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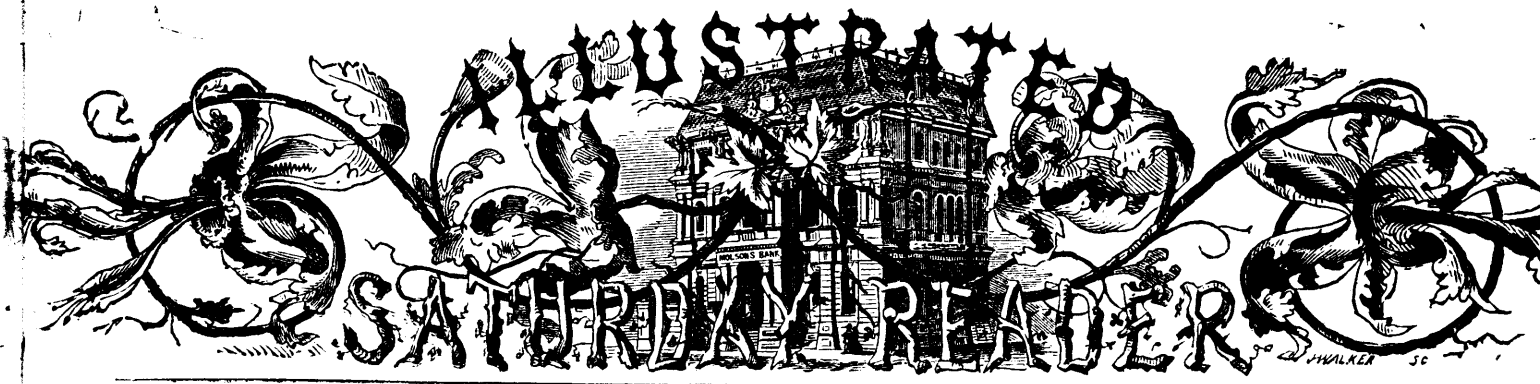
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VOL. III.—No. 76.

FOR WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

4D OR SEVEN CENTS.

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 344.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.—THE MASQUERADE—(continued)

"Here comes our friend in the fine ruffles, sir," said Paul, as the fashionably-attired young gentleman who had seemed to bestow so much attention on their party approached. "He has set a monk to watch the Romans, and is coming, no doubt, to ask Mistress Christina to dance."

The gentleman approached them, but it was Paul whom he addressed.

"My brave defender," said he, in a remarkably sweet voice, "forgets me, though I remember him so well, in spite of his having aged somewhat since he rescued me from the Mohocks."

And removing his mask, the youth showed to Paul's astonished eyes the handsome face of Clarence Harvey: a face that had for him an inexplicable feeling, composed at once of fascination and repulsion.

Paul bowed, and would have felt more plea-

sure in the meeting if young Harvey's glances at Christina had been a little more respectful.

"I hope," said Paul, "you have quite recovered from the effects of the fright those wretches must have given you?"

Clarence started, and withdrew his eyes from Christina.

"Yes; oh, yes," he answered, confusedly, "thanks to you, who prevented their brutality from going further." Then, sinking his voice to an earnest whisper, that made Paul's cheek burn with anger—he hardly knew why—the young man added—

"Do me a greater charity, dear sir, than you have yet done me, even in saving my life: introduce me to this young lady, that I may ask her to dance."

"Excuse me," said Paul, haughtily, "if I say that my intimacy with this young lady is scarcely such as would warrant my introducing every chance acquaintance of mine to her."

"But, sir, sure ours was scarce a mere chance acquaintance," urged Clarence, with trembling eagerness, laying his hand on Paul's arm, and drawing him on one side. "Consider how strange this is. I have met this lovely girl

before. I have seen her often, with what feelings—"

"I really don't care to know, sir," said Paul, finishing his sentence savagely, and shaking his hand from his arm.

"With what feelings I will not attempt to describe—"

"Pray don't, sir, as they are hardly likely to be interesting to one who not only is a perfect stranger to you, but desires to remain so."

"I leave you to imagine them," went on Clarence, apparently struggling with some lively emotion that almost deprived him of speech.

I certainly shall not take the trouble to do so," said Paul, beginning to hum to the music.

"At last," continued the pertinacious Clarence, "when I had almost yielded to despair, Providence brought you to save me—"

"I take it, 'tis a matter of opinion as to what powers caused the meeting," interrupted Paul.

"To save me not only from the Mohocks, but from a despair worse than death. Oh, sir, be generous! Give me the rapture of holding that exquisite hand in mine—of seeing that form bending to me in the minuet—of having the delicious music of that voice a moment to myself



The swords were all pointed to his heart.

—perhaps, oh, ecstasy! of snatching away the cruel mask, surprising the lovely face looking kindly on me, and then of stopping the reproaches of the little mouth with—

"Sir," interrupted Paul, in a tone of withering contempt, "your *extreme* youth alone protects you from the chastisement your insolence deserves. If you do not again remove your mask, I am not obliged to recognise you here. Allow me to suggest that it will be as well for you if I do not recognise you."

Paul turned and strode back to his friends.

Clarence Harvey went into a little curtained alcove, and threw himself on the cushions, with a burst of hysteric laughter.

"Jealous, jealous! Oh, Paul, Paul! Is this your love for poor Maria? Jealous, madly jealous, for that little moon struck-fool!"

The hysterical laughter subsided at last, and when it did so the unmasked, tear-stained face darkened like a stormy sky, a hand drew back the curtain, and a pair of eyes misty with passion gazed out towards the dancers.

The benevolent-looking Mr. George Faithful was at that moment leading the timid foundling to her place among them. Perhaps he would scarcely have thought young Harvey's love so boyish and absurd if he could have seen his face watching them just then.

"Dance on, my Paul! Forget who taught you that step, and when and where. Dance on; enjoy your partner. It may be, I will provide you with your next."

A few minutes later, either Clarence Harvey had forgotten his kind intentions towards Paul, or was seeking assistance in carrying them out; at all events, he was seen in earnest conversation with the Venetian grandee, whose walk Paul and his friends had laughed at on his entrance into the ball-room.

In the meantime, Christina's heart was throbbing with a strange mixture of joy and pain as she danced with Paul, who for the last half hour seemed to have had but one desire—that of pleasing her. He made her cheek burn by recalling, with tender minuteness, little incidents which Christina supposed were remembered by her alone. In fact, Paul went to work with a passion of jealousy that surprised himself, with what he thought a vain hope of awakening some kind feeling towards himself in a heart that was already brimful of love for him—a heart to which every word that fell from his lips gave a great pain or a great joy; while the sweet, hidden face was so constantly suffused by tears or blushes, as to make its owner thankful for the mask which Paul, in his new fit of tender, respectful gallantry, so often wished away.

Could Christina have forgotten for a time that she was dancing with Maria's lover, and remembered only that her partner was Sir Richard's truant but brave 'prentice, Paul, she would have been happier than ever she had been in her life; but this she could not forget, even for one instant, and therefore her agitation became only more and more cruelly painful.

They were returning to the sofa where they had left Sir Richard, when they saw the Knight Templar coming towards the dancers.

"He looks every inch a soldier," whispered Paul, admiringly.

"And a gentleman," said Christina.

Paul was so much inclined to jealousy tonight as to be almost ready to feel annoyed at the tone in which this was said; nor was he put in a better temper when he saw the red cross pause an instant in front of Christina in passing.

Christina's hand trembled in Paul's.

"Impudent fellow!" muttered Paul.

"Nay," said Christina; "perhaps he thought he knew us."

"Yes, certainly. Every saucy fellow can make that excuse here, I suppose."

They heard a heavy, firm step following them. Paul looked round.

It was the Knight Templar.

While Paul stared at him in angry inquiry, the knight stepped in front of Christina.

"Gentle maiden," said he, in a kind but melancholy voice, "as a token of the honour in which I hold your patrons, may I beg you to accept this little toy from Palestine?"

To Paul's amazement, Christina not only took the quaint bracelet of coins held out to her, but clasped the hand that gave it in both of hers.

The Knight drew back hastily.

"Nay," said Christina, holding his hand fast; "this is Paul. Do not fear. He knows as much as I know of you. I have been so anxious. I came here in hopes of meeting you. I am so frightened by all we have seen. Are you safe here? Oh, Stephen! Stephen!"

"My sister!"

"I will leave her with you, Mr. Sterne," said Paul, "and let Sir Richard know where she is."

"So, Paul, you have made yourself a hero since I saw you last," said Lord Langton, grasping Paul's hand. "I shall indeed be proud to hear such a noble sequel to the story you once told me in our garret on the bridge. Let me have a few words with Christina, then come for her. Tell King James not to fear; I will not recognise him."

Paul left them with strange feelings in his heart for both brother and sister, and hurried towards the spot where he had left Sir Richard. But again he was to be interrupted on his way.

This time it was the Venetian with the princely dress and awkward walk who stopped him. Paul, as he watched him coming, felt sorry he had laughed at what was evidently a great affliction, for the gentleman now limped painfully, and supported himself by putting his hand to the wall as he came along.

As he and Paul met, the Venetian stopped, panted, and said, in a high-pitched voice, querulous and beseeching—

"Would it be asking too great a favour, sir, to beg for your arm to the seat in the alcove there?"

"Nay," answered Paul, bowing with deep respect to the splendid but afflicted gentleman; "the favour is entirely on my side, sir."

"Thank you," said the Venetian, in a shrill grateful voice. "You're very kind; I thought I should have dropped," and he grasped Paul's arm convulsively, as if still half afraid his limbs would fail him, and hobbled at a rapid pace towards the nearest alcove.

"Stop a minute," he piped out, dolorously, as they stood under the lamp, hanging between the curtains. "Help me to the sofa. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

Paul placed him on the sofa, and was drawing his arm away gently, when two pairs of strong hands seized him from behind, his mask was torn away, and the Venetian, also unmasked, stood erect, showing Paul a face that made his blood turn cold from the roots of his hair to the soles of his feet.

"So, Mr. George Faithful!" said the deep voice of Mr. Richard Coombe, of Coombe Valley. "Well met, sir! well met. You scoundrel! have I got you at last?"

#### CHAPTER LXXIX.—THE KNIGHT TEMPLAR AND THE ABBESS.

In a little hall or passage which led from the dancing saloon to the coffee-room, and which was lined with evergreens, and decorated with statues and coloured lamps, and cooled by gusts of fresh winter wind entering freely at three small windows—here, waiting for Paul to come for her, Christina walked up and down with her brother, who grew more and more impatient every moment at Paul's delay.

"I would go with you to Sir Richard," said he, "but I know he would rather that I should not be seen either with him, or any of his party."

"Surely Paul will not be long," answered Christina. "But, Stephen, you have not told me yet when and how we may see or hear of you."

"Sooner, perhaps, than you think for, my little sister," muttered Lord Langton, rather to himself than to her. "But fear not, I will find some safe means of sending to you."

"Ay, but I shall be away for a whole week, or more. I am going into Yorkshire."

"To Yorkshire?"

"Yes, to Bridgeminster Castle."

"On a visit?"

"Yes; Lady Hermia—I showed you Lady

Hermia at the play—she thought me looking ill, and has asked me to go back with her to-morrow."

Lord Langton sat down on one of the rustic seats among the evergreens, and leaned his head on his hands as his sister seated herself beside him.

Should he tell her all? Should he trust her, and leave her to do him all the good she could with Hermia?

"Christina."

"Stephen, dear Stephen—what is it?"

Lord Langton drew his sister close to him, took off his mask, and leaned his head on her shoulder.

"Christina, I am going to trust you as I have trusted no one in this world. Can you keep a secret, little sister?"

Christina stole her arms round his neck, and whispered, in a voice choked with sobs—

"Oh, Stephen, can I not? Oh, if you knew! if you knew!"

"My poor little Teena, what is this? But hush—did you hear a step?"

It was a step, and the intruder, as Lord Langton lifted his head, looked straight into his unmasked face.

He hastily replaced his mask, and the intruder—the stately lady abbess—passed them with a rapid, haughty step.

"I am sorry she has seen you," said Christina, tremblingly. "She is one of those who could not give the words. Who knows but she is a spy?"

At that moment King James appeared at the door, and, as a crowd of hot dancers poured in at the same time, fanning themselves and rushing to the windows, he tucked the foundling under his arm, and without noticing the Knight Templar's salutation, made a hasty exit.

Lord Langton stood with his elbow on a window-sill, looking at a weather-stained wall on which the moonlight fell brightly. He stood there till the little hall was again almost empty. Indeed, he thought himself alone there, till a voice behind him said—

"Is it not a good omen for us, my lord, that the heavens should smile upon us this night?"

"Take it as such, sir, by all means," answered the Knight Templar, "if you need omens to keep up your courage; but I trust most of us here can do without them."

"Tis a goodly assemblage," said the samet voice, "I take it we have most of our best men here, my lord."

"We need them, sir."

"We do indeed. The usurper would quake, my lord, if he had an idea of the list of names we could make up here to-night. He could scarcely show a nobler, I think. Charter, surely, is now scarcely less great than—than—Langton—than Bridgeminster."

"Nay, sir," answered the Knight Templar, "you flatter the unfortunate family of the Langtons too much in comparing them with so great a name as that you last mentioned."

"No flattery, my lord; for surely if our cause is won the Langtons will be as great as the Bridgeminsters."

"Never, sir, never," replied the Knight Templar, turning upon his companion sternly. "The poor Langtons can only win fame by conquering their foes; the Bridgeminsters keep their escutcheons bright with the blood of their friends."

The defender of the Langtons did not answer. The Knight Templar remained lost in thought for some moments before he noticed that he had risen and was leaving the hall. When he did turn his head and look after him he started; for the enthusiastic Jacobite, he now perceived for the first time, was one of the visitors pointed out to him by Clarence Harvey as not having known the passwords. It was the young Roman.

While Lord Langton remained looking at the door by which he had gone out, and wondering how he could have been off his guard for a moment on such a night, he heard a rustling among the evergreens at his side, and in another instant the lady abbess stood before him.

"Sir knight," said she, "can you tell me how my Lord Langton may be found and spoken with?"

Her voice was stern, commanding, ineffably sad.

Lord Langton felt his blood rush to his heart, and for a moment he scarcely remembered what part he was now playing—that of a Knight Templar at a masquerade, or a diamond-merchant at Bridgeminster Castle.

"Should you chance to meet with this Lord Langton," said the lady abess, speaking hurriedly, and in a low and bitter voice, "will it please you, sir Knight, to tell him that one who—who would not see him injured—dealt treacherously with—has been seeking him to-night to warn him of danger—of traitors *amongst traitors*. To warn him that this is scarcely a time for making love, or for insulting his most dangerous foes. Will you tell him that, sir knight?"

"Why speak to a rude soldier in parables, revered lady abess?" answered the Knight Templar, in agitated tones. "The unhappy man you speak of would look on me as a mocker, did I charge him with love-making; and as for insult to his direct foe, those who know the Earl of Langton, know well that a foe happens to be the man of all men safest from his insult."

"Will you tell him, then, that he may be convinced on this point, that the man with whom he talked not five minutes since, as he stood at that window, is Lord Cecil, the son of the Earl of Bridgeminster?"

"No, no! 'Tis impossible! Oh, pardon me, gentle lady abess, but such news would indeed overwhelm him. Stay, stay one moment. Will you not assure her—Lord Langton's guardian angel—of his bitter grief at this unhappy mistake? Will you not tell her how he desires to thank her thus on his knees, as I thank you, kind abess, for being her messenger?"

The Knight Templar knelt, and taking the edge of her black dress in his hands, kissed it with profound veneration and tenderness.

"Farewell, sir knight," said the lady abess, with strange meaning in her voice, and strange meaning in her eyes, that looked down on him from a face haughtily averted.

"Ah! 'holy lady!'" cried the knight, passionately, "part not from me so isolated, so unhappy without leaving him at least the comfort of your blessing!"

She gazed down upon the kneeling figure an instant in silence, while her own figure seemed to waver with an air of both pity and scorn. Then, snatching her robe from his trembling hands, she swept to the door.

The Knight Templar rose, followed her with a half-smothered utterance of a name so familiar to his heart, yet so strange to his lips that his cheek burned as he uttered it. With an involuntary movement of his arm he barred her way.

"Hermia! one word, one word!"

"Are you mad, my lord? Would you make my risk greater than it is already? My father and brother may be even now preparing to go, and I must be gone before them, or heaven knows what I may be exposed to."

