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# The Saturday Reader.

VOL. IV.—No. 84.

FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 13, 1867.

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## CANADIAN BRIGANDS.

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

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

### CAMBRAY AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

Waterworth made an involuntary bound, and, raising his head, his eyes met the face of his associate without, who was grinning and winking in a most significant manner.

"Well, good evening, little wife," said Cambrey; "try and be a little more reasonable." Then, turning to Waterworth: "I think it is time to turn in, if we wish to make an early start."

"Charles, Charles," interrupted his wife, by way of banishing her grief. "Charles, when are you going to give me be shawl you promised? it has not yet come."

"Make yourself easy; you'll get it to-morrow, for I hope to make a little money before daylight. Good bye."

Thus speaking, followed by his companion, he ascended a somewhat crooked flight of steps, and entered a low garret of about eight feet square, containing one miserable bed, here the two brigands, finding themselves alone, burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

"She's an innocent chicken," said Cambrey, "we'll give her time to get fast asleep, and then we can get out of the window. I have the ladder ready fastened."

"Are you there, friends?" whispered Cambrey.

"Here," replied a black and bloated looking phantom in a corner, "we all are, as trusty as the sword of state. I've had a good sleep already and the most charming of dreams—I dreamed we had settled for the old woman, frightened the servant, and pillaged and burnt the house."

"Charming indeed," said Cambrey—"but time presses—and you," addressing Lemire and Stewart, "you know that it's to Mrs. Montgomery's we're bound,—do you know the old woman?"

"To Mrs. Montgomery's," said Lemire, by my faith but that's funny; why, I had arranged with Gagnon to pay her a visit to-morrow—It's as good as a fortune to go there; will we break her head—assassinate?" "No, no—no useless severity," said Cambrey, "merely tie them up so that they won't be able to see; I'll undertake the pillage, come."

"The oath, the oath," said Waterworth, "our safety lies in that."

"Ah, yes, that's strictness, said Mathieu, "but with gentlemen of our reputation it is seldom necessary."

Cambrey however obliged them to take a horrible oath, by which they bound themselves, under the penalty of death, neither to back out of the undertaking, nor part with the secret. The ceremony over, they followed each other in silence through the street, and ascended to the Upper Town.

"Ah, here's the casket," said Mathieu, throwing himself forcibly against a little yard door which gave way to the blow, and through which he entered followed by the others.

"Look at Waterworth," continued he, "I was certain he would be the last to enter—he's always a coward on occasions like this."

"I would be so easily known," said Waterworth, "but let's see who will keep the secret longest."

Above their heads stood the kitchen window, open, and through it they got into the house.

By accident, in the lower kitchen they heard the barking of a small dog, and the flooring of the upper storey resounded to the footsteps of a person who had jumped suddenly out of bed. In a moment the burglars had hidden themselves in the four corners of the room, and there they remained as fixed and silent as marble statues.

In an upper apartment, a female in the decline of age, awoke suddenly, crying in a faltering voice to her servant:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth! did you not hear a dull sort of a sound? What is the dog barking at? Listen! listen! don't you hear? Heavens if it should be robbers!"

"Yes, I hear it," replied the girl, "it's in the kitchen; perhaps it's the window shaking with the wind. No, something is walking about there; let us go down and see."

"No, no, in the name of God, don't be so bold," shrieked the old woman, nearly losing her senses. "Lock the door and listen. Oh! heaven help me, I'm choking."

"What is the matter, ma'am?" whispered a little boy of ten years old, who slept upon a sofa, and who had been awakened by the noise.

These were the only persons in the house.

The robbers, though somewhat alarmed, remained quiet, scarcely allowing themselves to breathe, and listening eagerly to every sound, in the hope of discovering how many people they had to contend against. Soon, however, the house relapsed once more into a deep and painful silence, broken only by the sobs of the women, the ticking of the clock, and the interrupted occasional barking of the dog, which rushed through the different apartments snapping at every obstacle in his way.

How difficult it is to paint the sensations of the mind, to produce in truthful color, the suspense, the weariness, the suffering of the lover who waits in vain the coming of his mistress; his impatient heart overflowing with affection, with despair, and with jealousy, but however intense may be his feelings at such a moment, they are nothing, positively nothing, compared with the mental torture endured by the two poor women we have spoken of. Weak and unprotected, trembling and frightened almost to insensibility, every moment brought fresh horror to their imaginations, every moment brought them nearer the dreaded time, when their door would be forced in, and they would behold themselves in the presence of demons on a mission of destruction, perhaps of death, when the hand of the robber would be fastened upon their throats, and the pistol or the knife gleam savagely in the hands of a merciless and powerful foe. The night wind whistling through the crevice of a window; the cracking of a board; the buzzing of an insect, were to them noises pregnant with their coming fate, noises that chilled the very blood in their hearts, and petrified their frames with fear. To await danger in a state such as this, is to suffer a thousand deaths; it is to live beneath the millstone, and feel the crushing of your bones; to be exposed to the points of a thousand needles, and feel them entering your flesh, and tearing you to pieces; or to be present at a festival of spectres and feel their ghastly faces near your own; to behold them writhing in hideousness, and to be forced to listen to the frightful imprecations they pour into your ear. It is to endure all these at once till the

mind borders on insanity, the brain reels, and the body succumbs before the dread phantom of despair. Such was the trial these unfortunate creatures had to endure for nearly an hour, between their first alarm and their second."

"Elizabeth, I hope they are gone," said the old woman, faintly, coming gradually to her senses. "I will lie down again, but I do not think I shall be able to sleep; let us wait for a moment however."

During this interval, the robbers had changed neither place nor posture, nor were they free from all emotion, impatience, fear, vexation and covetousness vanquished them by turns; they too had their reflections, they too had their sufferings to endure. One moment their thoughts wandered amid danger and infamy, presenting fearful visions of the gallows and of death; the next they brightened into a golden future, mad revelry, lewdness and debauchery.

"I thought I heard the voice of a man," said one of them; "what do you say about going up stairs?"

"Wait, wait, for a moment longer." "No, no; I'm certain there are only women, come; lads, up we go; up we go."

At that instant, Cambrey struck a light, showing the way; breaking open the doors he rushed up stairs, followed by the others, and soon found himself at the chamber containing the women. Entering, Cambrey received a violent blow with an iron poker from the servant Elizabeth McLellan.

However, the three inmates were soon seized by their throats, tied up in blankets, and placed under the surveillance of three of the robbers, while the remaining two pillaged the house. Mrs. Montgomery was in a faint the greater part of the time, but, coming to herself, she implored the man watching her, in accents that might have melted the heart of a tiger: "You look like a good man," said she, "oh! have pity on me, and do not hurt me." "No, no, I'm not a good man. I'm a wicked man, a very wicked man. Mathieu, have you found anything yet?"

"Tut, tut; silence; hold your tongue." The robbers ransacked the whole house, emptied the cupboards, bureaux and trunks, tossing and mixing everything, appropriating a large quantity of silver and articles of value which they carried off with them, after having taken the cruel precaution of rolling and tying up the women and the boy in carpets, in such a way, that it was impossible for them to get out without great exertion.

It was daylight when they left the house, and as they passed through St. John's gate, laden with their spoils, they encountered the men of the watch, returning from their posts, who permitted them to pass unchallenged.

Cambrey and Mathieu were placed on trial for this crime (28th March, 1837), and upon the evidence of Waterworth, their accomplice, they were both found guilty. At the time, this took place, Lemire had been transported, and Stewart was dead.

### CHAPTER X.

An Expedition by Water—The Price of Indiscretion—A Critical Moment.

Some days after the robbery at Mrs. Montgomery's, two men might have been seen unrolling the sails of a small boat near the East India wharf; a third, standing on the wharf, said to one of them:

"Don't miss your chance, whatever you do; it's a matter of some consequence, as you know, and concerns our personal safety."

"Never fear, comrade, I'll do my share."

The sails were adjusted, and a moment after a light west wind carried the boat into the stream in the direction of the Island of Orleans.

It was on a beautiful evening in the month of June, a little before sunset; the shadows were deepening on the surface of the water, and the surrounding hills, fields and orchards, which Nature has grouped in such richness and variety in the vicinity of Quebec, were clad with verdure, and dotted with flocks, and the magnificent vessels from every portion of the globe reflected in the river—enhanced, if possible, the natural beauty of the scene. It was the fiery-like hour of enchantment, when the coming night lends her beauty and repose to the surrounding brilliancy, and day once more resumes its twilight of early purity. Deep in the crystal waters were the banks, the woods and the vessel masts reflected, and soft echoes of song from on board ship were wafted across them, and at intervals could be heard the distinct booming din of the neighbouring city.

But the breeze was stiffening; clearer and clearer sounded the rolling waves against the timbers of the fleet, and the moon, named by the ancients the chaste Lucinda—probably because she contemplates in silence the impurity and horror hidden from the day—rose gently through wind-driven clouds over the distant horizon.

Already the little yacht had cleared the almost inextricable labyrinth of vessels lying at anchor before the city, and now she was speeding across the basin between Quebec and the Island of Orleans, the lowering clouds were gathering in density, and the person on the wharf could see nothing but the sails; they appeared like a little white cloud skimming the roughening surface.

"You're very moody, this evening," said one of the sailors to his companion; "a good breeze this—a good breeze. I don't exactly know where you're taking me to; but this wind will carry us any distance. Tell me where is this timber you speak of? Is there much of it?"

"You'll know when we get there," replied the other savagely.

"Hallo!" muttered the first, "he's not in a good humour, it seems. I say, comrade, does what I said at Mrs. A.'s stick in your heart still? Listen now. I told nothing of consequence. I only said I knew those connected with the Montgomery affair—that's all. I mentioned no names; and as I was tipsy at the time, nothing can come of it."

"For goodness sake, don't speak of it," said the other passionately, repressing an angry movement, grinding his teeth, and trembling in every limb. "Now's the time I think, I'm far enough—yes, this is the place."

"What?" interrupted the first loquaciously, "is this your grapple—this big stone, with a couple of fathoms of cable; only one, that won't go very far, I think."

"Further than you are aware of, perhaps, but—but—look here. Devil take it, listen—quick—hurry yourself, or the sail will tear itself in two."

"And why did you let go? You had it in hand. Never mind—all for luck, I suppose. We're between the churches now. Are we going down the river?"

So saying, he threw himself into the fore-part of the boat; and, mounting one of the seats, he bent over the side to catch the sail, which was flapping furiously in the wind, and which escaped as soon as caught. While occupied in this manner, his companion leaving the tiller, stole quietly to his side, and, seizing the rope attached to the grapple, which a moment before had excited so much derision, he threw the noose over the head of the unfortunate man, and before he had time to utter a single exclamation, with a sudden jerk he hurled him overboard into the seething billows. The wretch, who committed this, then seated himself quietly on the bulwarks, and watched with savage joy the bubbles rising from the water that had just closed over his victim. When, lo! at a short distance, and in the full light of the moon, he beheld the face of his adversary glaring at him above the waters; he had rid himself of the weight, and the waves were fast driving him to the boat. With heart furious with rage and despair, he seemed to rise through the waves

like a monster of the sea. The other leaned over to grasp his victim once more, and accomplish the work he had begun. At last they met; the drowning man struggled convulsively for a grasp—his hands closed upon the neck of his murderer—closed with the iron hold of death—his eyes rolled in agony, his body writhed madly in the yielding element, and his tongue poured forth the imprecations of the damned.

"Coward! traitor! I have you now. Do your worst. I shall not drown alone; no, I shall not drown alone! you cannot make me quit my hold—death alone has strength for that."

The murderer's voice was choked in a violent effort to give utterance to his feelings, his parched mouth moistened with blood, which a moment afterwards gushed forth in a torrent on the figure beneath him. Dreadful, indeed, became the struggle; he felt himself drawn gradually out of the boat, till his feet alone seemed inside. The other, curbed in his desperation by the approach of death, felt as if hanging by a thread over an unfathomable abyss—felt his life giving way—his hand slipping from its hold.

This scene of horror would probably have lasted some time, had not the wind now risen to a gale, driving the waves with such impetuosity against the boat as to positively raise the combatants and tear them asunder. The drowning man, thrown back once more, swam round and round, watching eagerly for an opportunity of renewing the contest; but it never came. All his efforts to regain his hold upon the boat were vain; his adversary, armed with an iron-shod gaff, struck him violently several times as he approached, till, completely exhausted, the unfortunate man rolled over into the surging billows, and disappeared from view.

A gleam of savage joy shot through the murderer's heart, throbbing wildly with the excitement and the triumph of the hour. Again he set the sails, and this time he was alone; again the boat darted like a bird over the bosom of the deep—again was the tide rising, and the moon, as though to congratulate him upon the victory, burst at that moment through the heavy clouds, and continued her silent course in the heavens. But scarcely had he run thirty fathoms when he perceived what appeared to be the head of a man caught in the stem of the boat; it seemed to look at him steadfastly for a moment, and then vanish as mysteriously as it had come. Unnerved by terror, the murderer shrank involuntarily from the sight. Again he turned towards it, and still the horrid phantom head appeared and disappeared as before.

In a paroxysm of rage at being thus haunted, he seized the gaff once more, and, approaching the object, he discovered it to be the dead body of his victim, which, by some unaccountable action of the water, had become fastened to the stem of the boat, and was thus tugging ashore. Raising his arm, the iron hook of the gaff descended upon the skull, dashing out its brains with almost superhuman force; and as the detached body swept past, he yelled out:

"Go—go to the dead now, and tell them what you know. See if they'll listen to you."

In a few minutes he had reached the city, and stepping upon the wharf he had left the night before, he was met by the person who had seen them off.

"Well, what have you done?" asked he.

"What had to be. I had some trouble, though; but his affairs are settled—we are quit of him—his threats will no longer alarm us, for dead men tell no tales."

"Bravo! that's the way to serve traitors; but come along, and have something to eat, for, by my faith, you deserve it. Let's hear the story now, it will whet our appetites."

So saying they stepped into a tavern.

The man whose cruel death we have just recounted was James Stewart, whom we have already mentioned in connection with the Montgomery robbery. He paid dearly for a word dropped in a drunken spree, his murderers were—, but we shall withhold their names for the present.

(To be continued.)

## THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

Continued from page 65.

Let us leave the husband and wife to their bridal, which thus strangely came at last, with no bridal feast, no sunning of smiling kindred from far and wide, no ringing of joy bells—but, on the contrary, one held only in the extreme danger; where between every two words of murmured, broken happiness, came one from *Hermia* of alarm, of danger, soon to be stifled by his assurances and caresses.

Not till the first dawning of the light of day did they think to part, nor until *Hermia* had again turned pale with affright, as she thought of the possibility of his being recognised while leaving her, and carried off a prisoner.

"Stephen," she said to him, "do not, my own darling husband, come here again. No, no, do not thus venture your dear, sweet, precious life! Think of me, and be pitiful. Save yourself for my sake. Will you not?"

"I shall come again, and risk all!" he said in answer, smiling.

"No, no! I entreat you not to do so!"

"Think, *Hermia*, of what you ask. They have too long robbed us of our natural happiness in each other's society. But it is not that alone—there is another matter. They must know now, and the sooner the better, that I have claimed you by a right impossible for them to violate—you are now my own true wife. I am your husband, and no legal juggleries of divorce—no tampering with our child-marriage will avail. Let them, therefore, find out the truth. I care not how soon. Nor do I see that they could better discover the truth than here."

"In that at least," said a sharp stinging kind of voice, the sound of which drove every drop of blood from *Lady Hermia's* cheek, "we can agree."

"Your brother, *Hermia*?" guessed Lord Langton.

"This lady's brother, certainly I am. But I think, sir—"

He was interrupted by the words, which were, however, uttered very quietly—

"You address Lord Langton!"

"I know no Lord Langton. I did know a rebel of that name, who disgraced his family, his friends, and his country by—"

"Beware," said Lord Langton, sternly. "You cannot intend to forget this lady's presence. Permit me, then, to remind you she is present, and therefore insults to me cannot be answered now."

"This lady! If this lady had not forgotten herself, and descended to harbour a traitor—"

Lord Langton sprang forward, but *Lady Hermia* was too quick for him; she interposed between the two men, clasped her brother in her arms, with a force so great and so clinging that he could not throw her off, and thus holding him, she said—

"Brother, this is my husband—a husband I pray only that I may ever be worthy of—a husband to whom I was given by your father—a husband to whom I have now solemnly devoted myself—a husband I warn you not to touch or meddle with. For even if you overpower him, imprison him, try him, condemn him, and execute him—even then then I shall live just long enough to make you known to the whole world as the vilest, most detestable of brothers—who murders his sister merely to gratify his own rancorous hatred!"

"Ay, you may struggle with me, but this is the truth, Cecil, and I will not let you go till you own it, and confess how you have wronged me!"

The face of Lord Cecil was almost purple with the inward passions that consumed him, and the outward struggle with his sister's strong grasp.

Unable to throw her off without at least a violence so brutal that it was even beyond what he was prepared for—conscious at the same time that if he did so his sister's husband would instantly challenge him to a death duel, out of

which only one could emerge, he contented himself with hissing into Hermia's ear the words—

"Fool! You may detain me, because I may not hurt you—but to what end? Can you arrest the king's messengers? Do you not understand they wait for him outside, and that in consequence I am here?"

Lady Hermia gazed for a moment in his face incredulously; then seeing the hard, intense look of satisfaction that was obviously settled there, she changed in an instant her whole behaviour.

She unclasped her hand, let him loose, rose to her feet, and then burst into a kind of hysteric laughter mingling with tears.

Lord Langton spoke to her, tried to caress her, but she pushed him away, then stopped, looked intently at a vacancy, drew back her hair—as if feeling she needed a cooler brain to see with—then turned, and said with a most sad and touching laugh, that was, indeed, more of a sob than a laugh—

"Oh, Cecil, brother—dear, dear brother—my only one; do you forget that we two are alone? I have no brother, if not you! You have no sister, if not me! Cecil, forgive me—on my knees I ask it—if I said bitter, angry, unjust things. Listen to me—listen!" Then unconsciously her pleading, passionate tone changed again to one of solemn invocation. "You cannot intend to have this man's blood on your head? No, no—impossible! assure me it is impossible! Hark, Cecil! I tell my story very badly; but you can forgive that. This—my husband—is no rebel!"

"Few rebels are after failure," interposed Lord Cecil, with a sneer that seemed to freeze Hermia's blood.

She gazed at him with an averted form and gesture, as if asking herself whether she should longer urge him, or rise and defy him, and brave all consequences.

