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Mr. John Bright.

MR. BRIGHT may be said to have first distinguished himself in political life by his hostility to the Corn Laws, the worst evils of which, it was asserted, were felt in the manufacturing districts. He was associated in the work of the Anti-Corn Law League with Richard Cobden; and it must be admitted that both these champions of Free Trade comported themselves throughout the controversy, with slight and venial exceptions, as became good citizens and good subjects of the Crown.

The Anti-Corn Law League sprung from an association formed in 1838, to obtain the repeal of the obnoxious statutes. It was not, however, until the League visited London, and began its great system of "Tours" into the agricultural districts, that Mr. Bright became extensively identified with the proceedings of this body. His speeches at the Drury-lane Theatre meetings

were circulated all over the kingdom, and insured him great attention at the provincial gatherings of farmers; and his earnest and impassioned manner of dealing with facts and figures told well with such audiences. He also greatly distinguished himself by his activity in organizing the bazaars held, in aid of the League, in Manchester, in 1842, and in Covent Garden Theatre in 1845.

In April, 1843, he unsuccessfully contested the representation of the city of Durham, for which he again stood in July following, and was returned; and he continued to sit for Conservative Durham until 1847, when he was first returned for Manchester. His contests for Durham were costly, but his expenses were paid by subscription among the friends of the Anti-Corn Law League. In his speech on his return, he professed to throw aside party considerations

altogether, and to support measures of improvement, from whatever party they might come. He made his maiden speech in Parliament on the motion of Mr. Ewart for extending the principles of Free Trade, August 7th, 1843; and in the same month he opposed the Slave-Trade Suppression Bill, as calculated to inflict a serious injury on the commerce of the country connected with the regions to which the Bill applied.

Mr. Bright, speaks well: his voice is good, his enunciation distinct, and his delivery is free from any unpleasant peculiarity or mannerism; and it tells something of his cast of mind to find occasionally in his speeches quoting from Shelley and Wordsworth. "The man's nature," quoting from a recent article in *Blackwood*, "is intensely intolerant, autocratic and despotic. He would have made an excellent Mohammed had

he been an Arab with Mohammed's opportunities, and equally a good Pope Hildebrand had he had the chance." He is unquestionably a powerful supporter of all measures for the enlightenment of the people, and a staunch advocate of reform, but neither a wise or cool advocate, as we may judge, by the last Reform Agitation, commencing with the Hyde Park riots, which was mainly attributable to his almost matchless powers of exacerbating eloquence, lashing the people into excitement and anger. There can be no doubt that the hard-biting assertions of his views are oftentimes dealt forth indiscreetly, and they consequently damage the cause they are intended to support. Mr. Bright intrepidly opposed the policy of the war with Russia, and he was one of the meeting representing the Religious Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, by whom a deputation was despatched to the Emperor Nicholas in 1854, to urge upon him "the maintenance of peace as a true policy, as well as the manifest duty, of a Christian Government." By thus upholding a testimony against all war,—"peace at any price"—he incurred the violent censure of a numerous body of his constituents at Manchester, and at the general election of 1857, while in Italy for the benefit of his health, he was summarily ejected from his seat. He is largely engaged in trade, as a cotton spinner and manufacturer at Rochdale; in the flesh, he is undoubtedly an Englishman, and physically a capital specimen of the breed; but in spirit John Bright is an American. Were he to take up his abode in the country of his love, and remain there for two or three years and patiently study the American people and the working of their institutions, it is possible and probable that upon his return to England he would have a greater respect for his own country and its institutions than he has latterly entertained or manifested.

THE LION IN THE PATH

(From the Publisher's advance sheets.)

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CHAPTER LXVII.—THE TURBANED TRAVELLER.

On a certain day, there drove up to a splendidly furnished suite of apartments in Pall Mall a coach and four, and the sight of the personage inside collected quite a crowd to see him get out.

It was a . . . handsome-looking man, wearing the Turkish garb, but looking rather more like a Frenchman, Italian, or Englishman, than a follower of the Prophet.

"Who is it?" "what is he?" "What's his name?" "Is he an ambassador?" Such were the questions he heard as he crossed the pavement, making a sort of stately bow as he passed through the lane of people, who, in return, gave him a cheer—half in earnest as to his possible greatness, half in fun because of their ignorance.

But a bystander, who had been pumping a servant of the house, soon explained the mystery in his own fashion.

"Oh, he's an Englishman—but a great traveller, and naturalized in Turkey, been all over the world they tell me—top of the Pyramids, sucked his oranges in China, had a seraglio in Gon-stan-ti-no-ple, and now wants to take back some nice English beauties with him. What say you, my pretty charmer—will you go with him? I'll make a capital bargain for you, if you'll go halves."

The maiden thus addressed—a pretty milliner's apprentice—holding a bonnet-box in her hand—coloured a little, then angrily flounced away.

But there was one among the assembled crowd who seemed greatly interested in the advent of this traveller. He was a slim, short, youthful-looking person—scarcely more than a boy you might fancy at first sight—but not when you heard him talk, or saw the animation of his face. That face was of a rich, red brown (spotted curiously as if from some recent disease), quite destitute yet of beard; his dress that of a servant of the genteel class that still hovered about the aristocratic houses—relics of a feudal time when

servants were not menials, but rather attached retainers, humble friends, and who were themselves frequently of good families.

When the crowd had dispersed—save a few partizanicus sight-seers who crossed over to the other side of the street in order to get a glimpse of his magnificence from the drawing-room window—this youth knocked at the door, and when the servant, who was in rich livery, came to answer the knock, said he wanted to see the foreign gentleman.

"What for?" demanded John, looking sternly at the applicant.

"That's my business," was the prompt reply. "Is it? Oh, very well." And then the flunkey slammed the door right in the youth's face, and did it so suddenly that he would have been knocked backward down the two or three steps, but for his own promptitude and agility in leaping aside.

His face flushed a little with no unnatural anger—but it was only for a moment, then he smiled and stepped again to the door and gave a louder knock than before, while pulling the bell with all his might.

"They'll hear that, I fancy," he said, with a smile; "now for another explosion."

Again the door was opened, and again the majestic flunkey raised himself like a Colossus, gazed speechlessly on the incredible hardness of the youth—standing there coolly, after kicking up such a row through the whole house.

"Now, my friend," said the youth, with a bright smile, which somehow seemed even to John genial—almost fascinating—"now, my friend," he repeated, "have you time to go upstairs and announce my presence?"

"Your presence! Haw—haw—haw! And who the deuce are you?"

"A poor gentleman jacking service—but not so poor as not to be able to reward civility. What's your name? Didn't I hear somebody calling you 'John' from the lower regions? Well, now, John, there's a shilling to begin with, and who knows what may follow?"

"Well, you are a rum 'un, that I will say. And you do really want to see this foreigner?"

"I do, and I mean to see him, row or no row. You understand, John?"

John grinned, eyed the young fellow from top to toe, as if amused to see so much impudence in so small a frame, then laughed, as the young fellow touched the hilt of his sword, as if in warning that his manliness and gentility were not to be questioned, and went to do his bidding.

The turbaned traveller was lying at full length on a couch, smoking a long Turkish pipe, with its bowl on the carpet a couple of yards off, having a cup of fragrant and steaming coffee by his side, and looking altogether a very fair representative of Turkish ease, quietude, and indulgence.

The door opens, and John introduces the stranger youth, who bows with extreme respect once, twice, thrice, as he approaches the couch, and then stands at a little distance in an attitude of respect and deference that looks very like one of two things: actual familiarity with the Eastern life which the stranger, as judged by his garb, belonged to, or else a sly, shrewd attempt to win the great man by showing at once his aptitude for the honour he sought.

John stood for a moment, fumbling first with the tablecloth, then with the blinds, then with the handle of the door, hoping to hear the beginning, at least of the dialogue; but the youth watched him in silence while he was smoothing out the rich tablecover, watched him as he pulled up the blind and let it down again, watched him while he made the door-handle go quite easy and well, and then—why, then, when John in despair took his last look, the youth walked towards him, evidently intending to turn him out, and shut the door.

Then John banged his way out, and down the stairs, but only to the extent of the first flight; then in an instant, with the furtive spring of a wild animal of the feline tribe, he noiselessly re-ascended by the aid of the banisters, and stooped his ear to the door.

Unluckily, in his hurry, he forgot that he ought not to lean against it too heavily. The

consequence was that in a few seconds he was stumbling forward into the room, his mouth full of stammering apologies, his heart still more full of rancour at this abominable youth, who stood smiling behind the door, which he had drawn back swiftly at the critical moment for John's exposure.

"John," said the dignified, turbaned stranger, "if this happens again I shall change my apartments, or you will change your situation. Go, my friend, and ask your mistress beforehand which she prefers."

How John stole away after this hint we need not dilate on.

The moment the door was shut, the youth burst out laughing, then, recollecting himself, apologised warmly, and said in explanation—

"It was so absurd!—wasn't it, your excellency?"

A slight smile passed over the august countenance, and then the lips opened to say—

"Well, what do you want with me?"

"I want to serve you."

"How do you know I need such service?"

"Oh, you must, your excellency, having only just come to England. You must want somebody to show you the lions."

"Lions! lions! My friend, I have seen too many of them already, so if that is the only service you propose to render—"

"Ha! ha! ha! Excuse me, sir, I spoke metaphorically, not literally, though, to be sure, there are the Tower lions. But it wasn't of them I was thinking, but of all the places, and people, and things that strangers like to see. I'm the very man, sir, to show them to you!"

"Man!" said the turbaned traveller, with an amused look; "boy, rather, I imagine. Surely you cannot be more than fifteen or sixteen?"

"Oh, but I am, sir! But what of it if I wasn't? Age should be measured not by the stupid counting of one's years. I know old men who are very young, and I know young men who are very old—old in heart, old in wickedness. Heaven help them!"

"And are you one of these hopeful boy-patriarchs?"

"Oh, dear no! Excellent character, sir. Never kissed a woman in my life; or, if I did, I assure you it wasn't that I cared about it, not I."

"But what can you do besides playing the guide to sights that I mayn't very much care to see, after all?"

"Do? What can I do? Couldn't you put the question much more shortly, sir, by asking me what I can't do?"

"Well, then, what can't you do?"

"I can't make love?"

"Do you mean for yourself or me?"

"For neither. Unless, indeed, you want to do what a worthy gentleman outside suggested—buy a few English beauties for your harem to take back with you to Turkey, if you are going back; and in that case, I promise you as many as you like, plump and handsome, and at very moderate prices!"

This was said so seriously that the turbaned traveller could but stare in wonder at the precocious simplicity—or precocious wickedness, he hardly knew which it was—of the speaker, but even as he stared, and the two glances met, there was a simultaneous burst of laughter, which put both greatly at their ease.

"Well, my friend, I suppose I must not form wrong notions of you from the loose way in which you talk; and of which, if you meant anything by it, I should tell you, you ought to be heartily ashamed."

"Oh, I don't mean anything by it, except to make your excellency laugh," said the youth, gaily, triumphantly, and at once beginning to rearrange the articles on the table, as though he had already engaged himself.

"Stop! I shall have to call John up. I think he would enjoy turning you out."

"I think he would, but he won't have the chance."

"Oh, he won't, eh?" said the turbaned traveller, who could no longer disguise the sort of amused interest he took in this light-hearted, audacious young fellow. "But I must, at all

erents, know more about you. You can't make more, you say. Anything more, in the whole range of things, that you can't do?"

"I can't drink—at least, I don't."
"We shan't quarrel about that, unless you prove a hypocrite, and do get drunk. Any more 'can'ts'?"

"Yes one more—I can't talk politics. It muddles my brain."

"Well, that, too, we shall agree about. Your English politics are not likely to interest me."

"Indeed!" was the reply, and the youth gave one bold, piercing, inquisitive glance into the turbaned face, and that look did not escape observation. The turbaned traveller became thoughtful, and pursued the conversation more slowly, more warily.

"I must own," he said, after a prolonged pause, "it is something, even to a judged traveller like me, who has seen, as he fancies, everything, and got tired of everything, to come back for a brief visit to his own country—"

"Oh, your excellency is an Englishman! I thought so," was the youth's rapid comment.

"And then find a youth of such brilliant promise among my own people—one who can do everything, except make love, drink, or talk politics. What! I suppose you could paint a picture, mould a statue, or write a poem, on occasion?"

"Try me, your excellency—say with a poem!"
"Very well. Let's have a specimen of a new 'Paradise Lost.'"

"No, your excellency, thank you. My notion of a poet is more lofty—he writes only what he likes!"

"You very properly correct me. Now, then, what is it you like?"

"Impromptus, your excellency, are not like formal, well-considered compositions. You mustn't be exacting."

"Clearly not; only make haste."

The youth took an elegant little set of ivory tablets with a gold pencil-case from his pocket, sat down at the table with his face averted from the smoking gentleman on the couch, pushed up his hair, spent a minute or two in hard study, got up as if unconscious of anybody's presence, walked to the window in a stately, meditative sort of way, stopped there another minute, then slapped his brow in an ecstasy, and cried, but still as if to himself—

"I've got it! Oh, if it would but stay for a minute! But I know what'll happen! The wine will disappear, and I shall have only the lees behind! Always my fate when I write poetry: plenty of inspiration, but so delicate—so evanescent—woe's me!"

He sat down, and in a very brief space of time showed to the turbaned traveller the following lines, written on the ivory tablet:—

"Beware! the pitfall's at your feet!
Beware! the scaffold's o'er your head!
Beware! pursuing steps are fleet!
Beware! the living and the dead!"

"What means this rigmorole?" demanded the turbaned traveller's stern and startled voice.

"Pray go on," said the youth, with a smile of almost benevolent condescension, and then the following verse was read:—

"Push on! the golden tide is flowing!
Push on! all great things wait for thee!
Push on! the fruit so long a growing
Is ripening fast for thee and me!"

Then:—

"Oh, mighty master! I, thy slave—
Oh, make me thine, and I will be
Thy guide unto a hapless grave;
Or also thy guide to victory!"

"You know me!" exclaimed the turbaned traveller, still preserving his equanimity, as shown by the steady smoke that continued to issue from his pipe.

"Lord Langton!"

"Hush!" was the instantaneous comment to the youth. "Who are you?"

"One who has it in his power to render you a great service."

"How?"

"If, as I believe, you are now seeking to open communications with the Jacobites, I happen to be better able to help you than any other man in England, one man alone excepted."

"Who is that man?"

"The chief of the Secret Service Department of the English Government."

"Oh, he could render even greater service than you, could he?"

The youth noticed the sinister tone in which this was said, but did not in the least falter or hesitate in the reply—

"He could, because he knows, or rather did, till of late, know all I knew, as well as that which many other spies like me could tell him, but he could shoot you down like a mad dog if he had the chance this instant."

"And you would not help him in that process?"

"I am here, my lord."