"And for my sake! Oh, take care! Farewell—farewell, sweet lady abess, *till we meet again*." "Farewell, my Lord."

She spoke in a tone that gave her listener intensest pain. He leaned against the wall as he watched her glide swiftly to the staircase, where the nun joined her and gave her her arm, for which the lady abess seemed grateful.

#### CHAPTER LXXX.—MR. COOMBE'S CAPTIVE.

While Christina and the mercer vainly sought Paul in the dancing-saloons, refreshment-rooms, green bowers, and passages, it was being gradually forced on the mind of Mr. Richard Coombe of Coombe Valley, that he had, in the words he himself afterwards expressed to his wife, caught a Tartar.

No sooner had Paul got over the first horror which the sight of his former master's face gave him, than, making a sudden and vigorous effort, he wrenched himself loose from the hold of the two men, and leaped out of their way; then said aloud to the infuriated manufacturer—

"Your friends do not seem to understand that this is only a part of the night's masquerading."

Then he whispered to Mr. Coombe, who had closely followed him—

"For your own sake, let us speak together alone. I have something to say that you might not like even such friends to overhear."

"What does the fellow mean?" blustered out Mr. Richard Coombe.

Then, turning to his companions, he said—

"He shan't escape us; oblige me by waiting outside for a minute."

The two went out into the saloons, and Paul and the manufacturer confronted each other: the one, easy, cool, confident, though wary and watchful; the other, bubbling over with vainly suppressed rage.

"What did you propose to do?" asked Paul.

"Take you before a magistrate and charge you with theft."

"Theft! Mr. Coombe; what did I steal? Your ideas? It'll bother the magistrate, I fear, trying to convict for that sort of felony."

"You're a rogue and a vagabond, at all events and I'll tounce you that way."

"You mean if I go before a magistrate."

"Oh, I'll soon settle about the going, if that's all you've got to say."

"But how, Mr. Coombe, how?"

Mr. Coombe ran towards the door to recall his comrades, when he was arrested by the words, slowly but markedly pronounced—

"Copy of my letter to the Secretary of State, May 22nd."

He paused as one stricken through and through by an unseen arrow, holding fast by the lintel of the door.

Then, recovering himself, and wiping the dews from his face, he turned and confronted Paul, and the latter saw in an instant the oft talked-of metamorphosis most successfully performed: the lion had changed into the lamb.

"What did you remark, my good fellow? You mustn't mind my being a bit noisy and angry; you stole a march upon me, you must acknowledge that."

"I did," said Paul; "and it was rather lucky for me that in doing one thing I unintentionally did two. While looking for certain drawings which very much interested me in your cabinet, I lighted upon a letter of a certain date which struck me then as interesting, because it seemed to be written by one who was notoriously friendly with the Jacobites—"

"Hush, my dear young friend; we'll set all right now. Hush!"

"As I was saying," continued Paul, in a still louder tone, "it tickled my fancy to find a Jacobite writing to King George's minister asking for favours and suggesting valuable services in return—"

"For heaven's sake, hush, Mr. Faithful, or whatever is your name! You'll ruin me! There are desperate men here who—"

"Oh, there's nobody within your hearing but *your own friends*; so, as I was saying—"

"No, no! pray be quiet!"

"Or rather, as I was thinking, if we were only to mention the fact just now among the masqueraders—"

"Will you be sensible, and listen to me? What do you want? Money?" urgently demanded the manufacturer.

"No."

"What then?"

"A handsome apology before your friends for the indignity you subjected me to, and a clear acknowledgment to them that you have nothing to charge against me."

"Very well."

"But mind, Mr. Coombe, I'd rather, so far as I am concerned, go on with our quarrel, and submit the affair to your Jacobite brethren now assembled."

"Go to the deuce!" said Mr. Richard Coombe, with a kind of attempt to turn all as a jest, and striving hard for a laugh.

The friends were called back, were assured the whole thing was a mistake, and then they went away, long afterwards, charmed, as they said to Mr. Coombe, with the young fellow's politeness, and his many genial and admirable qualities.

#### CHAPTER LXXXI.—THE REVOLUTIONARY WHEEL SET GOING.

A GRAND dance was in progress, which interested alike the dancers and the spectators. It was one in which the master of the ceremonies had been amusing himself by bringing together those characters which, had they been the real men instead of their mimic representatives, would have produced a sort of social cataclysm. A judge and a footpad; a military Bobadil and a Quaker; Queen Bess and the black-visaged monarch who launched against her the Armada; bluff King Hal and the friend he murdered—the illustrious Sir Thomas More; Mary Queen of Scots and her murdered husband Darnley—while John Knox and the musician Châtelard looked on from a short distance; a fish-fag from Billingsgate, and a court beauty that Lely or Watteau would have yearned to paint. These and popular characters from novels and romances were mingled in the same bitter or jesting spirit, and produced an odd effect on the bystanders. Milton's Satan and Shakespeare's Caliban stood vis-à-vis; Cervantes' Don Quixote and Massinger's Virgin Martyr; Le Sage's Devil on Two Sticks and Marlow's Dr. Faustus. Such were the grotesque and startling combinations produced.

At first, to many eyes the effect was shocking, of those political contrasts which brought vividly to the heart and mind the remembrance of Britain's greatest tragedies; but as that first feeling wore off, and the characters threw themselves with wit, energy, and enjoyment into the due fulfilment of their parts, the sense of the fun, of the satire, and of the thousand and one new lights in which history and social life were made to present themselves under such commentators predominated, and the roar and the revelry, the music and the dance went on at a greatly accelerated rate.

Just when all this was at its height, the master of the ceremonies, in passing the youthful, slender, elegant fop, who was trying to persuade Henry VIII. he ought to address more boldly the Virgin Martyr, touched his shoulder in a manner that no one else could notice, then moved on.

The fop instantly left King Hal to his fate as regarded the Virgin Martyr, and walked rapidly past the master of the ceremonies, as if not intending to stop or to speak.

But in passing, the fop bent his head a little aside towards that stately personage, and thus clearly heard, without seeming, to do so, his whispered speech:—

"'Tis time! Beware of the strangers!"

The fop passed on, lounged about now here, now there, till at last he saw the Knight Templar, to whom he whispered, in like manner—

"'Tis time! Follow when you see no one notices; not till then. There are dangerous strangers about."

The Knight Templar's only answer was to trace with his finger the red cross on his breast, rise up, and then he, too, adopted the lounging habit, stopping now here, now there, to speak to this character or to that, till suddenly those curious eyes that might have been watching him forgot to watch longer, and then he and the fop were gone!

No doubt they had left the masquerade to go home. Such was the general thought when they were missed. The Knight Templar had quite other views for to-night. The moment he saw Maria as the fop—or, as we shall continue frequently still to call her, Clarence Harvey—give a signal that had been agreed on (a great yawn, as though the poor fop's night of enjoyment was well-nigh worn out), and then disappear, he made his way to the spot where Clarence had been seen, and found it was a narrow passage, leading apparently to the servants' portion of the mansion, and therefore not used by the masqueraders.

The passage was ill-lighted, was straight for a few yards, then turned off right or left, for he saw an attendant cross, carrying something that he could not clearly make out.

He stood still for a few moments in the saloon, evading observation by sheltering himself behind

a group of character nobodies, who had drawn apart to eat and drink, and were discussing the viands with such interest as to show they cared about little else.

He saw after a time that he had not been missed—not noticed by any one he feared—and then he glided noiselessly into and through the passage, and there, in the right branch of the crossing corridor, found Clarence Harvey waiting for him.

Holding up his finger towards his lips, though he did not unmask, Clarence Harvey led the way till a door confronted them, which was locked.

Bending his head, he looked through the key-hole; then, turning his ear to it, he listened.

Satisfied, apparently, with this precaution, he inserted a key in the lock, turned it with extreme care, and opened the door.

A great rush of air swept past them, and threatened of itself to tell the story of the secret comers to those beyond.

"Quick! quick! the door!" he exclaimed. And Lord Langton instantly advanced, and closed it after him, and Clarence locked it and removed the key.

"We must run, but as hares run—noiselessly," he said, and himself started off.

Lord Langton followed with a foot of equal swiftness, turning and winding about, expecting every instant to dash his brains out against the solid walls which he was continually and unexpectedly confronting.

Clarence stopped at last, and Lord Langton was in a moment by his side stopping too, both breathing hard.

"We have passed the door safely where they might have come out upon us and intercepted us. Hark! Yes—there they are! The door opens, their swords are accidentally clashing—we were only just in time."

"But why should they attack me?" demanded Lord Langton.

"For two reasons. They hate you because they think you are fanatically honest—and in politics now-a-days leaders mustn't be too honest—and they would have had a fair chance of giving you an accidental stab through your coming upon them this way in the dark, when they don't expect you."

"I think better of them than you do," said Lord Langton.

"What sort of a picture do you fancy I am going to show you, in accordance with my promise?" demanded Clarence Harvey.

"I don't know much about pictures. What I hope now to see is a handful of brave and able Englishmen—men of mark and position—sick of the inevitable mummery of this masquerade, and now drawing apart in solemn council over the fortunes of England, and desirous to discover what is their duty with regard to their legitimate but most unfortunate monarch."

"Well, here they are. Hush!" responded Clarence, as he hung a heavy cloak against the wall stretched wide, then motioned to his master to go under it with him.

Within that stifling enclosure they soon obtained air and room by pressing the cloak outwardly on their shoulders, and then, all chance of light being shut out, Clarence removed a thick slip of wood a couple of inches deep and about eighteen inches long, and the room within was at once visible, and the hum of many voices heard.

Never had Lord Langton looked upon a more extraordinary group, considering what he expected, and knowing, as he did, of what it must be composed—the flower of the Jacobite gentry and aristocracy. There were about twenty-five or perhaps thirty persons in all, for it was not easy to count them, there was so much smoke—so much movement of certain persons passing from one little group to another—and such a general buzz and clamour and jovial excitement.

The first persons that he saw were the Turkish and Circassian beauties of the masquerade, just six in number, all wearing the same kind of dress, though of different colours. One of these delicate ladies was sitting upon a stool—one leg high upon a chair, the other leg similarly disposed of upon another chair—while she wiped a bald head with a pocket-handkerchief, and

showed a chin that would have been the better for a clean shave. Another charming Circassian was stalking about smoking, and with a sword sticking out from under the silken petticoat. Two more were having a dance to themselves, more remarkable for spirit than decency—a dance certainly not of English, but of Eastern or Spanish origin.

The masks of all those present were off, for the sake of the relief, and perhaps in evidence of good faith one to another. The faces were all of hard-visaged men—some young, some old—the greater part middle-aged. Among these the fair Turks and Circassians were particularly noticeable, as belying their effeminate costume. They looked only too ready for deeds of desperation and blood.

Hard drinking, chiefly of wine, was going on in all directions; dozens of bottles together came and disappeared, leaving no particular sign behind of their effect. Here, again, the fair ones were conspicuous for their rousing draughts.

These six fair ladies at present, however, were quiet, though they seemed, to acute bystanders like Lord Langton, to have an understanding among themselves, that did not extend to the rest of the company. Just now they were bent on relieving the tedium of political discussion by making as much mirth as possible out of trifles.

"Gentlemen," suddenly broke in a powerful voice, which Lord Langton recognised as that of the master of the ceremonies, "I need hardly say the sports of to-night were intended to usher in something a little more serious and timely. I am asked to play the chairman, and I consent to keep out a better man rather than waste time in seeking him. Welcome, then—a hearty welcome to all!"

"Ah! we must have the toast!" shouted one of the fair Circassians.

"The toast! the toast!" was echoed on all sides.

"In bumpers!—bumpers, gentlemen! Are you all ready? Now, then, I am going to let the cat out of the bag! To a recent visitor—God bless him!"

Uproarious was the enthusiasm at this confession that it was the king—their dear, their true, their exiled monarch—who had been with them this night; who, in his love for them, had ventured his own sacred person away from his foreign sanctuary, and come here to see them, to hear their voices, be with them if but for an hour—then had passed away!

Bumper after bumper was drained off to this and similar toasts before they could go to the work of the night, which was to determine whether or no another insurrection was practicable, was wise, and was ripe as to time and state of preparation.

"You know the chairman?" whispered Clarence to Lord Langton.

"Yes—Sir George Charter," was the reply; "a dangerous and discontented man."

"He thinks very much the same of you, though for different reasons. Do you know he has just returned from Rome?"

"Ha! Are you sure of that?"

"Quite sure."

Lord Langton became silent and thoughtful, while Clarence whispered—

"Do you know anybody else here?"

"Yes. But it so happens that the people I know are those that the least interest me just now. And I can't understand it. I see this plainly—that while I thought I had chiefly designated, directly or indirectly, the greater part of the people who were to be here, those people are not here in any number, and many others are. I want to know about these persons. When I touch you, tell me who it is that is speaking."

The first of the speakers now rose—a tall, elegantly-formed man, with dark, handsome features, very pale very sad, and with a voice that expressed all the melancholy and discontent of his soul.

Lord Langton touched his companion, who whispered—

"The Earl of Stanbury. He has taken the oaths to the present Government!"

"And yet is here—the traitor!" was Lord Langton's indignant comment.

The earl's speech was very brief, and, as far as possible, non-committing. He would gladly see a change, he said, if a change were really practicable; but he must wait to see what others proposed before he could say anything more definite than to express his deep sympathy with the gentlemen now met, and with their wishes.

He had spoken first, because asked to do so—he supposed on account of his rank—and that was what he had to say.

Up jumped one of the fair Circassians, not even waiting for the earl to resume his seat, as he wished, with graceful dignity.

"Are we met?" he demanded in a deep, bass voice, that almost sounded like the roll of distant ordnance—"are we met to amuse ourselves once more with words, or to seize our swords and start like men into action? I am weary to death with this stuff—no disrespect to his lordship—this if—and if—and if again! Our lives are fading away, our king is growing old, England is getting used to the usurper's rule, and there is no saying to what degradation she may not submit when she finds she has let the time pass, and is driven perforce to stand, like the ass between the bundles of hay, perishing because she doesn't know her own mind. I know mine—and this it is!" and therewith he drew his sword, and flourished its bright blade before the eyes of those about him, who were a good deal excited by the gesture.

Again Clarence Harvey felt the touch, and had to whisper—

"That's Scum Goodman—an actor once, next he was kept in funds by a duchess, then tried for poisoning one of the duchess's children, then for forging bank-notes, now he's a devoted Jacobite."

"Hum! ha! I understand the gentleman's bravery perfectly," said Lord Langton.

"Yes—but he is brave; he is quite capable —"

"Of anything, I doubt not—murder inclusive, I dare say—if we wanted such jobs doing."

A middle-aged man was the third speaker, who, in quiet, deliberate accents, and illiterate and ungrammatical speech, spoke very thoughtfully except when he had occasion to touch upon religion. Then his Protestant fanaticism broke out, and raised murmurs from the Catholics around him, till the chairman reminded the assemblage how valuable to their cause was the presence of one who did not belong to their faith, but who represented the faith of the majority of Englishmen; and who was, besides, a rich man, and able to help them with funds; and who, to sum up all, was one of the best of brewers, and able to popularise their cause at a critical time by making all London drunk with their darling beverage! This good humoured speech satisfied at once Mr. John Maltby, the rich Protestant brewer, and the audience he had so unwisely addressed.

It was not till the fourth speaker's address that the actual business of the night began to make progress. He sat bare-headed before them—having removed his wig in order to wipe off the perspiration—and appeared very old and tottering, altogether unfit for the rough work of initiating revolution. But when he began to speak, his thin, clear, silvery, shaly voice soon revealed the subtle and learned politician, a man who had grown grey in the service of the law, and who now was able to bring all the qualities of a legal debater and of a strictly logical mind to the aid of his beloved cause.

He, too, as Clarence whispered, had sworn allegiance to the existing Government; but it was well known he had only done this in order to retain a lucrative post he held in the Court of Chancery; and as his brother Jacobites valued very much his legal acumen, they did not trouble themselves about this seeming submission to the powers that be—or rather they enjoyed the idea of his being an unknown enemy in the Philistines' camp, who, in the time coming, would be of invaluable service when everybody "came into their own."

Such was Sir William Larkyns, Knight, whose



gouty feet was esteemed sufficient reason for his keeping his chair as he addressed them.

