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AUGUST 27 SATURDAY READER

Vol. III.—No. 60.

FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 27, 1866.

SEVEN CENTS.

THE GREAT FIRE AT QUEBEC.

ON the morning of the 15th instant, we were startled with the following brief telegram: "Yesterday another terrible fire took place at Quebec. Fifteen hundred houses were burnt, including the greater part of St. Roch and St. Saveru suburbs." The intelligence filled every humane heart with dismay; and the citizens of Montreal, with that pure and generous philanthropy, which prompted them in the comparatively recent calamitous fire at Portland, to regard the sufferers there as their friends and brethren, convened, through the Mayor of Montreal, a public meeting, to raise a fund for the relief of the Quebec sufferers. That they will nobly act there will be no doubt.

Our chronicle of the fire cannot be better given than by extracts from the appeal issued by the Executive Committee to the people of Canada, and to those of the Mother Country, and to the generous-hearted of every land. It is an urgent and moving entreaty, and we can but express the hope that it will be nobly and generously responded to:—

"On Sunday last, at about half-past four o'clock in the morning, fire broke out on the west side of Crown street, on the limit of the quarter whence proceeded the conflagration of 1845, destroying all that lay before it to the eastward of the same street, for a length of over a mile, and covering a width of about half a

mile. The easterly wind, blowing a furious hurricane, carried the fire in every direction with desolating rapidity, and hurling to great distances the burning materials, multiplied the centres of destruction to such a degree as to baffle every expedient, and render futile all efforts to stay the terrible ravages of the destroying element.

"In a great number of localities, blowing up with powder was had recourse to, in the hope, by creating wide breaches, to isolate and circumscribe the fire, but without success, for the flames did their work of ruin with the impetuosity of a torrent, bounding from place to place, as if to avoid all obstacles, and overleap distance.

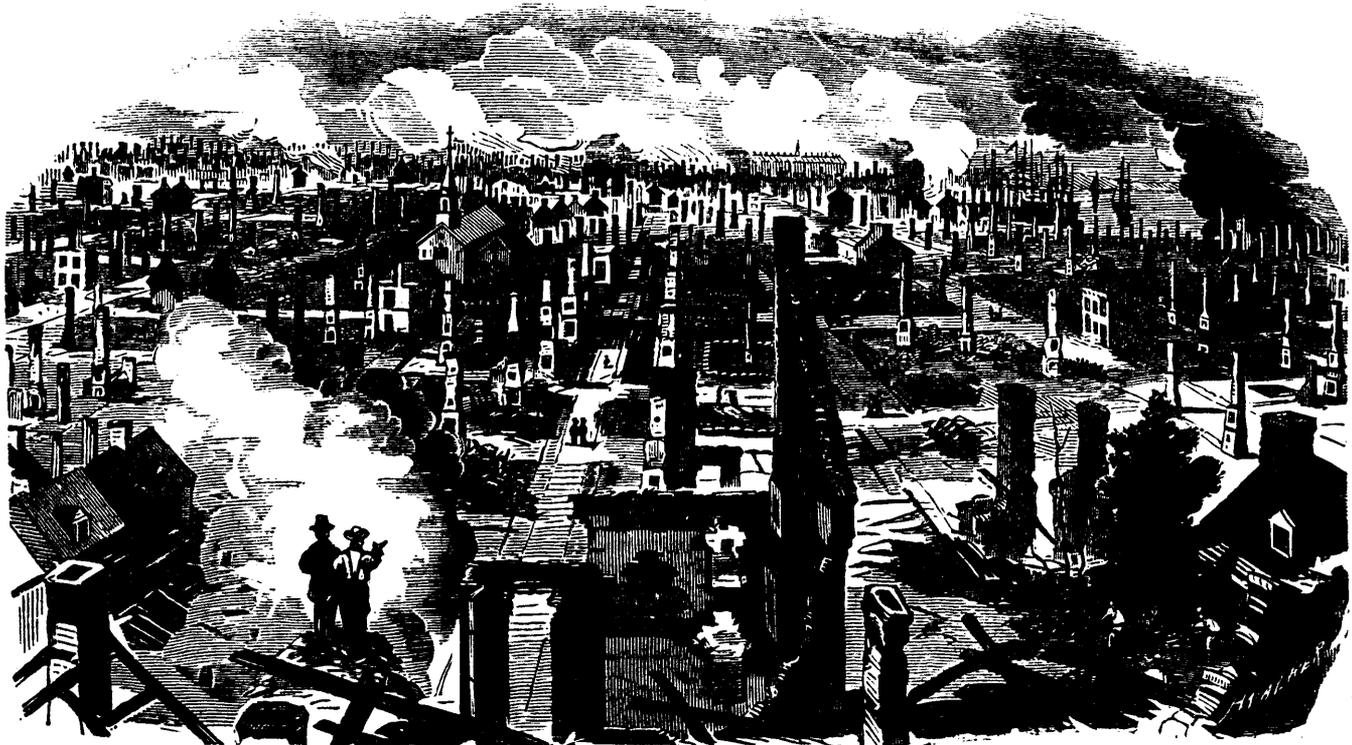
"Almost 2500 dwellings were thus reduced to ashes in a little less than twelve hours, and from fifteen to eighteen thousand persons, at the approach of a rigorous winter, left without food, without clothing, and without shelter. Many even perished in the flames, whose calcined skeletons were rescued from the smoking ruins after the day's destruction was over.

"The heart bleeds at the sight of so much desolation, and of so many thousand unfortunates clamouring for bread, shelter and warmth.

"To the generous-hearted of all countries, then, we direct our appeal, and in the recollection of the compassion bestowed upon us in 1845, we place our hopes to be enabled to surmount the appalling misfortune of 1866."

When the great city of the plain was destroyed, it, says the sacred narrative, would have been saved through the earnest entreaty of the patriarch, if ten righteous persons were found in it. Had ten earnest men, after the sad experience twenty-one years ago in Quebec, set resolutely to work to obtain a proper water supply and fire brigade, and fire telegraph system, in all human probability this evil would not now have fallen upon their city. We do not make these remarks with an uncharitable spirit, but the reflection is forced upon us when we remember the supineness of the Quebecers in this regard. We desire to move the hearts of all to render those deeds of hospitality which were so sacred even amongst the ancient Greeks and Romans. *Ælian* records a law of the ancient *Lucanians*, that if a stranger came to them after sunset, and wanted to take shelter under any one's roof, and was not received, the master of the house was to be fined, and branded with the infamous name of an *INHOSPITABLE*. Now, in order that no single person in the cities and towns of Canada may deserve that name, we respectfully propose a house to house subscription; or what would be perhaps more effective, for the Corporations of each city or town to get an order in Council to levy a rate upon the inhabitants, so that none may escape the sacred obligation of charity.

The accompanying engraving is from a photograph of the ruins, taken specially for the "READER," by Mr. Smeaton of Quebec.



Sketch of the Burnt District.

A NIGHT IN A "SLEEPING CAR."

ONE of the undisputed privileges of a Briton, inherited with Magna Charta and Habeas Corpus, is the prescriptive immunity he enjoys to grumble to his heart's content, providing he does it in the open and manly English manner, and can show the faintest shadow of excuse why he should do it at all. Everybody detests your everlasting grumbler, who intensifies present misfortune, and foretells its future visits; who turns his back on a fine sunset to grumble at a cloud in the East, who keeps his home in hot water, and insures his company dyspepsia and headache, and whose aptitude for complaining has acquired perfection by the frequency of his practice—such a grumbler we abhor: but no one can really throw the first stone at one who grumbles a grumble which makes the greater part of the world kin. When the learned *Varro* computed nearly three hundred different solutions of "Happiness," one of them was "to have no discontentment," but very different would be a healthy Briton's view of felicity, as he esteems grumbling to be one of his national and historical rights, and feels sure his summit of misery would be attained if the world was ever to possess such perfection in laws, politics, and the necessities of man, that Utopia would be no longer fabulous, and there would be nothing left to grumble at. Quite contented people are as scarce as quite patient ones: discontent preceded disobedience in Eden; and it is true, that the very rarest virtues this side of heaven are the patience of Job, and the content of St. Paul.

Having thus proven the antiquity of this privilege and the recognized franchise of all British subjects to indulge in it, I proceed to take advantage of my prerogative and mutter the grumble of my soul; and would you believe, it's all about snoring in sleep!

Six weeks ago I had to travel by the night train as far west as Kingston, and feeling rather drowsy about ten o'clock, I engaged a lower berth in the car tantalizingly named "Sleeping," with hopes of obtaining a refreshing snooze. Knowing from experience the aberrations of mind peculiar to travellers roused from sleep, I secured my traps against the contingencies liable to baggage unchecked, and creeping into the back of the sepulchral shelf, called a bed—like *Somnus'* dark cave—though mine didn't prove as somniferous—I enveloped myself, after the fashion of Egyptian mummies, in the very limited supply of covering doled out to us, and fell asleep fancying I saw *Morpheus* on guard, while angels in crinoline and waterfalls, and with very familiar faces, hovered around my pillow, whispering of moonlight excursions up and down harbours, of music and dancing and flirtations,—pleasant, wasn't it?

I don't know if the noise and concussion of the cars excites the same sort of dreams in every one's cranium as it does in mine, but it invariably produces in my brain mental phenomena of a *pugnacious* character. This particular night our corps was pitching into the Fenians, giving it to them hot and heavy, through the beggars' skulls into their abominable abdominal regions and "No Quarter!" It felt the most thoroughly splendid thing I ever enjoyed, and it was glorious to see the way our little "Vics" went into it as if they were at Lacrosse. *Bang!* roared a piece of artillery, as I thought, close to my ear, down went the Fenians like a flash, and I awoke to find it all a dream—alas! alas!—and the noise of the cannon to be nothing but one of those peculiar, sharp, gurgling snorts produced during inspiration in the larynx of a snoring gentleman who had been billeted on my bed during my sleep. I had got one of my arms out from under the covering, and found I had "cut-left" directly upon the Roman proboscis of my friend, a passage of arms that considerably accelerated his breathing, and awoke him to the fact that there was something unusually heavy on the end of his nose,—perhaps, for all I know, causing a nightmare, and making him believe he had been metamorphosed into an elephant and hadn't got accustomed to the trunk. Feeling convinced,

however, that he was too sleepy to appreciate apologies I turned my back on him and endeavoured to sleep, soothing myself with the reflection that such accidents were only the fortuitous results of two in a bed. But my friend began to snore, and the most unchristian kind of snoring I ever had inflicted upon me—a medley of snuffing, snorting and sneezing, while to add to this trio of the inspiration, there was in each expiration a sort of a fiendish neigh. At first I thought I had got the very old chap himself for a bed-fellow, but I managed to see his hands and they seemed clawless, and he wore boots. I was now thoroughly awake and found myself the victim of a perfect chorus of snorers from one end of the car to the other, making a concatenation of hideous noises only to be equalled in a menagerie; though to give the devil his due, a cage full of wild animals would never make such an uproar when they're asleep: in fact, about two weeks afterwards I saw over thirty car-loads of live swine at the Kingston depot, packed in tiers, and closer than peas in a pod, and I honestly declare they were better behaved and made less noise than the snorers in our sleeping-car. It's well-known, when one's ears prick up at night, and find the slightest noise an antidote to slumber, how, after much tossing and turning, tired nature will finally succumb from sheer exhaustion; how she even conquers the howling of moon-struck dogs and the caterwauling of enamoured cats; but I'd defy any midnight noise ever perpetrated to beat the snoring in that car, attested to, as it was, in the morning by many other travellers who, like myself, didn't sleep even forty winks. There seemed, too, to be a sympathy among the snorers, for it was only those who didn't snore who didn't sleep, and we sleepless ones felt much inclined to express an opinion that they who did sleep were unfeeling beasts; but it seemed unjust, after all, to resent what the poor sinners had no power to prevent, though I once heard of a case of disagreeable snoring cured by clipping off the uvula which hung flabbily and resting on the base of the tongue produced the snoring during inspiration—now, if I was a snorer I'd submit to the experiment from a feeling of pity for those who abhor snoring.

The varieties of sound were so peculiarly ridiculous, that at first I found it quite jolly to lie awake and laugh, listening to the performance—and I assure you it needed no auscultation to hear it; but when I found I couldn't go to sleep when sufficiently enlivened, I felt quite grumpy, and swore I'd "write to the *Times*"—another of John Bull's privileges. A musical ear might have practised itself by classifying the intonations. The war-whooping snore of my bed-fellow tamed itself into a deep and mellow bass, but one gets tired of deep and mellow bass when one wants to go to sleep. To the right of us, on the lower shelf, was some one giving us all the variations of treble on every imaginable pitch—his was an inconstant *fulsetto*, both in sound and cadence. Above him, snored one as if he had a metallic accordion reed in his larynx, that opened with each inhalation. I shall call his snore a brassy alto: while the tenors were distributed at such distances as to convey to our ears—at least to mine—all the harmony of a band of fifes and bag-pipes playing different airs—every one on his own hook. There were snores that beggar description; but I cannot forget one overhead, which was a jerky croak, sounding at intervals of half a minute, as if it had retired on half-pay, and longed to get back into active service. It occurred to me, when I heard occasionally a very good harmony between the bass of my bed-fellow and the tenor of a snorer adjacent, that if some Julien could take snorers into training, and only manage to make them snore in concert and by note,

"In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood,
Of flutes and soft recorders,"

that we would have a novel kind of performance some of these days, and one that would be well patronized. None of us would have grumbled in the car, had the snorers but snored in time: if it had even been constant, like the noise of a mill, or a cataract, it would eventually have sent us to sleep, but it was those discordant

grunts and vibratory snorts that destroyed our midnight peace.

I abhor statistics; but, as I laid awake that blessed night, I made a little mental arithmetic of my own misery, which I would ask you to read. The average number of inspirations in a minute is fifteen,—remember snoring is an act of inspiration: the number of hours I laid awake was six. Now 15 snores a minute make 900 an hour; multiply 900 by 6—the number of hours snored—and you have 5400, the amount done by each individual. Now there were at the very lowest estimation twelve distinct snorers. Multiply 5400 by 12, and you have 64,800 snores—not including the neighs—perpetrated in that car from about 11 o'clock P.M. to 5 the next morning!

Several times I was tempted to shunt my bass-snorer off the bed, or twig his Roman nose. I'd have tickled it, if I'd had a feather or a straw, but it would have kept me busy all night, and then there were the other eleven going it as if in defiance, and what could I do to stop them? I thought I would make some horrible noise between a cough and a crow, and say, if any one complained of it, that it was my way of snoring; but this would be too much exertion to be profitable: I could only submit like a Stoic,—(Query? Would a Stoic submit to it?),—and endure what I couldn't cure, determining, however, that rather than ever be entrapped into a "sleeping" (?) car again, I would improvise a roost in one of the others, where few snorers are ever found.

Sancho Panza would never have had cause to ejaculate, "God bless the man who first invented sleep," had Don Quixote been a snorer, such as my friend of the Roman nose; and we may infer from Sancho's ejaculation, that the Don slept quietly. There is nothing vulgar in snoring, for Chesterfield snored, and Plutarch tells us the Emperor of Otho snored; so did Cato, so did George the Second, so do members of parliament in their seats and sinners in church; but no matter who does it, its always a nuisance. Position has nothing to do with it, as there is an instance on record of a soldier *standing* asleep in his sentry-box, and who would have escaped detection, had it not been for his sonorous snoring. We may be sure Alain Chartier did not snore when Margaret of Scotland stooped down and kissed him while he was asleep, or young John Milton, when the high-born Italian beauty won a pair of gloves from him; though it didn't lessen Paddy's ardour when he sang outside of his true love's window: "I know by the length of your snore you're awake."

We fancy it would destroy the sweetest charm of winning gloves, were the sleeping beauty to give a rousing snore as you kissed her; but I really don't know if women do snore. Paddy may have exaggerated, or been sarcastic, because jealous, perhaps. I know that only male frogs croak!

In conclusion, I may say I don't object to a man snoring under his own vine and fig-tree, but I think when three dozen quiet sleepers are caged with one dozen snorers, the former, if only by right of their majority, should have some consideration. There's no use of punching a snorer, or waking him up and appealing to his compassion, for if you punch him he may misinterpret your designs, and "lay on" too; if you appeal to him, he will probably apologize, and possibly may swear at you, and turn over and snore worse than ever. The Fabian policy of trusting to time for a remedy need not be tried with any hopes of success; for just as sure as a snorer continues to breathe, he will continue to snore till he awakens. But there is a balm in Gilead, better and safer than chloroform, nitrous oxide, or any local stimulant, and that is to have a separate car attached to every night train, to be called the "snoring car," where those who snore may do so in fraternal companionship, to the great comfort of those who don't; and let it be understood that should any snorer, by foul means or fair, occupy a berth in the "sleeping car," he shall be carried out bodily the moment he proves himself to be a snorer.

W. G. B.

Montreal.

THE MAGAZINES

Frazer opens with an article entitled "Notes on Florence," which gives some interesting particulars of the alterations in, and additions to the new capital of Italy. A paper on "The Indian Civil Service" follows. The author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," contributes an article on "Living in Perspective." The other principal papers are "On the Education of Girls"—a plea for a higher intellectual training for women; a sketch of the late Mr. Arthur Hugh Clough, and observations "On the Welsh Triads," by the Rev. Dr. William Barnes. "Em's First and Last Lodger" is the title of the only story in the present number.

Temple Bar is more than usually interesting. Among the best papers are "Through Somerset," "A Ramble on Salisbury Plain," "From Vancouver's Island to the Mound Prairies," and Professor Anstead's account of "The Inactive Craters of Vesuvius." Mr. Yates contributes the second of his "Letters to Joseph," entitled "On the Wmg." "Lady Adelaide's Oath," by the author of "East Lyone," is becoming increasingly interesting; "A Tale of the War" is a canonical story by Charles Clarke.

London Society comes to us bright and sparkling, as usual. "All Smoke" is full of amusing anecdotes, and should be read by lovers of the weed. Mark Lemon continues his interesting walks "Up and Down the London Streets." The comic side of "A London Police Court" is cleverly sketched by both author and artist. "Leeds and its Merchants" contains a good deal of valuable information respecting that ancient town and the founders of its manufacturing industry. There are also two or three pleasant stories, written in the lively vein for which this magazine is famous. Among the illustrations we notice an excellent likeness of Mr. Peabody.