This was said with such calm dignity, and such a bright kind of confidence visible in the face, that Lord Langton (for of course the turbaned traveller has already become known to the shrewd reader) rose from the couch, came to the youth, took him by the hand, and looked him steadily in the face.

"How did you come to know anything about me, or to interest yourself in my movements?"

"Through being set to watch for you. That made me think about you, admire you, and wish to serve you."

"Have I ever seen you before?"

"Never."

The looks met, and the youth's look remained steadfast, quiet, and assured.

"But why do you wish to serve me?" asked Lord Langton.

"Must I tell you the whole truth however unpleasant?"

"Yes, if you wish to convince me."

"Then it is because I have been leading an infamous life—that of a spy: infamous because I did it for money, infamous because I was equally ready to serve both sides; infamous because I had my own secret faith and liking all the while."

"And that was?"

The youth looked at the earl archly for a moment, then said—

"Can you, my lord, stand another verse of my execrable poetry, provided I sing it to you?"

"Try me."

"Mad, I know it's only doggerel, but if it amuses you—"

The youth then sang in a rich voice, that reminded the earl rather of a woman's beautiful contralto than of a man's tenor, the following:—

"Oh, the rose of all the world!—
So pure, so fragrant, and so white:
Yet touch it—mark the leaves so curled:
There lurks the worm that kills delight.
Oh, root it out, my Jacobite!"

The air of loving fondness the singer introduced into the last line was quite extraordinary, and did much to convince Lord Langton that his strange companion was really earnest in the faith.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Clarence Harvey."

"Can you tell me no more about yourself?"

"Not at this moment. You must trust me, master, thoroughly, or not at all."

"But, seriously, have you contemplated the risks attending your proposals?"

"Risks? I can fight!" said the youth, gallantly.

"Are you sure?" demanded Lord Langton, with a sort of persistent look of doubt.

"Sure, my lord—"

"Hush! No name, no title!"

"Yes; it was imprudent. I beg pardon. It shall not happen again, under any circumstances."

"That's right. Call me henceforth Baba Effendi, my Turkish title; but don't conceal the fact of my being an Englishman, who has spent the greater part of his time abroad, and who means to go back; hence my retention of the Turkish garb. Well, now as to your skill in fighting?"

"Oh, I have been learning to fence under our most approved master of the art. Three times a day for a month I've been at it. Look, my lord," and the youth put himself into an attitude of extreme grace and fitness, and began to lunge and parry, make salutes, and so on, finish-

ing off with a lunge at the earl's breast so rapid, so deadly in manner, that the earl's face changed, though he did not move an inch, as he felt a little touched—but touched with such practised skill in measuring distances, that not the slightest real danger was after all involved.

That was a master stroke. Clarence Harvey was engaged—was to be his excellency's body and confidential servant. And then master and servant remained together late into the night, engaged in conversation of the greatest possible importance in connection with the earl's secret mission.

We shall here only give the concluding portion of their talk. Clarence Harvey rose, about an hour after midnight, to go away.

"Where are you going?" demanded his master. "I thought you were about to stay with me?"

"I have one visit—a very important one—to make first."

"Indeed! May I ask its nature?"

"Oh, yes, your excellency. I am going to wake up my chief of the Secret Service Department, tell him I have made a great discovery, and so win his confidence, and keep him quiet while we proceed."

"What! are you mad?"

"Oh dear, no, your excellency. I know my man, and I know beyond all question what he wants, and what he'll do. I warned him some time since of Jacobite movements in London."

"What, before I came?"

"Certainly. And he then told me that, if I could discover Lord Langton, I was to be very guarded in keeping the knowledge secret, for he wanted now to be able to pursue the ramifications of the Jacobite conspirators."

"Ah! I understand. He wants to kill a good many birds with one stone. But not the less, Master Clarence Harvey, must I decline your obliging offer to go and inform against me?"

"You think, then, you are as yet unknown to my chief?"

"Undoubtedly I do."

"Pardon my smile. It was he who informed me where to find you, after I had exhausted every chance I could think of, to discover you without going to him."

Lord Langton was a brave man, but even he could not bear this without some emotion.

"Prove to me the truth of this, and I will implicitly trust you."

The youth went to look out of the window, then returned and said, in a low voice—

"It's almost too dark for the experiment, but, if you will venture forth just now, either in your own dress, or, if that be too conspicuous, in a long cloak and with an English hat, I guarantee to you you will meet, in the course of a quarter of a mile walk, at least two of the chief's satellites watching you, perhaps more."

"Is that true?"

"Try it. You will meet them singly, and in quite different kinds of dresses. Perhaps as a gentleman, perhaps as a tradesman, perhaps as a labourer, but, if you note carefully, you will see a white handkerchief displayed in the hand."

"What's that for?"

"That spy may recognize spy, and not mistake his brother for a rebel or a Jacobite, and also as a lure to Jacobites; for it is one of their secret signals—so I have heard."

Lord Langton determined to try the experiment, and having partially disguised himself with a cloak and hat, borrowed from some inmate of the house, professedly to enable the foreign gentleman to take a walk unmolested, he took his sword in his hand and went forth, leaving Clarence Harvey behind, to watch his progress from the window.

The experimenter quickly returned, and he was in some visible agitation.

"Was I right, your excellency?" demanded Clarence Harvey.

"I have seen no less than three of them; evidently all meeting me to look in my face, or dogging my steps to see whither I was going."

"And will your excellency now trust me?"

"It is a terrible thing you ask from me, young man—you, a stranger! Think of it. You say you are in personal connection with the

agents of the Government; you propose to tell them who and where I am; how, in heaven's name, am I to know whether you are really betraying me or them?"

"Pardon your excellency, I am not exactly betraying them; for I mean to tell them the truth, so far as I tell them anything. Neither am I now paid by them. They think I am trying to curry favour by a brilliant stroke, after having got into disgrace; but I have made no promises to them beyond the one—that if I discovered you by their aid, I would undertake to go and see the chief after I had seen you and been engaged."

"What that means is obvious, said Lord Langton, growing more and more uneasy and dissatisfied with his new acquaintance.

"It is so, your excellency; and therefore, I say, you must not compel me to be too scrupulous. I know King James, God bless him! would justify any amount of hard swearing to his foes that was intended for his benefit."

"You have no right to say that. But, in any case, I am not King James."

"No, your excellency, but so the matter stands. I can open communications for you with the men you most want to see—I can in a thousand ways shorten the anxiety of your great experiment; but if you won't be content with the only tools that exist for the work, why then, farewell! I have lost my labour."

"You mean, then, you must play a double part?"

"I mean, my lord, you must leave all that to me, assured I will in no way compromise your honour."

"Surely never was man asked so much! You surround yourself with every conceivable motive to suspicion, and then demand an almost angelic trust. Come, let me look at you again."

He took the youth by both his hands, drew him towards the light of the wax candles, and took a prolonged look.

"Is this a treacherous face? Is this lip a lying one? Is that eye, that seems to beam with honesty and faithfulness, only gazing at me with the thought—'How long before I may strike?' No, 'perdition catch my soul,' as Othello says, 'but I do love thee,' or, at least, feel strangely inclined to do so. So now, return this double clasp, and swear to me fidelity."

The youth dropped on his knees, still holding his master's hands, and said, in a tone of fervent emotion, and with upraised eyes that looked almost divine in their expression—

"I swear!"

"And I trust!"

CHAPTER LXVIII.—PLAYS HE TRUE OR FALSE.

Clarence Harvey left Lord Langton, promising to return within a couple of hours. Of course, he understood perfectly his master's anxiety to see him back as soon as possible, and his last words were to say, with a bright smile—

"You have given me two hours, but I shall be back within one."

The one hour passed and he had not returned. The second hour passed, and still he was absent.

Lord Langton could no longer be on his couch. He got up, took possession of his sword, went to the window, and tried to look up and down Pall Mall by the aid of the miserable lamps; but he could distinguish nothing clearly so he gently raised the sash, and put his head out into the darkness, and listened.

He heard nothing calculated to alarm him. No men clustering and whispering under the eaves, nothing but a late sedan-chair going along preceded by a link-boy, and the march of the sentinel opposite the front of St. James's Palace.

Then it struck him how easily within the quadrangle of the palace men might be lurking to entrap him; or, possibly, even a file of soldiers be there standing ready, waiting only for the signal.

He left the window open and went to the door of his stately apartment, and opened that. At first he fancied he heard the rustle of a dress,

which was passing away from him, and he was half inclined to follow it.

What should he do? Was he not tempting Providence to stay here, and be arrested through the agency of a boy, who had actually told him what he was going to do? Why, he would be the laughing stock of Europe to be thus caught. Even the ghastliness of the scaffold would scarcely destroy the sense of a grotesque absurdity in such an ending to such a mission.

Half-past four, and still no Clarence Harvey. He will go forth. Better sacrifice what properly he has brought with him, slip out of the house, change his garb once more, and so tattle even Clarence Harvey, his chief, and the whole gang of spies.

Writing a hurried note to say he borrowed the cloak and hat, and would return them in a day or two, leaving meanwhile his own things in charge, he descended the stairs, meeting no one, and got into the hall.

There the sense of extreme quiet in the house and in the streets again made him pause, and ask himself whether Clarence Harvey might not have the best of reasons to give for his delay when he should come; and whether, indeed, it was not clear after all, for another reason, that he could not be playing him false, for if he were, would he not have taken care to have had the arrest made instantly, and not give two hours and a half of chances for escape?

These reasons restored his confidence somewhat, and he went up the stairs again, reminding himself that to lose Clarence Harvey might be to lose the power to take immediate possession of the strings that controlled the movements of the London Jacobites.

But he could not go to bed—could not hope to sleep—could not even venture to trust himself to sleep till this mysterious and dangerous looking incident was ended. So he amused himself by going to his bedroom at the back of the house, and studying the outlook from it in case he needed to fly.

The room seemed, as well as he could make out the facts through the obscurity of the night, to look upon a back yard that itself seemed to have communication by a winding passage with the open square beyond. This was St. James's Square.

The comfort this suggested was of course lessened on consideration that the first thought of the leader of a party sent to arrest him would be to secure this very route.

A new thought then struck Lord Langton. He saw that the other houses—which, like the one in which he was, were very old—had similar means of exit to the square; and he further saw that, by the projecting balconies of these houses, he might, with a little courage, vigour, and address, pass along to the furthest, and then try whether the way into the square was there free.

And then again his thoughts relapsed into a state of hope and confidence, and he had half determined to go to bed, not taking off his clothes, and trust to his power of instant wakefulness to give him the alarm in case of need, when he felt a thrill run through his blood at the sound of a piercing cry, which seemed almost certainly to come from Clarence Harvey, and which was followed by the sound of clashing swords.

In a wonderfully brief space of time Lord Langton was descending the stairs, as though his feet scarcely needed to touch them; the heavy locks, bars, bolts, and chains were withdrawn as by a magical touch; and he stood at the door, sword in hand, gazing for one brief moment at the combatants through the uncertain light, doubtful as to the one against whom he should direct his attack.

CHAPTER LXIX. CLARENCE HARVEY AND HIS CHIEF.

Although it was between two and three hours past midnight, the chief of the Secret Service Department was as busy in his little den as if he had only just arisen, and breakfasted, and been mightily refreshed, and was going to his work in a spirit of real enjoyment.

A cup of coffee was near him, of which he

frequently sipped; also a basin of water, in which he frequently washed his head. And with these appliances, and a hard captain's biscuit, he would go on at times for forty-eight hours together, writing, dictating, giving interviews, and issuing orders.

Touching his bell, his satellite comes.

"Jenkins been yet?"

"No, sir; but I've heard of him. He was on his beat, and keeping close watch."

"That's right. Always keep a good spy on your spies. Mistress Preston—have you seen her lately?"

"No, sir."

"What was that young fellow's Christian name whom you said wanted to see me the other day when I was busy?"

"Clarence Harvey."

"True, Clarence Harvey."

"But you did see him, didn't you, sir, when I was at home in bed?"

"Not I!"

"Then he came to me with a lie, for he said you had sent him to Lord Langton, and I was to direct him in great secrecy where his lordship was to be found."

"And were you idiot enough to believe such a message through a stranger?"

"I shouldn't have done so, but that I fancied you had some special object in keeping yourself in the dark, and that he gave me one of those signals which are only known to our most confidential spies."

"This looks bad. Send out instantly in every direction. Scour the town till you find Clarence Harvey."

"Very well, sir."

"Stay. This ugly fact necessitates, I think, the immediate arrest of our magnificent-looking Turk. Clarence Harvey must have come here in order to try if he could discover whether we did or did not know of Lord Langton's disguise and whereabouts. He has discovered we do know all about him, and now the bird's flown I suspect, or about to fly. So, quick—off with you!"

"I am to make the arrest?"

"Yes—no. Yes! That is— I confess I do not know what to do. Valuable as this capture would be, I have learned of late that the elements of danger are rife all about us—and I want the clue. Yes, I want the clue, which only a man like this rebel lord can give me."

"Shall I—or not?"

"No. Only double your watch. Stay! Let me know within a few minutes as possible that he is still where he was. Let somebody get to him, look upon him—if possible, touch him—to make sure he is no visionary spectre—and then let me know. That will be sufficient for to-day. Mind, too, I expect to see Clarence Harvey—alive or dead—before to-day shall have passed over me!"

"And here is Clarence Harvey," said the official an instant after, when, having heard a tap, he had gone to the door, opened it, and saw who waited outside.

"Come, that makes things look better. Leave all matters as they were. Never change your plans when you are not obliged. Send the youngster in."

The official went out and Clarence Harvey came in.

Excitement apparently had brought out into stronger prominence the spots upon his face, so as to give it a decidedly unpleasant aspect, which it had not had while with Lord Langton.

The chief shaded his eyes from the lamplight by the side of his elbow, and looked long and narrowly at the youth before him; who, on his side, gazed back with a sort of fearless audacity that the chief rather liked.

"So," said he, "you are the person who acts as go-between to deliver messages you never received to people to whom nobody sent you, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Exactly? What on earth do you mean by that? Do you dare to own you have come here twice under such circumstances—once to play

us the trick, and once more when the trick's found out?"

"Well, sir, you see, if the facts are so, how am I to get rid of them?"

"That's very true. Anything more to say?"

"A good deal."

"You won't get much time to say it in, I can promise you. And when you leave here you may find matters go unpleasantly with you."

"No, sir, no. I expect to hear you contradict that most emphatically before I do go."

"Indeed! Well, judge for yourself what you will do. This is what I shall do. There is my watch. In one minute I shall call my man and tell him to remove you. He will do it, and then, my friend, after a gentle bastinado, you will join a press-gang, now lying within half a mile of us—and will, I hope, send me news of your welfare after your first cruise in one of the worst ships in His Majesty's navy."