No doubt she would have done so, were it only herself she had to consider; but a single thought of, and glance at, her husband, who stood proudly apart, gazing with folded arms and a half-smiling face on the fury of Lord Cecil, caused her again passionately to address her brother—

"Brother! Cecil! before it is too late I again address myself to you. My husband has, with rare bravery and dignity, gone in person to the Pretender and formally renounced his allegiance. He has risked much in so doing; and now he comes back to his own countrymen, confiding in their justice, their liberality, and their good sense."

"Their good sense, my sister!" said Lord Cecil. "I pray you tell me how the rebel is to rely on their good sense to aid him?"

"He relies," responded Hermia, calmly, "on the good sense of his countrymen, when he comes back to throw himself upon their considerate feeling, while reminding them that if ever England is to be one, and relieved from the cruel strife of dynastic parties, then she can only have such unity by welcoming with open arms every fugitive who comes honourably from the opposing camp and asks to be received."

"Very well. Then let this particular rebel have the full benefit of his logic after he has put it before a jury and before his abused king. Are we agreed?"

"On what?" demanded Hermia, her eye gazing in a kind of distracted manner about.

"That he calmly gives himself up, and then relies on his logic to save him!"

"Cecil, the gulf between us I see, widens and widens every minute. Oh, brother, you know not what you do! But so surely as you make yourself the instrument of the arrest of my husband, so surely will the curses of the bereaved widow cling to you if he comes to any harm."

"Take your own course. I will degrade myself no further by appealing to a man who is insensible alike to the ties of blood, to affection, to honour! Betraying of the unfortunate and the confiding, call in and let loose your bloodhounds. From this moment I will never exchange word or touch with you!"

Then she went to Lord Langton, and taking his hand, said—

"My dear, noble husband—dearer infinitely

to me, and a thousand times more noble in this, your adversity and danger, than while all England trembled at your name, and prepared itself for it knew not what, your victory or defeat—can you, Stephen, ever forgive me, that I debased myself, and humiliated myself—your wife—by stooping to ask for kindly and honourable consideration from so despicable and poor a creature as this?"

"Hermia," responded Lord Langton, "to clasp you thus—to listen to you thus—is to me so ravishing a bliss, that I would consciously incur all the danger over again—ay, rush into it with my eyes open—if in no other way I might reap such a harvest of happiness."

Lord Cecil gazed on them both, as if he might be hesitating, even at this last moment, to complete the work he had begun; but there was no such stuff in his thoughts, as they soon learned.

With a scowl at both their faces, Lord Cecil went to the door, threw it open, and cried, in a loud voice—

"Arrest a traitor—the so-called Lord Langton!"

Nearly a dozen armed men advanced, with a superior officer at their head, who paused and stood for a moment irresolute, on seeing Hermia clasped in her husband's arms, though obviously, his clasp was only in fond reply to the passionate hold of him she maintained.

She turned her head a little, and said—

"Sir, do your duty, whatever it be, fearlessly. And to prevent mistakes, let me say that it is my brother who sets this business on: this is my husband, who has but now returned from Rome, where he has been to renounce his allegiance, and now throws himself on the clemency of his sovereign?"

The man came forward, having a bag in his hand, from which he produced a pair of bright, shining steel handcuffs.

"For him?" And Lady Hermia pointed to her husband incredulously.

"Hermia, would I could believe I were worthy to share these manacles with some of the men who have also worn them, and to whom it has been permitted to walk this earth for its shame and redemption. Do not fear it, Hermia—they will not hurt me!"

So saying, he held out his hands with a smile—and a smile that, when it became fixed on his wife's face, calmed her, even amid the stormy and passionate heart-currents that were beating within.

"Hermia," he said, "I look for you at the earliest possible hour. You will get to me, I know that. Happily, we are no obscure unfortunates, whom mighty men like your brother might make sport of, and be no worse in their own characters and position. This business of to-day will fly far and wide. My crimes, if they are crimes, have not been done in a corner. I shall wait, darling, be sure of that, for the end of all, in a calm and assured spirit, asking nothing but that you, too, will show to the world we both alike know how to live and how to die."

He turned, and folding his arms, he said to the officer—

"It is my safety as a captive you seek by this measure, not my personal annoyance, I presume?"

"Certainly, sir," said the officer.

"Then I think it will only be creditable to His Majesty and myself if we keep this indignity unknown."

He then folded his arms so as, with the aid of his upper garment—a kind of loose over-coat—to conceal the irons, and walked straight out of the room, not even giving a single look back.

In rather undignified haste the armed troop bustled after him, and when he reached the hall he found another batch of men waiting to precede him; and so they marched off to the Thames, there to take the barge that waited to carry him on to the Tower.

#### CHAPTER VII.—THE TOWER.

Shutting his eyes to all passing sights of the river, and refusing to think just yet of the future, Lord Langton allowed himself to fall back on the happiness he had enjoyed in his brief

honeymoon of a night, and on the character of his wife, that now more than realised his utmost hopes of her.

The barge sped swiftly on, rowed by so many expert boatmen. The dangerous sterlings of the bridge were shot in safety, and presently the speed was slackened. Lord Langton was thus roused from his reverie, and beheld a low arched gateway, through which they were about to pass.

"What is the name of this gateway?" asked Lord Langton of the officer.

"It is called Traitor's Gate."

Lord Langton rose to his feet, and said in an animated tone—

"God bless King George! If any man has a right now to say that, I have, and I hope there may be among those who hear me men who will repeat to His Majesty my words, for they are honest."

The prow of the barge struck suddenly against the wide stone steps that rose upwards out of the water, and the prisoner, hampered with the irons, had nearly fallen through the impetus.

Raising his manacled arms to enable himself to recover his balance, he struck his cheek so violently with the irons as to draw blood. But he would not allow the officer to minister to him, made light of the incident, and ceased to notice it.

Presently they came to a grand-looking—but also most tragic-looking—tower, and again Lord Langton, who had never seen the Tower, while always hearing so much about it in connection with friends and victims of the Jacobite cause, asked its name.

"The Bloody Tower," responded the officer; and Lord Langton seemed to see inscribed on it the sanguinary records of the many men and women who had passed through it, never to return, except when on their way to death.

There was a crowd collected by this gateway, idlers of the Tower population—always a considerable one—women only too glad of a new excitement, with possibly a sprinkling of the friends and relations of prisoners, who had by lapse of time been permitted extra indulgences.

A curious custom of the Tower now challenged the prisoner's attention. One of the officials came forward and demanded the upper garment of the prisoner as his perquisite.

Lord Langton turned inquiringly to the officer by his side, who answered—

"Yes, it is the custom—a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance, I should say, but so it is."

Lord Langton smiled, and asked the official himself to remove the garment, a costly one, lined with the richest silk, which it was found could not be done without the previous removal of the irons.

These, however, the officer caused to be taken off, with the kindly remark—

"I hope there will be no need to put them on again."

"I hope so, too," said Lord Langton. Then, addressing the tower official who was removing his coat, he said with a smile, "Exchange is no robbery: the weather is cold; have you nothing to lend me till I repurchase this from you?"

"Oh, yes," said the personage addressed; "I will immediately provide you with something warm; the dungeons are terribly cold!"

The spectators naturally gazed with interest on this little episode.

Suddenly the group opened in obedience to the impulse of a strong moving power from behind, and there emerged from it the very lad who had been so long on the watch outside Lord Bridgeminster's house, and who, it will be remembered, had seen the figure enter the gates secretly—that figure which ultimately proved to be Lord Langton.

Except that this lad was cleaner, and exhibited no broom in token of his vocation, he appeared with one exception, exactly as he had previously appeared, at the street crossing, when he had received, on the occasion alms from Lord Langton himself.

That exception was a very large exception. The street-sweeper's face had been bright and

mated, playful, or at least, always seemed to be so; this lad's face was as dark and ominous-looking as the sun in an eclipse.

Forcing his way through the crowd, the lad now presented himself in front to the advancing party just about to pass under the archway of the Bloody Tower.

"Stand aside!" shouted out one of the armed guards to him.

The lad took no notice, but came closer and addressed Lord Langton personally.

There was something in his looks and gestures that struck every one as betokening some great overwhelming emotion, and in consequence he was tacitly permitted to take his own course.

"You know me?" he demanded, with eyes flashing like sudden bursts of flame.

"I! I do not indeed. Stay! is it possible—Clarence Harvey? Why, in mercy's name, are you disguised like this?"

"You do know me, then," said the youth, "but I want you to know me better—much better. Your sister—do you know where she is?"

"No."

"Here, in the Tower, waiting for you."

"My sister here!" responded the unhappy nobleman.

"Your friend, the mercer, where is he?" continued the youth.

"I fear, here too."

"Yes! you know that, do you? And Paul Arkdale?"

"I know nothing of him."

"Then let me tell you; he too is here. Oh! but the Tower was rich before you came, and now—"

"Farewell, Clarence," said Lord Langton, "I know not why you thus meet me, or why you speak in a tone that implies joy rather than grief."

"What! you do not yet know the essential truth that makes all the other truth so sweet?—you do not know it was I who sent the bloodhounds after your sister and her mock-father, I who watched you, hour by hour and day by day, till I saw you enter the earl's house and was caught?"

"What I feel, Clarence Harvey, it is useless to explain to you. You would not understand me; your whole nature is too hopelessly corrupted. Miserable, unhappy wretch, stand aside, leave me, I say!" and for the first time in his life was Lord Langton seen to be transported with an anger so great as to make him lose self-control.

"Leave me, and go to the fate that waits you! Betrayer of innocent men and women, know you not there is an avenger of blood behind you that will drive you on, if not to receive the reward of your crimes from an earthly tribunal, then at least to receive that bitterest of all penalties, those which are self-imposed? Stand aside, woman, abandoned of your sex, abandoned of your friends, abandoned of your Maker!"

Maria had again and again striven to interrupt him, but could not through the unusual impetuosity of his speech.

"Farewell, then, Lord Langton; but ere you go, take with you my last message to Paul Arkdale. Tell him I had forgiven his pretty idol, your sister; that I had no ill-will against his master; above all, tell him I would have served you—"

Here Maria's strength seemed suddenly to give way, and she was obliged to pause for a moment and repress the sobs and tears that came now thicker and faster.

"Yes," she went on, "I would have served you faithfully to the death—been content to have lived on bread and water—I who have habitually known every luxury. Tell him that, and say that it was not you, nor your sister, nor the good knight I wanted to strike, but him! and I have struck him! He knows now that the blood of you all rests on his head. Tell him that, and then tell him this!"

She drew a dagger from her breast, so swiftly and unexpectedly that there was no time to arrest her arm, and plunged it, with frantic violence, into her bosom.

In an instant she was lying prostrate on the ground, her blood pouring forth in a stream that reddened all the stones.

Lord Langton forgot all his anger and righteous indignation; he stooped down, raised her head on his knees, and there met her smile!

Strange to say, that smile had recovered all its old sweetness, with a new charm arising from the deadly sadness that mingled with the seeming pleasure.

"Can you forgive me?" that smile seemed to say, and presently she did manage faintly to breathe forth some such words.

I have been terribly wicked. Paul's behaviour to me—just as it is, perhaps, in other people's eyes—maddened me. I haven't been the same woman since; I have lived but in the idea of vengeance!

"Oh, dear master, do you not know what I know—that it snot on you but on myself I have called the vengeance down?"

"Oh, yes. I would give all the world, were it mine, to be able to undo the work of these last few days and weeks! Oh, that it could be undone!"

Here she wrung her hands in utter anguish of soul.

"But they cannot harm you! You saved the king's life! I thought of that—I did, indeed! Believe me—do believe me in that!"

"I do believe you, Maria, and I feel greatly relieved at your news."

"Will you ask the officer to come near me?" faintly whispered Maria.

The officer came near, and stooped to listen.

"Sir," she said, "the mercer—Sir Richard, and Paul Arkdale, and Mistress Christina are not Jacobites, any of them! They never were. It was I who concealed the stick in his private closet!"

"Quick!" called out the officer, "let her—for it seems this is a woman, not a man—let her be sworn on the Bible!"

Hurriedly ran away one of the spectators, and soon returned with the Holy Book.

Maria's eyes were fast glazing in death. She did not see the person return, and hold out the book, but when it touched her lips she seemed to revive and to understand, and she kissed it fervently, repeating—

"I swear—to—the—truth—of what—I—I—just now—said! Not—not—Jacobites—at all!"

She fainted; and, for a moment or two, they all thought she was dead. But Lord Langton, with earnest face and quivering lips, besought them to pause yet a few minutes longer, saying—

"She was the daughter of one of my father's most cherished retainers—of a man so devoted to my father, that—"

"That his daughter murders the son of the man he so loved! Ha! ha!" screamed out Maria, with terrible and despairing cries. Then one long, piercing shriek rang through the gloomy archway, and then all was silent and motionless—for a minute or more. Then the sad procession moved on, leaving behind the corpse of the spy.

#### CHAPTER CVIII.—REVELATIONS.

The night—or rather the early morning—when Lord Langton was arrested, on the information of Maria, was a busy one with certain great personages. Maria informed Lord Cecil; Lord Cecil informed his father, the Earl of Bridgeminster; and the earl informed the king.

In consequence, a cabinet council was sitting at the very time the arrest was being made; and we may observe, in passing, that Lord Cecil's position made it really impossible for him to pause, after moving in the matter at all, knowing, as he did, that at the king's very eyes were, in a sense, upon him, and the king's ears waiting for the welcome announcement—"He is in the Tower, and safe!"

And that moment—so long looked for by the king and his advisers—came at last. Lord Cecil suddenly appeared before the cabinet, heated and perspiring, and exclaimed—

"God save the king! His greatest and last enemy is in his hands!"

"You bring us welcome news, young man—Lord Cecil no more by courtesy, but the Earl of

Norwood in your own right, as son of the Duke of Bridgeminster, to whom we now finally give the sequestered estates of this rebel, in acknowledgement of his and your great services to the nation, and to my family!"

Father and son alike prostrated themselves in gratitude, and, in the enjoyment of their new dignities, forgot *Herminia*, and all the backbitings and hatreds of the Jacobite party—once their own.

"And now," continued the king, "I have but little to say beyond this—I shall esteem that man or woman my most disloyal subject who ventures to ask—or to allow others to ask, through him—for clemency towards so desperate a rebel. Fortune has put him into my hands, and I will not—no," he ejaculated, with a solemn, upward look, "I will not peril my own or my people's quiet by leaving it possible for him to raise the banner of rebellion once more."

(To be continued.)

## M. DU CHAILLU IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

Continued from page 75.

The pest of native society, and the crucial trouble of the white man who travels in Equatorial Africa, is the prevailing and degrading superstitions of the people. There seems to be no tribe and no individual superior to the belief in witchcraft. M. Du Chaillu even relates an anecdote which proves that a form of the medieval *were-wolf superstition* is a prevalent species of monomania amongst the negroes. The debasement of fetish worship is universal; and amongst other customs which the votaries of a higher civilization would consider to be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, is one of mixing with the traveller's drink scrapings from the skulls of their ancestors, in order to soften his heart, and make him prodigal of presents. We do not purpose at present to illustrate the darker points of the negro character; we prefer to extract a story, which, showing fancy and something like poetry in combination with superstition, would almost persuade us to believe that in ages less or more remote, the negro once had a system for which the term "mythology" would not be too dignified. We prefix a couple of paragraphs, which will make the reader acquainted with the accessories and the circumstances in which M. Du Chaillu had the pleasure of making acquaintance with the myth which follows almost immediately:

"I was now left with the Ashira rascals, eight in number, and with only two of my faithful Commen to aid me in keeping watch over them. We were encamped in a small open space in the loneliest and gloomiest part of the forest, on the top of a long sloping path which led into a deep valley on the *Otando* side. We were absolutely without food, and went supperless to bed, myself and my two men *Rebouka* and *Ngoma* having agreed to watch in our turns the *Ashira*, who pretended to be asleep in their *okos* on the opposite side of the road. My baggage, alas! still too large and the cause of all my troubles, lay piled up beside our camp fire in front of us.

"We whiled away the early hours of night in talking of *Quengueza* and the country by the sea-shore, or in relating and listening to legends and fables. This latter amusement was always to me a pleasant way of passing the time. The memory of the Equatorial African is well stored with parables, fables, and extravagant stories of one kind or another. Having improved my acquaintance, on the present journey, with several of the native languages, I was able to note down almost every story I heard, and thus accumulated a large collection of them. The following legend, connected probably with some natural phenomenon in one of the neighboring rivers, is a sample of these African stories:—

"*Atungulu Shimba* was a king who attained the chief authority in his village by right of succession, and built eight new houses. But *Atungulu* had sworn, that whosoever should quarrel with him he would eat him. And so it

really happened, until, finally, after eating his enemies one after the other, he was left alone in his dominions, and he then married the beautiful Arondo-ienu, daughter of a neighboring king.

"It was Atungulu's habit, after his marriage, to go daily into the forest to trap wild animals, with the Ashinga net, leaving his wife alone in the village. One day Njali, the eldest brother of Arondo-ienu—for Comimbie (King of the Air), their father, had three sons—came to take back his sister out of the clutches of Atungulu Shimba; but the king arrived unexpectedly, and ate him up. Next came the second brother, and he was also eaten. At last came Reninga, the third brother, and there was a great fight between him and Atungulu, which lasted from sunrise till midday, when Reninga was overpowered and eaten like his two brothers before him.

"Reninga, however, had a powerful fetich on him, and came out of Atungulu alive. The King, on seeing him, exclaimed, 'How have you contrived this, to come back?' He then smeared him and Arondo-ienu with *alumbi* chalk, and putting his hands together, blew a loud whistle, saying afterwards, 'Reninga, take back your sister.' He then went and threw himself into the water, to drown himself, through grief for the loss of his wife.

"Before dying, Atungulu Shimba declared that if Arondo-ienu ever married again, she would die; and the prophecy came true, for she married another man and died soon after. Her brother Reninga thereupon, through sorrow for the loss of his sister, threw himself into the water in the place where Atungulu died, and was drowned.

"At the spot where Atungulu Shimba died, a stranger sees, when he looks into the deep water the bodies of the king and Arondo-ienu side by side, and the nails of his beautiful wife, all glittering like looking-glasses. From that time, water has obtained the property of reflecting objects, and has ever since been called by the name of Arondo-ienu, and people have been able to see their own images reflected on its surface, on account of the transparency given to it by the bright nails of Arondo-ienu."