In *Good Words* we have this month a great variety of articles. Among the most interesting are "Sensitive Plants," "Cadgers and Poachers," "Adeline Cooper," and "Two Years Experience of the Maories." The plot of Mrs. Oliphant's story, "Madonna Mary," is now pretty well developed, and the reader's sympathies cannot fail to be strongly enlisted on behalf of the innocent but suspected heroine.

Mr. Greenwood, "The Amateur Casual," appears in *The Englishwoman's Domestic*, in an article entitled "Through a Cholera Field." Madame de Genlis is the subject of a gossiping, but not very appreciative paper. Three or four serial tales are advanced a stage; and the usual articles on The Fashions, Music and The Drama complete the number. The sheets of Designs and coloured Fashion plates can leave its lady readers little to desire in this department.

The above Magazines are for sale at Messrs Dawson & Brothers.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 101.

CHAPTER XXIII.—MR. DUPLESSIS WINS THE GAME.

THE master of Belair had been sick almost unto death, but was now slowly recovering; and the hush of dread expectancy, which had brooded like an ominous cloud over the Hall and its inmates, so long as the life of Sir Philip was in danger, had already become as a shadow of the past; and the well-trained household had imperceptibly glided back into the easy noiseless groove which circled the dull round of everyday duties at Belair. Yes, the baronet was slowly recovering; he was "much—very much better," were the exact words which emanating, in the first instance, in the discreetest of whispers from the lips of Dr. Roach, spread rapidly from mouth to mouth as something that everybody was glad to hear; for the sick man was universally beloved. But Dr. Roach knew, and Sir Philip knew that this attack, conquered with difficulty, was merely the forerunner of other attacks still

more severe, before which the failing forces of life must ultimately succumb.

Gaston Spencelaugh had been summoned from Paris—an effeminately handsome young man, more at home in the drawing-room than the hunting field, and fonder of a billiard-cue than a horse—who, now that all immediate danger to his father was over, went mooning listlessly about the house, smoking interminable cigars, and thinking a good deal of some absent Effine, and voting the whole business which had called him from pleasant Paris a bore.

"You may be sure, dear, that it has been a very harassing time for your Marguerite," wrote Lady Spencelaugh to one of her confidential correspondents. "Poor dear Sir Philip has required constant attention night and day, and although not equal to the task of nursing him myself, I have felt it incumbent on me to be constantly on the spot, and to superintend personally every arrangement for his comfort. Gaston, dear fellow! is at home: very handsome, though it is I who say it; and with a style quite *comme il faut*." In writing thus, her Ladyship had considerably magnified her slight attentions to the sick man, which had merely consisted in three or four visits each day to the room where he lay; on which occasions she would take a momentary glance at him, and murmur to the attendants: "Poor dear Sir Philip! How distressing to see him thus!" and then turning to the head-nurse, she would add: "Be sure, Mrs. Smith, that you carry out the doctor's instructions minutely; and let me be apprised the moment you see a change either one way or the other"; and so would glide softly back to her own apartments, where she would sit by the fire with a screen in her hand, for she was always careful of her complexion, and muse on what might come to pass in case Sir Philip should not recover. "With my savings and his father's, Gaston would be tolerably well off, and could afford to make a very decent figure in London society. He would go into parliament, of course, when he had sown his wild oats; and there is no reason why he should not marry into the peerage; and then—Well, well."

But Sir Philip Spencelaugh, although thus neglected in one instance, was not left entirely to the care of hirelings. The watchful eye and tender hand of Frederica were ever near him. She had a room fitted up for herself close to his own, that she might be always on the spot; and her loving face was the first that met his gaze when his feeble senses flickered back to a consciousness of earthly things. He blessed her as he lay thus, and called her his own, his darling. They were the first words he had spoken for many weary days and nights; and Frederica had to hurry out, that she might give way in solitude to the rush of happy tears that welled up from her heart.

Nearly five months had passed since Frederica gave that promise to her uncle that she would try to look upon Mr. Duplessis with more favourable eyes, and grant him an opportunity of pleading his cause in person. It was a promise that was repented of as soon as made; and, as we have already seen, the Canadian derived so slight an advantage from the permission accorded him, that he was fain to pass it by altogether as though it had never been given, and await the quiet processes of time, which, when assisted by his own skilful by-play, might work some change in his favour, rather than frighten his beautiful quarry by a bold rush, and so lose her at once and for ever. He had consented to play a patient game, in the full expectation of ultimately winning it: so accustomed had he been to winning such delicate hazards, sometimes almost without an effort, that, for a long time, no possibility of failure was suffered to cloud his mind; but at length it began to dawn dimly on him—and it was a thought that touched him to the quick with a sort of savage soreness—that he had been struggling all this time against a barrier of ice, before whose clear coldness all his petty wiles and stratagems, and little love-making arts, withered like exotics before the breath of winter. Admiration for his many brilliant qualities, Frederica might and did feel.

She was young, and had a considerable fund

of enthusiasm to draw upon; and she could not help liking this man who shone out so superior to the ordinary ruck of visitors at Belair. Then, again, he had a large claim on her gratitude, from the fact of having risked his own life to save that of her uncle: it was a deed that invested him in her eyes with a sort of heroic halo, through which many more faults than he allowed to be visible on the surface would have paled and grown dim. But, granting Duplessis all these points in his favour, and no one was more capable than he of making the most of them, the great indisputable fact still remained, that he found himself utterly unable to advance in her good graces beyond that coign of vantage to which he had so patiently worked his way, but which he had all along merely looked upon in the light of a stepping-stone to something higher. Let him venture but a step beyond it—and now and then he did so venture, treading delicately and with caution—and straightway the barrier of ice rose up before him, and he fell back to his old position, chilled and cowed, he hardly knew how or why, and with a bitter sense of humiliation and defeat working within him. Yes, five months had come and gone since that bright summer afternoon on which Sir Philip Spencelaugh told him of the promise which he had wrung from his niece, and the game seemed still as far from being won as ever. His patience was worn out at last; he was growing desperate, something must be done, and that immediately, for the demon of impetuosity was knocking loudly at his door. He would make one last bold effort, assisted by the baronet, to win his beautiful prize; and then—why, then, if he were unsuccessful, he would let her go, and trouble himself no further about the grapes he could not reach. There were other grapes, not bad fruit by any means, as such things go, within his reach for the plucking; would it not be wiser in him quietly to accept this other fruit, and make the best of it, rather than waste further precious time on what was so evidently unattainable? There was Lady Wintermere, for instance, just home from the German Spas, a widow well dowered, and still, at forty years of age, passably handsome, who looked with favorable eyes on the handsome Canadian, and was by no means indisposed to encourage his attentions. As the husband of her Ladyship, even though her jointure were tied up beyond his reach, and as the master of Oakthorpe Grange, he would at once take a certain position in society; and it would not be his fault if he did not so *ménager* that all rents and revenues should percolate through his own fingers, and leave some grains of precious dust by the way. In any case, for such as he, the lot was by no means an unenviable one. But to give up for ever his sweet Frederica!—not forgetting all that she was heiress to—there was the pang. He really loved Miss Spencelaugh, as much as it lay in his nature to love any one, other than himself; but he could not afford to waste more time in a fruitless love-chase. One last bold effort; and then, should he fail—Lady Wintermere and Oakthorpe Grange.

Late, one dull wintry afternoon, Sir Philip Spencelaugh sat propped up in bed, turning over with heedless fingers the leaves of a large-print copy of Massillon, bound in old calf, which lay on the coverlet before him. A shaded lamp stood on a small table close by his bed, and Crooke, his old and faithful body-servant, was moving noiselessly about the anteroom, within call. The old man's face was wan and pinched; but his eyes were brighter, and beamed with a fuller intelligence, Frederica thought, than she had seen in them for many months. At length the baronet spoke. "Crooke, go and inquire whether Mr. Duplessis is in the house. If he is, I should like to see him." Then when Crooke had gone, he went on, talking to himself: "No time to lose. I'll have it settled at once—at once. If she doesn't love him now, she will learn to do so after marriage. Girls like her don't know their own minds for a week together. No time to lose. It must be settled at once."

Mr. Duplessis was ushered into the room. After the usual greetings and inquiries were

over, the old man motioned to the Canadian to seat himself on a chair close by the bed. Sir Philip lay back on his pillows for a minute or two with closed eyes before he spoke. "Henri, my friend," he said at last, "I want to know how your suit with Frederica prospers—is the the wedding-day fixed yet?"

When Duplessis entered the room, it was with the full intention of stating his case to Sir Philip, but the baronet's question took from him the necessity of doing so. "Miss Spencelaugh and I," he replied, "hold precisely the same position with regard to each other that we did six months ago."

"How is that?" asked Sir Philip anxiously. "Are your views or wishes changed in any way?"

"Not in the slightest degree," replied Duplessis. "To win the hand of Miss Spencelaugh is still the dearest hope of my life."

"Then why haven't you won it? She gave you a chance, didn't she, months ago? Why did you neglect to take advantage of it?"

"The affection your niece has for you, Sir Philip, made her yield the point in opposition to her own wishes on the subject."

"Pooh, man! That's more than you know. Don't you pretend to read the riddle of a young girl's heart: it lies beyond either your skill or mine to do so. But when once the point was conceded in your favour, why didn't you make the most of it?"

"I did make the most of it, in one sense. I pressed my suit quietly and unobtrusively. I did my best to work my way into the good graces of Miss Spencelaugh, and I failed. I still love her as dearly as ever I did, but I am afraid that she will never look upon me as anything more than a friend."

"Tut, man! You are far too timid a wooer. No wench's heart that isn't given away beforehand can stand against a bold, resolute lover. They are soft, timorous things at the best of times, but as sly as the very deuce. If I had stood in your shoes, my boy, I would have forced Freddy into loving me—yes, sir, forced her!"

"Miss Spencelaugh is not a simple boarding-school miss, to be won by a few honeyed phrases, and empty professions of affection."

"She is the best girl in the world, sir, though it is I who say it!" exclaimed the baronet warmly. "And do you mean to say, Henri, that the mixn isn't fond of you?"

"I am afraid, Sir Philip, that such is really the case," replied the Canadian in a low, regretful voice.

"I tell you again, my dear boy, that you have gone too timidly about your courting. Freddy must like you in her secret heart, even though she won't acknowledge as much. I set my heart on this match long ago, and I don't think I could die happy unless it were to come off. I'll see Freddy about it myself, I'll see her at once. There's not much that she would refuse her old uncle."

The Canadian's eyes glittered, but he answered the baronet in a low, earnest voice: "Not for worlds, my dear Sir Philip, would I have Miss Spencelaugh's inclinations forced in the slightest degree in my favour."

"No one wants to force her inclinations, sir. But I say again, there are not many things she would refuse her old uncle. Pour me out a little of that cordial, and then tell Crooke to ask Miss Spencelaugh to come to me."

"But, my dear sir, you would not?"

"Not a word, Duplessis; I tell you I will have my own way in this matter, so don't try to turn me from it."

"But you surely don't wish me to remain in the room during your interview with Miss Spencelaugh?" persisted Duplessis.

"You shall remain in the room, but out of sight. Freddy shall not know that you are so near; you shall hide behind that screen. Nay, I will have it so. No remonstrances, or, by Heaven! I will never speak to you again.—Never saw Farren in *The School for Scandal*—did you? No, I thought not. Then you missed a treat—you missed a treat. His screen-scene was the sublime of comedy.—But away with

you, out of sight; I hear Freddy's voice as she talks to Crooke."

The Canadian vanished; and next moment Frederica entered the room, and hastening up to the bed, flung her arms round the old man's neck, and kissed him fondly. "You are better to-day, dear uncle," she said; "I can see it in your face without your telling me."

"Better—yes. The sight of you always makes me better. But, Freddy, I want to talk to you on a serious matter. I want to know how it is that you and Duplessis"—

"We will wait till you are quite well, dear uncle, before we talk about that," said Frederica hastily.

"Not so, darling; there's no time like the present time. I have been thinking much on this matter while I've been lying here. I'm anxious about it. You don't know how deeply my heart is set on this thing. Five months ago, you promised that you would try to like my friend a little—that you would try to look more favorably on his suit. Has the task been too hard a one for you, darling?"

"I do like Mr Duplessis—as a friend."

"But you do not love him?"

"No," said Frederica faintly.

"Pardon your old uncle the question, Freddy: but no one else has stolen your heart away without my knowing it?"

Frederica did not answer, but a slight motion of her head implied dissent.

"And yet you do not love Duplessis?" resumed the baronet. "Then my most cherished scheme falls to the ground, and my last earthly wish will never be realised. I cannot tell you, darling, how I have longed for this match to be brought about. But there—there! It cannot be, I suppose, and I will urge you no further."

"Why wish me to marry at all, dear uncle? My greatest happiness is to think that I shall always stay with you—always be as a daughter to you. I wish for nothing beyond this."

"But I shall not always be here, Freddy. Not many more days are left me in this world; on that point I am not deceived. But go now—I cannot say more; I care not how soon the end comes." All the light and life seemed to fade out of his face as he sank back on his pillows; the hollows deepened under his eyes, and his thin lips were contracted as with a spasm of intense pain. Frederica looked on in sore distress—all her woman's nature at war within her.

"But, dear uncle, Mr. Duplessis himself?"

"Is here to answer for himself," said the Canadian, as he stepped from behind the screen. "Pardon me, Sir Philip, but I could play the eavesdropper no longer."

"Listening, sir!" said Frederica, with a flash of scorn from her beautiful eyes.

"All my fault, Freddy—all my fault," said the baronet: "I made him go there against his own wishes. I questioned him, and he told me you did not care for him, and I—I thought he was wrong, and I told him to go behind the screen, and hear for himself."

"A most unfair advantage to take of any one," said Frederica coldly.

"Ay, ay, perhaps so. I see it now," said the old man wearily; "I was foolish enough to hope—but it matters not now what I hoped. It is all over—all over."

The baronet ceased speaking, and no one answered him. There was silence in the room. The sick man lay with shut eyes, and white, drawn face; Frederica stood close by the bed, her slender figure stretched to its full height, with rigid arms and intertwined fingers, and a marble fixity of features that made her seem for the moment like a piece of exquisite sculpture. Presently, her eyes wandered from the bed to where Duplessis was leaning in an attitude of dejection, with one elbow resting on the chimney-piece. Their eyes met. In those of Duplessis there was a soft, loving, wistful look—such a look as but very few eyes can express, and rarely those of a man; and it pierced through all Frederica's armour straight to her heart. He came a step or two nearer, and resting his arms on a high-backed chair of black oak, gazed

fixedly at her with that same yearning, inexplicable look in his eyes.

"I am here in a very false position this evening, Miss Spencelaugh," he said; "but I freely trust to your kindness to overlook the fact, and to listen to the few words I have to say, for the first time and the last, on a subject that has been very near to my heart for a long time. I have been silent hitherto, and I should have remained silent had no Sir Philip broken the ice; but as the case now stands, I must—for after what has passed I can no longer remain dumb—try to fashion into words some little of what I feel, I have loved you long and truly—loved you from the first day I saw you—and with that Duplessis told briefly, in warm, impassioned accents, the story of his love. "But the wild, mad dream I was foolish enough to cherish is all over now," he ended by saying, "and from this night, Miss Spencelaugh, I shall haunt your presence no more. In a few days, I shall leave Monkshire for ever."

It was certainly a very finished piece of acting. He spoke in a minor key, slowly and almost solemnly, and there was a tender pathos in his voice which assisted his eyes wonderfully. Frederica felt herself strangely moved. The firm ground on which she had planted herself seemed to be slipping imperceptibly from under her feet. That voice, those eyes; surely truth and love—She felt herself sliding down towards some terrible abyss, from which only by a last desperate effort was there any chance of escape. She was roused by an exclamation from Duplessis, and her eyes followed his to the bed. A fearful chance had come over the sick man. He was sitting upright in bed, his fingers clutching convulsively at the counterpane, and his eyes staring straight before him, while a cold clammy sweat bedewed his forehead. Frederica's arm was round him in an instant; his head came slowly round till his eyes met hers. There was something terrible in the intensity of their gaze. Inaudible words formed themselves on his lips.

"He is dying!" cried Frederica in a tone of anguish. "Ring for help."

Again his lips formed themselves to speak, and this time a faint murmur fell on Frederica's ear. She bent her head to listen. "You will marry him, dear, will you not?" muttered the old man faintly, with that same terribly earnest look in his eyes.

Frederica's heart seemed to die within her.

"Yes—I will marry him," she said in a low, clear voice that was strangely unlike her own. Duplessis, with his hand on the bell-ropes, heard the words and turned, while a sudden gleam of triumph shot across his face; and next instant the warning summons rang through the house. An almost inaudible "God bless you!" shaped itself on the old man's lips, and then the light suddenly left his eyes, and he fell back insensible on the pillows. Frederica's power of endurance was at an end. She turned from the bed. Duplessis saw the change in her face, and sprang to help her; but before he could reach her, she sank to the ground with a low cry, and remembered nothing more.

CHAPTER XXIV.—WHO WROTE THE LETTERS?

The country clocks were just striking midnight as Mr. Duplessis walked up the pathway of his little garden, and paused for a moment before going indoors to listen to the faint musical chimes borne through the silence from some near-at-hand church; and to glance for the second time at certain moonlight effects of cunningly interwoven light and shade among the trunks and crooked branches of the gnarled old trees that skirted his little demesne; for Mr. Duplessis flattered himself that he had the soul of an artist for such trifles. He had walked home from Belair through the frosty moonlight, with no company save his cigar and his own thoughts—had walked home: lone and of choice, that he might be enabled, calmly and without interruption, to think over all that had happened to him on that eventful evening. He had triumphed at last; his long waiting had met with the reward he coveted most; Frederica Spencelaugh had promised to become his wife. True, the promise had not been given by her as he would

have liked it to be given; it had been dragged from her by main force, as it were; but he flattered himself that when once she were his own, she would speedily learn to be as loving and docile as any lord and master need desire. So there was triumph at his heart, and a bright smile of triumph on his handsome face, as he walked home along the lonely country roads, alternately smoking and humming scraps from Béranger.

Mr. Duplessis let himself into the house by means of his latch-key, and went forward into the sitting-room, which was dimly lighted by a few embers in the grate. He was quickly followed by his housekeeper, sleepy and half-dazed, carrying a couple of lighted candles.

"You need not have sat up for me, Benson," he said; "I could have managed very well if you had left matches and a candle in the hall."—Antoine was away for a brief holiday, having gone to visit a brother who had just opened a café in London, otherwise Benson would have been in bed two hours ago.