In clear, pointed, terse sentences he reviewed the actual position. Such and such noblemen and gentlemen of distinction whom he named were favourable, and might be depended upon, if sufficient cause could be shown for a new outbreak. If they did join, the bulk of the Jacobites (influenced by them) would also join; then such and such counties would be almost wholly on their side, and large parts of other counties. So, again, if they did join, Sir William showed, by figures, that such and such forces could be raised in a very short space of time, to be followed by fresh bodies of troops, by way of reinforcement, a little later. Thus dealing with the matter in its every phase, he led the auditory step by step up to the only true alternative—they must have the support of the whole of the Jacobite party, not a mere portion of it, or they must keep quiet and wait, to see what the future would bring forth.

"One grain of sense at last," whispered Lord Langton.

"And if the whole do join," cried a croaker, who did not care to emerge from the group amid which he sat, "what good could they do in their present state—that is, without a single regiment of disciplined troops?"

The query was answered, quite unexpectedly to the speaker, by loud cries of assent. He had unconsciously hit the general thought and fear.

"That's where the shoe pinches, you see," continued the speaker, now rising in confidence to his feet. "It's easy to raise the banner of revolution, and I, for one, long to see it; but it's not so easy to keep it flying when it is up. Why, if by a bold and skilful movement ten thousand of us—or, if you like, twenty thousand—could be drawn together in a favourable spot before the Government knew anything of the matter, what then! Why, the Hanoverians, and the butcher of Cumberland would be down upon us within a week, and we should all be cut to pieces before we had had time to arm, to organise, to drill. I say, therefore, no civil war till the French are ready to aid. Let Louis give us only a new nucleus—a camp of veteran soldiers ten thousand strong, and I guarantee that he sets England aflame. I'd pledge my life that I would, myself, lead to that camp more stalwart fellows than he will be able easily to provide for—men fit to go anywhere and do anything after a month's drill. But the month must be had, or no war!"

"Cowardly counsel!" shouted another of the fair Circassians.

"Cowardly!" responded the speaker, and his eyes grew like those of a wolf's, red and blood-thirsty, while his hand was seen to be secretly handling the hilt of his sword, and his foot preparing as if for a spring.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, the enemy is at our gates; can we afford this?" asked Sir George. Taking advantage of the momentary hush produced by his appeal, he said, "It appears to me that the whole position may be summed up into two sentences—Our great men are all ready to draw the sword when the French have landed; the French are quite ready to land the moment our great men have drawn the sword. Pretty position, is it not! and I believe we have now in England a great man come purposely over to teach us to continue to dance to the same tune like puppets at a raree-show. My Lord Langton—"

"Is here, demanding admittance!" shouted that personage himself, and all eyes were directed towards that part of the room where the aperture had been made.

An instant after, they heard the knock thrice repeated on the door, by the pommel of a sword. The door was opened, and in walked our hero, no longer in masquerading garb, but in his uniform as a general of the French army!

While all eyes gazed in wonder at this unexpected apparition—for it had been understood that he waited till after this meeting before he would address them—let us explain his present dress.

He had worn the uniform under the Crusader's dress, and had arranged with Clarence Harvey

to have it so devised that he could almost instantly rid himself of it, as he now had done.

But why, having thrown up his commission, had he again put on the French uniform? He had done it in obedience to a kind message from the French king himself, who thought such a garb would give additional effect to what Lord Langton had to say; and, also, with a kind of vague hope that the uniform might possibly, under certain circumstances, tend to ensure Lord Langton's safety, as a prisoner of war, if arrested.

The young soldier thought little of the last motive—did not, indeed, think it likely to be of use in case of need; but the idea of representing directly the French king, as well as his own unfortunate sovereign, at once decided him to wear the dress thenceforward, even though he must necessarily wear a disguise to cover it.

"Permit me, at the outset," he began, "to set myself right with you all, as to my listening. I did so intentionally, because I wished to hear your several opinions, unmodified by my presence and the news you might suppose me to bring. Your chairman will do me the justice to perceive that the instant a personal question arose relative to myself, I took a somewhat abrupt, almost unseemly method to stop him, and now I stand here to answer alike him and you."

"Do you bring us an army as well as a general?" demanded the chairman (Sir George Charter), who, it will be remembered had a mission of his own, which made it necessary for him to inculcate secretly the idea that Lord Langton's mission was not sufficient.

"No."

"What, then, do you bring?"

"An earnest appeal to you all from our own ever dear and ever to be honoured sovereign not to delay longer, for he grows old, and can ill wait!"

A low murmur—at once of discontent, and yet of pity—went through the assemblage, which, as the voices mingled, sounded strangely pathetic.

"What more?"

"A commission authorising me to come to an arrangement with you in his name."

"And still, Lord Langton, what more?" demanded the pertinacious chairman.

"Permission from the French king—nay, his direct command—that I should resume the garb I had laid down; for, gentlemen, I am an Englishman on this soil, not a Frenchman." And here Lord Langton looked proudly, almost haughtily round, as if in quest of the man or men who could deny his right to the appellation; then he went on—"Yes, I appear here before you to night armed with the express support of both kings, and in this uniform, to say to you troops and transports are at this moment collecting at Calais for a descent on England, and, within a week or two from this time, you will only have to give the signal, and they will come."

Wild, vehement cries of "Hurrah!" "It is possible!" "God be thanked!" and a dozen other similar exclamations burst forth, then a tremendous cheer; and then they stopped, seeing the excited chairman (Sir George Charter) had leaped upon the table to beg them to make less noise, for the Hanoverian agents were all about, and that the Earl of Bridgeminster himself, or his son, had been in the saloons that very night among the masquers.

Then, addressing himself to Lord Langton, he said—

"My dear Lord, this is indeed glorious news, if true."

"Do you doubt its truth?" asked Lord Langton.

"No; if you mean there are no conditions."

"Certainly, there are conditions. I am not mad, Sir George; and surely I should be if I forgot the past."

"What past?" asked the chairman, evidently believing—perhaps, hoping—that some unsatisfactory explanation was coming.

"We English Jacobites—speaking of us not individually, for many of us had no part in the calamity, but collectively—promised, on two different occasions, to rise in open war, if only the French would prepare the way by a landing

on our shores. Twice France believed us, and sent her ships and men, and twice was she deceived. We Jacobite noblemen and gentlemen did not rise—no, not even to redeem our honours. Does any one here present ask the French king to try that sort of child's play for yet a third time?"

"And how does Lord Langton, whose remarks I think both just and pertinent," said Sir William Larkyns, the aged and gouty knight, "how does he propose to get out of the vicious circle in which we have so long moved—the English waiting for the French, the French waiting for the English?"

"Simply by straightforward dealing. If you mean what you say, you are, of course, all prepared to place life, wealth, time, energy, talent—everything, at the disposal of our king, provided only you get that initial point of safety—a camp, against which the first fury of the enemy may beat in vain—a refuge for yourselves, your tenants, labourers, and all of the great army of volunteers who will flock to the standard to be enrolled, armed, uniformed, disciplined, and led!"

"Yes! yes! yes!" was the universal cry. "We ask no more than that."

"And that you shall have; but you must pay the honest price for such costly and precious things. You must give me pledges that will enable me to say to my French master, 'Sire, your legions will assuredly be welcomed in England by twice or thrice their number of gallant Englishmen, for, apart from their unquestioned devotion to the cause, I have taken care that they must act so in devotion to themselves!'"

Lord Langton paused after these ominous words, and gazed round on the assembly, noting, one by one, the looks on the chief faces.

Alarm was everywhere visible. They felt they were about to put themselves, if they submitted to his guidance, in the hands of a man who was what they were not—sternly, heroically bent on doing, at any cost, what he conceived to be his duty, and making them do the same—a man to whom the most hateful of political words was precisely that word which was oftenest on the lips of the greater part of their number—*expediency*.

Sir George alone smiled, as he said, in a bland and courteous tone—

"Nay, my lord, do not frighten us beforehand! We shall have stomach enough to hear your conditions, I dare say, if right ones. What are they?"

"First," said Lord Langton—and his voice never changed from the dignified, stern, almost menacing tone adopted from the beginning—"I must have a written engagement from our leading noblemen, gentlemen, and merchants, binding themselves to appear in arms, with all their available tenants, servants, and labourers, at a certain place and on a certain day, to be subsequently fixed by me, there to meet the French fleet carrying an army, cannon, and troops."

"Well, that's fair," said Sir George. "Since we can't decide who ought to go first, let there be no first, but both arrive at the same point of time to their destination. But might not a storm at the critical moment disperse the fleet, and leave us who looked on to the tender mercies of the cruel?"

"There is no cause for fear."

"Fear, Lord Langton!"

"Pardon the word. I would only England would ensure me ten thousand men as brave as Sir George Charter, and with them and another ten thousand French I believe we could show the usurper the nearest way to his place of embarkation for his beloved Germany!"

This was received with a roar of laughter, and Sir George bent his head courteously in acknowledgment of the compliment to himself while Lord Langton explained—

"I have at this moment a place in my eye, not too far from the French coast, where there is an absolutely secure haven, far away from Hanoverian troops or forts of any kind, and where the land on the cliffs above so perfectly lends itself to the formation of a camp that I, will guarantee the French shall be there—storm or no storm—full three days before the day of

your arrival, in accordance with my summons. Is that enough?"

There was a general murmur of assent, though no enthusiasm. Men felt the talking in which they had so long indulged was coming to an end, and action and terrible responsibilities beginning.

"But now, gentlemen, comes the test. I have told you my first condition. Hear, now, my second—I must have hostages!"

"Hostages! Hostages!" The word ran through the whole of the Jacobites, some echoing it in ridicule, some in alarm, some in anger and scorn, while a few looked thoughtful.

"Yes—hostages. Not many, but these few will be as important as they are indispensable. I have here a list of twenty noblemen and gentlemen, whose adhesion to the movement is vital to its success. Against each name you will find annexed another name—that of a son or a brother. It is those sons or brothers I demand to be given up to the King of France, as hostages to him that he shall not again be fooled as he was before."

"Are the names of any of those present included in the list?" asked Sir George.

"Read!" said Lord Langton, and he handed the list to him.

"The Earl of Stanbury's name is here, and that of his son."

"How will my son be held?" asked the earl.

"As a friendly prisoner of war," said Lord Langton; "but only till the alliance is consummated by an actual meeting. Then he will be joyfully sent back, to take his true place as an able and promising young soldier."

"Then, if satisfied in other respects, I consent," said the earl.

"My name is here," continued Sir George Charter, "and my son shall go, or I will never own him as true to my blood."

"Any more?" demanded a voice, seeing Sir George pause.

"Yes—the son of Sir William Larkyns and the brother of Mr. Maltby, our wealthy friend of the mash-tub, are both down."

"If my brother won't go I'll go myself," shouted the brewer, feeling elevated by the new tone of the meeting.

"Ah, gentleman?" said Sir William Larkyns, "I am ashamed to ask for mercy; but look at me—object that I am—what with age, what with the gout. My son is to me as a piece of myself. He shall go, if he must; but I had hoped myself to have been of use to you, and if I lose him that hope will die out."

"Sir William," said Lord Langton, in deep emotion, "if I could go in his place, I declare to you, in the presence of the Most High, I would do it; but I cannot change the list! No, heaven help me! not even for cases like yours. We need you, Sir William, greatly; and it is the measure of our need of you, and of what the country at large will think in knowing we have you, that is also the measure of our harsh demand."

"So be it. Let him go!"

Hour after hour the Jacobites remained in deliberation as to their future proceedings, and especially as to the proper handling of those exceedingly important members of the aristocracy who were not present, and had not been yet formally appealed to.

Substantially, however, the insurrection was decided upon; the written guarantees given to Lord Langton that he had demanded, and which was signed by every person present; and arrangements made as to the collection and deposit of arms, the realising of properties and securities of all kinds into gold, and the formation of lists of all the more active members of the great body who were to be called forth—tenants, labourers, workmen, disbanded soldiers, and soon.

And then the meeting dispersed, going away by ones, twos, and threes, so as to attract little attention, and reminding themselves as they went of the new password which was to be used for their next meeting, which would be held at a different place.

And then a very curious thing occurred. Certain of the conspirators might have been noticed to come back in about an hour or so later, when

the masquerade was over, the last coach driven off, and the very link-boys had extinguished their torches, and slunk home to bed. Then, when the whole neighbourhood had sunk into a state of profound quiet and darkness, these persons we have referred to came back one at a time, keeping close to the houses, evading the miserable lamps where any occurred, until they reached a low door, which opened at a touch, and closed again, as the signal was given and acknowledged:—

"The wheel within the wheel!"

In consequence of this strange proceeding the very same saloon that had witnessed all the proceedings we have described, and which had been left in darkness only a few minutes ago, was now again lit up and tenanted.

#### CHAPTER LXXXII. THE WHEEL WITHIN THE WHEEL.

The masquers had thrown off their fantastic garb, and appeared now in their ordinary dresses as English gentlemen.

And with that change of garb came an equally noticeable change of manner and aspect. They were all grave. There was very little speaking among them; even the youthful jesters forgot their light-hearted quips and cranks. The business on which they had now met sobered all, and brought them all into a kind of solemn harmony.

They drew close together to the principal table, and there sat in a sort of circle, huddling close together, as if to see the better into each other's faces, and to be able to whisper on occasion what they might have to say.

Again Sir George Charter took his place as president. But before he sat down in the chair reserved for him at one point of the circle, he whispered to two of the younger men present, who rose, drew their swords, went to the door, unlocked it, shut it after them, and disappeared. Seeing looks of inquiry, Sir George said, carelessly—

"We must plant our sentinels. One will stay just outside the door; the other will move about so as to command in his walk every part of the exterior of this room. We shall not again be caught napping, as we were by Lord Langton!"

"And now, gentlemen," said he, standing in his place, "for a few preliminary words. You all know well enough that serious business is now in hand; but before I go farther, let me ask, is there any man among us whose heart misgives him? If so, let him go forth in peace from among us. I attach so much importance to unanimity of feeling—to a spirit of brotherhood in the great enterprise before us—that I swear to protect any such man by all the means in my power, if only he will candidly speak. He shall neither be treated with scorn here, nor injured hereafter, so far as my power may guard him. Is that fair?"

There was a hum of assent, and though men did not turn, and look in each other's faces, as if to ask, "Are you craven-hearted enough to fly?" still they did all pause, and listen with feelings of intense interest and suspense to see if there were any weak-kneed brethren present.

"Does any one speak? Once! Twice! I ask the question in sober earnestness. There is still time, THRICE"

"All, then, are firm—all true! It is a good omen."

"Now for a second test. It may be that after you have heard what is going to be proposed to-night, there may be some among you who may wish to retreat."

"I cannot fairly deny the reasonableness of this, seeing that before you know exactly what is proposed, you cannot be expected to commit yourselves to a cause which, I do not conceal from you, is one to try the stuff of which you are made."

"I propose, then, that we now all take a solemn oath of secrecy to each other. I will repeat the words of it, and then let every man, individually and in succession, declare his assent. Do you agree?"

An immediate "Yes" burst out from all lips.

"Rise, gentlemen," said Sir George.

They all rose to their feet.

"Your swords!" he exclaimed, while not drawing forth his own.

They drew their swords, and surrounded him, he standing within the circle they formed.

"Point them to me!"

The swords were all pointed to his heart. Sir George then read aloud in deep sepulchral tones—

"We, gentlemen of England desiring, the good of our beloved country, and hoping to-night to originate a great measure of benefit for our suffering king and people, now swear to each other, in the solemn and awful presence of Him who does not hear only all voices, but understands all hearts, that we will, under no circumstances whatever, without express permission given in a similar meeting of our members, reveal directly or indirectly the names of those present, or their supposed objects, or indicate in any way the fact of such a meeting having taken place. And as we faithfully or unfaithfully keep our oaths, so may the rest of our brethren deal with us, hereby declaring as we do, that we hope the swords, now pointed at the heart of our defenceless leader, may be plunged into the heart of that traitor who shall basely betray the confidence reposed, and who will find himself at the time of his peril just as defenceless!"

Sir George now drew his own sword, and said,

"Let each gentleman in succession lower his own weapon, and touch the tip of mine, and say, 'I swear to be thus secret, and if I fail, call on my comrades to slay me without mercy.'"

"I swear!" said the earl, and he repeated firmly the terms of the oath.

"I swear!" said each of the others, in due succession, each repeating the whole sentence.

Then they all sat.

Sir George brought forth a roll of paper. This, being undone, proved to consist of maps of different parts of England; plans of English arsenals and ports and harbours, lists of English noblemen and gentlemen (made out in counties) who were esteemed particularly important or specially friendly, such persons being marked by a red cross in the margin, and frequently accompanied with notes of special explanation, as "Protestant," etc.