Medicine does not appear to have attained to any degree of cultivation or practice amongst the natives of Equatorial Africa. Thus, M. Du Chaillu:

"On the 22nd of April I saw a curious example of the surgical practice of the Otando people. In the stillness of the afternoon, when the heat of the vertical sun compels every one to repose, I was startled by loud screams, as though some unfortunate being was being led to death for witchcraft. On going to the place, I found a helpless woman, who was afflicted with leprosy, and suffering, besides, under an attack of lumbago, undergoing an operation for the latter disease at the hands of the Otando doctor and his assistants. They had made a number of small incisions in the back of the poor creature with a sharp-pointed knife of the country, and were rubbing into the gashes a great quantity of lime-juice mixed with pounded cayenne-pepper. The doctor was rubbing the irritating mixture into the wounds with all his might, so that it was no wonder that the poor creature was screaming with pain, and rolling herself on the ground. It is wonderful to observe the faith all these negroes have in lime-juice mixed with cayenne pepper. They use it not only as an embrocation, but also internally for dysentery, and I have often seen them drink as much as half a tumblerful of it in such cases. The pepper itself I believe to be a very useful medicine in this climate, for I have often found benefit from it when unwell and feverish, by taking an unusual quantity in my food.

"Whilst I am on the subject of native doctoring, I must relate what I saw afterwards in the course of Mayolo's illness. I knew the old chief had been regularly attended by a female doctor, and often wondered what she did to him. At length one morning I happened to go into his house when she was administering her cures, and remained, an interested spectator, to watch her operations. Mayolo was seated on a mat, submitting to all that was done with the utmost

gravity and patience. Before him was extended the skin of a wild animal (*Genetta*). The woman was engaged in rubbing his body all over with her hands, muttering all the while, in a low voice, words which I could not understand. Having continued this wholesome friction for some time, she took a piece of *alumbi* chalk and made with it a broad stripe along the middle of his chest and down each arm. This done, she chewed a quantity of some kind of roots and seeds, and, having well charged her mouth with saliva, spat upon him in different places, but aiming her heaviest shots at the parts most affected. Finally, she took a bunch of a particular kind of grass, which had been gathered when in bloom and was now dry, and, lighting it, touched with the flame the body of her patient in various places, beginning at the foot and gradually ascending to the head. I could perceive that Mayolo smarted with the pain of the burns, when the torch remained too long. When the flame was extinguished the woman applied the burnt end of the torch to her patient's body, and so the operations ended.

"It seemed to me that there was some superstition of deep significance connected with the application of fire in these Otando cures. They appeared to have great faith in the virtues of fire, and this is perhaps not far removed from fire-worship. I asked the old woman why she used this kind of remedy, and what power she attributed to fire, but her only answer was that it prevented the illness with which Mayolo had been afflicted coming again. The female doctor, I need scarcely add, had come from a distance; for it is always so in primitive Africa—the further off a doctor or witchfinder lives, the greater his reputation."

We turn from the survey of African medicine with the determination to trust for the future with greater confidence in the prescriptions of our own Galens; but an enlightened perception of the beautiful, as exhibited in the chignons of the ladies of Ishogo, must not be passed over in silence. A hint may be gleaned from the few following descriptive paragraphs; in which, perhaps, one or two things are mentioned which public opinion would scarcely sanction as proper for importation into this country:

"The men and women ornament themselves with red powder, made by rubbing two pieces of bar-wood together; but their most remarkable fashions relate to the dressing of the hair. On my arrival at Igoumbie, I had noticed how curious the head-dresses of the women were, being so unlike the fashions I had seen among any of the tribes I had visited. Although these modes are sometimes very grotesque, they are not devoid of what English ladies, with their present fashions, might consider good taste: in short, they cultivate a remarkable sort of chignons. I have remarked their different ways of hair-dressing as most prevalent among the Ishogo belles. The first is to train the hair into a tower-shaped mass elevated from eight to ten inches from the crown of the head; the hair from the forehead to the base of the tower, and also that of the back part up to the ears, being closely shaved off. In order to give shape to the tower, they make a framework, generally out of old pieces of grass cloth, and fix the hair round it. All the chignons are worked up on a frame. Another mode is to wear the tower, with two round balls of hair, on each side, above the ear. A third fashion is similar to the first, but the tower, instead of being perpendicular to the crown, is inclined obliquely from the back of the head, and the front of the head is clean shaven almost to the middle. The neck is also shorn closely up to the ears.

"The hair on these towers has a parting in the middle and on the sides, which is very neatly done. The whole structure must require years of careful training before it reaches the perfection attained by the leaders of Ishogo fashion. A really good chignon is not attained until the owner is about twenty or twenty-five years of age. It is the chief object of ambition with the young Ishogo women to possess a good well-trained and well-greased tower of hair of the kind that I describe. Some women are far better dressers of hair than others, and are much

sought for—the fixing and cleaning of the hair requiring a long day's work. The woman who desires to have her hair dressed must either pay the hair-dresser or must promise to perform the same kind of office to her neighbour in return.

"Once fixed these chignons remain for a couple of months without requiring to be re-arranged, and the mass of insect life that accumulates in them during that period is truly astonishing. However, the women make use of their large iron or ivory hairpins (which I described in 'Equatorial Africa') in the place of combs. The fashion of the "chignon" was unknown when I left Europe, so that the belles of Africa belong the credit of the invention. The women wear no ornaments in the ears, and I saw none who had their ears pierced; they are very different from the Apingis in this respect. Like the women of other tribes, they are not allowed to wear more than two denguis, or pieces of grass-cloth, by way of petticoat. This stunted clothing has a ludicrous effect in the fat dames, as the pieces do not then meet well in the middle."

M. Du Chaillu obligingly furnishes us with an inventory of the *trousseau* of a bride of Mobana, a highland town of the Ashanges:

"Mobana is a large place, with houses like those of Niembouai. Numerous bee-hives hang against the houses, or are scattered among the plantain-trees. Goats are plentiful; some of them are of great size, and very fat. These generally form part of the dowry given when a woman is married. While at Mobana, I assisted at the departure of a young woman who had been given in marriage to a man of a neighboring village. Her father was to take her there, with all the marriage outfit (*trousseau de mariage*). It consisted of eight of the plates of the country, such as I have already described; two large baskets for carrying plantains from the plantations, or calabashes full of water from the spring; a great number of calabashes; a large package of ground-nuts; a package of squash seeds; two dried legs of antelope; some fine nchandas (the name given to the denguis here), and her stool. Several members of her family carried this elaborate outfit. The bride-elect was smartly dressed; her chignon had been built up most elaborately the day before. As she left the village, the people remarked to each other, 'Her husband will see that the Mobana people do not send away their daughters with nothing?'

"Her old mother accompanied her to the end of the street, and then returned to her home, looking proud and happy at having seen her daughter go with such an outfit."

From M. Du Chaillu's chapter, entitled "Physical Geography and Climate," we extract a few particulars of much interest and considerable novelty:

"Equatorial Africa from the western coast, as far as I have been, is covered with an almost impenetrable jungle. This jungle begins where the sea ceases to beat its continual waves, and how much further this woody belt extends, further explorations alone will be able to show. From my furthest point it extended eastward as far as my eyes could reach; I may, however, say that, near the banks of a large river running from a north-east direction towards the south-west, prairie lands were to be seen, according to the accounts the Ashangos had received.

"This gigantic forest extends north and south of the Equator, varying in breadth from two to three degrees on each side of it. South of the Equator, it extended much further southerly than I have been, and on the north it reached further than I travelled in my former journey. Now and then prairies looking like islands, resembling so many gems, are found in the midst of this dark sea of everlasting foliage, and how grateful my eyes met them no one can conceive unless he has lived in such a solitude.

"Now and then prairies are seen from the sea-shore; but they do not extend far inland, and are merely sandy patches left by the sea in the progress of time.

"In this great woody wilderness man is scattered and divided into a great number of tribes.

"The forest, thinly inhabited by man, was still

more scantily inhabited by beasts. There were no beasts of burden—neither horse, camel, donkey, nor cattle. Men and women were the only carriers of burden. Beasts of burden could not live, for the country was not well adapted for them. The only truly domesticated animals were goats and fowls—the goats increasing in number as I advanced into the interior, and the fowls decreasing.

Lizards are also abundant in some districts, and it is amusing to watch how they prey on the insect world. Among them I noticed a night species, that lives in the houses, and which is the great enemy of cockroaches. They are continually moving from one place to another during the night, in search of their prey. During the day they remain perfectly still, and hide themselves between the bark of trees forming the walls of the huts.

The country is also very rich in spiders, they are of wonderful diversity of form. Some of them are so large, and their webs so strong, that birds are said to be caught in them. There are house-spiders, tree-spiders, and ground-spiders. These spiders are exceedingly useful, and rid the country of many unpleasant flies. How many times I have seen them overpower prey which seemed much stronger than themselves! The web-spiders seemed to have but a few enemies, but the house and wall-spiders, which make no web, have most inveterate enemies in the shape of two or three kinds of wasps. During the day I have seen these wasps traveling along the walls with a rapidity that astonished me, and, finally, when coming to a spider, immediately pounce upon the unfortunate insect and overpower it by the quickness of the movements of their legs, and succeed in cutting one after the other the legs of the spider close to the body, and then suck it, or fly away with it to devour it somewhere else.

Bats are very abundant, and I had succeeded in making a fine collection of them. They sometimes came by hundreds and spent the whole of the night flying round a tree which bore fruits they like, and the noise made by their wings sounded strangely amid the stillness which surrounded them.

Squirrels are rather numerous, and there are a good number of species. Birds of prey and snakes are their great enemies. In Equatorial Africa I described how I saw a snake charming a squirrel, and made the little creature come to him.

There are eight species of monkeys, but they are not all found in every district. They live in troops, but when old they live generally by themselves or in pairs. Of all the Mammalian animals inhabiting the forest the monkey tribe is the most numerous, but the poor monkey is surrounded by enemies, the greatest being man, who sets traps every where to catch him, then he is continually hunted by the negroes with guns or arrows, the guanonen, an eagle, is also his inveterate enemy.

The guanonen is a most formidable eagle, and, in spite of all my endeavors, during my former and this last journey, I have been unable to kill one. But several times I have been startled in the forest by the sudden cry of anguish of a monkey who had been seized by this leopard of the air, as the natives often call it, and then saw the bird with its prey disappear out of sight.

One day, hunting through the thick jungle, I came to a spot covered with more than one hundred skulls of monkeys of different sizes. Some of these skulls must have been those of formidable animals, and these now and then succeeded, it appears, in giving such bites to this eagle that they disabled him. For a while I thought myself in the Valley of Golgotha. Then I saw at the top of a gigantic tree, at the foot of which were the skulls, the nest of the bird, but the young had flown away. I was told by the natives that the guanonen comes and lays in the same nest year after year. When an adult specimen will be procured, it may be found to rival in size the condor of America.

By the side of wild men roamed the apes, the chimpanzee forming several varieties. These are called by the negroes the Nschiego, Nschigo Nkengo, Nschiego Mbouré, and Kooloo Kamba,

and I think hardly distinguishable from each other by their bony structure. Then came the largest of all, the gorilla, which might be truly called the king of the forest. They all roamed in this great jungle, which seems so well adapted to be their homes, for they live on the nuts, berries, and fruits of the forest, found in more or less number throughout the year, but they eat such a quantity of food that they are obliged to roam from place to place, and are found periodically in the same district.

The elephant has become scarce, and recedes farther and farther every year into the fastnesses of the interior.

Miles after miles were travelled over without hearing the sound of a bird, the clatter of a monkey, or the footstep of a gazelle, the humming of insects, the falling of a leaf, the gentle murmur of some hidden stream only came upon our ears to break the deadness of this awing silence, and disturb the grandest solitude man can ever behold—a solitude which often chilled me, but which was well adapted for the study of nature.

In his "Mission to the King of Dahome," by Captain Burton, published about two years ago, there appeared a very painful chapter on "The Negro's place in Nature," introduced by a letter to Dr. Hunt, the founder and president of the Anthropological Society. The gallant captain put forward the theories of indelible physical, mental, and moral inferiority of the Hamite to the Semitic families, and even argued for a heterogeneity of descent. He protested, with some pains and emphasis, that the exceptional cases quoted to prove equality were irrelevant, as being cases of men into whose negro blood the Semitic element had been introduced. Of the Dahomans, Captain Burton had the lowest possible opinion. The following is his eloquent and heartless summary:—"They are a mongrel race, and a bad, Cretan liars, Cretans at learning, cowardly, and therefore cruel, gamblers, and consequently, cheaters, brutal, noisy, boisterous, ungenerative, and disobedient, disease-bitten things, who deem it a duty to the gods to be drunk, a flatulent, self-conceited herd of barbarians, who endeavor to humiliate those with whom they have to deal, in fact, a slave-race—vermin, with a soul aspires."

We have no self-gratulation at appropriating the compliment implied in such a vilification of the character of the negro. We are glad to observe that the estimate of M. Du Chaillu is more discriminating, more humane, and more just. Whilst exhibiting their faults, he does not veil their virtues, nor betray any inclination to deny their claims of brotherhood. M. Du Chaillu concludes his very interesting volume by the following appeal in their favour.

As to his future capabilities, I think extreme views have prevailed among us. Some hold the opinion that the negro will never rise higher than he is, others think that he is capable of reaching the highest state of civilization. For my own part, I do not agree with either of these opinions.

I believe that the negro may become a more useful member of mankind than he is at present, that he may be raised to a higher standard, but that, if left to himself, he will soon fall back into barbarism, for we have no example to the contrary. In his own country the efforts of the missionaries for hundreds of years have had no effect, the missionary goes away and the people relapse into barbarism. Though a people may be taught the arts and sciences known by more gifted nations, unless they have the power of progression in themselves, they must inevitably relapse in the course of time into their former state.

Of all the uncivilised races of men, the negro has been found to be the most tractable and the most docile, and he possesses excellent qualities that compensate in great measure for his bad ones. We ought therefore to be kind to him and try to elevate him. That he will disappear in time from his land I have very little doubt, and that he will follow in the course of time the inferior races who have preceded him. So let us write his history."

## THE GREAT RIOT IN NEW YORK.

IN the autumn of 1848, Mr. Macready, after an interval of some years, paid another professional visit to the United States. He arrived in New York the latter part of September, and the public were notified that he would shortly appear in a round of Shakesperian characters at the Astor Place Opera House. A rumour had obtained very general circulation, that Mr. Forrest attributed the ill success he had met with in England, to the enmity of Mr. Macready, whom he believed to have exercised to his prejudice the influence he was supposed to possess with the editor of one of the leading journals of that country. Apprehensions therefore were entertained that the partisans of the American actor might offer some disturbance to the performance on the occasion of Mr. Macready's first appearance. These fears, however, proved to be groundless, for when this gentleman opened, on the 4th of October, in *Macbeth*, he was enthusiastically greeted by a crowded and fashionable audience—no attempt being made by any person in the house to offer him the slightest annoyance. At the close of the tragedy he was called before the curtain, and, after expressing his acknowledgments for the warm reception he had met with, he went on to say, that the presence of such an assemblage as the one he then addressed, was the best refutation of the calumnies of those who had asserted he was "too old and effete to embody the creations of the great dramatist."

The allusion in the latter part of this speech was, as events subsequently proved, most unfortunate. It was held to point directly at Mr. Forrest—who was reported to have expressed himself in exactly the words quoted—and was bitterly resented by his friends. No immediate notice, however, was taken of it, and, on the 25th of October, Mr. Macready closed a very successful engagement with the "Merchant of Venice." He then made an extended tour through the principal cities of the Union, and did not return to New York until the following spring.

In the meantime many of the partisans of Mr. Forrest did not hesitate to avow their determination to avenge the affront they conceived had been offered to their favourite, by driving Mr. Macready from the stage, should he again venture to perform in that city. On the 7th of May, however, he appeared once more at the Astor Place Opera House, selecting, as he had done on a previous occasion, *Macbeth* for his opening piece. Mr. Forrest, as if to challenge a direct comparison between their performances, played the same part, on the night in question, at the Broadway Theatre. Although no one was ignorant that some disturbance might be anticipated at the Opera House, the city authorities, with culpable negligence, omitted to take the necessary precautions for the preservation of order; not more than half-a-dozen policemen being on duty at the theatre. Even before the curtain rose, it was obvious from the character of a majority of the audience in the amphitheatre and parquette (pit), that they had come there bent on mischief, for, under ordinary circumstances, the prices of admission would have deterred persons of the class to which they belonged from attending that place of amusement. The play, nevertheless, was allowed to proceed with but little interruption, until the entry of Mr. Macready. His appearance was the signal for the commencement of the wildest uproar. He was assailed with the most opprobrious epithets, missiles of various kinds, including several bottles, were thrown at him, and, finally, three or four chairs were hurled upon the stage from the amphitheatre. Finding, at the expiration of a few minutes, that all his attempts to obtain a hearing were vain, and that his remaining longer on the stage would not only endanger his own life, but the lives of the other performers, Mr. Macready, who had throughout this disgraceful scene displayed the coolest courage, bowed with dignity and retired. The performances being thus brought to an abrupt conclusion, the audience quietly dispersed.

The next day several of the leading citizens of New York—feeling how deep a stain would rest upon the character of the city were an eminent foreign artist permitted to be driven permanently from the stage by a brutal mob—addressed a letter to Mr. Macready, expressive of their deep regret for the insult that had been offered him, and pledging themselves that, if he would again appear, adequate precautions should be taken to prevent a repetition of the disgraceful scenes which had characterized the previous evening. This gentleman, at the earnest solicitation of several personal friends, acceded to the request of the committee, and the following Thursday was fixed upon for the resumption of his performances. In the meantime, placards, purporting to emanate from the British residents of New York, were posted on the walls in various parts of the city. The crews of the English steamers, then lying at Jersey City, were called upon to come forward and sustain their countryman against “a clique of American ruffians,” and the whole tone of the appeal was well calculated to incense the native population against the gentleman in whose behalf it professed to have been issued. Early on Thursday morning, handbills were everywhere to be seen, calling upon native Americans to put down “this insolent attempt on the part of foreigners to dictate to them on their own soil.” It was further stated in these bills that the crews of the British steamers had threatened violence to all who “dared express their opinions at the English Aristocratic Opera House,” and working men were urged “to stand by their lawful rights.” It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to add that the “appeal to English seamen,” and the reply to it, were but an ingenious ruse on the part of those who had instigated the riot on Monday night, to inflame the populace against Mr. Macready. This was subsequently distinctly proved upon the trial of “Ned Buntline,” one of the rioters, who was shown to have been the person who gave the printer the order for both sets of handbills.

That a still more serious disturbance was threatened on the Thursday night was now no longer a matter of doubt, and to do the city authorities justice, it must be acknowledged that, on this occasion, they fully appreciated the gravity of the emergency, and made adequate preparations to preserve, so far as lay in their power, the peace of the city. On the day in question a large body of police was ordered to attend at the Opera House, and, in case this force should not be sufficient to maintain order, the Seventh Regiment New York State Militia, commanded by Colonel Duyre, and two troops of horse belonging to the eighth regiment, under the command of General Hall, together with the Hussars attached to General Morris's brigade, were held in readiness. They formed two bodies, one of which was stationed in the park, and the other at Centre Market. This force, although considerable, was not in excess of what would be necessary in case the mob were disposed to push matters to extremity, for, as will be seen, the Opera House was so situated as to be exposed to attack from more than one quarter. The block of buildings in which it stood\* forms a small right-angled triangle, the base whereof rests upon Broadway, the perpendicular upon Eighth Street, and the hypotenuse upon Astor Place. The theatre itself was situated at the junction of Astor Place and Eighth Street, and fronted on both. These streets at this point run into the Fourth Avenue, which here diverges from the Bowery, and at the place of intersection there is a large open space or square, capable of holding several thousand persons.