"Who brought this letter, and when did it come?" asked Mr. Duplessis suddenly, as he took up a singular-looking document from the table.

"Letter, sir! What letter?" said the housekeeper. "I never put any letter on the table, and not a soul has called here since you went out this evening."

"Then how the deuce did the letter get here? It was certainly not on the table when I went out."

Mrs. Benson was quite unable to say how the letter had got there. She did not like to contradict her master, but she felt sure he must have put it there himself before going out, and have forgotten it.

Mr. Duplessis, with the unopened letter in his hand, walked quickly across the room to the French window opposite the fireplace which gave access to the lawn. He opened it with a turn of the handle, and it could have been just as readily opened from the outside. "This window ought certainly to be bolted at dusk," he said rather sharply. "As it is, thieves and vagabonds of every kind can come and go as easily as I can myself."

Mrs. Benson folded her arms meekly over her chest, but said never a word in reply; she felt the reproof to be a just one.

Mr. Duplessis went back to the fire, and sinking into an easy-chair, placed his glass in his eye, and proceeded to examine the letter with a sort of half-contemptuous curiosity. The paper was coarse and dingy, and the direction was in a peculiar crabbed hand, which afforded no clue to the sex of the writer. It was folded in the old-fashioned style, without an envelope; "And it is actually fastened with a wafer!" muttered Mr. Duplessis to himself. "Some begging-letter, I suppose, from a widow with sixteen young children; or from a poor but unfortunate tradesman, requesting the loan of a small sum to set him up in business again; to be paid back with interest at dooms-day. Bah! I'm sick of such appeals;" and with a filip of his thumb and finger, he burst open the letter.

Benson had been fidgeting about—bolting the shutters, and placing the candles nearer her master, and raking the few dying embers together; and was just turning to leave the room, when Mr. Duplessis leaped from his chair with a wild, inarticulate cry, as though he had been shot, and then stood with one hand pressed to his head, staring at the open letter with a face as colourless as that of the marble Aphrodite on the cabinet close by.

"Are you ill, sir? Can I do anything for you?" cried the terrified housekeeper, advancing a step or two.

His lips moved in reply, but no sound came from them; but she understood from the motion of his arm that he wished to be alone; so she went out trembling, and closed the door softly behind her; but went no further than the other end of the passage, and then stood listening for whatever might happen next. In a few minutes the bell rang. She went in timidly.

Mr. Duplessis was seated in his easy chair again; the colour had in some measure come

back to his face, but he looked twenty years older than he had done only a few minutes before. "This letter brings me very bad news, Benson," he said, speaking in a low, forced voice, and without looking his housekeeper in the face. "It tells me that my only brother is dead."

"Indeed, sir! I am very sorry to hear that," said Benson in a voice of deep concern, remembering, however, at the same time, that she had never heard Mr. Duplessis speak of such a relative.

"So am I, Benson—very sorry indeed. There are certain business matters connected with this sad event which render it imperatively necessary that I should start for town by the first train.

You will look after the lodge till Antoine returns; and should there be any inquiries for me, you may mention the mournful circumstance which has thus suddenly called me away, and say that I shall be back by Wednesday next at the latest. I find that a mail-train passes the nearest station at two o'clock, so that I have no time to lose. You will light the candles in my dressing-room at once, and then make me a cup of strong coffee; you may as well also put me up a sandwich or two as quickly as you can."

"Shall you want the horse got out, sir, to take you to the station?"

"No; I shall have nothing to carry but my small travelling-bag; and the walk this fine night will refresh me."

Half an hour later, Mr. Duplessis bade his housekeeper a kindly farewell, and quitted Lilac Lodge, carrying his bag in his hand, and took to the road leading to the nearest railway station, while Benson, sorely troubled and perplexed in her mind, fastened up the house, and went to bed.

In the dusk of the afternoon of the day following the departure of Mr. Duplessis, Mrs. Benson, having given the housemaid a holiday, sat leisurely enjoying her tea, the sole inmate of Lilac Lodge, when she was startled by a loud single knock at the front door, and on proceeding to open it, found there two plainly-dressed men—certainly not gentlemen, probably two pettifogging tradesmen who had called about a bill, she said to herself—one of whom inquired whether Mr. Duplessis were at home.

"No, he ain't at home," said the housekeeper irately, for she was vexed at being disturbed over her first cup; "and what's more, he won't be at home for another week. His brother is dead, and he had to set off by the mail for London last night. There!" and she would have shut the door in the faces of the men, had not a foot been quietly interposed to prevent her.

"Then, if the governor's not here," said one of the strangers, "you will perhaps have no objections to shew us over the house."

"Ma shew you over the house!" began Benson, when one of the men bending forward, whispered a few words in her ear, on which she fell back with a scared face, and allowed them to enter; and having shut the door behind them, she went back to her tea in the kitchen; but her appetite was gone, and she sat listening and trembling while the two strangers went about their perquisition up stairs and down.

"Rummy start, ain't it?" said one of the men to the other, as they came for the second time into the sitting-room, having discovered no trace of Mr. Duplessis. "I wonder whether somebody has given him the office, and he has hooked it, or whether this story about his brother being dead is true?"

"The woman says he went last night, and we heard nothing about the affair till this morning. How was he to suppose we should find it out today?"

"By jingo! What's this?" exclaimed the other man, whose sharp eyes had caught sight of a partially burned paper in the grate: and next moment he was unfolding it, and smoothing it out with careful, dexterous fingers.

The paper was strong and coarse, and had been squeezed up so so tightly that the flames had merely burned away the loose edges, leaving the contents nearly intact. Throwing on to the letter the concentrated light of his bull's-eye, the second man peered over his friend's shoulder, and the two read as follows:

"The dark secret which you thought you had hidden for ever, has come to light. To-morrow morning the police will be on your track. One who has been a blind instrument in the discovery of a fearful crime—one who would not willingly have your blood lie at his door—warns you. Flee while there is yet time. To-morrow it will be too late."

Some other word had been written where the word *his* stood in the letter, and afterwards carefully erased.

"The bird has flown, and the game's up for the present," said one of the men, when the document had been spelled carefully through.

"It was this bit of paper that started him," said the other. "The story about his brother is all gag. But don't it strike you as strange that the note I hold in my hand, and the one received by our superintendent this morning, are both in the same handwriting? There can't be any doubt about it; it's too remarkable a fist to be easily imitated. Rum, ain't it?—Now, you had better stop here a bit while I go up to the station, and hand in this note, and get fresh instructions: and I'll send down another man to relieve you as soon as possible."

The case was as the two men had stated it.

By the early post that morning, the Normanford superintendent of police had received an anonymous letter conveying certain information, the accuracy of which he felt himself bound at once to investigate. He put his men upon the track pointed out in the letter Abel Garrod and his wife were the first persons questioned. They gave evidence as to the meeting of Mr. Duplessis and the woman Marie; to the intimate relations apparently existing between the two; to the stay of the latter under Abel Garrod's roof for three days; and finally, to their departure together. Simultaneously with this inquiry, another was going forward at the *Silver Lion* at Fairwood; and here the police gathered another piece of confirmatory evidence not mentioned in the letter, in the production, by the landlady, of a handkerchief marked with blood, and bearing the name of the missing woman, found under the seat of the gig the day after it had been hired by Mr. Duplessis. The old collector at the toll-bar also underwent a strict examination; and then the two parties of police met by previous appointment at Martell's Leap, the neighbourhood of which spot their anonymous informant had directed them to search minutely, especially the beach immediately below, and the crevices and recesses in the face of the cliff.

Leaving his men still occupied with the search, the superintendent himself rode over to Sir Harry Craxford, the nearest magistrate; and on the strength of the evidence which he laid before him, obtained a warrant for the arrest of Henri Duplessis, which was at once placed in the hands of two efficient officers, but with what result, we have already seen. The search for the missing woman, unavailing on the first day was resumed with renewed energy the following morning, but without further result than the discovery, on a ledge of rock about twenty feet above the beach, of a broken jet bracelet, which was at once identified by Jane Garrod as similar to one worn by Madame. This discovery went a long way towards confirming the general opinion that the missing woman had been thrown over the cliff; and as it was found to have been high-water at 4 p.m. on the day of her disappearance, there was little doubt that, in such a case, her body had been washed away by the tide.

Of Duplessis himself, no tidings could be learned, neither on the railway nor elsewhere. Country constables and metropolitan detectives alike failed in their efforts to trace him. A minute description of his personal appearance was inserted in the *Police Gazette*, and there read by thousands of keen eyes, all thenceforth eagerly on the watch, in seaport town and country village, to single out a quarry which promised so much sport to his captors; but from the moment when the housekeeper, looking out after him into the moonlight, saw him disappear behind the screen of laurels which shut in the lawn, he seemed as utterly lost to human ken

as though the earth had opened at his feet, and swallowed him up for ever. Of Antoine the imperturbable, when he returned home, which he did on the day following that of his master's departure, policeum could make nothing. The quiet insolence of his replies, when he was examined before Sir Harry Craxford, throw that worthy but irascible personage into such a violent rage as threatened at one time to bring on a fit of apoplexy, but as it could not be shewn that the valet was in any way mixed up with the affair which attached such dark suspicion to Duplessis, the magistrate was obliged to order him to be set at liberty; and the next night Antoine disappeared as mysteriously as his master had done, and was seen no more at Lilac Lodge.

The mind of Mr. Davis, however, the superintendent, still remained restless and ill at ease. That two anonymous letters—the one addressed to himself, and the other addressed to Duplessis—had been written by the same person, was a fact scarcely open to dispute, when they came to be compared together. But who was the writer of them? This was a question which the superintendent found himself utterly unable to answer. All his cautious underhand inquiries could elicit no information on the point, and he was fain after a time to give the matter up, and class it among the other unravell'd puzzles of his profession.

At Belair, the news of Mr. Duplessis's sudden departure, and of the strange charge afterwards alleged against him, was received at first as something too incredible for belief. The man had been there so often, and was so intimately known, that the inmates of the Hall could hardly help feeling at first as if some shadow of disgrace attached to themselves. Lady Spence-laugh was sorry in her way, for Mr. Duplessis had been one of her few favourites, but it was a sorrow that was very short-lived, and soon gave way to indignation at the thought that 'so vile a creature,' as she now termed the Canadian, had succeeded for so long a time in imposing on so important a personage as her Ladyship. By Frederica, the news was received with strangely mingled feelings, which she herself would have been powerless to analyse. In the first shock of her surprise and disbelief, she felt more warmly towards the Canadian than she had ever done before. Had she not promised to become his wife? and now that this horrible cloud of disgrace and misery was lowering over him, was not her proper place by his side? Yes; but how could she be by his side?—how comfort him by written or spoken word, now that he was gone no one knew whither? And when day passed after day, and still he came not to disprove the black charges brought against him; and when Frederica read in the local newspaper the fearful list of proofs which the exertions of the police had gathered up, one after another, her conviction of his innocence began to give place to doubt, and with this doubt came a rush of fearful joy, which she found it vain to try to stifle, at the thought, that if Duplessis were never to return, then she, Frederica Spence-laugh, would be once more a free woman. How warmly the thought nestled round her heart! It was like a hidden singing bird that would not be chased away or chidden into silence, but still sang sweetly on within some inmost bower.

The news of the charge against his friend Duplessis was sedulously kept from the ears of Sir Philip Spence-laugh. In the then feeble state of his health, such a shock might have proved fatal to the old man. It was intimated to him that the Canadian had been called away on private business of importance, which was likely to detain him for some time, and although he often wondered, in a feeble-minded way, why Duplessis neither came nor wrote, his memory was so far weakened that he often forgot the absence of his friend, and talked of him as though he were engaged to dine at Belair on the morrow.

To be continued.

One of the toasts drank at a recent celebration was, "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

AN OCEAN WAIF.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

JOHN CROSS, sir, late able seaman of the copper-ship *Southern Star*, trading to Sydney, and carrying passengers—only a rough sailor, as has been through many a storm at sea, but weathered them all to sit here, sir, and let you take all the yarn down, just as it all happened, word for word, and if you like, I'll kiss the book afore starting.

We had a good run out, and had got all our cargo ashore, as we lay alongside o' the wharfs in Sydney harbour, high out of the water, when the *Burrakury*, as sailed the same day as us from Liverpool, stood into the port. There we lay, only thick, within two days of Christmas, and the sun ready to make the tallow boil as lay in the casks—hundreds and hundreds of 'em, waiting there for shipment, and not smelling none too nice neither. There was the pitch oozing out of the seams, and so sure as you put your hand down anywhere, tight it stuck, or else you snatched it off in a hurry to save it from being blistered.

We'd cleared out, and was going to begin taking in next day, and some o' the claps was ashore, when my mate, Tom Black—not the mate o' the ship, you know, but my mate as was good friends with me—stood aside me; and we was leaning over the bulwarks, spitting down at the fires, for want of something better to do, being a hot, lazy sort of afternoon, when Tom says, "I shall be thund'ring glad when we gets off again, for I don't like this place a bit. Taint natral. Everything's on back'ards."

"How's that?" I says.

"Why, here's Christmas, and instead of its being a sensible good snow-storm, or a stinging sharp frost, as would make a bit of fire comfortable, why I don't believe a bit of fresh meat would keep a day."

"All right," I says, "what next?"

"What next?" he says—"why, everything. You don't see many of 'em, sartintly, but just look at the natives, all black, like so many niggers, when they ought to be white. Then the animals all lay eggs, and the birds can't fly, and the leaves is turned edgeways, and, altogether, you goes by the rules of contrary. It's all upside down."

"Well, of course it is," I says, "ain't we at the t' other side of the world?"

"Not a bit of it," says Tom; "we're here."

"Well, but you know what I mean," I says; and then we should have gone on ever so long, only there was a gentleman on the wharf, down below, with a couple o' young ladies as looked like his daughters, and he seemed peeping about as if he wanted to come aboard.

"Captain on board, my man?" he says.

"No, sir," I says, touching my hat "Mate is, sir."

And then he led one o' the young ladies up the hatch as was laid across to the wharf, and the other was afraid to follow, so I swings myself off, and on to the wharf, and then holds out my hand to steady her and lead her aboard, and she smiled at me as if she knew it would be all right, and laid her pretty little yellow kid-glove in my great tarry fist, and I had her safe aboard in no time, when she looked up at me, and said: "Thank you, sailor," in such a sweet way, that it was like music, and just then, I saw that I'd left the marks of my fist on her delicate little gloved hand, and I felt that savage and vexed as I stood there rubbing my hand down my trousers, I hardly knew what to do. I felt as silly as a great gal, and she saw it, and looked at her glove, and made a pretty little face at it, and then laughed and nodded at me, and if I didn't feel—being an ignorant sort of fellow—just as if I should have liked to have been her dog, or to have lain down for her to wipe her shoes upon me.

"Mr. Smith ain't aboard," says Tom to me in a whisper—shovin' his elbow right into my ribs, as if daylight through would do me good—"he's gone ashore."

"Where shall we find the mate?" says the gentleman just then; and a fine fierce old chap

he looked, almost as brown as Tom, with sharp eyes, hook nose, and a great white beard, half covering his face; while as to the two young ladies as seemed to be his daughters, they looked to me more like angels than anything else. So "Where shall we find the mate?" says the gentleman; and in my stupid, blundering way, I was obliged to tell him as I'd made a mistake.

"Ah! never mind, my man," he says; "I have taken a passage home to the old country in your ship, and my daughters thought they would like to look round.—You and that other man are a couple of the sailors, eh?" he says, in a short, sharp way.

"Yes, sir," I says, touching my hat again, for he spoke just like a captain.

"Glad of it," he says; "there's a honest look about you British tars. There, you can drink the young ladies' health when you go ashore!" and he gave me a shilling "Now, I suppose you'll take us home safe?"

"That we will," I says, "sir; for a better ship never sailed," and what with talking in such company, and what with being called honest-looking, and a British tar, I felt quite red in the face.

"Bravo!" says the gentleman, clapping me on the shoulder, "I like a man to be proud of his ship."

Then I saw both the young ladies smile, and I thought it was at me, and that made me feel more blundering than ever; so that when I took them and shewed them all over the ship, and the cabin, and all the different parts, and told them what a quick run we had made, I'm afraid I did it very clumsily, but they all thanked me, and when the gentleman took one young lady by the hand, and led her ashore—the one he brought aboard, with long, dark hair—the other one, as had bright, golden-yellow curls flowing-like all down her back, she gave me her hand again, just as if it was quite natural, and tripped over the hatchway to the wharf, while I held it all the while tightly clinging to mine, and then again she said: "Thank you, sailor!" and I stood looking after them, for they were gone; and somehow as I stood there, it seemed as if something had come over the day, and it looked dull, while I could feel the pressure of that little hand still on mine, and there was another shilling there—that shilling as is sewed up in a little leather purse, and hangs round my neck, and as I hope it'll hang when I'm sewn up in my hammock, and the twenty-four pound shot takes me to the bottom.

CHAPTER II.

"Cheerly men, ho, yo-ho!" and up came another, and then down it went into the deep hold, where some of our chups rolled 'em along into their places, cask after cask of tallow, and warm work it was on that hot January day. But we were at work with a will, and soon made the good ship sink a bit in the water.

"Cheerly men, ho, yo-ho!" we sung out, working away in the bright clear sunshine, and with a will, too, for some of us were thinking hard and fast of "home, sweet home!" Sydney's all very well, but 'taint much account, after all. It seems to me a noisy, bouncy sort of place—like a big bully-boy trying to shew how grand it is, when it ain't got no bottom to it. 'Taint old, and solid, and strong. I dessay it will be some day, but, to my way of thinking, that ain't come yet, though, after all, it don't much matter to me. I'm only saying it as a sort of excuse for talking about wanting to come home again, when so many people is in such a hurry to get out there.

We got our tallow on board, packed and jammed and stammed, so that I don't care how the ship lurched—there wouldn't be no shifting down in the hold; for our first mate, Mr. Smith—Hammer and Tongs, we used to call him—was a first-class sailor, and would have everything done well, and keep us at it, over and over again, till it was done. Of course, the chaps didn't like him none the better for it, but he was a good mate, for all that.

Then there was different odd lots for lading, besides wool, and a rare lot of copper—plenty of weight in a precious little room—different to the wool, you know, which was all t'other way

And talk about packing—I know as nobody would have believed to have seen all the stuff lying on the wharf, as we could have stowed it all away out of sight. But, howsumever, there it all was, packed away tight; and we were beginning to want a job, when, one day, the captain came aboard, and began talking to Mr. Smith about getting a place ready for I don't know how many thousand ounces of gold as we were to take back.

