had told one of the women that he was "Harry Morris.") How many sons were there at Morris's? Two; one of them went to Australia, and the other was put in prison for robbing the post-office. For robbing the post-office! The man, without a doubt—out of prison, and trying his old game again! I had to get back to London as quickly as possible; but, before I left Waterbridge, I gathered certain particulars of his history from some people who corresponded with Morris's parents, who had fallen into poverty, and left Waterbridge for London; and I identified my dark friend with Harry Morris, who was a clerk in the Waterbridge post-office, but was dismissed for irregular and dissolute conduct in the year 1849. In '51 he contrived to steal the Waterbridge mail-bag from the railway platform, which projected about three feet over the plane of the railway, by hiding under the platform, and hooking off the bags when the mail messenger was looking another way. Morris was a green hand then, for he tried to pass off some notes, which proved part of the plunder, himself, and he was given into custody at Bristol, tried at Taunton in the spring of '52, and sentenced to ten years' penal. He got his ticket of leave in '56, but was trapped again for uttering base coin, and had nine months for the new offence, and had to work out the remainder of his original sentence. During his second term of imprisonment he sustained some injury, and lost sight of one of his eyes. If I had any doubt of his identity, this settled it, as the daughter of the sub-postmaster at Higher Brickey had told me the dark man had a marked peculiarity in his right eye.

I came back to town with all this information, and it was decided that the first thing to be done was to watch the house in which Morris's parents lived. That was a job for the police, and they were communicated with; and as it happened that Morris's parents were desirous of letting an unfurnished room in their house, the police were

told to find a trustworthy woman to take it and furnish it, to be very friendly with the old people, and to be always ready with an open bottle of gin, if either of them should step up-stairs for a chat. The plan answered well. The trustworthy woman was as sharp as a needle, old Mrs. Morris was as reticent as a sieve. The gin-and-water was always on the table, and within a very few days we ascertained that Morris had written to his mother, enclosing her some postage stamps, giving her a fictitious account of his proceedings, and asking her to address always her reply to "J. Henry, Post-office, Edgeware-road." As ill-luck would have it, there are two post-offices in the Edgeware-road, and though the detectives were told to remain one at one office, the other at the other, after a day or two they went jointly to the office at which the letter for Morris was lying, and left the other office unprotected. On the evening of Thursday, the 25th of May, Morris sent to the post-office at which the letter and the detectives were not waiting for him, and asked for the letter. The receiver, instead of attempting to detain him, contented himself with looking through two or three bundles of letters, and stating that he had no such letter, but that it would probably be found at the other post-office in the Edgeware-road. Morris, on learning this, went away, saying he would call at the other office, but instead of doing so he sent the next morning, his accomplice, the tall fair man, who, after receiving the letter, was followed by the detectives and taken into custody, just one fortnight after the date of his visit to Waterbridge. If anything had been wanting to prove that the pretended inspector who visited Higher Brickey was no other than Henry Morr's, formerly a clerk in the Waterbridge post-office, the capture of the inspector's confederate, with a letter from the mother of Morris to her son, would have settled the question.

The tall fair man, who was called "Needle Tommy"—but who called himself John Wilson—was tried, and got ten years' penal; and, as his trial was in the papers, there was little doubt that Morris would read of it, would not again venture to communicate with his mother, and would attempt to escape from London. To prevent his escape, we sent a description of him to every metropolitan railway station, to every important junction station within fifty miles of London, to every seaport, and to every large provincial town. We ascertained that not only was his eye affected, but that he was distinguishable by a congenital contraction of the little finger of his left hand. We obtained his photograph from the police authorities, and three hundred copies of that photograph were distributed amongst the principal officers in town and country, and amongst the inspectors and ticket-takers at the principal railway stations. We sent detectives to Epsom, Ascot, and Hampton races, and a watch was kept at every theatre, music-hall, and dancing-saloon in London.