In anticipation of a riot, the rush for tickets was very great throughout the day, and, long before night came, there were none to be had. For some time before the doors were opened, people began to assemble in Astor Place, and the police took their stations within the building, and at the various entrances. The crowd increased every moment, and at seven o'clock, when the writer reached the theatre, the street and square

between Broadway to the Bowery were nearly filled by the mob. There was so tremendous a rush at the doors—notwithstanding a notice had been posted up that all the tickets were sold—that several of the entrances were obliged to be closed. It was with no little difficulty that those persons who were entitled to admission made their way through the throng, and some of the less adventurous abandoned the endeavour, and returned home. The police used every exertion to preserve order, and successfully resisted all attempts that were made by the mob to force an entrance. Inside, the house was well filled, but not crowded, and the amphitheatre—in which the main body of the rioters had been posted on the previous Monday—was not more than half full. The general appearance of the audience was respectable, but a noticeable feature was the almost total absence of ladies, there being but a few solitary females in the dress circle, and not one in any other part of the theatre.

It was hoped, at first, that there would be no serious attempt at disturbance, either within or without the building, yet, in order to be prepared for the worst, the windows were carefully boarded up, and the doors barricaded—precautions the utility of which was afterwards made manifest. The first two scenes of the play passed over quietly enough, but the entrance of Mr. Macready, in the third scene, was the signal for a perfect storm of cheers, groans, and hisses. The whole audience rose, and nine-tenths of it, who were friendly to Macready, cheered him enthusiastically, waving, at the same time, their hats and handkerchiefs. Many persons, however, in the parquette, second tier, and amphitheatre, hissed and groaned with equal zeal. The tumult lasted ten or fifteen minutes, when an attempt was made to restore order by a board being brought upon the stage, on which was written, “The friends of order will remain quiet.” This silenced all but the rioters, who continued to drown all sound of what was said upon the stage. Not a word of the first act could be heard by any one in the house. The policemen present did little or nothing, evidently waiting orders. Finally, in the last scene of the act, Mr. Matsell, Chief of Police, made his appearance in the parquette, and, followed by several of his men, marched directly down the aisle to the leader of the disturbance, whom he secured, after a short but violent struggle. One by one the rioters were then seized and carried out, the greater part of the audience applauding as they were borne off.

Before the second act was over, something of the play could be heard, notwithstanding the wild uproar of the mob without. Mrs. Coleman Pope, as Lady Macbeth, first obtained a little silence, which ended, however, immediately on Mr. Macready's re-appearance. That gentleman went through his part with the most perfect self-possession, paying no regard to the tumultuous scene before him. In the meantime the Chief of Police and his officers were active in their exertions to clear the parquette and amphitheatre of the few remaining rioters, and, before the close of the act, the theatre, inside, was tolerably quiet. The crowd without grew more violent each moment, and showers of stones were hurled against the windows on the Astor Place side. As one window after another was smashed, pieces of brick and stones rattled against the boards that had been placed behind them, till the Opera House resembled rather a fortress besieged by an invading army, than a place meant for the amusement of a peaceful community. Sometimes heavy stones would dash in the boards, and a number of policemen were constantly occupied in nailing up and securing these defences. The attack was sometimes directed against the theatre on the Astor Place side, and sometimes on the Eighth Street side, but seemed to be the most violent on the latter. The lobbies were so “raked” by the fire of missiles from the mob, that the only safe places were the boxes and parquette. Nor was perfect security to be found even there, for a stone, weighing some pounds, came through an upper window, struck the chandelier, scattering the glass ornaments in all directions, and then fell in the middle of the parquette, fortunately without injuring any one.

The fourth and fifth acts of the play were given in comparative quiet so far as the audience were concerned. When Mr. Macready delivered the lines:—

“I will not be afraid of death and banes  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane,”

he was loudly applauded, and also where he said,

“Our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn.”

Never, perhaps, has a play been performed under such peculiar circumstances. In the last scene there was no occasion to resort to the usual artificial means to convey to the audience the impression that Macbeth's castle was sustaining an assault, for the constant crashing and thumping of heavy stones against the windows and doors of the theatre, and the terrible yells of the crowd without, formed an accompaniment to the tragedy far surpassing in effect anything that the appliances of the stage could supply. Towards the close of the performance a violent attack was made upon one of the doors by the mob. A party of policemen, armed with their short clubs, sallied out and secured a number of the rioters, who were brought in and placed in a large room under the parquette, where those who had been arrested within the house were already confined. These men, to the number of thirty or forty, endeavoured to break out by battering down the thin partition walls of the room. They were detected in this attempt, and a strong guard placed over them. They then, in the most reckless manner, set fire to the place, hoping, in the confusion which must necessarily result, to elicit their escape. Fortunately the fire was discovered and extinguished before it had made any headway, or the consequences might have been fatal to many, and to none more so than the rioters themselves.

In the midst of the turmoil without, and the excitement within the house, (for a rumour that an attempt at incendiarism had been made soon spread among the audience) the tragedy was played out, and the curtain fell. Mr. Macready was called out and cheered, as was also Mr. Clarke, who played Macduff. The audience then began quietly to leave the house by the Eighth Street entrance. Considerable apprehensions were entertained by many of the assemblage that, on emerging into the street, they would be roughly handled by the mob, who, aware doubtless that all who had offered any disturbance to the performance had been arrested, might be disposed to ill-use those who were to be regarded as friendly to Mr. Macready. When, however, the doors were opened, everyone was surprised to find the street which, but a few minutes before, had been filled with an infuriated crowd, was now perfectly empty, and a cordon of soldiers drawn across it at either end. The audience were directed by the police to seek egress from the street at its junction with Broadway, as, in the direction of the Bowery, a dense crowd was assembled, through which it would be impossible for them to make their way. As the people obeyed the instructions given them, and hurried towards Broadway, a volley of musketry was fired on the Astor Place side of the Opera House. This, naturally enough, alarmed them considerably, for they knew not to what danger, in another moment, they themselves might be exposed. Hastily, passing, therefore through the line of soldiers, the majority of the individuals who had composed the audience rushed across Broadway, and sought safety in the side streets. Some, however, the writer among them, whose curiosity was stronger than their fears, turned round the corner into Astor Place, and were just in time to witness the *dénouement* to the tragedy that was being enacted there. But before proceeding to describe the scene which there presented itself, a brief account of what had previously transpired will be given.

The mob which, as has already been stated, began to assemble round the Opera House at an early hour of the evening, at first contented themselves with hissing or addressing insulting remarks to every well-dressed person who entered the theatre. But, soon tiring of this rather

\* The writer has used the past tense in speaking of the Opera House, as the building has, for some years, ceased to be a theatre, and is now the Mercantile Library.



insipid amusement, and growing bolder as the darkness increased, they proceeded to break the street lamps in front of the building, and to smash the windows. It happened, unfortunately, that a sewer was being opened in the Bowery, close to Astor Place; and large piles of the cobble stones used for paving the carriage-way lay ready to hand, and furnished most effective missiles to the rioters. More than one attempt was made by them to force an entrance into the Opera House; and although defeated each time, it soon became obvious, from their rapidly increasing numbers, that they must ultimately succeed in effecting their purpose, if some more effectual opposition were not offered to them than that which could be made by the police, who were altogether too few in number to guard the building on all sides. Towards nine o'clock, therefore, a messenger was sent by the Chief of Police to the officer in command of the troops stationed at Centre Market, requesting their immediate presence at the Opera House. Three squadrons of cavalry and the Seventh Regiment of infantry at once marched up Broadway to Astor Place.

The cavalry first arrived on the ground; and there can be but little doubt that had they understood their business, and been well mounted, the streets might have been cleared without shedding a single drop of blood. They consisted, however, principally of milkmen and carmen; persons belonging to those classes usually joining that arm of the service, from the circumstance that they can ride their own horses when required to parade, while other citizens would be obliged, on such occasions, to hire the animals they made use of. The troops were saluted with hisses and groans from the mob, followed—as they attempted to ride through Astor Place—by a shower of stones. Many of the men were severely hurt, and several knocked off or thrown from their horses; while those who still kept their saddles, found it was quite as much as they could do to manage the frightened animals they bestrode, without attempting to act on the offensive. In less than five minutes, in fact, they were in a hopeless state of confusion—all order and discipline lost. The officer in command, therefore, withdrew them as quickly as possible—the mob saluting them with ironical cheers as they retired. Almost immediately afterwards, however, the Seventh Regiment arrived on the spot. It numbered only three hundred men, but it enjoyed then, as since, the reputation of being the best drilled corps in the State of New York. The soldiers formed on Astor Place, and with some difficulty—for the street was densely crowded—made their way through to the Bowery, the mob slowly receding before them. They were pelted so violently with stones that the men were ordered to load with ball cartridge, in anticipation that matters might be pushed to extremity. They did so, and then passed round the theatre into Eighth Street. They formed in two lines, four deep, in front of the Opera House, and, marching in opposite directions, drove the crowd before them, with levelled bayonets, completely clearing the street. Having posted a guard at each end, the troops then marched into Astor Place, but, on account of the denseness of the crowd, were obliged to file along the side-walk. When they reached the centre of the Opera House, they formed once more in line, and endeavoured to repeat the manoeuvre they had successfully executed in Eighth Street. But the mob pressed so closely upon them that it was impossible for them to do so. They succeeded, indeed, in driving the rioters about two-thirds across the street, but assailed, in every direction, by showers of heavy stones and other missiles, which compelled them to fall back upon the pavement, where their rear was protected by the walls of the theatre. Many of the soldiers were struck down or severely injured, and were carried into the Opera House. Several shots were now fired at the troops, from revolvers and pocket pistols, by individuals in the crowd. Captain Shumway received a ball in his leg, and the cheek of General Hall was grazed by a bullet. Two of the privates were also hit, but not badly hurt, by buck-shot, with which the weapons of one of the rioters were

loaded. The volleys of stones which the mob continued to direct against the soldiers were, however, more deadly in their effect, and as man after man fell out of the ranks—some mortally wounded—the exasperation of their comrades became intense, and repeated demands were made by them for permission to fire. This was, for some time, refused; and several attempts were made by Sheriff Westervelt and Recorder Tallmadge to address the rioters, in the faint hope that they might be able to induce them to refrain from further acts of violence. It was in vain, however, that they did so, for the noise and confusion were such that their voices were scarcely audible at a distance of ten paces, and, on those who did hear them, their words made not the slightest impression. At last, after having repeatedly warned the crowd of their intentions, they most reluctantly gave the order to fire.

Some doubt was, at a later period, thrown upon the legality of the action of these officials on this occasion, the Riot Act not having been previously read. But it happened that no copy of it had been brought to the theatre; and as they very justly alleged in their defence, to have waited while a messenger was sent to the City Hall for one, would have been absurd as well as dangerous; for the men were falling so fast that the chances were that, by the time he got back, there would be scarcely a soldier left fit for duty.

The men were directed to fire in the air, and many of the balls struck the blank walls of Mr. Langdon's house opposite. The rioters, seeing no one fall, and believing that blank cartridges only had been, or would be used, were rather exasperated than terrified by this demonstration. A hoarse murmur of rage ran through the crowd, and a simultaneous rush was made upon the troops. Their peril was imminent, and again the order was given to fire, but this time as low as possible. It was at this moment that the writer, and those who accompanied him, reached the spot. The street-lamps, together with those belonging to the Opera House, had been extinguished, and the darkness was only briefly illumined by the quick scattering sheets of flame, which flashed from the muskets of the soldiers. In so dense a crowd, nearly every shot told. Several of the rioters fell dead, while many were more or less severely wounded. For an instant, however, the mass of the mob believed that blank cartridges only were still being used, and a cry of demision ran through the ranks. But they were quickly undeceived, and then, with hideous unprecations, they charged the troops, the first line of which received them with levelled bayonets, the second firing from behind. For a few minutes the contest raged furiously; showers of stones being hurled against the soldiers, who replied by firing volley after volley, as rapidly as possible. The scene was a terrible one, the wild cries of the rioters mingling with the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying. Finally, the mob, whose stock of ammunition (stones) was exhausted, fell back upon the Bowery to obtain a fresh supply. As soon as it was perceived that they were retreating, orders were given by General Landford to stop firing. But almost immediately afterwards, observing that hundreds of the crowd were engaged in arming themselves with stones, preparatory to making another attack, orders were issued to the troops to advance and clear the ground. The men were drawn up across Astor Place, and were ordered to fire obliquely in the direction of the square at the junction of the Fourth Avenue and Bowery, at which spot the mass of the rioters were congregated. They gave them one volley, and with such terrible effect, that the mob, losing all heart at last, fled tumultuously, leaving seventy-two of their companions, dead or dying, upon the ground. Of the number of the wounded, it is impossible to form anything like an accurate estimate, as the greater portion of them were carried off by their friends, but there must have been at least a hundred.

However strongly one may condemn the motives by which these men were actuated, it is impossible not to regard with some degree of admiration the courage with which, for some time,

they maintained the unequal conflict. It was not, however, this quality alone that sustained them. There is no braver people than our own; yet an English mob, under similar circumstances, would, most probably, have fled at the first volley. The causes of the unusual resolution displayed by the crowd on this occasion were twofold. In the first place, the individuals composing it were, like most Americans, accustomed to the use of firearms from early youth; and, as Cooper has observed, in one of his "Leatherstocking" tales, their familiarity with the weapon used against them had the effect of disarming it of half its terrors. In the second, they knew that the troops opposed to them were simply citizens, like themselves, and they regarded them with none of that mingled fear and respect with which in England the professional soldier is looked upon by the masses.

Soon after the crowd had dispersed, Mr. Macready quitted the theatre, and as it was considered unsafe for him to remain in the city, he left at once for New Rochelle, escorted by a party of friends. He passed the remainder of the night at that village, and the next morning started for Boston, from which port he sailed in a few days for England.

As it was conjectured that the rioters might only have retired for the purpose of procuring arms, a company of horse artillery, known as Yates's Battery, was sent up to Astor Place, and several field-pieces, loaded with grape and canister, were placed in front of the Opera House. No further attack, however, was made that night upon it. The next day, the Mayor issued a proclamation. It called upon all good citizens to assist in preserving the peace, by abstaining from assembling in large bodies in any part of the city, and especially in the vicinity of the Opera House. It warned, also, the badly disposed that the whole military force of the city would be called in requisition, if necessary, to maintain order.

Notwithstanding this edict, public meetings were held in the Park, at which the proceedings of the authorities the previous evening were vehemently denounced; and the people were urged, in excited language, to avenge their slaughtered fellow-citizens. One of the speakers—a notorious character of the name of Rhyniders president of a band of ruffians known as the Empire Club—after stigmatising the Sheriff and Recorder as murderers, and indulging in the most virulent abuse of the gentlemen who had signed the letter to Mr. Macready, wound up by advising those whom he addressed not to burn down the Opera House.

This hint was quite sufficient, and towards night a large crowd had again collected in the vicinity of the theatre. They found, however, every avenue leading to it strongly guarded. Astor Place and Eighth Street were occupied by several regiments of the State Militia, and loaded cannon planted at either end. The attitude of the populace was most menacing, and several times a collision appeared imminent between them and the troops. Stones began to be thrown, as on the night before; but the officer in command warned the mob that they need not expect that a similar forbearance would be exercised on this occasion; and that, if they did not at once desist, he would open upon them with both artillery and musketry. This warning had its legitimate effect, and the crowd contented itself with indulging in those terms of abuse in which the vocabulary of the lower orders is so rich. Finally, towards midnight the mob dispersed. The next evening the assemblage was a much smaller one; and although a guard was maintained at the Opera House for the next three or four days, it was soon obvious that no serious apprehensions need be entertained of any further disturbance. Thus ended the most serious riot that has ever occurred in New York; and it may be added, that to the firmness displayed by the authorities on that occasion may be attributed the subsequent exemption of the city from the disgraceful scenes that have been enacted, at various times, in Philadelphia, Baltimore, New Orleans, and other large towns of the United States.

# The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING APRIL 13, 1867.

**TWO BRITISH AMERICAN AU-**  
THORS. The Publisher of the SATURDAY READER offers a prize of TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS for an original CANADIAN STORY—to run through from 20 to 28 numbers of the READER. A Committee to be hereafter named, will be appointed, to whom all MSS. received will be submitted. MSS. may be forwarded to the Publisher of the SATURDAY READER, Box 401, Post Office, Montreal, up to the 25th June next. For further particulars, please address Editor SATURDAY READER.

R. WORTHINGTON, Publisher

## OLD POLITICAL SQUIBS.

WE lately had occasion to examine a number of old newspapers, dating from 1825 to 1845, and became a good deal interested in their contents. The animosities and passions called forth by the Confederation of British North America, just happily accomplished, and the Fenian raids, have been exhibited, it is true, in no very gentle form: but they are as nothing when compared with the excitement that preceded and followed the rebellion of 1837-38, and the subsequent Union of the Canadas, which was the consequence of that outbreak. Yet the newspaper press of those long-past days displayed no small amount of vigour and talent, in spite of the intolerance and abuse in which all parties so largely indulged. Mr. Charles Buller, M. Gibbon Wakefield, Mr. Stewart Derbishire, and other able writers, are known to have contributed to the columns of the Provincial papers; and the influence of their contributions is perceptible in the marked improvement of the effusions of our native scribes. But the reproduction of these articles would be out of place, so we will not inflict them upon our readers. We are, however, tempted to copy a couple of political squibs, as being characteristic of the time and the events of twenty and thirty years ago, and to show how party warfare was conducted in those days. The first is a Canadian paraphrase of one of Beranger's famous lyrics, and its chief value is the closeness with which the French poet's ideas are adapted to local incidents. The Canadian "Monsieur Judas" was a leading politician and newspaper editor, who had been for many years one of the chief pillars of the Liberal party; but who seceded from them when they contemplated a recourse to force, which he opposed as strongly as he had formerly advocated peaceful reforms. The verse-writer treats him with injustice; but that is a matter of course in such cases. The facts referred to are the military government of Sir John Colborne, the trial of those engaged in the rebellion by court martial, and the removal from the bench of certain judges who had granted writs of *Habeas Corpus* to persons accused of treasonable practices. We may remark that the refrain of Beranger's song is in these words: "*J'ai-pretz j'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.*"

### MONSIEUR JUDAS.

IMITATED FROM BERANGER.