"Hear that, Tom?" I says.

"What?" says he.

"Why, we're a-going to shy the tallow overboard, and fill up with gold."

"Gammon!" he says; but, the next morning, down comes the gold with a convoy o' police round the trucks; and then we had to carry aboard a lot of little wood-chests marked, and painted, and bound with iron. Gallus heavy they were, too, and I don't know how much they was worth apiece; but when they was packed down in the little cabin cleared out for 'em, they didn't seem to take up much room; and one didn't feel a bit dazzled or struck.

"Why, it don't seem much to make a fuss about," I says to Tom.

"You're right, old boy," he says; "and yet those two chaps is a-going to stay aboard to guard it till we sails."

"Well, I s'pose it's all right," I says; "but there ain't much to shew, if it is a rich cargo. I'd sooner go in for the tallow."

We was pretty busy now getting in our fresh meat and vegetables, and taking in our water, and one thing and another; and a fine game we had one day, while one of the passengers was aboard. He was down on the lower-deck, swelling about, and trying to get to see and hear all he could—a bounceable chap, with a big black beard, one of a party of six going back with us: they'd been partners up at the diggings, and were going to bring their gold aboard; and a precious fuss they made with the captain and mate about being safe, and proper protection, and so on. They'd been backwards and forwards, all of 'em, several times, and I heard the captain say: "Tell you what, Smith, I've half a mind not to take 'em. I can let their berths directly; and I'm afraid they'll throw us overboard at the last, afore they pay the full passage-money."

Next day, though, I heard it was all right; and the berths were all taken; and this chap, Hicks he called himself, was peeping about aboard, and asking the mate about our chaps, whether he thought this man honest, and that 'other one fit to trust, and all in that way, till I could see with half an eye as old Hammer and Tongs felt savage enough to kick him overboard.

Well, we was lowering down a water-cask, and this chap stood close to the mate as was giving the orders; when somehow or another the tackle slipped, and the cask came down on its head by the run; the head flew out, and the mate and this gold-digger, Hicks, got it beautiful. I'm blest if ever see I anything to equal it. Talk about a shower-bath! My! it was glorious. You should have seen that chap stamp, and splash, and kick about, and to hear him storm and swear, looking as he did like a drowned rat; while old Smith, who had it wuss if anything, sat on a chest and laughed till he was a'most choked; and we had to hit him on the back, being a stout chap, to bring him to again.

"Pon my soul, Mr. Hicks," he says, "I beg your pardon, but you've a'most been the death o' me."

He didn't say nothing; but he shewed his teeth like a savage dog, and I've often thought since he seemed to say: "And I'll quite be the death of you one day."

But he didn't speak a word, but went off and into his cabin, and sent one of the sailors ashore with a message; and one of his mates came from the hotel they stopped at, and brought him some dry clothes; but he didn't come hanging about us any more.

Here, shove that cask in the corner there," says the mate, as soon as our gentleman had gone. "Head down, you lubbers, to keep it

clean. Shove the bits inside, and the carpenter shall put it right when we're well afloat."

Next night they was all six aboard, with the captain; and they had a table and chairs out on the poop, and sat smoking and drinking the captain's pale ale. They talked very big about what they'd made, and what an emburance it was, and how glad they should be to have it safe aboard.

I happened to be sitting mending and splicing a bit by a lantern, so I heard a good deal of the conversation.

"You see it's safe, I think, now, for they have it in the strong room at the hotel; but if you'll take it into your charge to-morrow, captain, we should be glad to have it off our minds."

This was the one called Hicks as spoke, and then another chimes in, and he says: "But the captain must be answerable."

"O yes, of course, says Hicks. "But curse it, Phillips, if you ain't the worst of us all. You'll have the yellow fever, if you don't soon get rid of your share."

"I wonder you didn't turn it into notes," says the captain. "There they are, snug in your pocket-book, and nobody a bit the wiser."

"What's the good of shying a hundred pounds away?" says another of 'em. "Why, we can make that, and more, too, in the old country."

"What's it in?" says the captain.

"Three cases—government pattern," says Hicks; "all regular and in style; and without being too funky, captain, I'm blest if it ain't like a nightmare allus on us. We've had more than one fight for it, and one chap had four inches of that in his ribs for trying to meddle with what warn't his own;" and then he pulled out a nasty awkward-looking knife, as I could see the gleam of as he gave it a bit of a flourish.

"I made a noise with that, too," says another, pulling out a revolver; and then it came out as they were all armed.

"And I tell you what it is, captain," says Hicks; "we'd one and all shed every drop of blood in our veins before we'd be choused out of it now, after the years of toil and danger we've had."

"All right, gentlemen, all right," says the captain. "I don't wonder at what you say; but my crew to a man are English—none of your beggarly coolies or Lascars; so I think you'll be pretty safe. Winds and water permitting, I'll see you safe into Liverpool Docks; and if I don't, it won't be my fault."

Then they sat drinking another bottle or two of ale, and then went ashore.

That night, as I lay close aside of Tom Black, it was that hot that we could neither of us sleep, for not a breath of air came between our hammocks. I got talking about the gold, and about these swell chaps as was coming aboard, and I says: "Tell you what, old boy, if I'd got a chest o' gold, I don't think I should go crying out: 'Look ye here!' even if I had a six-shooter to take care of it with. I'd mark it as lead or copper, or something of that sort."

"Gammon," says Tom. "Who goes travelling with a chest of lead or copper? That wouldn't be no good."

"Well, then, I'd shove it in a coffin, and pretend it was a corpus," I says.

"Yes," says Tom; "and ten to one, if it was rough weather, some o' the chaps would say Jonah was aboard, and shove the coffin out of one o' the lee-ports on a dark night. How then, old boss?"

"Well, I hadn't got nothing to say to that; and as I hadn't got any gold of my own to bother about, I turns over, and goes to sleep, and dreams about seeing angels in a sunshiny land, and they'd all got long golden hair, and black velvet hats with white feathers, and wore yellow kid gloves."

CHAPTER III.

They say it does rain over there sometimes; and when it does come down, it's wash away; but there never came any rain in my time; and of all the hot, dusty, dry places I ever did see, that there Sydney's about the worst. We were pretty well ready for sea now, and a sight more snug than when we were coming out; for

cargo and traps had come in comfortable-like, some at a time, and not bull-roosh all together. That very next day comes our six passengers, with a deal of fuss, and a truck, and a couple of policemen to bring their three little chests on board; for all their luggage, which wasn't much, came on the day before. It did seem such a hullabaloo to make about three little boxes, that as we took 'em aboard, some of us couldn't help having a little bit of chaff about it among ourselves; and precious savage those six passengers looked about it, I can tell you. You see, they weren't gentlemen; but the sorter chaps as I set down in my mind to go on the spree when they got home, and spend all they'd got in a couple o' months; and so I told Tom Black.

Well, once the treasure was all aboard, we did not see much of our six gentlemen till the day of sailing. We had Major Horton's luggage on board—for that was the name of the gentleman as had the two daughters; and just at the last, when we were getting up the anchor, after lying away from the wharf a couple of days, Major Horton came off with the ladies in the same boat with our captain; and when he saw who were going to be passengers as well, I don't think he much liked it; but he didn't say anything; and as he and his daughters had a cabin to themselves, and a servant lad too, why, it did not much matter to them. I managed to get to the gangway, and was going to help the same young lady aboard as she was being slung up; but the black-bearded chap, Hicks, starts forward, shoves me on one side, and takes off his hat, and holds out his hand. But I warn't sorry to see her just lightly lay her hand on his arm for a moment, then bow stiffly, and take her father's arm, quite turning her back on my gentleman; and then giving me a smile and a nod, just to thank me all the same—though I didn't help her.

You see when that Hicks shoved me back, it was as if some one had rubbed all one's fur up wrong way, while, when I got that smile and nod, it was like a hand smoothing me down again; but I must say as I should have liked to pitch that chap over the bulwarks.

I'd no time to see more then, for old Hammer and Tongs was letting go at us all like blazes. He did swear that day, and no mistake; for he was one o' them old-style sailors as couldn't get on without. I don't believe he meant any harm; but Lord bless you, how he would go on! It was like a thunder-storm—thunder and lightning—thunder and lightning, till the bit of work was done; and then he'd stand there rubbing the perspiration off his old bald head, and dabbing himself, and smiling, and—"Werry well done, my lads—werry well done, indeed," he'd say, and this day he turns round to Major Horton, as was standing close by:

"Smart bit of seamanship," he says, "wasn't it, sir?"

"Well, really, I'm no judge," says Major Horton; "but I thought the men were getting wrong over it, by your being so angry."

"Angry, sir!" says old Smith; "angry, Lord bless you, I wasn't angry; I never see the lads do it better;" and he looked so surprised and innocent that our captain couldn't help laughing.

"It's a way of his, he's got, sir, that's all."

"Ah!" says Major Horton, with his face a bit screwed up; "then I hope he will not have that way of his on often when my daughters are on deck;" and then he walked aft.

Our captain cocked his eye, and grinned at old Smith; and the old chap screwed up that old figure-head of his just like a bit of carved mahogany; and then he blew out his cheeks, and stared at the captain, and he says: "I must turn over a new leaf mate. But, I say, that was rather hot, wasn't it?"

A fine fair breeze as ever blew homeward, and the good ship bent to it with every stitch set, and away we went through the blue water, sending it out behind us covered with white foam; and now for days past we had seen nothing but blue sky and blue sea.

I hadn't seen much of the ladies, only just when they took a walk on the deck with their father; for, after the first day or two, they never came on deck alone, on account of that Hicks,

and the one as they called Phillips—a long, sandy-whiskered chap, but one as had a wonderful good opinion of hisself, and along with this Hicks, tried it on very strong to make himself agreeable to the ladies.

The young ladies did all that well-bred folks know so well how to manage—such as giving these chaps cold answers, and in all sorts o' ways shewing 'em as their company wasn't wanted; but it wasn't a bit of use, bless you, and they shewed themselves so forward at last that the ladies didn't shew at all, which made me feel a bit mad, for I felt to know why it was. Then my gentlemen must try it on with the father when he came on deck to smoke his cigar, for they were most always sitting somewhere about smoking and drinking bottled beer. Now they'd ask him to take a glass with them; another time to take a cigar, but as far as I saw, and Tom Black told me, he always as civilly as could be said "No;" and shewed them that he belonged to a different class of ship, and wanted to keep hisself to hisself.

But that didn't suit our gentlemen, and this Phillips must be always borrowing a light of the major, and walking aside him along the deck, turning when he turned, and so thick-skinned he was that he could not, or would not, see how he was being snubbed; and more than once I've seen the gray-headed old gentleman go down into his cabin quite vexed and savage-like.

And yet he wasn't proud; for when Tom and I have had the watch of a night, he'd come and give us a cigar apiece, and stop for long enough talking; and the same with either of us when it was our spell at the wheel. As for him and old Smith, after that bit of a fly the first day, they were as thick as thick; and the old chap never did let out but once before the ladies, and then he brought hisself up short with a spank in the mouth; and Tom said he went and begged pardon afterwards; but I don't quite believe that.

One lovely evening, when there was one of those glorious sunsets as turns everything, sea, sky, ship, and rigging, into gold, Miss Horton and Miss Madeline, which was her dark-haired sister, were both up on deck, for the unpleasant party was all below in the captain's cabin, and talking a good deal—so Tom said, for he was close aside the skylight—about where we were, and seeming to know a good deal about latitude and longitude, and so on.

"They ain't half-bred sailors," says Tom to me; "but it strikes me, Jack, as they're a bad lot, and I don't like the look of 'em. The captain does, though, for they're awfully thick, and they've got the chart out there, and he's a'most tight; but he's shewing them exactly where we are."

"What a pair of handsome gals those are, Tom?" I says, looking along the deck, for I was thinking of something else.

"Yes," says Tom; "and if I was their father, I shouldn't take it so coolly, if that hook-nosed chap Hicks, and that other long awry chap, was always follering them about."

"P'raps he don't know it!" says I.

"Think not?" says Tom.

"P'raps they don't tell," I says, "so as to save a rumpus; for I don't think their old man would stand much nonsense. I'm blest if I should like to upset him."

"Look at that, now," says Tom.

But I was looking; and just then, the very two chaps as we'd mentioned came up on deck, and first thing they does was to put themselves so as to meet the ladies, and smile and bow.

I saw Miss Madeline press closer up to her sister, and as they went by, they just slightly bowed, and then walked towards where Tom and I stood, so as to be pretty close; when they went and stood gazing out to sea.

Up comes my two gentlemen, and I could see them as they'd both had as much as they could carry; and one goes on one side o' the sisters, and the other the far side, and then they leaned round and looked right in their faces, and said something as made both start back and cross over to the other side—for another of the party stood lolling and smoking just by the cabin-stairs—ours being a flush-deck.

"Steady, mate," said Tom, getting tight hold

of my wrist, for I was going to do something—I don't quite know what; but I felt all red-hot like. "Tain't your business, Jack Cross."

Well, I didn't see that; for if it ain't a British sailor's duty to succour a maiden in distress, whose duty is it?—tell me that, but I stood quite still, hoping that the father would come up.

"And if he does pitch him overboard," I says thinking out loud, "why, 'ware sharks."

"Just what I thought, Jack," says Tom Black.

I could see as the poor girls looked frightened, and Miss Horton—Mary, as she told me her name was—dropped her handkerchief on the deck, but turned directly to pick it up; but Hicks was too sharp for her, and he got hold of it, kissed it, began a-stuffing it in his wesket.

I saw Miss Mary flush up, and I've never seen any one look so handsome since; and her eyes seemed to flash, as she says: "If you're a gentleman, sir, you will immediately restore that handkerchief."

"My angel," he says; "never!—Now," he says, taking hold of her hand, and drawing it through his arm, "don't be so cross; let us have a walk; and talk it over."

She did not speak, but struggled to get away; and then turned her head towards me, as if to ask for help, and our eyes met, though there was a good distance between us.

That was enough. I saw she was too brave to scream, though she was backing towards the cabin-stairs, while her sister tried to follow; but Phillips kept between 'em, and wouldn't let her pass. That was enough for me. I shook Tom off, and made a rush, and stopped short half-way, as Miss Mary made towards me, and I caught her in my arms, just as I saw Hicks go down like a bullock, and roll over, stunned and bleeding, on the white deck; while, directly after, Phillips caught a lift under the ear, as sent him staggering against the long-boat, when he tipped up, went in, and you saw his heels for a moment, and then he was gone.

Talk about a lion: why, the old gentleman's beard seemed quite to bristle, and he couldn't speak, but gave me a wag of the head to help Miss Mary down; and I tried to carry her for a few steps, but she asked me to set her down directly, and then she took my arm, and we followed the Major and Miss Madeline into the cabin; and I was coming away, when the old gentleman came up and shook me by both hands. "I'll talk to you to-morrow," he says. "I thought I knew an honest face when I saw it."

I backed out, awkward enough, and feeling somehow quite ashamed of what I had done; and the last thing as I saw there was Miss Madeline crying in her sister's arms. While, when I got back on deck, both of them gentlemen had made themselves scarce, and the only thing to shew as there had been anything wrong, was some blood, as Tom Cross was swabbing up, while old Smith was looking on as black as thunder.

LIFE IN DEATH.

Love me in life, darling,
Love me in death;
E'en when my breath
Ceases to warm thee,
And my cold face
Ceases to charm thee,
Think of the days
When I was thine, darling,
When thou wert mine, darling.
Or if the gay light
Of the glad daylight
Make thee forget me,
Still, darling, let me
Come with the night hours,
Give them to me,
Make them my bright hours—
Then shalt thou be
All the day free.
Day shall be night to me
Banish'd from thee,
Dark shall be light to me
Present with thee.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A new serial story, by Mr. Shirley Brooks, is announced for publication—"Sooner or Later."

Frederich Wilhem Krummacher has produced a new work, entitled "David, der König von Israel."

Messrs. Hurst & Blackett have new works in preparation by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Miss Amelia Edwards, author of "Half a Million of Money," and by the author of "John Halifax."

Specimens of M. Doré's drawings for the folio volume of Milton's "Paradise Lost" will shortly be issued from the press of Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

The *Official Review* states "at Mr. Eyre is writing a history of the Jamaica insurrection. He is surely very ill-advised in touchings such a subject."

Mr. Thomas Morten, a young artist, several of whose sketches have recently appeared in *Once a Week* and other periodicals, hung himself in his rooms at Notting-hill, a short time since. He was an imitator of Gustave Doré, whose eccentricities he reproduced with somewhat too much of faithfulness.

Mr. James Augustus St. John has just returned from a tour in Spain, where he has examined numerous documents throwing a new light on the life of Sir Walter Raleigh, on whose biography Mr. St. John has been engaged for upwards of seven years.

A Library of World-wide Authors, including the best productions of Fielding, Smollet, Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and other famous writers, together with the principal novels of Sir Walter Scott, is announced for publication in England, at the low price of sixpence each.