From these he drew forth one special plan, which he kept apart from the rest—a plan of London.

An acute bystander might have fancied that, during these little arrangements, savouring of a kind of practical business-like character, Sir George was, in fact, ingeniously stealing a few additional moments for deliberation, now that he was on the threshold of his great scheme—now that he was about to say words which, even as words alone, if overheard, and taken to the Government, might consign the whole of those present to the scaffold.

But even if so, it was not fear of the thing to be done, but the wise instinct of caution as to how it should be done that caused the delay. Suddenly he made his plunge, and with characteristic boldness and plainness of speech.

"The insurrection is decided on—will, I hope, succeed; but, gentlemen, I cannot for one pretend to be sanguine about it standing alone."

"Nor I! Nor I!" were the rejoinders of three or four voices.

"But, gentlemen, we can make it succeed."

"Ay, I know what I say. It may sound paradox, but 'tis gospel truth—that if we do not rely upon the insurrection, then we may rely on it. Sir William Larkyns, can you explain that riddle?"

"Probably, but I'd rather listen to your explanation."

"Hearken, then, all."

They all leaned towards him, while he said, in a very low, but still quite clear and distinct tone—

"Desperate evils require desperate remedies. I am going to propose such to you. In one word, I propose to waylay this usurping king—I am sure it can be done—overpower his guards, and carry him off to France or Rome, and there hold him as a hostage. What say you?"

"Say?" responded one speaker. "It takes my breath away."

"It brings mine back," said another. "Heav-

he knows that I, like every true-hearted Jacobite, have been silent too long—stifled for want of air. Hurrah for Sir George's plot, say I!"

"But how is it to be done?" asked a third voice, rather nervously.

"What effect will it have on the insurrection?" asked a fourth, speculatively.

"And suppose in the scuffle the king's hurt?" chimed in a sinister voice—the voice of the man we have before made acquaintance with, under the name of Scum Goodman.

It was an ominous question, and the voice was as ominous-sounding as the sense of the words.

"I don't see that he or his ministers have been so chary of our lives that we need study so particularly any fancied danger to his!" responded Sir George, boldly.

"Is it fancied danger?" asked the Earl of Stanbury, in a grave tone.

"Well, if real, what then?" demanded Sir George, sternly, facing all those dubious faces and mute voices that he noticed in the circle, and as if exacting from each an equally stern answer.

There was a dead silence from these men.

They felt that that proposal was indeed a bold one which led, in all probability, to the slaughter of a crowned king; and, though no one remonstrated, their silence was in itself rather awful to the projector.

Seeing this, he condescended to try to reassure them.

"I meant what I said," continued Sir George—"arrest, not assassination; though I don't juggle with facts any more than with words. He might, quite unintentionally on our parts, come to hurt." There was something of thickness in the speech—something of disturbance on the face of Sir George as he said this. "But it is necessarily a job to be taken in hand only by stern and determined spirits. Then if the king refuses to yield, and is able to interpose delay, which would endanger not only our scheme but our lives, then I, for one, should not hesitate to treat him as he would deserve, and as he would treat us that is, not as a prisoner who yielded, and had a right to quarter and protection, but as a combatant, and a combatant for us of the most deadly kind, whose safety makes our danger."

"That's the game for me!" at last cried out Scum Goodman, who had been hitherto rather restrained from speaking by his neighbours, who were more prudent, and who were proud of his company.

"It may be the game for all," said the rich brewer, "but—but—I confess that I, for one, was hardly prepared for a scheme so risky."

"What were you prepared for?" demanded Sir George, haughtily.

But now there was a voice heard from a man who had not before taken any noticeable part. He was in the black garb of a priest, and he spoke in such low, sweet, silvery accents, that it was quite a pleasure to hear him.

"I think, Sir George, in your own noble courage and heroic devotion to a cause—I may add, also, in your own intimate knowledge of your plans, which you have, no doubt, been long maturing, you forget, perhaps, that our friends here have many difficulties to get over—difficulties of comprehension, difficulties of conscience, difficulties of religion, above all. Their very honesty makes them scrupulous. Happy England, that she has yet such sons to succour her in the day of the dawn of her salvation! I, a poor member of the Order of Jesus, am here to-night, by express order from the greatest of earthly potentates, to try if I cannot help by brotherly counsel, as well as by priestly ministrations—I am here to advise with you, to strengthen you, and, more especially, to commune with you on those knotty points that I see are already troubling you."

"Well, Master Jesuit," said the Protestant brewer, "you are welcome, so far as I am concerned, to advise with the others, but not with me. Assassination—"

"I said 'arrest,' did I not?" menacingly exclaimed Sir George.

But the priest, lifting his hand reprovingly towards him, said—

"Dear friends, there's nothing like pushing a proposal to its worst, most extravagant, and unreal aspect, if you want to know all about it. Say, then, for the moment, it is assassination. What if there be events that may, in a narrow sense, be called by such an ugly word, and yet be deserving of the sanction, nay, the honour of the church—ay, even to martyrdom and canonisation of the actors who may fall in the attempt?"

A violent knocking at the outer door now stopped the Jesuit; and all through the assembly men gazed on one another, wondering whether they were caught in a trap, from which there would be no exit, except to death!

(To be continued.)

## GREEK BRIGANDS AND ESCORTS.

WHEN I first visited Athens, King George had just come into his kingdom; the remains of wreaths and decorations were still to be seen; the walls of the Acropolis were still crowned by hundreds of huge clay pots which had but a few nights before been filled with fire for a stupendous illumination. People looked busy and lively in the streets. The "good time coming" was supposed to have come at last and we prepared to avail ourselves of it. Of course I had read that delightful little book, the *King of the Mountains*, in which Edmond About describes in his very best style the state of life of those whom it has pleased Fate to call into the unsought company of Greek brigands; and at Corfu and elsewhere we had been specially cautioned against venturing out of Athens, or even walking about the streets after dark. But it seemed absurd to think of such apprehensions now: Hadji Stavros was a creature of the past; King George was come to his own; and we would rejoice and be merry.

There could be no harm, however, in asking a few questions; so we went for the landlord. Forced by the exigencies of an English University education—which, while familiarising us with the literature of Greece, compels us to pronounce the language in so absurd a manner that it is impossible to understand or be understood in the simplest attempt to converse with the natives—we were reduced to adopting French as our means of communication. We suggested to him that we should like a good carriage and horses to enable us to spend the next day in a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ceres at Eleusis, or the marble crags of Pentelicus. "Oh, nothing could be better," said the worthy man; "all should be arranged by the morrow."

"Mais l'on dit qu'il y a des brigands dans les environs," we hinted rather cautiously.

"Oh, non, monsieur," said he, with much energy, "il n'y en a pas; et s'il y en avait, ce ne serait pas votre affaire: cela ne vous touche pas; le brigandage, c'est une affaire de politique."

Politics indeed! thought I; this is not very reassuring. Suppose some of these active politicians make a mistake, and pillage us before they find out that we have nothing to do with their political principles and are absolutely guiltless of intrigue? I very much doubt if we should recover our property. No, we should not order the horses just yet.

In the course of the same evening I had an opportunity of asking the English Minister what he thought of the matter. He informed me that he had in the morning received official intelligence of eight or nine bands of brigands in Attica; adding that, though we might perhaps not fall into the hands of any of them, yet the country could hardly be considered safe under the circumstances. I heard at the same time a trustworthy account of one of the latest brigand adventures, rather startling in itself, and specially confirmatory of the "politique" theory of plunder.

Three British officers, accompanied by a somewhat celebrated and superior dragoman, "all proper," as the heralds say, were on their

way back to Athens after a very pleasant expedition to Pentelicus, when they found themselves suddenly performing in the well known tableau of a party surprised by brigands, who present guns at every button of their waistcoats. Resistance was useless, and the British lion, thus caught in a net, submitted to have his claws cut. The country gentlemen took the rings, purses, and watches of the officers, and then politely allowed them to return to the city. There they made innumerable complaints to the English Minister, who at once applied to the Greek Government. Profuse were the apologies and eager were the assurances of speedy restitution. A few days afterwards a distinguished member of the Greek Cabinet himself called at the British Legation to express his gratification at being enabled to announce the fact that the brigands had been discovered, and induced to disgorge their prey. It had been all a mistake, a sad mistake. Saying which, the amiable minister with his own hands produced the spoil. It was all right, with the exception of a single ring. This was a sad blot upon the general happiness. The brigands were perfectly grieved at having unfortunately lost that ring; but they were rich, and would gladly pay its value if his Excellency would only condescend to declare it! "I suppose the 'politicians' had allowed themselves to commit an error in tactics, and were profoundly sorry for it. That was all."

On this occasion they had "done their spiriting gently," and luckily no bones had been broken. But this is by no means always the case, and men whose names are "linked (not) with one virtue, but a thousand crimes," may every now and then be seen walking about the streets with impunity, when the spirit moves them to come into the city to see their friends and "do a little shopping." Upon one of these gentlemen being pointed out to me and described, I asked a foreign sojourner in Athens how it was that such a man could escape immediate hanging. "Hang a brigand!" said my friend, "Mon Dieu! you would have first to get rid of half the National Assembly! Besides, perhaps you might not think it, but this fellow was of immense use to the Government in the last revolution: he brought in his men like a trump, and helped to defend the Bank!" I had no more to say. It was clear that politics and brigands were intimately connected.

But the sequel of the affair with the officers was to come. There was a *concierge* at the British Legation, an elderly Greek, of singularly handsome form and countenance. There he was, erect in his picturesque national costume, and it was really pleasant to see the native dignity with which he performed the duties of his office. He looked as if he could on the shortest notice play the part of *Ulysses* or *Agamemnon* with equal ease and success. Unfortunately, though I believe his own conduct was in every way excellent, he had rather a *mauvais sujet* for a son. It was discovered that this son had been one of the party who robbed the officers on their way from Pentelicus; and the good old father, when informed of this by his master, replied in an agony of grief, "Oh! your Excellency, have I not always begged and entreated him to abstain from politics?"

From brigands we naturally turn to escorts.

One evening at the palace a member of the corps diplomatique was giving an account of an agreeable day which he and his friends had been spending in an excursion to Pentelicus. The young king remarked, with a good-natured laugh, "You seem to be afraid of my subjects, monsieur, as you took an escort." "Pardon me, your majesty," was the reply, "it must be your majesty's ministers who are afraid of them, for they gave me the escort without any solicitation on my part."

In Italy it was always customary to say that to take an escort was to invite robbery; the presence of the soldiers at starting announced to all the world that the traveller was worth robbing, and the brigands robbed him accordingly, while the dragoons galloped away. They manage these things differently in Greece. It may be good policy and sound tactics to rob one



set of people, while it may be a deplorable error of judgment to rob another set. Those, therefore who are at the head of affairs in such a state of things as this, are bound to show their capacity for office by the exercise of their discretion, and, if for political purposes they do not wish a particular person to be robbed, they have only to give him an escort, and it is accepted as a signal that he is not to be robbed by anybody. The traveller does his pleasure, the escort does its duty, and everybody is pleased except the brigands, who console themselves with the reflection that their turn will come another day.

I remember a good illustration of the tenacity with which a Greek escort can do its duty. The son of one of the foreign ministers, with a secretary of legation and a couple of friends, resolved to have some quiet quail shooting, and take their chance of brigands. They hired a boat and its crew, and sailed down the coast one fine

evening. The night was darker than they expected; the boatmen could not find the place they wanted to land at; and at last, weary with looking in vain, they determined to run the boat on shore at once, light a fire, and camp out till daylight. The sun rose in all his splendour over the shining Archipelago, and the party prepared for a good day's sport. But a thundering noise was heard, and a galloping seigneur of dragoons entered upon the scene. He explained that the Government had been shocked to hear of such distinguished young gentlemen having made so rash an expedition by themselves, and he had been ordered with a party of his men to ride through the night till they found the milords, and keep close to them till their return to Athens. The other soldiers now came up and proceeded to obey their orders literally. The intending sportsmen could neither sit, nor stand,

nor move without finding their faithful guardians in unpleasant proximity. They finished their breakfast, and hoped that at all events they might be allowed to take care of themselves when they had their guns in their hands. Not so, however. No sooner did they form into line and proceeded to beat the country for quail than these infernal dragoons formed on both sides of them to protect their flanks. Birds and beasts fled from such an alarming sight long before the guns could get within reach of them, and there was no remedy. In vain they attempted to explain to the gallant fellows that they were a most detestable nuisance; the Greek mind was far too vain to see the matter in that light. It was useless to contend against their fate. They were compelled to break up the party and return to Athens at the end of the first day, having bagged one solitary brace of quail.



### THE VIKING'S SKIN.

ON the 10th April, 1661, Mr. Samuel Pepys chronicles in his diary a visit to Rochester, where, as he says, he "saw the cathedral which is now fitting for use, and the organ then tuning. Then away thence," he continues, "observing the great door of the church, as they say, covered with the skins of the Danes; and also had much mirth at a tombe."

Traditions similar to that at Rochester, alluded to Mr. Pepys, as to the coating of church-doors with human skins, by way, it is conjectured, of barbaric punishment for the sin of sacrilege, appear to have existed in other places in England; notably at Hadstock and Copford in Essex, at Worcester, and at Westminster Abbey. Lord Braybrooke, the editor of the Pepys' Manuscripts, assisted by Mr. Albert Way, the antiquary, has recorded much interesting matter in commenting on Pepys' inspection of the doors of Rochester Cathedral, covered as above stated. It appears that Sir Harry Englefield, in a communication made to the Society of Antiquaries in 1789, called their attention to a curious legend preserved in the village of Hadstock, Essex, that the door of the church

had been covered with the skin of a Danish pirate who had plundered the church. At Copford, in the same county, Sir Harry also stated that an exactly similar tradition existed. Further, it was asserted that the north doors of Worcester Cathedral had been likewise coated with the skin of a sacrilegious depredator, who had robbed the high altar. According to Mr. Albert Way's account, annexed to the latest edition of Pepys' Diary, these doors had been renewed, but the original woodwork remained in the crypt, and portions of the skin, at the date of his writing, were yet discernible under the iron-work with which the doors were clamped. The date of the doors appeared to be the latter part of the fourteenth century, the north porch having been built about 1385. Portions of the supposed human skin from each of the places above mentioned had been obtained and submitted to the inspection of a most skilful comparative anatomist, Mr. John Quekett, then curator of the museum of the College of Surgeons, who, with the aid of a powerful microscope, had ascertained beyond question that in each of the three cases the skin was human, and that in the instance of Hadstock, the skin was that of a fair-haired person—a fact consistent with the legend of its Danish origin.

### LOST IN THE SNOW.

Bear him slowly, drooping low  
O'er the drifted saintly snow,  
Pale and rigid, marble cold,  
Life's sad story fully told,  
Loving heart nor hand was nigh,  
Soothing voice nor pitying sigh;  
Alone he met the silent foe—  
His winding sheet the cold pale snow.

Dead! found dead! ah! weary tale!  
One beside him, wan and pale,  
Walks and weeps with heart of stone,  
As they bear him slowly on.  
Weary, woeful, weary fate,  
Widowed, crushed and desolate;  
Life's only earthly prop laid low,  
His winding sheet the saintly snow.

GARDE.

REVELATIONS OF THE MICROSCOPE.—The microscope reveals the fact that a little black speck of potato, not the size of a pin-head, contains about 200 ferocious insects of the beetle form and shape, biting and clawing each other most savagely.



**T**HE Church of the Messiah, situated on Beaver Hall Hill, is a pleasing and substantial structure, in the Byzantine style of architecture. We believe it is the intention of the congregation to complete the tower as shewn in our engraving during the ensuing summer; the edifice will then form a prominent object among the cluster of churches in the neighbourhood. The tower is about fifteen feet square, and the height, when completed, will be about one hundred and twenty feet. Over the west entrance is a large rose window; and in the chancel a second, both of which are filled with stained glass. The church affords accommodation for about seven hundred and fifty worshippers.

### "TAKE THY LOT."

Thou canst not garner all, weak mind!  
Thou canst not garner all!  
Some lighter grains will catch the wind,  
Some scattered sheaves be left behind.  
Thou canst not garner all!  
Not every seed that striketh root,  
Not flowers borne on every shoot.  
Not every bud that fills to fruit:  
Thou canst not garner all!

Thou canst not keep them all, poor heart,  
Thou canst not keep them all!  
E'en in the smelter's subtle art

The richest metal loses part,  
Thou canst not keep them all!  
The fisher's net hath sure some rent,  
The sweetest flowers falling scent,  
And stored-up waters will find vent,  
Thou canst not keep them all!

