

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

1413

THE

SATURDAY READER.

OCTOBER, 1866, TO FEBRUARY, 1867.

MONTREAL:
PUBLISHED BY R. WORTHINGTON.
1866-7.

JOHN LOVELL, PRINTER,
MONTREAL.

E 10 A

INDEX TO VOL. III.

TALES.

	PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.
Avice and her Lover	29, 38	Brother Mathew	93	Barbox Brothers & Co	229	Sir Guy's Goblet	284
A Lady's Confession	78	Birds of Prey 199, 214, 246, 266, 295,	317, 333, 346, 363, 378, 398	Main Line. The boy at Mugby..	232	Stage Jewels	301
An Ocean Waif .. 118, 141, 157, 186		Eveline's Visitant	349	Branch Line. The signalman ..	234	The Lion in the Path 9, 25, 41, 57,	73, 89, 105, 121, 137, 153, 193, 209,
A Fireside Story	187	Fact or Fancy	363	No. 2 Branch Line. The Engine		241, 257, 273, 289, 305, 321, 330, 353,	369, 386, 402
A Night on the Ortler Spitz.. ..	189	Gabrielle's Cross	311	Driver	236	The Little Blue Boat	54
All Right at Last	190	Haunted House on the St. Law-		No. 3 Branch Line. Compensation		House	239
A Wager for a Wife	278	rence	169	No. 4 Branch Line. The Travelling		The Monk of Cockaigne	69, 87
A tale of a Tiger	351	He and I	134	Post Office	249	The Silver Watch	160
An Illicit Still	365	Janet's Escape	406	No. 5 Branch Line. The Engineer	258	The Lady of St. Oucens	172
An incident in the Tropics	381	Michael Consedine's Daughter ..	101	My First, Second, and Third Love	414	The Perfect Treasure	183
A Game of Ecarté	410	Mab's Cross	206	My Luck in a Tunnel	221	Thorgunna's Ghost	287
Brought to Light 3, 19, 35, 51, 67, 82,	98, 115, 131, 147, 163, 179, 202, 268,	Mugby Junction	225	Nicolo Paganini	77		
282, 297, 313, 330		Barbox Brothers	225	Port in a Storm	218		

POETRY.

A Reverie of Age	82	Darling Lily	134	On the Trail	220	The Vacant Cot	312
Apragmosno	88	Epitaph on a Rose	56	Old Letters	328	Two Alices	313
An Old Story	169	Kambalu	204	Panope and Galene	246	Take Thy Lot	377
A Song	189	Lady Julia	40	Quid est Veritas	35	The Snow Queen	399
A Sunset Idyl	294	Life in Death	120	Raca	51	The Irish Mule Driver	412
Arthur's Wife	408	Lost in the Snow	376	Slain at Sadowa	213	We were only Cousins, you Know.	151
Bonnie Agg Loraine	359	My First Wife	175	The Requiem	181	Without hope of Change	166
Childhood	150	Metempsychosis	199	The Old Soldier	261	When	277
Désillusionné	101	Marguerite	277	The Herdsman's Repose	264		
Dorette	126	On the Cliffs	98	The Three Sisters	296		

THE DRAMA.

She Stoops to Conquer—The Sea of	
Ice	14
School for Scandal—Toodles	30

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

William Molson	1	Geo. Peabody	40	Victor Hugo	184	General Wolfe	392
William Workman	17	P. A. de Gaspé	45	John Bright	337	Earl Russek	401
C. J. Brydges	83	Sir J. Reynolds	62	William Howitt	385	W. E. Gladstone	410

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Letter to the Editor	3	Chess 15, 31, 64, 80, 96, 224, 256, 271,		Freemasonry	72	Irish Bulls	6, 22
A Night in a Sleeping Car	114	283, 304, 336, 362, 368, 394, 400, 415,		Gas from Wood	56	Ink Stains in Wood	46
Against Inanimate Objects	127	Clubs and Clubmen	110	Great Fire in Quebec	113	Ireland 70 Years Ago.. .. .	53
A Good Shot	168	Confederation B. N. America ..	178	German Jubilee	159	Joe Miller and his Men	182
A new Temperance Scheme	327	Cathedrals	216	Glimpse at a Mormon Newspaper	174	Jacques Cartier	212
A Cattle-drive in British Columbia	396	Etiquette for Ladies	61	Great Earthquake at Lisbon ..	175	Kentucky Twins	207
A Great Want	210	Eating Clouds	133	Glasgow	344	London Letter 2, 18, 34, 50, 65, 81,	97, 130, 146
British North America	18	England in the East	378	Greek Brigands and Escorts ..	375	Love and Bonnets	38
Breech Loading Guns	24	French Rule in Canada	21, 37	Halifax, N. S	129	Lawyers	49
Book Notices	199, 329	Fashions for September	39	Home for Dogs	205		

MISCELLANEOUS CONTINUED.

	PAGE.		PAGE.		PAGE.
Literary Gossip 66, 120, 163, 215, 359		Old Stories Retold	167	Suspension Bridge, Niagara	281
Literature of the Day	345	Our Manufactures	198	Shadows of Coming Events	294
London in Ruins	495	Old Atlantic Cable	297	St. Andrews Church	297
Miscellanea 16, 32, 64, 96, 112, 128, 160, 176, 208, 221, 272, 283		Organization of the Empire	278	Sackville Street, Dublin	313
Marriages of Eminent Men	40	Pastimes 15, 31, 63, 79, 95, 111, 128, 144, 160, 176, 207, 222, 271, 288, 304, 320, 336, 351, 367, 383, 399, 415		The Prussia War	7
Musical Items	67, 134	Peschiera	56	To Correspondents 16, 32, 130, 176, 208, 221, 272, 288, 304, 320, 336, 352, 368, 384, 400, 419	
Married Life	103	Parliament Buildings, Ottawa	189	The Present and Future	31
Mr. Bright in Ireland	178	Pancakes and Bells	382	Porpedo Boat	46
Manchester	361	Pictures of India	413	The Battle of Reichenburgh	63
My First and Last Descent into a Lead Mine	366	Russia and China	245	The Turkish Empire	65
North British and M. Insurance Co	247	Scientific and Useful 16, 32, 64, 80, 96, 144, 176, 208, 335, 416		The Postman	81
Normal and Model Schools, Toronto	281	St. John	145	The Lamlrande Affair	97
Our Enterprise Again	2	St. Patrick's Hall	161	The Magazines	115
Origin of Fick and Duns	23	St. James's Club House	200	The Cheap Newspaper	131, 146
On the Right	86	Story of the Snider Gun	222	To Our Subscribers	162
		Scraps of Law	262, 361	The Laval University	198
				The Club System	198, 273, 333
				The Falls of Montmorenci	281
				Toronto University	264
				The Victoria Skating Rink	265
				The Hair	313
				Terrace Bank	277
				The Fate of Mexico	65
				The Tigris and Her Young	327
				The State of Europe	327
				The Village Church	334, 360
				The Viking's Skin	334, 360
				Union of B. N. America	334, 360
				United States Constitutional Difficulties	334, 360
				United States Reconstruction	334, 360
				Witty and Whimsical 16, 32, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 208, 224, 256, 272, 288, 304, 320, 336, 352, 368, 384, 400	
				Wife Selling in England	334, 400

MUSIC.

Elegy of Tears	192	Sympathy	47	They tell me I am qui' fôrg'ot	104
Oh, would I were a Bird. Song	8	Shylce Bawn	162	The Nicest kind of Croquet	223
				The Cuckoo's Notes, Waltz	

ILLUSTRATIONS.

William Molson	1	The Sleeping Child	136	North British Insurance Co. B	248	John Bright	
Destruction of the Bridge at Riera	7	St. Johns, N. B.	145	Ice Cone, Montmorenci	261	A Village Church	
The Fishers of Bar-sur-bee	9	St. Patrick's Hall	161	Toronto University	264	Glasgow	
William Workman	17	Design for a Fountain	168	Victoria Skating Rink	265	Manchester	
The Needle Gun	24	The Shipwreck	169	Terrace Bank	277	Lost in the Snow	
The Snider Gun	24	Parliament Buildings, Ottawa 177, 180, 181, 185		Education Buildings, Toronto	280	Church of the Messiah	
The Lion in the Path 23, 57, 73, 89, 105, 109, 121, 137, 153, 193, 200, 241, 257, 289, 293, 305, 321, 353, 369		The Laval University	197	Suspension Bridge, Niagara	281	William Howitt	
C. J. Brydges	33	St. James's Club House	201	The Three Sisters	296	General Wolfe	
Geo. Peabody	40	Jacques Cartier	212	St. Andrew's Church	297	Death of Wolfe	
Peschiera	56	Jacques Cartier House	213	The Vacant Cot	312	Earl Russell	
Great Fire at Quebec	113	Winter Harbour, Quebec	213	Sackville St., Dublin	313	Arthur's Wife	
Halifax, N. S.	129	Christ Church Cathedral	216	Old Letters	323	W. E. Gladstone	
		L'Eglise Paroissiale	217	Edinburgh	328		



ILLUSTRATED SATURDAY READER

VOL. III.—No. 53.

FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

SEVEN CENTS.



WILLIAM MOLSON, ESQ.

THE Molson Family are identified with the history of Montreal, as well as with the commercial history of Canada. The late Hon. John Molson, father of the subject of the following brief biographical notice, was a man of vast capabilities for business, and of unconquerable resolution. In the year 1809, two years after Fulton launched his first steamer on the Hudson, the Hon. John Molson placed upon the waters of the St. Lawrence a boat named the *Accommodation*, 72 feet in length, and 16 feet beam, propelled by an engine of only six-horse power. But small as was this vessel, she proved the pioneer of others, the *Swiftsure*, the *Mulsham*, and the *Lady Sherbrooke*—steamboats that inaugurated the era of inland and oceanic steam navigation, of which Canada is justly proud.

The qualities of his father are inherited by his son, William Molson, who was born in Canada, on the 5th of November, 1793. In the branch of business, to establish which the Hon. John Molson sold his estates of Snake Hall and Moulton, in Lincolnshire, England, Mr. William Molson proved a valuable assistant to his father; and for many years aided him in the management of

a large brewery. To this brewery was added, in the course of time, by Mr. Wm. Molson and his brothers, a capacious distillery. The concern continued to prosper with the increasing prosperity of the province. Then came our "troubles" in 1836-7. At the time, specie was very scarce; and Mr. Wm. Molson, with the permission of the Government of the day, began a small banking establishment. This bank proved of much service to the commercial interest, and was valuable to Mr. Molson, because it enabled the firm, during a time when the metallic currency was difficult to be procured, to purchase the vast quantities of grain necessary for their business. At the present day, bills of that issue are to be seen occasionally. When the "troubles" were ended, this issue was redeemed, and specie again became available. At a later period Mr. Molson's standing in the commercial community procured for him the position of a director in the Bank of Montreal, a position he resigned when he established the Molson Bank, under the Free Banking Act, in 1853. The next year the bank obtained a charter. His son joined him in this enterprise. Mr. Wm. Molson was

elected president of the Bank, an appointment which he still retains.

Mr. Molson, in the midst of his pressing business engagements, managed, nevertheless, to devote himself to the duties required of a volunteer. But having signed the famous annexation manifesto in 1849, he was deprived of his commission. The Government offered to re-instate him, but he declined the proposal.

He has always assisted the educational interests of Montreal, and been a liberal supporter of everything connected with education. He and his brothers, John and Thomas, founded and endowed the chair of English Literature in McGill College; he afterwards built the wing of that College, known as the William Molson wing, containing a large library, beautifully fitted up; and the Convocation Hall, together with some class rooms. At a later period, he built the corridors, connecting the main building and the wings, which he fitted up as a museum and class rooms, &c. For some years he has been one of the governors of the same institution. He was one of the original promoters of the House of Refuge, and for many years has

been an active governor of the Montreal General Hospital.

The practical benevolence of Mr. Molson has been shown on many public occasions, and in innumerable private instances; and there is hardly a charitable or an educational institution in Montreal with which his name is not largely connected. We may here add that Trinity Church, of which he is a member, owes him much, not only for a large subscription to the main building, but also for the elaborate and beautiful spire which he is now having completed at his own expense. In short, the vast influence possessed by Mr. Molson has always been exercised for the public weal, and, like Mr. Peabody, the great American Banker, the inclination to bestow is fortunately seconded by the power. The position he enjoys in the esteem of his fellow-citizens is only the natural recognition of personal merit as well as of public services.

The history of the Molson family shows what can be accomplished by industry and energy, even in the face of the most adverse circumstances. The foundation of their fortunes was laid at a time when the resources of this colony were unknown; and when its annual trade was a mere fraction of that which it now enjoys. The lesson such a fact should inculcate is this—that, at the present day, when facilities for business are multiplied,—when the *Great Eastern* can enter the harbour where the little pioneer, the *Accommodation* used to splash, there can be no real difficulty for any young man in laying the foundation of future wealth and social eminence.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

Original contributions, coming within the scope of this Journal, are invited from Canadian Authors. Articles when used will be paid for.

OUR ENTERPRIZE AGAIN.

IN looking back over the past year, the Publishers of the SATURDAY READER feel that they have no reason to be dissatisfied with the measure of success which has attended their effort to establish a Canadian Literary Journal. The READER has largely distanced the most favoured of its predecessors in circulation, and numbers to-day a goodly host of staunch friends in both sections of the Province. But, gratifying as their success thus far has been, the Publishers are resolved that the coming year shall witness redoubled efforts on their part to increase the value of this Journal, and render it a more welcome guest in the families of Canadians generally. After mature deliberation, they have resolved to incur the additional expense of illustrations, and in future these will form a prominent feature in the READER. As intimated in a Circular issued a few weeks since, the illustrations will be principally by English artists, but at the same time, whenever practicable, due encouragement will be given to native talent.

We this week commence the publication of an original historical romance of absorbing interest, by a prominent English author, for advance sheets of which the publishers pay a large sum. "The Lion in the Path" will be illustrated weekly, and will prove, we venture to predict, a great attraction to our Readers. "Brought to Light," for advance proofs of which, the Publishers also pay liberally, will be continued through the volume. The plot of this cleverly written serial is an intensely interesting one, and we confidently believe that our readers will warmly sympathize with honest John English in his efforts to penetrate the mystery which surrounds him, and will mark with eager interest the developments by which Lady Spencelaugh's long concealed guilt is brought to light.

Among other features of the new volume, we may state, that it will contain, under the title of "Men who have Risen," a series of portraits and

biographical sketches of prominent Canadians—of men who have, chiefly through their own indomitable energy and perseverance attained to wealth and eminence in our midst. As our readers will observe, we have commenced the series with William Molson, Esq., President of Molsons' Bank, and we cannot refrain from adding, that we are indebted to the skill of a Canadian artist for the faithful portrait upon our first page. No better incentive to exertion could be placed before the young men of Canada than this series will afford, for it will tend to convince them, that, humanly speaking, their future is in their own hands, and that success in life can be bought by the exercise of self-denial, and the expenditure of earnest effort.

A complaint has been occasionally urged against the "Reader," that it has not afforded a better opportunity for the display of native talent—in other words, that it has not contained more original matter. We have had, and still have, our own opinion upon this subject; but, in order to silence all reproaches of this character, a standing notice will be inserted in the "Reader," inviting contributions from Canadian writers generally.

We have one word in reserve for the ladies. At least, fortnightly, we pledge ourselves to publish one or two pages of music. The selections will be made with great care, and will comprise, either gems from the great masters, or new music as it reaches us. The money value of this department of the "Reader" alone, will be equal to five times the annual subscription.

From what we have written above, our readers will observe that the Publishers of this Journal are disposed to incur a large additional expenditure, in order to render it more worthy of the support of the Canadian public. This is with them a matter of business, and they of course hope to receive an adequate return for their investment. A large addition to our circulation is needed to effect this; and we trust that those of our friends who are really anxious to see a Canadian Literary Journal firmly established, will, on every opportunity that may present itself, use their influence to further the interest of THE SATURDAY READER ILLUSTRATED.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, August 9th.

IN making my introductory bow to your readers, Mr. Editor, it is due to them that they should be informed what they may expect to find in these weekly letters from the old country. Generally, then, I shall send across the Atlantic a little of everything; a little of politics, such as will keep during the voyage; a little of such great social movements as may enclose great social lessons; a little art; a little science; a few remarkable events as they turn up, and a little of gossip on matters at large. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," so that if I were writing for the far off Japanese it would be my own fault did I fail to excite a human interest in things human. But addressing myself to Canadians, fellow subjects with me, and those about whom I shall have to speak, of the same good Queen, part and parcel of the same great empire, and in many cases allied to us by the ties of blood, and by cherished associations, I should be unworthy of ever again putting pen to paper if I failed to excite an almost English interest in things English. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that I do not mean to indulge in any ponderosity of style and manner. Mine will be the butterfly task of flying lightly from point to point, leaving my readers to draw their own moral, and indulge their own reflections as it may best please them.