And all to no purpose. The police were wonderfully active, but not very perspicuous. One-eyed men were being taken up all over the country, it not being taken into account that the little fingers of their left hands were all straight, and that in no other respect did they answer the description of Morris. A one-eyed man on Newhaven pier, walking to the Dieppe boat, had to answer many questions before he was permitted to embark. A one-eyed Jew fruiterer, going to Margate for a holiday, spent his evening in the station-house instead of at the Tivoli Gardens, until he satisfied the authorities. From Walsall and Chelmsford, from New-castle-on-Tyne and from Horse-monger-lane Jail, we received information that Morris was arrested, but investigation cleared up the story, and Morris was still at large. How to get him? how to get him? We were all fairly done, when a brilliant thought came across me, and we acted on it at once.

When Morris was in prison at Woking, he wrote to a "Mr Naylor, 36, Suffolk-street, Middlesex Hospital," and represented Naylor to be his brother. We knew very well that this was false, and concluded that Naylor must have been a prison companion of Morris's, and we therefore thought it probable that if we could find Naylor

we should find Morris. So I went to the dead-letter office, where there are hundreds of photographs taken out of letters which could not be delivered for want of address or other cause, and I picked out one of a prettyish, fustish-looking girl, and I enclosed it in a letter, which ran thus:

"Captain Flash, of our place, will call on you in a few days. The Rosebud wants you to give him the enclosed, and ask him to write to her at the old place. Yours, J. Murray."

This letter was addressed to Naylor, was registered, and given to a letter-carrier with instructions not to part with it until he got a receipt from Naylor himself. Within twenty-four hours, the man brought back Naylor's receipt and an accurate description of Naylor himself. We told the detectives of this, and if they had done as they were told we should have had Morris and Naylor together; but they will not take a hint, and so my little game was for a time—only for the time, mind—of no use.

But we got him at last. On the 29th of June, nine days after the delivery of the registered letter to Naylor, the solicitor to the post-office in Dublin telegraphed to the effect that Morris and two other men, after obtaining goods from Dublin tradesmen in exchange for forged money orders of Higher Brickey issue, had been arrested at Malahide, near Dublin. From further reports of the case, it appeared that on the morning of the 28th of June, Morris visited the shops of three of the principal Mercers in Dublin, and selected at each shop goods to the value of about twenty-five pounds. The tradesmen were one and all charmed with his politeness. He appeared, they said, to have very good taste and a thorough knowledge of the value of the articles he selected, but, with the modesty which is always inseparable from true genius, he expressed doubts as to his own powers of selection, and said that he would leave the choice to the tradesmen, in the conviction that any article which he purchased of firms so eminent must be of the best quality. When he had made his purchases, he, in each case, desired that the goods might be retained for him until the evening, when he would call and pay for them. He also asked in each case to be directed to the post-office. He returned in the evening to each shop, and made profuse apologies for being after his time. He had been detained, he said, at dinner by some friends whose hospitality was overwhelming. He had also been quite put out by the discovery that the Money-order Office in Dublin closed at four o'clock. In England much more accommodation was given to the public. He had relied upon finding the post-office in Dublin open, as he had intended to cash some money orders there; but he must now ask that these orders might be taken in payment for the goods which he had purchased, and that he might have the balance in cash. His story was so plausible and good, that from these three tradesmen he got about seventy-five pounds in goods and seventy-five pounds in money.

You would have thought that that would have contented him for the time, but they are cormorants, these fellows, and always come to grief by overreaching. That same evening, in fact before his second visit to Repps and Grodynapp's, one of the mercer's shops, Morris and two other men went to a public house and called for some sherry. They got it, and liked it so much that they offered to buy a dozen if the landlord would change a money-order for ten pounds. The landlord, who was rather staggered at hearing his sherry priced, made some difficulty with regard to the money-order, on which Morris offered him a sovereign to cash the order. This roused the landlord's suspicions at once, and he declined. The three men shortly afterwards left the public-house, and Morris went to complete his purchase at the shop of Repps and Grodynapp. But, unfortunately for him, it happened that a young man in the employ of Repps and Grodynapp was drinking at the bar of the public-house where Morris attempted to pass off the money order on the landlord, and heard all that went on. As he entered his employer's shop, he was met by the cashier, who told him he had just done an excellent stroke of business,