Att: *Monsieur Judas est un drole.*  
Old Judas he has been all things,  
A Democrat, a Whig, a Tory,  
Now praising Governors and Kings,  
Now chanting a Republic's glory;  
Yet is it Judas' proudest claim  
That he always is the same:  
Speak low,  
Speak low;  
Hereabouts I have seen Judas,  
I've seen Judas, I've seen Judas.  
Always this journalist profound  
Is preaching of morality,  
And often, too, does he abound  
In strains of liberality;  
But if you blame Sir John's misrule,  
Or prove that Ogden is a fool,  
Speak low,  
Speak low, &c.

Should you mourn o'er rights invaded,  
Rabel, traitor! Judas cries;  
Though our Courts have been degraded,  
All seems well in Judas' eyes;  
Yet was he—not so long ago—  
The friend and flag of Papineau.  
Speak low,  
Speak low, &c.

When boy-soldiers fill the Bench,  
Judging rebels by wholesale,  
(The sufferers are only French,)  
Jack's a Diansfield, Tom's a Halo;  
Nay, Judas vows the compact band  
Is the blessing of the land.  
Speak low,  
Speak low, &c.

Judas ne'er doubts, whoever may,  
The infallibility of might,  
And pleased with Ogden's Turkish sway,  
Maintains whatever is, is right.  
Of has he, too, the praises rung  
Of the small despot, Fouché young.  
Speak low,  
Speak low, &c.

When martinet, with lawless force,  
Chased Dame Justice from her throne,  
Our clever Judas proved, in course,  
That Justice should be blamed alone,  
If you, who love old England's laws,  
Should name our Judges with applause,  
Speak low,  
Speak low;

Hereabouts I have seen Judas,  
Here comes Judas, here comes Judas.

These lines appeared in a paper owned and edited by a distinguished lawyer now on the bench. The circumstances explanatory of our next specimen are these: The French Canadians were violently opposed to the Union of the Provinces, in accomplishing which they had no voice; the legislature of the Lower Province having been abolished in consequence of the troubles of 1837 and 1838. They, at first, threatened to send no members to the United Parliament; but that policy was changed under the advice and guidance of Mr. Lafontaine. Their opponents, however, insisted that the real cause of their holding back was that the Union Act provided no remuneration for members of either house, who had to pay their own expenses. Be that as it may, it is true that in many Lower Canada counties there were no candidates forthcoming, and a well-known Quebec notary was supposed to be a sort of general agent for the manufacture of members of parliament. The Hon. John Nelson was the leader of the anti-Union party. There was also much excitement about the sleigh ordinance:

### BY CLACKGANDER NOTARY.

AUCTION EXTRAORDINARY!

*The County of Bray for Sale!!*

A county for sale—a county for sale—  
Then listen, good folk, while the facts I detail:  
Our late worthy member is a need to seek rest  
By a common, but grievous complaint in the chest,  
And our high-soul'd electors who tearfully moan  
At once o'er their country's disgrace and their own;  
While they curse the vile despots that seek to enslave her,

They cannot, poor men, spare a penny to save her;  
Their hands in the blood of her tyrants they'd wash,  
They can die for their country, but can't give their cash.

They have good men in scores who would serve her for pay,

But who view the expense with disgust and dismay,  
So they offer for sale the grand County of Bray.  
The terms shall be easy, for all men agree  
Who represents freemen, himself shall be free;  
But their member must always say ditto to Nelson,  
And get back the cachoes—they insist nothing else on.

Be he Tory or Radical, of this or that hue,  
(Pagan, or Turk, or Christian, or Jew,  
The freemen of Bray will bid him all-hail,  
(Provided he pays down the price on the nail)—  
A county for sale—a county for sale.  
Come, give me an offer—ono shilling; why, burn yo,

I was offered five dollars by Blab the Attorney.  
One shilling—two shillings—a dollar; who bid it?  
'Tis you, Mr. Lookpelf; but mind, there's no credit  
Of patriot spirit I fear there's a want.  
One dollar! What, is there no virtue extant?  
The chance is a rare one, so don't let it slip;  
You would make a good parliament-man, Mr. Snip;  
Mr. Brainless, you'd shine in our senator's ranks.  
'Tis going—five dollars—a million of 'hanks.  
'Tis going—'tis going—I can't longer stay;  
'Tis gone—Mr. Brainless is member for Bray'  
The people are proud of the man they selected,  
So consider yourself, sir, as duly elected.

It is a familiar saying, that if one were permitted to make a nation's ballads, he need not care who made its laws, and certainly we often learn more of the real feelings and sentiments of a former age from such ephemeral productions as the above than we can gather from the laboured arguments of partisan writers and the narrations of historians, who so frequently are too exclusively national to be impartial or just. We take trifles like these for what they are worth; but they generally indicate the tone and direction of public opinion at the period when they appeared.

## THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

NOW that we are entering on an untried career of political life in this country, it is necessary that we should all give a glance at the prospect that is before us. The Imperial Legislature has given a new constitution to these North Provinces; but it is, in fact, the work of our own hands, and the British Parliament and Government have merely impressed it with the stamp of legality. They have, in short, given sanction to the Quebec scheme of Confederation, with scarcely an alteration; acting on the principle that the people of the Provinces were the best judges of their own affairs, wishes and wants, and best understood what institution and form of government it would suit them to live under. That they have done so may be the wisest policy on their part, and we certainly have no right to complain of it.

To render the few remarks we have to offer intelligible to some, at least, of our readers, we shall recapitulate some of the leading features of the Act of Union. The general Government is to consist of a Governor-General; a Senate, the members being appointed for life by the crown in equal proportions from Upper Canada (Ontario), Lower Canada (Quebec), and the Maritime Provinces; a House of Commons, the members of which are to be elected by the people, on the basis of population. The Governor-Generalship is of course, as heretofore, an Imperial appointment. Ontario is to have a Lieutenant-Governor, appointed by the Governor-General in council, an Executive Council and an elected Legislative House of Assembly; Quebec the same with the addition of a Senate, the members of which are to be appointed by the Governor-General for life. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are to retain their present names and form of Government, with Lieutenant-Governors named as for Ontario and Quebec. There are numerous provisions and details which we shall not attempt to describe.

It were useless to criticise this important measure; it has become an accomplished fact, and we must accept it with all its imperfections, if such there be, on its head. It must be admitted, however, that considering the materials they had to operate upon, its framers have performed their work with no ordinary ability. Many improvements can gradually be effected by the local legislatures, and our past experience in the case of the Upper and Lower Canada union act, ought to assure us that the British Parliament will readily agree to make any changes which may hereafter be deemed desirable, and for which its consent is necessary. We confess, indeed, that we apprehend great danger from the composition of the Federal Senate, which appears to us little better than a trap for future mischief. By confining its members to a fixed number, with

the slovenly expedient of adding six more under certain circumstances, a collision between the two branches of the Legislature might lead to the most disastrous consequences, and from which no mode of escape is provided. There was, it seems to us, one method, at least, of avoiding this difficulty, and we regret that it was not adopted. In the event of disagreement between the Senate and the Commons, the Governor-General might have been empowered to call a conference of the two houses, and the question would be decided by a joint vote—a majority of two-thirds being required to pass the measure, if considered advisable, though a simple majority is usually preferable. However, it is too late to complain of this or any other matter. We have got Confederation, and it is the duty of every good subject and citizen to aid in procuring as much good for the country out of it, as it is capable of conferring.

We may as well observe that the material alterations in the Act of Confederation, as it passed, from the Quebec resolutions, consisted of granting to the Governor-General the right to add three or six members to the Federal Senate, and depriving the Lieutenant-Governors of the power to pardon convicted criminals. There were other changes but they were confined to matters of form.

## REVIEWS.

**THE CLAVERING'S.** A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. With illustrations. New York: Harper Brothers, publishers. Montreal: R. Worthington.

Few authors, who have written a large number of novels, all bearing a strong family likeness to one another, have been so uniformly well received as Anthony Trollope. The announcement that a new story by him is about to make its appearance (and really a new story by him seems always making its appearance) never fails to stimulate the jaded appetite of the professed novel-reader, and it is fair to add that the report which Mr. Trollope provides is generally of a satisfying nature. He makes no attempt to furnish a *recherché* banquet of uncommon delicacies. The food that he offers is for the most part plain; but it is cooked in so artistic a manner, and set before us with such familiar hospitality, that few are disposed, when the feast is finished, to say an unkind word of the host. One only of his entertainments ever proved a signal failure; but even his most devoted admirers confess with pain that the "*Adventures of Brown, Jones and Robinson*" were excessively hard of digestion.

His last work, "*The Claverings*," has for many months proved the *pièce de résistance* of the *Cornhill Magazine*. It resembles in its composition all his other novels, which is tantamount to saying, that, considering the paucity of incidents, there is a fascinating interest about the whole story; that the writer displays much keen observation of the minutest details of character and manners, and that the conversations between the different personages of the drama are, with a few exceptions, inimitably true to nature.

The kernel of the story of course lies in a nutshell. Harry Clavering, the hero of the book, is the only son of a well-connected but not over wealthy rector. After gaining a Fellowship at his college in Cambridge, he is elected to a mastership in one of the great public schools. During his career at college he had formed a sort of engagement with Julia Brabazon, the daughter of a needy peer, whose title had lapsed on his death, when about four hundred a-year was divided between his two daughters, one of whom was married to Sir Hugh Clavering, a cousin of Harry's. Julia, a beautiful and ambitious girl, then considered (to quote her own words) that "she had no choice left but to marry well, or go out like the snuff of a candle." In strict accordance with these views, she jilts Harry (whose fondness she appreciates, though she abominates his poverty), and marries Lord

Ungar, a wealthy and prematurely aged peer of thirty-six, with a broken constitution, and an irrepressible tendency to strong potations which do not agree with his weak *physique*. Harry then makes up his mind to go into an open profession, quits the school, and, with the view of becoming a civil engineer, enters himself as a pupil of Mr. Burton, of the great firm of Reilly and Burton. Time heals the wounds of the disconsolate lover's heart, and, within fifteen months of his adored Julia's marriage, our hero is engaged to Florence Burton (the engineer's daughter), who is unpoetically described as "short of stature, brown, meagre, and poor-looking." It would scarcely be fair to divulge the details of the story. Suffice it to say that Lord Ungar very speedily drank himself to death at Florence, and that his fascinating widow immediately returned to England. Here, owing to the force of circumstances, Harry Clavering, now pledged to Florence, renewed not unwillingly his former intimacy with Julia; and never surely, in fiction or in reality, was a poor, vacillating boy in such perplexity as to how to extricate himself from the difficulties in which he becomes involved. Mr. Trollope, of course, finally *does* extricate him, though, we are half inclined to think, not exactly as some readers would wish.

Some of the minor characters, such as Count Pateroff and his sister, "the Russian Spy," are unnatural, or, at any rate, highly coloured sketches; and we may remark also of Archie Clavering and his friend, Captain Boodle, that, judging especially from chapter xxxix., they are caricatures, rather than characters. Mr. Saul, the curate, will assuredly not please most ladies, though by some mysterious process he managed to charm Harry's sister, Fanny; and we hope, for the sake of married women, that husbands as harsh and selfish as Sir Hugh are not everyday realities.

**ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBOURHOOD.** By GEO. MACDONALD, M.A., author of "David Elginbrod" &c. &c. New York: Harper Brothers, publishers. Montreal: R. Worthington.

It would require a lengthy article to do anything like justice to the great merits of the above mentioned volume. Originally published in the "Sunday Magazine," edited by Dr. Guthrie, it there so won the hearts of all readers, that its republication was imperatively called for. A highly laudatory criticism of it may be found in the "Saturday Review" of October 20, 1866, from which we extract the following remarks in preference to penning any original notice of the book: "The air which pervades these annals is something like that which we recognize on a pleasant Sunday afternoon in autumn. All around seems peaceful and still, the ordinary pursuits and struggles of man appear suspended for a while, the very landscape looks as if it slumbered, the cattle scarcely take the trouble to graze, and one fancies that the birds wing their way slowly through the air. So in reading these annals we seem to feel a sense of tranquil repose, as we wander through scenes which are coloured in a subdued tone, and deal with persons who, for the most part, pass their existence in a kind of dreary mediocrity, secluded from the active life of the outer world. Mr. Macdonald is a true poet, and many of the scenes which he has painted are very beautiful in themselves, besides being thoroughly in keeping with the characters with which he peoples them. Some of these characters are pleasantly sketched, testifying, by the purity of their outline and the harmony of their colouring, to the refinement of the mind of the artist who drew them."

A reviewer in the "Pall-Mall Gazette" writes: "Whoever reads the book once will read it many times, and never without making the reflection that in no living writer is the presence of 'the consecration' and 'the gleam' so uniformly apparent as in Mr. Macdonald." This assuredly is the very highest praise, and the reader of this volume, who can rise from it without feeling better in his heart, and warmer in all his sympathies with humanity, is, we think, by no means to be envied.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

It is said that the Queen is preparing a work for the press, illustrated by plates of her own execution.

Dr. Curtius's "History of Greece to the Peloponnesian War," translated by Mr. Ward, of St. Peter's, Cambridge, will soon be ready for publication.

It is proposed to present a sum of 400,000 francs as a national testimonial to M. de Lamartine. The proposal owes its origin to the Emperor, and the Council of State has adopted the Bill presented by the Government.

New novels are about to run simultaneously in *Temple Bar*; one by Mrs. Edwards, "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," and one that has not yet received a name, by Mr. Lefanu. These will be followed by a novel from the pen of Mr. Edmund Yates.

The dean of Chichester has his fifth volume of the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury" in the press. It is said that the character of Cranmer is treated with very bold originality and independent judgment in this volume.

Archbishop Manning has written an essay on Rationalism in England, which will form the introduction to the edition the Archbishop has been superintending of the Charge lately delivered by the Bishop of Orleans on Atheism and the Social Perils attending it. This work will be published by Mr. Bentley.

A Russian general of artillery (says a contemporary) has just died, after having deposited in the Bank of St. Petersburg a sum of £8,000, to remain at interest until the year 1925, the anniversary of the death of the Emperor Alexander I., and then to be given to the author of the best history of that Sovereign. The sum will amount to £334,000.

According to a recent official publication, it appears that during the last fifteen years, 338 *arrestissements* were inflicted on French journals, 27 suspensions were pronounced, and 12 newspapers were suppressed. The maximum penalties occurred in 1852, when 86 newspapers suffered, and the minimum in 1856, when only 10 came under the censure of government.

The companion of Buckle on his last tour, the friend who gave to the public the account of the historian's last moments, Mr. John J. Stuart Glennie, is about to publish a volume of mixed epic and rhymed verse as an introduction to a proposed series of plays on the Arthur Legends. The central play is *The Quest of the Holy Grail*, as a symbol of the search for the reconciliation between the claims of Reason and Faith, Thought and Belief, things with some differences between them now.

"HESBA STRETTON."—One of the stories in Dickens' "Mugby Junction," the Christmas number of "All the Year Round," was "The Travelling Post Office," and Hesba Stretton was given as its author's name. It appears that this is a mere literary pseudonym, assumed by Miss Hannah Smith, daughter of Mr. Smith, late Postmaster of and now printer in the town of Wellington, Shropshire. This young lady has contributed for some years to "All the Year Round," and has lately published a novel entitled "The Clives of Hurcot," which has been very favourably spoken of by the London reviewers.

The *Bookseller* publishes an article on "The Literature of Vice"—the penny and halfpenny romances of murder, robbery, seduction, and adultery—in which we find some curious details. Thus we read:—"As to the rate of remuneration received by the writers of these stories, we understand that two guineas for a sheet of eight pages is considered good payment, while in some few cases more are to be found who can provide enough writing to fill eight pages of close print, each number warranted to contain at least one murder, fire, shipwreck, or seduction for fifteen shillings! On the other hand, two or three of the writers of these sensation stories are likewise their proprietors; and considerable sums are said to have been yearly netted from their sale in penny numbers."

## THE TICK OF THE CLOCK.

I

Every tick of the clock  
Beckons us to depart,  
Robs us of life and youth,  
And pushes us to the grave.  
On, without ceasing, on!  
Pushes us to the grave,  
Over a yawning chasm  
No wider than a hair,  
But never to be repass'd  
By foot of mortal man  
Or slight of an angel's wings—  
Pushes us on, in light or gloom,  
On, on for ever, to the world beyond the tomb.

II

Every tick of the clock  
Is a greeting of the Past,  
To the Future newly born,  
A farewell of To-day—  
To the Past that is no more;  
A universe of Time,  
Containing in itself  
Yesterday as its germ,  
To-day in its perfect flower  
To-morrow as its fruit;  
But neither of them ours,  
Except to draw a breath  
On the mournful and weary road that leadeth us down  
to death.

III

Every tick of the clock  
Makes a notch in the doom of kings  
And of empire's hoary grey  
With the dust of a thousand years,  
And proud with the pride of strength  
That has borne a thousand shocks,  
And thinks, in its high conceit,  
That in a world of change  
No change can trouble its rest,  
Or shake it to the dust,  
And tells, with dull monotonous sound,  
That empires fade like men, and cease to cumber the  
ground.

IV

'Twas but the tick of a clock  
That sent Assyria down,  
A wreck on the billowy times  
That shook out Egypt's pride,  
As the winnower shakes the chaff,  
That jostled imperial Rome  
Out of her haughty seat,  
And spill'd the wine of her power  
Like rain-drops in the dust,  
That crumpled Byzantium up  
Like a straw in a strong man's hand,  
And that yet shall a thousand thrones  
Build high to reproving Heaven, on mounds of human  
bones.

V

'Twill be but a tick of the clock,  
O Britain! land supreme,  
When thou art rotten and ripe,  
Shall nestle thee to the earth,  
That shall prick the bubble of Franco  
As with Ithuriel's spear,  
And that yet in this striding time,  
Young giant of the West,  
So insolent in thy strength  
And thy ignorance of the past,  
Shall rip thee into shreds,  
And parcel out thy wide domain  
Mid a hundred chiefs, and conquerors, to rob, and rule  
and reign.

VI

Oh mournful tick of the clock,  
Sounding, though none may heed,  
The knell of all that live,  
And ringing the bridal chime  
Of the Future with the Past.  
Be thou for ever my friend,  
And I, though I toll and moil,  
Shall be greater and happier far  
Than Caesar on his throne,  
And fear nor Life nor Death,  
Content when thy summons comes,  
To doff the perishing garb of clay,  
And soar on wings of the morning light to the noon of  
another day.

## BIRDS OF PREY.

Book the Third.

## HEAPING UP RICHES

Continued from page 72.