"That's your ultimatum, is it? Now I shall give you mine. If you don't unsay every word of this before the minute shall have elapsed—Ah, you are setting the watch. No—start fair. Now I am ready, and going to begin. You wouldn't see me when I called. I had got a splendid scheme in my head. I had discovered some of the chief Jacobite haunts—had discovered that Lord Langton was in mysterious communication with them; but could learn no more. My scheme was to play the Jacobite myself—go to him and persuade him to engage me as his servant—but I didn't know where to find him, and couldn't get to you. Time pressed. I knew what you—as a man of sense and spirit—would say if I saw you, I ventured to say it without seeing you. I got his address, have won him over, am his confidential servant—and now I am here to receive orders."

"Ha! that sounds well. I see you are a lad of mettle. But where have you lived?—what have you been doing?—how have you managed to get this insight into my position, character, and doings, eh?"

"Hadn't you a spy once of the name of Michael Gibbs?"

"Yes, he died a few months ago—killed in a brawl."

"That was my father; but I got ashamed of him, and changed my name to my uncle's—Harvey; and then, after all, father got hold of me, and initiated me in all his ways, and I wanted me to help, but I got frightened and ran away. But I am now older and wiser, and know which side my bread's buttered. Yes, I am very poor and there, that's all."

The chief touched his bell, and called his satellite.

"Do you remember anything about Gibbs's son?"

"Not I, sir; never heard he had one."

"Is Perkins still with you?" asked the youth, with a laugh.

The chief looked at him very curiously as this question was put; and said to the satellite—

"Go and ask Perkins—that is, if he's sober enough to speak to the matter."

There was a dead silence till Perkins's answer was brought back.

"Yes; he remembered Gibbs talking about his son—what a rebellious brute he was, and how he had got away to sea, he fancied."

"Rebellious brute?" echoed the youth. "How like him! Poor father!" And then he sighed.

"How like you! I suppose he would have said," remarked the chief, with a laugh, while signifying to his sub he might go. "And what now is it you propose?" the chief continued.

"Nay, I have done. The time's up; look to your watch."

The chief gave a sort of grim approval of the jest; then added, reprovingly—

"These things are not done often here; so if you really are a sensible lad, take no advantage, bandy no more jests, but out at once with what ever you have to say."

"Really, sir, I have no more to say. I have done all I hoped to do, as a preliminary. I have not the ambition to think I could plot so as to outdo so accomplished a plotter as Lord Langton must be; still less do I fancy I can devise plans equal to what you can devise for me."

"Have you been ill lately?"

"Yes; a trifle—an eruption on my face."

"How caused?"

"Can't say."

"When brought out?"

"A few weeks back. It's nearly gone now. It was very bad."

"Hum! Ah, I dare say! You have told me the truth, you say about yourself—you are simply Clarence Harvey, and nobody else?"

"Who on earth can I be but myself? That is a good joke, though you say you don't deal in jokes."

"Well, I don't generally like 'em; but I make exceptions. I shall think over what you have said. You will stay here for the night!"

"Here, sir! I promised him to be back in one hour, or two hours at the very furthest; and he was very suspicious, I can tell you, when he found I wanted to leave him at so late an hour, just when he wanted me to stay."

"Tut, tut! that matters little. Poor boy! You look tired and pale. We must find a bed for you. Let me see. Why, there's that drunker, carbunkled fellow, Perkins, though he is sober to-night; he has got possession, for special reasons, of our only spare bed; you shall share it with him."

"No, no, sir!" urged the youth, at first in alarm, then angrily.

"I say, yes, yes!" And he was about to ring the bell when the youth's gestures restrained him.

"Excuse me, sir; you must, indeed, I entreat you. I am not personally very fastidious, but indeed, I cannot accept your offer of a share of Perkins's bed."

The youth who, up to this time, had shown both skill and spirit, now broke down; and the chief, seeing his advantage, said—

"Mistress Maria Clementina Preston, you try my patience very far, but I forgive you, for the sake of the deception; for I own I did not, till within the last five minutes, at all suspect you."

"Mistress Preston" at this burst out into a laugh, then into a cry, and then, as the chief approached to console her as if in pity, she roused herself, and said, with some pettish resentment—

"Well, I'm very sorry you found me out; but it's all the same, only I shan't have quite so much amusement, that's all."

"And you are now ready for serious business, are you?"

"Quite."

"By-the-bye, does Lord Langton know of or suspect your present disguise?"

"No, or he would not keep me; nor, in truth, would I stay with him."

"Am I to believe that?"

"It is true."

You swear to that?"

"I do."

"In the very teeth of the fact that I am about to disprove every word of your statement?"

"I swear solemnly that, know you or know you not about the matter, he neither knows nor suspects that I am a woman."

"Very well; keep him in ignorance."

"I shall."

A long and deeply-interesting conversation now ensued, consisting chiefly of questions from the chief, and answers by Clarence Harvey, through the whole of which the chief seemed to be well satisfied with the behaviour of the spy.

When this was over, he said, in quite an altered tone—

"Well, now, my pretty mistress, I think I have sucked you like an orange, and tolerably dry. I incline to think you have been truthful on the whole, thinking it, I suppose, the best policy. Now, mark what I have to say to you."

"You have slipped out of my hands once, only to re-appear in this disguise; and for your own purposes."

"Hush, pretty one! All the denials in the world won't change my opinion. That disguise was not put on for my benefit—I hardly think even for your own. What remains? Why, that you are working in the interests of the very man you were set to watch."

"If you don't hold your tongue I'll find means to make you! Do you heed me?"

"Now to proceed. I don't believe one word you say as to your intentions. I dare say you have sworn fidelity to this rebel lord. I shan't trouble you to do the same to me. I don't ask from you any faith in the cause—any honesty in keeping your promises. I only ask you to remember this—so sure as you fail to keep to your original engagement, which was to me and to the only true king and Government—so sure, I say, as you swerve but a hair's breadth from the path I am going to chalk out for you—I will have you apprehended, and treated like some profligate picked up out of the streets. You shall beset to Bridewell, flogged, and made with those dainty fingers to pick oakum for a few months."

"Do you understand?" You are ambitious, I dare say. You want handsome, possibly noble lovers. Well, I have nothing to do with that, if you deal rightly with me. If you don't look for no mercy. You shall not only go where I have said, but there shall be an audience of gay gentlemen called there by special invitation to see you, and among them two or three of whom I hear you think highly; suppose we mention the names of Sir Richard Constable, Paul Arkdale, and—"

A scream interrupted the speech; then the miserable creature fell into convulsions on the floor, and the chief and his satellite had a hard task to bring her round.

And when that was done, she was again going off at the sight of the chief, but the sub perceived how the matter stood, and requested permission to remove her to another room. This was done, and there, after some delay, the hapless maiden recovered.

Recovered, but only again to have to face that man of iron nerves and stony heart—the chief; and before she was permitted to leave him, he had so shaken her every faculty with his threats on the one hand of the most unendurable personal degradation, and with his brilliant promises of reward on the other, that Maria—or, as we shall call her, Clarence Harvey—felt all her good resolves giving way, and so ended by pledging herself to resume the old game of taking the leading part in the betrayal of Lord Langton.

Then only was Clarence Harvey allowed to go.

CHAPTER LXX.—THE SAVAGES OF THE STREET.

Clarence Harvey's night of adventure was not yet over, though the light of day was becoming strong in the east.

He was hurrying along through the streets and through the damp morning mist, scarcely aware of what he was doing or whether he was going in the engrossing misery of this new position, shaped for him by the chief, when he was roused from his absence of mind by a strange, wild kind of cry from a street on the right, the end of which he was passing.

That cry was answered by a regular yell from many voices, and while the startled wayfarer peered in alarm into the darkness, wondering what the noises meant, he saw many figures running towards him, and again the cries rose loudly into the air, as if in connection with some unearthly kind of street hunt.

Clarence Harvey gazed for a moment in mortal terror, turned, and fled, after murmuring to himself, in accents of intense anguish—

"The Mohocks!"

Away went the fugitive, and away after him went the hunters, who were a byword during a considerable part of the last century for their lawless and cruel deeds.

The Mohocks were, in brief, small companies of abandoned and licentious men, mostly belonging to the richer and more aristocratic classes, who, for lack of more healthful and equally stimulating amusement, were accustomed to meet at some tavern, drink themselves drunk—though not too drunk for the enjoyment of their infamous orgies—then, when the night was far advanced, they would sally forth, prepared to hunt down some unfortunate man or woman whom they happened to find in the streets, and upon whom they lavished every kind of cruel,

degrading, and indecent treatment that happened to occur to their polluted imaginations.

Such a gang had now broken forth, and were running like a pack of hungry wolves after Clarence Harvey, yelling in all sorts of fantastic voices to increase the alarm of the fugitive, and make the more sensation for the sleepers in the streets through which the hunt passed.

Clarence Harvey's slight figure and agile strength at first gave him the advantage, and he had the ineffable relief of finding, after a minute or two, that he was clearly distancing these horrible wretches, when, unhappily, his foot caught in a rut of the badly paved street, and he fell with such violence that the blood gushed from his mouth and nostrils.

He rose again instantly, and stood as if paralysed.

For a moment the disguised woman was in extreme danger of fainting. Her eyes saw the nearest dim lantern dancing fantastically amid a hot blaze of colours, her brain swam, and she stretched out her hands vainly into the air in the unconscious effort to grasp something. Then she felt a refreshing breeze, which strengthened her; and then that same breeze, with a fresh puff, brought the horrible voices once more to her, and again she fled.

But no longer with the old speed.

No; they are clearly gaining upon her, and the individual shouts, laughter, and oaths become distinguishable.

"Heaven help me! I can run no further."

She stopped, panting as though her heart would burst, and in an instant was surrounded by the gang of miscreants.

Her first instinct was to guard the secret of her sex, were it only for Paul's sake, who seemed to have become suddenly dearer to her than ever, even while more unattainable, through the outrage committed by her chief in his late talk and threatening.

"Good gentlemen, sweet gentlemen," she began, the moment she found her lips able to separate and to speak, "pity me. I am only a poor youth, who happens to be out late on business for my master. Oh, for heaven's sake don't hurt me! I have nearly fainted once, and I— I shall go off again, if—"

This appeal produced only a general roar.

One of the bullies now gravely stepped forward, and said—

"Pardon, brother gentles; I am, as you know, physician and surgeon-extraordinary, to this our noble band. Pray give me room. Back! back! I must do my duty, and examine the patient, before I certify he is a fit object for legitimate sport."

So saying, he stepped forth, amid the jeers, the hiccups, and the brutal imprecations of his companions, to feel, as he said, the patient's pulse.

"Rather low, I am bound to confess. I think, gentles, we may as well, for once, let this timid beast of chase escape, and seek another."

"No." "No." "We won't let him go." These and similar cries convinced the less evil-intentioned brute who had first spoken that the blood of the wretches was thoroughly heated, and clamorous for their sport, and that not the life of the youth, or half a dozen such lives, would be permitted to stand in their way, if life were really endangered.

Seeing that, he pulled a flask of wine from his pocket, and went to the trembling victim who now stood the centre of a circle of sharp-pointed swords all held towards her, barring her from any possibility of sudden egress, and said—

"Here, my man, drink of this. 'Twill give you a better chance." Then he whispered, "I'll help you to get another start in a minute or two, before you come to much harm, if only you'll be on the watch."

Maria heard, was comforted, and drank eagerly, and for the moment felt new courage to address an eloquent appeal to her tormentors, when suddenly she shrieked, for the point of a sword had pricked her back, though not seriously. The wretches had grown skilful through much practice.

She shrieked, and turned to face the man who had thus outraged her. Then, from the oppo-

site point of the compass, the outrage was repeated with the same result; and so the game went round, till every one of the noble and gallant company had had his chance and drawn blood.

The strangest and saddest part of the business was that though the shrieks of the maddened victim were most piercing, no one came to help.

Many windows were thrown up, and from some came a cry of—

"Watch! watch!"

But the criers would not come forth themselves; and as to the watchman, they were too wise to venture their poor old tottering, feeble frames into the vicinity of men who would only turn upon them, and regale themselves afresh upon their persons, after satiating themselves with their first victim.

Seeing no hope of escape—feeling the torture no longer endurable, the hapless girl at last said—

"Oh, gentlemen, gentlemen, if you will not have mercy on me as a man, spare me, at least, as a woman!"

"A woman! A woman! Yoicks! Hallo! A barrel! We'll roll her down St. James's Street into the park!"

This was one of the choice amusements when a woman was the unfortunate subject of Mohock sports, and was, perhaps, the least fearful because the least immodest.

She found herself hustled along in the crowd towards some place where one of the party knew of a barrel, standing outside a vintner's.

Suddenly Maria caught sight of a house with quaint gables that told her where she was—in Pall Mall, within a few yards of her master's house.

Then she let her voice ring out with her utmost power in a most shrill and penetrating shriek.

That shriek was heard by a young man who had just turned the corner, and had been singing an air from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," in a fine baritone voice:—

"Oh, ruddier than the cherry!
Oh, rudd—"

Stopping suddenly his singing, he drew his sword, ran to the crowd, was met by one of the ruffians, and their swords clashed in instant and violent meeting.

That shriek was heard also by Lord Langton, as he waited in intense anxiety in his drawing-room for the return of his new servant, and he heard also, as we have seen the noise of the crossing swords.

To him now we will return.

CHAPTER LXXI.—TO THE RESCUE.

At the very instant that Lord Langton opened the door, and caught his first indistinct view of the two men fighting, and of a heaving, struggling mass beyond, a link-boy, fancying the gentleman wouldn't hurt him, and that he might get a job, came running up with his torch, which shed a strong, red, fitful light upon the scene.

The first effect of that light was to reveal to the earl a face he well knew, and great was his delight to recognise in it the melodious stranger.

"Paul!" he shouted—"Paul Arkdale!"

"Eh? Who's that?" shouted back Paul in reply, while still warily pressing on his autagonist.

"A friend. Never mind names now. Paul, here are the infamous Mohocks at work upon a poor miserable boy. Have at them! Bear towards me. Let's get back to back. Hurrah, Paul!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Paul in return.

Then there was a quick and strange commotion among the struggling herd of ruffians who were dragging their victim along.

First one turned to see what was the matter, and was soon answered by finding himself run through his sword arm.

Then another, who, seeing what had happened, rushed on with a yell like the yell of a wild Indian, was instantly deprived of his sword by its being stricken from his hand, while he himself received a cut across the face and nose that marred evermore the beauty of which this half-fop, half-bully was so proud.

The others now were effectually roused, and came on in a confused group—those, at least, of them whose senses were not too far gone; for some had dropped on the pavement, sick with wine, and the fresh air, and the excitement, and some had stolen away at the first tokens of danger.

These—the fighting men and the most desperate ones, about half a dozen in number—now rushed towards the devoted champions of the oppressed, their faces like those of satyrs turned into devils—red with wine, swelled and pimpled with the tokens of excesses of all kinds, burning with desires for vengeance on the impudent scoundrels who dared to interfere with the amusements of men of fashion.

At that moment, Paul Arkdale, who, not having much skill with his weapon, had found a tough customer in his foe, managed to give him his quietus by a lunge that went through the body—in at the breast and out at the back—and the miserable man dropped from off the sword prone to the ground with a dismal groan, and died.