Although the "dull season" is just setting in, I find no lack of topics for a first letter. Parliament is prorogued to-day, and the last of the opera houses closes on Saturday, so that this week will see the London season of 1866, at the present moment, in *articulo mortis*, draw its expiring breath. Concerning it, I say with all charity, *requiescat in pace*, though it has not been

a very pleasant one. The court festivities have been of the poorest, the Queen still keeping aloof from "society;" there has been a royal marriage which everybody looked upon coldly; then we have passed through a financial crisis; have had an acrimonious reform debate with its resulting change of government; and have witnessed threatening political demonstrations, ending in actual conflict and bloodshed. This is pretty well for one season, and nobody regrets that the end has come. The great annual exodus from town is now at its height, and every one who is anyone has started, or is about to start, wherever fancy prompts, and his purse can carry him. If a Canadian visitor passed now along our west-end streets, he would imagine himself in a deserted city. There is silence all round, save where a solitary cab or carriage is rolling off to the rail with its outward-bound load. Every house has its shutters closed, or blinds closely drawn, and it is only by minute observation of the lower regions, that any evidence of human occupation can be found. It is uncharitably whispered however, that if one could take the tops off a good many of these seemingly deserted tenements, he would find the families generally supposed to be out of town quietly encamped in the back rooms. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and while London is empty of all but a couple of millions or so, the seaside watering places are full to repletion, and the demands of the lodging house keepers are in proportion. I have lately paid flying visits to a few of the towns on our south coast, and looking at the thousands who throng the beach, and choke the streets, have wondered where they all contrive to stow themselves. I have heard, and fully believe, that many unfortunates, unable to do better, have contented themselves night after night with such accommodation as a bathing machine could afford, and have been glad to get that. Well, a sojourn at the sea side, inhaling the glorious air, enjoying the refreshing bath, and revelling in the freedom from the rule of Mrs. Grundy which is traditional there, constitutes a treat worth a good deal of sacrifice, such an one as perhaps only we poor Londoners, pent up all the year round in our mighty city, can fully appreciate.

An extra inducement, for all who can to get away, is found in the dreaded cholera now raging furiously all over the eastern districts of the metropolis. I am told that the scenes to be witnessed among the poor and squalid denizens of those localities are harrowing in the extreme, and are enough to appal the stoutest heart. In mercy to my readers, I will only mention two out of many. One of the medical officials appointed by the authorities was summoned in the night to a patient. Going with the messenger he had to grope his way through a dark and densely peopled house to the bedside of the victim, who was too poor to afford even a rush light. Unable to see his tongue, he had to feel it, and found by its deathly coldness that collapse had set in.

Another doctor putting his hand in the dark under the clothes to feel his patient's pulse, grasped, instead of the man's wrist, the foot of his dead wife whose corpse had not been removed from the bed on which she lay. Such things are horrible. The epidemic, however, is being fought against with a quiet steady bravery that never flinches. The various officials stand firm to their posts, and when one falls another takes his place. Then, in the hospitals there are to be found ladies of gentle birth and culture, veritable "ministering angels," earnestly fulfilling their self imposed mission, and labouring night and day by the side of the paid nurse; while the outside public who can help in no other form are pouring in with splendid generosity that money which in this case is really the sinews of a holy war. It needs a supreme emergency to bring out the highest attributes of our nature. I believe that this dreadful visitation will result in eventual good, that the homes of our poor will be better attended to, and that the laws of life will be more regarded, so that in furthering the happiness of future generations, the victims of 1866 will not be an unavailing sacrifice. I see by the telegrams from New York that the disease is spreading

there also. Let the people of Canada be warned in time, and not be found as we in London, unprepared.

Last night the evening papers came out with a truly alarming paragraph, or rather a paragraph with a truly alarming heading. "Attempt to blow up the house of Parliament," so ran the announcement on a placard, that caught my eye. Wondering whether Guy Fawkes was really *redivivus*, and history about to repeat one of her most startling episodes, I bought a paper which proved to be a "sell," in more ways than one. It seems that a policeman on duty at our legislative palace found lying underneath the Victoria Tower some bags of gunpowder about eight or nine pounds in all, to one of which a slow match partially burnt out was attached. The whole affair was doubtless a stupid practical joke, for the serious notion of doing any damage with such small means could only enter the head of an idiot. Of course the old ladies of both sexes will chatter about "those dreadful Fenians, my dear," and not stir out after dark for some time. Most of us will agree that the Fenians are mad enough for anything, but they have no powder to spare for such pyrotechnic displays as this seems likely to have been.

The musical artists who have been delighting us during the past season, are all off to "fresh fields and pastures new." Some are bent on seeking these in your hemisphere; among them Madame Parepa, and Mr. Levey the cornet player, who were both so successful on a similar trip last year. On this occasion I believe they will be joined by Signor Brignoli, a tenor from our Covent Garden opera house, and some others of less note. Adelina Patti has been unusually successful of late at the establishment just named. Her voice is, if anything, improved by use, *malgré* what the Parisians say, while her style of acting is piquant and charming as ever. At the "other house," Her Majesty's, the stars have been Mdlle Titiens, Mdlle Irma de Murska, and Signor Mongini, a singer who possesses a tenor voice of wonderful strength and sweetness.

A gigantic project has just been mooted with reference to the all-important topic of our London water supply. If carried out it will dwarf the aqueducts of the old Romans and be "chalks" ahead of that to which the New Yorkers point with just pride. The idea is to construct reservoirs on the slopes of the Welsh mountains near the sources of the Severn and Wye, some 190 miles distant, and to conduct the water there stored by an immense aqueduct to the metropolis, supplying the towns and cities on its way. The estimated cost is £3,600,000, but, as Mr. Disraeli would say, that is a "mere flea bite," when looked at in connexion with the vast benefit its expenditure would confer. We have squandered three times the sum of late in experimental ship building and have nothing to show for our money. Of course the mechanical difficulties are nothing in an age when engineers are gravely thinking of boring a tunnel under the channel from England to France. The mention of this reminds me that there is now in process a second tunnel under the Thames through which it is proposed to propel passenger trains on the pneumatic principle; that, is we shall, by means of a rotating disc, fixed at one end of the tube, be drawn one way and driven the other with (I hope) safety and despatch.

Writing in August, the month when with us the sickle goes to work in earnest, I ought to say something about the harvest. Happily the crops are in good condition, and we are now being favoured with fair weather for their gathering. Our farmers wanted some such consolation after losing so much by the terrible rinderpest, which even yet is not "stamped out" of the island. Concerning this plague I have a story both good and true to tell. A bucolic but nervous individual, who had been in contact with some diseased animals, persuaded himself that he had got the rinderpest himself, and hurried off to his doctor, who in vain tried to reason him out of the delusion. Up to town comes our friend to see a physician, was gravely listened to and as gravely told "Yes, you have the disease badly, but I will give you a pre-

scription which will certainly cure you. Go to Mr. So-and-so, the chemist over the way, and have it administered at once?" Paying his guinea with a glad heart the patient hurried across to the man of drugs and handed in the prescription. Mr. So-and-so read it, looked comically serious, and asked his customer "Do you really wish this attended to?" "In course" was the reply as quick as you like. "But you had better read it first," said the chemist. The patient did read, to the following effect: "Sir, the bearer has the rinderpest. In obedience to the orders in Council you will take him into your back yard and slaughter him forthwith." The way in which the man of bullocks darted out of the shop was a caution. He has not been seen in that locality since.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

I QUITE agree with Mr. G. F. Train, "that it is a glory to the people of the United States that the late Emperor of the Russians ordered the 'American language' to be taught in the government schools." Still, of course distinguishing with all due humility (i. e. with no humility at all) between the American language and the English language, I must protest against the false light in which are viewed authors who unite in the English language when their works are translated into the American tongue. I do not complain of "Center," "Theater," &c., because I know that although the loss of the "rapport" to the original Greek is augmented by the substitution of "Ter" for "Tre," still the English surrendered those words (by losing the hard "C" i. e. "K.") to the barbaric element in their offshoots. But I do contend that in reprints of English books, the spelling of the English language should be left in the same state as the original authors left it. Also I have to complain that our very names are altered, e. g. in Macaulay's History of England the Marquis of Normandy is mentioned. Can you see how this new Marquisate arose? I can. First of all the printer saw the astounding word "Normanby" with a "b" staring him in the face. "Ah!" said he, "here are these English again, so ignorant that they do not know how to spell their own proper names. Normanby! who ever heard of a Normanby. We, Americans, with our Common Schools, Colleges, &c., are too well informed not to know that there was a province of France called Normandy—and therefore the title must be and is the Marquis of Normandy with a 'd'" And so he prints the word in all the editions of the work. But in spite of that the head of the family of Phipps is Marquis of Normanby, and so he will remain.

Again Lord "Stawell" is mentioned as complaining to Judge Jefferies' temp. James II. of his poor neighbours' sufferings during the "Bloody Assize." The American re-printer again knows better. "Stawell" with an "a," says he! ah nol Stowell with an "o"—there was a Lord Stowell, Judge of the Admiralty, temp. George III, and this well-informed man concludes that there never can have been a "Stawell" because there has since been a "Stowell."

But the cream is yet to come! Yesterday reading the "Eclectic Magazine," a reprint of English Magazines in general, published by Bidwell, New York, I was delighted to see that a certain Lord FIELDING did so and so, and so and so. Now this is really charming! Of course the process of reasoning in the re-printer's mind, when he saw the word spelt in the original "Feilding," was to this effect; "Field" spells field—therefore "Fielding" is the proper way to spell the aforesaid nobleman's name. And, thereby, hangs a well-worn tale. It is so stale that I fear to tell it—but here it is. Lord Feilding, meeting the great novelist Henry Fielding one day, said to him how is it, Mr. Fielding, that we, both belonging to branches of the same family, do not spell our names alike? "The reason is plain enough," replied the novelist; "my branch of the family was the first to learn to spell."

A. R. J. F.

Kingston, August 7, 1866.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

From the Publisher's advanced sheets. Right of translation reserved.

Continued from page 413, Vol. II.

CHAPTER IX.—JOHN ENGLISH'S SECOND LETTER.

Three weeks after the date of his first letter, John English wrote again, as under to his friend, Frank Mashiter:

MY DEAR FRANK—My last epistle, if I remember rightly, broke off just as I was on my way to Belair. I walked up through the park in a musing mood, but paused for a moment before ringing the bell, to take in some of the architectural details of the building before me. I found it to be an ugly, incongruous pile, of various dates and styles—the east wing, which is also the oldest, being the only portion that would come out effectively as a photograph. There is, however, as I afterwards found, a charming old picture-gallery, which will make a capital interior study.

Bearing in mind Mrs. Winch's caution, I asked for Lady Spencelaugh, and after five minutes in an anteroom, was conducted to the apartment of her Ladyship, a most luxuriously furnished room. Lady Spencelaugh is a woman of fifty, or thereabouts, with a comfortable, matronly figure, gray hair, and a bright, healthy complexion. She is *bon style*, without question; and her manners are quiet and well-bred, almost to frigidity; with just a slight tinge of imperiousness, which seems to rest naturally on one who has been accustomed to receive and exact deference from all around her. Her Ladyship listened attentively to all I had to say, examined the specimen photographs I had taken with me for inspection, made a few sensible remarks about them, and then said that she did not imagine there would be any difficulty in granting my request, but that Sir Philip must be consulted in the matter before any final decision could be given. So the bell was rung, and a footman sent to inquire whether Sir Philip were at liberty to receive us. The answer was favourable; so her Ladyship rose at once, and desiring me to accompany her, and the footman to follow with my portfolio, we set out in procession for the apartments of the master of Belair.

The library, where Sir Philip is usually to be found in a morning, is in the opposite wing of the house to that occupied by Lady Spencelaugh; indeed, the baronet and his wife, as my subsequent experience has shewn me, rarely see each other till they meet at the dinner-table. We had to traverse three or four corridors, and to cross the fine old entrance-hall before reaching the baronet's own room, which, although known as the library, and can boast a very tolerable collection of books, is always looked upon in the light of a private apartment by every one in the house.

A tall, thin, white-haired gentleman, of sixty-five, dressed with scrupulous neatness, in a costume that was more in accordance with the fashions of a quarter of a century ago, than with those of to-day; with thin, refined, aristocratic features; and with a manner that is a happy combination of the frankness of the soldier, with the high-bred courtliness of a gentleman of the old school: such was my first impression of Sir Philip Spencelaugh. Many men at his age are still robust and hearty; but Sir Philip's constitution was shattered years ago in India; and he seems to me like a man whose hold on life is now but a very feeble one. He was busily poring over some legal-looking document as we entered; and being slightly deaf, he did not hear us. He looked laboriously and painfully occupied, as though he were engaged in some duty, which, however disagreeable it might be, must yet be gone through, and was slowly spelling out the lines through his gold-rimmed double eyeglass, with such an absorbed, careworn expression on his fine clear-cut features, as would have made an excellent study for a painter in search of such an effect.

"Good morning, my dear Sir Philip," said Lady Spencelaugh, touching her husband lightly on the shoulder. "That must surely be a very

important document, if one may judge by the serious expression with which you regard it."

"Eh! why, what, Margaret, is that you?" exclaimed the baronet, starting up at his wife's touch. "It is a rare pleasure to have a visit from you at this early hour;" and he stopped and kissed her Ladyship's hand gallantly.

"I am afraid you told me a little fib," said her Ladyship, smoothing out her skirts over the chair, which the attentive footman had already placed for her, "when you sent me word that you were not busy this morning."

"Did I really send you word that I was not busy?" said Sir Philip with an effort to remember, as he ran his fingers through his thin white hair, "Pon my word, I've no recollection of having done so; but, in any case, I am never so busy that your Ladyship cannot have access to me." These words were said with a certain formality of manner, which seemed to indicate that the bond which, after all these years of wedded life, still served to unite Sir Philip and his wife, was based on habitude, and a due regard for the conveniences of society, rather than on any mutual liking and esteem—a view which subsequent observation on my part has fully confirmed. They shewed, too, how weak and treacherous was the baronet's memory; and I was not long in discovering that while he has generally a very clear and vivid recollection of events that happened when he was a young man, he not unfrequently forgets the occurrences of a day or two ago; or even, as in the present instance, what has happened only five minutes before.

"This person," said Lady Spencelaugh, with a slight wave of her hand in the direction of your humble servant, "is a Mr.—a Mr. John English," with a glance through her eyeglass at the card she still held between her fingers; and then she went on to explain to the baronet the object of my visit to Belair, adding that she saw no reason for refusing my request, but rather several reasons why it should be granted. "He has done the Duke of Sydenham's place, and Clopford Castle," added her Ladyship, "so that I think we cannot be far wrong in according the permission he asks for; but I must leave Mr. English in your hands, my dear. You will find the contents of his portfolio rather interesting; and with a gracious "Good-morning" to her husband, and a slight inclination of the head to me, Lady Spencelaugh swept out of the room.

"Come up closer to the table, Mr. English," said the baronet kindly, as soon as the door was closed behind her Ladyship, "and let us examine this portfolio of yours. Unfortunately, my eyes are no longer so strong as they used to be."

"You will find this glass of service, Sir Philip," I said, "if you will only be good enough to try it."

"Ah! yes, that brings out the points capitally," said the old gentleman; and with that he proceeded to examine the photographs, one after another, with an almost childlike eagerness, recognising among the foreign ones many places which he had seen when a young man making the grand tour, stopping now and then to relate to me some little anecdote of travel, the telling of which seemed to afford him much pleasure. "Ah! Mr. English, yours is a charming profession," he said, as we finished the series; "and although it is, to a certain extent, a mechanical one, yet there must, I am sure, be something of the genuine creative faculty in your composition, or your sun-pictures would not come out of their dark chamber so clear, exact, and beautiful, as are those which you have just shewn me. To see those familiar nooks brought so vividly before me, makes me feel a lad again; and for the moment, I almost forget my weary weight of years, and how near I am to the end." He sighed wearily, and sat gazing silently for a minute or two at the fire.

Sir Philip kept me for more than an hour longer, drawing out of me some of my experiences of travel; and seeming as much interested in, and laughing as heartily over, my adventures as though he were a *bon camarade* of my own age,

My visit ended with an invitation to dine at the Hall on the following day—an invitation so warmly pressed on me, that I should have been

ungrateful to refuse it. Sir Philip took hold of my hand as I rose to leave him. "There is a tone a hidden something, in your voice," he said, "which strikes familiarly on my ear. It sounds like the voice of an old friend heard long ago—but whose voice I cannot just now call to mind. After all," he added with a laugh, "it is perhaps only an old man's fancy.—To-morrow at six, remember. We keep early hours in the country."

"I shall look rather awkward, when I reach Belair to-morrow," I murmured to myself as I left the room, "if it should happen that Sir Philip has forgotten all about the invitation—a contingency by no means improbable."

Lady Spencelaugh was talking to one of the gardeners on the terrace as I went out: she held up a finger, and I crossed to meet her. "Well, Mr. English," she said, "has Sir Philip raised any objections to your scheme?"

"None whatever, thanks to your Ladyship," I replied. "Further than that, Sir Philip has done me the honour of inviting me to dine at the Hall to-morrow."