The ice had been broken by that discussion as to rain or no rain; and Miss Halliday and Mr. Hawkhurst talked pleasantly for some time, while Diana still walked silently by her friend's side, only speaking when compelled to do so. The strangeness of her manner would have been observed by any one not utterly absorbed by that sublime egotism called love; but Valentine and Charlotte were so absorbed, and had no idea that Miss Paget was anything but the most delightful and amusing of companions.

They had taken more than one turn in the broad avenue, when Charlotte asked Mr. Hawkhurst some question about a piece which was speedily to be played at one of the theatres.

"I do so much want to see this new French actress," she said. "Do you think there is any possibility of obtaining orders, Mr. Hawkhurst? You know what a dislike Mr. Sheldon has to paying for admission to a theatre, and my pocket-money was exhausted three weeks ago, or I wouldn't think of giving you any trouble about it."

Philosophers have observed that in the life of the plainest woman there is one inspired moment in which she becomes beautiful. Perhaps it is when she is asking a favour of some masculine victim—for women have a knack of looking their prettiest on such occasions. Charlotte Halliday's pleading glance and insinuating tone were irresistible. Valentine would have given a lien on every shilling of his three thousand pounds rather than disappoint her, if gold could purchase the thing she craved. It happened fortunately that his occasional connection with newspapers made it tolerably easy for him to obtain free admission to theatres.

"Do not speak of the trouble, there will be no trouble. The orders shall be sent you Miss Halliday."

"O, thanks; a thousand thanks! Would it be possible to get a box, and for us all to go together?" asked the fair encroacher, "mamma is so fond of the theatre. She used to go often with poor papa, at York and in London. And you are such an excellent critic, Mr. Hawkhurst, and it would be so nice to have you with us; wouldn't it, Di? You know what a good critic Mr. Hawkhurst is?"

"Yes," answered Diana, "we used to go to theatres together very often."

This was a cry of anguish wrung from a bleeding heart, but to the two absorbed egotists it seemed the simplest of casual observations.

"Do you think you could manage to get a box, Mr. Hawkhurst?" asked the irresistible enslaver, putting her head on one side, in a manner which, for the protection of weak mankind, should be made penal.

"I will try my uttermost," answered Valentine.

"O, then, I'm sure you will succeed. And we shall be amused by your deliciously bitter criticisms between the acts. One would think you had studied under Douglas Jerrold."

"You do me too much honour. But before the new piece is produced I shall have left London, and shall not have the pleasure of accompanying you to the theatre."

"You are going to leave London?"

"Yes, to-morrow."

"So soon!" cried Charlotte with undisguised regret; "and for a long time, I suppose?" she added very mournfully.

Miss Paget gave a little start, and a feverish flush lit up her face for one brief moment.

"I am glad he is going," she thought; "I am very glad he is going."

"Yes," said Valentine, in reply to Charlotte's inquiry, "I am likely to be away for a considerable time; indeed my plans are at present so vague, that I cannot tell when I may come back to town."

He could not resist the temptation to speak of his absence as if it were likely to be the affair

of a lifetime. He could not refrain from the delight of sounding the pure depths of that innocent young heart. But when the tender gray eyes looked at him, so sweet in their sudden sadness, his heart melted, and he could trifle with their unconscious love no longer.

"I am going away on a matter of business," he said, "which may or may not occupy some time; but I don't suppose I shall be many weeks away from London."

Charlotte gave a little sigh of relief.

"And are you going very far?" she asked.

"Some distance; yes—a hundred and fifty miles or so," Valentine answered very lamely. It had been an easy thing to invent an ancient aunt Sarah for the mystification of the astute Horatio; but Valentine Hawkhurst could not bring himself to tell Charlotte Halliday a deliberate falsehood. The girl looked at him wonderingly, as he gave that hesitating answer to her question. She was at a loss to understand why he did not tell her the place to which he was going, and the nature of the business that took him away.

She was very sorry that he was going to disappear out of her life for a time so uncertain, that while on the one hand it might be only a few weeks, it might on the other hand be for ever. The life of a young English damsel, in a prim villa at Bayswater, with a very commonplace mother and a practical stockbroking stepfather, is rather a narrow kind of existence; and to such a damsel the stranger whose hand lifts the curtain that shrouds new and brighter worlds is apt to become a very important personage, especially when the stranger happens to be young and handsome, and invested with that dash of Bohemianism which to artless and sentimental girlhood has such a flavour of romance.

Charlotte was very silent as she retraced her steps along the broad gravel-walk. As they drew near the Bayswater-gate she looked at her watch. It was nearly one o'clock, and she had promised Mrs. Sheldon to be home at one for luncheon, and afterwards shopping.

"I'm afraid we must hurry home, Di," she said.

"I am quite ready to go," answered Miss Paget promptly. "Good-bye, Valentine."

"Good-bye, Diana, good-bye, Miss Halliday."

Mr. Hawkhurst shook hands with both young ladies, but shaking hands with Charlotte was a very slow process compared to the same performance with Diana.

"Good-bye," he repeated in a lingering tone; and then, after standing for some moments silent and irresolute, with his hat in his hand, he put it on suddenly and hurried away.

The two girls had walked a few steps towards the gate when Charlotte stopped before a stony-looking alcove, which happened at this nursery-dinner-hour to be empty.

"I'm so tired, Di," she said, and went into the alcove, where she sat down to rest. She had a little veil attached to her turban hat—a little veil which she now drew over her face. The tears gathered slowly in her eyes and fell through that flimsy morsel of lace with which she would fain have hidden her childish sorrow. The tears gathered and fell on her lap as she sat in silence, pretending not to cry. This much rain at least was there to justify her prediction, uttered in such foolish gaiety of heart half an hour before.

Miss Halliday's eyes were undimmed by tears when she went back to the gothic villa; but she had a feeling that some great sorrow had come upon her—a vague idea that the last lingering warmth and brightness of summer had faded all in a moment, and that chill gray winter had closed in upon Bayswater without any autumnal interval. What was it that she had lost? Only the occasional society of a young man with a handsome pale face, a little haggard and wan from the effect of dissipated habits and a previous acquaintance with care and difficulty—only the society of a penniless Bohemian who had a certain disreputable cleverness and a dash of gloomy sentimentality, which the school-girl mistook for genius. But then he was the first man whose eyes had ever softened with a

mysterious tenderness as they looked at her—the first whose voice had grown familiar when it syllabled her name.

There was some allusion to Mr. Hawkehurst's departure in the course of dinner, and Philip Sheldon expressed some surprise.

"Going to leave town?" he said.

"Yes, papa," Charlotte answered, "he is going a long way into the country,—a hundred-and-fifty miles," he said.

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"No," he seemed unwilling to mention the place. He only said something about a hundred-and-fifty miles.

#### CHAPTER IX.—MR. SHELDON ON THE WATCH.

Mr. Sheldon had occasion to see Captain Paget early the following day, and questioned him closely about his protégé's movements. He had found Valentine a very useful tool in sundry intricate transactions of the commercial kind, and he expected his tools to be ready for his service. He was therefore considerably annoyed by Valentine's abrupt departure.

"I think young Hawkehurst might have told me he was going out of town," he said. "What the deuce has taken him off in such a hurry?"

"He is going to see some mysterious old aunt at Dorking, from whom he seems to expect money," the Captain answered carelessly. "I daresay I can do what you want, Sheldon."

"Very likely. But how comes that young fellow to have an aunt at Dorking? I fancy I've heard him say he was without a relative or a friend in the world—always excepting yourself."

"The aunt may be another exception, some poor old soul that he's half ashamed to own, I daresay—the inmate of an almshouse, perhaps. Val's expectations may be limited to a few pounds hoarded in a china teapot."

"I should have thought Hawkehurst the last man in the world to care about looking after that sort of thing. I could have given him plenty to do if he had stopped in town. He and my brother George are uncommonly intimate, by the bye," added Mr. Sheldon meditatively. It was his habit to be rather distrustful of his brother and of all his brother's acquaintance. "I suppose you can give me Hawkehurst's address, in case I should want to write to him?" he said.

"He told me to send my letters to the post-office, Dorking," answered the Captain, "which really looks as if the aunt's residence were something in the way of an almshouse."

No more was said about Valentine's departure. Captain Paget concluded his business with his patron and departed, leaving the stockbroker leaning forward upon his desk in a thoughtful attitude and scribbling purposeless figures upon his blotting-paper.

"There's something queer in this young man running away from town; there's some mystification *somewhere*," he thought. "He has not gone to Dorking, or he would scarcely have told Lotta that he was going a hundred-and-fifty miles from town. He would be likely to be taken off his guard by her questions, and would tell the truth. I wonder whether Paget is in the secret. His manner seemed open enough; but that sort of man can pretend anything. I've noticed that he and George have been very confidential lately. I wonder whether there's any underhand game on the cards between those two."

The game of which Mr. Sheldon thought as he leant over his blotting-paper was a very different kind of game from that which really occupied the attention of George and his friend.

"I'll go to his lodgings at once," he said to himself by and by, rising and putting on his hat quickly in his eagerness to act upon his resolution. "I'll see if he really has left town."

The stockbroker hailed the first empty hansom to be seen in the crowded thoroughfare from which his shady court diverged. In less than an hour he alighted before the door of the house in which Captain Paget lodged.

"Is Mr. Hawkehurst in?" he asked of the girl who admitted him.

"No, sir; he's just left to go into the country.

He hasn't been gone ten minutes. You might almost have met him."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"I heard say it was Dorking, sir."

"Ha! I should like to have seen him before he went. Did he take much luggage?"

"One portmanteau, sir."

"I suppose you didn't notice where he told the man to drive?"

"Yes, sir, it was Boston-square."

"Ah, Boston-square. I'll go there, then, on the chance of catching him," said Mr. Sheldon. He bestowed a donation upon the domestic, reentered his hansom, and told the man to drive to Easton-square "like a shot."

"So! His destination is Dorking, and he goes from Easton-square!" muttered Mr. Sheldon in sombre meditation, as the hansom rattled and rushed and joggled and jolted over the stones. "There's something under the cards here."

Arrived at the great terminus, the stockbroker made his way to the down platform. There was a lull in the day's traffic, and only a few listless wretches lounging disconsolately here and there, with eyes ever and anon lifted to the clock. Amongst these there was no Valentine Hawkehurst.

Mr. Sheldon peered into all the waiting-rooms, and surveyed the refreshment-counter, but there was still no sign of the man he sought. He went back to the ticket-office, but here again all was desolate, the shutters of the pigeon-holes hermetically closed, and no vestige of Valentine Hawkehurst.

The stockbroker was disappointed, but not defeated. He returned to the platform, looked about him for a few moments, and then addressed himself to a porter of intelligent aspect.

"What trains have left here within the last half-hour?" he asked.

"Only one, sir, the 2.15 down, for Manchester."

"You didn't happen to notice a dark-eyed, dark-haired young man among the passengers—second class?" asked Mr. Sheldon.

"No, sir. There are always a good many passengers by that train; I haven't time to notice their faces."

The stockbroker asked no further questions. He was a man who did not care to be obliged to others for information which he could obtain for himself. He walked straight to a place where the time-tables were pasted on the wall, and ran his finger along the figures till he came to those he wanted.

The 2.15 train was a fast train which stopped at only four places—Rugby, Ullerton, Murford, and Manchester.

"I daresay he has gone to Manchester," thought Mr. Sheldon—"on some racing business, most likely, which he wants to keep dark from his patron the Captain. What a fool I am to trouble myself about him, as if he couldn't stir without meaning mischief to me! But I don't understand the friendship between him and George. My brother George is not likely to take up any man without some motive."

After these reflections Mr. Sheldon left the station and went back to his office in another hansom, still extremely thoughtful and somewhat disquieted.

"What does it matter to me where they go or what they do?" he asked himself, impatient of some lurking weakness of his own; "what does it matter to me whether those two are friendly or unfriendly? They can do me no harm."

There happened to be a kind of lull in the stormy regions of the Stock-exchange at the time of Valentine Hawkehurst's departure. Stagnation had descended upon that commercial ocean which is such a dismal waste of waters for the professional speculator in its hours of calm. All the Bulls in the zoological creation would have failed to elevate the drooping stocks and shares and first-preference bonds and debentures, which hung their feeble heads and declined day by day, the weaker of them threatening to fade away and diminish to a vanishing point, as it seemed to some dejected holders who read the Stock-Exchange lists and the money-article in the *Times* with a persistent hopefulness which

struggled against the encroachments of despair. The Bears had been busy, but were now idle,—having burnt their fingers, commercial gentlemen remarked. So Bulls and Bears alike hunt listlessly about a melancholy market, and conversed together dolefully in corners, and the burden of all their lamentations was to the effect that there never had been such times, and things never had been so bad, and it was a question whether they would ever right themselves. Philip Sheldon shared in the general depression. His face was gloomy, and his manner, for the time being, lost something of its brisk business-like cheerfulness. The men who envied his better fortunes watched him furtively when he showed himself amongst them, and wondered whether Sheldon, of Jull, Girdlestone, and Sheldon, had been hit by these bad times.

It was not entirely the pressure of that commercial stagnation which weighed on the spirits of Philip Sheldon. The stockbroker was tormented by private doubts and uncertainties which had nothing to do with the money-market.

(To be continued.)

#### ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The first time I went to a fair  
I saw a man *sthereen* his coat in the gutter,  
With a shout and a splutter,  
And thought it was *quare*;  
"What's that for?" says I to my mother,  
Who was minding both me and my brother.

"Don't you see it was out of that tint that he  
- went,  
Where all the McCarthys is *drunkin'* so gaily?  
And them and the O'Mayley  
Is never content  
Till they prove to each other their merit,  
'Tis a proof," says my mother, "of *spirit*."

Then I saw a man rush to the fray  
And stamp on the coat that was dragged in the  
gutter;  
But a shutter  
Was very soon call'd for to take him away.  
For the coat-streeler, with his shillalee,  
Crack'd the crown of the headstrong O'Mayley.

But other O'Mayleys soon gathered,  
And, rattling down swiftly, the cudgels came clus-  
tering,  
With blustering,  
And oaths that McCarthy for ever be *smother'd*!  
And in mutual defacing "God's image"  
Both clans had a darlin' fine scrimmago!

Well, when I grew up to a man,  
I copied the doings of them went before me  
In glory:

But I've now changed my plan,  
"For," says I, "'tis but *spellin'* of frieze  
For gainin' sore bones and black eyes."

And my Molly, that fondly I dote on,  
She used to complain of the numberless patches  
To cover the gashes

She stitch'd my long coat on:  
So, to shun all temptation to racket,  
I now go to fairs in a jacket.

SAMUEL LOVER.

#### RESURRECTION MEN. BURKE AND HARE.

FOR several days in the summer of 1829, a certain committee-room of the House of Commons, as well as all the passages leading to it, were thronged by some of the strangest and vilest beings that have perhaps ever visited such respectable places. Sallow, cadaverous, gaunt men, dressed in greasy mouskin or rusty black, and wearing wisps of dirty white handkerchiefs round their wizen necks. They had the air of wicked sextons, or thierish grave-diggers; there was a suspicion of degraded clergymen about them, mingled with a dash of Whitechapel costermonger. Their ghoulish faces were rendered horrible by smirks of self-satisfied cunning, and their eyes squinted with sidelong suspicion, fear, and distrust.

These were resurrection-men, vampires who earned their bread in a horrible way by digging

up newly-interred bodies in the churchyards of London and its suburbs, and selling them for dissection. They had been raked together from their favourite house of call, The Fortune of War in Smithfield. There were terrible rumours that when "subjects" ran short, they had a way of making dead bodies. The most eminent of them was Izzy, a Jew, who bought bodies of sextons, and sold dead people's teeth to dentists. He was at last transported for a highway robbery. The evidence of these ghouls will best explain their habits. One of them deposed that, in one year alone, he had sold one hundred bodies. The most he had ever obtained had been twenty-three in four nights. There were, he said, about fifty resurrection men in London, but they were for the most part petty thieves, who only called themselves resurrection-men in order to account to the police for being about at suspicious hours. "Lifters" usually went about in light carts, and the difficulty was to baffle the armed watchmen placed in every London burial-ground, and who fired on persons discovered searching for bodies. They were frequently shot at, and the trade became dangerous. The rich were buried too deep; their favourite game was workhouse subjects, who were sometimes laid three or four together. It was a good living if a man "kept sober and acted with judgment." It was sometimes their "dodge" to pass off as relatives of the dead and to claim workhouse bodies.

At this same time, Edinburgh, too, had its resurrection-men—wretches perfectly well known to the police and their neighbours as engaged in the dreadful traffic, but by no means shunned by the refuse of the Old Town if they were sociable, and reasonable liberal with whisky. On Friday, the 31st of October, 1828, two of these men were to be seen lounging about the West Port, especially round the snuff, whisky, and chandlers' shops of that miserable neighbourhood. One was William Burke, a short, thickest Irish cobbler, with a round smirking face, high cheek-bones, and small, pert, hard features. His deep-set grey eyes had not a savage expression, but there was a specious cunning cruelty about them. His hair and small whiskers were sandy, his complexion sanguineous. The detestable fawning-looking fellow was buttoned up in a shabby blue frock-coat, which almost hid a dirty striped cotton waistcoat. A black tangled neckcloth graced his grimy limp collar and bull neck.

This ruffian's companion was William Hare, a fish-hawker, and, like Burke, an Irishman; a squalid skeleton of a man, with leering watery almost idiotic eyes, a thine aquiline nose, the forehead of an ape, but the bony resolute chin of a man who would commit a murder for half a mutchkin of whisky.

Burke's house was one of those towering dens that the scanty space within ramparts in old times led men to build; vast burrows for thieves, ruffians, and beggars, such as many of those with which the Old Town still swarms. It had five stories—five layers of vice, sin, and wretchedness; a few sovereigns would have bought the furniture of the whole five families. This nest of misery looked out on a piece of waste ground, to which a door on Burke's stair led.

Hare's house was of another order of wretchedness in Tanner's Close, opening off the West Port, a little beyond Burke's. It was a one-storied house, with three rooms, and well known as a beggar's sleeping-place. Its dreary back windows looked out on the same waste ground as Burke's. About six o'clock on the 31st of October, the day on which these two rascals are seen together, Burke was taking a dram (no infrequent habit of his) at the shop of a Mr. Rymer, close by his house. A little old Irish beggar-woman from Glasgow—a poor wandering body in an old dark printed gown and red striped short jacket—entered the shop to ask for alms, and Burke commenced a conversation with her. In his smooth way he asked her name, and what part of Ireland she came from? He is astonished and delighted to hear that her name is Docherty, and that she comes from Inishowen, his own part of Ireland. Eventually he

asks her home to breakfast (etiquette is not much cultivated in the West Port), they go home together, and she has some porridge and milk with him and Mrs. McDougall, the woman who lives with him. Later in the day the old beggar-woman comes to Mrs. Connaway, a woman living in Burke's passage, and under the same roof, she is then half drunk, and sits talking about Ireland and the army, for Connaway has been a soldier. Mr. and Mrs. Hare drop in. Even that savage skeleton, Hare, looks social this Halloween, and it's soon "How are ye, and how's a' w' ye?" and there are songs, dancing with bare feet on the brick floor, and much passing to and fro of whisky-bottles. The little "broad-set" old beggar-woman, to whom Burke has been so charitable and kind, is the loudest and merriest of them all. Hare and Burke are left late at night dancing, and the beggar-woman is singing to them.