"His blood on his own head! On, my brave Paul! They are but wild beasts, monsters, not men! Down with them!" cried Lord Langton, who had now managed to get both Paul and himself near to a level wall of the houses, and there, standing partly enclosed, as if intending to be back to back, but really facing chiefly to the front they found themselves able to keep the whole gang from getting behind them, and able also to lessen the number of those who could usefully attack in front.

But it was by no means Lord Langton's idea that they should wait long for attacks, if attacks did not instantly and continuously come.

As he expected, one terrible rush did take place. Four infuriated ruffians were within almost sword's point, lunging desperately at them, swearing at them with the most obscene oaths, and only prevented from leaping on the two friends, and burying them under their united weight, by the consciousness that one of their number had already gone to his last home, whilst two others were wounded, and crying loudly for a surgeon. It so happened that one of these was the very man who had assumed to himself the rank of "physician and surgeon extraordinary," and who was now able to meditate on the force of the words, "Physician, heal thyself."

The very violence of the rush, coupled with the instinctive sense of the danger to be encountered from these two swordsmen, made the rush pass over harmlessly to anybody but the assailants. One of them almost immediately drew back, wounded—how or where nobody knew or cared to ask.

But there were others now came rushing up, and the two defenders must have perished but for a new interposition.

Maria, at the moment she found these two brave defenders, had become literally senseless with the fright of her position; but when the brutes drew off from her, she recovered, and then was haunted by a most extraordinary fancy.

During her state of half-consciousness, she thought she had heard somebody call on Paul Arkdale.

More wonderful still—she fancied, too, she had heard Paul Arkdale answer.

She looked about her; saw by the light of the link-boy's torch two men against the wall, struggling against what seemed to be a host of blackened figures.

In an instant that love of adventure which was an innate part of her being revived in all its force, and she determined, like those men, to sell her life and honour dearly. Then, with a cry of joy, succeeded by a cry of anguish, she recognised, as she approached the combatants, Paul's face!

But she would not be known by him, not for the world, if she could help it; for what would he think to find her in man's dress—the butt and victim of these wretches—and she acting as the servant of a man, himself young, handsome, and distinguished?

Seeing all that in one brief mental glance, she drew her sword—which, with a wise instinct,

she had not attempted previously to use, nay, almost had forgotten while she had to deal with such a miscreant horde—she drew her sword, we repeat, shut her eyes, as if to shut out the woman's sense of the desperate danger she was obliged to confront, and then, in a moment more one of the gang fell at the very feet of Paul, stabbed from behind.

That incident brought the scene to a rapid climax. The others began to look behind them, to move backward, to open out; and as these operations went on, Paul and the earl drove at them with such vigour and address that, ere two minutes had elapsed, three of the ruffians stood before the three conquerors disarmed, helpless, three others were wounded and crawling away, one was dead, and the rest of the band nowhere visible; they had found discretion the better part of valour, and fled.

What a meeting was that between Paul and the earl as they shook hands, and the earl whispered, and was understood—

"Hush!"

And then the meeting between the earl and his unfortunate but no longer endangered serving-man, Clarence Harvey!

Nor did Paul and this slim, terrified-looking youth, who was as white as a sheet and awestricken as a ghost, fail to exchange looks and a grasp of the hand. Paul felt the clammy, delicate fingers quiver, and he saw the long look of the face, but did not for an instant dream who it was, so effectually had Mistress Preston disfigured her lovely complexion by simulating disease.

And then the three held a parley as to their wounded and prisoners.

Paul whispered a word or two to the earl, which seemed to please him very much, as he replied, in the same low tone—

"Good! Excellent! Nothing can be better or more appropriate. Begin."

Paul went to Clarence Harvey, took him by the hand, and led him to the door-steps of the earl's own lodging. There were three steps, then a kind of broad landing.

"Sit down, my friend," said Paul. "It will rest you, while we say a few words to these gallant, high-spirited, humane English gentlemen. No, Master Harvey, if you please, you must do as you are bidden. It is your master's orders."

Clarence Harvey then sat down on the top step, wondering what was intended.

"Now, gentlemen," continued Paul, "each of you will go up to your unfortunate victim, bowing three times before you speak to him. You will take no notice of the slight correction that will accompany each bow, and which I am sure will be quite to your taste, as in accord with Mohock laws and traditions. You will then say just these words—don't make mistakes, or you'll have it all to do over again—bows, correction, and all.

"You will say, gentlemen, just these words: 'Young man, if you can find it in your heart to forgive so base, infamous, and contemptible a creature as I am, I swear to you to treasure in my heart of hearts, with boundless gratitude, the remembrance of the kindly chastisement your friends may inflict on me.'

"You can't remember so much, you think? Very well. I will repeat the words, and you shall say them after me. Now, gentlemen, begin!

"But, mind, I and my friend swear to you—and you see we have the power—that we will doubly punish you if you hesitate or boggle in the least. Begin!"

Seeing no one of the three inclined to begin, Lord Langton, half overcome with laughter to find himself a kind of Mohock, gave the foremost man a sharp prick in a convenient part of his person.

He bounded forward, and made his first bow. Prick again from behind, followed by a terrible "Oh!"

The second bow was accompanied by the same ceremony, and the third the same.

Then Paul repeated, as nearly as he could remember, the previous formula, and the shaking Mohock repeated each word after him with most striking vigour of speech, for each seemed forced out of him by a terrible spasm or jerk. Paul

was, in fact, making each word a kind of bee, having a very sharp sword-sting in its tail.

When the whole of the three men had been subjected to this discipline, they were commanded to kneel in a row before their victim. Seeing no help, they obeyed. And then, roaring with laughter, Paul and the earl kicked them, in the most contemptuous manner possible, before saying—

"Now go, and remember henceforth that there are other men beside yourselves who can play at the game of Mohocks."

CHAPTER LXXII.—THE MOCKERY KING WELCOMES AN ABRUPT VISITOR.

The great bell in the courtyard rings loudly—so loudly that surely no one can doubt but that the signal is sufficient to waken every sleeper in the palace, and bring the servants flocking to the gate to know what is the matter.

In spite of this tolerably obvious fact, again it sounds—the instant after the last vibration of the previous pull had died out—sounds louder—more imperatively than before, as if it cried, "Waken! waken! This is a matter of life and death!"

And when the servants do reach the gate, and look through the wicket to see who is the noisy disturber, the sight of his stern face, mud-bedabbled boots, and general disorder of dress, tend to confirm the idea this is no ordinary visitor.

The servants know him not, and demand his name.

"Charter! Sir George Charter. This hour from England—and returning, he hopes, the next hour to England. Away! to inform His Majesty."

That name—Charter—acts like a sesame. The gate is thrown widely open, and with the most obsequious manner the servants lead him to the inside of the palace.

Dark in his looks as the night itself, wrapped, like the night, in impenetrable gloom, yet also having, like the night, a something bright and starlike in his vivid, fierce, red-looking eyes, Sir George Charter strode on after the men, taking no notice of aught but the direction in which he had to go.

He was shown into the same spacious saloon as that in which the mockery king had received Lord Langton, though the place looked sombre in all its magnificence, through having only a single light burning, which just sufficed to realise the poet's forcible image of darkness made visible.

"Please to wait here while we inform His Majesty, and bring you word as to his pleasure."

"Tell His Majesty from me—his dutiful and devoted servant—that I must see him, and instantly."

"What, to night, Sir George?" demanded the attendant.

"Instantly."

"But the king is in bed—is no doubt asleep—unless your ringing awakened him."

"If you doubt whether he is awake, go again to the bell, and keep it going till you know the business is accomplished."

This was said with a grim laugh, as though Sir George knew better than to suppose the man believed he spoke seriously. The servant hurried away, and Sir George stalked once through the stately apartment, then threw himself heavily down on a luxurious couch, then unconsciously wiped off some of the mud from his dress on to the amber satin covering; and then, an instant after, as if too restless for any kind of repose, he started once more to his feet, and muttered—

"Yes, 'tis too late to hesitate now. My errand will seem meaningless, absurd, if I falter."

Two or three servants now came hurrying in, as if intending to light up the saloon.

Sir George stopped them by the demand—

"What are going to do?"

"The king is coming down presently to give you audience."

"And did His Majesty desire you to light up the place at this time of night?"

"No, Sir George—but—"

"Away with you, then. I will explain to His Majesty your scrupulous attention to your duties, and how I interrupted them. Away with you. Stop!—I forgot. Do you remember yet the old word largesse? If you don't, I dare say you haven't forgot the thing. There's a guinea to divide among you. If I wasn't so poor I should give you five for disturbing you at such an hour."

With many thanks and bows the attendants withdrew to the outside of the door, there to wait the king's coming, while Sir George—as he stood gazing after them—revealed in his speech how little he was thinking about them.

"What says the Scripture? 'Put not your trust in princes.' I should like to know how we can help trusting them when there's no progress to be made except by first considering all their whims and fancies. Still it is a wise saw. And if I were a wise, instead of being merely a desperate man, I should listen, and retreat even now. Hark!—yes! That's his ponderous step. Can I—can I trust that man—that particular prince?"

The double doors open, and the mockery king appears, leaning on the arm of his chief adviser, the Marquis of Burford, and coming slowly on through a lane which consists of every male courtier, retainer or servant about the place, all collected, even at such an hour, for all know how much importance their royal but unfortunate master attaches to the shows of sovereignty.

Sir George rapidly advances, and then abruptly kneels, exclaiming, in earnest tones—

"My own gracious sovereign!"

"Sir George Charter! this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. We thank you for your abrupt but manly loyalty in rousing us all so thoroughly, for no doubt the business is worthy of the circumstances."

"I—I hope so."

"No doubt—no doubt."

The king then led the way to the chair-like throne, and seated himself, wearing now a very thickly-padded scarlet dressing-gown, hastily put on, but which fulfilled admirably the duty imposed upon it, of looking like a kingly robe.

"Can I see your majesty alone?" demanded the midnight visitor.

"If—if you wish—certainly. My lord, will you dismiss the people, and then yourself kindly wait for us, near at hand, to re-conduct us to our chamber, after this audience?"

The king and his premier exchanged looks, but forgot to do the same thing with Sir George, or they would have noticed that he saw that interchange, and took careful note accordingly.

When the marquis had disappeared, there was for nearly half a minute a prolonged silence.

"Well, Sir George!"

"Presently, your majesty. I have scarcely slept since I left London, and now that I am where I wanted to be I feel my energies flagging, my thoughts growing confused, and—"

"Pardon me, Sir George, my seeming inhospitality; but, in fact, your sudden appearance so much interested me that I forgot all else."

Touching a silver bell, which gave forth one loud prolonged and musical note, a small opening suddenly appeared in a part of the wall, and without any one being seen, wine and certain delicacies were placed on a salver, and there left within reach.

"You are a soldier, Sir George, and have learned only too painfully, I regret to say, in my service, that it is possible for kings and peers to know how to help themselves. Will you oblige me?"

The soldier went to the place, lifted the salver, brought it to the table where the king now sat, knelt, while he poured out a goblet of rare wine, and offered it.

The king took it, then said—

"There is another goblet, Sir George. Fill!"

"Pardon me, sire!"

"Nay. If I have power enough left to command, or there be in you heart loyalty enough yet to obey, I bid you pour, and drink!"

The soldier bent his head in submission, poured out the wine, and waited.

"I drink, Sir George, to the success of your present mission, whatever it may be."

The king stood up, and drank largely of the cup, before he saw the kneeling soldier had not imitated his example.

"How is this, Sir George? You refuse my toast?"

"Oh, my dear lord and sire, my ever-honoured, true and rightful king, if you thus so far forget yourself, and all that lies within the charmed circle of your crown, do not, sire, believe it possible for me to forget. I do drink,

sire, and waste the wine as freely as I would again waste my blood, but it must be to this burden only—King James! A health to all his friends! Death to all his enemies!"

"Say 'Confusion,' corrected the king, in a gentle tone

"Death!" re-echoed Sir George,

The king looked at him, then his eyes dropped before the glance they met.

To be continued.

The setting sun stretches his robes of light across the landscape, and, like the Hebrew in Egypt, smites the rivers and the brooks, and they become as blood.

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



The Village Church.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

AN ENGLISH SCENE.

WE believe the accompanying illustration will awaken in the minds of many of our readers very pleasant memories of other days, when they loved to linger by the tower or porch of their village church in the dear old land. Intimately associated with the recollections of our earlier years is a village church not unlike that shown above, and to few of the memories of home do we cling more fondly. We remember the same majestic trees—the half-sunken tombstones, erected to the memories of village worshippers who fell asleep many generations before we saw the light; and often have we seen the counterpart of that ancient figure in the foreground, tottering along the gravelled walks of the quiet churchyard. Scattered through the length and breadth of England, the glory of every village, frequently hoary and venerable from age, with towers half hidden by a luxuriant growth of ivy, are these memorials of the piety and taste of our ancestors. In Canada we lack the charm with which the atmosphere of antiquity invests the works of man. We hope, therefore, this glimpse of an English village church will not be unwelcome to our readers, and believe that many of

them will enter into the spirit of the following lines:

Dear village church! I loved it
On the holy Sabbath-day,
With its ivy-covered tower,
And its beechen arbour'd way;
I loved the children singing,
And to hear the organ play,
In the dear old village church,
On the dear old Sabbath-day.

I loved it in the winter,
When the holly boughs were there,
And better still in summer,
When sweet flowers perfumed the air,
And through the diamond windows
Stream'd many a sunny ray,
In the dear old village church,
On the dear old Sabbath-day.