Her Ladyship's eyebrows went up momentarily. "Hum! Invited you to dinner, has he? To-morrow. Let me see. Whom have we to-morrow?" She consulted her tablets for a moment, and then looked up with a smile: "Yes, we shall be very glad to see you to-morrow, Mr. English," she said; "and pray, send up your largest portfolio of photographs: we want a little amusement these dull autumn evenings.—Good-morning;" and with another smile, and a stately inclination of the head, her Ladyship sailed back into the Hall.

I did not dream, my Frank, when I drove up to Belair the following afternoon in a rickety old cab, that I was going to meet my Fate. But so it was. People talk about presentiments and omens, but, for my part, I have no faith in such nonsense. All the chief events of my life—and my career has been a strange one—have happened to me without any premonition, visible or invisible, of what was about to occur. I can guess how you would explain the matter, for I know that you are an ardent believer in all such transcendental stuff. You would say that my nerves are too coarse and strong; that my organization is not sufficiently susceptible to those delicate spiritual influences which thrill the being of a sensitive creature like yourself, and which afterwards, in cold blood (strange contradiction!), you gauge and analyse, and then work up as a psychological study, for the benefit of such as choose to read your literary lucubrations. Such fine sentimental theories seem to me caprices of a Brain deceased. I thank the unknown progenitors who gave me these stout thews, that I don't know the meaning of the word 'dyspepsia,' and willingly leave the rest to dreamers like yourself.

On one point, however, my organization proved sufficiently susceptible, for I had not been ten minutes in the drawing-room at Belair before I fell in love, ingloriously and helplessly. Such a splendid creature, Frank! beautiful as a dream. But I am not going to describe her; it would seem to me like profanation to coldly catalogue her charms. I will send you her photograph instead, and then you will be able to judge faintly what the lovely reality is like—only very faintly, for all the warmth and colour, all the rich flush of life, is wanting in these cold gray children of the camera. But no—on second thoughts, I will not favour you even thus far. I remember that coldly critical glance, that cynical curve of the lip, and I tremble. I will neither describe her to you, nor send you her portrait. Think of the most beautiful creature you have ever seen, and then of your poor friend as being hopelessly in love with her—lost beyond recovery—and you will have some idea of what my condition has been for the past three weeks, and is at this present writing.

Her name is Frederica Spencelaugh: she is niece to Sir Philip Spencelaugh of Belair, and is the richest heiress in all Monksbire: while he who presumes to look up to her with the eyes of love is—what?—a man without a name—a wretched waif and stray of humanity, without home or kindred—'nobody's bairn.' I know

that I ought to cry *mea culpa*, proclaim myself a fool for my pains, and rush away from this spot at once and for ever. But, somehow, I do precisely the opposite of all this: I glory in my love, I hug it to my heart, I bind its golden chains more firmly round me every day. I know that the time must come, and that before many weeks are over, when the last page of my life's idyl will be turned and read; when I shall awake as from a glorious dream, and have thenceforth to plod on through life with nothing but a memory to cheer me. Even so; but I will eat Love's lotus, and dream on while I may.

I enjoyed my evening at Belair extremely. What a different world it seemed from that of my common work-a-day experience! The quiet refinement of the company, which placed me at my ease directly; the splendour of the rooms—for even upholstery is not without its effect in such a case upon a novice like myself; the dinner, with all its elegant accessories, and the way in which every want was attended to almost before it could be felt; and last, though by no means least, the easy running-fire of conversation, touching lightly upon a hundred different topics, eliciting a spark from each in turn, and then gliding off to something else: all these things, I say, went to make up a species of mental intoxication, the delicious spell of which lingered in my brain for hours after I got back to my own dull rooms. And then she was there! I was introduced to her in the drawing-room before dinner, and sat opposite to her at table; and later on in the evening, when the younger portion of the company was gathered round the piano, and the elders were at cards in another room, I was bewildered to find her close beside me, turning over my portfolio of photographic views. I have no recollection now of how I answered the questions she put to me respecting some of them, but I know that we glided imperceptibly into a pleasant, genial stream of talk, travel-gossip chiefly, from which I was aroused, after I know not how long a time, by seeing the malignant glare of a man fixed full on me from the opposite corner of the room. He got up when he saw that I had observed him, and turned away with an evident sneer. "Who was that gentleman?" I asked Miss Spencelaugh, who also had seen his evil look. "Oh, that was Mr Duplessis," she answered; "a gentleman who visits frequently at Belair." She seemed, if I may use the expression, to freeze as she said these words; the pensive softness of her face, that look which had charmed me but a moment ago, gave place to a proud defiant expression, which brought out lines of imperious beauty such as I had not imagined before. Presently she moved away, and joined the group around the piano.

That Mr Duplessis! A handsome man, certainly; very distinguished-looking, and evidently a general favourite. Shall I tell you the wish, Frank, that came uppermost in my mind as I saw him gliding softly about the room, with a smile and a honeyed word for every one, but always with a stealthy, feline glance out of the corners of his eyes, directed towards Miss Spencelaugh, wherever she might be? My wish, Frank, was, that he and I could be planted, foot to foot, in a clearing of some western forest, with a good sword in the right hand of each of us, there to fight till one of us should fall not to rise again. My old savage instincts are not quite dead yet, you see; they are only trampled down, and will crop up at various odd times, and shew their ugly faces for a moment, whatever may be the society in which I am moving. Judge, then, whether my liking for this man was augmented when I learned casually that he and Miss Spencelaugh are said to be engaged, and that the marriage will take place in the course of a few months. I could not believe it then, and I can hardly believe it now—now, three weeks later, during which time I have had opportunities of seeing them together on several occasions. Duplessis is up at Belair nearly every day, and he and Miss Spencelaugh are necessarily thrown much into each other's society; but however much he may flatter himself on that score, I cannot bring myself to think that she loves him. Regard, friendship, liking,

she may, perhaps, have for him; and admiration of his many brilliant qualities; but for him, no love-light shines in those grand black eyes—of that I am certain. I am probably deceiving myself in this matter, you will say; but my chief reason for believing that she does not love him lies in the fact, that *I am not jealous of him*. If you cannot understand this without further explanation, I pity you.

But, you will urge, in a certain class of society, marriages of convenience are by no means uncommon: may not this be one of them? I confess that on this score I am more uneasy than on the former; and yet I don't know why I should be so. It seems to me an insult to Miss Spencelaugh to imagine for one moment that she would yield her hand to any man without giving her love with it. And, again, what worldly advantages are there on his side to make such a match seem probable? None; for neither in wealth, nor social position, can he pretend to equal the niece of Sir Philip Spencelaugh. No—Monsieur Henri Duplessis will never wed the heiress of Belair.

During the three weeks that have intervened between my first visit to Belair and the date of this letter, I have completed the views required for the work on which I am engaged by my employers, and have now got in hand a series of photographic studies of the Hall and its surroundings for Sir Philip. I have also taken the portraits of the family, including that of the lovely Frederica—a topic on which I dare not trust myself to write further.

CHAPTER X.—JOHN'S SECOND LETTER CONTINUED

I am writing this long letter at intervals, when I have an hour to spare, and feel in the mood. You know that I was always fond of pedestrian excursions—my lungs never seem to play freely, unless I get through a considerable quantity of walking-exercise each day—and I have found time, since I took up my quarters at Normanford, to visit some of the most lovely nooks of this lovely country. I had been out for a long excursion one day last week, and was returning homeward by a different route, when, just beyond a tiny hamlet of about a score houses, I came upon some interesting ruins, which I at once stopped to sketch without knowing anything whatever respecting them. While I was thus occupied, an old gentleman came ambling up on his cob, whom, from his garb and general appearance, I judged to be the village doctor. In these quiet country places, strangers do not stand on ceremony; and the doctor, as I shall call him, reined up his cob close behind me, and peered over my shoulder for a minute or two before speaking. "A tolerable sketch of the ruins, young gentleman," he said at last; "almost as good a one as I could do myself. Not quite though—not quite."

There was so much self-complacency both in his words and his manner of saying them, that I was on my stilts in a moment. "Really, sir," I replied, "I cannot help feeling flattered to think that my poor sketch approximates, even in the slightest degree, to so superior a standard."

"There, now, you are losing your temper, and talking nonsense," said the stranger with a laugh; "very bad things to do, both of them. I am old enough to be your father, and you have no business to get into a huff with what I said just now. You do not sketch as well as I do—there! and I very much question whether you even know the name of the ruin which you are so viciously trying to draw. That arch, by the by, is quite out of the perpendicular."

I broke into a laugh, and tore my sketch in two, and then turned and confronted my tormentor. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to act as my cicerone," I said. "You seem quite competent for the post, and I must confess that I am an entire stranger in this uncivilised part of the country."

"An impertinence veiled under an appearance of good-humour," answered the doctor. "However, I have no objection, in the present instance, to act the part of a local guide-book for your behoof. The ruin before you, young man, is that of the Abbey of Seven Saints, founded in the eleventh century; and with that he went on to

give me a long description of the old place, which, as it would in nowise interest you, I pretermit.

"Then, the village over the hill there," I said when he came to an end, "is, I suppose, named after the old abbey?"

"It is, and it is not," said the stranger. "Originally, no doubt, it was called the village of Seven Saints; but centuries ago the name got strangely corrupted, or rather, the two words got reversed, and for a longer period than I can tell you, it has been known as the village of Saint Sevens."

Saint Sevens! Long after I and my new acquaintance had shaken hands and parted—after I got home, and while I smoked my evening pipe, and even after I got to bed, those two words haunted my memory strangely. I was firmly impressed with the conviction that I had heard them before. But when, and where? Guided by previous experience, my mind went groping back among the dim recollections of my early life in my first home across the sea; but all my searchings into that far-off time seemed useless; my memory was decidedly at fault; and I was still musing and pondering over the subject when I fell asleep. In the dead middle of the night, I suddenly awoke, and sat bolt upright in bed; and the same moment there flashed into my brain as vividly as though the words had been written on the black wall in letters of flame, this quaint old local distich, which the woman of whom I have spoken to you before—she who was at once so cruel and so kind to me, when, as a child, she and her husband had me in their charge—used sometimes to croon to herself as she went about her labours in the house:

Wring in the dark, say the bells of Saint Mark.

We ring you to heaven, say the bells of Saint Seven.

We ring you to bed, say the bells of Saint Ned.

Next day, I verified, by personal inquiry in the neighbourhood, the fact, that the old countryside rhyme which I have set down above, was not a mere figment of my own brain; but that it has a real existence, probably a very old one, and is still locally popular among the housewives and children of the labouring-men living within sound of the bells of the three churches of which it makes mention, no one of which is more than a mile apart from the others.

Is this another step, Frank, on that dark road along which I am apparently being led without any volition of my own; and which I cannot but hope will ultimately bring me to a goal where I shall find a solution of the great mystery of my life—although as yet the path before me—if, indeed, there be a path at all—is hidden in densest cloud, from which neither hand nor voice comes forth to guide me on my way?

I have thought much during the past three weeks on what passed between Mrs. Winch and myself, but to all appearance, I am still as far as ever from grasping the key of the enigma. Had the widow's warning letter reached Lady Spencelaugh, I might perhaps have gathered, from the conduct or conversation of the latter, some faint clue which would have guided me out of the maze of perplexity in which I am still wandering. But the landlady has not yet come back, and her Ladyship evidently knows of no reason why I should be considered by her as 'dangerous.' I await the return of Mrs. Winch anxiously.

While I think of it, let me tell you a curious little circumstance which happened to me the other day; and yet it seems almost too trivial to set down. But life is made up of trifles, and this one may have its significance as well as others.

I had ordered a box of chemicals from London, but not receiving it in due course, I walked over to Kingsthorpe, the nearest railway station to Normanford, to inquire respecting the delay. After getting the information I needed, I turned to leave the booking-office, but halted for a moment near the door to consult the monthly time-table. The afternoon was darkening by this time, and while I was peering at the figures, a porter came and lighted a lamp close before my face; and next moment the door of some inner room was opened, and a middle-aged, plainly-dressed woman, whom I had never seen before, came out, and was brushing hastily past me, when happening to look up, her eyes met mine for a moment, and in that moment she flung

up one of her arms, as though to defend herself against an invisible foe, and staggered back like one stricken by some resistless terror. I, too, fell back a pace or two in surprise, and next instant the woman rushed past me and out of the office, exclaiming as she did so: "Come back from the dead! come back from the dead!" and so disappeared in the darkness outside. I followed her out on to the platform, but she was gone already. "Who was that woman that went out just now?" I asked the lame porter. "Didn't see any woman, sir, therefore can't say," he replied. I wandered up and down the platform for some time, but without seeing anything more of the woman, whom I at once set down as crazy; so you must take my narrative for what it is worth.

On quitting Belair yesterday afternoon, I took a road though the park that I had never traversed before—a road which led direct from Normanford, and which brought me, after a time, to the southernmost point of the park, and to the little church of Belair, where for centuries past the chief members of the Spencelaugh family have found their last resting-place. This church is a very humble and unpretending edifice, of the early Norman period, repaired and renovated at various times since its erection. The little place abounds with records of the great family at the Hall. The oldest monument, and one that is much defaced, is that of a certain Sir Geoffrey Spencelaugh, a celebrated Crusader, who lies there in effigy, with crossed legs, and a hound at his feet. From the time of this hero, the records of the lords of Belair and their wives follow for several centuries in regular succession, some of them being written in mediæval Latin, and some in crabbed Old English; some of them being simple records of births and deaths, while others wander off into eulogistic strains of turgid prose, or, still worse, into limping stanzas of watery verse. I had nearly got to the end of the series, when my studies were interrupted by the entrance of a little bustling man in black, with a bunch of noisy keys, and an asthmatic cough, who introduced himself as the clerk of the church, and volunteered any information respecting the edifice and its monuments that I might require. As it happened, I did want some information just then, and there was no one more likely than he to furnish it; so, for nearly an hour the man and I paced the gravelled pathway of the churchyard, on which the autumn sun was shining warm and full, I listening, while he favoured me with an outline of the history of the family at Belair for the last fifty years. I now learned, for the first time, that Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, the last baronet, was Miss Spencelaugh's father, and cousin to the present baronet, and that both he and his wife died in India; and that, consequently, Sir Philip is not in reality Frederica's uncle, but merely her father's cousin. I learned, further, that the present Lady Spencelaugh is Sir Philip's second wife; and that his first wife died also in India, within a month or two of the death of Sir Arthur's wife, the two women having been bosom-friends from girlhood. The most recent tablet in the church is one recording the death of Sir Philip's eldest-born, a son by his first wife, who died in infancy, and who was named Arthur, after the last baronet his father's cousin.

You wonder, why I should display so great an interest in the records of a family with whose very existence I was unacquainted only a few weeks ago. My only excuse is, that whatever has any, the remotest reference to Her has for me a fascination which I am utterly powerless to resist. Do I hope to win her? Ah, no! I am not insane enough to hope that. But I cannot cease to love her.

As I was returning through the park on my way home from the little church, I encountered Sir Philip himself, who, tempted by the fineness of the day, had come out for a ramble, but having wandered further than he ought to have done was now sitting on a bench under one of the trees, doubting his ability to get back unaided to the Hall. The meeting was an opportune one, Sir Philip was glad to have the assistance of my arm back home, and I was pleased to be of even so slight a service to one whom I respect and

esteem so greatly. Yes, Frank, and, strange as it may seem to you, I think I may say without flattery, that a mutual and very genuine liking exists between the wealthy Sir Philip Spencelaugh, whose pedigree goes back for I know not how many centuries, and the homeless and obscure John English the photographer. He himself, on more than one occasion, has given me to understand that it is so. During the time that I was taking photographs of the Hall, he would come pottering after me; sometimes content to sit quietly near me in the sun without speaking; sometimes asking me a hundred questions respecting my profession, and the different places I have visited; according as his mood happened to be a silent or a talkative one. Then, when my morning's work was done, he would often have me into the library, and shew me some of the rare old volumes it contains, for he has been somewhat of a bibliophile in his time; and after that came luncheon, sometimes partaken of with him alone, sometimes in company with Miss Spencelaugh. It was pleasant to see the loving tenderness with which that fair young creature attended to the old man's wants; had they been father and daughter, the tie between them could not have been a closer one.

I left Sir Philip at the door of the Hall, but not till he had made me promise to dine there to-day; and there, to-day, I have dined—scarcely an hour has elapsed since my return home—and I am sitting up to put the last few lines to this lengthy epistle, because I am in no humour for bed.

Frederica was there—how it thrills me to write the name!—and as beautiful as ever. I know that I ought to call her Miss Spencelaugh, and to any other than you, old friend, I should not think of calling her otherwise. There were only some three or four guests besides myself, and all of them elderly people. She and I were the only young people present; for by some blessed concatenation of circumstances, that hateful Duplessis, although expected, was unable to come; and I had her sweet society all to myself for more than an hour in the drawing-room. Such moments of felicity, Frank, can come to a fellow like me but seldom in a lifetime. How will it all end? I tremble when I venture to look into the future. Nay, but I will look forward no more. I am one of Love's fatalists, to whom the sweet intoxication of the present is all in all.