The Connaways are disturbed after midnight by a scuffling noise. Burke and Hare, drunken and furious, are fighting and screeching, but this is no uncommon occurrence, for Burke is a man who, without doing much coddling, gets a great deal of money for drink in some mysterious way, which is no concern to any body in the West Port. One or two neighbours on the same stair, however, a little curious at the goings on, looking through the key-hole, see Mrs. Burke holding a bottle to the beggar-woman's mouth, and swearing at her for not drinking, as she pours the pure whisky into her mouth. The woman cries murder. "For Heaven's sake," screams one of them, named Allston, "go for the police, there is murder here," and then strikes the outer door of Burke's house. There are then three cries, as though some one were being strangled in fighting. Allston goes out at the mouth of the passage to the West Port and calls for the police, but none coming, and the sound ceasing as if the men had got reconciled, Allston turns and goes to bed.

Early next morning there is quite a party at Burke's—Mr. Law, a lad named Broggan, and Mrs. Connaway. The room is a dismal den. There is a trestle-bed without posts or curtains, a great tumbled heap of dirty worn-out boots and shoes in one corner, a huge litter of filthy straw down by the bed—the shake down on which Gray, his wife, or any chance friend sleep—a pot of potatoes on the fire, here and there a broken-down chair. Burke is sitting near the bed in high spirits, a whisky-bottle and a dram-glass in his hands. He tosses the whisky up to the ceiling and back, over the bed. Mrs. Connaway is surprised, and asks him "why he wastes the drink?" Burke laughs recklessly, and says he wants it finished, to get more: a tipsy and irrational answer. Mrs. Connaway looks round for the old beggar-woman, and asks Mrs. Burke, alias McDougall, who is in bed, what is become of her? Mrs. Burke says: "I kicked her out of the house because she got drunk." Burke goes out, and requests Broggan, the carter, his wife's nephew, to sit on a chair near the straw and wait there till he returns. He goes to Rymer's, buys a large tea-chest, and carries it home. All this time Mrs. Burke, in bed in a heavy drunken sleep, hears and notices nothing. Broggan, not seeing the use of watching and warding a heap of dirty straw, soon gets tired of his charge, and goes out. Mrs. Gray follows, looking for Burke; goes out twice, and the second time finds him drinking at the West Port. On her return, Mrs. Burke starts up, still half-mazed with drink, asks for her husband, and leaves the house.

The moment she has gone, the Grays look at each other; the woman first goes straight to the straw at the head of the bed, and rummages it to see what it is that Burke has hid there that he was so anxious about. To her horror, she touches the naked arm of a dead body. It is the body of the old beggar-woman they had seen drinking and dancing the night before.

Gray takes her up by her grey hair, and says: "She has been murdered." He then packs up his things, and is taking them to a room near, when, as he goes up the stairs, he meets Mrs. Burke, and says to her grimly:

"What is the meaning of that thing I saw in your room?"

"What thing?"

"I suppose you know—the body!"

Mrs. Burke replies: "Oh yes, she died in our drunken frolic last night—I could not help it." But as he presses her closer, and calls it murder, she falls on her knees—thin bony Scotchwoman, with large sunken dark eyes—prays for mercy, offers him five or six shillings down, and hints at ten pounds a week that it would be worth to him. Mrs. Gray says she would not "wish to be worth money got for dead people." Gray says his conscience will not let him be silent. As they go to the police, and as Mrs. Burke is following them in an agony of stealthy supplication, they meet Mrs. Hare, who, asking what they are quarrelling about, invites them into a public-house, just to take a dram and settle the matter. The two guilty women, finding silence hopeless, leave hurriedly. On the return of the Grays they call in the neighbours to see the murdered woman, but the body has been removed. Gray instantly alarms the police; a party is sent to the house, but they find neither the body nor the murderers. A servant-girl, however, has seen Burke and his wife, and Hare and his wife, following a porter, named McCulloch, up the stairs. The porter had on his back a tea-chest stuffed with straw. As she passed, she had her hand on it, and felt that its contents were soft.

Just before this, Hare had been noticed by the neighbours lurking about the stairs for William Burke. Being universally disliked, he was ordered away, Mrs. Connaway telling him "he would frighten the lasses coming to Mrs. Law's mangle." They then called him an ill-bred fellow, and slammed their door in his face. This was what the rascal wanted. The passage cleared, the body was at once removed.

Soon after the police leave the West Port house, still crowded by people, Burke and his wife are heard coming down the stairs and along the passage. They know well that the Grays have raised the alarm, but they are neither flurried nor hurried, and Mrs. Burke goes in, as usual, to Connaway's and gets a light. Burke leans against the door-post and chats. Connaway says to him: "We have been speaking about you, William." "I hope you have not been speaking ill of me?" says Burke. Connaway replies: "You are suspected of murdering the little old woman, with whom we were all so happy last night, and the police are after you." Burke rejoins, angrily: "I defy all Scotland to prove anything against me. I have not been long about these doors, and this is the second time such a story has been raised upon me." Mrs. Connaway remarks: "I have heard of your being a resurrection-man; but never heard of any murder being laid to your charge."

Another minute, and gripping hands are on Burke's wrists. He and his wife are prisoners. It is Gray who points them out on the stairs. Sergeant-Major Fisher asks where Burke's lodgers are? Burke points to Gray, and says: "There is one. I turned him away for bad conduct." The officer asks what became of the little woman who was there on Friday. Burke says: "She left at seven in the morning, and William Hare saw her go." Any one else? says the officer. Burke answers, insolently: "Many saw her go." All this time Mrs. Burke dances about, and, laughing drily, says: "It was only a drunken spree. The neighbours want to do us an ill turn." The prisoners were then removed. On returning to the house, the police find a striped bedgown on the bed, and a great deal of bloody straw at the bed foot.

There being as yet no tidings of the body, it is at last resolved to search the dissecting-rooms. Lieutenant Peterson and Sergeant-Major Fisher then go to Dr. Knox's at Surgeon's Hall, to see a body, which Gray and his wife at once recognise as that of the woman Docherty. The clue is found. Early next morning the police seize Hare and his wife in bed, lodging them in separate cells.

Soon after this, the discovery of the murder rapidly developed. The porter named McCulloch proved that Burke and Hare helped him double

up a body, which was taken from under the bed, and cram it into a tea-chest. He pushed in some hair that hung out, saying, "It was bad to let it hang out," roped the box, and carried it to Surgeon's-square, followed by Burke and his wife, and Hare and his wife. They put the box in a cellar; then, at about half-past six, went to Newington, where they were paid at a public-house, and he got five shillings.

David Paterson, keeper of Dr. Knox's Museum, and who lived at No. 26, West Port, also deposed that about twelve o'clock on the Friday he went home, and found Burke waiting at his door. He went with him, to his house, and found Hare and the two women there. Burke told him, in a low voice, he had procured something for the doctor, pointed to some straw near the bed, and added, "It will be ready to-morrow morning." Paterson sent his sister to him in the morning, and he came alone, and was told he must see Dr. Knox, and agree with him personally. Between twelve and two Burke and Hare came to Dr. Knox and told him they had a dead body which they would deliver that night, and Dr. Knox told Paterson to be in the way to receive it. About seven the two men and a porter brought in the tea-chest, and it was placed in a cellar. They then went to Newington, and Dr. Knox sent them out five pounds. The rest, if Dr. Knox approved of the subject, was to be paid on the Monday. When the police opened the chest, they found the body of an old woman. It presented marks of strangulation and suffocation.

The trial took place on the 24th of December, 1828, before the Right Honourable the Lord Justice Clerk, and Lords Pitmilly, Meadowbank, and Mackenzie; Sir William Rae, the Lord Advocate, assisted by counsel, prosecuted. The counsel for Burke and his reputed wife gave their services to the wretches gratuitously. Hare having been received as king's evidence, proved the murder. He said he had been ten years in Scotland, and had known Burke a year. On the Friday, Burke had come to him in a public-house, and told him he had got an old woman off the street, who would be a good *shot* for the doctors (that was the phrase of these men for a person they had fixed on to murder). In the evening he and Burke fought, and the old woman cried for the police, as she said Burke had treated her well, and she did not wish to see him ill used. Mrs. Burke dragged the old woman back. He then, as they were struggling, knocked down the old woman, and as she lay on her back drunk, crying out not to hurt Burke, Burke flung himself on her, his breast on her head. He then put one hand on her nose, and the other under her chin, and kept them there for ten minutes; she was then dead. He stripped the body, doubled it up, covered it with straw, and put her clothes under the bed. When Paterson came in, Burke wanted him to look at the body, but he refused. When he (Hare) awoke, about seven o'clock, he found himself in a chair, with his head on the bed, in which were the two women and Broggan (Mrs. Burke's nephew); Burke was sitting by the fire.

The prisoners' defences were most criminating. Burke declared that the old woman left his house at five o'clock on the Friday, to go and beg in the New Town; but a week afterwards he confessed that she returned, drank hard, and then lay down in the straw, where, finding her dead, he went and sold the body. He had previously sworn that the body found was one left in his house by a stranger who had come to have his shoes mended. His wife had in the meantime declared that the old woman left the house for good about two o'clock on the Friday.

The trial lasted twenty-four hours. The jury returned a verdict of guilty against Burke, after nearly an hour's consultation, but acquitted his wife. The Lord Chief Justice, in passing sentence, expressed a doubt as to whether Burke's body should not be hung in chains, and trusted that his skeleton would be preserved in remembrance of his atrocious crimes. He then adjudged Burke to be hung in the Lawnmarket on the 28th of January.

During the trial Burke maintained a tranquil self-possession. He conversed with his wife, and

smiled at part of the evidence. He was anxious for dinner, and ate heartily when it came. While the jury were "enclosed," Burke prepared his wife for her probable fate, and told her to see how he behaved when the sentence should be pronounced. When his wife was acquitted, he turned to her and said curtly, "Nelly, you are out of the scrape." Hare, after the trial, chuckled, capered, laughed, and chatted as if exulting in his own escape and his comrade's doom. When in the witness-box, whenever he wished to avoid answering a criminating question, he gave a diabolical nod of the most repulsive cunning.

Mrs. Burke was a thin spare large-boned dissolute Scotchwoman, with large but good features, and full black eyes disfigured by a painful frown. Mrs. Hare, who carried a repulsive and neglected child in her arms, was coarse, short, stout, and red-faced. While in the Lock-up, Mrs. Burke stated that one night, while her husband and Hare were carousing in Hare's shambles on the profits of a recent murder, she and Hare's wife saw from a further room Hare toss his hand up, and heard him exult that he and Burke should never want money; for, when they were at a loss for "a shot," they could murder and sell their wives. There was then a long discussion, and Hare finally succeeded in persuading Burke to let his wife go first, when the time came for it.

Burke having obtained his priest's permission, made a full confession of his crimes. He owned to sixteen murders between the spring and the October of 1828. He and Hare had been first set on to it by an old drunken pensioner named Donald, dying of dropsy in Hare's house. After his coffin was closed, they decoyed the undertaker away with drink, took out the corpse, and filled the coffin with tanner's bark. They took the body in a sac to Dr. Knox, who gave them seven pounds ten for it. The first person they murdered was a woman from Gilmerton, who came to lodge with Hare. After a revel, Hare closed her mouth and nose, and Burke lay upon her to keep down her arms and legs. They then put the corpse in a chest, and met Dr. Knox's porter by appointment at night at the back of the Castle, who took the box on to the classrooms. The next victim was a miller named Joseph, who lay ill at Hare's lodging-house, as it was supposed of a fever, which kept away other lodgers. Burke held a pillow down over his mouth, and then lay across the body till he was dead. The price of the old pensioner's body had been a temptation which these monsters could not resist. On one occasion Burke met a policeman dragging a drunken woman to the West Port watchhouse. Burke, who had a good character with the police, volunteered to see her home; he took her to Hare's and they murdered her like the others.

One of the most revolting of Burke's murders was that of Daft Jamie, a poor half-witted, barefooted lad, with a withered hand, who used to sing and dance about the Old Town, and pick up what alms he could. Mrs. Hare decoyed him to her home, under pretence of taking him to his mother, of whom the lad was peculiarly fond. Burke was taking a dram at the time at Rymer's shop, and Mrs. Hare came in for a pennyworth of butter, and stamped on his foot as a signal. Jamie would not take much whisky; but as he lay on the bed, Burke, eager, kept saying to Hare, "Shall I do it now?" Hare replied, "Bide awhile; he is too strong for you yet; you had better let him alone awhile." Burke at last, irrestrainable, threw himself upon the poor harmless lad, and they fell off the bed struggling. Roused to a sense of the imminent danger, Jamie leaped up, and by a dreadful effort threw off Burke, who then closed with him. Burke was for a moment almost overpowered. Shouting that he would run his knife into Hare unless he came and helped him, Hare ran, tripped up Jamie, dragged him about with Burke lying on him, and held his hands and feet till he was dead. Hare felt his pockets, and took out a brass snuff-box and a copper snuff-spoon. It was after breakfast when Jamie was lured in. By twelve his body was in a clothes-chest of Hare's, and on its way to Surgeon's-square.

Burke gave the clothes to his brother's children, and they quarrelled about them. The dress of the other persons had been destroyed to prevent detection. Burke also murdered a poor girl of loose character named Mary Paterson, whom he met, with a friend of hers, named Janet Brown, just released from the Canongate watchhouse. He brought her home, gave her breakfast, plied her with whisky, and murdered her. Her lodging-house keeper's servant came for her, and was told that Mary Paterson had gone off to Glasgow with a packman.

There were other murders still more terrible committed by these wretches. Hare one day invited home a poor Irishwoman from Glasgow, and her deaf and dumb grandson. They intoxicated the poor woman, who was delighted with his kindness and generosity. When she became torpid, they suffocated her with the bed-tick and bed-clothes. The next morning, Burke killed the boy. The piteous look the dying boy gave him, Burke confessed, went to his heart; he could never forget it. They crammed the two bodies into a herring-barrel. This they put in Hare's fish-cart, and at dusk set out for Surgeon's-square. The horse, a miserable half-starved beast, at the entrance to the Grass-market refusing to go a step further, a crowd assembled. Burke said he thought at that time that the old horse had risen up in judgment against them. While the crowd tugged at the horse, Burke and Hare hired a porter with a hurley, and put the barrel on it to carry to Surgeon's-square. The wretched horse was, in revenge, instantly taken to a tanyard and shot.

While Burke and his wife were on a visit at Falkirk, during the festival of the anniversary of Bannockburn, Hare decoyed home a drunken woman, murdered her unaided, and sold her body for eight pounds. When Burke returned, and asked if he had been doing any business, Hare replied in the negative; but Burke ascertained from Dr. Knox that he had brought a subject, and Hare then confessed the secret to his partner. They also murdered a married cousin of Burke's wife: Hare taking the chief part in the horrible business, because he was not a relation. They put the body in a "fine trunk" Paterson supplied. Broggan, in whose house they were, discovered the murder, and they gave him three pounds, and sent him out of Edinburgh, to keep the secret. Another of their victims was a Mrs. Hossler, a washerwoman at Broggan's. She had ninepence-halfpenny in her hand when they smothered her, and they could scarcely remove it after she was dead, it was clutched so hard. This poor woman had been heard the evening of her murder singing "Home, sweet home," with Burke.

The only person Burke murdered by himself was the daughter of Mrs. Holdane, whom they had previously disposed of. Burke also confessed that Hare's wife had urged him to murder the woman with whom he lived, but he would not agree to it. They were distrustful of her because she was a Scotchwoman. The plan was that he was to go into the country after the murder, and write word to Hare that she had died there, so as to deceive the neighbours. Nine of the people had been murdered in Burke's house (five of these in an inner room where he used to cobble shoes—it looked out only on the waste ground and the pigsty); four in Broggan's room, two in Hare's stable, and one in Burke's brother's house. They had marked out a great many for murder, but were disappointed of them in various ways. They were generally drunk when they committed these murders, and also while the money lasted. They very often did not know the dates of the murders, nor the names of their victims. They had arranged a plan that Burke and another man were to go on a tour to Glasgow and Ireland; and to forward bodies to Hare for the surgeons. Their regular price was ten pounds in winter and eight pounds in summer. Burke said they had got so daring, that he believed they might have gone on even to seize people in the streets. At first they removed bodies only in the dark; latterly they grew more bold and went in the daytime.—When they were carrying the girl Patterson, some boys from the High School yard followed

them, crying, "They are carrying a corpse." They nevertheless got her safe delivered. Hare could sleep well after a murder, but Burke kept a "twopenny candle" all night by his bedside, and a bottle of whiskey. If he awoke, he sometimes gulped half a bottle at a draught, and that made him sleep. When their money was spent, they pawned their clothes, and took them out again as soon as they got a subject.

After the trial, when Burke was removed to the Lock-up house, he had scarcely been seated, when, looking round, he said to the officers: "This is an infernal cold place you have brought me till."

He then said Hare was the guiltier of the two, for he had murdered the first woman, and persuaded him (Burke) to join him, and he should regret to his last hour that he did not share the same fate. He then prayed; and when some chapters of the Bible were read to him, remarked, "That passage touches keenly on my crimes." When he was removed to Calton-hill Jail, he wished the turnkeys good-bye. "Though I should never see you again," he said, "you will see me on the 28th at the head of Libberton's Wynd. I have now only five weeks to live, and I will not weary greatly for that day." He then grew composed, cheerful, and talkative. In his sleep he sometimes raved and ground his teeth, but on awaking recovered his composure.

It was discovered by the numerous biographers of Burke that he was a native of Tyrone, and had served seven years in the Donegal militia. When he came to Scotland, he turned canal labourer, then pedlar; he had tried his hand at weaving, baking, and cobbling. Burke was thought a lively harmless man, fond of singing, and kind to children, whom he used to encourage to dance, by hiring a street-organ to play to them. He was once seen to shudder when some one told him of a child's face having been lanced for a tumour. To account for his money, he pretended that he smuggled "small still" whiskey; while his wife used to boast of legacies and small annuities. Burke had been at one time a regular attendant during the "revivals" at the open-air prayer meetings in the Grassmarket, and had possessed a small library of religious books.