Then take the lot God gives, sad soul!  
Then take the lot God gives!  
Nor, as thou canst not win the whole,  
Spurn that thou deemest but a dole—  
No! take the lot God gives!  
The lesser part may prove the best,  
One drop of balm may give thee rest,  
Then bow thyself to His behest!  
And take the lot God gives!

G. M. F.

# The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

## ENGLAND IN THE EAST.

THE recent magnificent durbar held by the Governor-General of India, and the gorgeous troop of Mahometan and Hindoo princes and chiefs, resplendent with barbaric gems and gold, who assembled to honour the Queen's representative, have called public attention in England to that vast possession of the British Crown; and speculations in some quarters are rife as to its future destiny, and the probability of its continued connection with the rest of the British Empire. We are not surprised that the subject is regarded with serious apprehension by thoughtful men in the United Kingdom. The world has never witnessed so extraordinary a spectacle as the domination of England in Hindostan and her Indian dependencies. She rules over more subjects, in these regions alone, than were contained within the limits of the Roman Empire, when Rome was styled the mistress of the World; for the area of the Roman dominions in the supreme days of Hadrian and Dioclesian has been calculated at something over a million and a half of square miles; that of British India is only something less, but not much. The population of the one, from the wall of Antinus and the northern limits of Dacia to Mount Atlas, and from the Western Ocean to the Euphrates, is calculated at about 120 millions of souls; that of the British possessions in India at about 160 millions, 110 millions of whom are under the direct government of England, and the remaining 40 millions so in all but the name. What renders the circumstance the more extraordinary, is that while the countries constituting the Empire of Rome adjoined each other, thousands of miles of land and water, and numberless independent states and nations, divide Britain from her vast domain in the East. Nothing, we repeat, like this anomalous state of things has ever before appeared in the history of the world, with the exception, perhaps, of the Spanish conquests in South America; and even in that instance, the differences in distance, the number and character of the populations, and the civilization of the races inhabiting the respective countries, present a wide distinction between the two cases. Besides, Spain colonized South America; England, if she wished it, cannot colonize India, because, so far at least, the country has been found unfavourable to European life. The English there are what the Mamelukes were in Egypt, a governing class continually recruitable from abroad.

Can England long retain India? This is a question that has often been asked, and has been answered in divers ways. The last Sepoy insurrection has shewn, we imagine, that she cannot be ousted by the native populations; but the recent proceedings of Russia in Central Asia have again led to the enquiry if that object might not be accomplished by foreign invasion.

The conquest of India was more than once contemplated by the first Napoleon; and there is evidence on record, besides his own language at St. Helena, that he considered the feat a feasible one. There can be no doubt that his expedition to Egypt had that, among other ambitious projects, in view; and we possess evidence that he twice arranged with Russia to march a combined French and Russian army into Hindostan. When First Consul, he entered into an engagement to that effect with the Emperor Paul, who actually ordered the Don Cossacks to prepare for the route to India; and again, the Treaty of Tilsit, in 1807, entered into between him and Alexander, included a secret clause of a similar character. In 1815, when the allies captured Paris, a memorial was found in the State Paper Office of the French Minister of War, entitled "The Campaign of India," in which the whole scheme of striking a deadly blow at England, on the banks of the Ganges, was fully set forth, and the document bore evi-

dent marks of Napoleon's wonderful genius for military combinations. If there was any necessity for further evidence of the reality of the intention to carry out this project, it might be found in the mission upon which General Gardanne was sent by Napoleon to the King of Persia, accompanied by a large staff of officers, designed to organize and discipline the Persian army. But the most authentic proof of the fact is contained in the memorial of which we have spoken. By the plan detailed in that document, the expedition was to set out from Astrabad, a city situated at the southern extremity of the Caspian Sea. This point of departure is nearly the same as that chosen by Alexander the Great; and in recent times by the last invader of India by land, Tamas Khouli-Khan. Such a route would lead through Candahar, and Kaboul, and so to the Indus. As Bonaparte selected the route taken by Alexander, the reader may be curious to see a description of it; but the accounts of it that have come down to us are so imperfect and confused, and so many changes in the names of countries and rivers have since taken place, so many states and peoples have disappeared and been replaced by others, that the question has long been a puzzle to geographers and historians. The difficulty is the greater from the fact that ancient authors, who wrote on the subject, had but a very dim conception of the position of the regions which they attempted to describe. The best authorities concur that Alexander set out from a place in Hyrcania, situated on the southern shore of the Caspian, and passing the Elbourz range of mountains, through Aria (supposed to be the modern Herat), entered Drangiana, and occupied Zarang, the capital of the province, which was situated on the river Etymundrous, said to be Jallallabad. He is then believed to have turned off, nearly at right-angles with his former route, which was southward, in an easterly direction, to Arachasia, respecting which province and its capital, Arachetus, placed by Ptolemy on a river derived from a lake, no modern geographer can give an account. He is then conjectured to have crossed a range of mountains covered with snow to the Valley of Candahar, marching in a north-easterly direction till he reached the cold and level plains of Ghizni. He thence entered the modern Cabul, proceeding northward through the Purapamisan mountains to the foot of the Indian Caucasus, or Koosh, which some writers suppose he crossed. It is believed that he entered the present province of Balkh, on the north side of the mountains; and after traversing Bactriana and Sogdiana, he directed his march southward and eastward; and finally arrived at the banks of the River Cephrenes, the western boundary of India, but the modern name of which no one has been able to ascertain.

Elphinstone and other writers on the subject contend that no army of the present day could follow the route taken by Alexander, inasmuch as they could not convey with them the artillery, arms, and munitions of war which would be necessary to success, after they had arrived at the banks of the Indus, where they would have to fight for every inch of ground they would gain. But we must confess to a doubt on that head. The best portion, at least, of Alexander's force must have been more heavily armed than modern troops are; for the famous Macedonian phalanx carried long spears and large shields, and wore heavy armour. As for cannon, they might be in the country to meet the invaders, in the hands of their friends, without securing whom no European power will venture on entering India. One thing is certain, however, that no invasion of Hindostan by land can be made, without long previous preparation; and we may form an idea of such preparations, from the fact that the force dispatched by Russia against Khiva in 1839 was accompanied by ten thousand camels and other beasts of burden, although the troops were only five or six thousand in number, and the distance was a trifle when compared with that to India.

What the fate of the English Empire in India will be, it is impossible to say; but we fear that England's future is deeply involved in her connection with that country. She is now

trusting to the Sikhs and others, as she formerly trusted to the Sepoys; but there is no confidence to be reposed in any of them. In doing so, she is leaning upon a very frail reed. Her mission there has been a high one; and with all her faults and sins against the native races, it will bear noble fruit. Alexander planted Greek civilization in Asia, and his work survived him for centuries after his short reign. England has sown the seed of Anglo-Saxon and Christian civilization in Hindostan; and, like bread cast upon the waters, it will return after many days. Still there is danger that the Nemesis of Britain will arise in India.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Second.

Continued from page 349.

### HEAPING UP RICHES.

#### CHAPTER I.—A FORTUNATE MARRIAGE.

TEN years had passed lightly enough over the raven locks of Mr Philip Sheldon. There are some men with whom Time deals gently, and he was one of them. The hard black eyes had lost none of their fierce brightness; the white teeth flashed with all their brilliancy; the complexion, which had always been dusky of hue, was perhaps a shade or two darker; and the fierce black eyes seemed all the blacker by reason of the purple tinge beneath them. But the Philip Sheldon of to-day was, taken altogether, a handsomer man than the Philip Sheldon of ten years ago.

Within those ten years the Bloomsbury dentist had acquired a higher style of dress and bearing, and a certain improvement of tone and manner. He was still an eminently respectable man, and a man whose chief claim to the esteem of his fellows lay in the fact of his unimpeachable respectability; but his respectability of to-day, as compared with that of ten years before, was as the respectability of Tyburnia when contrasted with that of St. Pancras. He was not an aristocratic-looking man, or an elegant man; but you felt, as you contemplated him, that the bulwarks of the citadel of English respectability are defended by such as he.

Mr. Sheldon no longer experimentalised with lumps of beeswax and plaster-of-paris. All the appalling paraphernalia of his cruel art had had long since been handed over to an aspiring young dentist, together with the respectable house in Fitzgeorge-street, the furniture, and—the connection. And thus had ended Philip Sheldon's career as a surgeon-dentist. Within a year of Tom Halliday's death his disconsolate widow had given her hand to her first sweetheart—not forgetful of her dead husband or ungrateful for much kindness and affection experienced at his hands, but yielding rather to Philip's suit because she was unable to advance any fair show of reason whereby she might reject him.

"I told you she'd be afraid to refuse you," said George Sheldon, when the dentist came home from Barlingford, where Georgy was living with her mother.

Philip had answered his brother's questions rather ambiguously at first, but in the end had been fain to confess that he had asked Mrs. Halliday to marry him, and that his suit had prospered.

"That way of putting it is not very complimentary to me," he said, drawing himself up rather stiffly. "Georgy and I were attached to each other long ago; and it is scarcely strange if—"

"If you should make a match of it, Tom being gone. Poor old Tom! He and I were such cronies. I've always had an idea that neither you nor the other fellow quite understood that low fever of his. You did your best, no doubt; but I think you ought to have pulled him through somehow. However, that's not a pleasant subject to talk of just now; so I'll drop it, and wish you joy, Phil. It'll be rather a good match for you, I fancy," added George, contemplating his brother with a nervous twitching of his lips.

which suggested that his mouth, watered as he thought of Philip's good fortune.

"It's a very nice thing you drop into, old fellow, isn't it?" he asked presently, seeing that his brother was rather disinclined to discuss the subject.

"You know the state of my affairs well enough to be sure that I couldn't afford to marry a poor woman," answered Philip.

"And that it has been for a long time a vital necessity with you to marry a rich one," interjected his brother.

"Georgy will have a few hundreds, and—"

"A few thousands, you mean, Phil," cried Mr. Sheldon the younger with agreeable briskness; "shall I tot it up for you?"

He was always eager to "tot" things up, and would scarcely have shrunk from setting down the stars of heaven in trim double columns of figures, but it seemed to his profit to do so.

"Let us put it in figures, Phil," he said, getting his finger-tips in order for the fray. There's the money for Hyley Farm, twelve thousand three hundred and fifty; I had it from poor Tom's own lips. Then there's that little property on Sheepfield Common—say seven-fifty, eh?—well, say seven hundred, if you like to leave a margin; and then there are the insurances, three thou' in the Athance, fifty a hundred in the Phoenix, five hundred in the Suffolk Friendly; the total of which, my dear boy, is eighteen thousand five hundred pounds; and a very nice thing for you to drop into, just as affairs were looking about as black as they could look."

"Yes," answered Mr. Sheldon the elder, who appeared by no means to relish this "totting-up" of his future wife's fortune, "I have no doubt I ought to consider myself a very lucky man."

"So Barlingsford folks will say when they hear of the business. And now I hope you're not going to forget your promise to me."

"What promise?"

"That if you ever did get a stroke of luck, I should have a share of it—eh, Phil?"

Mr. Sheldon caressed his chin and looked thoughtfully at the fire.

"If my wife lets me have the handling of any of her money, you may depend upon 't I'll do what I can for you," he said, after a pause.

"Don't say that, Phil," remonstrated George.

"When a man says he'll do what he can for you, it's a sure sign he means to do nothing. Friendship and brotherly feeling are at an end when it comes to a question of 'ifs' and 'cans.' If your wife lets you have the handling of any of her money?" cried the lawyer with unspeakable derision; "that's too good a joke for you to indulge in with me. Do you think I believe you will let that poor little woman keep custody of her money a day after she is your wife, or that you will let her friends tie it up for her before she marries you? No, Phil, you didn't lay your plans for that."

"What do you mean by my laying my plans?" asked the dentist.

"That's a point we won't discuss, Philip," answered the lawyer coolly. "You and I understand each other very well without entering into unpleasant details. You promised me a year ago—before Tom Halliday's death—that if ever you came into a good thing, I should share in it. You have come into an uncommonly good thing, and I shall expect you to keep your promise."

"Who says I am going to break it?" demanded Phillip Sheldon with an injured air. "You shouldn't be in such a hurry to cry out, George. You take the tone of a social Dick Turpin, and might as well hold a pistol to my head while you're about it. Don't alarm yourself. I have told you I will do what I can for you. I cannot and I shall not say more."

The two men looked at each other. They were in the habit of taking the measure of all creation in their own eminently practical way, and they took each other's measure now. After having done which they parted with all cordial expressions of good-will and brotherly feeling. George went back to his dusty chambers in Gray's Inn, and Philip prepared for his return

to Barlingsford and his marriage with Georgina Halliday.

For nine years Georgy had been Philip Sheldon's wife, and she had found no reason to complain of her second choice. The current of her life had flowed smoothly enough since her first lover had become her husband. She still wore moire-antique dresses and gold chains, and if the dresses fitted her better and the chains were less obtrusively displayed, she had to thank Mr. Sheldon for the refinement in her taste. Her views of life in general had expanded under Mr. Sheldon's influence. She no longer thought a high-wheeled dog-cart and a skittish mare the acme of earthly splendour; for she had a carriage and pair at her service, and a smart little page-boy to leap off the box in attendance on her when she paid visits or went shopping. Instead of the big comfortable old-fashioned farmhouse at Hyley, with its mysterious passages and impenetrable obscurities in the way of cupboards, she occupied a bright glistening little detached villa in Bayswater, in which the eye that might chance to grow weary of sunshine and glitter would have sought in vain for a dark corner wherein to repose itself.

Mr. Sheldon's fortunes had prospered since his marriage with his friend's widow. For a man of his practical mind and energetic temperament, eighteen thousand pounds was a strong starting-point. His first step was to clear off all old engagements with Jews and Gentiles, and to turn his back on the respectable house in Fitzgeorge-street. The earlier months of his married life he devoted to a pleasant tour on the Continent, not wasting time in picturesque byways, or dawdling among inaccessible mountains, or mooning about drowsy old cathedrals, where there were pictures with curtains hanging before them, and prowling vergers who expected money for drawing aside the curtains; but rattling at the highest continental speed from one big commercial city to another, and rubbing off the rust of Bloomsbury in the exchanges and on the quays of the busiest places in Europe. The time which Mr. Sheldon forbore to squander in shadowy Gothic aisles and under the shelter of Alpine heights, he accounted well bestowed in crowded cafés, and at the public tables of noted hotels where commercial men were wont to congregate; and as Georgy had no aspirations for the sublimity of Vandyke and Raphael, or the gigantic splendours of Alpine scenery, she was very well pleased to see continental life with the eyes of Philip Sheldon. How could a half-educated little woman, whose worldly experience was bounded by the suburbs of Barlingsford, be otherwise than delighted by the glare and glitter of foreign cities? Georgy was childishly enraptured with everything she saw, from the sham diamond and rubies of the Palais Royal to the fantastical bonbons of Berlin.

Her husband was very kind to her—after his own particular fashion, which was very different from blustering Tom Halliday's weak indulgence. He allotted and regulated her life to suit his own convenience, it is true; but he bought her handsome dresses, and took her with him in hired carriages when he drove about the strange cities. He was apt to leave Georgy and the hired carriage at the corner of some street or before the door of some café, for an hour together sometimes, in the course of his peregrinations; but she speedily became accustomed to this, and provided herself with the Tauchnitz edition of a novel, wherewith to beguile the tedium of these intervals in the day's amusement. If Tom Halliday had left her for an hour at a street-corner or before the door of a café, she would have tortured herself and him by all manner of jealous suspicions and vague imaginings. But there was a stern gravity in Mr. Sheldon's character which precluded the possibility of any such shadowy fancies. Every action of his life seemed to involve such serious motives, the whole tenour of his existence was so orderly and business-like, that his wife was fain to submit to him as she would have submitted to some ponderous inflexible machine, some monster of modern ingenuity and steam-power which cut asunder so many bars of iron or punched holes in so many paving-stones in

a given number of seconds, and was likely to go on dividing iron or piercing paving-stones for ever and ever.