having sold goods to the amount of twenty-five pounds, and having been paid for them with money orders to the value of fifty pounds, so that he had been compelled to pay the balance to the purchaser in cash. He added, that the porter was just then in the act of putting the goods on the car for the purchaser. On learning this, the first young man went to look at the purchaser, and found him to be no other than the man who had just attempted to pass off a money order at the public-house. He communicated what he knew to the cashier, and they both thought it so suspicious that they followed the man from place to place in Dublin, and hence to Malahide, where, after communicating with the post-office solicitor, they had them arrested. On Morris was found the stamp with which the forged money orders had been stamped, and which had been formed by packing loose types in a piece of brass tube, and securing them in their places with sealing-wax. The permanent stamp merely contained the words "Higher Brickey," but the thieves were supplied with loose types for the dates.

The two men who were with Morris called themselves Chesterfield and Martin. In Chesterfield's pocket was found a chamois leather (probably that which Morris had purchased) and a bottle of printer's ink. On the leather were impressions of loose types which had been used to complete the stamped impressions on the money orders, and Chesterfield was thus clearly connected with the fraud. There was more difficulty about Martin. He had been seen to drink with the other two men, and to assist in carrying their trunks; but he declared they had employed him, and that he had never seen them before. His story was so far a plausible one, that the magistrate before whom they were taken was disposed to discharge him; but, fortunately, at this juncture the registered letter which he had caused to be delivered to Naylor nine days before was found in the pocket of Martin's coat. The Dublin solicitor could not tell what to make of the letter, but, thinking it might furnish us with a clue to the rest of the gang, sent me a copy, and of course I at once perceived that we had caught Naylor as well as Morris. I accordingly went over to Dublin, taking with me the letter-carrier who had delivered the registered letter to Naylor, and a constable who knew Naylor, and these two men identified Martin as Naylor without hesitation.

They were tried at the September assizes, convicted, and sentenced, Morris to twenty years', Naylor to ten, and the third man to six years' penal servitude. I believe care has been taken to prevent Mr. Morris coming out before the expiration of his time. He was certainly one of the most cunning and most daring thieves that the Post-office had ever to contend against.

WIGS AND HUMAN HAIR.

WITH A WORD ON CHIGNONS.

HUMAN hair is remarkable for being the only recognised marketable article produced on the bodies of our race. From France the finest and softest hairs are received; from Germany, the light and flaxen colours; and from Italy, the long, dark hair. The hairs from India and China are scarcely marketable, as the texture is too coarse for use in this country.

The only purposes for which human hair is used are the various branches of wig-making, in which general term we may include the making of false curls, and the modern fashionable chignon, or lump of hair worn on the back of the head, concerning which, and the parasites with which it is said to be sometimes infected, there has been lately so much talk. It is believed that about fifteen thousand pounds' worth of hair are brought into England from foreign countries every year. This small amount of raw material supplies the whole consumption of England, but it must not be inferred that it is an insignificant trade. On the contrary, it gives employment to many thousands of hands in its manufacture from the raw state into wigs, fronts, and curls.

The price varies from four shillings to thirty

shillings per pound for the average qualities, but as much as eighty shillings is frequently paid for parcels of choice hair, even in the raw state.

The average weight of a French head of hair is five ounces, Italian six ounces, German ten ounces; but the German hairs seldom come to market in their original condition, but are mixed together to conceal the bad colours and inferior qualities. Commercially, a head of hair is only the piece which forms the knot at the back of the head; that which grows on the front is seldom cut, as it is always much shorter than the back, and to cut it would be disfigurement.