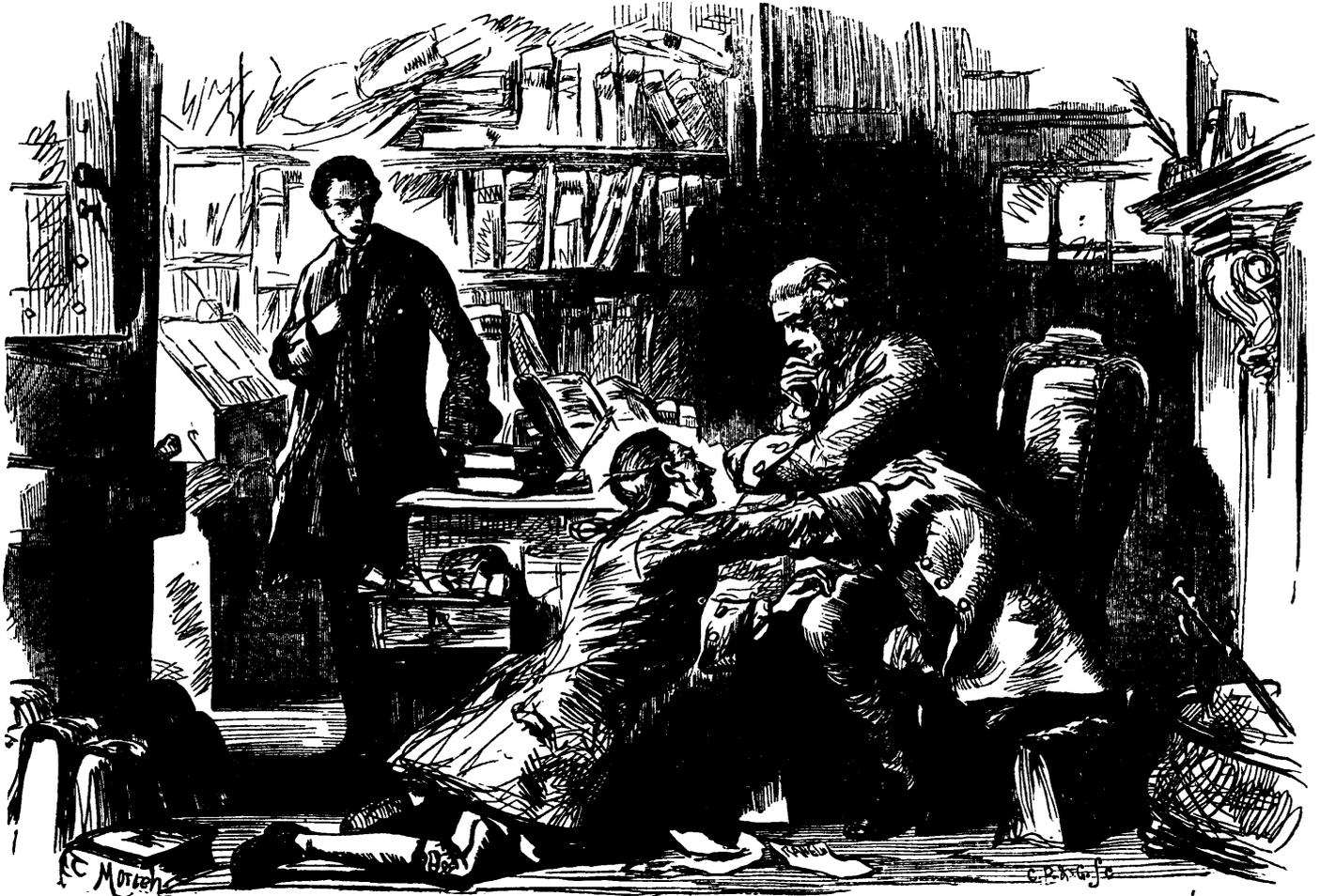
A posthumous novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne is spoken of, it is said that the widow hesitates to publish it, because it bears marks of incomplete correction. We also hear of a posthumous work by the late Henry D. Thoreau, the Massachusetts naturalist, entitled "The Yankee in Canada."

The *Belgravia*, that was announced to appear under the management of Miss Braddon, will make its appearance under difficulties. Mr. Maxwell having extensively advertised the magazine, was surprised to find that Messrs. Hogg had issued a serial bearing the same title. Explanation showed that Messrs. Hogg had registered the title two years ago, and claimed the copyright. Mr. Maxwell at once appealed to the Court of Chancery, and the matter is still *sub judice*.

We read in the *Publishers' Circular*:—"An allusion to Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' in our announcement of Mr. Swinburne's intended reply to his critics, appears to have led a literary contemporary to infer that the reply referred to will be 'in metrical form.' This is incorrect. Mr. Swinburne's 'parley with his critics' will be in prose, and will form a preface to the second edition of his recently published volume, which is now in the press."

A correspondent supplies the *Pall Mall Gazette* with a complete and amended version of an epitaph recently quoted in that paper:—"Sacred to the memory of Lady O'Looney. She was great-niece to Burke, commonly called the sublime. She was bland, passionate, and deeply religious: also, she painted in water-colours, and sent several pictures to the Exhibition. She was first cousin to Lady Jones; and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Newspapers are mortal as well as human beings, though often their lives are longer. The Continental press mentions the decease in Germany of one of the oldest papers in the world—the *Post Zeitung* (Post Office Journal), published at Frankfort, and established in 1616. The events of the Thirty Years' War were chronicled in this journal as they occurred, and of course all the great incidents of German history since then. The paper has now been suppressed by Count Bismarck.



Suddenly the cashier threw himself on the ground in a crawling and serpent-like manner.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advanced sheets.)

(Continued from page 110.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—THEFT UPON THEFT.

The earl and Paul were alike mistaken in supposing themselves alone with the watchman in the chapel-house. There was also present Sir Richard's chief cashier, a man in whom he placed implicit confidence, and whom he had asked to stay behind and finish the papers that Christina was too impatient to let him finish himself.

The cashier had accordingly removed them, as was his habit, to his own place of work, a little raised desk, in the shop, where he could always, in business hours, see all that was going on and be himself unseen. There he had been toiling a long time, having much of the knight's work to do over again, through that gentleman's leaving so suddenly, and with such brief explanations. Consequently, it was not until about the period of this adventure of Paul's and the earl's that he had finished, and was at liberty to go home.

The earl, as he listened from the bed in the garret—for he had left the door purposely open that he might learn as easily as he could news of Paul's movements—heard a strange, sharp, suspicious sounding, yet half jesting voice, call to the watchman.

"Now Janvers look alive, and get that tremendous door of yours undone; for I want to get home to the bosom of my family!"

But before going away, Mr. Joyce—that was the cashier's name—took the papers to the mercer's little ante-room, intending to leave them there on the writing-table, ready for the morning. Then Mr. Joyce saw what Paul had previously seen, the open money-chest.

Well, what of it? That sight need not surprise him. He had seen and handled the inside of it too often, to need to feel any curiosity or interest now.

Yet, he is very deeply interested. Why? It cannot be from thinking merely of his employer's negligence, for that would suggest the promptly locking the chest, removing the key, and giving himself the pleasure of a sly reproof when Sir Richard came next morning.

No such thoughts are in the mind of the cashier. He stands just where he happened to be at the first moment of the discovery, glancing rapidly round, and then pausing irresolutely with the mercer's papers in his hand.

Remembering himself, he starts suddenly, goes to the table, deposits his papers, then with his candle looks very carefully all over the floor both of the little room and of the parlour, out of which it opens. Is he seeking traces of any one who may have been here?

He finds a trace at all events, and one that seems to give him peculiar, almost vindictive pleasure. It is a handbill describing a special entertainment that is taking place this very night at Ranelagh; and there are certain figures of calculation, as if of expenses expected to be incurred to the amount of between two and three guineas, which figures the cashier can swear are Paul Arkdale's.

Carefully, most carefully, and with such extreme deliberation folding up the bill, that it appeared as if he were thinking a fresh thought at every new doubling of the document, the cashier put it in his pocket-book, and then put the latter into the most secure place of deposit he could discover in his coat.

He then went to the chest, and stood for some time leaning over it, touching nothing, but apparently striving to discover with his eye, what change, if any, had occurred since he himself put the money away after business hours.

He soon discovered that a twenty-five guinea bag was missing, and it was extraordinary the pains he took to verify, in all sorts of ways that one very interesting fact.

Fortunate employer to have such a servant, if, indeed, all this care was being displayed in the interest of Sir Richard Constable. Was it so?

The cashier, with no apparent motive, leaves the chest open, walks into the parlour, walks to the window and glances out; walks to the door and listens, and hears Janvers, chain in hand, growling at his being so long; he then returns, takes a hundred guinea bag from the chest, puts it in his pocket, and suddenly shouts—

"Hollo! Janvers! here!"

Janvers comes, and finds Mr. Joyce, the cashier, standing there by the money-chest, pointing to it, and demanding—

"Did you know of this?"

"Not I! Knowing you were about I didn't go in there, but waited till you had gone that I might see all safe at last."

"Well, here's the chest open, and its very odd, but I picked up a bill about Ranelagh on the floor. Is Paul abed?"

"Certainly. He and the travelling merchant went to bed together, so I'm sure Paul's safe enough. Besides, I have been moving about the whole time, and the door cannot possibly be opened without a greater row than he's likely to venture on."

"Oh, I daresay it's all right; only it seemed odd the two things happening together. The money looks right, as far as I can see without going all through it, so I shall lock the chest and take the key with me for the night."

"Well, do as you like about that; you won't leave it here with me, I can tell you that," growled Janvers, who didn't like Joyce, and fancied the cashier didn't like him.

And thus Paul's abstraction of twenty-three

guineas had speedily swelled to an abstraction of one hundred and twenty-three, the cashier, no doubt, thinking it was a wonderful piece of good luck, for no matter how Paul denied his guilt, if he was convicted of the one sum the whole world would hold him guilty of the other.

"A neat bit of business," thought the cashier who had been lately dabbling in the funds, burnt his fingers, and was living in ceaseless anxiety lest he should be exposed at once as a robber and a defaulter. This sum of a hundred guineas promised to smooth his path for some weeks.

CHAPTER XXVII.—PAUL'S FLIGHT.

Could the earl have ever meditated any further pursuit of Paul, in the hope of bringing back the stolen money, he would have soon found the attempt impossible, even though he had seen the direction taken by the fugitive.

It is wonderful what risk men will at times run for the most trivial objects, provided, only, those trivial objects are attractive to them. Such was Paul's case. In order to leave his master's house, and get beyond the end of the bridge, where he would be free, Paul had organised by degrees quite a systematic route. He had to descend outside the window to the starling; there, by means of a long, narrow strip of wood the upper end of which he rested on a projecting ledge of the bridge, he had to ascend a steep and dangerous slope—holding by the bridge. Then he had to go skirting along the parapet of the bridge without sufficient hold for feet or hands, till he came to a drawbridge, which he could only pass by clinging to its floor-edge on one side, and getting some help from the dependent chains, then, again, he had to pass house after house either by narrow ledges or balconies, or occasionally even by venturing on the bridge itself to pass some very difficult building, and then returning to the outside of the bridge, so that he might not be seen by the watchman at the extremity of the structure.

These difficulties, for the moment, transported his thoughts from the terrible subject that oppressed them, though even then, through all these risks of his undertaking, the theft seemed to overhang him like some horrible, monstrous nightmare, that waited for him, the moment he should be alone, to torture him.

He is away from the bridge, he is alone—alone in heart and in soul, though there are many persons moving about the narrow street through which he goes to his destination. Alone, and listening, and at last compelled to stand and to pause, so terrible is the agitation of his heart and brain.

"They will never discover me," he mly murmurs. "I had no means of relief but this. The crime was in the debt. Well, I will pay it, and work and save money, and make restitution, perhaps over what I have done, when I see a fair chance."

At this moment Paul heard a sound which shook his very soul. It was but a church clock across the river striking, but to Paul it was like a voice crying through the night—"lost!"

And then one clock after another took up the sound, until it seemed to Paul that angel voices, some thrillingly sweet, some mournful and beseeching, some solemn and denouncing, were crying to him from all parts of the universe, "Lost! lost! lost!"

The river, the black city faded from his view beneath the now gloriously lighted sky, and he saw an old village, every spot of which was familiar to him. He seemed to stand no longer on this bridge, but was kneeling in a well-known room, with his face raised to the sky in prayer. He clasped his hands, his lips moved, he had a delicious feeling of rest. Once more he was a little child, going to lie down in his bed without a care.

Suddenly he heard a footstep. Good God! was that Paul Arkdale who started so, in such sickening affright? Was he that poor miserable, shrinking being, and would he ever be thus after to-night?

What should he do? Go to the woman who waited for him; recklessly, madly enjoy himself, and think not of the morrow, till to-morrow must of itself come?

What should he do? The weight in his pocket of that little bag he felt was heavy enough to drag down a thousand souls. He would leap into the river, and have done with everything, every trouble, at once! No exposure for him then, none that he should need to care for.

And yet again, with clenched hands rising convulsively and desperately in mortal agony against his breast, did Paul ask himself, "O God! O God! what shall I do?"

Knowing not, seeing no path open to go back, he began to run. This continued till he had nearly reached the place of his assignation. There, at the first glimpse of that elegant creature, waiting in her sedan just under a lamp, Paul stopped, and a new phase of thought and emotion came over him.

"Can I, even now, before I speak to her, and irrevocably commit myself—can I think, am I capable, after all this, of thinking justly, determinedly, but for one moment of time, and as if there might even yet be one conceivable hope for me? Can I pause, even now, and think the thing out? Let me try.

"If I join her, the affair is irremediable under any and every possible circumstance. If I do not, what remains?" He did not answer his question in any other way than by again beginning to run—not to the sedan-chair, on the contrary, he fled back, and by very nearly the same way he had come.

And yet he did not himself seem to know that he had done so, for when he found himself again near the bridge-foot, he was reminding himself, with a sort of ghastly smile, of the irresistible power that often draws murderers to haunt the very spot where they have shed the blood of their victim, and where justice lies in wait for them. So was he drawn back, he fancied, to the scene alike of his crime and of his punishment.

"Is it too late he ventured to murmur at last, in an agitated under-breath, as he leaned, in the deepest anguish of soul, against an old and decaying brick wall, where the projections hurt him, though he felt them not.

"Is it too late, even yet, to right myself? Yes—yes, it is, it must be impossible, hopeless! I have done that which can never, never be recalled!"

Thus cried Paul Arkdale in all the bitterness of his soul, now full of repentance, now conscious of his own perilous state.

But the hope to do something would come back, again and again, and stronger at each recurrence. If that gold were only back in the mercer's coffers, what delicious sleep and rest would he not have? *Could it be done?*

He sat down upon some stone steps, in a posture of intense depression, and tried to think calmly how the work of restitution was to be done, if to do it at all were possible. More than ever now did he dread the watchman. He might get in, he might be just about to replace the money, and then be arrested! And what then would be thought of all his protestations?

Or, worse still, the watchman had most likely discovered before now the open chest, and had closed it, and removed the key!

Could he, then, venture to tell Janvers of all that had happened? Would he pity him, and consent to be silent, if he found that Paul had told him correctly that he had replaced the whole?

No, no, no! Paul knew Janvers too well—a man hard as iron, and who would scarcely, even in thinking of the robbery, trouble his head about the moral conditions of the restitution. Perhaps he would even suggest that Paul had repented of doing so little, and had really come back, finding he had succeeded so easily, to carry off a larger sum!

Thus did Paul agitate himself, till he suddenly leaped up, instinctively feeling he could no longer afford to think. He could only act. Yes, he leaped to his feet with a great and passionate resolution.

"I will do it, so God help me!" A passer by heard the words, and went away wondering what feat of vengeance, or heroism, or of simple

endurance that poor wild-looking youth was meditating, to be so transported with passion.

He got back safely over all his many previous steps, till he reached the last, his long strip of timber. That was gone!

Vainly he strove to peer down into the darkness below to see what had become of it. No doubt the wind had blown it down upon the starling.

He had but one chance left, to leap. To leap. What, in the darkness—unable to see the place where he was to alight—the roaring river between! Had he been himself, in his usual spirits and physical buoyancy, he would not have hesitated a moment, though it was such a terrible leap to take, but he felt as if he had suddenly become an old man. He dreaded the leap, he dreaded the water across which he had to leap; he dreaded a slippery fall, even if he reached the proper spot—a fall which might hurl him into the river, and, in the present state of the tide, carry him down, down to destruction before he could save himself by swimming. While those old piers and starlings of London Bridge lasted, there was seldom a week passed without dangerous accidents, the water was driven so forcibly through the narrow passage between them. He alighted safely on the starling, and that gave him new courage to climb to the window. Would the watchman be there? Perhaps lurking behind the curtains to tax him with the robbery!

He reached the inside of the room in safety, saw no one, went into the recess, saw no one there either, went to the chest, and saw, as he thought, everything as he had left it, drew forth the fatal bag from his pocket, untied it, took two guineas from the loose heap in the chest to restore to the bag, retied it, and set it down. And then he ejaculated, in such tones as men are only capable of when moved by such emotion—

"Thank God! it is done! Safe! safe!" Then he dropped in his emotion by the side of the chest, and on his knees murmured a sort of half-prayer, half-vow—

"Never, never, never more, O Almighty Father, will I, under any temptation—no, I will starve first—never, I say! Now, bending on my knees, I swear that never will I again yield to such infamous temptations! Forgive me, O Father, but this once! Let me escape this once!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.—BACK TO BED.

With what feelings of joy, relief, and peace of mind Paul threw himself down upon his bed, having evaded all observation on the part of the watchman, it would be impossible to describe.

He forgot the woman he had undertaken to meet, forgot his future difficulty about the payment for the rich clothes; forgot even his crime and the horrible abyss in his own nature that crime had revealed to him, and thought only, poor youth! of his own safety, after such a fearful danger of exposure to utter ruin.

Yes! he was safe—he must be safe. The money was back, the chest had evidently not been meddled with in his temporary absence, or it would have been locked when he returned. So he was clearly safe. How wonderful it all seemed—how grateful Paul felt! Poor fellow! it was hardly to be wondered at if he began to fancy God was shaping out for him some great future, and had taken this sharp method of warning him of the perilous stuff that lay on his breast, and must be first got rid of.

Those clothes, that sword—what should he do with them? The very sight of them was like poison to him now, they must be got rid of. He was half inclined to take them, rolled up as they were, and drop the bundle into the Thames from the starling.

But no, that would not be honest to the tailor. The least he could do would be to give them back to him, and entreat him to be merciful with regard to what he must pay him in addition. Surely the man would not then expose him.

While writing a letter, in his mind, to the tailor—a most moving letter it was—there came suddenly on Paul a voice, so clear, bell-like

and stern, that it instantly recalled the sound of the bells that had so strangely affected his fancy in the streets, and seemed again to echo their word—

"Lost!"

It was not that, however, that the voice said. It was Daniel Sterne who spoke, and though he, too, used one—and but one—word, it was a different word, but one producing quite as much emotion. He simply said—

"Paul!"

"Yes?" cried the alarmed youth, wondering what was to come.

"You have given me some anxiety to-night."

"Indeed! I am sorry for that."

"You know my meaning, I presume?"

"Oh, yes. The fact is, you see, I'm kept pretty tight here, and one can't help breaking out a bit now and then. But there isn't much harm in it, trust me for that! But I didn't mean to disturb you; that's why I waited till I thought you were asleep."

"I noticed you *did* wait."

"Yes, and though I was obliged to dress myself a bit decently to go to a place like Ranelagh—"

"Decently! Yes, I saw, I think, a scarlet coat, lace ruffles, and a sword."

Paul laughed, or tried to laugh, and did it so noisily that it was some little time before he was able to continue his explanations. At last he said—

"Oh, the clothes! It happened this way:—I was tempted once to go to a masquerade, and I was foolish enough to fancy myself in them, and—Well, there! I am ashamed of the whole business, and have determined to take them back to-morrow to the man I had them from. But I do hope I didn't needlessly disturb you; I tried not to do so."