She obeyed him, and was content to fashion her life according to his will, chiefly because she had a vague consciousness that to argue with him, or to seek to influence him, would be to attempt the impossible. Perhaps there was something more than this in her mind—some half-consciousness that there was a shapeless and invertebrate skeleton lurking in the shadowy background of her new life, a dusky and impalpable creature which it would not be well for her to examine or understand. She was a cowardly little woman, and finding herself tolerably happy in the present, she did not care to pierce the veil of the future, or to cast anxious glances backward to the past. She thought it just possible that there might be people in the world base enough to hint that Philip Sheldon had married her for love of her eighteen thousand pounds, rather than from pure devotion to herself. She knew that certain prudent friends and kindred in Barlingsford had elevated their hands and eyebrows in speechless horror when they discovered that she had married her second husband without a settlement; while one grim and elderly uncle had asked her whether she did not expect her father to turn in his grave by reason of her folly.

Georgy had shrugged her shoulders peevishly when her Barlingsford friends remonstrated with her, and had declared that people were very cruel to her, and that it was a hard thing she could not choose for herself for once in her life. As to the settlements that people talked of, she protested indignantly that she was not so mean as to fancy her future husband a thief, and that to tie up her money in all sorts of ways would be to imply as much. And then, as it was only a year since poor dear Tom's death, she had been anxious to marry without fuss or parade. In fact, there were a hundred reasons against legal interference and legal tying-up of the money, with all that dreadful jargon about "wherens," and "hereinafter," and "provided always," and "nothing herein contained," which seems to hedge round a sum of money so closely that it is doubtful whether the actual owner will ever be free to spend a sixpence of it after the execution of that formidable document: intended to protect it from possible marauders.

George Sheldon had said something very near the truth when he had told Philip that Mrs. Halliday would be afraid to refuse him. The fair-haired, fair-faced little woman was afraid of the first lover of her girlhood. She had become his wife, and so far all things had gone well with her, but if misery and despair had been the necessary consequences of her union with him, she must have married him all the same, so dominant was the influence by which he ruled. Of course Georgy was not herself aware of her own dependence. She accepted all things as they were presented to her by a stronger mind than her own. She wore her handsome silk dresses, and was especially particular as to the adjustment of her bonnet-string, knowing that the smallest inpropriety of attire was obnoxious to the well-ordered mind of her second husband. She obeyed him very much as a child obeys a strict but not unkind schoolmaster. When he took her to a theatre or a racecourse, she sat by his side meekly, and felt like a child who has been good and is reaping the reward of goodness. And this state of things was in no wise disagreeable to her. She was perhaps quite as happy as it was in her nature to be; for she had no exalted capacity for happiness or misery. She felt that it was pleasant to have a handsome man, whose costume was always irreproachable, for her husband. Her only notion of a bad husband was a man who stayed out late, and came home under the influence of strong liquors consumed in unknown localities and amongst unknown people. So, as Mr. Sheldon rarely went out after dinner, and was on all occasions the most temperate of men, she naturally considered her second husband the very model of conjugal perfection. Thus it was that her domestic life had passed smoothly enough for Mr. Sheldon and his wife



during the nine years which had elapsed since their marriage.

As to the eighteen thousand pounds which she had brought Philip Sheldon, Georgie asked no questions. She knew that she enjoyed luxuries and splendours which had never been hers in Tom Halliday's lifetime, and she was content to accept the goods which her second husband provided. Mr. Sheldon had become a stock-broker, and had an office in some ducky court within a few hundred yards of the Stock Exchange; and according to his own account had trebled Georgy's thousands during the nine years in which they had been in his hands. How the unsuccessful surgeon-dentist had blossomed all at once into a fortunate speculator was a problem too profound for Georgy's consideration. She knew that her husband had allied himself to a certain established firm of stock-brokers, and that the alliance had cost him some thousands of Tom Halliday's money. She had heard of preliminary steps to be taken to secure his admission as a member of some mysterious confraternity vaguely spoken of as "The House," and she knew that Tom Halliday's thousands had been the seed from which had sprung other thousands, and that her husband had been altogether triumphant and successful.

It may be that it is easier to rig the market than to induce a given number of people to resort to a certain dull street in Bloomsbury for the purpose of having teeth extracted by an unknown practitioner. It is possible that the stockbroker is like the poet, a creature who is born and not made, a gifted and inspired being, not to be perfected by any specific education, a child of spontaneous instincts and untutored faculties. Certain it is that the divine afflatus from the nostrils of the god Plutus seemed to have descended upon Philip Sheldon, for he had entered the Stock Exchange an inexperienced stranger, and he held his place there amongst men whose boyhood had been spent in the counting-houses of Chapel Court, and whose youthful strength had been nourished in the chop-houses of Finch Lane and Threadneedle Street.

Mrs. Sheldon was satisfied with the general knowledge that Mr. Sheldon had been fortunate, and had never sought any more precise knowledge of her husband's affairs, nor did she seek such knowledge even now, when her daughter was approaching womanhood, and might ere long have need of some dowry out of her mother's fortune. Poor Tom, trusting implicitly to the wife he loved, and making his will only as a precautionary measure, at a time when he seemed good for fifty years of life and strength, had not troubled himself about remote contingencies, and had in no wise foreseen the probability of a second husband for Georgy and a stepfather for his child.

Two children had been born to Mr. Sheldon since his marriage, and both had died in infancy. The loss of these children had fallen very heavily on the strong hard man, though he had never shed a tear or uttered a lamentation, or wasted an hour of his business-like existence by reason of his sorrow. Georgy had just sufficient penetration to perceive that her husband was bitterly disappointed when no more baby strangers came to replace their poor frail little lives which had withered away and vanished in spite of his anxiety to hold them.

"It seems as if there was a blight upon my children," he once said bitterly, and this was the only occasion on which his wife heard him complain of his evil fortune.

But one day when he had been particularly lucky in some speculation, when he had succeeded in achieving what his brother Georgie spoke of as the "biggest line" he had ever done, Philip Sheldon came home to the Bayswater villa in a particularly bad humour, and for the first time since her marriage Georgy heard him quote a line of Scripture.

"Heaping up riches," he muttered, as he paced up and down the room, "heaping up riches, and ye cannot tell who shall gather them."

His wife knew then that he was thinking of his children. During the brief lives of those two fragile boy-babies the stockbroker had been

went to talk much of future successes in the way of money-making to be achieved by him for the enrichment and exaltation of these children. They were gone now, and no more came to replace them. And though Philip Sheldon still devoted himself to the sublime art of money-making, and still took delight in successful time-bargains and all the scientific combinations of the money-market, the salt of life had lost something of its savour, and the chunk of gold had lost somewhat of its music.

#### CHAPTER II.—CHARLOTTE.]

The little villa at Bayswater was looking its brightest on a resplendent midsummer afternoon, one year after Diana Paget's hurried heira from Forêt-de-Lene. If the poor dentist's house in dingy Bloomsbury had been fresh and brilliant of aspect, how much more brilliant was the western home of the rich stock-broker, whose gate was within five minutes' walk of that aristocratic Eden, Kensington Gardens. Mr. Sheldon's small domain was called The Lawn, and consisted of something over half an acre of flower-garden and shrubbery, a two-stall stable and coachhouse, a conservatory and fernery, and a moderate-sized house in the gothic or mediæval style, with mullioned windows in the dining-room and oriel in the best bed-room, and with a great deal of unnecessary stonework and wooden excrescence in every direction.

The interior of Mr. Sheldon's dwelling bore no trace of that solid old-fashioned clumsiness which had distinguished his house in Fitzgeorge-street. Having surrendered his ancestral chairs and tables in liquidation of his liabilities, Philip Sheldon was free to go with the times, and had furnished his gothic villa in the most approved modern style, but without any attempt at artistic grace or adornment. All was bright and handsome and neat and trim; but the brightness and the neatness savoured just a little of furnished apartments at the sea side, and the eye sought in vain for the graceful disorder of an elegant home. The dining-room was gorgeous with all the splendour of new mahogany and crimson morocco; the drawing-room was glorified by big looking-glasses, and the virginal freshness of gilt frames on which the feet of agile house-fly or clumsy blue-bottle had never rested. The crimsons and blues and greens and drabs of the Brussels carpets retained the vivid brightness of the loom. The drops of the chandeliers twinkled like little stars in the sunshine; the brass birdcages were undimmed by any shadow of dulness. To Georgy's mind the gothic villa was the very perfection of a dwelling-place. The Barlingford housekeepers were wont to render their homes intolerable by extreme neatness. Georgy still believed in the infallibility of her native town, and the primness of Barlingford reigned supreme in the gothic villa. There were no books scattered on the polished walnut-wood tables in the drawing-room, no cabinets crammed with scraps of old china, no pictures, no queer old Indian feather-screens, no marvels of Chinese carving in discoloured ivory; none of those traces which the footsteps of the "collector" always leave behind him. Mr. Sheldon had no leisure for collecting, and Georgy preferred the gaudy pink-and-blue vases of a Regent-street china-shop to all the dingy *chests-d'œuvre* of a Wedgwood, or the quaint shepherds and shepherdesses of Chelsea. As for books, were there not four or five resplendent volumes primly disposed on one of the tables; an illustrated edition of Cowper's lively and thrilling poems, a volume of Rambles in Scotland, with copperplate engravings of "Melrose by night," and Glasgow Cathedral, and Ben Nevis, and other scenic and architectural glories of North Britain, a couple of volumes of *Punch*, and an illustrated *Vicar of Wakefield*; and what more could elevated taste demand in the way of literature? Nobody ever read the books; but Mr. Sheldon's visitors were sometimes glad to take refuge in the Scottish scenery and the pictorial *Vicar*, during that interval of quiness and indigestion which succeeds a middle-class dinner. Georgy read a great many books; but they were all novels, procured from the Bayswater branch of a fashionable circulating library, and were

condemned unread by Mr. Sheldon, who considered all works of fiction perfectly equal in demerit, and stigmatized them, in a general way, as "senseless trash." He had tried to read novels in the dreary days of his Bloomsbury probation, but he had found that the heroes of them were impracticable beings, who were always talking of honour and chivalry, and always sacrificing their own interests in an utterly preposterous manner; and he had thrown aside story after story in disgust.

"Give me a book that is something like life, and I'll read it," he exclaimed impatiently; "but I can't swallow the high-flown prozings of impossibly virtuous inanities."

One day, indeed, he had been struck by the power of a book, a book written by a certain Frenchman called Balzac. He had been riveted by the hideous cynicism, the supreme power of penetration into the vilest corners of wicked hearts; and he had flung the book from him at last with an expression of unmitigated admiration.

"That man knows his fellows," he cried, "and is not hypocrite enough to conceal his knowledge or to trick out his puppets in the tinsel and rags of false sentiment in order that critics and public may cry, 'See, what noble instincts, what generous impulses, what unbounded sympathy for his fellow-creatures this man has!' This Frenchman is an artist, and is not afraid to face the difficulties of his art. What a scoundrel this Philippe Bridau is! And after wallowing in the gutter, he lives to despatter his virtuous brother with the mire from his carriage-wheels. That is real life. Your English novelist would have made his villain hang himself with the string of his waistcoat in a condemned cell, while his amiable hero was declared heir to a dukedom and forty thousand a year. But this fellow Balzac knows better than that."

The days had passed when Mr. Sheldon had leisure to read Balzac. He read nothing but the newspapers now, and in the newspapers he read very little more than the money articles, and such political news as seemed likely to affect the money market. There is no such sole absorbing pursuit as the race which men run whose goal is the glittering Temple of Plutus. The golden apples which tempted Atalanta to slacken her pace are always rolling *before* the modern runner, and the greed of gain lends the wings of Hermes to his feet. Mr. Sheldon had sighed for pleasures sometimes in the days of Bloomsbury martyrdom. He had sat by his open window on sultry summer evenings, smoking his solitary cigar, and thinking moodily of all the pleasant resting-places from which other men were looking out at that golden western sky, deepening into crimson and melting into purple which even the London smoke could not obscure. He had sat alone, thinking of jovial parties lounging in the bow-windows of Greenwich taverns, with cool green hock-glasses and pale amber wine, and a litter of fruit and flowers on the table before them while the broad river flowed past them with all the glory of the sunset on the rippling water, and one black brig standing sharply out against the yellow sky. He had thought of Richmond, and the dashing young men who drove there every summer in drags; of Epsom, and the great Derby mob; and of all those golden goblets of pleasure which prosperous manhood drains to the very dregs. He had fancied the enjoyments which would be his if ever he were rich enough to pay for them. And now he was able to afford all such pleasures he cared nothing for them; for the ecstasy of making money seemed better than any masculine dissipation or delight. He did sometimes dine at Greenwich. He knew the menus of the different taverns by heart, and had discovered that they were all alike vanity and indigestion; but he never seated himself at one of those glistening little tables, or deliberated with an obsequious waiter over the mysteries of the wine *carte*, without a settled purpose to be served by the eating of the dinner, and a definite good to be achieved by the wine he ordered. He gave many such entertainments at home and abroad; but they were all given to men who were likely to be useful to him—to rich men, or the toadies and hangers-on of rich men, the grand



viziers of the sultans of the money-market. Such a thing as pleasure or hospitality pure and simple had no place in the plan of Mr. Sheldon's life. The race in which he was running was not to be won by a loiterer. The golden apples were always rolling on before the runner; and woe be to him who turned away from the course to dally with the flowers or loiter by the cool streams that beautified the wayside.

Thus it was that Mr. Sheldon's existence grew day by day more completely absorbed by business pursuits and business interests. Poor Georgy complained peevishly of her husband's neglect; but she did not dare to pour her lamentations into the ear of the offender. It was a kind of relief to grumble about his busy life to servants and humble female friends and confidantes; but what could she say to Philip Sheldon himself? What ground had she for complaint? He very seldom stayed out late; he never came home tipsy. He was quite as cool and clear-headed and business-like and as well able to "tot up" any given figures upon the back of an envelope after one of those diplomatic little Greenwich dinners as he was the first thing after breakfast. It had been an easy thing to tyrannise over poor Tom Halliday; but this man was a grave insufferable creature, a domestic enigma which Georgy was always giving up in despair.

But so completely did Mr. Sheldon rule his wife that when he informed her inferentially that she was a very happy woman, she accepted his view of the subject, and was content to believe herself blest.

In spite of those occasional grumbings to servants and female friends, Mrs. Sheldon did think herself happy. Those occasional complaints were the minor notes in the harmony of her life, and only served to make the harmony complete. She read her novels, and fed a colony of little feeble twittering birds that occupied a big wire cage in the breakfast parlour. She executed a good deal of fancy work with beads and Berlin wool; she dusted and arranged the splendours of the drawing room with her own hands, and she took occasional walks in Kensington Gardens.

This was the ordinary course of her existence, now and then interrupted by such thrilling events as a dinner given to some important acquaintance of Mr. Sheldon's, or a visit to the school at which Charlotte Halliday was completing her education.

That young lady had been removed from the Scarborough boarding school to a highly respectable establishment at Erompton, within a few months of her mother's marriage with Mr. Sheldon. She had been a rosy-checked young damsel in pinafores at the time of that event, too young to express any strong feelings upon the subject of her mother's second choice; but not too young to feel the loss of her father very deeply. Tom Halliday had been fondly attached to that bright-eyed rosy-checked damsel of seven, and the girl had fully reciprocated his affection. How often they had talked together of the future which was to be so delightful for them both, the new farm, which was to be such a paradise in comparison to Hyley, the pony that Charlotte was to ride when she was old enough to wear a habit like a lady, and to go about with her father to market towns and corn exchanges. The little girl had remembered all this, and had most bitterly lamented the loss of that dear and loving father.

She remembered it all to this day, she regretted her loss to this day, though she was nineteen years of age, and on the point of leaving school for ever. To say that she disliked Mr. Sheldon, is only to admit that she was subject to the natural prejudices of humanity. He had usurped the place of a beloved father, and he was in every way the opposite of that father. He had come between Charlotte Halliday and her mother, and had so absorbed the weak little woman into himself as to leave Charlotte quite alone in the world. And yet he did his duty as few stepfathers do it. Charlotte admitted that he was very kind to her, that he was an excellent husband, and altogether the most conscientious and respectable of mankind, but she admitted, with equal candour, that she had

never been able to like him. "I daresay it is very wicked of me not to be fond of him, when he is so good and generous to me," she said to her chosen friend and companion; "but I never can feel quite at home with him. I try to think of him as a father sometimes, but I never can get over the 'step.' Do you know I have dreamed of him sometimes; and though he is so kind to me in reality, I always fancy him cruel to me in my dreams. I suppose it is on account of his black eyes and dark whiskers," added Miss Halliday, in a meditative tone. "It is certainly a misfortune for a person to have blacker eyes and whiskers than the rest of the world, for there seems something stern and hard, and almost murderous, in such excessive blackness."