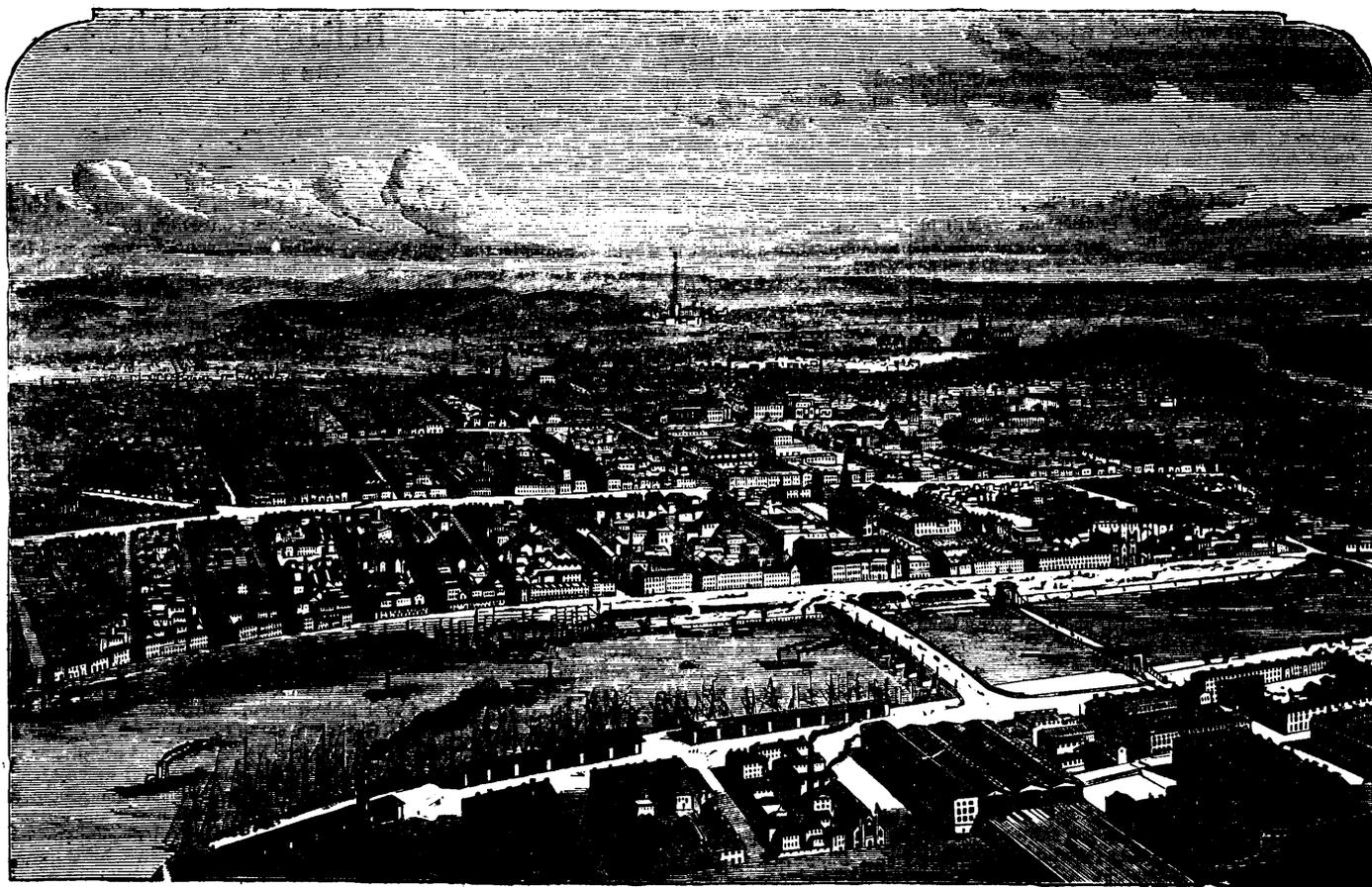
'Tis long since first I knew it;
But I yet remember how
I used to bend my little knee
And veil my little brow,
By one who loved to bring me
To kneel with her and pray,
In the dear old village church,
On the dear old Sabbath-day.

Now there are many faces
Which were not there before,
And the snowy heads are fewer,
And the grass-grown hillocks more.
But He remains unaltered,
To whom we used to pray,
In the dear old village churchyard,
On the dear old Sabbath-day.

GLASGOW.

GLASGOW is, after London, one of the largest and most important cities in Great Britain. It occupies chiefly the north side of the Clyde, but has large and populous suburbs on the south side; the river is crossed by three stone bridges, two of which are of granite, measuring sixty feet in breadth over the parapets, and much admired for their light and graceful architecture, and by two suspension-bridges for foot passengers, each of a single span.

The ground upon which Glasgow is built is for the most part level, but in the north and north-west districts there are considerable elevations. The city, as it now exists, is almost wholly modern, having quintupled in dimensions during the last sixty years. This immense growth has arisen from its situation in the midst of a district abounding in coal and iron, and from the facilities afforded by the Clyde for the cultivation of a world-wide commerce. At the same time much of its prosperity is undoubtedly due to local ingenuity and enterprise. It was in Glasgow that James Watt, in 1765, made his memorable improvement on the steam-engine; it was there also that H. Bell in 1812 first (at least in the old world) demonstrated the prac-



Glasgow.

ticability of steam-navigation. Enormous sums have been expended in the widening and deepening of the Clyde so as to render it navigable by vessels of 2,000 tons burden. The harbour of Port Dundas on the Forth and Clyde Canal has likewise afforded facilities for the commerce of the city.

Glasgow was for a long time the chief emporium of the tobacco trade, and its Virginian merchants formed a local aristocracy remarkable for wealth and *hauteur*. The American war paralysed this trade, but sugar cultivation in the West Indies and the introduction of the cotton manufactures opened up new industries. Calico printing, and other branches followed, and with the rapid expansion of the iron trade, including machine making and steam-boat building, the city has attained its present magnitude. Among its thousand chimney stalks there is one of 450 and one of 460 feet, being the highest in the British dominions. The former carries off the noxious vapours of the largest chemical works in the world, covering twelve acres of ground and employing 1,000 men.

Owing to the number of factories, foundries and work shops of all kinds, the city has, especially to Canadian eyes, a somewhat dingy and smoky aspect. In other respects it has many attractions. The houses facing the river stand well back, leaving spacious thoroughfares on each side and affording full and noble views of bridges and of the harbour with its forests of masts. The houses are generally lofty, and built of freestone, the floors of each tenement being usually occupied by separate families, having a common stair. Glasgow has three public parks, two of them of great extent, and the third of great beauty. Among the public buildings deserving notice are the Cathedral, which has been lately restored, and is said to be one of the finest First Pointed Churches in Great Britain; the Royal Exchange, in Queen street; also several of the banks and churches. There are two theatres and two museums, and to the northwest of the city is a botanic garden of forty acres. The city is about 3 miles in length and about eight miles in circumference. The population in 1801

was 83,769; it is supposed now to exceed half a million.

The Saturday Reader.

WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 2, 1867.

THE LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

MOST people are perhaps inclined to praise the writers of the past, at the expense of those of the present, even when proving their admiration of the latter in the most substantial form by the purchase of their works to an extent unknown in former times. The sale of Dickens' last Christmas tale is said to have amounted to 250,000 copies, and other writers receive sums now-a-days which would have astonished Scott or Byron, and would have appeared like the marvels of Aladdin's lamp to Johnson or Goldsmith. "Here am I," said the author of the 'Traveller, and the Vicar of Wakefield'—"here am I, writing in a garret, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score;" and this after he had attained to considerable eminence and fame. Shakespeare did not take the trouble of printing his plays, probably because he shrank from incurring the expense, for he was evidently prudent in money matters. Milton sold the copyright of *Paradise Lost* for Fifteen Pounds; and Tupper has made a fortune by his *Proverbial Philosophy*. Goldsmith's charming tale, which has been translated into every European language, was purchased by an unwilling publisher for the then great price of a hundred guineas; while it was reported, a couple of years ago, that Sala or Wilkie Collins, we forget which, was paid ten thousand pounds for a single novel. In France, the payments to the elder Dumas, Victor Hugo, and others, sound fabulous. No Samuel Johnsons now eat their dinners behind a screen, because they are too

shabbily dressed to appear at their publisher's table; no needy writers perambulate the streets all night from inability to procure a bed; they do not sleep on bulkheads in summer and in limekilns in winter; nor do strangers place shoes at their doors to replace those through which their toes are extending. They no longer indite fulsome dedications to extract gifts from some noble patron's purse. The Grub-street tribe is a defunct race, and we have changed all that. Our modern scribes luxuriate in purple and fine linen, and Lazarus sits in the seat of Dives. It is to be hoped that he will be more generous to his successor at the gate than his prototype was. Authors were wont to be proverbially prodigal of their means when they were poor; will they change in that respect with their changed condition? We shall not be surprised if they should; it is one of the phases of human nature.

But while the writers of the day are so munificently recompensed for their labours, do they, in their turn, give value for what they receive? We doubt it; nay, as a general rule, we conceive that they do not. Many of the most popular among them find it to their advantage to apply their talents to the production of works of fiction, and the last number of the *London Quarterly* has an able article on the subject. The reviewer, who, though severe, is just and discriminating, fails to discover among them anything like the higher order of genius. To several, indeed, he awards high praise, but it is mostly accompanied with the fatal *but* or *if*. The Scotch novelist Galt spoke of one of his eccentric characters as "a Solomon wi' a want," and the talent or genius of each of the writers criticised in the *London Review* is also burdened with a want. The truth is, that the literature of our day is, as a whole, far from being of a high standing. Take the leading names among our existing writers; and where they are tritons, what must the minnows be? Not to go farther back than the earlier part of the century, what a difference we find in the men of letters of that period as compared with this. When we mention Scott, Byron, Moore, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley,

Keats, Southey, Lamb, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, DeQuincy, and Professor Wilson—Macaulay, Bulwer, and Dickens, belong to an intermediate era—when we name these, their superiority must be at once admitted. Even Tennyson is not the equal of some of them; and whom have we got besides? We have still, it is true, Stuart Mill and Carlyle in the higher walks of literature; but these veterans are among our present writers, but not of them; and largely as they have contributed to the intellectual wealth of the nation, we much fear that we have suffered as much from their ethical doctrines and speculations as we have gained from their learning and talents. It may be said, we admit, that this is more a scientific than a literary age: and the progress of the world of late in scientific research and mechanical invention has been extraordinary. We must, therefore, we suppose, take matters as they are, and not reject literature and science, although a learned philosopher insists that man is the gradual development of an oyster, and a young poet has just arisen who joins the licentiousness of Anacreon to the impiety of Lucretius, without having so far shown that he inherits the genius of either.

Yes, notwithstanding all the faults of contemporary literature,—and they are many,—good can be gathered from it, by careful selection; we must not condemn the corn, or turn away from it because of the husks.

THE STATE OF EUROPE.

IN our last number, writing on this subject, we expressed our belief, that notwithstanding the acquisitions just made by Prussia, France and Russia were still the great military powers of Europe. It is true that Prussia has directly annexed to her dominions five of the North German States and the Danish Duchies, besides securing her supremacy over twenty others, by holding in her hands the command of their armies, the direction of their railways and telegraphs, and their foreign diplomacy; but the union is yet incomplete and wants consolidation. The States to the South of the river Main are chiefly Catholic, and their religious feelings would bind them to Austria rather than to Prussia, the leader of Protestant Germany. But on the other hand, like all the Teutonic race, they have long sighed for a united Fatherland, and they perceive that this desire can best be accomplished by joining Prussia. Which of these influences will prevail in the end may depend on circumstances which it is impossible to foresee. Austria is now in a state of prostration caused by her recent defeats and internal troubles; and often as she has recovered from a similar condition, it is doubtful if she can soon, if ever, resume her place among the great powers of the world. She is, indeed, not so for the first or the second or the third time, but symptoms of decline at present exhibit themselves which were never apparent before. When John Sobieski saved her from the Turks; when in the thirty years' war, Gustavus Adolphus threatened her with destruction; when, in 1733, France and her allies deprived her of the Milanese, Lombardy, and the Two Sicilies in one campaign, besides being almost equally unfortunate on the Rhine; when Frederick of Prussia forced Maria Theresa to throw herself on the mercy of the Hungarians; when Napoleon twice captured Vienna;—from all those misfortunes Austria recovered as if by magic, as she did in 1848, when his own insurgent people chased the Emperor from his capital. But the blow that now threatens her is a new incident in the catalogue of her disasters. On former occasions the Hapsburgs found zealous defenders and supporters in their German subjects of Upper and Lower Austria, but it is more than probable that these will, in the emergency that has just arisen, sacrifice their long-tryed loyalty to their still stronger attachment to the race to which they belong. If the choice is forced upon them, they will in all probability prefer being German to being Austrian, when they cannot be both. If the Kaiser were in a position to

place himself at the head of a Confederation of Southern Germany, the old form of things might be retained; but if not, the Scalvonic element must prevail in the Empire, and the seat of power be removed from Vienna to Pesth. Hungary would then become what Austria has hitherto been—the leading state of the Hapsburg dominions—and the probable result, as we have said, would be the secession of the Austrias to unite themselves with the rest of Germany. If the Imperial family could be prevailed upon to adopt such a policy, it would perhaps be the wisest course they could pursue, for as German princes they are now of a secondary rank, while the remaining territories of their house would constitute a powerful state, especially with such a portion as might fall to its share of the falling Turkish Empire in Europe, composed of kindred races to the Hungarians, the Transylvanians and the Croats. But whatever aspect affairs may in future assume, it is certain that the present condition of Austria is most dangerous, and it seems to us that one of the greatest difficulties which threatens the country would be best cemented by removing the seat of government to the Hungarian capital, thus satisfying that people and escaping the inconveniences and dangers of the dual administration which they are so bent on compelling the Emperor to grant to them.

The fate of the smaller European States is a question which has created some controversy. Prussia and Italy have already swallowed up a fair proportion of them, and others are liable to be subjected to a similar process. The Swiss may be safe from aggression in their mountain fastnesses and in consequence of the mutual jealousies of neighbouring governments. The discontent prevalent in Spain may result in a union of that Province with Portugal, in which case the Pyrenees and the peninsular formation of the country would conduce to preserve its independence, and perhaps to restore it to some extent, at least, to its former high place among the nations. Sweden is, we suspect, in imminent danger in the close vicinity of Russia and Prussia, and even a union of the three Scandinavian kingdoms would still leave them a weak power by the side of their gigantic neighbours. But of the minor States, Belgium holds the most perilous position. It is only an independent kingdom by sufferance, and it is a question if even a re-union with Holland would improve its condition much, in view of the altered aspect of the European world and of the greater changes that are more than possible to ensue.

But the subject that now most troubles the minds of European diplomatists is the Eastern question, as it is usually called. They all knew it was coming, and would have put off the performance to a later day if they could, but the outbreak of the Greek islanders has precipitated the expected catastrophe. A short time will put us in a position to judge what course affairs are about to take in connection with the Turkish difficulty, but assuredly it is a crisis of scarcely less magnitude and importance than those of which Italy and Germany have lately been the scenes. But however the cards turn up, be it peace or be it war, we can safely predict that the Turks must soon cease to be numbered as a European power; though to whom the Ottoman heritage will pass we will not venture to predict. The claimants will be numerous and the contest is sure to be an ardent one, especially as both those who constitute themselves heirs to the estate, and those who name themselves executors, will become parties to the proceedings.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH WORDS.—It may be said that more than four-fifths of the English tongue are traceable to a Gothic or Anglo-Saxon source. In our Lord's Prayer of sixty-nine words, sixty-four are Anglo-Saxon. In a passage from Swift of eighty-eight words, seventy-eight were Anglo-Saxon. In one from Johnson of eighty-seven words, sixty-six were Anglo-Saxon.

GRACE and beauty are flowers from the root of utility.

BIRDS OF PREY.

THE TWO MACAIRES.

Book the Second.

CHAPTER I.—A GOLDEN TEMPLE.

Continued from page 335.