"Yes, Paul, you were wonderfully careful, even to the striking of the light outside the door."

What did all this mean? anything, or nothing? Paul lay still for more than a minute, reflecting what he had better say next. On the whole, he would have decided to say nothing, but that the travelling merchant's tone was so alarming. It was necessary to go a little further, at all events. So Paul, with a sort of choking feeling in his throat, said, presently—

"You see, Mr. Sterne, one bad thing leads to another—"

"You found that out?" asked the stern, clear voice, breaking suddenly in.

If Daniel Sterne had struck a sudden and violent blow on Paul's head, he could hardly have more shocked him. Well, he *must* go on.

"And so, when I have to get out at night, I am obliged to deceive the watchman, by going down the stairs very softly."

"Yes, I know you did so, for I followed you."

Followed! Punishment, Paul now found, had not been long in overtaking him. He literally trembled in his bed; and yet he had to maintain a struggle, for his all was at stake. He must know what this stranger knew, and be guided by the knowledge as to his actions.

"Pray, did you get out by the window? for I missed you, after watching you into the recess, and when I had gone back into the passage, to prevent the watchman from discovering you."

The recess! He, then, knew all!

"You! you! Did you do that?" faltered Paul, becoming conscious that his fate was in this man's hands, and yet that he (Paul) was recklessly playing with his patience, his temper, and his righteous indignation, by all these paltry attempts to deceive him.

"Paul! Paul! is there even now so little grace in you, that after robbing your kind master, and wrecking yourself, soul and body—are you, I ask, so stubborn in your guilt, so unconscious of its detestable character, as thus to play with one who had desired to be your friend, but who, in a few hours, will necessarily be your accuser?"

Thus, in accents as of Fate, did Daniel Sterne speak; and the only answer was the turning of Paul in his bed, his face to the pillow, and then for some minutes such an outburst of emotion,

as threatened to end in some physical catastrophe.

The accuser said no more. He waited, having no hope—none. Whatever, as an individual, he might have done, if his own interests only had been concerned, he could not for a moment dream of accomplishing by deceiving the mercer. Paul might, if he had a chance, yet recover himself. But, on the contrary, this night's success in theft, if passed over secretly, might only be the beginning of far larger operations, that might—for such cases were known in the city—affect, ultimately, even the mercer's own commercial stability, by their gigantic character.

No, Paul had nothing to hope from Daniel Sterne, in the way of concealment of what Daniel Sterne had thus discovered. And yet Daniel Sterne was shaken in this apparently fixed resolution, when, to his astonishment, Paul got up, after he had managed to check the emotion that had so overwhelmed him, and, coming to the merchant's bed, sat down upon it at the end, and said—

"Oh, sir, if you are indeed my brother's friend, and a friend, as he says, of our dead father, I ask you now to listen to me, to believe me, and to help me; for though I have acted very wickedly, you do not, I see, know all. Mr. Sterne, I declare to you, in the presence of God, I have not robbed Sir Richard of a single shilling."

"Paul! Have you the audacity to—!" And the merchant sat up in bed, gazing, with sparkling and indignant eyes, on the unhappy criminal, whose face and figure were sufficiently revealed by the growing light of day.

"Mr. Sterne, be patient with me till I have told you my story. I did rob him; did escape; did go to keep an appointment; but, even when I was in sight of the place and person, I stopped, came back, and the money is now again in the chest!"

For a single instant Mr. Daniel Sterne was silent. He could not believe it; and yet it was so unexpectedly pleasant a thing to be able to believe, that he spake now more gently as he said—

"Paul Arkdale, what have you to gain by tricks of this kind?"

"Oh, yes, I know. The man who has done what I have done may be treated as a liar—must be; and will, I suppose, never be believed again."

And then Paul sobbed violently, and hung over the footboard of the bed, his head dropping on it, shaking it with the agitation of his own body, as he saw fresh and fresh consequences rising up to overwhelm him.

"Do I really understand you to say that you have replaced the money you took, spending none of it, and not keeping your appointment, the nature of which I can guess?"

"In a few hours the cashier will go to the chest—he will find the money right or wrong. If right, it must be as I say; if wrong, I will willingly consent that you then denounce me to the whole world!"

The earl was startled at last into something like belief. He wished he could with his own eyes, and from his own knowledge, verify the fact stated—but that was impossible.

After a pause, he called Paul to him, took his hand, and said—

"Paul, if you speak truly, you have got a friend, and one who in the future may be able to advance you. If you speak falsely, then never dare to speak to me more. Meantime, *I do believe you!*"

These kind words brought out a new burst of feeling, though now of gratefulness; and then Paul's tongue was let loose, and he told his friend so exactly all that had happened, and how he had felt and thought, that once more belief became absolute conviction, and once more Paul went back to bed in the blessed consciousness that this difficulty also was got over—that the merchant would be silent—that he was, in fact, safe.

Yet, even then—when, after long and vain strugglings for sleep, he was just dropping off—some mischievous imp put it into his brain to ask the question—

"Will the money be in the chest beyond all

possibility of doubt when they go to examine it in the morning? I put it there. But what if Janvers saw me, or anybody else, and took it out again, intending to commit a robbery, and leave me responsible?"

Thus closely did Paul's jealous and anxious thoughts approach in advance to the actual state of things, though he had no knowledge of Mr. Joyce's presence in the house—no suspicion of the actual use that had been made of his crime against him (Paul); and, therefore, while he waited in dread of the morning, he still waited in hope too, seeing how very improbable it was that any new incident could endanger him."

And then he slept. And all through his sleep the darkness in which he seemed to live was full of beckoning, shining fingers in the shape of keys. Then, when they passed into oblivion, and he thought he was resting securely in peace and content, he found himself suddenly dropping from enormous heights, or flying as if pursued by an army of demons over some bridge of interminable length, paved with sharp iron points that gored his naked feet, and having holes through which he was constantly falling, and up through which came rolling great volumes of sound and vapour from the horrid watery abysses below.

At last sleep came—true, quiet sleep, for a brief space. Paul had need of it, poor fellow! His greatest trials were yet to come.

CHAPTER XXIX. MR. JOYCE, THE CASHIER.

Had Daniel Sterne known of this new alarm of Paul's, he would probably have advised him to take quite a new measure, and avoid all risk of discovery from any other quarter by himself making known to the mercer, the instant he came to business in the morning, what he had done, and throwing himself upon his mercy for forgiveness.

He had once thought of advising Paul to do this, without being himself driven to that conclusion by any special fear for Paul. But the desire of the youth for concealment, for the retention of the mercer's confidence was so intense—far more intense than ever it had been before, and it was so natural under the circumstances—that Daniel Sterne had not the heart to plunge Paul into so much fresh distress of mind merely for the sake of a moral lesson, fine as it might be if acted out to the full.

Paul therefore went to his desk as usual in the morning, after breakfast, and did not go to the parlour to seek an interview with his employer. Paul, we should observe, had been taken from the counter many months ago, and promoted to a sort of clerkship, which brought him closely into relation with Sir Richard; a circumstance that had attracted no little attention at the time of his appointment, and caused some little heart-burning in the breast of the cashier, who was always assiduously desirous of his employer's personal favour.

In passing to his desk Paul met the cashier and said—

"Good morning, sir."

"Ah, Paul! that you? Good morning. Why, you look out of spirits? Working too hard, eh? If so, we must let you relax a little."

Paul stared, hummed and hawed in answer, hardly knowing what he was trying to say, so astonished was he at Mr. Joyce's unusually kind and patronising air; and then he began to work, feeling strangely qualmish even at this slight incident.

The assistants now began to bustle about, and as they passed him, Paul said, feeling a feverish desire to be continually doing or saying something—

"Good morning, gentlemen."

Paul listened breathlessly for some one to answer.

There was a dead silence. Nothing could be heard but the noise of the shopmen preparing for the coming customers, the hour being yet early.

Had some terrible discovery been made just before Paul's entrance, and then all been warned to be silent, it could not have presented an aspect of things more suggestive to Paul than this seeming unwillingness to speak to him.

He looked round, and smiled at his own folly. Everybody was busy in his own work and thoughts. He had probably spoken so faintly that no one had noticed what he said; perhaps, even, he had not spoken at all. He felt as though his voice might have died away before it left his lips, and he be unconscious of it.

He strove to work, to fix his mind on the figures before him; but when he found that every reckoning he made was wrong, or at least that it disagreed with his own previous reckoning, he stopped and gave himself up to the dangerous employment of striving to catch every whisper, every sound that might have special meaning for him.

His chief fear was that though they might discover the money to be all right, they might still discover it had been tampered with. And as the actual facts could not possibly occur to anyone who did not know them, the cry would be that there was a thief in the house, and that this thief was no doubt watching his opportunity for a grand haul!

And so, with such themes to make the time pass, did it pass, for an hour or more, during which he waited eagerly, anxiously, and yet dreadfully, for the mercer's summons. For if Paul was called in before the cashier went to the chest, Paul himself, from his usual sitting-place, would be able to see and hear all that passed.

Was it well for him to do so? He could not tell. It would be a wondrous relief to be there, if only all went well, nothing to frighten him, or to make him reveal his emotion; for then he would be assured beyond all chance of future renewal, of the conclusion that his secret was safe, unsuspected, and might now be wisely forgotten.

But, on the other hand, he would be with the two men he most dreaded, if there were any fresh complications to be faced; the two men who would be most sure to see anything that might be at all peculiar in his behaviour—most certain to deal with him promptly, sternly, and dangerously if he were found out.

At that moment, Sir Richard, from his sanctum, called out loudly—
"Paul!"

So that question was decided. Paul was to be a witness, either to his own emerging in safety from the dread ordeal, or caught on the spot as a criminal going to be condemned.

And now occurred to Paul, what, in the agitation of his greater offence, he had for the moment forgotten, that the mercer had seen him in those clothes playing the gentleman, and would now most likely demand an explanation.

How was he to give him one?

Paul had wondered why, during the previous day, the mercer had not said anything to him; but then the knight had been specially engrossed.

With a silent prayer moving his lips, Paul went in and found his master, who received him kindly enough, Paul thought, and gave him a letter to copy.

"It is an important one, Paul; more important than I like to trust to so young a hand, but—humph!—You did write one to the same party before, so I shall trust you again. Be wise, keep your own counsel, and—bark you Paul—don't go masquerading again in false colours till you are your own master. Play the fool then if you like, but not now."

Paul was astounded. Was this all his kind master was going to say? The fact seemed to deepen all his own self-abhorrence.

How grateful he would have been if he might have been. But he knew there was that in the air, overhanging like a thunder cloud, that shut out for the moment such gratitude by making it out of place.

Why was the mercer so strangely forgiving? It was Teena's doing. She had suggested it was a mere masquerading frolic, and had with some difficulty obtained his pardon.

All this Paul remained ignorant of.

Paul sat down, easier on the whole at these renewed instances of Sir Richard's kindness and confidence, though aware that Sir Richard was not by any means well satisfied with his favoured

apprentice; and with too much reason, did he only know all.

"Tell Joyce he can come in if he wants to see to the cash. Why, where's my key? I have it not. I must have left it behind me at Blackbeath. Really! What can I have done with it? Surely I did not leave it here!"

The knight rather hurriedly went to look at the chest, but found it safely locked.

"Paul, you'll have to go off to see Christina for me. Ha! Joyce! Good morning. You haven't, I suppose, seen anything of my key?"

"Indeed, Sir Richard, but I have. When I had finished last night I came here with the papers, and put them ready for you—"

"Yes, thank you; I found them all right."

"And I then saw the lid open. I shouted to Janvers to come in. He had not discovered it before, so he told me; for—as he said—he knew I had to come here, and therefore he postponed his visit of examination till I had done. A very proper observation, I thought, Sir Richard."

This was said in a curious manner. At times the words flowed so rapidly they half jolted against one another, and became slightly mixed and indistinct. But generally Mr. Joyce spoke the words in a very slow, strong, determined sort of manner, as though he had fashioned out carefully the exact words he had meant to say, and now that he did say them, had no sort of fear for their reception.

"Oh, it's all right, Joyce, I daresay. Very negligent of me. My only excuse is it doesn't often happen; never, I think, before."

Mr. Joyce held out the key, but the mercer, sitting down to his papers, and busying himself with them, said, carelessly—

"I don't want it. Go on as usual."

And with that Sir Richard ceased to trouble himself with the duties of the cashier, who had now to take out to his aerial desk in the shop what money he was likely to want for payment of accounts, or for the giving in exchange during the day, at the counter.

The sight of the chest at this moment, when Joyce was going towards it and opening it, leaving the lid exactly as Paul had seen it during his dread temptation, was enough to make him sicken in his very soul.

Patience! It would soon be over. He watched Joyce—he could not help it—though in constant danger of a reproof from the mercer for his inattention or idleness.

The chest is open. Joyce looks in—at first quietly enough. He begins counting. Then, just when Paul fancies the difficulty is over, he cannot but notice a strange phenomena. Mr. Joyce is silent and motionless for a long time, as if puzzled at something or other.

Paul understood, and turned pale, and then white as death itself.

Yet what could it be to him, whether the money was right or wrong, since it was absolutely certain that the money, so far as Paul was concerned, was the same as he had found it?

Ha! was it so? And now the last thought of his brain, before going to sleep, came with tenfold significance.

He made a desperate attempt with his pen, so that the mercer might hear it going, then stopped, in order once more to watch, under his bent head and lowered brows, Mr. Joyce's proceedings.

"Well, now, Joyce, that I think of it, instead of finishing this job I have in hand, I'll just run through the cash and the balances with you, if you're ready."

"Certainly, Sir Richard, certainly. I have just a little matter or two to attend to outside; that done, I shan't be obliged to interrupt you afterwards."

That was the sort of arrangement the mercer liked; so he turned, took his chair to the fire in the parlour, and sat before it ruminating—leaning back so far, that Paul saw the bald head shining conspicuously.

Mr. Joyce, after another moment or two of examination of the chest, and of hesitation while standing before it, went out.

The mercer sat rubbing his hands by the fire, at first busy with his own thoughts, then in a patient mood at the no doubt necessary delay;

then, growing impatient, he began to look repeatedly towards the door.

"What does it mean? What does it mean?" So Paul kept on feverishly repeating to himself. The mercer came to look at his work.

"What the d—are you about?" demanded the angry knight, noticing, with his accustomed rapidity of glance, a mistake in the letter, though not a mistake of any great enormity.

Sir Richard's patience was getting exhausted. He went to the door, and called loudly—

"Mr. Joyce!"

"He has gone out, Sir Richard," said one of the assistants.

"Gone out!" exclaimed the mercer. "Gone out! Why, what can have induced him to do that, just when I told him I wanted him?"

He went back impatiently to his writing table and to his papers.

"Gone out!" Paul, too, exclaimed inly, and with ever increasing wonder. What did it mean? Had he gone to fetch a constable before even telling Sir Richard of his discovery and suspicions.

But what discovery? What suspicions? Of whom could he be suspicious? Of him—Paul?

No. Paul felt certain there was something beyond or different from this in the cashier's manner and conduct. A horrible thought crossed his mind—one that hardly shaped itself into words, but which might be thus expressed: "*Is he like me dishonest!*" And the thought made him shiver with disgust as he saw the bare possibility of a new and sympathetic tie being about to be developed between them.

And then Paul seemed strangely driven back upon himself, and compelled to look into himself, and ask himself a question that was of a fearfully agitating nature—

"Are you not an impostor even now? Have you told the truth? Are you even thinking of telling the truth? No. You have done a great wrong—but still one that might be forgiven, if generously acknowledged; but you are silent, deceitful, cowardly—afraid to take a manly part even though you might, by acting like a man, now secure a life of manliness evermore.

These were the whispers of Paul's conscience, and he felt them so keenly, that he was again and again inclined to accept their counsel.

Then came back the image of Christina; and the thought was so truly frightful that she might yet learn that he had robbed his benefactor, that he found it impossible to act as he wished.

Impossible at least, till the growing impatience of Sir Richard and the lengthened delay of Mr. Joyce convinced Paul that something was going on that might be threatening to him; and then, under that strong impulse of fear, added to the many strong impulses of courageous acknowledgment already existing in his heart, he determined to do the one thing needful, and accept the consequences be they what they might.

His knees knocked against each other, his lips were fast glued, his fingers feeling like those of a dead man when he took a glass of water that stood ready for Sir Richard, and gulped it down at one draught, then rose, and walked to the table where the mercer was.

What Paul said when he first spoke he knew not.

"Speak louder, Paul. What is it?" said his master, whose angry tone showed his irritation at the cashier's behaviour.

There happened at that moment to be one of the shopmen in the parlour, taking something out of one of the old cupboards, of which the place was full.

"I should like to speak to you, Sir Richard, in private," gasped Paul.

"Private! eh? Oh, certainly. Simeon, come in again by-and-by."

The shopman went away, and Sir Richard himself followed him to close the door, as if interested and surprised by Paul's behaviour. Perhaps the knight was thinking of the Earl of Langton, his dangerous visitor and guest.

Paul began then to speak, but his tones were so unsteady, that he found himself compelled to renounce the hope of colouring the matter over,

and to rush into his confession, with only just sufficient words to show the bare, dry truth.

"Sir Richard, I—I meant to go to Ranelagh last night—with—with—a companion—"

"Lady?" drily asked the knight.

"Yes, Sir Richard," and the pale face coloured just a little as these words were wrung out.

"Well?" said the master's stern voice.

"I had no money wherewith to entertain her."

"A trifling circumstance, I suppose in your eyes when you gave her the invitation? Go on."

"Besides that—Sir Richard—I—owed money."

"What for?"

"The—the clothes!" gasped Paul.

"Oh, I understand—the clothes. I saw you. What clothes—ruffles, sword and all—all owing for? Upon my word, Paul, you are a lad of spirit. You go to the theatre, you cut a fine figure, you are doubtless admired, you and your bravery; but don't you think you ought to have an honest label on your back to say, 'Good people make no mistakes! All this belongs to my tailor who fitted me out?' Well, this was the position. Stay! anything more to add to what I suppose is going to be the prelude to a heavy bill, which you have been good enough to present to me for payment in your own characteristic fashion? Is that it? Oh, sir!"

These last two words were uttered in so terrible a voice, that Paul almost lost the power of finishing his confession—just at the moment when he most needed the full possession of his faculties.