I found Sir Philip's dog-cart and a groom at my disposal when it was time to depart. A low growl of thunder sounded among the hills just as we left the Hall. 'We shall have a storm before long, sir,' said the man. 'It has been threatening all evening, but we may perhaps be able to get into Normanford before the rain comes on.' After a rapid drive down the park, we halted for a minute at the lodge while the keeper came out to open the gates for us. Another vehicle, which we could just dimly make out through the darkness, drove up on the opposite side while we were waiting. Next moment the gates were opened, and we passed slowly through, while the other vehicle turned the corner of the road to enter. At the instant that we passed each other, an intensely vivid flash of lightning, the first of the storm, broke from the black sky, revealing by its momentary blaze the faces of Mrs Winch and her son Jerry. In that one brief second of time the widow's eyes and mine met: she saw her enemy, and I saw mine: next moment, the intense blackness swallowed us up one from the other; and then the thunder spoke, and the hills answered, and to these grand accompaniments of nature I rode swiftly homeward. What will be the result of Mrs Winch's visit to the Hall, I cannot even surmise. Lady Spencelaugh will now learn how the note written her by the widow miscarried. How this information will affect my future intimacy with the inmates of Belair, is another problem which I am quite unable to solve.

The clock of the little church on the hill has just struck two. High time to conclude, is it not? Write soon, dear Frank, and believe me ever, your affectionate friend, JOHN ENGLISH.

Postscript.—Eleven A.M. next morning. The widow's visit to Belair has already proved fruit-

ful in effects; witness the following note which I have just received by special messenger:

Lady Spencelaugh presents her compliments to Mr. John English, and begs to inform him that in consequence of certain circumstances which it is not necessary to specify, his services will not be required at Belair to complete the series of photographic studies arranged for by Sir Philip Spencelaugh. Mr. English will oblige by sending in his bill to Lady Spencelaugh, and a cheque shall at once be sent him for the amount. Lady S. thinks it just necessary to add, that the state of Sir Phillip's health will entirely preclude him for some time to come from being seen by any but his most intimate friends.

Am I right or wrong, Frank, in thinking that there is something more in all this—in all that has happened to me since my arrival at Normanford—than can be seen on the surface? If Lady Spencelaugh and Mrs. Winch think that this step on their part will result in my quitting the little town, they are utterly mistaken. What may be the nature of the hidden link that connects me John English, a humble wandering photographer, with the great Lady of Belair, and the landlady of an obscure country inn, is quite beyond my power to imagine; but here I will remain till I have sifted the mystery to the bottom. How to set about this task, I cannot tell: I see nothing clearly at present, except that by this mandate of her Ladyship I am shut out from the sweet society of her I love. This I understand and feel but too bitterly. For the rest, I must have time to think. That Miss Spencelaugh and kind-hearted Sir Philip have no hand in my dismissal, I feel firmly convinced. But as for her Ladyship, she will not get rid of me quite so easily as she imagines.

J. E.

To be continued.

IRISH BULLS.

WHY the Irish, of all people, should be distinguished for bull-making, or why there should exist amongst the natives of Ireland such an innate and irresistible propensity to blunder, it is difficult to conjecture or decide. Mr. and Miss Edgeworth, in their inquiry into the etymology of Irish Bulls, endeavour to account for it thus: "That the English, not being the mother-tongue of the natives of Ireland, to them it is a foreign language, and, consequently, it is scarcely within the limits of probability that they should avoid making blunders both in speaking and writing." However this may be, an Irish bull is a thing more easily conceived than defined. Perhaps, did we search for its precedent among the long list of bold tropes and figures handed down to us from the old Greek writers and orators, the nearest approach we could find to it would be under the title of *Catachresis*—A catachresis being "the boldest of any trope, necessarily makes it borrow and employ an expression or term contrary to the thing it means to express." This certainly conveys a just idea of what an Irish bull is or should be.

Many of the following examples we give as original; they occurred within our own personal knowledge, and were never before published. The rest we have selected from a variety of sources, and have been careful always to distinguish between blunders and bulls—a distinction which is often neglected. Even Mr. and Miss Edgeworth themselves have misapprehended the difference in more instances than that of the renowned Paddy Blake, who perpetrated what they call "a most perfect bull." On hearing an English gentleman speaking in praise of the fine echo of Killarney, which repeats the sound forty times, Pat promptly replied: "Faith, sir, that's nothing at all to the fine echo in my father's garden in Gaiway, for if you say to it: 'How do you do, Paddy Blake?' it will immediately make answer: 'Pretty well, I thank you, sir!'"

Now, this echo of Paddy Blake's, which has "long been the admiration of Christendom," does not at all deserve the name or appellation of an Irish bull. It is rather an exquisite specimen of that wit, quickness of repartee and good-humoured drollery, for which the Irish are famous; but it does not present to our mind the

double arrangement of thought and expression so absolutely essential to the proper construction of a genuine bull.

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice, was perpetrated by the clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steele, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there!" Another by the same gentleman is well worth recording. Being asked how he accounted for his countrymen making so many bulls, he replied: "I cannot tell, if it is not the effect of climate. I fancy, if an *Englishman was born in Ireland*, he would just make as many." The same laughable train of thought seems to have seized upon a countryman of this Irish *litterateur*, who, exceedingly enjoying an apple-pie which was flavoured with a few green gooseberries, exclaimed: "Ah, what a darling of an apple-pie it would be if it were all made of green gooseberries!"

This, again, reminds us of that well-known instance of wounded Irish pride related of the porter of a Dublin grocer, who was brought by his master before a magistrate on a charge of stealing chocolate, to which he could scarcely plead "not guilty." On being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was exceedingly wounded. "To whom did I sell it?" cried Pat. "Now, do you think I was so *mane* as to take it to sell?" "Pray, then, sir," said the J. P., "what did you do with it?" "Do wid it? Well, then, since you *must* know, I took it home, and me and my ould 'oman made *tay* of it."

A rich bull is recorded of an Irishman at cards, who, on inspecting the pool, found it deficient: "Here is a shilling short," said he: "who put it in?"

This bull was actually perpetrated; so also was the following: Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Doyle and Yelverton, quarrelled one day, so violently, that from hard words they came to hard blows. Doyle, the more powerful man of the two (at the fists, at least,) knocked down his antagonist twice, vehemently exclaiming: "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, replied with equal indignation: "No, sir, never. I defy you, I defy you! You could not do it."

The next declaration of independence we record occurred to our own knowledge. It was uttered by an exasperated rural lover, whose sweetheart had driven him "beyond the beyonds" with her "courtings" and "carryings-on" with his rival. "I will never *spake* to you more!" he exclaimed with exceeding vexation. "Keep your *spake* to yourself, then," said the provoking girl, coolly; "I am sure I can live without either it or your company." "I am sure so can I, then," was the wrathful rejoinder.

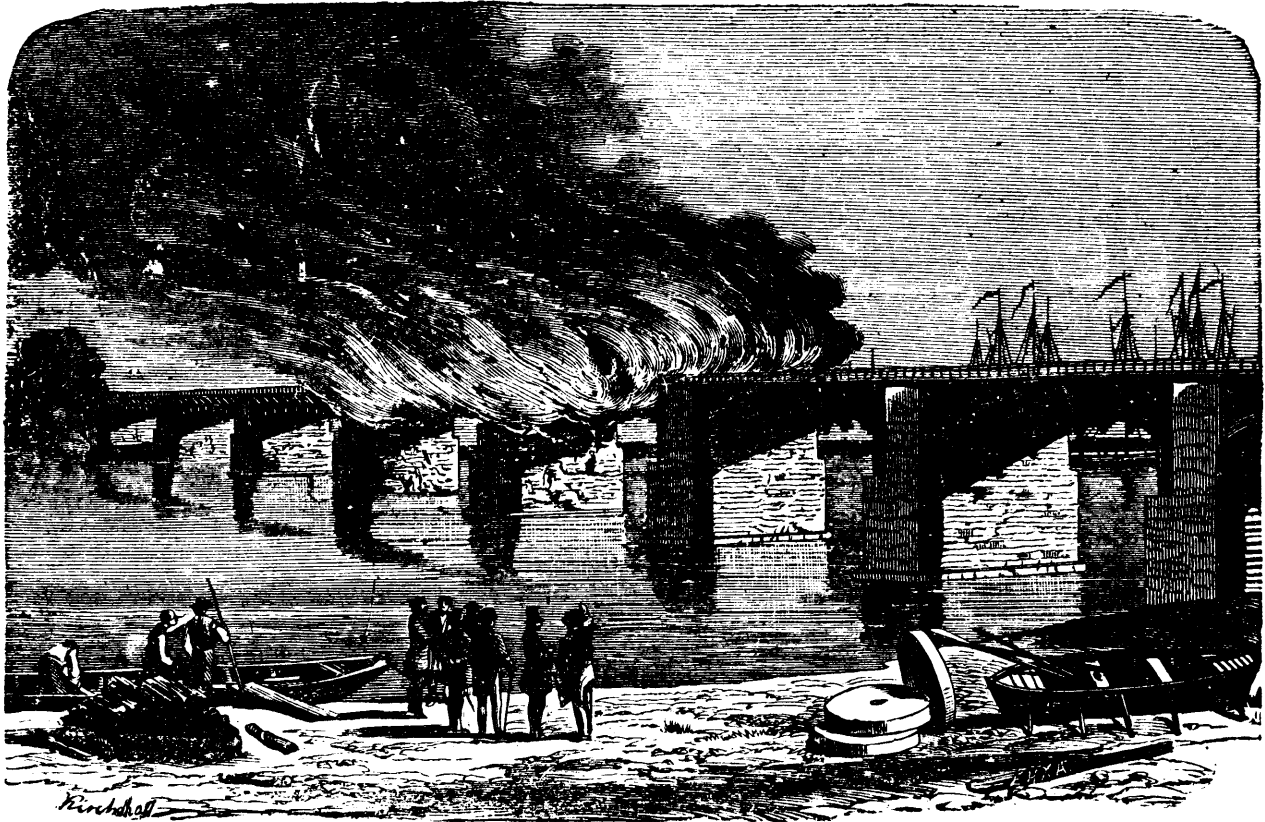
Here are some more originals: "Will you run away with me to-morrow night, Kate, dear?" said Phil to his charming rustic belle, who had just arrived at the years of *in-discretion*: "Ah, no, my dear Phil," replied the young lady, with great sense of prudence and decorum; "I will do no such an action as that; but I'll tell you what I will do—I'll run away without you, and then you can run after me, and so we will meet at my aunt's that same evening."

Perhaps we should explain, that these runaway matches are not by any means very hazardous or romantic affairs; they might more justly be termed *walk-aways*, being as unlike as possible the forcible helter-skelter abduction of the goose by the fox, or the ride of the renowned Lochinvar. The young couple only walk quietly across a few fields (under cover of the night, of course) to the house of some kind-hearted but indiscreet neighbour, who can't think of being so hard-hearted as to prevent them "gettin' the words said."

To be continued.

Night.—Day's viceroy whilst he visits his subjects on the other side of the island.

Gun.—A brave who murders to order for a handful of food.



Destruction of the Bridge at Riera.

THE PRUSSIAN WAR—IS IT ENDED?

KING WILLIAM is far more fortunate than his illustrious predecessor, Frederick the Great, who only returned to Berlin at the termination of the Seven Year's War, and after an absence of more than six. Then, too, it is said the sight of surrounding desolation almost brought tears to the eyes of the victorious sovereign. The streets, it is true, were brilliantly illuminated; and as he passed along in an open carriage, with Ferdinand of Brunswick at his side, the multitude saluted him with loud praises and blessings, and in answer to their greetings he repeatedly exclaimed, "Long live my dear people, long live my children!" But in the midst of the gay spectacle he could not but behold traces of destruction and decay, having come back to a capital which had been more than once plundered by the war. After an absence of only a few more weeks than the Great Frederic was years, the present Prussian monarch returns to Berlin, the towers of which have not been seen by his adversaries during the great, although brief struggle; while the citizens who have recently greeted him with addresses, illuminations, triumphal arches, and his royal path scattered with roses by the fairest damsels, robed in white silk, with wreaths of corn flowers in their hair, have not suffered to the value of a grochen. Such a brilliant array of generals, ministers, and other civil and clerical dignitaries, such jubilant hurrahs, such roaring of cannon, have hardly ever been witnessed by any other capital in Europe.

William I has added, by the help of his brave army, more to the prestige and to the possessions of the House of Brandenburg in a campaign of three months than Frederick the Great did in a long protracted war of years. The war, which by the recent cable telegrams may now be said to be at an end, has been but one uninterrupted series of triumphs to Prussia, whose victorious armies now halt at the king's command along a great line reaching from the plains in front of Vienna to Frankfort, Haildeberg and Mannheim on the Rhine, the conquerors having

recently entered unopposed the two latter cities.

Austria retires forever from the Northern Confederation, without claiming a right to become part of the Southern one, which may or may not be formed. Francis Joseph also pays a large contribution to Prussia in liquidation of the cost of the war which has reduced him to the position of being no longer a German power, though no territorial cession is demanded of him save that of Venetia, which has been handed over unconditionally to Victor Emmanuel, not through the humiliating medium of the Emperor of the French, but directly to Italy. *Vae Victis!*

At the little town of Nickolsburg, in Moravia, the preliminaries of peace have been signed between Prussia and Austria. To the high-spirited Austrians the removal of Austria from Germany is worse than the loss of Lombardy and Venice. Whatever may be the ultimate results to United Germany of this great revolutionary war—it is hard stripes all round to the opponents of Prussia and Italy. The exclusion of the Austrian empire from Germany, whose crown was worn for six centuries by the Hapsburgs, is unpopular and unpalatable to the Austrian army, which had begun to think itself able to fight its foes over again with better fortune; by the perfectest report, we learn that more than a hundred officers are in confinement at Vienna for speaking contemptuously of the concessions made by the kaiser; while from the Vienna press there rises a bitter cry of mortification at the heavy price it has to pay for peace:—

"We are to have peace (writes one of the leading organs of the Austrian capital), peace in spite of the feeling of the army and of the immense majority of the population, in spite of the naval victory of Lissa, and the decided attitude of the Tyrol and Dalmatia—in spite of the protests of the press and the patriotic indignation of the municipalities. We shall have an ignominious peace imposed upon us, a peace at the cost of our own abasement, and of the abandonment of our allies; but we shall not have liberty."

An enforced peace has been described as "a peace only until there is a favourable opportunity for renewing war;" but against Prussia, rendered fourfold more powerful than she is by

new gains and combinations, we can see no chance of Imperial Austria again making head in Germany, unless she has France for her ally—not an immediate, but by no means an impossible contingency. For though the French people—who have begun to see how much better is substantial peace than empty glory—were averse to war, and the Emperor Napoleon has shewn much self-command, under the virtual refusal of Prussia and Italy to accept his mediation, unless on their own terms, neither people or Emperor look with complacency on the sudden military up-growth of Prussia, which now considers itself a match for France, and does not hesitate to say so.

In the midst of all this, it is noticed—though it really after all, may have no great significance—that the purchase of horses on a large scale has recommenced in France, and pontooning on the Rhine has become rather a favourite engineering exercise. It is impossible to say what the Emperor may do. A late Cable telegram says:—

"France is dissatisfied. The treaties of 1815 are destroyed, but not by her and not to her benefit; she receives no compensation for the aggrandisement of Prussia. The map of Europe is changing, but there is no change for her. . . . France must be satisfied. That is the surest guarantee of European peace."

In spite of the purchase of artillery, horses, and other preparations, and the irritation in Paris against Prussia, it is to be hoped the Emperor will show his sense by acknowledging *faits accomplis* in Germany and put up with them, unpalatable as they are, rather than to go to war to interfere with them.

A more recent telegram states, that he has proved staunch to his principle, that "The Empire is Peace." He has abandoned his demands for the rectification of the French frontier. He has given the world the welcome assurance that the good relations between Prussia and France were in no case to be disturbed. To this we heartily say, AMEN.

Our Engraving represents an incident in the war—the destruction of the bridge at Riera, a town of Saxony, on the Salina, at its junction with the Elbe.

“OH WOULD I WERE A BIRD.”

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY

CHAS. BLAMPHIN.

ANDANTE.

fine.

Oh would that I could fly This bright and glo - rious day, To give a sigh, for sigh, To thee so far a
 Oh would I ware a bird, That I might fly to thee, And breathe a lo - ving word, To one so dear to

way, My heart would beat with joy, To see thee once a - gain, Thy sor - rows to al - lay, For cherrish'd is thy
 me. How hap - py would I be, Ca - rol - ling all the day - If on - ly blest with thee' Be - gull - ing time a -

name..... And when the moon is beaming O'er dis - tant grove and lea, And joy - ous stars are gleaming, Then would I were with
 way..... Then life would be a pleasure, My mind would be at rest, If with my on - ly treasure, This heart was o - ver

thee.... Oh would I were a bird, etc.

blest. Oh would I were a bird, That I might fly to thee, And breathe a lo - ving word, To one so dear to me.....

DC.