The excitement in Edinburgh during this trial was unequalled in intensity. The mob shouted for the blood of Hare, the two women, and Burke's other accomplices. Two guineas were offered the turnkeys for one peep at the murderer. Eager enthusiasts paid enormous sums for Burke's shoemaking hammer, and Hare's whiskey-bottle brought a high price. The blood-soaked bed was cut up into relics, and the chairs were hollowed into snuff-boxes. Mrs. Burke, venturing back into the West Port, was nearly torn to shreds, and was besieged in the watch-house. Finally, she left the town and went to Glasgow. Mrs. Hare, alias Lucky Log, was pelted nearly to death with snowballs, mud, and stones; was nearly killed also at Glasgow; and eventually escaped to Belfast, quite indifferent to her husband's fate.

It was felt to be a plot on Edinburgh, and a stain on Scotland; for although the two men were Irish, the woman who had been deepest in it was a native of Maddiston, in the county of Stirling. The populace were savage, also, against the doctors. The night of the trial, Dr. Knox and Dr. Munro's class-room windows were broken, and, but for a stormy night, their houses might have been destroyed.

During this agitation, Burke was composed and almost apathetically calm. He regretted one or two of his murders, and showed one touch of humanity in his anxiety for his wife, to whom he sent some money and an old watch. He shut himself up daily with two Catholic priests, and expressed his belief in the efficacy of full repentance and perfect faith. He declared to the turnkeys that he was glad of his sentence, for it had brought him back to religion. He was suffering much from a cancer, which was probably supposed to have been caused by a death bite from Daft Jamie, but which was really the result of fatigue and dissipation in former years. He was kept chained to the guard in the condemned cell, and was guarded day and night, to

prevent his committing suicide. His great anxiety seemed to be to get from Dr. Knox the five pounds still unpaid for the beggar-woman's body, and buy some clothes to appear in on the scaffold. "Since I am to appear before the public," he said, "I should like to be respectable."

He betrayed no emotion till his "dead-clothes" were brought him to put on, on the morning of his execution. He slept soundly for five hours before this. He then grew impatient, and said: "Oh that the hour were come which is to separate me from the world!" At half-past five the smith removed his chains. When they dropped off, he looked up to the ceiling and said, "So may all earthly chains fall from me." At half-past six, the priest prayed with him. At seven, Burke came with a firm step into the keeper's room, and sat in an arm-chair by the fire, sighing once or twice deeply, when a priest said to him: "You must trust in the mercy of God." He exhibited no emotion at seeing the executioner; merely said, "I am not ready for you yet;" and in a minute or two submitted silently to be pinioned.

Invited to take a glass of wine, he bowed and drank "Farewell to all present, and the rest of my friends;" then thanked the magistrates, bailie, and jailor for their kindness. When the magistrates appeared in their robes, and with their rods of office, he rose instantly, and walked on, conversing calmly with the priest. As he passed up Libberton's Wynd, in crossing from the Lock-up house, he picked his way through the mud (it had rained) with the greatest care.

The night before, the gibbet had been raised by torchlight. An immense crowd remained till two in the morning, cheering as every fresh beam was fixed. Hundreds slept in the adjacent closes and on stairs, and at the windows of neighbouring houses in the Lawmarket. Many well-dressed ladies were among the spectators, and half-a-crown for a single hasty look from a window was freely given. By seven o'clock the rain had almost ceased. When the raw, cold day had begun, every avenue to the High-street was thronged, and the area between the West Port and the Tron Church was one close-wedged mass of heads. About forty thousand persons were waiting eagerly for St. Giles's clock to strike eight. There were crowds on the Castle-hill and in Bank-street, and stragglers as far as the Advocate's Library. The rough and ribald jests and street-cries changed to a demoniacal roar of joy when Burke appeared ascending the stairs to the platform; then there rose yells, savage curses, and stormy cries of "The Murderer!" "Burke him!" "Choke him, Hangie!" "Hang Hare, too!"

An Edinburgh mob is always fierce, and now their deepest passions were thoroughly aroused. Burke stood before them at last, a thickset, cadaverous man, with very light hair, an old black coat too large for him, a white neckcloth, and mouldy boots. He turned deadly pale, and shook when he heard the appalling shouts; but he still cast at the hearing mob one look of fierce and desperate defiance. He then knelt and prayed, with his back to the people, and told the priest that he died in the full assurance that he should be saved. When he arose, he took up the silk handkerchief on which he had knelt, and carefully put it into his pocket. He looked at the gallows, and took his place on the drop, giving a withering scowl at a man who pushed him a little on one side. He told the hangman how to untie his neckcloth. As he put on the white cap, the yells grew tremendous. "Don't waste rope on him," they cried. "You'll see Daft Jamie in a moment." But the murderer stood unflinching, and even manifested a repugnance to the cap being drawn over his face. He then said the Belief, uttering a cry to God, and, jerking the signal handkerchief from him angrily, fell and died with hardly a struggle.

Not one said "God forgive him," or "May he find mercy!" The whole dark mass below the scaffold shouted, clapped their hands, waved their hats, and roared applause; that was heard as far away as the roads of the suburbs. Many cried ferociously, "Off with the scowl. Let's see his face." Every time the corpse moved, a shout rose again. The men on the scaffold

threw shavings and chips from the coffin among the people, and the workmen scrambled for them and for the rope. There were a few shouts of "Let's have him to tear to pieces!" and there was a defeated attempt made to lead the mob to Surgeon's-square, to pull down the class-room.

On Thursday, Burke's body was exhibited by Dr. Munro, Mr. Liston, Mr. George Combe the phrenologist, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Joseph the sculptor, and others. Phrenologists found Burke's organ of Benevolence to be as large as that of Destructiveness. On the Friday, thirty thousand persons visited the Anatomical Theatre, to see the corpse.

Hare had a narrow escape at Dumfries, where he was besieged in an inn by the furious populace, who kept calling out, "Burke him!" "Give us the murderer!" "Hell's over gude for the like of you. The very devils wadna let ye in, for fear of mischief!" The mob then pursued him to the jail, and threatened to burn down the door with peat and tar-barrels. Eventually, Hare escaped from one of the Cumberland ports, and got safely to London. There, however, a terrible vengeance fell on this branded wretch. The scoundrel obtained work under a feigned name at a tanner's. His terrible secret at last coming out, the men seized him and tossed him into a lime-pit, which burned out his eyes. According to a London paper, Hare died a few years ago, in Canada.

DR. STRAUSS, the author of a novel described by the *Athenaeum* as "vulgar, profane, and indelicate," has brought an action against that journal for libel. An action on the same ground was tried at Kingston, England, some time ago, and settled by the withdrawal of a juror. The plaintiff moved the Court of Queen's Bench to put aside this settlement, on the ground that it was without his knowledge and consent; but this was refused. He has now, however, had an opportunity of going into the facts of the case again; the *Athenaeum*, it was alleged, having repeated the libel in some comments on the first trial, in its number for the 7th of last April, and made other injurious statements. The trial in the Court of Queen's Bench, a few weeks ago, resulted in a verdict for the defendant. Some passages from the book (which is called "The Old Ledger") were read in court, and the jury could hardly be persuaded to hear the plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Kenely. In summing up, Lord Chief Justice Cockburn said:—"It was all very well for the plaintiff's council to contend that literature should be free and unfettered. Be it so. But then, if you give, on the one hand, the utmost latitude to literary composition, there ought to be at least the same latitude to literary criticism, on the other." This is very true and excellently put.

We select the following for publication from the poetical replies received to Enigma in No. 81.

#### ANSWER TO WILLIE'S ENIGMA.

Impossible! What can it be? I said,  
Can fly beyond where Fancy ever fled!  
Leave Thought of all her glittering laurels stripped,  
Imagination, too, completely whipped!  
But most of all,—and what I never could see,—  
How can a power, without a substance, be?  
To find the answer,—which in vain I've sought,  
I'll hitch "Old fancy" to a train of thought,  
And o'er Imagination's rails I'll fly,  
To find what once had birth and never may die  
Upon the train, breaks off, and I'm away,  
Beyond creation and the blaze of day:  
Here on creation's boundary-line I pause,  
To see the working of the great first-cause,  
Chaos and darkness, into order come,  
And bright, new worlds, around their centres  
hum,  
Great, burning suns, of polished darkness made,  
To light and warm the spheres that round them  
played.  
Who is the architect, of this new sphere?  
I asked a workman that was passing near.  
He said, "Imagination drew the plan,—  
I know of no other power that can."  
I journeyed round and down—almost to hell!  
And asked of all I saw, but none could tell,  
But all confessed that they could never see  
Where such a power as this, concealed, could be,  
So back to earth, perplexed, I steamed,  
Believing that the author must have dreamed!

LAURENTIA.



TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters addressed for the Editor should be addressed "Editor of Saturday Reader, Drawer #11," and communications on business to "R. Worthington, publisher."

DEN.—The "Lion in the Path" will probably be completed in three more numbers, certainly in four.

J. BLACK.—We will either answer the question in our next, or insert it as a problem in our pastime column.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Hapsburg was an ancient castle in Switzerland, near Schintymach, and it was from this, where they were cradled, that the present house of Austria takes its name.

H. A. W.—The height of the rock of Gibraltar is estimated to be 1337 feet.

SUFFERER.—The expression "nightmare" is, Sir William Temple says, from Mara, in old Runic, who was a goblin said to seize upon sleeping men, and take from them sleep and motion; for in those days medical science had not made it plain to every one, as it is now, that the goblin in question is simply indigestion.

T. H.—Glass may be beautifully frosted with Epsom salts dissolved in hot water, and applied with a brush while hot.

WILLIAM H.—Please repeat your question.

CHURCHMAN.—The earliest day in which Easter Sunday can fall is the 22nd March, and the latest the 25th April.

W. G. B.—The 1st, 2nd and 3rd volumes of the "Reader," bound in a uniform style, will be ready in a short time.

YOUNG CANADIAN, GLOUCESTER.—We received your note, together with "the lines on Canada written in lead pencil. We did not answer the note by mail, for the sufficient reason that we had no reply to make. We cannot afford to pay for very inferior poetry.

ADAZ Z.—Received; will report in our next.

SAPIENS.—Indian ink is a misnomer. It is manufactured in China entirely from lampblack and gluten, with the addition of a little musk to give it an agreeable odour.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A Missouri paper says that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They must be grave diggers.

A young lady should take heed when an admirer bends low before her. The bent beau is dangerous.

The bark of a medicinal tree may save one's life; the bark of a dog may save his property.

Men are called fools in one age for not knowing what men were called fools for asserting in the age before.

More law-suits than love-suits are brought on by attachments.

It is easier to make up one's mind to early rising than one's body.

The heart, like a watchman, should confine itself to its regular beat.

Why is a man lifting a side of bacon off a hook to be pitied?—Because he is a poor creature, (pork reacher).

At a baby convention, in Massachusetts, fifteen mothers were present, and a vote for the prettiest, each baby got one vote.

C.O.I.R., initials of the title borne by Head-Centre Stephens, is thus explained by his dupes:—"Cunning Old Irish Renegade, who Comes it Over Irish Republicans."

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Whole I am yonder; behcad me, I am here; restore me and transposed, I am a number.
2. Whole I shrink; behcad me twice, I am a measure; transposed, I am part of the body.
3. Whole I am a weight; behcad me and I am a sound, again behcad and I am a number.

SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. Dress. A river in Spain. Surface. A loud noise.
2. A river in Prussia. To slumber. A man's name. Certain. BERICUS.

CHARADES.

- 1. My 1, 15, 5, 8 is troublesome insect. My 3, 5, 8, 14 is a fruit. My 6, 13, 4, 8 is an article of apparel. My 2, 3, 10, 4, 4, 5 is a great wheat market. My 7, 8, 2, 15 is a school in England. My 4, 11, 12, 5, 4, 9, is a vegetable. My whole is a world-wide sentiment. DEN.
2. I am composed of 12 letters. My 3, 2, 9, 1 is to cut down, to gather. My 10, 7, 5, 6, 8 signifies not. My 11, 9, 4, 12, is a cover or sheath. My whole is said to conquer all things. VAN ALLEN.

ANAGRAM.

Ya, ratechr drattote snigen wond! Gohm sha ti darow no ghlii, Dan maym na yee sha condad ot ese Ahht renuab ni eht kys; Thebano ti gurn oht talteb uthos, Dan strub het nocnan's aror; The trecno fo the naveac ria Llash epwes eht suldoc on romc. O bretel ahht reh treethads kuhl Loudsh kins thebaue eht vowa; Eri deesault koooh eht thimgy peed, Dan reeth loudsh eb eri vegra. Lina of het stam the yohi glai, Est reevy dratebaehr lisa, Dan vegl her of the dog fo smorts— Theitgluh. dan the lage. L'INCONNU.

PALINDROMIC RIDDLE.

Five letters will my whole proclaim, Read backwards or forwards 'tis the same; My head cut off, a man I name, Who is of very ancient fame, Now curtail, and you will see Who is, or will a woman be. J. S. GORTON.

ENIGMA.

I'm cradled in the bosom of a pure and blushing rose; Indeed, each flower that ever blooms my presence doth disclose, The murmur of the summer breeze floats all unheeded by, But in sweet echo's ling'ring tones I slowly faint and die, I come in early morning—on every fleecy cloud, And also help the gloom of night your pathway to enshroud. I ne'er was known to cross your palm, as do the gipsies all, But if you took me from your foot, you very soon would fall. Without me you could never go abroad or seek to roam, And yet, the strangest thing of all—I'm always found at home. To matrimony I'm inclined, and never from the side Of any bridegroom do I stir, but cannot touch the bride. I fall in love, am constant too, and conversant with joy. In all your hopes I take a part, though coupled with alloy I am too prim to join the dance, though one in every throng. And while I music fain would shun, I revel in the song. You gladly welcome me each morn whene'er the post-man knocks, And wanting me would have to go without your Christmas-box. DAISY H.

ANSWERS TO FLORAL ANAGRAMS, &c., No. 82.

- Floral Anagrams.—1. Zephyr, Flower. 2. Rhododendron. 3. Jacob's Ladder. 4. Hyacinthus.
Square Words.—1. O M E N. 2. S E N D. M A R E. E V E R. E R N E. N E R O. N E E D. D R O P.
Transpositions.—1. Transposition. 2. Sir Ralph Abercrombie.
Charades.—1. Telegraph. 2. Planet.
Acrostic.—Skate, steak.—1. Sis. 2. Kit.
3. Ace. 4. Tea. 5. Elk.
Enigma.—Echo.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- Floral Anagrams.—Den, Katie D., Nemo, Argus, Geo. B., H. H. V.
Square Words.—Bericus, Nemo, H. H. V., Den, Argus, Violet, Hurry Skurry.
Transposition.—Den, Nemo, Argus, Ellen B., Geo. B., Argus, Bericus, Katie D.

Charades.—Bericus, Nemo, Geo. B., H. H. V., Den, Violet.
Acrostic.—H. H. V., Nemo, Geo. B., Argus.
Enigma.—Den, Geo. B., Violet, Bericus, Argus, Ellen B.
Received too late to be acknowledged in proper place. Veri Halifax, N. S., who, answers Problem in No. 80.

CHESS.

The following are the mottoes attached to the sets of problems competing for the prizes offered by the British Chess Association:

- Set 1 "A kindly greeting from o'er the sea."
2 "Wairheit sol in Spiel dot Schonen."
3 "Sound as a Bell.—A crack'd one!" quoth he."
4 "Tiefs der Tiefe des Gedankens, . . ."
5 "Schach!"
6 "No pain, no gain."
7 "I have thee not—and yet I see thee still."
8 "I would I were a careless child."
9 "What is this mystery?"
10 "Sub hoc signo—"
11 "Ingenui pugnas age, Gratia, Juxta Minervam!"
12 "Sine spe."
13 "Laboro et favore."
14 "Audax omnia perperit."
15 "Aut Caesar aut—vice Caesar."
16 "Chacun prend son plaisir ou il le trouve."
17 "Sapient' satis."
18 "Chess Nuts."
19 "Nothing venture, nothing have."
20 "Fiat justitia."
21 "Jam pauca ara trojugora regis Moles relinquunt—"
22 "Vive la Dame!"
23 "Life is a mystery."
24 "Contarelli."
25 "Shower of Stars."

The Committee are now engaged upon the difficult task of examining the positions, but their decision will probably not be made for several months to come.

Mr. Geo. E. Carpenter of Tarrytown, N. Y., solves the Problem of the "Queen's Tour" (referred to in our issue of Feb. 2nd.) as follows:

- 1 Q (from K Kt square) to Q R seventh. 2 Q to K R seventh. 3 Q to Q Kt square. 4 Q to Q Kt eighth. 5 Q to K R eighth. 6 Q to Q R square. 7 Q to Q R eighth. 7 Q to K R square. 9 Q to K R sixth. 10 Q to Q B square. 11 Q to K B square. 12 Q to Q R sixth. 13 Q to K Kt sixth. 14 Q to K Kt square.

A match has just been concluded in Dundee, Scotland, in which Mr. Steinitz gave the odds of the Pawn and move to the well-known Scottish Amateur, Mr. G. B. Fraser. At the conclusion the affair stood, Steinitz 7; Fraser, 1; Drawn, 1.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. L. PORT DOVER, C.W.—We will endeavour to make room for the end game shortly. The "Erie Chess Club" has our best wishes for its prosperity and success.

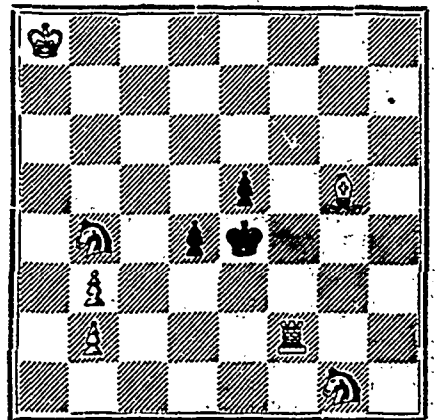
MEDICO, WATERTOWN, C.E.—Trust the diagrams reached you safely. The last position is very neat, and appears to be perfectly sound. Your solution of No. 63 is incorrect.

E. H. C. WASHINGTON, D. C. The Problems were duly received through G. G. Thanks.

PAWNEE, OTTAWA.—Too easy; try again.

PROBLEM, No. 63.

By J. C. ROMEYN, KINGSTON, N. Y. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 61.

- WHITE. 1 R to K R 4 dis (ch.) 2 K to Q B 7. 3 B to K 4 (ch.) 4 B to K 7 Mate.
BLACK. K to K 4. K to K B 4. K takes P on r (a.) K to K 4.
(a.) B to Q Kt 2 Mate.