The manufacture of hair into a state suitable for the wig-maker is intricate, and in the hands of a few manufacturers; and some idea of the time and labour bestowed upon it may be gathered from the fact that the price of the raw material is increased from three to four-fold even before it passes into the hands of the wig-maker.

So distinct are the various nations of the earth, that even the hair of the inhabitants of different countries can be easily distinguished by the manufacturer. Where the heads of hair are made to resemble each other externally the workmen can, by the odour, distinguish the products of each country.

Wigs, or at all events false hair, were much used by the ancients. It is supposed that the wigs then in fashion were made of painted hair glued together. An account is given of that worn by a Roman emperor. It is described as having been powdered with gold, and previously oiled and perfumed, to cause the gold to adhere to it. In the British Museum may be seen a peruke found in the Temple of Isis, at Thebes, the curling and arranging of which would puzzle many a modern worker in hair. It is of a large size, and each ringlet is arranged with the greatest nicety; apparently Theban wig-makers possessed a secret unknown to modern artists in wigology—that of preserving the curl in the hair.

When Henry the First was in Normandy, more than seven centuries since, a certain bishop preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the whole congregation was immediately cropped. This was followed by a royal edict prohibiting the wearing of long hair. In the next reign, that of Stephen, the old fashion was revived, until, shortly afterwards it received a sudden check, and cropping was again the order of the day. But this reform was of short duration. Scarcely had a year elapsed before the people returned to their former follies, and such as would be thought courtiers permitted their hair to grow to such a length, that they resembled women rather than men. Those to whom Nature had denied abundance of hair supplied the deficiency by artificial means. Wigs may date in England from the time of Stephen.

In the reign of James the First the king set the fashion of a "love-lock," which was a curl on the left side considerably longer than the rest. Nothing in the annals of hair, of wigs, or of periwigs, caused such a consternation among quiet, staid people, as did this unfortunate love-lock.

In the time of Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell, the Puritans wore their hair so short as to scarcely cover the ears, and thus marked their sense of what they called "the loathsomeness of long hair." The Royalists, pursuing the contrary extreme, left their hair as long as Nature would permit, and those to whom flowing locks were denied supplied their place by wearing a wig, a fashion which, after the Restoration, flourished greatly. In the reign of Charles the Second wigs attained an enormous size, and the "heart-breaker," as it was called—a long lock of hair worn by the ladies, corresponding with the "love-lock" worn by the gentlemen, was introduced.

Samuel Pepys, in his diary written in Charles the Second's reign, puts down that he bought two wigs, one of which cost three pounds, the other two pounds. On another day he says, "Went home, and by-and-by came Chapman, the perwig-maker; and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my hair, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over and my

wig on, I paid him three pounds, and away went he with my own hair to make up another of; and by-and-by I went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and then concluded it did become me."

In the reign of James the Second and William and Mary, wigs became more monstrous; the full-bottomed, or long flowing wig was worn by the learned professions and those who affected particular gravity. The most striking novelty of the time of George the First was the "Ramilies" tail, which was a tail plaited to the wig, with an immense bow at the top and a smaller one at the bottom. The pigtail, the favourite ornament of sailors in later years, first appeared in the reign of George the Second, and it banished the Ramilies tail and tie.

In our time false hair has a very difficult office to perform, and by the skill of our artists in that commodity we are enabled to wear that article so as almost to deceive our very selves. This is particularly seen in the modern chignon, familiar to all ladies and to all gentlemen in these days; but the very perfection of the artificial chignon makes it easily distinguishable to practised eyes. Most persons have read the anecdote of the gentleman who purchased a hairdresser's chignon, and riding in Rotten Row with it at the hour when fashionable ladies take exercise there, held it out on the end of his riding-whip, pretending by his gestures that he had just picked it up and was anxious to discover its owner. It is related that on the occasion of this unkind practical joke at least one-half of the young lady riders instantly raised their hands to the backs of their heads, thus involuntarily betraying the secret of those magnificent masses of hair which they delight to display in that resort of fashion. But it is only just to remark that the commonness of false chignons is chiefly due to the fact that it is very difficult to arrange the natural hair in this style with the orderly neatness of the wig-maker's substitute for it, or to keep it so arranged when done. Only very cynical people will maintain that the wearing of false chignons is entirely due to female vanity.