The Fishers of Bar-sur-bee.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

CHAPTER I. UNDER THE DOME.

AMID the crowds that are thronging the nave of the sublimest of earthly edifices—St. Peter's at Rome—amid the splendours by which the Roman Catholic Church strives to give to its celebration of Divine service a fore-taste of heaven—amid the lights, the perfumes of the swinging censers, and the thrilling yet majestic tones of the glorious organ, there knelt, one night of high festival, a man whose attitudes and looks betokened some extraordinary exaltation of spirit.

His eyes gaze towards the high altar, where it stands between those four stupendous pillars that support, at a vast altitude, the overhanging dome—that wondrous canopy; one that looks as if the audacious architect had almost striven to vie in thought with the Divine Artificer of the world, and its aerial, arching expanse of sky, by making *this* canopy also cover a world—the world of the Roman Catholic communion, which this marvellous structure seems almost capable of enclosing.

Towards the high altar, under the dome, are the man's eyes directed with a strangely passionate gaze—a gaze in which is involved his whole heart, and soul, and sense. And then, while he thinks he is being filled with the (to him) ineffable mystery of the mass, there is a sudden blank before his eyes, and lo!—priests, lights, crowds, altar, and that gigantic cross with its sad burden, all pass away, and he sees in their place an English picture:—

A small chapel, with vaulted and groined roof of the most delicate and graceful Gothic architecture, the chapel of his father's magnificent mansion, standing amid lordly oaks, the growth of a thousand years, on the banks of one

of the most picturesque of the Lancashire rivers, just where it widens into a great lake.

Within that chapel, two young persons, who might almost be called children, a boy and a girl, kneeling on crimson cushions before the gilded altar rails:

Inside the rails, an eminent dignitary of the church standing with book in hand, gravely, yet tenderly, and at times with a half-smile on his face, going through a solemn ceremony.

Behind the kneeling children, four great personages of state—the parents and friends of the youthful pair who are now being *married*, and in circumstances demanding secrecy.

Such is the picture before the soldier's rapt eyes.

And as he gazes, how well he remembers the shy laugh with which the girl-wife greeted the boy husband's stern, inquisitive-looking face, when they met at the chapel porch! How well, too, he remembers the little glow on her sweet, childish, trustful face, when, in his awkwardness, he dropped the ring, and he thought she must be angry.

And when the rite was over, and they were to part, never again to be permitted to meet till years of maturity should make the bridal real, how deeply he had been stirred to see one large, glittering tear ooze slowly forth, and roll slowly, slowly down, till it met and was dispersed by the little pouting, quivering lips, that waited for his kiss—waited while he was seeking for and putting into her hands, so small, so delicate, and so soft, the halves of a gold coin which he had got broken ready, and one of which she was to keep, and one to give him back, in token of eternal love and fidelity.

“Is it all a dream?” he asks himself, as his hand glides under the coverings of his breast to feel for the half of that broken coin, where it ever lies—against his heart.

“Was that my wife? Is it possible that I

have never seen her since? that if we met, we might not even know each other?”

And then another picture is—though more vaguely—unrolled before him: one that he had never seen but with the eye of faith, but one that he feels to be true.

He sees a lady, sad and beautiful—a thousand times more beautiful because of her sadness—for is it not for him? He sees her mingling with friends, relations, acquaintances, in her father's gilded saloons or in the courts of royalty, but never for a moment sharing their life.

He sees her wandering, joyless, across the broad glades of the far-stretching park, seeking ever what she may not find.

He knows only too well the terrible languors of her daily life; the passionate bursts in which her heart must find occasional relief; the unnatural dislike of the glories of the sunrise and sunset; the inexpressible weariness of her soul, as she lies down night after night, and ever to the same cry of the same dismal burden—

“Eternal Father! when—when will all this end?”

He has risen in the tumult of his thoughts, while all about him continue to kneel. Now he bends again to his knees, when all else are rising, and he murmurs almost audibly—

“When, sayest thou, Hermia, my soul's darling—when? Now! though death confront me on the English shore, though there be a raging lion in every path that leads to my own dear home and to thee, I tell thee, Hermia, it shall be now—now! Let thy father and brothers do their worst, if they discover me, and give me up to my enemies: I will dare all—ay, all!”

CHAPTER II. STRICTLY PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

At the period of our story (which is not so long ago but that children born while its incidents were in progress, may yet in some rare cases be alive) a distinguished member of the English Government received one day a letter,

marked on the outside conspicuously with the words, "Strictly private and confidential."

These words, and the words of the whole superscription, were written in a feminine hand of a peculiarly delicate and, so to speak, youthful-looking character, yet exhibiting, withal, a dash of boldness and vivacity in the flourishes that arrested attention, and suggested the writer was no commonplace person.

While the noble recipient held the letter doubtfully poised in his fingers, as if wondering what on earth it could be about, or whom from, the scent of violets came gently stealing up to his nostrils. Remembering his seventy years, his grave habits, and dignified position, he began to laugh, as he said to himself—

"Flowers and love messages, eh? For my son, I suppose, to whom my obliging correspondent has, I see, already handed over my title, by way of anticipation. Gently, mistress, gently!"

The laugh suddenly stops. Never, surely, did man's countenance exhibit a more abrupt and harsh transition than his now, from light and genial glow to darkness and intense bitterness of feeling, when, having broken the seal and spread out the broad sheet of thick, glossy, gilt-edged paper, he read as follows:—

ROME, September 17th.
MY LORD,—Pardon the intrusion of which I feel I am guilty, in consideration of the profound motives of respect and duty that actuate me.

I am here, as perhaps your lordship may know, in the service of the secret department, and have the happiness to enjoy the confidence of my chief.

Peculiar opportunities of a most important character have of late been opening upon me; but it is not to speak of these that I dare to step out of the path of official routine, but only to say that an accident has revealed to me that there is some peculiar and private relation—the nature of which I know not, nor have the audacity to wish to inquire into—between your lordship and the *Jacobite* gentleman calling himself the Earl of Langton. Well, my lord, I have certain reason to know that he is about to venture secretly to England. His motives—which do not seem to be political—your lordship, perhaps, can divine.

May I hope the step I have thus taken, and which is absolutely unknown to any other person whatever, and will remain so, will be forgiven, if I have erred through excess of zeal, and so given offence where I am only anxious to please? My whole dependence is on my chief, who would deprive me of my post if he knew of what I have done. Extreme youth may also plead for me.

I have the honour to subscribe myself your lordship's most obedient, humble servant to command,
MARIA CLEMENTINA PRESTON.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Bridgeminster.

Did the fair writer suppose she was writing to a friend or an enemy of the Lord Langton she wrote about? Probably, that was the exact fact she could not be sure of; so she carefully called the person in question, not the "rebel," but only, with delicate tact, the "*Jacobite gentleman*."

Could she have seen the earl as he read her letter, she would not have been long in doubt.

It would, indeed, have been an interesting study for an unsuspected eye-witness to watch the behaviour of the earl for an hour or more after the receipt of this letter—to see his alternate fits of calm musing and of angry, passionate stalkings to and fro the whole length of his library—his abrupt stops in the midst of his walks—his hurried examination of papers in his cabinet, when some thought struck him—his pause at the handle of the bell two or three several times, as if about to take some serious and possibly irrevocable step, and each time finally leaving the handle of the bell untouched.

But at last his looks and attitude became calm, stern, concentrated: thought had done its work, and it was time for action.

His first step seemed very embarrassing. He had determined to answer Mistress Preston's letter, yet, in doing so, he had carefully to guard his own dignity in dealing with a spy, and in so clandestine a fashion, and, above all, to take

care that she should not be able to make any serious use of his letter under the temptations to which she might be exposed, as a young, possibly beautiful, woman placed in exceedingly equivocal circumstances.

LONDON, September 17.

The Earl of Bridgeminster has received Maria Clementina Preston's letter, and though he might, under other circumstances, severely condemn the breach of official rules, he cannot, in consideration of her youth, inexperience, and amiable motives, consent to injure her by divulging her extremely improper step.

The earl will be glad to hear of her welfare, &c., and to help her to promotion if she justifies him in so doing. He sends her, on account of the trouble she has taken, and the great expense she must have incurred in sending a special messenger, a bank note for £50.

Should Mistress Preston discover she has been mistaken in attributing General Langton's proposed visit exclusively to private motives, as the earl is strongly inclined to believe, that fact would, of course, be communicated instantly to her chief, and she would find a reward exceeding her utmost wishes, for her aid in making known to the Government so serious and timely a discovery respecting so dangerous a man. The earl himself would, in that case, be glad to have the earliest possible intimation.

The earl paused after he had written thus far, as if doubting whether he might not venture a step further in revealing his intense desire to know before any one else—even before her own chief—the supposed news. But he put down his pen, as he said—

"No; she's evidently no fool. She'll see the value to herself of pleasing me, and what would be my pleasure must be evident. Now then to wait—how long, I wonder?—for fresh news from Rome."

CHAPTER III. A MOCKERY KING.

From our present stand-point of national peace and security, does it not seem a little startling to remember that only a century ago there was not only a King George of England in England, but a King James of England in Rome—the son of that James II who was driven away by the glorious revolution of 1688, in favour of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, thenceforward William III?

And of the two rival monarchs—he who held real sway and he who only ruled an ideal kingdom—we are not sure but that it was the last who exacted most rigidly from his diminutive suite of faithful followers the greatest deference and honour.

So, when it was intimated to His Majesty at Rome that a certain person, whose father (lately deceased) had been one of the most vigorous and able of the *Jacobite* adherents, was about to venture on a secret visit to England, without any previous request for the royal permission, or without asking for the royal counsel as to the adventure, there was a great flutter among the courtiers, and many murmurs as to what the person in question might be about to do.

"Offer to tell all our secrets, most likely, if only they will pardon him, and restore him to his estates and honours!" said one voice aloud, taking courage from the general discontent.

"Fie, fie! Sir George!" remonstrated the king; but in a tone of such very gentle severity, as almost to invite other and similar suggestions.

Suddenly there was heard the sound of the great bell in the court-yard, giving token of a visitor.

"Hush, gentlemen; it is he! Do not forget that his coming here now, even at the eleventh hour, is so far in his favour that we are bound to guard ourselves carefully from showing any doubts—I mean, any premature doubts."

Then, turning towards a tall, imposing-looking man, his chief adviser, who had been hitherto silent and contemplative, the king added—

"What say you, my lord marquis? May he not be coming to us—ungrateful that we are!—to show us it is in our interest he goes on so critical and dangerous an expedition; and that it is his prudence that has made him guard his

secret so jealously to the last moment? Is it not that he has seen this new rainbow of hope over-arching our troubled country, which so craves for rest under legitimate rule—I mean, this war between France and the English Usurper? Depend upon it, it is this that has stirred him to action, in the spirit of his most noble father, and the alleged private motives are a mere blind to guard him, and lessen his danger if caught."

"Pardon me, sire," responded the nobleman, "I think not. I have had a few words with him, and I believe his business is of a strictly private nature. But I have faith, your majesty, in the fidelity of Lord Langton, and I venture to think that if—if your majesty would condescend directly to ask him to—"

The courtier paused. The king looked grave. Perhaps he did not like the responsibility of putting the son into new danger just after the death of the father, who had sacrificed everything in his cause. Or, perhaps, he was too proud to ask for that which he was accustomed to see offered at the faintest hint of the royal pleasure. After a pause, he drew the chief courtier aside, and said to him in low tones—

"Will you, my lord, step behind the curtain yonder to note what passes, and dismiss for the day those who are here assembled?"

The courtier bowed, but waited to say—

"Will your majesty permit me, for reasons there is no time to explain now, but which your majesty will divine, to bring with me to the recess there, behind the curtain, a promising young English-woman I have just made acquaintance with, devoted to the cause; of extraordinary beauty, and very poor; will your majesty permit me to let her see him, and be able thenceforward to recognise him, should I desire her to do so, when in England, whither I propose to send her in your majesty's service?"

"What is her name?" asked the King.

"Maria Clementina Preston, your Majesty."

"Maria Clementina! the name of our sainted mother, now in heaven!"

"Yes, sire, given to Mistress Preston expressly in remembrance of and honour to Her Majesty, so she seemed proud to tell me."

"That sounds well. But mind, no accidents with her, my lord, to compromise our dignity by making us appear before Lord Langton as a party to her concealment in such a place! We could never forgive that!"

"Depend upon me, sire."

"Quick, then, and cause one of our suite, before you dismiss them, to go and conduct Lord Langton with every mark of honour to our presence, and then instantly to leave us alone with him."

The royal speaker then retired to a kind of throne—a large, gilded arm-chair, elevated on a dais—surmounted by a crown, and standing under a canopy of crimson velvet, with heavy gold embroideries. He seated himself, and drew around him, as if for warmth on the exceptionally chill day, a purple robe, bordered with snowy fur, and, so sitting, looked "every inch a king." And thus he waited in dignified patience.

The new comer presently entered, following the courtier who had been sent to lead him into the royal presence, the two bowing several times with deep reverence as they approached, till they were within a very short distance of the dais, the King, meanwhile, as a mark of unusual honour to his visitor, not only standing up to receive him, but advancing, when the young soldier would have knelt, to take his hand, and arrest the motion, saying, with all that grace and charm of manner which the Stuarts possessed, and knew so well how to use when they saw fit—

"No, my lord; we forbid! Kneel not to us. Who and what are we? A sort of 'mockery king of snow!'" And the monarch pointed, with a sad smile, at the vases filled with white roses (the darling emblem or "favour" of the *Jacobites*), which were freshly placed on the palace tables every morning. "Yes, my lord, a 'mockery king of snow' was our unfortunate predecessor, Richard II, to use the words of our own noble and loyal poet, Shakspeare; and 'mockery king of snow' we, too, seemingly, must be content to remain! Well, we bend in

dutiful submission if this indeed be the final decree of Heaven."

After a deep pause, he added—

"And so you are going on private business to England?"

"Yes, sire, private business too long delayed. But while my father lived I was under a sacred promise, made to my dear mother on her death-bed, never to leave him for such an enterprise."

"And must I, my dear young friend—I who am, I trust, a kind of father to all my people—must I see you go, possibly to captivity, possibly to death on the scaffold, and feel you have no mission—can have none of a private nature—worthy such tremendous risks?"

A red spot burned on the young man's cheek, but he only bent his head a little, in deference, and said nothing.

"My lord," continued the king, warmly, but in a tone of marked familiarity and confidence, "I will no longer beat about the bush with you. I am just now in great and special need of the hand, heart, and brain of a true servant. The war now breaking out may re-open for me the way to the throne of my ancestors. But I will not willingly expose my faithful and loving subjects to another butchery like that of the year '15, or like that of the later and still more cruel year of '45. Why we failed on both occasions is patent to the world—Scotland was prepared, England was not. Scotland waited for nothing but to see the true banner raised; England waited to see a French army come to her aid. And so—alas! alas!—all that brilliant courage that swept before it, as chaff in the wind, the hordes of the Hanoverian usurper, was wasted—utterly wasted! Alas! alas!"

It was more than a minute before the king could sufficiently master his emotion to proceed; and then he sat down, as if exhausted.

"Well, my lord, we must not again uselessly sacrifice the flower of the Scottish nobility and people. Therefore it is I now want to test the temper and views of my English subjects—now that the war with France gives us so great an opportunity. I want to know, by personal communication with a few persons—not a dozen in number altogether—all Englishmen, and some of them Protestants (for I will be no sectarian king!)—I want, I say, to know through some man who has a clear, unsophisticated eye—who has not been mixed up with our intrigues and conspiracies—a man of an honest soul, and of a courageous determined heart—whether I may now let loose in a holy cause the dogs of war; or whether I must now, towards the close of life, give back my dignities to God, and say to him, 'They are no longer in men's respect!' That is what I want. Oh, my lord, dare I think I have so devoted a servant in you that this thing will be done—this priceless and inestimable last service be rendered to your unhappy king and father?"

The King had once more risen to his feet, and the soldier rose too, in profound agitation.

Hermia! Could he already forget his vow in the cathedral? Yet, if not, could he hope to accomplish both objects?

He could not answer that suddenly, but his instinct half warned him that he could not. Each task was in itself so delicate, so difficult, and the two were so absolutely opposed to each other, that he knew very well his whole energy of soul should be given but to one only.

While the refusal was ready at his lip, and he was only waiting to shape it into the least offensive words, one look at the deposed and fallen monarch—beir of a long line of kings—standing before him in an attitude of proud humility, of haughty yet sad expectance, prepared even for the humiliation of a refusal from one of his own seemingly devoted followers—one look, we say, changed the mind and instantly fixed the decision of the chivalrous soldier. In almost joyous emotion, that rose above the broken tones that revealed the internal conflict and trouble, he said—

"Sire, if it happen that I unconsciously now ruin my own private cause by accepting so noble a mission, I do accept it, and gratefully thank your majesty inasmuch as that you esteem me worthy of such a task."

"You crown me king once more!" said the royal lips. "And if, my lord, we ever do come to our own again, believe me, there is no position, no honour in the royal gift that you may not claim, in addition to our life-long gratitude, and the prayers and blessings of millions yet unborn."