It seemed about this time as if the end of all was very near. Captain Paget caught a chill one miserable evening on which he returned to his lodging with his garments dripping, and his beautiful varnished boots reduced to a kind of pulp; and the chill resulted in a violent inflammation of the lungs. Then it was that a woman's hand was held out to save him, and a woman's divine tenderness cared for him in his dire extremity.

The ministering angel who comforted this helpless and broken-down wayfarer was only a low-born ignorant girl called Mary Anne Kepp—a girl who had waited upon the Captain during his residence in her mother's house, but of whom he had taken about as much notice as he had been wont to take of the coloured servants who tended him when he was with his regiment in India. Horatio Paget had been a night-brawler and a gamester, a duellist and a reprobate, in the glorious days that were gone; but he had never been a profligate; and he did not know that the girl who brought him his breakfast and staggered under the weight of his coal-scuttle was one of the most beautiful women he had ever looked upon.

The Captain was so essentially a creature of the West-end, that Beauty without her glitter of diamonds and splendour of apparel was scarcely Beauty for him. He waited for the groom of the chambers to announce her name, and the low hum of well-bred approval to accompany her entrance, before he bowed the knee and acknowledged her perfection. The Beauties whom he remembered had received their patent from the Prince Regent, and had graduated in the houses of Devonshire and Hertford. How should the faded bachelor know that this girl, in a shabby cotton-gown, with unkempt hair dragged off her pale face, and with grimy smears from the handles of saucers and fire-irons imprinted upon her cheeks—how should he know that she was beautiful? It was only during the slow monotonous hours of his convalescence, when he lay upon the poor faded little sofa in Mrs. Kepp's parlour—the sofa that was scarcely less faded and feeble than himself—it was then, and then only, that he discovered the loveliness of the face which had been so often bent over him during his delirious wanderings.

"I have mistaken you for all manner of people, my dear," he said to his landlady's daughter, who sat by the little Pembroke-table working, while her mother dozed in a corner a worsted stocking drawn over her arm and a pair of spectacles resting upon her elderly nose. Mrs. Kepp and her daughter were wont to spend their evenings in the lodger's apartment now; for the invalid complained bitterly of "the horrors" when they left him.

"I have taken you for all sorts of people, Mary Anne," pursued the Captain dreamily. "Sometimes I have fancied you were the Countess of Jersey, and I could see her smile as she looked at me when I was first presented to her. I was very young in the beautiful Jersey's time; and then there was the other one—whom I used to drink tea with at Brighton. Ah me! what a dull world it seems nowadays! The king gone, and every thing changed—every thing—every thing! I am a very old man, Mary Anne."

He was fifty-two years of age; he felt quite an old man. He had spent all his money, he had outlived the best friends of his youth; for it had been his fate to adorn a declining era, and he had been a youngster among elderly patrons and associates. His patrons were dead and gone, and the men he had patronised shut their doors upon him in the day of his poverty. As for his relations, he had turned his back upon them long ago, when first he followed in the shining wake of that gorgeous vessel, the Royal George. In the gur of his penniless decline there was none to help

him. To have outlived every affection and every pleasure is the chief bitterness of old age; and this bitterness Horatio Paget suffered in all its fulness, though his years were but fifty-two.

"I am a very old man, Mary Anne," he repeated plaintively. But Mary Anne Kepp could not think him old. To her eyes he must for ever appear the incarnation of all that is elegant and distinguished. He was the first gentleman she had ever seen. Mrs. Kepp had given shelter to other lodgers who had called themselves gentlemen, and who had been pompous and grandiose of manner in their intercourse with the widow and her daughter; but O, what pitiful lacquered counterfeits, what Brummagem paste they had been, compared to the real gem! Mary Anne Kepp had seen varnished boots before the humble flooring of her mother's dwelling was honoured by the tread of Horatio Paget; but what clumsy vulgar boots, and what awkward plebeian feet had worn them! The lodger's slim white hands and arched instep, the patrician curve of his aquiline nose, the perfect grace of his apparel, the high-bred modulation of his courteous accents,—all these had impressed Mary Anne's tender little heart so much the more because of his poverty and loneliness. That such a man should be forgotten and deserted—that such a man should be poor and lonely, seemed so cruel a chance to the simple maiden: and then when illness overtook him, and invested him with a supreme claim upon her tenderness and pity,—then the innocent girl lavished all the treasures of a compassionate heart upon the ruined gentleman. She had no thought of fee or reward; she knew that her mother's lodger was miserably poor, and that his payments had become more and more irregular week by week and month by month. She had no consciousness of the depth of feeling that rendered her so gentle a nurse; for her life was a busy one, and she had neither time nor inclination for any morbid brooding upon her own feelings.

She protested warmly against the Captain's lamentation respecting his age.

"The ideal of any gentleman calling himself old at fifty!" she said—and Horatio shuddered at the supererogatory "r" and the "hisself," though they proceeded from the lips of his consoler—"you've got many, many years before you yet, sir, please God," she added piously; "and there's good friends will come forward yet to help you, I make no doubt."

Captain Paget shook his head peevishly.

"You talk as if you were telling my fortune with a pack of cards," he said. "No, my girl, I shall have only one friend to rely upon, if ever I am well enough to go outside this house; and that friend is myself. I have spent the fortune my father left me; I have spent the price of my commission; and I have parted with every object of any value that I ever possessed—in vulgar parlance, I am cleaned out, Mary Anne. But other men have spent every sixpence belonging to them, and have contrived to live pleasantly enough for half a century afterwards; and I daresay I can do as they have done. If the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, I suppose the hawks and vultures take care of themselves. I have tried my luck as a shorn lamb, and the tempest has been very bitter for me; so I have no alternative but to join the vultures."

Mary Anne Kepp stared wonderfully at her mother's lodger. She had some notion that he had been saying something wicked and blasphemous; but she was too ignorant and too innocent to follow his meaning.

"O, pray don't talk in that wild way, sir," she entreated. "It makes me so unhappy to hear you go on like that."

"And why should any thing that I say make you unhappy, Mary Anne?" asked the lodger earnestly.

There was something in his tone that set her pale face on fire with unwonted crimson, and she bent very low over her work to hide those painful blushes. She did not know that the Captain's tone presaged a serious address; she did not know that the grand crisis of her life was close upon her.

Horatio Paget had determined upon making a

sacrifice. The doctor had told him that he owed his life to this devoted girl; and he would have been something less than man if he had not been moved with some grateful emotion. He was grateful; and in the dreary hours of his slow recovery he had ample leisure for the contemplation of the woman to whom he owed so much, if his poor worthless life could indeed be much. He saw that she was devoted to him; that she loved him more truly than he had ever been conscious of being loved before. He saw too that she was beautiful. To an ugly woman Captain Paget might have felt extremely grateful; but he could never have thought of an ugly woman as he thought of Mary Anne Kepp. The end of his contemplation and his deliberation came to this: She was beautiful, and she loved him, and his life was utterly wretched and lonely; so he determined upon proving his gratitude by a sublime sacrifice. Before the girl had lifted her face from the needlework over which she had bent to hide her blushes, Horatio Paget had asked her to be his wife. Her emotion almost overpowered her as she tried to answer him; but she struggled against it bravely, and came to the sofa on which he lay and dropped upon her knees by his side. The beggar-maid who was wooed by a king could have felt no deeper sense of her lover's condescension than that which filled the heart of this poor simple girl as she knelt by her mother's gentleman-lodger.

"I—fo be *your* wife!" she exclaimed. "O, surely, sir, you cannot mean it?"

"But I do mean it, with all my heart and soul, my dear," answered the Captain. "I'm not offering you any grand chance. Mary Anne; for I'm about as low down in the world as a man can be. But I don't mean to be poor all my life. Come, my dear, don't cry," he exclaimed, just a little impatiently—for the girl had covered her face with her hands, and tears were dropping between the poor hard-working fingers—"but lift up your head and tell me whether you will take a faded old bachelor for your husband or not."

Horatio Paget had admired many women in the bright years of his youth, and had fancied himself desperately in love more than once in his life; but it is doubtful whether the mighty passion had ever really possessed the Captain's heart, which was naturally cold and sluggish, rarely fluttered by any emotion that was not engendered of selfishness. Horatio had set up an idol and had invented a religion for himself very early in life; and that idol was fashioned after his own image, and that religion had its beginning and end in his own pleasure. He might have been flattered and pleased by Miss Kepp's agitation; but he was ill and peevish; and having all his life been subject to a profound antipathy to feminine tearfulness, the girl's display of emotion annoyed him.

"Is it to be yes, or no, my dear?" he asked, with some vexation in his tone.

Mary Anne looked up at him with tearful, frightened eyes.

"O, yes, sir, if I can be any use to you, and nurse you when you are ill, and work for you till I work my fingers to the bone."

She clenched her hands spasmodically as she spoke. In imagination she was already toiling and striving for the god of her idolatry—the GENTLEMAN whose varnished boots had been to her as a glimpse of another and a fairer world than that represented by Tulliver's Terrace, Old Kent Road. But Captain Paget checked her enthusiasm by a gentle gesture of his attenuated hands.

"That will do, my dear," he murmured languidly; "I'm not very strong yet, and any thing in the way of fuss is inexpressibly painful to me. Ah, my poor child," he exclaimed pityingly, "if you could have seen a dinner at the Marquis of Hertford's, you would have understood how much can be achieved without fuss. But I am talking of things you don't understand. You will be my wife; and a very good, kind, obedient little wife, I have no doubt. That is all settled. As for working for me, my love, it would be about as much as these poor little hands could do to earn me a cigar a-day

—and I seldom smoke less than half-a-dozen cigars; so, you see, that is all so much affectionate nonsense. And now you may wake your mother, my dear; for I want to take a little nap, and I can't close my eyes while that good soul is snoring so intolerably; but not a word about our little arrangement, Mary Anne, till you and your mother are alone."

And hereupon the Captain spread a handkerchief over his face and subsided into a gentle slumber. The little scene had fatigued him; though it had been so quietly enacted, that Mrs. Kepp had slept on undisturbed by the brief fragment of domestic drama performed within a few yards of her uneasy arm-chair. Her daughter awoke her presently, and she resumed her needle-work, while Mary Anne made some tea for the beloved sleeper. The cups and saucers made more noise to-night than they were wont to make in the girl's careful hands. The fluttering of her heart seemed to communicate itself to the tips of her fingers, and the jingling of the crockery-ware betrayed the intensity of her emotion. He was to be her husband! She was to have a gentleman for a husband; and such a gentleman! Out of such base trifles as a West-end tailor's coat and a West-end workman's boots may be engendered the purest blossom of womanly love and devotion. Wisely may the modern philosopher cry that the history of the world is only a story of old clothes. Mary Anne had begun by admiring the graces of Stultz and Hoby, and now she was ready to lay down her life for the man who wore the perishing garments!

Miss Kepp obeyed her lover's behest; and it was only on the following day, when she and her mother were alone together in the dingy little kitchen below Captain Paget's apartments, that she informed that worthy woman of the honor which had been vouchsafed to her. And thereupon Mary Anne endured the first of the long series of disappointments which were to arise out of her affection for the penniless Captain. The widow was a woman of the world, and was obstinately blind to the advantages of a union with a ruined gentleman of fifty.

"How's he to keep you, I should like to know?" Mrs. Kepp exclaimed, as the girl stood blushing before her after having told her story; "if he can't pay me regular—and you know the difficulty I've had to get his money, Mary Anne. If he can't keep himself, how's he to keep you?"

"Don't talk like that, mother," cried the girl, wincing under her parent's practical arguments; "you go on as if all I cared for was being fed and clothed. Besides, Captain Paget is not going to be poor always. He told me so last night, when he—"

"He told you so!" echoed the honest widow with unmitigated scorn: "hasn't he told me times and often that I should have my rent regular after this week, and regular after that week; and have I *ever* had it regular? And ain't I keeping him out of charity now—a poor widow woman like me—which I may be wanting charity myself before long; and if it wasn't for your whimpering and going on he'd have been out of the house three weeks ago, when the doctor said he was well enough to be moved; for I ast him."

"And you'd have turned him out to die in the streets, mother!" cried Mary; "I didn't think you were so 'artless.'"

From this time there was ill-feeling between Mrs. Kepp and her daughter, who had been hitherto one of the most patient and obedient of children. The fanatic can never forgive the wretch who disbelieves in the vanity of his god; and women who love as blindly and foolishly as Mary Anne Kepp are the most bigoted of worshippers. The girl could not forgive her mother's disparagement of her idol,—the mother had no mercy upon her daughter's folly; and after much wearisome contention and domestic misery—carefully hidden from the penniless sybarite in the parlour—after many tears and heart-burnings, and wakeful nights and prayerful watches, Mary Anne Kepp consented to leave the house quietly one morning with the gentleman-lodger while the widow had gone to market. Miss Kepp left a piteous little note for her mother, rather ungrammatical, but very wo-

manly and tender, imploring pardon for her want of duty; and, "O, mother, if you knew how good and noble he is, you could be angry with me for loving him as I do, and we shall come back to you after our marriage, which you will be pade up honourable to the last farthin."

After writing this epistle in the kitchen, with more deliberation and more smudging than Captain Paget would have cared to behold in the bride of his choice, Mary Anne attired herself in her Sabbath-day raiment, and left Tulliver's Terrace with the Captain in a cab. She would fain have taken a little lavender-paper-covered box that contained the remainder of her wardrobe; but after surveying it with a shudder, Captain Paget told her that such a box would condemn them *anywhere*.

"You may get on sometimes without luggage, my dear," he said sententially; "but with such luggage as *that*, never!"

The girl obeyed without comprehending. It was not often that she understood her lover's meaning; nor did he particularly care that she should understand him. He talked to her rather in the same spirit in which one talks to a faithful canine companion—as Napoleon III. may talk to his favorite Nero, "I have great plans yet unfulfilled, my honest Nero, though you may not be wise enough to guess their nature. And we must have another Boulevard, old fellow; and we must make things secure in Mexico, and settle that little dispute about Venetia; and we must do something for those unfortunate Poles, eh—good dog?" and so on.

Captain Paget drove straight to a registrar's office, where the new marriage-act enabled him to unite himself to Miss Kepp *sans façon*, in presence of the cabman and a woman who had been cleaning the doorstep. The Captain went through the brief ceremonial as coolly as if it had been the settlement of a water-rate, and was angered by the tears that poor Mary Anne shed under her cheap black veil. He had forgotten the poetic superstition in favor of a wedding-ring, but he slipped a little onyx ring off his own finger and put it on the clumsier finger of his bride. It was the last of his jewels—the rejected of the pawnbrokers, who, not being learned in antique intaglios, had condemned the ring as trumpery. There is always something a little ominous in the bridegroom's forgetfulness of that simple golden circle which typifies an eternal union; and a superstitious person might have drawn a sinister augury from the subject of Captain Paget's intaglio, which was ahead of Nero—an emperor whose wife was by no means the happiest of women. But as neither Mary Anne nor the registrar, neither the cabman nor the charwoman who had been cleaning the doorstep, had ever heard of Nero, and as Horatio Paget was much too indifferent to be superstitious, there was no one to draw evil inferences; and Mary Anne went away with her gentleman husband, proud and happy, with a happiness that was only disturbed now and then by the image of an infuriated mother.