"I—I—I—" he faltered and stopped, and was obliged to lean heavily on the writing-table for support. "I had been promised a loan of money by a friend—"

"His name?" demanded the merchant.

"Marston."

The merchant noted the name on a paper before him and Paul proceeded—

"He disappointed me."

"Ah! He did not, then, find modes of breaking through his difficulties such as I suppose my 'prentice Paul Arkdale was prepared for. Well?"

"I went through this room last night, in order to get out by the window."

"Not for the first time?"

"No, Sir Richard. And—and—in passing the—the recess, I saw your chest open; and I took a bag with twenty five guineas, and—and I took two guineas out of the bag and put with the loose gold, and I took that money away."

"Paul Arkdale! Paul Arkdale! My poor week foolish, criminal boy. I did hope, even till now, that you were going to tell me some different conclusion. Well! as you brew so you must bake. As you reap so you shall sow! No doubt you think now, after having had your sport, been and amused your fine lady, played the gentleman magnificently, before the whole world, and all at my cost—no doubt now you think it is as well to think about consequences. Paul, you miscalculate. That is my business—not yours."

The knight suddenly rose, went to the door called a shopman, and Paul heard, with an emotion that threatened to destroy his very sanity, an order given for a constable to be fetched.

"Sir—sir! I have not told you all," he murmured, as the mercer came back, "It is not so bad as you think."

"Oh, indeed! You have brought me, I suppose, some trifle saved out of the wreck. It is very good of you. Come let us see how much!"

"I brought back all!" said Arkdale, rising at last into a state that enabled him to speak with greater firmness—almost with dignity.

"All! All! What does the fool mean?"

"Fool or rogue, Sir Richard, I speak the simple truth. I suffered so much while running along the streets on my way to—to meet my companion, that I stopped even while I was within sight of her, ran away like a madman, came back, no one discovered me, and I replaced the whole."

The mercer rose to his feet, as if in profound agitation, came to Paul, and put his hand upon his shoulder.

"Paul, dare you, with a lie on your soul, in

an hour so evil as this, look up in my face and repeat what you have now said?"

"Oh, my dear, ever-honoured master," cried Paul, in a passionate burst of distress, and falling up with the most earnest and pleading look—"oh, forgive me—forgive me my shocking act, my wicked crime; but do not believe me so lost as to come, after such a crime, with the hope to deceive you."

"You do, then, really mean that you did replace the money you took—the whole of it—the same money? You say this without trick or subterfuge of any kind—in the simplest, most obvious meaning of the words?"

"I do—I do—as God shall be my judge!"

"Rise, Paul," said the mercer, with dignity.

But he himself then turned, and paced slowly through the room, as if to take time to collect his thoughts before saying anything more to Paul; then, suddenly remembering his cashier's absence, he strode impatiently to the door, and called—

"Has Mr. Joyce returned?"

"Yes, sir," answered one of the shopmen.

Mr. Joyce now came in, looking hot, red, breathless, and covered with perspiration, which ran down his face in great beads, and kept his hand incessantly employed in wiping them away with his handkerchief during all the proceedings of the next few minutes.

He was usually a man of quiet, reserved, almost sullen habits, and he made great effort to fall back into this his ordinary state; but the effort was too palpable, and alarmed even himself.

"A customer, Sir Richard," said he, beginning in as blunt a voice as he could assume, "drew me out talking to the other end of the bridge. And—and, Sir Richard, I forgot to say there is a gentleman outside—he won't come in—which looks very strange and suspicious, Sir Richard. Yes, he is asking for you on very particular and important business of a confidential nature. Those were his very words, I think—particular, important, and confidential. Isn't it odd? I told him I would seek you instantly."

"Tell him to come here."

"He won't—I mean, he can't come in, for he is watching for some nobleman to pass; so he told me. He said he must go away if you could not oblige him with a word there."

"Let him go, then, and to the devil, if he likes! Now, Mr. Joyce, just look to the cash, and see if it's all right before you do anything with it. That key left so negligently last night begins to make me uncomfortable now, though I didn't think much of it before."

"Yes, Sir Richard, I'll do it directly! Directly!" said Mr. Joyce, and as he spoke he looked around him—at Paul with a sharp, suspicious glance, then behind him with a strangely irresolute air, till warned by the look in the mercer's face, which was becoming unpleasant, almost menacing.

The cashier went to the chest, raised the lid, which he had previously put down, and managed to stand in such a line of sight as regards the mercer, that the latter, from where he sat, could not see either Mr. Joyce's right arm or the centre of the chest.

"Now, Paul," said the mercer, moving his chair a yard or two noisily, "sit down, and push on with those papers."

The cashier heard that movement, and seemed paralysed by it. He began audibly counting the bags, till he found or made an opportunity to turn, and note the mercer's position, and saw that even if he (Joyce) moved again, it would be perfectly useless, for that single glance behind him revealed two sets of eyes looking on with most embarrassing interest upon his movements, and able—the one set or the other—to note whatever he did, however he wriggled about.

A pause of a full minute now occurred—no one of the three taking the slightest apparent notice of what the other two were doing, while the whole three were perfectly certain that but one thought—one feeling of an impending event—animated them.

At last, Mr. Joyce called out, in a quivering,

excited voice, utterly unlike his ordinary harsh, unfeeling tone—

"Why, why, Sir Richard—Sir Richard! some one has been here, I do believe! Nay, I am sure there's a bag of a hundred guineas gone! Oh, dear me, how distressing! Stay—I must be mistaken! I must go through the whole again."

Again Mr. Joyce glanced at the two; but there they sat, not even pretending to any other occupation than that of seeing into the state of the cash in the chest. And so seeing, he bent in a helpless way over the chest, his hands inside it, but, of course, able to do nothing but manipulate what they found already there, which was of no earthly consequence to the cashier just then.

Paul's horror at all this may well be conceived; also the instantaneous flash of conviction that he could not help, showing him that a second crime had followed the first, and with the intention of its doer to leave the author of the first responsible for both. He ventured to steal one look at the mercer, whose eyes were at that moment turned on Paul. It was an awful meeting—those two glances. Paul saw fixed doubt in the mercer's glance, and he understood that doubt. Mr. Joyce's agitation, after all, might be owing to Paul's rascality! The mercer saw in Paul's glance of answer a quiet, steady, earnest, almost courageous appeal.

Paul thought his master understood what was in his eyes, and drew courage from that belief to wait in patient hope. Not the less, however, was Paul conscious of the frightful gulf yawning beneath his feet. Rapidly he ran over all the possibilities of this new calamity. He retraced every foot of ground, every minute of time, belonging to the sickening experience of the past night, to see if he could discover any fact, unnoticed at the time, that would throw light on Mr. Joyce's present behaviour.

Was Joyce a rogue! Had he seen Paul commit the robbery? Had he seen him when he brought back the money? Paul knew now that the cashier had been in the house at the time—a most serious, and, indeed, appalling fact!

Meanwhile, Joyce proceeded with his count, watched so jealously by the mercer that he could do nothing but count. Once his hand, holding his handkerchief, went to his pocket, and came out again also with the handkerchief, and in a moment more something would have been accomplished, but the mercer was too quick.

"Mr. Joyce!" said the mercer, in his most exacting, imperious tone.

The cashier was obliged to look round, and, in so doing, the trembling hand somehow was slid back into the pocket, and came forth empty.

"Mr. Joyce, how much longer am I to wait?"

Paul saw that act, too, and became more and more alarmed. If Joyce had committed a theft, and was not able to undo his act, after discovering that Paul had returned his bag of gold, it was only too fatally clear that, to save himself, he would now sacrifice him (Paul), no matter at what cost of falsehood, oaths, and perjury.

At last Mr. Joyce, having exhausted all his hopes of finding or making the money right, turned round, and said with a face that struck Paul as whiter than the whitest of sepulchral walls—

"Yes, Sir Richard, there are a hundred guineas missing—a bag containing that sum has been taken away!"

"And can you, Joyce, guess how?" asked Sir Richard, in a tone dangerously significant in its quietness.

"Well, Sir Richard, that is a serious question to answer. I fear I can. Last night, when, as I understood, there was not a soul left in the place except Paul and his strange friend, the travelling merchant, the watchman, and myself, I had, as you know, occasion to bring your papers here. Then it was I discovered the open chest, with the key in it. I was very much startled, and, indeed, alarmed, for there was no saying who might be compromised. I am myself, Sir Richard, a man with twenty years' irreproachable character—"

"Never mind your character now, Mr. Joyce, that'll take care of itself, if it be worth anything, which I should be the last to doubt."

"Well, Sir Richard, I looked about. The first thing I saw was the open window. The next was—this!"

Mr. Joyce took the Ranelagh handbill from his pocket, opened it out, and laid it with great deliberation before the knight.

His colour and confidence had now all come back. The very ring of his voice implied that whatever it was that had alarmed him, he had got over it now.

The mercer looked at the bill, and noted instantly the figure memorandum in the margin. He handed the bill to Paul, and said—

"Do you know that document?"

"Yes, Sir Richard," faltered Paul, though hardly able even at the same time to realise the fact of his own stupid carelessness, which made him fancy he could not have dropped it there. So he added, "No, Sir Richard, I do not think it could be the bill I thought it was—unless, indeed, it was really found here."

"Really found here! Would you dare, Paul, to suspect Mr. Sampson Joyce, the cashier and confidential clerk of Sir Richard Constable, knight and alderman of London, of an untruth? Uttered, too, for the ruin of another! Young man, beware! This is no play, such as you witnessed the other night."

There was a dark gleam in the mercer's eye as he said this, which brought back all Paul's former alarm. To finish the sentence Sir Richard put his finger on the margin of the bill, and compelled Paul to look, who saw there his own figures, relating to the cost of his entertaining Miss Maria Clementina Preston.

"I am very sorry, Sir Richard, I expressed a doubt about the bill. It was mine."

Paul trembled as he said this; and yet, even then, he could not help seeking the mercer's eye with a kind of hope. God help him! he felt almost innocent just then, as he reflected it was not the money he had taken that was now in issue, but the money that somebody else had taken and not restored.

Sir Richard's eye glanced from Joyce to Paul, and back again to Joyce, before he spoke.

"Well, Mr. Joyce, Paul and I have had already some talk. He knows he is under suspicion. By-the bye, Mr. Joyce, who was the customer that took you into the street—to the other end of the bridge, I think you said—and kept you so long, and sent you back in such hot haste?"

There was the slightest possible pause.

"I really don't know his name, Sir Richard," replied Mr. Joyce, a little sullenly, as if inclined to stand upon his character and dignity. "I have seen him in the warehouse over and over again, but he always paid on the spot for everything he bought; so that I either never heard his name, or I have quite forgotten it. But he was talking about—"

"And when you came back," said the mercer, interrupting him, who was the gentleman who wanted me so pressingly to come out?"

Paul noticed once more that inexplicable gleam in his master's quiet, dangerous-looking eye.

Mr. Joyce smiled a ghastly smile before he replied—

"He neither gave me his name nor his card, Sir Richard."

"And he said nothing particular to you, except as to his wanting me so very pressingly to come out there, just when I was so very busy and interested within here?"

"Nothing, Sir Richard."

"What! Not even, Mr. Joyce, that you must get me out of this place at any cost, even if but for the thousandth part of a single second of time, or you would never be able to replace that hundred guineas out of your pocket, which you had been home to fetch? Eh?"

What a silence was that which followed these eventful words!

Paul seemed to hear the very shaking of the clothes on the collapsing frame of the cashier.

But was it true? Had the mercer really hit the mark?

"Come, Mr. Joyce," said the mercer, in a voice that was like the voice of doom; "enough of this. If I wrong you, I will beg your pardon

as a gentleman should, and show you why I came to this abrupt conclusion. Now, sir, have you, or have you not, got that money in your pocket?"

What a position was Paul's! To stand there, and see this man's guilt strangely and wonderfully brought to light through his guilt, and to know that he was getting every instant more and more hopelessly entangled, while Paul himself was feeling more and more free, in spite of his inward alarms and his anxious prayer to God to prepare him for the worst.

Suddenly the cashier threw himself on the ground, doing even that not in a manly, but in a crawling, serpent-like manner, making as if he would kiss the very feet of the mercer in his guilty self-abasement.

"Forgive me! It is true!" he cried, clamorously and excitedly. "I was tempted, as I never was tempted before. I saw your chest open, saw you had been robbed—of a bag of gold containing twenty-five guineas. I am sure, Sir Richard, of that! sure that a bag of gold had been taken away!"

"I could have told you that!" said the mercer, drily.

"Indeed, Sir Richard! It was you, then? I am rightly punished. I thought you had been robbed, saw in the Ranelagh bill a trace of the criminal, and felt assured that if I increased the amount, no suspicion would ever attach to me. Oh, it was very wicked? very infamous! But, Sir Richard, my past character—my poor wife—my five children! Oh, mercy! mercy! mercy!"

"Mercy!" said Sir Richard, shaking him roughly off. "It would be wasted. I can understand a moment of weakness and temptation leading to crime in a young and inexperienced man, and then the act itself bringing to him his own punishment, warning, and cure. But you, sir, must be corrupt at heart, corrupt in head, corrupt in your very faith. You must have fenced yourself round with lies through your whole life to be capable of such an act as this; and you have only been surprised by it into an unexpected and unintentional self-revelation. Go! I have no more to say! The constables wait you at the door. Will you give me the gold, or will you give it to them!"

Mr. Joyce looked at his employer for a moment, as if to see whether there really was no hope of moving him; and then—why then Paul saw in his face a look of such devilish malignity that he could not but be thankful that such a man was removed from his master's path.

Mr. Joyce took the bag of gold from his pocket and put it down; then silently turned and walked away.

Paul heard the strange movement outside; heard the clink of iron, which seemed to enter his own soul; heard the question, "They won't hurt me, will they?—they seem tight;" heard the shuffling of the feet; and then there was silence. It was now his turn. Would those men come back for him? He sank down into a chair, heedless of the mercer's presence, feeling his very soul fainting without him.

"Young man," said the mercer—and in a tone so strangely, inexplicably sweet, that it thrilled though Paul's very heart of hearts, and brought the tears into his eyes, while he again rose to his feet—"you have sinned, repented, and made prompt restitution. You can do no more now. I wish it had been otherwise; but I forgive you. In time I may be able again to trust you, if you deserve it."

What! he would not turn him off—would not disgrace him—would not punish him! Oh, that Paul could have shown him what he felt! But he restrained himself—he knew he must restrain himself—for words would avail little. The mercer evidently liked Paul the better for that restraint.

"Paul," he said, "no one knows but myself—no one shall know!"

Paul looked and bowed in silent gratitude, and then told the mercer that his secret had been already discovered by Daniel Sterne.

"What, before the restitution?" asked the mercer, in a quick, harsh voice, as though all his doubts were coming back.

"Oh, no, Sir Richard," said Paul, almost with a smile in his face. "He can satisfy you of that."

"I am very, very glad of this. That removes the last possibility of doubt from my mind. Ah, Paul you knew not what you did when you risked your whole future on such an expedition. You or another man might try the same experiment, and find it end in Newgate, in spite of your repentance. God has been merciful to you in letting your tardy sense of right prove still in time to save you. Trust in future to the one magic charm—*be right yourself*—not a dependent on the mercy of others. Well, now, Paul, fetch me those clothes."

Paul ran with a glad heart to his garret to obey the order, brought back the bundle, sword and all—disguising, as well as he could the nature of his burden from the many inquisitive eyes about him—and placed them on the mercer's writing-table.

"What do you propose to do with these?" asked Sir Richard.

"Take them to the man from whom I obtained them, ask him to allow me as much as he can for them, and then to give me time to pay the balance."

"Very well. Suppose I enable you to earn a few shillings by over work, to pay off that debt, do you feel yourself capable of the self-denial required?"

"Oh, gladly—gladly, my dear, kind master!" sobbed Paul.

"Then go to him with my compliments, make the best arrangement you can, and then say I wish to see him. He won't be hard with you if he has to face me!"

Paul saw the affair was over, but could not go away without again kneeling to thank his master, in a few simple, touching words—

"I will—I will, indeed, if there be any manliness at all in me, repay you for all this."

The mercer took his hand affectionately.

"That's right. These things can't be done twice, Paul. No, never twice in one life! You will never forget that, I am quite sure."

And there they separated; Paul hurrying off to extricate himself from his only important creditor.

The mercer, on his part, fell into a strange and long fit of musing after Paul's departure. The subject matter of his thoughts may, perhaps, be guessed from the few words that he muttered aloud, as he went again to work at his papers—

"If I tell Teena all this, won't it deepen rather than destroy her liking for the young scapegrace?"

To be continued.

DORETTE.

I.

THE girls beneath the linden trees
Danced at the close of day;
My love was there—the summer breeze
Fluttered her ribbons gay,
And tossed her tresses golden-brown.
The saucy, sweet coquette!
The prettiest girl in all the town—
The curé's niece, Dorette.

II.

I heard them chattering as they sped
Home through the moonlit street—
Dorette will be the last to wed,
For all she is so sweet!"
"But Love," methought, "will come one day—
Although he tarrieth yet—
For all your tricks he'll make you pay
A reckoning then, Dorette!"

III.

All summer long I fished and sailed—
I thought of her no more!
A whisper came her cheek had paled—
I steered my craft in shore;
I landed—twixt the port and town,
The curé's niece I met.
That night before the sun went down,
She was my own Dorette!

BY EVELYN FOREST.

AGAINST INANIMATE OBJECTS.

THE title of this paper is not one of those enigmatical ones which I perceive to be so fashionable now-a-days, wherein a riddle, as it were, is propounded to the Reader at the very commencement, which may or may not be resolved by the time he has perused the entire essay. When I say Inanimate Objects, I do not refer, for instance, to plain and phlegmatic females, although a good deal might with reason be written against *them* beside Mr. Bailey's pardonable though scarcely chivalrous aspiration: 'I wish I was behind you with a brad-awl!' I simply mean Things without Life—artificial ones only, for I know better than to find fault with Nature's handiwork—which arouse the passion of anger in the human breast with greater frequency than even the conduct of Boys themselves.