"But, sire," began the soldier, after a little pause (and the king could not but notice the abrupt and remarkable change of tone, and the constraint under which he spoke), "your words to-day render it vital to my honour and to my future peace of mind that—I—should indicate to your majesty what for me they mean. Sire, I am your faithful subject, loyal to the heart's core, but—I have a country that must be saved, even when those awful calamities overwhelm us that carry kings and dynasties down the abyss into a common ruin."

It was on the king's cheek that the angry spot now burned, and burned almost vindictively. The soldier went on—

"The business, sire, I was about to engage in had no relation—at least, no necessary relation—to worldly interests of any kind."

"Ah, yes, I understand," said the king, with a feeble attempt at a smile. "Some tenderer matter, eh?"

"If, now, sire, I postpone that dear and sacred task until I have fulfilled your majesty's behest (as I fear I must, to be quite sure I can fulfil it)—if, sire, I do then what you wish me with stern sincerity of soul, and finally have to say to you, 'All is lost, sire, save honour'—"

"Ay, then, my lord? what then?" demanded the king, in a harsh voice, and with figure erect and lofty, in spite of age and infirmities.

"Why, then, sire—but I beg your majesty—ay, on my knees—to forgive me the inevitable boldness of my speech—then, sire, my country has claims upon me I dare not disregard, and I shall hold myself fully justified in offering my sword to him who was and is a usurper in my eyes, but whom I dare not any longer treat as a usurper, if the men to whom you send me are themselves avowedly or tacitly prepared or preparing to accept him."

The king's face grew livid, then purple, then almost black with the suffocating emotions within. Never in his whole life had he thus been spoken to, thus brought face to face with a stern and wholesome truth. How dared the man do it?—he! one of the king's own creatures!

He turned haughtily, as if to leave the place. But the soldier caught the hem of his robe, and maintained his hold, in spite of the violent gesture of the king to disengage himself, while he said, in tones of deep pathos—

"Sire, sire, wilt thou thus turn from thy faithful and devoted servant? You know not, sire, how true to you I will be in this business—how earnest in the discovery of all you seek to know—how joyful if I may fly back to you on the wings of hope, and cry, 'They are ready! Come, sire, come!'"

"My lord," said the king, condescending again to pause and listen, even while his own voice became more grating than before, "I have no estates now to bestow on you—no honours, no commands! The man of Hanover can give you all. I understand. Farewell!"

"No, sire; I will not, cannot take such a farewell. I ask your majesty one question. If, sire, I pledge myself to you here, in the name of the Most High, that I will come back to you to report in person the result of my mission, whatever that result may be—if I say, I swear to do this, if it be only humanly possible for me to do so by retaining my liberty—if I say, also, I will enter into no arrangement of a political nature till I have again seen you—will you then, sire, confide in me?"

"I will! Yes my lord, there is honesty in your looks, in the ring of your voice. I do accept your proposal, with all its consequences. Perhaps I was a little selfish; if so, forgive me, I grow old and ailing. It will not be long before I and my rights must, in any case, cease to weary an impatient world. Give me, then, yet a little space—a little time to dream on, with a

few dear ones about me. Let me die as I have lived, a king to those few."

Leaning affectionately on the young soldier, the king walked once or twice through the length of the saloon before they separated, conversing in so low a voice that, beyond the words "TALISMAN" and "HUMPHREY ARKDALE," in connection with some humble personage in whom Lord Langton was interested, the concealed listeners heard nothing distinctly.

CHAPTER IV. THE DROPPED FAN.

From the presence of the king the young soldier went through quiet bye-streets to his hotel, which was almost out of the city, and was a house where aristocratic visitors were ordinarily quite unknown.

He was so absorbed in thought that he did not notice a sedan-chair waiting before the door as he entered, neither would he have perceived that a young lady was descending the stairs, had not her widely-extended brocade barred his way, and obliged him to wait at the stair-foot till she should have passed.

He waited, looking down on the stone floor with sad, pre-occupied eyes.

The lady, as she reached the last stair, dropped her fan. It fell at the soldier's feet.

He saw it, stooped, picked it up, and presented it to its fair owner with a cold, but courtly salutation.

The lady smiled, blushed, and glanced into his eyes with a charming air of bashfulness and involuntary admiration.

The soldier's melancholy eyes rested on her face an instant carelessly; then as she stepped from the stair, he passed her by, and went up with a measured, thoughtful tread.

There was no one on the stairs or in the dreary looking passage but these two persons, and, seeing this, the lady stood still and looked after the retreating form.

Her tiny hand, sparkling with rings, was laid on the balustrade, her head was thrown back, and she looked over her shoulder up the stairs with a peculiar smile.

Her beauty, and her rich and bright attire, seemed to make unusual light on the sombre staircase.

It was an exquisite face, blooming and fresh as a child's, and at this moment it wore something of a disappointed child's wistfulness and petulance, as well as its womanly smile of defiance.

As the soldier's footsteps died away, the sarcastic, smiling little mouth smiled more sarcastically still; the wistful eyes grew more wistful, even to tears, the eyebrows arched, the lips murmured—

"Silly thing! poor silly little Maria, always hankering after the good, and being snubbed and scorned! Why he looked at me as if I had been a stone wall! Stick to the wicked, my dear; they use you best. Stick to them, and *plot—plot—PLOT!* Adieu, my lord; we shall meet in England."

And down swept the pretty, picturesque figure, in the profoundest of curtseys at the stair-foot.

"'Tis your own choice, my lord. If I did do you an ill turn with a certain English lord, how was I to know that till I got his letter showing he loves you as the Evil One loves holy water? Besides, I didn't know you then—hadn't seen you. Now, I should have liked you very much if you had let me. It's my weakness to take to people that are young and handsome, as well as good. You might have found a friend and ally where now you will find—Maria Clementina, devoted servant of King George! Maria Clementina, my lord, whom you looked at as if she had been a stone wall!"

Kissing her fingers towards the stairs, with a fresh curtsy, and a laugh on her blooming cheeks, she crossed the passage lightly, and entered her chair.

As to Lord Langton, he went to his bedroom, and there gave vent to the irritation and discontent he felt by taking off his sword, loosening the buttons of his vest, and throwing himself at full length on a couch, while he exclaimed—

"This, then, is what the marquis meant by pressing me so affectionately to visit the king! I dreaded something, yet hardly knew what. And

now I am irrevocably committed! Is it I who am disloyal in heart to the king, or is it he himself who is disloyal to the true idea of sovereignty? But why do I think of these things now? He is what he is, and I must be content. Now then, to work!"

Mistress Maria Clementina is also at work. Two hours after her fan had been restored to her in what she thought such a cold-blooded fashion, she dispatched to London a couple of letters, written in the most elegant of womanly hands, on the smoothest and most beautiful of vellum paper, and scented with a delicious perfume—this time not of violets. Who that looked at these fragrant letters, as she sealed them with the green wax, and impressed her tiny gold seal on the centre of the oval deposit, could imagine they were letters calculated to shake the equanimity of a mighty people, and "perplex" its king and statesmen with "fear of change?" Those letters contained a full record of what she had seen and heard, guessed and suspected, behind the curtain in the saloon of the mockery king!

CHAPTER V. KING GEORGE IN COUNCIL.

We should despair of giving to our readers any true idea of the secret alarm and confusion that prevailed in the cabinet meeting that instantly followed the receipt, by the secret department, of the letter of Mistress Preston. We say secret, for the men who sat there were habitually accustomed, to disguise all outward display. But as they gazed on each other with grave, imperturbable-looking faces, how many might there not be among those dignified statesmen who were saying to themselves, "Who is there I can trust if a serious contest comes?" or who asked of themselves, "Am I trusted or held in doubt?"

The two Jacobite insurrections had fearfully shaken men's minds, and revealed the terrible gulf that such events opened, when friends and relations previously cordially united found themselves at one blow divided for ever.

The king in person presided over the council, and with a calmness that almost looked like insensibility, but was in reality anything but that.

"Where is the Earl of Bridgeminster?" was presently the cry. No one could answer the question. Had he been duly summoned? Of course he had. To make sure, the messenger who had been employed in going to the different members' houses was called in and questioned. He said the earl was indisposed. This he had learned from the servants, who, however, had no doubt the earl would be able to attend.

The king ordered the messenger to go with the utmost speed to the earl's house, and again summon him, with a message from himself.

While he was gone, remarks began to pass between two persons present, in a low tone that could not be overheard, about certain Jacobite tendencies of the earl; and these were supplemented by fresh remarks as to some old notions that had prevailed of a family alliance between him and the father of the very Lord Langton who was now about to raise anew the banner of civil war, and who had been chosen—so the whisperers thought—with devilish ingenuity, as embodying in his own person the two great elements of success: he was the very *beau idéal* of an English Jacobite—aristocratic, able, energetic, and devoted; and he was, at the same time, a general in the French army, and authorised, most likely, to promise an army of Frenchmen to follow him.

These possibly malicious whispers were carefully guarded from the king, in whose favour the earl stood high, on account, so it was said, of some act of wholesale treachery to the Jacobite cause which had marked the time of the earl's first outburst of loyalty to King George many years ago.

"Hush!" exclaims one of the whisperers to his neighbour, "the messenger returns"

The messenger brought back a short and hurried note from the earl's daughter, addressed to one of the gentlemen present, which said that the earl, though ill, had been about to leave the

house to attend His Majesty, when he had had what she feared was a stroke of paralysis, and was now in bed. She added that her father, in desiring his most dutiful respects to His Majesty, had no doubt he would be able to leave his bed in a few hours, when, if he were too late to join his colleagues, he should hasten to wait upon His Majesty at St. James'.

The king was sensibly touched with this; but the discontented whisperers were smiling in each other's faces as if in recognition of some new piece of subtle diplomatising on the part of the earl.

Let us not forget to add that the note in question was signed "Hermia."

Was the earl really ill after all? undoubtedly he was; just so ill—through the agitation of the news—as to be able to play to perfection the pretence of being very much worse.

Mistress Preston's secret letter to the earl had duly reached first—and given him the exact opportunity he needed—first to evade the cabinet council, where he knew the particular work he wanted to be done could not be done by him under so many suspicious eyes, next, to get the king alone with himself, afterwards, when he felt sure of success.

And wonderfully the unconscious king played into his hands, for when the council had agreed on a sort of rough memorandum of what was to be done about Lord Langton personally, his majesty pocketed the paper to think over during the evening; meaning, as everyone knew, to consult with the earl about it.

We shall not describe that meeting which followed almost instantly after the breaking up of the other meeting—so wonderfully rapid had been the earl's recovery!—we shall only transcribe the document that resulted from these double councils, and mark in italics and between brackets, the precise passages interpolated, or seriously altered by the earl, who professed, however, to have done so at the king's suggestion; and we are not sure that the king himself did not think this was the truth, so skilfully had the earl managed his majesty, who—as the earl very well knew—wanted exactly what he wanted—the noiseless but speedy destruction of this dangerous man.

MEMORANDUM.

A circular, and to some extent (at the discretion of the secretary of state) private letter to be addressed to the Lords Lieutenants and justices of the peace in all the maritime counties, to the admirals or other port and harbour masters, to the local superintendents of the officers and men of the preventive service, to the military officers in command of the forts along the British shores, and above all to the admirals of the fleets, who are now guarding our own coasts, and threatening the coasts of France.

TO THE EFFECT that the strictest watch be kept day and night, and in particular at all those parts of the coast where the landing from small boats may be otherwise made easy, through the absence of population, and the convenient character of the shore.

Let it be said that His Majesty's express sanction has been asked for this circular letter, and that, while His Majesty will be prepared to acknowledge and reward those who may show wise forethought, unremitting care, and zealous loyal effort, he is equally determined to punish with signal severity those persons, of whatever rank, who may fail in their duty.

[Although it would be abstractedly desirable, in the interest of justice, to capture, uninjured, this desperate and dangerous rebel, it is of infinitely greater importance that no possible chance of escape should be afforded him by imprudent and untimely scruples. If he be once clearly identified, escape must be rendered impossible.]

As to Humphrey Arkdale, who is supposed to be connected in some mysterious way with Langton, he is probably of no political importance. Still it would be well to err on the safe side. He is therefore to be energetically sought for, and arrested, but not endangered, even if guilty, till it is seen who and what he is, and whether he may not be made useful.

Only a brief time has passed, and crowds are

assembling round a great placard—not in one place only, but in a thousand places in the British Isles—and they read this.

PROCLAMATION.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.

WHEREAS a certain person now under sentence of death, commonly known as Stephen, Lord Langton, but whose rank no longer exists, and whose estates have been confiscated by His Majesty's command on account of his heinous crimes, is believed to be about to return to England in the pay and interests of the detestable enemies of the country, it is hereby made known that the above reward will be paid to the person or persons who may discover and cause to be apprehended, if alive, the said Stephen Langton, or produce his body if dead. His Majesty relies on all his loyal subjects to aid in the same.

Done at the Palace of St. James, Sep. 17.

G. R.

DESCRIPTION.

Height, about 5 feet 9 inches.

Body erect, of slender frame, but great strength and agility.

Age, Looks about thirty-five, but is younger.

Hair, reddish brown, when visible under the darker wig.

Face, melancholy.

Complexion, naturally fair, though deepened by exposure.

Eyes, soft, brown, dreamy, and at times extremely bright and penetrating.

General bearing, dignified.

Speech, slow and measured. Voice good, low, and melodious.

* A slight scar in the lobe of the left ear, which was cut through by a sabre, will furnish decisive means of identification, when taken in connection with all the rest. This, however, is not perceptible except on close examination.

Such was the welcome prepared for our unconscious hero through the kind offices of pretty Mistress Maria Clementina!

CHAPTER VI.—DANIEL STERNE.

We have said in our last chapter that our hero was unconscious of his danger, but was he also unprepared?

Immediately after his interview with the Jacobite king and the interview with the lady who dropped her fan at the entrance of his hotel, he had been for many days very busy, and during that time kept himself so entirely out of reach that the king and his adviser again had misgivings. They wanted to give him special instructions, to consult with him; but he was not to be found, though professedly retaining his apartments at the hotel, and at last they concluded he had gone, intending to trust to the imperfect information he had received, which consisted of little more than the list of names of the friendly and important English Jacobites that the king had given him.

But in the darkness of the night of a certain day he re-appeared at his hotel and busied himself in what looked very like secret and final arrangements.

As we glance in upon him we see him taking off his sword, removing it from the scabbard, and looking very carefully along the gleaming blade from hilt to point, in order to remove any spots upon it; when he murmurs to himself, in deep tones full of emotion—

"Here, then, we part! Bright, stainless, pure as the cause in which it was first drawn, may'st thou, my sword—thou and I—be able to say the same thing when I hand thee to my heir in death!"

Having oiled it and wrapped it up with extreme care, he took the lace ruffles from his wrist and changed his rich garments for others of a formal and plain character.

He went to look at himself in the long strip of mirror that extended from floor to ceiling at a certain part of the room, and stood there so long as to show that he was studying with a wistful eye the effect.

Was he thinking about the chances of recognition in England by persons who had seen him recently on the continent? Or was he thinking of Hermia, and her impressions of him should

she first see him in that garb, and while he would be unknown?

Yet he could not doubt that even then she would at least recognise in him a gentleman, for even while he looked at himself he had an uneasy thought across his mind that he looked a disguise, and not what he wished to appear—a real pounds, shillings, and pence tradesman.

Laughing off that idea as a bit of absurd conceit in his own personal superiority, he not the less began to collect the garments he had taken off, and to put them, with the ruffles and the sword, into a long, narrow package, to accompany him to England.

"Why not?" he said, in answer to some secret misgiving that he had no right to take them—that he ought not to be tempted to wear them under any circumstances in England. Why not? Did he not know that, besides England's merchant princes of world-wide reputation, who held their own as gentlemen even among the noblest families, there were tradesmen, aldermen, knights, and what not, who claimed to wear the sword in token of their gentility? If challenged when he should wear these as unfit for a humble tradesman, could he not say he meant to do Lord Mayor of London?

Having had his moment of lover-like recklessness while he thought of *Hermia*, he now resolutely returned to his common-sense, and put the dangerous parcel by, to be left behind.

He next drew forth from a trunk a casket of gold, richly chased, and out of this he poured on to the table the marvellous contents—diamonds, rubies, pearls, turquoises, sapphires, onyxes, carbuncles—all originally forming parts of tiaras, necklaces, bracelets, brooches, rings, but now divided into their component parts for convenience of secret carriage.

How the jewels gleamed in the afternoon sun! And how tenderly the owner looked at them, remembering the dear mother who had worn the greater part of them, and not forgetting the dear wife whose rightful heritage he considers them to be if only he is able to retain them! He could not help passing a little while over them in an anticipated regret for their probable sacrifice. These were all that remained to him of the vast estates and boundless personal wealth of his ancestors.

Well, he would be thankful—first that he had got them, since he wanted to assume, as one of his characters, the position of a dealer in precious stones. That way he might hope to get access to the aristocratic English Jacobites without exciting attention by the effort.