### AN INCIDENT IN THE TROPICS.

THERE are certain moments in the lives of many to which they look back with a sense of surprise how it was possible they could have gone through them and lived.

And now I am once more, thank God, in safe, quiet England, I can dare to look back to a certain episode in my existence, I do so, wondering how life or reason remained.

My husband and I were living in Jamaica at the time to which I refer. He had a good appointment there, and, as we had had a sore struggle ever since our marriage to live in England, we found but little inconvenience from the climate (the chief among the various disadvantages of the place to Europeans), we bore the disagreeables with philosophy. Our house was in a quiet spot on the outskirts of the town, well blown through by the sea-breezes. It had large airy rooms, and a broad-roofed stone verandah running all round it. Here I had indulged my passion for flowers by having constructed large boxes which I had filled with the glorious flowers, chiefly rich orchids and climbers, brought from the beautiful treacherous swamps and giant forests of South America, where vegetable life revels in unspaking luxuriousness, and where man is stifled by the foul vapours on which these flourish. Here, too, of an evening, when my husband came home from his office in the town, we used to sit after dinner in the heavy heat that rendered it next to impossible to remain within, and, according to the custom of the country, received any guests who might choose to drop in, regaling them with tea, coffee, little cakes, in which my Jamaica cook excelled, and the never-failing beverage—iced water.

The chief drawback to the life I found to be that I was so much alone. My husband had to go to his office every day almost immediately after breakfast, and as people do not pay visits there during the heat of the day—not that I have ever found morning visits solacing to my solitude anywhere, with rare exceptions—and that I had no child (ah me, that was the solace and the society I craved for!), I certainly did find the days—when the unabating heat took away from me all energy and activity, and the insects and my foolish black servants tormented me—long and monotonous. At mail times, too, twice a month it some times happened that my husband was detained until nine or ten o'clock, weary, worn out, and hardly able to eat the dainty little supper I had prepared for him.

At last, however, I began to have an inkling that perhaps my loneliness might ere long be broken in the way I had longed, and yearned, and prayed for. Oh, the joy! the delight! the hope fulfilled, the want done away with! What cared I now for the long lonely hours, the heat, the insects, the housekeeping worries, the stupidity of dull black Jim, the carelessness of grinning black Joe, the grumbling of hoity-toity white Jane, who turned up her nose at the place, and the people, and the food, and, above all, at "them nasty niggers?"

I had now somebody to be always thinking of and expecting, somebody to be always arranging and preparing and working for, somebody to write to mamma, and Katey, my married sister, about. I cut up the prettiest muslins and laces of my trousseau to make baby-clothes—I can't say much for the shapes of them, though I will

maintain that the needlework was beautiful. I planned what room was to be the nursery, what change of furniture would be necessary to make it thoroughly comfortable—in short, every day and all day long this one great and glorious and delightful anticipation kept my mind in happy occupation.

Mail-day had come round, and I knew my poor Harry would be detained, probably even longer than usual; for many important letters were expected to be received and written, and until the work was thoroughly done he could not leave his desk.

The day had been especially sultry, with a red, fierce, pitiless heat, that it was very hard to be cheerful under, and to keep up my spirits I had had many times to go over baby's prettiest dresses, and picture for the hundredth time but always as freshly as at first, how he—it was to be a boy, and called Lancelot—would look in this and that one, how old he would be when he cut his first tooth, walked his first step, and, oh joy of joys! how it would all be when Harry and I went home, and presented our son to mother, and compared him with Katey's youngest, who would be nearly the same age.

With the evening the sea-breeze had sprung up, and after a vain attempt to eat a dainty dish the cook had prepared to tempt the appetite of missis, I had had my American rocking-chair taken out on the verandah, and there, under a perfect bower of my lovely climbers, I had seated myself, watching the large red moon slowly rising, and inhaling in long deep breaths the sea-breeze and the rich perfume of my Espiritu Santo orchids, on whose every blossom sat the curiously perfect image of the brooding dove, whence its name is derived.

All was still and silent. Two of the black servants had, according to the custom there prevailing, gone home to their families for the night, and no one remained in the house but Jane, at work in the nursery, as it was already called, and stupid Jim, who, being a bachelor, and having no family to go to, remained in the house at night. He, too, had crept out to enjoy the comparative coolness, and, from where I sat, I could see him squatted, half or wholly asleep, on the threshold of the always-open front door.

Before long my attention was dreamily awakened to a figure that appeared at a little distance, approaching slowly from the town. At that hour—about nine o'clock—it was seldom persons passed that way, and something loitering and, as it were, reconnoitring in the man's step and air caused me, as he came nearer, to watch his movements, more closely. I had often been asked by my lady-visitors if I were not afraid to remain so much alone in a somewhat out-of-the-way place, but I had never before experienced the least uneasiness, or any apparent cause for it. Now, however, I can hardly tell why, a chill of mistrust crept over me. I had little faith in either the courage or efficiency of sleepy Jim as a guardian, and as to Jane, I knew that if screaming could be of any service in a case of danger, real or imaginary, she might be fully relied on, but my confidence was weak in such assistance. So I watched and waited with a fluttering heart.

As the man came nearer, I could see him plainly, but I knew that if I kept perfectly quiet he could hardly see me. I felt sure he was carefully studying the aspect of the place, and especially concentrating his attention on Jim, who was sound asleep, and wholly unsuspecting of his presence. If I could but awaken Jim! But by this time I had become so nervous that my usual presence of mind deserted me, and I dared not move, nor do anything that could call attention to myself. The man was, I could see, as the moon fell full on him, a tall brawny negro, with a round bullet head and high heavy shoulders, denoting great brute strength, and Jim, even had he been awake, was but a puny creature in comparison.

Presently the man put his hand to his breast, and I saw the glint of steel at the moonlight. I shut my eyes, I knew what was coming as well as the man himself did. In another second there was a blow, Jim sprang up with a gasp and a gurgling cry, then fell dead and heavy, and the

assassin shoved his body within the hall, and stepped over it. I knew that in less than a minute he would probably be up-stairs, and the power of thought and movement returned to me, now that I *knew* the worst. I sprang up, glided across the sitting-room into my bedroom beyond, and turned to lock the door. The key was on the outer side, and it resisted all attempts to take it out. I could hear the footstep on the stair as I struggled with it, so I could but rush at once and possess myself of the revolver Harry kept always loaded there, then I hid myself in a closet, covering myself with the dresses that hung on the pegs.

I heard the steps faintly in the drawing-room, more distinctly as they crossed the threshold of the bedroom, now nearer, now further, as the murderer moved about the room, evidently searching for plunder. I heard the drawers gently opened, my writing-desk forced, and, as it contained a small sum of money—a few pounds I kept there for household expenses—I had a slight hope that the robber might be content with that booty and go away. But it was not to be so; after ransacking the desk, he turned from it, and approached the closet. At the door he paused, then it was opened, and his hand was laid on the garments that covered me, feeling among them; then the great hot strong hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Ha!" he said, with a low guttural laugh, "I thought I should find de little missis. Now, missis, come out, and don't squeal, else I settle you as I settle de damu nigger down-stairs."

In an instant, flinging aside the dresses that covered me, I discharged the pistol within three inches of his face. With a yell that rang in my ears for long weeks afterwards, he fell forward against me, and I was deluged and blinded by a hot, thick, crimson rain. Then my strength gave way, and I sank down, the body upon me.

How long I lay there I cannot tell. I was half-unconscious, yet still possessed a dull perception of the horror of my position, of the dead weight lying partly upon me, of thick, clammy blood on my face, my neck, my hands; but I could not move nor cry out, nor do anything to help myself.

At last I was aroused by an agonising voice—my husband's—calling my name. I tried to answer once, twice, in vain, the third time I uttered a faint, inarticulate wail. He heard it, and sprang in with a light. I could see there was light; but it was blood-red through that horrible veil, which prevented my seeing him or anything else.

I remember his disengaging me from my fearful burden. I remember hearing voices and movements about me as I lay on the sofa, and having my face sponged with warm water, and being undressed and washed, helpless. Then all is a blank to my mind, except dim dreadful glimpses of delicious dreams, and an ever-recurring vision of blood—the feel, the colour, the smell, the very taste of blood, all things that I touched or looked at turning to blood beneath my hands and eyes.

At last I woke in my right mind, and slowly and wearily, and with many threats of relapse, I recovered from the brain fever that had kept me for many days and nights hovering on the confines of death or madness. As soon as it was possible to move me—for how could I remain a day longer than was necessary in that house?—I was taken into one in the town which happened to be temporarily vacant, near Harry's office, where he could come in and see me constantly during the course of the day. One great and hardly to be expected blessing and comfort remained to me; my maternal hopes were not destroyed. At length youth, and strength, and tender nursing brought me round again to certain degree, though I still continued in a nervous state that the slightest cause irritated to a terrible extent. Thus the time went by till the day so longed for arrived. I still looked for it as fearlessly and confidently as of old, always having a feeling that the coming event was to form a barrier between me and the horrors that at times would come over me with a shuddering terror; that that once passed I should be deliver-

ed from them myself once more, the present joy and triumph sweeping all away before it.

It was at night that my child was born, and his loud cries assured me at least of his life and strength. But I was struck by an indescribable something in the tone and looks of my old black month-nurse and of the doctor, that disturbed me. "It's a boy, nurse. He's all right, isn't he?" "Yes, yes, missis, fine boy, all right." "You're sure there's nothing wrong, eh?" "Eh, missis! What should dere be wrong? No, no, you only hear him cry, missis. Naughty boy. Whip him well if he cry like dat; feet him poor mamma, yes, indeed!" I was half pacified, but not quite. "When may I see him, nurse?" "By-and-by, all in good time. Now you keep quiet, missis, or I send mas'r to scold you."

That night they would not let me see my child, and next morning, when I asked for it on waking, I was told it should be brought presently; but the room must be made quite dark, for it was suffering from a slight inflammation of the eyes, a very common thing, the nurse and doctor assured me, among children born in those regions but of no lasting importance if light were excluded while it continued. "Then I shall not see it?" "No; you must make up your mind to that privation for a few days," the doctor said; "it is absolutely necessary." I submitted with a sigh. I had already yielded to necessity—a real one, I knew—of getting a native nurse for my child, European mothers being hardly ever able to nurse their infants in those climates without injury to both. It was very hard, but I knew it was best for my boy it should be so, and I must think, too, what was best for me, for Harry's sake and the sakes of the dear folks at home. Besides, life was sweet again, and full of hope and promise.

Days, a week, went by, and I was getting on famously; but still the state of my boy's eyes kept up the necessity for the darkened chamber. To think he was a week, a whole seven days old and I had never set eyes on him! He lay beside me, I felt him warm and soft, I heard his cries, his breathing, and I had never had one glimpse of the dear velvety face I kissed so often. It was sadly tantalising. I questioned Harry about him; surely he must have seen him once, at least, the night of his birth? Was he pretty? Dark, or fair? Who was he like? All in vain; Harry said he was no judge of babies, he thought they were never like anybody, and so on, till I felt wounded and aggrieved and turned away sometimes to hide a foolish tear that would trickle on the pillow.

Three days later I awoke towards evening from a sound sleep; I had had one or two wakeful and restless nights, and in the afternoon had dropped off into a profound slumber. I was alone in the room, looking at my watch I found it was the time the servants would be at their tea. A sudden thought struck me. Could I not creep gently into the next room where baby was, and by the dim light get a peep at him for a moment as he slept? surely that could not hurt him. I would shade his face so that only the faintest light could come upon it, and for a moment. I got up softly, softly stole into the next room, giddy and trembling, but resolved. I was surprised to find the room much less darkened than I expected, but I saw that a veil was thrown over the hood of the cradle which stood between the two windows. Across the floor I crept, my heart beating loudly; I drew aside the veil, shading the light with my person. What was that? Nurse's red handkerchief, she had spread over the child's face, to keep out the light, doubtless; but enough to smother it. I stooped to draw it aside, but something withheld my hand. I bent closer; my God! it was the child's face itself, stained red, blood-red, as the hot thick rain that had poured on my own, that night of horror!

My wild shrieks, which I could not control, brought up the servant, and I was carried back to bed.

Another long dreary night of mingled terror and stupor, another lingering at the portal of death; another awaking. Harry was kneeling by my bed when I opened my eyes and looked round dreamily at first, then with recovering consciousness.

"My child, Harry?" were the first words I

could whisper; "I dreamt it was dead, tell me the truth."

He shook his head.

"It is gone; quite quietly; it is at rest. The doctor tells me it could not have lived. It is better so: think, Mary, of what life must have been to it." I knew it was better so. But oh, it was cruelly hard to bear!

Shortly after that Harry came into some property unexpectedly, and immediately threw up his appointment, and we came home.

I have now two other children, beautiful, strong, and fair; but even while looking at them with joy and pride, I cannot but sigh when I think of the little blighted life of my first-born.

## PANCAKES AND BELLS.

IN an age so devoted to burlesque as the present, illustrations cannot be wanting of the manner in which the sublime is made to pass into the ridiculous, and the beautiful to become vulgar and even coarse. The finest poetry, the finest music, the most fanciful legends, whether of antiquity or the most recent fairy lore, are in these times customarily traduced and linked to the lowest associations. Even grave customs have a similar proclivity to burlesque themselves. The shriving-bell of an elder period became after the Reformation the Pancake Bell, which is still rung in some English parishes on Shrove Tuesday, from half-past twelve until two o'clock in the afternoon. Originally designed to call people together to shrift or confession, as a preparation for Lent, it was ultimately used for a signal to the people to begin frying their pancakes. This fact is noticed by Taylor, the water-poet, in the following facetious manner: "By the time the clock strikes eleven," says he, "which by the help of a knavish sexton is commonly before nine, there is a bell rung, called the pancake bell, the sound whereof makes thousands of people distracted and forgetful either of manners or humanity. Then there is called wheatan flour, which cooks do mingle with water, spice, and other tragical and magical enchantments, and then put it little by little into a frying-pan of boiling suet, wherewith it makes a confused dismal hissing, untill at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a flip-jack, which *ominous incantation* ignorant people doe devour greedily."

Ominous incantation! Taylor seems to have thought that the frying of these flip-jacks was a custom originally related to black magic; by the celebrated Franklin the custom was more favourably esteemed. He connected happy notions with it. "Some folks," he says, "think it never will be good times till houses are tiled with pancakes." The cake itself probably comes down to us from pagan times, and the prefix is derived rather from the god Pan than the vessel in which it is so curiously made. The pancake may be thus elevated to the highest antiquity, and, with the bell-ringing in addition, might then have formed a part in such an incantation, "ominous" or other, as Taylor has intimated.

We may gather from this instance how tenacious the ancient superstitions have been of their existence, and how, at last, in Protestant times, they have mingled with common occurrences, having some small force of custom left, but inapt to excite serious reflection, though not to provoke sportive remark. The pancake-bell no longer calls to confession, and bells themselves now scarcely awaken the sentiments that they did formerly. We no longer ascribe the invention of bells to Noah, as was done by a scholar of the twelfth century, Dionysius Bar Salhi, who has left us a learned disquisition on them. Among the stories he tells is this: That the patriarch was commanded to strike on the bell with a piece of wood three times a day, in order to summon the workmen to their labour while building the ark.

Grave men have repeated this idle legend, and referred to it as giving the origin, forsooth of church bells. The opinion is, in fact, common to Oriental writers. Certain it is, that ancient nations had bells in use for sacred as well as for

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domestic purposes. The Romans, we know, had them; for Strabo records that market-time was announced by the ringing of them. The tomb of Porsenna, king of Tuscany, was hung round with bells. The hour of bathing was made known at Rome by the sound of a bell; the night-watchman also carried one, and it served to call up servants in great houses. Sheep had bells tied about their necks to frighten away wolves, or perhaps as an amulet. A practice still obtains in England, of attaching a bell to the neck of the ewe, by which to guide the lambs. This practice is generally regarded as the relic of an ancient superstition.

Bells were introduced into the Christian church, about the year four hundred, by Paulinus, bishop of Nola. More than two centuries later, an extraordinary occurrence happened in relation to them, during the siege of Sens by Clothair the Second. Lupus, the bishop of Orleans, ordered the bells of St. Stephen's church to be rung. The deafening sound so terrified the besiegers that they fled panic-stricken, like a flock of sheep or a herd of bulls.