Captain Paget took his bride to some charming apartments in Halfmoon Street, Mayfair; and she was surprised to hear him tell the landlady that he and his wife had just arrived from Devonshire, and that they meant to stay a week or so in London, *en passant*, before starting for the Continent.

"My wife has spent the best part of her life in the country," said the Captain, "so I suppose I must show her some of the sights of London in spite of the abominable weather. But the deuce of it is, that my servant has misunderstood my directions, and gone on to Paris with the luggage. However, we can set that all straight to-morrow."

Nothing could be more courteously acquiescent than the manner of the landlady; for Captain Paget had offered her references, and the people to whom he referred were among the magnates of the land. The Captain knew enough of human nature to know that if references are only sufficiently imposing, they are very unlikely to be verified. The swindler who refers his dupe to the Duke of Sutherland and Baring Brothers has a very good chance of

getting his respectability accepted without inquiry, on the mere strength of those sacred names.

From this time until the day of her death Mary Anne Paget very seldom heard her husband make any statement which she did not know to be false. He had joined the ranks of the vultures. He had lain down upon his bed of sickness a gentlemanly beggar; he arose from that couch of pain and weariness a swindler.

Now began those petty shifts and miserable falsifications whereby the birds of prey thrive upon the flesh and blood of hapless pigeons. Now the dovescotes were fluttered by a new destroyer—a gentlemanly vulture, whose suave accents and perfect manners were fatal to the unwary. Henceforth Horatio Cromie Nugent Paget flourished and fattened upon the folly of his fellow-men. As promoter of joint-stock companies that never saw the light; as treasurer of loan-offices where money was never lent; as a gentleman with capital about to introduce a novel article of manufacture from the sale of which a profit of five thousand a-year would infallibly be realized, and desirous to meet with another gentleman of equal capital; as the mysterious X. Y. Z. who will—for so small a recompense as thirty postage-stamps—impart the secret of an elegant and pleasing employment, whereby seven-pound-ten a week may be made by any individual, male or female;—under every flimsy disguise with which the swindler hides his execrable form, Captain Paget plied his cruel trade, and still contrived to find fresh dupes. Of course there were occasions when the pigeons were slow to flutter into the fascinating snare, and when the vulture had a bad time of it; and it was a common thing for Captain Paget to sink from the splendour of Mayfair or St. James's street into some dingy transpontine hiding place. But he never went back to Tulliver's Terrace, though Mary Anne pleaded piteously for the payment of her poor mother's debt. When her husband was in funds, he patted her head affectionately, and told her that he would see about it—*i. e.* the payment of Mrs. Kepp's bill: while, if she ventured to mention the subject to him when his purse was scantily furnished, he would ask her fiercely how he was to satisfy her mother's extortionate claims when he had not so much as a sixpence for his own use?

Mrs. Kepp's bill was never paid, and Mary Anne never saw her mother's face again. Mrs. Paget was one of those meek, loving creatures who are essentially cowardly. She could not bring herself to encounter her mother without the money owed by the Captain; she could not bring herself to endure the widow's reproaches, the questioning that would be so horribly painful to answer, the taunts that would torture her poor sorrowful heart.

Alas for her brief dream of love and happiness! Alas for her foolish worship of the gentleman lodger! She knew not that her mother had been wiser than herself, and that it would have been better for her if she had renounced the shadowy glory of an alliance with Horatio Cromie Nugent Paget; whose string of high-sounding names, written on the cover of an old wine-book, had not been without its influence on the ignorant girl. The widow's daughter knew very little happiness during the few years of her wedded life. To be hurried from place to place, to dine in Mayfair to-day, and to eat your dinner at a shilling ordinary in Whitecross street to-morrow; to wear fine clothes that have not been paid for, and to take them off your back at a moment's notice when they are required for the security of the friendly pawnbroker; to know that your life is a falsehood and a snare, and that to leave a place is to leave contempt and execration behind you; these things constitute the burden of a woman whose husband lives by his wits. And over and above these miseries, Mrs. Paget had to endure all the variations of temper to which the schemer is subject. If the pigeons dropped readily into the snare and if their plumage proved well worth the picking, the Captain was very kind to his wife, after his own fashion; that is to say, he took her out with him, and after lecturing her angrily because of the shabbiness of her bonnet,

bought her a new one, and gave her a dinner that made her ill, and then sent her home in a cab, while he finished the evening in more congenial society. But if the times were bad for the vulture tribe—O, then, what a gloomy companion for the domestic hearth was the elegant Horatio! After smiling his false smile all day, while rage and disappointment were gnawing at his heart, it was a kind of relief to the Captain to be moody and savage by his own fireside. The human vulture has something of the ferocity of his feathered prototype. The man who lives upon his fellow-men has need to harden his heart; for one sentiment of compassion, one touch of human pity, would shatter his finest scheme in the hour of its fruition. Horatio Paget and compassion parted fellowship very early in the course of his unscrupulous career. What if the pigeon has a widowed mother dependent on his prosperity, or half-a-dozen children who will be involved in his ruin? Is the hawk to forego his natural prey for any such paltry consideration as a vulgar old woman or a brood of squalling brats?

Captain Paget was not guilty of any persistent unkindness towards the woman whose fate he had deigned to link with his own. The consciousness that he had conferred a supreme honour on Mary Anne Kepp by offering her his hand, and a share of his difficulties, never deserted him. He made no attempt to elevate the ignorant girl into companionship with himself. He shuddered when she misplaced her h's, and turned from her peevishly with a muttered oath when she was more than usually ungrammatical: but though he found it disagreeable to hear her, he would have found it troublesome to set her right; and trouble was a thing that Horatio Paget held in gentlemanly aversion. The idea that the mode of his existence could be repulsive to his wife—that this low-born and low-bred girl could have scruples that he never felt, and might suffer agonies of remorse and shame of which his coarser nature was incapable—never entered the Captain's mind. It would have been too great an absurdity for the daughter of plebian Kepps to affect a tenderness of conscience unknown to the scion of Pagets and Cromies and Nugents. Mary Anne was afraid of her elegant husband: and she worshipped and waited upon him in meek silence, keeping the secret of her own sorrows, and keeping it so well that he never guessed the manifold sources of that pallor of countenance and hollow brightness of eye which had of late annoyed him when he looked at his wife. She had borne him a child; a sweet girl baby, with those great black eyes that always have rather a weird look in the face of infancy; and she would fain have clung to the infant as the hope and consolation of her joyless life. But the vulture is not a domestic bird, and a baby would have been an impediment in the rapid hiegas which Captain Paget and his wife were wont to make. The Captain put an advertisement in a daily paper before the child was a week old; and in less than a fortnight after Mary Anne had looked at the baby face for the first time, she was called upon to surrender her treasure to an elderly woman of fat and greasy aspect, who had agreed to bring the infant up "by hand" in a miserable little street in a remote and dreary district lying between Vauxhall and Battersea.

Mary Anne gave up the child uncomplainingly; as meekly as she would have surrendered herself if the Captain had brought a masked executioner to her bed-side, and had told her a block was prepared for her in the adjoining chamber. She had no idea of resistance to the will of her husband. She endured her existence for nearly five years after the birth of her child, and during those miserable years the one effort of her life was to secure the miserable stipend paid for the little girl's maintenance; but before the child's fifth birthday the mother faded off the face of the earth. She died in a miserable lodging not very far from Tulliver's Terrace, expiring in the arms of a landlady who comforted her in her hour of need as she had comforted the ruined gentleman. Captain Paget was a prisoner in Whitecross street at the time of his wife's death, and was much surprised when he

missed her morning visits and the little luxuries she had been wont to bring him.

He had missed her for more than a week, and had written to her twice—rather angrily on the second occasion—when a rough unkempt boy in corduroy waited upon him in the dreary ward, where he and half-a-dozen other depressed and melancholy men sat at little tables writing letters, or pretending to read newspapers, and looking at one another furtively every now and then. There is no prisoner so distracted by his own cares that he will not find time to wonder what his neighbor is "in for."

The boy had received instructions to be careful how he imparted his dismal tidings to the "poor dear gentleman;" but the lad grew nervous and bewildered at the sight of the Captain's fierce hook-nose and scrutinising gray eyes, and blurted out his news without any dismal note of warning.

"The lady died at two o'clock this morning, please, sir; and mother said I was to come and tell you, please, sir."

Captain Paget staggered under the blow.

"Good God!" he cried, as he dropped upon a rickety Windsor chair, that creaked under his weight; "and I did not even know that she was ill!"

Still less did he know that all her married life had been one long heart-sickness—one monotonous agony of remorse and shame.

To be continued.

EVELINE'S VISITANT.

A GHOST STORY.

IT was at a masked ball at the Palais Royal that my fatal quarrel with my first cousin André de Brissac began. The quarrel was about a woman. The women who followed the footsteps of Philip of Orleans were the causes of many such disputes; and there was scarcely one fair head in all that glittering throng which, to a man versed in social histories and mysteries, might not have seemed bedabbled with blood.

I shall not record the name of her for love of whom André de Brissac and I crossed one of the bridges, in the dim August dawn, on our way to the waste ground beyond the church of Saint-Germain des Prés.

There were many beautiful vipers in those days, and she was one of them. I can feel the chill breath of that August morning blowing in my face, as I sit in my dismal chamber at my château of Puy Verdun to-night, alone in the stillness, writing the strange story of my life. I can see the white mist rising from the river, the grim outline of the Châtelet, and the square towers of Notre Dame black against the pale gray sky. Even more vividly can I recall André's fair young face, as he stood opposite to me with his two friends—scoundrels both, and alike eager for that unnatural fray. We were a strange group to be seen in a summer sunrise, all of us fresh from the heat and clamour of the Regent's saloons—André, in a quaint hunting-dress copied from a family portrait at Puy Verdun, I costumed as one of Law's Mississippi Indians; the other men in like garish frippery, adorned with broideries and jewels that looked wan in the pale light of dawn.

Our quarrel had been a fierce one—a quarrel which could have but one result, and that the direst. I had struck him; and the welt raised by my open hand was crimson upon his fair womanish face as he stood opposite to me. The eastern sun shone on the face presently, and dyed the cruel mark with a deeper red; but the sting of my own wrongs was fresh, and I had not yet learned to despise myself for that brutal outrage.

To André de Brissac such an insult was most terrible. He was the favourite of Fortune, the favourite of women; and I was nothing,—a rough soldier who had done my country good service, but in the boudoir of a Parabère a man-nerless boor.

We fought, and I wounded him mortally. Life had been very sweet for him; and I think that a

frenzy of despair took possession of him when he felt the life-blood ebbing away. He beckoned me to him as he lay on the ground. I went, and knelt at his side.

"Forgive me, André!" I murmured.

He took no more heed of my words than if that piteous entreaty had been the idle ripple of the river near at hand.

"Listen to me, Hector de Brissac," he said. "I am not one who believes that a man has done with earth because his eyes glaze and his jaw stiffens. They will bury me in the old vault at Puy Verdun; and you will be the master of the château. Ah, I know how lightly they take things in these days, and how Dubois will laugh when he hears that Ca has been killed in a duel. They will bury me, and sing masses for my soul; but you and I have not finished our affair yet, my cousin. I will be with you when you least look to see me,—I, with this ugly scar upon the face that women have praised and loved. I will come to you when your life seems brightest. I will come between you and all that you hold fairest and dearest. My ghostly hand shall drop a poison in your cup of joy. My shadowy form shall shut the sunlight from your life. Men with such iron will as mine can do what they please, Hector de Brissac. It is my will to haunt you when I am dead."

All this in short broken sentences he whispered into my ear. I had need to bend my ear close to his dying lips; but the iron will of André de Brissac was strong enough to do battle with Death, and I believe he said all he wished to say before his head fell back upon the velvet cloak they had spread beneath him, never to be lifted again.

As he lay there, you would have fancied him a fragile stripling, too fair and frail for the struggle called life; but there are those who remember the brief manhood of André de Brissac, and who can bear witness to the terrible force of that proud nature.

I stood looking down at the young face with that foul mark upon it; and God knows I was sorry for what I had done.

Of those blasphemous threats which he had whispered in my ear I took no heed. I was a soldier, and a believer. There was nothing absolutely dreadful to me in the thought that I had killed this man. I had killed many men on the battlefield; and this one had done me cruel wrong.

My friends would have had me cross the frontier to escape the consequences of my act; but I was ready to face those consequences, and I remained in France. I kept aloof from the court, and received a hint that I had best confine myself to my own province. Many masses were chanted in the little chapel of Puy Verdun for the soul of my dead cousin, and his coffin filled a niche in the vault of our ancestors.

His death had made me a rich man; and the thought that it was so made my newly-acquired wealth very hateful to me. I lived a lonely existence in the old château, where I rarely held converse with any but the servants of the household, all of whom had served my cousin, and none of whom liked me.

It was a hard and bitter life. It galled me, when I rode through the village, to see the peasant-children shrink away from me. I have seen old women cross themselves stealthily as I passed them by. Strange reports had gone forth about me; and there were those who whispered that I had given my soul to the Evil One as the price of my cousin's heritage. From my boyhood I had been dark of visage and stern of manner; and hence, perhaps, no woman's love had ever been mine. I remember my mother's face in all its changes of expression; but I can remember no look of affection that ever shone on me. That other woman, beneath whose feet I laid my heart, was pleased to accept my homage, but she never loved me; and the end was treachery.

I had grown hateful to myself, and had well-nigh begun to hate my fellow-creatures, when a feverish desire seized upon me, and I pined to be back in the press and throng of the busy world once again. I went back to Paris, where I kept myself aloof from the court, and where an angel took compassion upon me.

She was the daughter of an old comrade, a

man whose merits had been neglected, whose achievements had been ignored, and who sulked in his shabby lodging like a rat in a hole, while all Paris went mad with the Scotch Financier, and gentlemen and lacqueys were trampling one another to death in the Rue Quincampoix. The only child of this little cross-grained old captain of dragoons was an incarnate sunbeam, whose mortal name was Eveline Duchalet.

She loved me. The richest blessings of our lives are often those which cost us least. I wasted the best years of my youth in the worship of a wicked woman, who jilted and cheated me at last. I gave this meek angel but a few courteous words—a little fraternal tenderness—and lo! she loved me. The life which had been so dark and desolate grew bright beneath her influence; and I went back to Puy Verdun with a fair young bride for my companion.

Ah, how sweet a change there was in my life and in my home! The village children no longer shrank appalled as the dark horseman rode by, the village crones no longer crossed themselves; for a woman rode by his side—a woman whose charities had won the love of all those ignorant creatures, and whose companionship had transformed the gloomy lord of the château into a loving husband and a gentle master. The old retainers forgot the untimely fate of my cousin, and served me with cordial willingness, for love of their young mistress.