He was glad, too, to remember that he was not obliged to sell any of them—even when offered—except in those rare cases when he might find it dangerous—after an interview—to admit he was not that which he seemed.

Renegade friends are the worst of enemies. General Lord Langton must be very cautious of them!

He then wrapped up each gem separately in paper, put a mark outside by which he might know the contents, then rolled the whole up in soft leather—very carefully arranged, and finally fastened the small, but most costly parcel, in a long leathern belt, which he strapped round his waist under the chamouis skin shirt.

He then called for his landlord, paid him his bill, took farewell of him after arranging for the safe custody of the things he was leaving, ordered a carriage to be ready in half-an-hour at the door, complained of a face-ache—and the raw night—which caused the landlord to advise him to wrap up well—and then he was again alone, and smiling at his successful bit of diplomacy. It was very necessary he should "wrap up" his face if anybody in the hotel was to see him once more before departure.

He fetched a bottle from a cupboard, emptied the contents into a wash-hand basin, and washed hands, face and neck quite low down, vigorously. Emerging from that bath, he can scarcely help a cry of surprise at the sight of his face—it is so much darker.

That was the only personal disguise in addition to his dress he intended to attempt.

He seemed greatly pleased with himself—on

a second glance, and said with a laugh. "What will *Hermia* say to such a blackamoor!"

Of course that was an exaggeration: he was simply a handsome, rather dark, man.

That accomplished, he took certain papers from his desk, and opened them. And the soldier, as he looks at them, with a smile broadening on his face, cries out in an animated and jesting voice, while apparently imitating in his gestures a master of the ceremonies introducing some invisible personages.

"Exit Stephen Lord Langton! Enter Mr. Daniel Sterne!"

What does he mean? And these papers. What on earth can General Lord Langton be about to do with them; or how did he get them?

The first is an invoice from a well-known Italian firm, of a quantity of thrown or twisted silk, for the use of English manufactures of silk goods. They are debited to one Daniel Sterne—who, however, pays promptly, for the account has been receipted at the time of purchase.

The next is from an eminent Brussels' house, concerned in the fabrication of the rich and costly lace, known as Brussels' lace. Here, too, Daniel Sterne has evidently been a good customer.

The last of the invoices comes from Lyons, whither the ubiquitous Daniel Sterne has evidently been; in order to buy the popular Lyons silk that were then so fashionable in England, and which were greatly preferred to those of home manufacture.

And, how complacently, "Daniel Sterne" reviews his merchandise. Diamonds and other jewels, silk manufactured or silk for manufacture, Brussels and Mecklin lace—these are the commodities he now dealt in—and he laughs as he recalls each successive interview he had had while on his way from Rome to Brussels and Lyons, and back again to Rome; and how successfully he had played the part of a discharged soldier to whom some money had been left, and who wanted to invest it in goods for the famous English mart, Stourbridge fair; and who was obliged to throw himself on their kindness and honour in dealing with him since he knew nothing of the business!

But that ignorance did not last long. Daniel Sterne, ex son's lieutenant in the French army, proved an apt scholar. While purchasing he put so many questions—and watched so closely the way in which the warehousemen handled and explained their several commodities—that by the time his preparations were complete—he found himself prepared to stand behind any counter in the kingdom—and behave with strict technical knowledge and habits in waiting upon the finest lady in the land. Not that Daniel Sterne intended, however, to do any lady such an honour if he could help it.

Such is the history of the invoices—which he now restores to his pocket while mentally calculating that his bales must all be now waiting for him at the place appointed.

Is all finished? May he start? No, some thought troubles him—as if with a suggestion that is at once tempting and dangerous.

But he decides at last—and sits down to write a letter—which is also in the name of Daniel Sterne.

And then his eye falls upon the costly gold casket that had contained the jewels and which is of so inconvenient a shape and size for concealment about the person, that he has been intending to leave it, with other effects, in the care of the landlord. But now, as he glances from the casket to his yet unclosed letter—his dark, rich eye, glows with sudden pleasure.

He fetches from a trunk a curious-looking toy ship that had been constructed from a piece of soft wood, and with such extreme ingenuity, though evidently the work of a boy, that all the chief features of an English war-ship were faithfully reproduced in it; and yet the ship was of such Lilliputian dimensions, that Lord Langton thought it would go into the casket. He tries, and it fitted admirably.

"Come, come," said the soldier, "I see the chief that is ever in our childish dreams to come home with all the wealth of the Indies for us, does *some*time come; and come the richer for its

voyagings. So Master Humphrey Arkdale there is your letter, which I have found a safe and speedy channel for; and here is your argosy, which I must myself guide into harbour."

He then read over again the letter he had first written, before sealing it. Let us read it, too:—

If Humphrey Arkdale, in manhood, resembles the Humphrey Arkdale known to the writer of this as a boy, he will perhaps be willing to allow a debt of gratitude to be repaid, by coming to the ensuing Stourbridge Fair; if he cannot even venture a little farther, to Harwich, where Daniel Sterne proposes to land about the 17th, with some bales of goods, consisting of Italian thrown silk, Brussels and Mecklin lace, and Lyons manufactured silks—all which he had been collecting—all *the first hand*, from the best houses, and means to sell at the very lowest remunerative prices.

Lord Langton smiled as he came to the last few words, and then the smile died out as he faced for one moment, in thought, the dangers he was about to confront. He knew them only too well, though he had not chosen to think of them. Now, at this last critical moment, can we wonder if his heart failed him, and if there came a kind of rush of alarming suggestions? Might not the English Government already have got some inkling of his purpose? No, no; it was impossible—he had too carefully guarded himself.

He sat down and leaned for an instant his elbows on the table to support his head in his hands, and was fast giving way to thoughts that became more and more gloomy, when he sprang suddenly to his feet, his eyes blazing with fierce and joyous light, and his lips murmuring the single word—

"*Hermia*."

And that was the last hesitation of Stephen, Lord Langton, about his terrible expedition.

And the night was the night in which, all over the British Isles, people were discussing the new PROCLAMATION.

CHAPTER VII.—THE FISHERS OF BAR-SUR-BEE.

Detestable as war is when its fierce and fiery breath blows like the Sorocco over the fair face of the earth and reduces all to an arid desert, there is still often to be found a green oasis—some spot or some incident which shows that humanity is not quite transformed, that mutual slaughter is not yet become the one absolute law of life, even where the combatants are face to face.

An incident of this nature promised to get our hero over his first difficulty—that of crossing the Channel in the face of the English war-ships that were everywhere roaming about, threatening the French ports and harbours, and keeping close watch over all crafts that approached the British shores, whether small or large, row-boats or great ships, and whether belonging to the enemy, or to neutral, or to friendly nations.

After much consideration the soldier had decided not to start from Italy, or even from Holland, on account of the greater length of the voyage, but to go boldly back to France, and to a spot where, if he could only find the means to cross, the round would be a very short one, and the danger concentrated into a few hours, rather than be hanging over him for a lengthened period.

Of course, he had to pay for this advantage, by great additional risk, in thus audaciously embarking in front of the English ship from an enemy's shore. But he had thought his whole scheme well out, and we now find him at the place whither he had caused his merchandise to be sent on before.

The place chosen had struck him as eligible for two reasons—it was a most insignificant village, the very name of which was hardly to be found on any but the largest maps; and it was also a village having plenty of boats; for the inhabitants were merely a dozen or two of fishermen and their families.

To his great disappointment, he found on his arrival that the tiny fleet of fishing smacks were all huddled up together on the shingle, in fear of an English ship of war that he saw in the offing.

Meantime the poor people were all in the deepest distress, in consequence of not being able to pursue their trade. All this they explained to him with a rude, vigorous eloquence and simplicity that greatly touched him.

What was to be done? they wanted to know, thinking him a countryman, and seeing how interested he was.

What was to be done? Ah! that was a question of infinitely greater importance to him, too, than he would have liked to have explained to them.

Mingling among them, in the garb of a man of the middle class, looking like a travelling commercial agent, he ventured to talk to them freely, and thus found that they had never given the English captain a chance of showing any courtesy to them, but had flown at the first sight of that gigantic bird of prey, like a flock of domestic birds—flown home for shelter, and never again ventured forth.

He remonstrated with them laughingly. Said that brave soldiers and brave sailors would never war with such humble, inoffensive people as themselves; that the ship's position as regarded them and their village, was doubtless a matter of pure accident; that it was most likely one of a line of scattered sentinels, intended to give the British admiral the earliest possible notice of any and every incident likely to be of interest to him in connexion with the war.

And then he urged them to shew confidence, which with generous enemies, always secures respect, by hauling down their vessels, putting up their sails, and starting off with the then favourable tide.

His eloquence was useless until he began to hint that if they did as he advised, he had himself some business in hand which might profit them.

The nods and winks that presently began to pass round, showed him that his hint had been taken, and they understood him to be a smuggler who wanted to evade the duties which were very heavy in England on all French goods, and especially so on the commodities he had to deal in—laces and silks.

"Now my friends," said he, addressing a group of stalwart, heavy looking men with seamed and bronzed faces standing in front of a row of cottages, "if you will be guided by me, you shall not only go on with your fishing, but receive from me a handsome gift besides, to make up for your past losses."

They began to listen now.

"Bring me paper, pen, and ink, also a table and a chair."

They were all brought, after a prolonged hunt through the resources of the whole community.

"Which of you can write?"

All shook their heads.

"Then I must write for you, I suppose. Let me see. Its awkward work to tell what is passing in all your minds, but I must make a bold plunge, and see how I get on. Listen, then, and, as I write, you shall hear me repeat that which is written."

The soldier sat down, took up the pen, looked round half-humourously upon their faces, which were so full of expressions—ludicrous, inquisitive, sad, dubious, stern, or ferociously patriotic (as keeping sharp watch upon this possibly recreant brother)—that he could not help smiling as he said—

"I suppose you'll all expect to be equally accurately represented as to your views?"

The men looked on each other, became conscious of what he meant, and then a good-humoured laugh broke out, and became universal.

And then the soldier began this imagined letter, having not only to think the sort of thoughts that he supposed to be in their minds, but so fashion the thoughts into words that might, at least, distinctly resemble what he supposed would be their own choice if they had written for themselves—

The humble appeal of the poor fishermen of Bar-sur-see, which is to show that they have no means of livelihood but by fishing in the waters outside the bay, and that they are in great distress, through their fear of being taken as pri-

soners of war, and their boats, which are their only possessions, being lost to them and to their families if they go out.

But no, they begin to think that the honourable captain of a ship of so great a nation as the English would never condescend to hurt them, and they humbly ask his honourable self to pardon their unworthy fears, and to allow them to say they will, with his kind permission, come out again, and go on with their fishing, and make their wives and little ones glad.

Such was the letter. And it was an amusing sight to watch the faces, and to listen to the remarks of the fishermen, as they heard this letter from themselves in the course of composition. One moment their faces cleared in hope, as if the clouds were passing away, then the next they looked grave as in fear their patriotism might be going to be compromised.

But when he had finished he could hardly have been looked on with more awe, respect, and admiration if he had brought them a revelation from heaven.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"Ay, ay, monsieur; and God bless you."

"But are you all satisfied?"

"All, all, all!" was the cry.

"Now, then, tell me your names," said the soldier; and as he wrote each name down, the man to whom it belonged came with a shy look or a grim laugh to see how it looked, and to attach a cross by way of mark.

"There, friends; that's done! I cannot say we are sure of success, for that rests with a higher power, but I think it will succeed."

"Quick! Out with one of your boats. If anything happens to it, I will make up the loss. What brave fellow is there among you who will venture his liberty in the hope of giving you all relief?"

"I'll go!" "And I!" "And I!" were the cries, till the contest was, who should be allowed to go.

A young dare-devil sort of fellow obtained the post, through the soldier's own slight-marked preference for him.

He was soon off, while all the people on shore watched him and his bark, which danced up and down merrily in the eager breeze, and warm, bright morning sun.

A large white handkerchief had been fastened by two corners to the mast, by the soldier's orders, and the other corners stretched out with cords, to give the idea of a white flag of amity, indicative of the nature of the business of this marine ambassador.

This flag was to be hauled down, just for a moment, if the answer were satisfactory, and then again set flying aloft like a streamer in token of triumph.

How those stern, weather-beaten, anxious faces waited and watched, in deep silence! How their wives, who had by this time got to understand the business in progress, gazed in tearful suspense!

How the soldier himself, who had originated the movement, and while doing so had forgot at times his own need in seeing theirs—how he now stood absorbed in intense thought, wondering whether this, his first venture, was to be a failure or a success.

See, the ship is reached! The fisherman furls his sail. He is seen to hand up the letter. There is a long and terrible pause.

The soldier reminds himself that it was not at all improbable that there might not be a single person on board able to read the letter, which was written in French, and which he had not ventured to translate, lest the circumstances might invite questionings or speculations about the scribe.

Presently, they see the fisherman being hauled up the ship's side.

The little crowd on the beach thrills and quivers like one human body. The anxious faces look no longer over the waters of the beloved little bay, which to them are the waters of life; they turn one after another to where the soldier stands—they turn upon him with gleaming eyes, full of fierce meaning.

There is a whisper amongst them that their brave young comrade is taken prisoner; a woman shrieks; and the soldier hears all around him low,

muttered cries of—"Treachery, treachery! Watch, comrades, watch! It shall be life for life, man for man!"

(To be Continued.)

THE DRAMA.

A VERY satisfactory proof that modern 'sensation dramas,' wherein probability of incident, smoothness of dialogue, and skill in developing the plot, are sacrificed in order to work up to some violent climax for the purpose of exciting the nervous apprehension of the audience, have not altogether vitiated public taste, was afforded on the evening of last Wednesday week, in the attention with which Goldsmith's first and best comedy "She stoops to conquer" was listened to, and in the laughter excited by the blunders of the bashful hero and the eccentricities of "Tony Lumpkin."

As the heroine "Miss Hardcastle," Miss Rush-ton played in her usual style, and her delivery of the dialogue was marred by a continual sort of laugh or exaggerated smile, as if Miss Hardcastle was making a desperate attempt to appear cheerful and fascinating. The first two costumes were certainly not in the fashion of the period, but the last, when the young lady pretended to be a poor dependant of the family in order to draw out "Young Marlow's" real disposition, was simple and suitable enough. Mrs. Charles Hill made up excellently as Mrs. Hardcastle, and excited a good deal of mirth by her representation of the vain, garrulous, good hearted, prejudiced wife of the country squire of a hundred years ago. Miss G. Reignolds was a very satisfactory "Miss Neville." Mr. Vining Bowers was very funny as "Tony Lumpkin," though this part can hardly be considered as one of his most successful impersonations. Tony's aversion to Miss Neville whom his mother wished him to wed, his practical jokes, the sending the two travellers to his step-father's house as to an inn (Goldsmith got this incident from a ludicrous mistake of the same nature he made himself when first entering upon his travels), the midnight ride round the country and his upsetting his mother into the horse pond, were all brought out with good comic effect. Mr. Carden rather overacted the part of "Young Marlow," both the modest timidity, and the outspoken, rattling impudence of the character, were too evidently assumed, but he was very good in the last scene. As that "fine old English gentleman" Mr. Hardcastle, Mr. T. A. Beckett was very successful. The sterling sense of the old squire, his conservative relish for old customs, old times and everything old, his philosophic reflection upon the "fastness" of the degenerate age (what would he say to these times of Atlantic cables and needle-guns?), were rendered in a quiet, conscientious manner, which greatly increased their effect. "She stoops to conquer" met with an appreciation very gratifying, when it is considered that its chief charm lies in the possession of qualities conspicuous by their absence in our modern, spasmodic school of dramas.

The "Lady of Lyons" is one of H. J. Byron's most laughable burlesques; it is written quite in his usual style, and abounds in puns, good, bad, and indifferent, that could have emanated from no other pen but his own. Burlesques belong to such a peculiar class of the Drama, that to play them in an entirely satisfactory manner requires an amount of practice that is perhaps after all thrown away upon a species of entertainment, the end and object of which is to caricature the actor's art. The original object of burlesque was to eradicate, by exposing, the absurdities of the more foolish portions of the Drama, more especially melo-drama, but now-a-days the legitimate end is too often lost sight of, and where we would willingly see the absurd "sensation dramas" of the hour turned into well-merited ridicule, we have too often the pain of beholding audacious humourists attempting to travestie even Shakespere's immortal works. As the "Widow Melnotte," Mr. Bowers acted in a dryly humorous style, and the quiet mock serious manner in which he delivered the widow's soliloquy, upon her first appearance,

as well as his singing and dancing, was very good. Miss Rushton, as the love-stricken "Claude," sang and danced very satisfactorily: the duet between the widow and her son to the time of "Sally come up" and the parody upon "Pretty Polly Perkins" caused a great deal of laughter. Had the burlesque been a mythological extravaganza, we could have understood the Grecian or Roman warrior's dress that the sham Prince of Como was arrayed in, while he was endeavouring to win the heart of "Pauline"—but in "The Lady of Lyons," we could see no reason for it, for a much more taking caricature of the *soi-disant* prince's costume might easily have been assumed, although the glittering armour, shield and helmet, were certainly very showy. "Pauline" and "Madame Deschappelles" were effectively rendered by Mrs. Hill and Miss Emma Maddern. Mr. Barth also spoke and danced tellingly, and seemed much at home in burlesque. From a company so little practised in this species of playing, the other parts were played as well as could be expected. It is questionable, whether, even for the sake of producing the greatest mirth, or of listening (though such is not often the case) to the most exquisitely numerous literary productions, it is desirable to cultivate a species of entertainment, that slowly but surely tends to the injury of the legitimate drama.