For example, I am about to seal a letter, for I am one of those old-fashioned persons who still use wax, and object to sear my tongue with patent gum and the backs of postage-stamps until it becomes as glutinous as an ant-eater's: well, I have just placed the seal at the left-hand corner of my desk, and have dropped the wax in a fine oval upon the envelope; all is prepared for the impression of my family arms, a Tortoise passant over a Hare couchant, and the motto *Patientia vincit omnia*; when—hey presto!—the seal is gone! I put it there—*there*, in that left corner, not a moment ago (I will take my Bible oath of it), and now it's gone! I am not a passionate man, goodness knows; I don't think anybody ever heard a profane expression escape my lips; but when I am quite alone, and these sort of things occur, I use a Formula. Surely my readers must have suffered again and again from this extraordinary and magical disappearance of Inanimate Objects, and will admit the necessity of some safety-valve for the feelings in such a case. I know a most respectable old lady, the widow of a Doctor of Divinity, who, when 'put out,' always invokes the northern counties of England—Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham—magnificent names, with a slightly blasphemous ring about them, and I recommend ladies of hasty temper to take a leaf out of her book. For myself, however, I confess that shibboleth is not sufficiently powerful, and I use another mixture, equally innocent, but of a more satisfying kind.

But this seal, and how it has got away? Mis-laid itself, you know; for that's what it comes to, and no less—how can we explain it? 'Here to-day, and gone to-morrow,' is a startling statement with respect to human mortality; but how can it compare with 'Here this instant, and gone the next,' as has happened to my seal? The seal is said to be rather like a human creature, but no analogy can be founded on that circumstance; for if had been a pencil-case, or a bit of blotting-paper, or an inch of Indian ink, the same thing is just as likely to have occurred. The sudden and mysterious disappearance of Inanimate Objects is a matter that has never yet been properly handled. We are all aware that they do disappear, instantaneously, unaccountably, and oftentimes as irrecoverably as though they had been magnetically attracted to the centre of the earth; but the explanation of the phenomenon has never been attempted. Perhaps the philosophers secretly shrink from grappling with a circumstance so weird and supernatural; and I must acknowledge that the belief in the influence of demons in small domestic mischances (still common among the Irish peasantry) is hereby afforded no little excuse. Don't tell me that we ourselves mislay the articles in question, and have forgotten where we placed them, for such an explanation is simply an insult to your fellow creatures. As for that seal, you might just as well endeavour to persuade me that I could mislay my hand or my foot. Yes, I am aware that I am near-sighted; and a nice, gentlemanly, agreeable person you are to remind folks of their physical imperfections—but I can see a yard all round me (except of course Behind), and much more ten inches and a half, which is the exact visual distance to the left-hand corner of my desk, where I placed that

seal. Pooh, pooh. Of course I know the particular disadvantage under which I labour. Often and often, have I gone about with my spectacles pushed up on my forehead, in the utmost fume and fury, because they were not in their case, nor anywhere else where I looked for them; my Formula itself was scarcely adequate to those terrible occasions; I have sat down—I confess it—and stamped with irritation to think that some of those Boys (my nephews) had carried off my spectacles, and would probably bring them back, if they brought them back at all, with only one glass. But it is not to such exceptional misadventures that I here allude. I am speaking of the sufferings that all of us, whether blind or not, endure from Inanimate Objects.

Still confining myself to the subject of their disappearance, what words can paint the desolation that seizes the human soul upon finding, in a strange house where one is a guest for the first time, and when the second dinner-bell is just on the point of ringing, that there is no button to the collar of one's embroidered shirt. This deficiency can scarcely be called unexpected, for washerwomen are the natural enemies of mankind, and are always doing them injuries, either of this sort, or through unpunctuality and iron-mould; but the dreadful consequences of the thing make up, and more for the absence of that one element of horror—Surprise. We have dressed, with the exception of coat and waistcoat, in entire ignorance of our loss, and only discover it as we prepare to affix our shirt-collar to the treacherous band. If it had been any other button of the shirt that was missing, an erect position, and the hand artistically placed over the spot, would have carried us through the evening without discovery; but the collar-button is the very seat and principle of existence as respects costume, without which there is no such thing as being dressed at all. No; there is nothing for it but the taking everything off again (including those exquisite studs, which took five minutes apiece to put in one's shirt-front without creasing), and the Formula for those who have one. If one, who has no such innocent safety-valve, is led to use 'a few cursory observations,' as struggling to disembarrass himself of his garments, like Hercules with the shirt of Nessus, he pictures to himself the assembled guests below, and his punctual host standing, watch in hand, with his back to the drawing-room-fire, let us hope that the Recording Angel will take the excessive provocation into account, and, as in the case of Uncle Toby, obliterate the accusing words with a pitying tear.

Another rather trying position in which one is apt to be placed when away from home, and without one's wife, is the not being able to part one's hair. Love, they say, is like a Wig, because *the worst of it is the Parting*; but the same may be also said of one's own hair, and especially of that portion of it at the back of one's head. Some men don't part their hair at all, and others have none to part; but those, perhaps over neat and precise folks, who like myself, make a practice of doing so, will bear me out in the statement that there are few Inanimate Objects with which a man is more apt to get in a passion than with his Comb. It does its mission, with respect to that straight white furrow, well enough, so long as its progress can be watched in the glass, and when coming home (if I may say so) under one's own eye; but at the top of the head, and still worse, behind it, you feel that its course has been erratic in the extreme. In vain, you turn your head round swiftly in hopes to catch the reflection of the back of it in the mirror before it has time to fade away. The comb is taken in hand, and blindly guided, hither and thither, until, with a hideous ejaculation, you dash it to the ground, and knock three or four of its teeth out. To ask the lady of the house, or even the chambermaid, to be so good as to part one's hair for one, is a thing we seldom venture to do.

An umbrella that won't open, is another trial to the temper; a sharp shower sets in, and you find this whalebone apparatus not a more useful than a walking-stick, until, just as the

sun comes out, you burst open the refractory contrivance with violence, and half the ribs fly through the silk. If you think you will ever shut it again after *that*, you are very much mistaken.

When you hire an open carriage, your modesty will probably induce you to take the back-seat: now, that back-seat, which sticks up very well of itself, will, now that you have begun to lean against it, obstinately endeavour to fall forward; it keeps tapping against your shoulders with the persistency of that famous drop of water that formed so cheap and popular a torture with the Holy Inquisition, and will drive you almost as frantic. Now, why does this happen, I should like to know?

When you are "driving yourself," as the phrase goes, and you benevolently endeavour to flick a fly off your horse's ear, what a sad affair it is to find your whip-lash fast in the harness. You might have tried to hitch it there ten thousand times, and would have failed; but now, if you had got out, and tied it, it could not be more securely fastened. You can't leave the vehicle, because the horse won't let you get in again; but although a notorious runaway, he now begins to crawl as though he were in the shafts of a one-horse hearse, for he knows that you can't give him the whip because you have given it to him already.

A fishing-line hitched in a tree is also a situation likely to evoke the Formula.

A cab-window that you cannot quite close, even though it rains, for fear of being suffocated, and from the reflection that several patients bound for the hospital may have recently ridden in it, is a very objectionable Inanimate Object when there is no button (and there never is) to hold the window-strap. You have to keep it in your hand as though you were deep-sea fishing, and do so until you are nearing your destination, when, looking round for your traps, you forget all about it, and suddenly leave go of your slippery charge; then the window falls to the bottom of its receptacle, and is smashed to atoms.

There are some Inanimate Objects which awaken other sensations than those of irritation or anger, such as Roasted Apples, which instantly suggest powders, and give one an attack of the shivers; and Cold Water, which reminds one, by a twitter in the small of the back, of taking pills; but these are rather foreign to the subject of this paper. To come suddenly with a tender tooth, as one is eating game, upon a large round shot (such as are used in fowling-pieces of course; not canon), is to anticipate, if I may say so, the Destruction of the Universe. For a moment, besides the complete disintegration of one's own private physical economy, the End of the World seems really to have arrived! It is far worse than ice-pudding, which, as we all know, caused poor Sir Alured Denne to use such sad language, after having promised St. Romwald never to swear again:

Astonishment, horror, distraction of mind,
Rage, misery, fear, and iced pudding—combined!
Lip, forehead, and cheek—how these mingle and meet,
All colours, all hues, now advance, now retreat,
Now pale as a turnip, now crimson as beet!
How he grasps his arm-chair in attempting to rise,
See his veins how they swell! mark the roll of his eyes!
Now east, and now west, now north, and now south,
Till at last he contrives to eject from his mouth
That vile spoonful—what
He has got he knows not;
He isn't quite sure if it's cold or it's hot;
At last he exclaims, as he starts from his seat:
A snow-ball, by — what I decline to repeat.

For Sir Alured, poor fellow, was unacquainted with the Formula.

Nothing else save the few little things which I have mentioned ever ruffles the naturally smooth cur—cur—current of my tem—tem —. If there is one Inanimate Object in this world which excites my indignation and fury beyond endurance, it is a steel pen that won't write, and I have got hold of one now. I have tried him forwards, and I have tried him backwards; I have coaxed him, and given him ink enough for ten pens; and now, I have dashed his points against the desk, and broken them both, and I feel a little better. Excuse, Mr. Printer, my setting down these few words in pencil.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREMS.

BIRDS.

1. 200 and *O. took A.*
2. 55 " *U. true.*
3. 501 " *great P. R.*
4. 1,001 " *page.*
5. 2,572 " *B. rung H.*
6. 151 " *a pen.*

FISHES.

1. 651 and *harp.*
2. 1,150 " *rake E.*
3. 105 " *no hay.*
4. 1,100 " *oak H.*
5. 550 " *o'er fun.*
6. 551 " *hop N.*
7. 500 " *horn joy.*

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A title; a large portion of the earth; a disturbance; better than never.
2. A liquor; summer luxuries; a river; a scriptural name.

ENIGMA.

I from my parents differ more
Than ever offspring did before.
My father, like vau Phaeton,
May well be deemed Apollo's son;
My mother, of much humbler birth,
Is but a daughter of the earth:
Unequal thus my birth you trace,
Yet I proceed from warm embrace.
Of my fierce sire and yielding mother
Prove the destruction of each other:
Enough of them—my duty's paid—
So let them rest, in ashes laid.
In days of yore an easy life
I led, and moved unmixed with strife;
Now every battle gives me birth.
Where thousands strew the blood-stain'd earth.
There's not a man on me depends,
But he'll be sure to lose his ends;
Full many projects in me centre,
And I'm the sum of many a venture.
Come, if you have me, hold me fast:
I shall escape your hands at last.

CHARADES.

As Paul Pillicoddy was walking one day,
By the side of a fast-flowing stream,
An ill-natured *first* came rushing along,
Causing poor Pillicoddy to scream;
And, oh! sad to relate, it seized on poor Paul
By the nethermost part of his dress,
And there made a *second*—a large one we fear—
Much to Paul Pillicoddy's distress.
But Paul, as he struggled the *first* to escape,
Never heeded the river beside;
Till at last he fell into the water so deep,
And the *whole* bore him on with its tide.

W. S. L.

2. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 10, 2, 9, 5, 8 my whole once was.
My 4, 3, 7, 1, 3, 5 is what I trust my whole
never will be.
My 13, 12, 10, 11 is part of the body.
My 14, 5, 6, 13, 8, 12, 4 is to be met with in
"The Merry Wives of Windsor."
My 6, 4, 9, 12 is a North American Lake.
My *whole* is a name of a popular author.

RAGDE.

3. On prancing steed my *first* did ride,
A monk did wear my *second*;
My *whole* a monarch did bestow,
An honour great 'twas reckoned.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Three lamps are filled with 4 gallons of oil each.
The first burns six times as fast as the third, and the
third twice as fast as the second. The first burns 1
gallon per hour. How much does each of the others
burn per hour, and how many times will each require
to be filled in 48 hours? E. DUCKETT.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA, &c., No. 58

- Enigma.*—*Agenoria*—*Industry*.—1. Alberoni.
2. Guatimozin. 3. Elberfeld. 4. Nassau. 5.
Orpheus. 6. Rembrandt. 7. Issachar. 8.
Alderney.
Decapitations.—1. Grumble—rumble—umble.
2. Gripe—ripe—pie—pi.
Astronomical Enigma. *Persens.*—1. Pisces. 2.
Earth. 3. Robur Caroli. 4. Scorpion. 5.
Ecliptic. 6. Uranus. 7. Sirius.
Charades.—1. Cathedral. 2. Bur-gain. 3.
Cork-screw.

Square Words. E T O N.
T O N E.
O N C E.
N E E D.

Rebus.—Starch.—arch—star—rats.

Arithmetical Question.—The father's age was
52 years.

MISCELLANEA.

The engines of the large ocean steamers make
about 200,000 turns in crossing the Atlantic
between Liverpool and New York.

Last year about 2,300,900 tons of coal came
to London by railway.

Such is the price of land in Paris at the present
time that some speculators are about to
build houses eleven stories high. They seem to
have found out that air is very much cheaper
than land. An hydraulic apparatus will be
attached to the premises.

It is stated that soap manufactured from coal
oil is a better remover of dirt than that ordinarily
used.

Though common salt, when mixed with animal
substances in large proportions, arrests decom-
position, when used in small quantities it con-
siderably accelerates putrefaction.

SMALL SINS.—Take care of the small! A
little faithfulness gives the habit of faithfulness,
and fits for larger duties. Small infidelities are
infidelities, and will produce the greater. The
little thief goes in at the narrow window, and
lets in all the big ones.

THE ROSIERE.—One of the Whit-Sunday amuse-
ments of the Parisians is the crowning of the
Rosière, which takes place at Nanterre, a dreary
little village between Paris and St. Germain.
The Rosière is a young girl of the village whose
maiden reputation has sustained no blemish.
She is formally crowned with lilies and white
roses, and presented with a marriage portion by
the authorities. For some years past the supply
of rosières has not been equal to the demand,
but one has been secured this year, and the
Parisians flock to Nanterre to gaze on a *rara
avis*, which, considering the manners and cus-
toms of Paris and its environs, "belongs (like
many other things) to another epoch."

A FRANK DOCTOR.—The celebrated German
physician Hufeland, on being presented to a
reigning prince of one of the small states of the
German Confederation, that exalted person-
age, in the fervour of his admiration of Hufe-
land's great professional skill, said to him, "You
are so famed a physician, you know the human
body so intimately, that you must really be
able to cure every disease!"—"Your highness,"
replied Hufeland, "it is with us physicians as
with the night watchmen: we know the leading
streets and byways tolerably well; but as to
what is going on inside the houses, we can only
guess at that."

It is related of the great artist Poussin, that
being shown a picture by a person of rank, he
remarked, "You only want a little poverty, sir,
to make you a good painter."

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Lawyers, doctors, and women are all fee-
males.

Profound silence in public assemblies has
been thus neatly described:—One might have
heard the stealing of a handkerchief."

TOILERS OF THE SUE.—Underpaid curates.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?—
Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the
last in help.

On a child being told that he must be broken
of a bad habit, he honestly asked, "Papa,
hadn't I better be mended?"

Voltaire said of Mademoiselle de Livry: "She
was so beautiful that I raised my long thin
body, and stood before her like a point of ad-
miration."

A gentleman asked a negro boy if he wouldn't
take a pinch of snuff.—"No," replied the little
darkey, very respectfully, "me tank you, Pomp's
nose not hungry."

A person asked Mr. Patrick Maguire if he
knew Mr. Tim Duffy. "Know him!" said Pat;
"why he's a very near relation of mine. He
once proposed to marry my sister!"

"Who is that with Miss Flint?" said a wag to
his companion.—"Oh, that is a spark which she
has struck."

We rather think that the most reluctant slave
to *vice* that we ever saw was a poor fellow who
had his fingers in one.

An Irishman once ordered a painter to draw
his picture, and to represent him *standing behind
a tree*.

A MOURNFUL FACT.—It is difficult to make
the pot boil with the fire of genius.

Why are good husbands like dough?—Because
women *need* them.

How can one be sure of cowslips in the win-
ter?—By driving his cattle on the ice.

"A LEGAL TENDER."—A decided contradiction
in terms; for we must say, within our expe-
rience, we never yet knew anything "legal" that
was ever "tender."

A clergyman once prefaced his service with,
"My friends, let us say a few words before we
begin." This is about equal to the gentleman
who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

What is that word in the English language, of
one syllable, which, if two letters be taken from
it, it becomes a word of two syllables?—*Pl-ague*.

AN INJURED RAT.—Prentice says of a rebel
editor who "smelt a rat," that if he did, and the
rat smelt him, the poor rat had the worst of it.

PROOF POSITIVE.—"Don't tell me you can't
civilise the Africans," said a man who had just
returned from the Gold Coast. "Why, I have
known some negroes who thought as little of a
lie or an oath as a European."

A LAWYER IN PETTICOATS.—"Please, Mrs.
Crabbe, to lend me your tub."—"Can't do it;
the hoops are off; its full of suds; besides, I
never had one; I washes in a barrel, and wants
to use the tub myself; besides, I've lent it to a
neighbour who hasn't returned it."

NOT SO DAFT LIKE.—A poor lunatic not long
ago was sent to a place of confinement, and in
order to occupy his mind as well as exercise his
body, he was instructed to take a wheelbarrow
and convey a large heap of sand from one corner
of the enclosure to another. This done, he went
to his keeper and inquired what else he had for
him to do. The keeper ordered him to go and
wheel it back again. The lunatic very innocently
looked in his face and said, "Man, do you think
I'm daft?"

A man advertised lately to forward, on receipt
of postage stamps, "sound practical advice, that
would be applicable at any time, and to all per-
sons and conditions of life." On receipt for the
stamps, he sent his victim the following: "Never
give a boy a penny to watch your shadow
while you climb a tree to look into the middle of
next week."

At a large fire in Boston the firemen succeeded
in reaching a trunk belonging to a domestic,
named Kitty Quadd. "It's not the value of me
clothing" sir," said Kitty, very much delighted
that her trunk had been found, "but it's me char-
acter that's there." Hurrying her hand into the
pocket of an old dress, she lifted it from the trunk,
and drew forth a dirty piece of paper, with much
apparent satisfaction. "This is it, an' shure
enough it's safe, it is, and it's yerself that shall
read it, too, for your kindness," said Kitty. The
paper was unfolded, and on it was written:—
"This certifies that Kitty Quadd is a good domes-
tic, capable of doing all kinds of work, but she
will get drunk when opportunity offers."

The late Mr. Dean Richmond was president of
the New York Central Railroad, and Chairman
of the New York Democratic State Committee.
His handwriting, except that of his signature,
was scarcely ever legible. He once abruptly
dismissed a Railway official who had offended
him, by writing on a card, "Your services can be
dispensed with on receipt of this.—Dean Rich-
mond." The dismissed official used the card as
a family free pass over the railway for twelve
months afterwards, the ticket collectors being
satisfied with the sight of the well-known sig-
nature, without attempting to read the docu-
ment.