If we are to believe the Russian doctor who has lately startled the world on this subject there is a far more serious objection to this fashion. Three-fourths of the hair used for chignons and similar purposes in Russia, according to this gentleman, is infested with parasites to which he has given the name of gregarines. The gregarious hair, it is said, is very like other hair, but on close inspection little dark brown knots are seen at the free end of the hair, and may even be distinguished by the naked eye. These are gregarines. They are not easily destroyed. They resist the effects of drying, and even of boiling. Acids, alkalis, ether, and other agents, would kill them; but these would be injurious to the hair, and so cannot be used. In the heat of a ball-room the gregarines, we are told, revive, grow, and multiply by dividing into many parts—so-called germ-globules; these fly about the ball-room in thousands, get inhaled, drop on the refreshments, and thus enter the interior of people by hundreds of ways. This is horrible. Henceforth no right-minded young lady who follows this fashion can properly refuse to submit her chignon, before entering a ball-room, to microscopical examination. It may be painful to her feelings, but she must not be offended if a cautious partner who asks her to dance should just delectately hint a hope that there are no sanitary objections.

A Newhaven Company has begun the manufacture of a compressed stone for building purposes. It is made of sand, pulverised quartz, and silicate of soda, and hardens within twenty-four hours from the consistency of putty to the solidity of stone.

A test of the dampness of rooms is suggested by Dr. Coffee. Place 500 grammes of quicklime on a plate, leave it in the apartment, and if at the end of twenty-four hours this substance, which absorbs moisture very greedily, has not increased in weight by more than one fortieth or one-fiftieth, the apartment may be considered fit to live in. In a damp or newly-built room it will increase in weight as much as 5 per cent.

PASTIMES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

With a part of speech an island take,
On the Grecian coast it will be found,
The shells which maritime insects make,
And a yoke of oxen together bound,
A river ruffled by the birchen canoe,
A rambler both in heat and cold,
The mother of Iomulus and Remus, too,
An old English coin of sterling gold,
The initials disclose, if rightly found,
A sovereign esteemed by the nations round,
While the final will also correctly name
A favourite and favour'd abode of the same.

SQUARE WORDS.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------|
| 1. To instruct. | 2. A vessel. |
| A Scotch lord. | Leather pipe. |
| A player. | An island. |
| Good for lunch. | An equal. |
| A beast of burden. | |

INKERMANN.

RIDDLE.

Why is the City of Ottawa like the letter C?
CIVITAS.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. When whole, is a young tree; beheaded and transposed I am a kind of fence-work; curtailed and transposed I am the open country; beheaded and transposed I am part of the hand; again beheaded I suffer.
2. Complete I am a monster; behead and transpose me I become a measure; transposed I am a vehicle; beheaded I am light, transposed I am a county of Scotland; curtailed I am an affirmative.
3. Whole I am a woman's name; beheaded and curtailed I am the same; again curtailed and I still remain a woman's name, again curtailed, and I am an article; again curtailed, and I remain an article.

CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 21 letters.
My 13, 12, 3, 7, 5, is a title.
My 9, 14, 8, 8, 6, 19, is an article of food.
My 21, 1, 21, 7, is a flower.
My 9, 20, 4, 11, 5, 20, is a fruit.
My 18, 15, 2, 4, belongs to every animal.
My 16, 10, 18, 3, 17, 8, is an animal.
My whole is a French saying. BUCIUCUS.
2. My first is a cardinal point; my second is a greater quantity; and my third delights a shipwrecked sailor; my whole is a county in England.
3. My second is used to fill my first, and my whole is a combustible matter.