"The duel in the dark" seems to be but another form of "The Sea of Ice" of which "The Flower of Mexico" was one of the several versions: the incidents of the first two acts are almost precisely the same as those of the latter drama, and "Omoo" bears a suspiciously striking likeness to "Ogarita," wearing precisely the same costume, as the latter "gentle savage" when she is captured. Mr. Carden as "No. 91" afterwards the false Spanish Duke, was sardonically villainous: the "duel in the dark" wherein he and the gentle "Omoo" grope about a darkened chamber, sword in hand, to kill each other, was very thrilling, nor were we sorry to see the lady's opponent, unexpectedly brought down by a pistol shot from her black attendant. Mr. Barth acted very humorously as "Apollo" the black cook and pilot; he brought out the quiet little bits of humour and pathos, in a style as impressive as it was unexpected, and his was certainly the best acted part in the piece. John Quill is not sorry to be able to praise the legitimate development of that humour, the possession of which by this gentleman he never doubted, but in the cause of the drama had to reprove the exercise of it in a manner not always consistent with the true interests of Art. Mr. J. E. Giles dressed the part of "Sir Cloudey Tempest" very well, and acted with more freedom of style than is usual with him. The play is so very sensational and the incidents are so very improbable and unnatural, that further comment is needless. JOHN QUILL.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREMS.

- Well known Books:
1. 51 and Tar water H.
 2. 161 " Steer sugar.
 3. 302 " Bonny shake.
 4. 101 " Or burn nose so.
 5. 667 " Few fear oak.
 6. 1200 " You say true, A. E.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete, I grow within a field,
And pleasant pasturo often yield;
Behold me once, a suitor then
Is quickly brought before your ken;
Behold again, I am a word
That on the cricket-ground is heard.
Restore my heads, cut off my tail,
To name a spice you'll not then fail;
Behold me now, and you will find
The master passion left behind.
Put on my head, my tail restore,
Complete me as I was before,
My second letter take away,
An envelope I am, you'll say;
But now curtail me just once more,
I am an inlet on the shore. W. S. L.
2. Complete I am a shell fish, transpose my first three letters and most people press me in the dark, now behold, curtail, and then trans-

pose me, and I become a long, loose garment, again curtail and transpose, and I am not found.

3. Complete I am not present; behold me and I become singular, curtail and transpose me and I become a negative.

RIDDLES.

1. Reverse a colour, and you'll find
A poet then you call to mind.
2. A fragment, if 'tis backward read
You'll find will name a snare instead.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A river in Germany.
2. A metal.
3. A package of goods.
4. The name of a celebrated garden.

CHARADES.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 12, 2, 22, 5, 1; 15, 25, is a part of Europe which has been much contested for by several nations.

My 6, 3, 12, 8, 24, 13, is one of the Territories of the United States.

My 14, 5, 10, 17, 3, is river in France.

My 10, 1, 2, 23, 20, 21, is an island made famous by Homer; and also a town in New York.

My 19, 10, 4, 3, is a peninsular county in Scotland.

My 11, 18, 12, 25, 14, 20, 16, 1, 7, 13, is a province of British America.

My 12, 3, 9, 7, 20, 5, is a famous city in Italy.

My whole was, as it richly deserved to be, a miserable failure.

H. V. O.

2. I am a word of 10 letters.

My 9, 2, 6, 10, 7, is a man's name

My 1, 10, 3, 9, is to relieve.

My 6, 7, 5, 9, 2, is a metaphor.

My 7, 4, 8, 6, 2, 7, is a disturber of the peace.

My 9, 4, 3, 8, 6, is a guide, or director.

And my whole is name of a flower.

BLANCHE.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A person with a box of oranges observed that if he told them out by five at a time, two oranges would remain; if he told them out by six at a time, four oranges would remain; if by seven at a time, five oranges would remain; and if he told them out by a eleven at a time, he would have eight oranges left. How many oranges were there in the box, the number being the least possible?

PATMOS.

ANSWERS TO TRANSPOSITIONS, &c.

No. 11.

Transpositions, Joanna Baillie. 1. Ingersoll, 2. Island Pond. 3. Burlington Junction. 4. Newcastle. 5. Newbury. 6. Almonte, 7. Allandburgh. 8. Aultsville. 9. Oxford. 10. Lindsay. 11. Landsdowne. 12. Eastwood. 13. Johnsons.

Decapitation.—Part-trap-art-tar-rat-par-rap.

Charades.—1. Martingale. 2. Shenandoah. 3. Witchcraft.

Rebus.—Napier, Nelson, Rodney, 1. Neander. 2. Allegro. 3. Pellucid. 4. Irishman. 5. Ennoble. 6. Romney.

Anagram. Under Mount Etna he lies,
It is a slumber, it is not death
For he struggles at times to arise;
And above him the lurid skies
Are hot with his fiery breath.

Arithmorem.—Chaucer. 1. Roderick. 2. Umbria. 3. Cromarty. 4. Akenside. 5. Evangelino. 6. Cobourg.

The following answers have been received:—

Transpositions.—Arden, Virgil, Cobourg, Esther; Argus.

Decapitations.—Esther, Geo. B., Flora, Arden, Cobourg, Ellen S.

Charades.—Camp, Argus, Ellen S., Geo. B., Cobourg.

Rebus.—Flora, Ellen S., Cobourg, Arden.

Anagram.—Fleetwood, Camp, Argus, Arden, Geo. B.

Arithmorem.—Cobourg, Ellen S., Camp, Arden.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. S., MONTREAL.—The solution as published will solve Problem No. 37, it is, however, susceptible of a second one in the way you point out. Have written.

G. G., ST. CATHARINES.—Your Problem No. 37 is faulty; it can be solved by 1. B to K B 7; a variation which was overlooked in examining it.

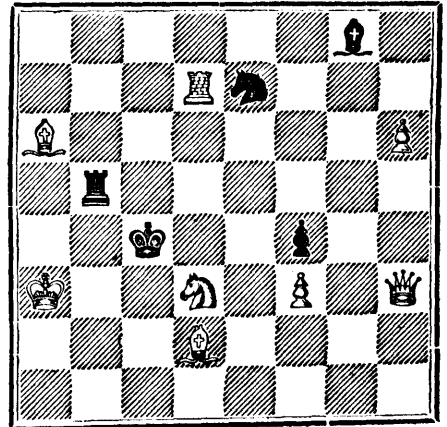
C. C. B., CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Have you received the letter we mailed some time ago?

J. C., ROMEYN, KINGSTON, N. Y.—You will hear from us shortly.

PROBLEM No. 41.

BY F. HEALEY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 39

WHITE.

1. Kt to K B 8 (ch.)
2. B to K B 5 (dis ch.)
3. R takes B (ch.)
4. R to K 6 (ch.)

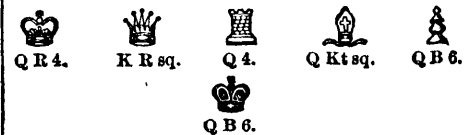
BLACK.

- P takes Kt.
- K to his 4.
- R takes R.

Drawing the game by perpetual check.

ENIGMA No. 17.

BY N. MARACHE.



White to play and Mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 15.

WHITE.

- 1 K to R 4.
- 2 K to Kt 3.
- 3 Q to K sq (ch.)
- 4 Q to K 5 (ch.)
- 5 Q to her B 3.
- 6 Q to K sq (ch.)
- 7 R to Q B 8 (ch.)

BLACK.

- Q to R 5 (ch.)
- Q to R 7 (a.)
- R to Q Kt 8 (1.)
- R to Q Kt 7.
- K to Kt 8.
- K to B 7.
- K to Q 6 (b.);

and White mates in six moves.

(1.)

- 3
- 4 Q to her R 5 (ch.)
- 5 Q to her B 3, and
- Q to her Kt 8.
- Q to her R 7.

White wins as before.

(a) Had Black played 2. Q to her B 7th, White would have won Q for R in three moves.

(b) If 7. K to Q Kt 6th, White mates in four moves.

ARCHBISHOP WHATLEY once puzzled a number of clever men in whose company he was by asking them this question: "How is it that white sheep eat more than black?" Some were not aware of the curious fact; others set to work, and tried to give learned and long reasons; but all were anxious to know the real cause. After keeping them wondering for some time, he said, "The reason is, because there are more of them."

THERE is danger in being too neat. An old lady in Bangor scrubbed her sitting-room floor until she fell through it into the cellar.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WYVANT.—Please forward your Post Office address. Your former letters were destroyed.

MIGNONNE.—*Drawer*, 401 is correct. Communications addressed to box 401, would, probably, not reach us.

H. K. C.—Please prepare the article, but do not let it extend over more than three or four columns of the READER. If accepted we will remit.

FANCHON.—We are very happy to oblige Fanchon by explaining the mystery. The letters P. P. C., written on a visiting card, are simply the initial letters of three french words signifying "to take leave," *pour prendre congé*.

V. R.—The article is in type, but we could not possibly insert it in the present issue.

F. B. D.—The paper on "Cricket" is respectfully declined. Will write you in the course of a few days.

T. W.—We advise you to follow Mr. Punch's celebrated advice to persons about to marry.—"Dont."

GEORGE.—Is George poking fun at us or does he seriously imagine the following lines to be poetry?

"I love the dear rose
That smells so sweet
Under my rose
But ah! When autumn cometh
And the wind blows
Its fair blossoms fall
Down about our toes."

We assure George that his "Lines to a Rose" have fallen down to our toes—or rather into the waste basket.

UNDINE.—It would have been wiser to have waited until you had written a better tale, as you say you believe you can do so. Those who are desirous of becoming contributors to the READER should forward their best efforts at the outset. We return the M. S. as requested and will add that we think there is sufficient promise in the story written "years ago" to warrant you in the belief that you can do better now. Try.

NELLIE.—We are much obliged to Nellie for the trouble she has taken and if we find upon examination that we can insert the sketches shall be glad to do so.

MEDICUS.—Writing from New York, says, "Do you insert in the SATURDAY READER such advertisements as the accompanying one?" If you do please give me the terms for one or more insertion? As Medicus gives his name, or at least a name—and states that he can furnish Montreal references if required, we will be generous, and give his advertisement one insertion gratis. Here it is:

MATRIMONIAL.—A young man, a Canadian and student of medicine, now studying in New York, and who hopes to graduate this fall, desires to correspond with a lady between the ages of 18 and 24 with a view to matrimony. He is plain of face, but warm of heart; a sixfooter using neither spirituous liquors nor tobacco—tea or coffee. The requisites on the lady's part, are good common sense, sound health, and in religion a protestant for further particulars, address in perfect confidence, *post paid*, MEDICUS, care of Box P. O. New York City.

We are glad and sorry over Medicus. Sorry he is a Canadian, and glad for obvious reasons that he is a young man. Still we admire candour, and Medicus is candid. "A student of medicine who hopes to graduate this fall." No attempt to entrap the unwary into matrimony, under pretence of a "large establishment" in that. He is "plain of face," but, oh! better than all, he is "warm of heart." Medicus uses "neither spirituous liquors, nor tobacco—tea or coffee." We are fairly puzzled, what does he use? perhaps lemonade and cocoa, they are both good temperance drinks; the former especially so, in warm weather. We cannot but fear "Medicus" is doomed to disappointment for where will he meet with the "good common sense," that is a requisite on the "lady's part?" In our opinion the young lady

between 18 and 24, who would reply to his advertisement would forfeit all claim to the possession of that commodity. Then again there is something refreshingly considerate in the statement that candidates anxious for further particulars may apply in perfect confidence." Of course they may if their letters are only "*post-paid*." We considerably withhold the number of the box lest some over anxious and not over wise, spinster in the flutter of budding hopes should omit the ten cent stamp, and so unfairly tax the resources of "Medicus" the medical student.

MISCELLANEA.

The latest *bon-mot* about Bismarck is, that his fate depended not upon a thread, but upon a needle.

By some curious coincidence it appears that the coming year, 1867, has been fixed upon by Mahomedans, Brahmans, and various other sects, as a period in the history of the universe, to be marked by some great and marvellous change.

The proprietor of Lloyd's Newspaper in London, has imported two hundred and seventy tons of Esparto grass from Algeria, for the manufacture of paper for that journal. The cost of this kind of paper is one-half that of the linen fabric.

Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable, however, they who aim at it, and persevere, will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ says the general impression in regard to the Amazon river is very erroneous, not only in regard to the climate of that region, which he had been informed was unhealthy, but also as to its fertility. He found the valley of the Amazon uncommonly fertile, and its climate very healthy. It is his opinion that it will one day become the mart of the world, supporting in comfort 20,000,000 of inhabitants.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

An ingenious mode of getting a correct representation of an actual battle, landscape, &c., in a panoramic form, has been suggested in Paris. The main feature of the arrangement is a revolving cylinder, with a vertical slit in it, through which the images, &c., enter, and are thrown on a photographic medium properly sensitised.

At one of the sittings of the French Association for the Advancement of Science a new instrument called a liquometre was exhibited. It is intended for estimating the amount of alcohol in wines, and is based on the principle of capillary action. It consists essentially of a very fine graduated tube. The instrument is said also to give separate indications of the amount of tartar and extractive matter.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—In contradiction to the opinion that no substitute can ever be found for coal, Mr. Richardson has taken out a patent for burning petroleum and paraffin by the means of a porous and incombustible material, such as fire-brick, etc.; and in a hollow chamber, such as a gas retort, he can keep up a continuous supply of these substitute appliances, and at less cost, without smoke. No stokers or pokerers are required to keep up his fires, and there is in every way an "economy of fuel" and of labour.

TO DESTROY ANTS IN A GREENHOUSE.—Mix a little arsenic with some water and sugar, place it in a saucer, and cover the saucer over with a slate, leaving sufficient room for the ants to creep under the slate by putting two pegs between the saucer and the slate to prevent its fitting close. A heavy stone on the top of the slate will be necessary, lest some other creature besides the ants finds its way to the poison cup. Lime water poured freely into their nests and runs will dislodge them; and honey and water, should arsenic be objected to, will entrap them.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

The ladies sometimes get up bonnets of diminished size, but never of diminished cost.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If two hogsheds make a pipe, how many will make a cigar?

WHAT kind of a plant does a "duck of a man" resemble?—Mandrake.

WHEN does a boy begin bird-keeping?—When he first sets up a (h) owl.—*Punch*.

"A-LAS I am no more!" as Miss Susan Moore remarked, after becoming Mrs. Jones.

"OUT of sight, out of mind." We don't see it. We lost our purse the other day, and it hasn't been out of our mind since.

SNOOKS was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he; "it would be my luck to live for ever if I should."

The most laconic will on record is that of a man who died in 1792. It ran thus: "I have nothing; I owe a great deal—the rest I give to the poor."

A QUESTION OF PRIVILEGE.—Might a Member of Parliament speak of his wife as the Eve of his election?

MUSICAL NOTE.—Just published, a sequel to the effectation Song, "O ye Tears," entitled, *O ye Pockethunderchiefs*.

WHY is a policeman like a good conundrum?—Because you must look sharp to find him out.

A LADY, last week, had her likeness taken by a photographer, and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

WHY should young ladies make good rifle volunteers?—Because they are accustomed to "bare arms."

WHAT is the difference between an auction and sea-sickness?—One is a sale of effects, the other the effects of a sail.

WONDERFUL WORK.—The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse; after which he will manufacture a plume for General Intelligence.

WHOLESALE INFANTICIDE.—"Those crying nuisances," said a sanitary reformer, "at a time like this ought to be abated."—"Then," observed a horrid old single gentleman, "we shall have to kill all the babies."—*Punch*.

A MAN has published a book, advising all men to "mind only their own business." A reviewer asks, "Why doesn't he mind his, instead of talking other people what to do?"

A DOWN-EAST editor said he was in a boat when the wind blew hard, but he was not at all alarmed because he had his life insured; "he never had anything happen to him by which he could make any money."

JAPPING NUTS.—We see that an American patent has been taken out for "tapping nuts." We don't know what it means, but a Hibernian friend thinks a shillelagh will answer the purpose.

QUITE correct, my dear; the natives of South Africa do not require clothes to keep them warm, because they are Hot-tentots, don't you see? The Coolies are a different sort of people altogether.

The gentleman who attempted to cut his throat with a sharp joke, a few days since, has again made a rash attack upon his "victim" department, by stabbing himself with a point of honour.

By a married man, whose better half is a long time putting her things on—

"Hope springs eternal in the husband's breast, Wives never are, but always to be dressed."

An attorney named Else, rather diminutive in his stature, and not particularly respectable in his character, once met Jekyll. "Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?" "Sir," replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were little Else."