We learn from Bede that wooden rattles (*sacra ligna*) were used before bells came into fashion in the churches of Britain. The first intimation of them occurs in 680. The first regular peal of bells was put up in Croiland Abbey, Lincolnshire, by the famous abbot, Turketullus who died circa 870. Subsequently to that period they were in frequent use. The arrival of kings and great personages were usually greeted by the ringing of a joyous peal. Henry the Eighth was so welcomed by the churchwardens of Waltham Abbey church, for which service they paid the ringers a penny. The bells used in monasteries were sometimes rung with ropes, having brass or silver rings at the ends for the hands, and were originally rung by the priests themselves. In course of time the office was performed by the servants, and sometimes by those incapable of other duties. Thus "in the monastery of Westminster there was a fyre young man which was blinde, whom the monks had ordeyned to ryng the bellys."

Who can forget Schiller's famous song of the Bell, in which its founding, its baptism, and its various uses are gloriously sung? Poe, too, has given us a lyric on bells, in which they ring audibly in every line, and leave an impression on the mind not easy to be effaced. The palace of Macbeth had a bell on which his lady was appointed to strike "when his drink was ready," and which he did not wish his guest, King Duncan to hear.

Happily, however, their superstitious uses have sunk into abeyance. Fuller long ago disputed their claims to accomplish all that was pretended in their favour. A legend was originally inscribed on or near them, which he quotes:

Men's death I tell by doleful knell;  
Lightning and thunder I break asunder;  
On Sabbath all to church I call;  
The sleepy head I raise from bed;  
The winds so fierce I do disperse;  
Men's cruel rage I do assuage.

But, says Fuller, "the frequent firing of abbey churches confuteth the proud motto. Bells are no effectual charm against lightning; for where no it appears that abbey steeples, though quilted with bells almost cap-à-pic, were not proof against the sword of God's lightning."

## THE CLUB SYSTEM.

THE Publisher, in order to extend the circulation of the READER, offers the following liberal inducements to persons who will interest themselves in forming clubs. Any one sending him the names of three new subscribers, with cash in advance for one year's subscription, will receive by return mail a copy of Garneaux History of Canada, 2 vols., originally published at \$2.50. Any one forwarding the names of ten new subscribers, with one year's subscription each in advance, will receive, in addition to the above, a copy of Christie's History of Canada, 6 vols., just published at \$6.00. With a slight expenditure of effort, hundreds of our country friends may thus become the possessors of one or both of these excellent histories of the land of their birth or adoption.

## MISCELLANEA.

**NEW FILTER.**—A new form of filter has been devised by the apparatus of the College of France. It is made by placing in a tank of impure water a vessel so arranged that a sponge which it contains shall lap over its edge and dip into the water of the tank. The sponge gradually sucks up and purifies the water in the smaller reservoir, and allows it to drop into the receiver or vessel, from which it may be drawn off by a tube. By placing a few lumps of charcoal in the bottom of the receiver, filtration of the most perfect kind is effected.

**DEATH,** to a good man, is the coming of the heart to its blossoming time. Do we call it dying when the bud bursts into flower?

IN the winter the sun promises his coming by a long morning twilight; but when he comes he shines dimly and sets soon. And so, with men, the longer their promises the poorer their performances.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION OF COLOURS.**—The honour of producing on paper the exact colouring which the human frame throws on the camera has been reserved for M. Chambray, of Paris, whose process produces a portrait which gives all the exquisitely varied tints of flesh, together with a transparency in the shades never before attained.

**COTTON** mills have been burned by fire originating in the attrition of stones contained in the cotton, in their passage through the scutching machinery.

**A LIBRARY** of 63,360 volumes, averaging one inch in thickness each, would occupy one mile of shelf. Twelve miles of shelf are occupied by the books in the library of the British Museum.

**ISINGLASS CEMENT.**—The best cement for uniting surfaces of leather together is a strong solution of isinglass. A cement composed of dissolved india rubber and lac varnish is also very adhesive.

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

**THE MEMORY OF THE PAST.**—Relics of sensation may exist for an indefinite time in a latent state, in the very same order in which they were originally impressed; and as we cannot rationally suppose the feverish state of the brain to act in any other way than as a stimulus, this fact contributes to make it even probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and that, if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive, it would require only a different and proportionate organization—the body celestial instead of the body terrestrial—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of its whole past existence! And this—this, perchance, is the dread book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded! Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost.—*Coleridge.*

## PASTIMES.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A poisonous plant.
2. A part of a flower.
3. A kind of fever.
4. A covering.
5. A plant.
6. To defeat.
7. Jewish tradition.
8. A Russian coin.

The initials read forward, and finally backward will name a celebrated general and one of his battles.  
**BERICUS.**

## SQUARE WORDS.

To beat into a confused mass.  
A celebrated battle.  
A parasitic fungus which forms on grain.  
Extreme aversion.  
**G. D. E.**

## CHARADES.

1. My 7, 2, 6, 10, 9, 6, 5 is what a mother does.  
My 1, 9, 10, 5, is a plant resembling hemp.  
My 4, 7, 8, 10 is an insect.  
My 7, 9, 4, 3, 5, 10 is prized by the fortunate finder.  
My whole is an idol.  
**CERPHAS.**

2. Reader, I trust you are not my *first*,  
Yet my *first* you may often see  
Making beneath your fingers a burst  
Of honey-tongued melody.

If a man is hard of nerve and of heart,  
Or if he is a hero reckoned,  
Folks say, with many a simper and shrug,  
That he must be made of my *second*.

My *whole* is an innocent clean thing,  
For 'tis ever free from dirt;  
Yet 'tis so important that, but for its aid,  
You couldn't have even a shirt.  
**A. A. B.**

3. I am composed of 9 letters.  
My 8, 7, 3, 4 is a river in Scotland.  
My 4, 9, 2, 3, 4, 9, 6 is dear to Scotchmen.  
My 3, 5, 2, 1, 4, 9, 6 may be of either sex.  
My whole is a Christian name.  
**ETHEL.**

## RIDDLE.

I am carnage, murder, bloodshed! and dreaded;  
But changed into mirth the moment behended.  
**J. H. C.**

## GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

- A country in Asia.  
A country in Europe.  
A river in Europe.  
A town in British North America.  
A river in Asia.  
A city in Europe.  
Part of Great Britain.  
A country in Asia.  
A city in Turkey.  
A town in Afghanistan.  
A part of Austria.  
One of the British Isles.  
A republic in Africa.  
A city in Saxony.  
One of the United States.  
A range of mountains in South America.  
One of the United States.  
A country in Europe.  
The initials read downwards form the name of a distinguished living general. **J. E. D' A.**

## PROBLEM.

A broker bought twelve shares of a certain stock at 150 per cent. Three months after he sold 6 of them at 175 per cent., and 6 months from the date of his purchase sold the remaining 6 at 145 per cent. Money being at 8 per cent., what was his gain per cent. on his investment?  
**CERPHAS.**

## ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c. No. 74.

*Anagrams.*—1. China Aster. 2. Mock orange. 3. Mignonette. 4. Narcissus. 5. Passion flower. 6. Lily of the valley.

*Enigma.*—O live, (olive).

*Charades.*—1. A stitch in time saves nine. 2. Atlantic Telegraph. 3. Housewife.

*Puzzle.*—Cork.

*Double Acrostic.*—*Charles Napier.*—*Horatio Nelson.* 1. Catarrh. 2. Heigho. 3. Adder. 4. Russia. 5. Leveret. 6. Ell. 7. Salvo. 8. Nankin. 9. Alice. 10. Paul. 11. Isinglass. 12. Ergo. 13. Revolution.

## ANSWERS RECEIVED.

*Anagrams.*—Polly, Bericus, H. H. V., Dido, Argus, Fleet, Camp.

*Enigma.*—Dido, Polly, Argus, Fleet, Camp Paul.

*Charades.*—Bericus, Fleet, Dido, Polly, H. H. V., Paul.

*Puzzle.*—Polly, Dido, Argus, H. H. V.  
*Double Acrostic.*—*Argus,* H. H. V., Fleet, Paul.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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

**MARTELLO TOWER.**—The Martello Tower is said to be named from Italian towers built near the sea during the period when piracy was common in the Mediterranean, for the purpose of keeping watch and giving warning if a pirate ship was seen approaching. This warning was given by striking on a bell with a hammer (Ital. *martello*), and hence these towers were called *Torri da Martello*.

**ALPHA.**—A cousin-german is a first cousin—a cousin descended from the same father and mother.

**EVANGELINE.**—Yes! the ring finger is sometimes called the third finger, but in the marriage service in the Book of Common Prayer it is styled the fourth. In the ancient ritual of marriage, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words "In the name of the Father;" he then removed it to the forefinger, saying "In the name of the Son;" then to the middle finger, adding, "In the name of the Holy Ghost;" finally, he left it as now, on the *fourth* finger, with the closing word "Amen."

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

**A SUBSCRIBER.**—It is a mistaken notion. The British Government has never offered a prize for the discovery of perpetual motion.

**BROCKVILLE.**—A person cannot be tried a second time for the same offence; but the real culprit may be tried and convicted of an offence, even if an innocent party has been previously convicted and the sentence carried out.

**YOUNG CANADA.**—The longest canal in the world is one in China, which passes over two thousand miles, and was commenced in the tenth century.

**ELSIE.**—The verses are respectfully declined.

**GEORGE A.**—There can be no doubt as to the fact that negroes were at one time held to slavery in Canada, we have seen advertisements in old files of Lower Canada papers for the recovery of runaway negroes.

**C. H. S.**—Your letter received, and will be answered by mail in the course of a few days.

**C. J., QUEBEC.**—We have not yet heard from G. C. G., would like to do so as early as possible.

**K. O. AND JOSEPH.**—In our next.

**ANDY MATTHEWS.**—Many thanks for your kind wishes; will insert your contribution in a slightly altered form.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

**BREWER'S LANGUAGE.**—He brew.

**A FAST BOOK.**—The Racing Calendar.

**TENANTS OF THE DEEP.**—People who have wavy landlords.

**"FAST" AND "SLOW" WRITERS.**—Swift and Crabbe.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends," as the pig remarked when contemplating the kink in his tail.

It is a paradox, that, in most cities, ground is scarce and dirt abundant.

The young lady who took the gentleman's fancy has returned it with thanks.

The man that drew a long breath has taken another chance in the same lottery.

"What blessings children are!" as the parish clerk said when he took fees for christening him.

If sleep flies from you, don't go in hot pursuit of it; lie still, and it will probably come and kiss you.

When your wife is silent, hold the baby for her. Perhaps it is as much as she can do to hold her tongue.

Why is a letter like a flock of sheep?—Because it is penned and folded.

Why is a cat on the top of a house like an orange?—Because she looks round.

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing you want, you'll find it in the jug where the whisky was."

"Dear me," said an old lady, "and so they have put telegraph posts all the way 'cross the ocean. I shouldn't wonder if they tried a pontoon bridge next."

**HINT TO SEA CAPTAINS.**—What's the best thing to do if you run short of vegetables at sea?—Spring a leak, of course.

**WONDERFUL.**—A contemporary, recording the fall of a person into the river, says, "It is a wonder that he escaped with his life." Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it?

**QUESTION FOR LOGICIANS.**—Can a man keep his feet dry when he has a creak in his boots?

**A TEMPTING OFFER.**—An advertisement in a Philadelphia paper reads as follows.—"Stolen, a watch worth 100 dollars. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed, gratis, where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

**A COLONEL** of volunteers repeatedly insisted as a condition of his offer of service, "Mind, we are not to go out of the country, Mr. Pitt! we are not to go out of the country."—"Except, I suppose," said the minister, coldly, "in the case of actual invasion."

An American named Sands threatened to sue for damages in a case of breach of promise of marriage. He was offered two hundred dollars to heal his broken heart. "Two hundred!" he exclaimed, "two hundred dollars for ruined hopes, a blasted life! Two hundred dollars for all this! Never! But make it three hundred, and it's a bargain."

**MORE CURIOSITIES WANTED.**—An umbrella for the reign of peace, a comb from the horns of a dilemma, a collar for a cat-o-nine tails, a door for a press of business, a spoke from the wheel of fortune; a flower from the Bank of England; a plant from the overland route; a bucket for the well of truth; a coffin for the body of a church, a lace for the boot of a stage coach, an ewer for the basin of a canal, diamonds for a wreath of smoke; snores from a railway sleeper; whisky from the still of the evening; fragments from the break of day; and a laugh from the smiling morn.

RECENTLY a French farmer, hearing his calves making a noise in the stable, got up to see what was the matter. At the door he met a man, who said, "I am St. Martin, come to bless your beasts." The farmer returned and told his wife what the good St. Martin was doing. They were both very thankful. The next day the calves were nowhere to be found.

**NEAT BUT SEVERE.**—There is an amusing anecdote current about Lord Derby. It is said that some wine-merchant persecuted the Premier into tasting a sample of wine—claret or sherry—which was to keep off the gout; and that he got the reply:—"I have tasted your wine, but I prefer the gout."

"Job printing!" exclaimed an old woman the other day, as she peered over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first learnt to read, and if he wasn't the most patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how."

**PHELIX** explains that his wife and he fell out because they are of one mind—she wants to be master and so does he.

**GIVEN AWAY AND SOLD.**—Which is the cheaper, a bride or bridegroom?—The bride; she is always given away; the bridegroom is sometimes sold.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them are satisfied with the moderate use of the glass.

"An archbishop is a 'most reverend,' a bishop is a 'right reverend,' and a dean is a 'very reverend;' don't you think a sub-dean should have some prefix of that kind?" asked an anxious inquirer of a high authority. "Well, yes," answered the don, "yes, I certainly agree with you. How would 'rather reverend' do?"

A GENTLEMAN with an invalid wife went to one of the prominent London hotels. He ordered breakfast in his sitting-room, and then asked for a small waiter, that breakfast might be carried to his wife in her bedroom. The servant was absent some time, but a length returned, saying, "There are no small waiters in the house, sir; but they have sent up a chambermaid!"

CHESS.

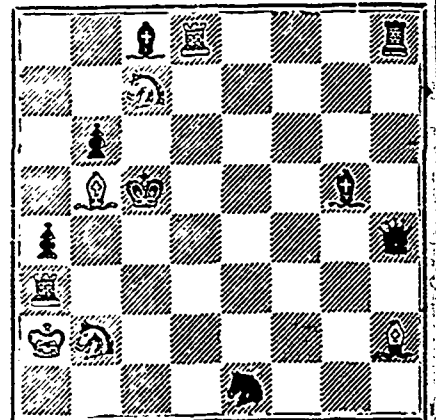
At the latest accounts no less than one hundred and fifty games had been contested in the Tournament of the New York Chess Club. Regarding the probable award of prizes, we may state that Captain Mackenzie may be considered already to have secured the first, and Mr. P. Richardson makes a good second on the list, having won twelve games out of eighteen played.

The return match between Messrs. Reichhelm and Mackenzie will, in all probability, take place at the Philadelphia Athenaeum in the early part of next month, a cartel to that end having been received from Mr. R. The terms are the same as those which governed the previous match, with the single exception that Mr. Reichhelm asks that the limitation clause may be dispensed with, to which we hope the Captain will accede.

PROBLEM No. 55.

BY HERR KLING.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 53.

WHITE.

- 1 K B to Q B 4.
- 2 R to K 2 (ch.)
- 3 Kt or P mates.

BLACK.

- P takes B (best.)
- K moves.

Sprightly dash between two players in London, C.W.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE, (C. J. M.)

- 1 P to K 4.
- 2 K Kt to B 3.
- 3 B to Q B 4.
- 4 P to Q Kt 4.
- 5 P to Q B 3.
- 6 P to Q 4.
- 7 B P takes P.
- 8 K to B sq.
- 9 Q to Q Kt 3.
- 10 B to K Kt 5.
- 11 B to Q Kt 5.
- 12 P to K 5.
- 13 Kt takes P.
- 14 B to Q B 4.
- 15 B takes K B P (ch.)
- 16 Kt to K Kt 6 (ch), and wins.

BLACK, (Mr. B.)

- 1 P to K 4.
- 2 Q Kt to B 3.
- 3 B to Q B 4.
- 4 B takes Kt P.
- 5 B to Q B 4.
- 6 K P takes P.
- 7 B to Kt 5 (ch.)
- 8 P to Q 3.
- 9 Q to K B 3.
- 10 Q to K Kt 3.
- 11 P to K R 3.
- 12 Q P takes P.
- 13 Q to K 3.
- 14 Q to K B 4.
- 15 K to B sq.