PROBLEM.

A correspondent will feel obliged if some of the contributors to this column, who may be more skilful arithmeticians than himself, will favour him with a correct answer to the following question:

Suppose I deposit \$15.00 on the first day of each month for five years in a savings' bank, but each time the deposits, with accumulated interest at 4 per cent., amount to sufficient, withdraw the money and buy a share of Bank of Montreal stock, say at 120—how much shall I have accumulated at the end of the five years, calculating the dividend on the bank stock at 8 per cent. per annum, payable half yearly, which dividend I also deposit in the savings' bank as received, and supposing the bank stock to be worth 120 at the end of the fifth year?

ANSWERS TO FLORAL ANAGRAMS, &c.
No. 83.

Floral Anagrams.—1. Star of Bethlehem. 2. Celandine. 3. Love-lies-bleeding. 4. Coreopsis.

Word Capping.—The key to the 1st is sound; to the second date.

Square Words.—1. G R A V E.

R I V E N.
A V E R T.
V E R S E.
E N T E R.

2. G R A B.
R O B E.
A B E L.
B E L L.

Charades.—1. Monks-hood. 2. Tiglatpileser.

Word Puzzles.—1. Voice. 2. Woman. 3. Olive. 4. Clock.

Problem.—\$2.82.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Floral Anagrams.—All, Inkerman, Argus, H. H. V., Geo. B., 2nd and 4th Violet, 3rd and 4th Polly.

Word Capping.—Polly, Euclid, Inkerman, H. H. V., John Wilson, Argus, Violet, Geo. B., Bericus.

Square Words.—Euclid, Inkerman, A. Argus, Polly, Violet, H. H. V., Geo. B.

Charades.—Polly, Bericus, Euclid, Inkerman, H. H. V., Argus, Violet.

Word Puzzles.—Inkerman, Euclid, Polly, Bericus, John Wilson, Niagara, Violet, Argus, H. H. V.

Problem.—H. H. V., Argus, Geo. B.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters addressed for the Editor should be addressed "Editor of Saturday Reader, Drawer 101," and communications on business to "R. Worthington, publisher."

TIPPECANOE.—The sobriquet was conferred upon General William H. Harrison, afterwards President of the United States, during the political canvass which preceded his election, on account of a victory gained by him over the Indians in a battle which took place on Nov. 6th, 1811, at the junction of the Tippecanoe and Wabash rivers.

RETROR.—"The Nine Worthies" have been classed in the following rather arbitrary manner.—Three Gentiles, Hector son of Priam, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar. Three Jews, Joshua, Conqueror of Canaan, David, King of Israel, Judas Maccabæus. Three Christians: Arthur, King of Britain, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon. In Shakespeare's "Love's Labour Lost" Hercules and Pompey appear as two of the Nine Worthies.

INKERMAN.—We do not quite understand your question. Please repeat it.

R. M.—Photochromatography is the art of taking a photograph of the same colour or colours as the objects. Many attempts have been made to carry out such a process, but with only partial success hitherto.

V.—We shall probably use one or both of the articles. Will send proof when in type.

P. H. W.—We have no recollection of the M. S., and fear it must have been destroyed.

F. G.—Respectfully declined. The versification is defective.

S. A. B.—Brush the hair well with hard brushes in order to maintain a healthy action of the skin. We know of no better means of checking premature greyness of the hair.

BRYTHAN.—The lines: "Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow. The rest is all but leather and praveil" are from Pope's "Essay on Man."

W. S. CAMPBELL.—Rapid speakers pronounce from 7,000 to 7,500 words per hour, or about two words per second.

ANNIE.—The "Exile of Erin" was written by Thomas Campbell; not by Thomas Moore.

G. M.—Papier-Mache is made of cuttings of paper boiled in water and beaten in a mortar till they are rendered into a kind of paste, and then boiled with a solution of gum arabic or size, to give consistency to the paste which is afterwards formed into different shapes by pressing it into oiled moulds. When dry the articles are coloured and afterwards varnished.

ADA Z.—We are compelled to defer a definite reply till our next issue.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

SPECTRUM MICROSCOPE.—Mr. H. C. Sorby, whose researches with the spectrum microscope have been recognised as of much scientific importance, has made a further advance, and, after persevering endeavours, succeeded in devising a method of measuring the spectra produced by the instrument, and of printing them in types by a simple process. The images can thus be rendered available for comparison and reference—a fact which will be appreciated alike by microscopists and spectroscopists.

LIQUID FUEL BOILERS.—In pursuing his experiments with a view to substitute petroleum for coal in the generation of steam, Mr. C. J. Richardson has discovered an even cheaper compound than the least saleable mineral oils. He finds that coal tar, creosote, naphthaline, and other similar products, may all be burned in the same way as he proposed to burn the crude oils; a compound with which he has obtained excellent results, being formed of coal tar, two parts; creosote, three parts, and one or two parts of heavy shale oil. The inventor will have a boiler at work at Woolwich Dockyard in course of a few weeks, when he will be glad for all interested to inspect it.—Mining Journal.

STAINS FOR WOOD.—Deal boards may be stained to look like oak by rubbing them with globe artichokes cut in half. They may afterwards be polished with a preparation of bees-wax, oil, and turpentine, melted together, and applied cold with a clean, dry scrubbing-brush.

NOBLE actions are best seen when looked at with an eye to emulation.

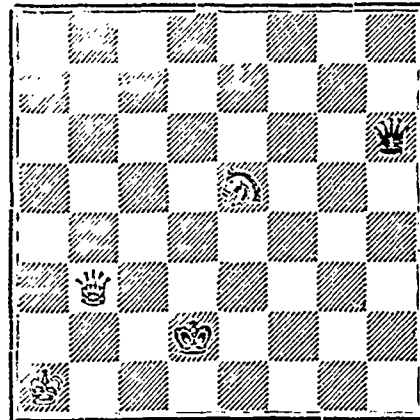
WE embark in the cradle for a long voyage; in the coffin for a far longer one.

CHESS.

The Paris Correspondent of the Springfield Republican writes: "There is probably no nation on the earth which delights so much in games of chance and those which imply skill, as the French; and the liveliest interest is felt in the grand international game of Chess, which is to come off during the Exposition. The nations whose champions are to contest are Russia, Germany, England, France and America. Russia's knight is said to be a magnificent player. Germany boasts of a man who has vanquished twenty players at one time. M. Devinek, Counsellor General of the Department of the Seine, is the defender of France; and Paul Morphy, whom the French journals speak of as 'the handsome young man who plays blindfolded,' is to represent America. Morphy is spoken of with genuine admiration by all good Chess-players, and it is evidently feared that he will carry off the laurels. I have called this a tourney.—I believe it is intended to have, during the progress of the Exposition, a veritable tournament, when the old days of chivalry, prancing steeds and lances in rest, will be recalled by the pomp and splendor of a tilt between good horsemen."

PROBLEM, No. 61.

(FROM KLING AND HORWITZ'S CHESS STUDIES.) BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and win.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 62.

WHITE. 1 R to K R 6. 2 R to K R 4. 3 B to K 2. 4 B Mates. BLACK. K to Q 6 (best.) K to K 5. K moves.

Game between Steinitz and Thorold, in London Club, Cornhill.

KIESERITZKY GAMBIT.

WHITE, (Steinitz.) 1 P to K 4. 2 P to K B 4. 3 K Kt to B 3. 4 P to K R 4. 5 Kt to K 5. 6 B to Q B 4. 7 P takes P. 8 P to Q 4. 9 Q Kt to B 3 (b.). 10 B to Q Kt 5 (ch.). 11 Castles. 12 P takes B. 13 Q Kt to K 2. 14 Kt takes P (c.). 15 Kt takes Kt. 16 Q to Q 4. 17 Q B to Kt 5. 18 B to K B 6. 19 Q R to K sq. 20 R to K 5. 21 P to K R 6. 22 Q takes P (ch.). 23 B to K 7 (ch.). 24 Q mates. BLACK, (Thorold.) 1 P to K 4. 2 P takes P. 3 P to K R 4. 4 P to K R 5. 5 K Kt to B 3 (a.). 6 P to Q 4. 7 K B to Q 3. 8 Kt to K R 4. 9 Q to K 7. 10 K to K B sq. 11 B takes Kt. 12 Q takes K P. 13 P to Q B 3. 14 P takes B. 15 Q takes Kt (d.). 16 K to K Kt sq. 17 P to K R 3. 18 R to K R 2. 19 Q B to Q 2. 20 Q to K R 3. 21 Q takes Q B P (e.). 22 K to K B sq. 23 K to K 4.

(a) Very questionably good, or rather unquestionably bad. (b) Quite the high style of chess. (c) Beautifully played. (d) He is now completely uncovered against your attack. (e) What else can he do?

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

What most resembles a pretty girl bathing?—A diving bell (e).

Why is a newspaper like a wife?—Because every man ought to have one of his own.

The wave of a lace-edged cambric handkerchief is a wave on which many a poor fellow has been carried away.

SOLITARY EMPLOYMENT.—Clerk in a loan-office.

TIT FOR TAT.—It is beauty's privilege to kill Time; and, in revenge, Time kills beauty.

A person fond of the marvellous told an improbable story, adding, as was his wont, "Did you ever hear of that before?"—"No, sir," said the other, "pray did you?"

Beefsteaks are very good things, but undoubtedly they sometimes need to be hauled over the coals.

MATRIMONIAL RIDDLE?—It is better to be laughed at for not being married, than to be unable to laugh because you are.

A little girl, four years old, was on her way home from church with her father, when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked, "Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?" The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother, exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe!"

"Ah, is it possible that you are still alive?" said a fellow on meeting unexpectedly one whom he had grossly injured. "Yes, and kicking," replied the other, suiting the action to the word.

A young lady being engaged to be married, and getting sick of the bargain, applied to a friend to help her to untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," he replied; "it's very easy to untie it now, while it's a bean."

THINGS UNKNOWN.

The girl whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

The cow that had calves on her legs. The identical nose of a bellows that smelled a rat.

The person that was ever felt for by the heart of an oak.

The barber who was requested to shave the beard of an oyster.

The vocalist who has ever been listened to by an ear of corn.

The man who has ever been pushed by a shoulder of mutton.

The individual who was ever seen by the eye of a potato.

Anybody unlucky enough to be abused by the mouth of any river.

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"

Etat. 15. "Bother the ladies! Let's have a weed!"

Etat. 20. "O, yes, let's join the ladies.—(Aside.) Cousin Clara's in the drawing-room!"

Etat. 25. "Aw—may as well, I s'pose. But just give us a glass of Charley's old Madeira first."

Etat. 30. "I vote we move, you fellows.—(Aside.) Awfully jolly girl that was, sat next me. Wonder if she's got some tin."

Etat. 35. "I should like just one whiff first. But then the smoke gets in one's beard so."

Etat. 40. "Cosy enough here. Don't care to move at present."

Etat. 45. "Quite agree with you, old boy. Pass the clar't, will you?"

Etat. 50. "I should vote for having just one more, half-a-glasser so, of that cap'tal dry sherry."

Etat. 55. "Better go at once, I say. (Aside.) My wife's confounded tetchy when I sit long at the table."

Etat. 60. "Ladies! I should think not! They can join us if they want us."

Etat. 65. "I'll join 'em with great pleasure; but let's hear that funny story first!"

Etat. 70. "Join the ladies! Bless 'em! Yes! with all the pleasure in life—ugh! Confound that toe of mine! I always feel it after dinner."—Punch.