There are no words which can tell the pure and perfect happiness of that time. I felt like a traveller who had traversed the frozen seas of an arctic region, remote from human love or human companionship, to find himself on a sudden in the bosom of a verdant valley, in the sweet atmosphere of home. The change seemed too bright to be real; and I strove in vain to put away from my mind the vague suspicion that my new life was some fantastic dream.

So brief were those halcyon hours, that, looking back on them now, it is scarcely strange if I am still half inclined to fancy the first days of my married life could have been no more than a dream.

Neither in my days of gloom nor in my days of happiness had I been troubled by the recollection of André's blasphemous oath. The words which with his last breath he had whispered in my ear were vain and meaningless to me. He had vented his rage in those idle threats, as he might have vented it in idle execrations. That he will haunt the footsteps of his enemy after death is the one revenge which a dying man can promise himself; and if men had power thus to avenge themselves, the earth would be peopled with phantoms.

I had lived for three years at Puy Verdun; sitting alone in the solemn midnight by the hearth where he had sat, pacing the corridors that had echoed his footfall; and in all that time my fancy had never so played me false as to shape the shadow of the dead.

Is it strange, then, if I had forgotten André's horrible promise?

There was no portrait of my cousin at Puy Verdun. It was the age of boudoir art, and a miniature set in the lid of a gold bonbonnière, or hidden artfully in a massive bracelet, was more fashionable than a clumsy life-size image, fit only to hang on the gloomy walls of a provincial château rarely visited by its owner. My cousin's fair face had adorned more than one bonbonnière, and had been concealed in more than one bracelet; but it was not among the faces that looked down from the paneled walls of Puy Verdun.

In the library I found a picture which awoke painful associations. It was the portrait of a De Brissac, who had flourished in the time of Francis the First; and it was from this picture that my cousin André had copied the quaint hunting-dress he wore at the Regent's ball. The library was a room in which I spent a good deal of my life; and I ordered a curtain to be hung before this picture.

We had been married three months, when Eveline one day asked,

"Who is the lord of the château nearest to this?"

I looked at her with astonishment.

"My dearest," I answered, "do you not know that there is no other château within forty miles of Puy Verdun?"

"Indeed?" she said; "that is strange."

I asked her why the fact seemed strange to her; and after much entreaty I obtained from her the reason of her surprise.

In her walks about the park and woods during the last month, she had met a man who, by his dress and bearing, was obviously of noble rank. She had imagined that he occupied some château near at hand, and that his estate adjoined ours. I was at a loss to imagine who this stranger could be; for my estate of Puy Verdun lay in the heart of a desolate region, and unless when some traveller's coach went lumbering and jingling through the village, one had little more chance of encountering a gentleman than of meeting a demigod.

"Have you seen this man often, Eveline?" I asked.

She answered, in a tone which had a touch of sadness, "I see him every day."

"Where, dearest?"

"Sometimes in the park, sometimes in the wood. You know the little cascade, Hector, where there is some old neglected rock-work that forms a kind of cavern. I have taken a fancy to that spot, and have spent many mornings there reading. Of late I have seen the stranger there every morning."

"He has never dared to address you?"

"Never. I have looked up from my book, and have seen him standing at a little distance, watching me silently. I have continued reading; and when I have raised my eyes again I have found him gone. He must approach and depart with a stealthy tread, for I never hear his footfall. Sometimes I have almost wished that he would speak to me. It is so terrible to see him standing silently there."

"He is some insolent peasant who seeks to frighten you."

My wife shook her head.

"He is no peasant, she answered. "It is not by his dress alone I judge, for that is strange to me. He has an air of nobility which it is impossible to mistake."

"Is he young or old?"

"He is young and handsome."

I was much disturbed by the idea of this stranger's intrusion on my wife's solitude; and I went straight to the village to inquire if any stranger had been seen there. I could hear of no one. I questioned the servants closely, but without result. Then I determined to accompany my wife in her walks, and to judge for myself of the rank of the stranger.

For a week I devoted all my mornings to rustic rambles with Eveline in the park and woods; and in all that week we saw no one but an occasional peasant in *sabots*, or one of our own household returning from a neighbouring farm.

I was a man of studious habits, and those summer rambles disturbed the even current of my life. My wife perceived this, and entreated me to trouble myself no further.

"I will spend my mornings in the pleasure, Hector," she said; "the stranger cannot intrude upon me there."

"I begin to think the stranger is only a phantasm of your own romantic brain," I replied, smiling at the earnest face lifted to mine. "A châtelaine who is always reading romances may well meet handsome cavaliers in the woodlands. I daresay I have Mlle. Scuderi to thank for this noble stranger, and that he is only the great Cyrus in modern costume."

"Ah, that is the point which mystifies me, Hector," she said. "The stranger's costume is not modern. He looks as an old picture might look if it could descend from its frame."

Her words pained me, for they reminded me of that hidden picture in the library, and the quaint hunting costume of orange and purple which André de Brissac wore at the Regent's ball.

After this my wife confined her walks to the pleasure; and for many weeks I heard no more of the nameless stranger. I dismissed all thought of him from my mind, for a greater and

heavier care had come upon me. My wife's health began to droop. The change in her was so gradual as to be almost imperceptible to those who watched her day by day. It was only when she put on a rich gala dress which she had not worn for months that I saw how wasted the form must be on which the embroidered bodice hung so loosely, and how wan and dim were the eyes which had once been brilliant as the jewels she wore in her hair.

I sent a messenger to Paris to summon one of the court physicians; but I knew that many days must needs elapse before he could arrive at Puy Verdun.

In the interval I watched my wife with unutterable fear.

It was not her health only that had declined. The change was more painful to behold than any physical alteration. The bright and sunny spirit had vanished, and in the place of my joyous young bride I beheld a woman weighed down by rooted melancholy. In vain I sought to fathom the cause of my darling's sadness. She assured me that she had no reason for sorrow or discontent, and that if she seemed sad without a motive, I must forgive her sadness, and consider it as a misfortune rather than a fault.

I told her that the court physician would speedily find some cure for her despondency, which must needs arise from physical causes, since she had no real ground for sorrow. But although she said nothing, I could see she had no hope or belief in the healing powers of medicine.

One day, when I wished to beguile her from that pensive silence in which she was wont to sit an hour at a time, I told her, laughing, that she appeared to have forgotten her mysterious cavalier of the wood, and it seemed also as if he had forgotten her.

To my wonderment, her pale face became of a sudden crimson; and from crimson changed to pale again in a breath.

"You have never seen him since you deserted your woodland grotto?" I said.

She turned to me with a heart-rending look.

"Hector," she cried, "I see him every day; and it is that which is killing me."

She burst into a passion of tears when she had said this. I took her in my arms as if she had been a frightened child, and tried to comfort her.

"My darling, this is madness," I said. "You know that no stranger can come to you in the pleasure. The moat is ten feet wide and always full of water, and the gates are kept locked day and night by old Masson. The châtelaine of a mediæval fortress need fear no intruder in her antique garden."

My wife shook her head sadly.

"I see him every day," she said.

On this I believed that my wife was mad. I shrank from questioning her more closely concerning her mysterious visitant. It would be ill, I thought, to give a form and substance to the shadow that tormented her by too close inquiry about its look and manner, its coming and going.

I took care to assure myself that no stranger to the household could by any possibility penetrate to the pleasure. Having done this, I was fain to await the coming of the physician.

He came at last. I revealed to him the conviction which was my misery. I told him that I believed my wife to be mad. He saw her—spent an hour alone with her, and then came to me. To my unspeakable relief he assured me of her sanity.

"It is just possible that she may be affected by one delusion," he said; but she is so reasonable upon all other points, that I can scarcely bring myself to believe her the subject of a monomania. I am rather inclined to think that she really sees the person of whom she speaks. She described him to me with a perfect minuteness. The descriptions of scenes or individuals given by patients afflicted with monomania are always more or less disjointed; but your wife spoke to me as clearly and calmly as I am now speaking to you. Are you sure there is no one

who can approach her in that garden where she walks?"

"I am quite sure."

"Is there any kinsman of your steward, or hanger on of your household,—a young man with a fair womanish face, very pale, and rendered remarkable by a crimson scar, which looks like the mark of a blow?"

"My God!" I cried, as the light broke in upon me all at once. "And the dress—the strange old-fashioned dress?"

"The man wears a hunting costume of purple and orange," answered the doctor.

I knew then that André de Brissac had kept his word, and that in the hour when my life was brightest his shadow had come between me and happiness.

I showed my wife the picture in the library, for I would fain assure myself that there was some error in my fancy about my cousin. She shook like a leaf when she beheld it, and clung to me convulsively.

"This is witchcraft, Hector," she said. "The dress in that picture is the dress of the man I see in the pleasure; but the face is not his."

Then she described to me the face of the stranger; and it was my cousin's face line for line—André de Brissac, whom she had never seen in the flesh. Most vividly of all did she describe the cruel mark upon his face, the trace of a fierce blow from an open hand.

After this I carried my wife away from Puy Verdun. We wandered far—through the southern provinces, and into the very heart of Switzerland. I thought to distance the ghastly phantom, and I fondly hoped that change of scene would bring peace to my wife.

It was not so. Go where we would, the ghost of André de Brissac followed us. To my eyes that fatal shadow never revealed itself. That would have been too poor a vengeance. It was my wife's innocent heart which André made the instrument of his revenge. The unholy presence destroyed her life. My constant companionship could not shield her from the horrible intruder. In vain did I watch her; in vain did I strive to comfort her.

"He will not let me be at peace," she said; "he comes between us, Hector. He is standing between us now. I can see his face with the red mark upon it plainer than I see yours."

One fair moonlight night, when we were together in a mountain village in the Tyrol, my wife cast herself at my feet, and told me she was the worst and vilest of women.

"I have confessed all to my director," she said; "from the first I have not hidden my sin from Heaven. But I feel that death is near me; and before I die I would fain reveal my sin to you."

"What sin, my sweet one?"

"When first the stranger came to me in the forest, his presence bewildered and distressed me, and I shrank from him as from something strange and terrible. He came again and again; by and by I found myself thinking of him, and watching for his coming. His image haunted me perpetually; I strove in vain to shut his face out of my mind. Then followed an interval in which I did not see him; and, to my shame and anguish, I found that life seemed dreary and desolate without him. After that came the time in which he haunted the pleasure; and—O, Hector, kill me if you will, for I deserve no mercy at your hands!—I grew in those days to count the hours that must elapse before his coming, to take no pleasure save in the sight of that pale face, with the red brand upon it. He plucked all old familiar joys out of my heart, and left in it but one weird unholy pleasure—the delight of his presence. For a year I have lived but to see him. And now curse me, Hector; for this is my sin. Whether it comes of the baseness of my own heart, or is the work of witchcraft, I know not; but I know that I have striven against this wickedness in vain."

I took my wife to my breast, and forgave her. In sooth, what had I to forgive? Was the fatality that overshadowed us any work of hers? On the next night she died, with her hand in mine; and at the very last she told me, sobbing and affrighted, that he was by her side.

A TALE OF A TIGER.

BY BARON MUNCHAUSEN THE YOUNGER.

ALTHOUGH I have the honour of bearing Her Majesty's commission afloat, still I inherit, very naturally, some of the proclivities of the illustrious ancestor whose name I bear: so I think I may as well relate an adventure with a tiger which happened to me the last time I was at Singapore.

That place, as you know, swarms with tigers, and the statistics show that the said tigers are in the habit of devouring about one man and a half a day, which fact offers a nice little sum for our youthful readers to work out, in order to find out how many men they eat in a year. The tigers are very fine and very large, quite as big as the Royal Bengal tiger, and as a great part of the island is covered with jungle, they have plenty of space to hide in. Well, I and one of my shipmates were quietly riding from the town down to the place where the steamer is anchored, in a thing called a shigram (very much like some of our worst cabs at home), when, as we were just passing by a bit of jungle, there was a sudden spring, and we heard a heavy weight descend on the top of our cab, which, I almost thought, was coming in. The man who was driving us gave a shriek, and jumping down from his seat ran off as fast as his legs could carry him; and the horse, left without a driver, set off at a hard gallop. I had some notion of what had occurred, but was surprised to hear no roar or any other disturbance. The horse, too, when he came to consider, did not seem to see much cause for alarm, and dropped at length into a quiet walk. I then jumped out, brought him to a stand still, and went to see what was the matter. It was a very dark night, and though I could make out there was something on the top of the cab, I could not tell what it was, till I got so close to it that I knocked my nose against the paws of an immense tiger.

Luckily the brute was fast asleep, so I had time to consider how I should part company with him. It would have been easy enough to have left him there asleep and walked on, but I was tired; and besides, I did not like to leave the horse for him to make a breakfast off in the morning. So, remembering what a dread these animals are said to have of fire, I tied my handkerchief to the end of my stick, and borrowing my companion's cigar, managed to set fire to the corner of it; and then, moving round cautiously so as to face the beast, as soon as the handkerchief was in a pretty fair blaze, I made a noise in order to wake him, at the same time waving the handkerchief round quickly in a circle close to his nose. He gave one tremendous roar, and sprang with a wonderful leap back into the jungle. I immediately mounted the box, and laying my stick over the horse's back, set him off as fast as ever he could go, and fortunately reached my ship safely. The driver had arrived before us, and told them on board that the tiger had carried us both off into the jungle, so that when we arrived they were just about starting in force to make a search for us, or rather for our mangled remains.

I determined to serve the old gentleman out for frightening us, and therefore, next morning before breakfast, I started off alone, to see if I could find any traces of him. I had not gone far before I found one of his footmarks. Following it up and peering through the thick jungle, I saw my friend of the previous night sleeping as comfortably as possible with one of his fore-paws stretched out, and his head resting on it. I drew back quickly, intending to get some reinforcement and attack him: but the thought struck me that if I could possibly manage him by myself and take him home for breakfast, I should win no end of glory on board H.M.S.—

However, how to kill the beast was the question. I had no arms but an unloaded blunderbuss and a small clasp knife, and I was about to give up the idea, when I remembered that I had with me a packet of strychnine, and my plan was instantly laid. I crept along quietly through the jungle till I got within reach of his

(tail; opening my claspknife, I laid hold of it gently and severed about four inches of it. The brute gave a growl and rose up in a fury; but, after looking all round and seeing nothing, he licked the stump leisurely and contentedly, and again laid him elf down to rest. I skinned the piece of tail I had obtained, and then, loading the meaty part of it with sufficient poison to kill half-a-dozen tigers, I took aim with it at his nose, and hit him just on the muzzle. This roused him up again; and, as I had anticipated, not being able to see any one, he turned his rage on the missile which had hit him, and opening his huge jaws he swallowed it at once. I was so anxious to witness the effect that, in getting a little closer to him, he discovered me. He rose up, fixed his eyes upon me, and was just about to make the fatal spring, when the poison began to act upon him, and, uttering a roar of pain, he fell back in strong convulsions. In another minute all was over.

As I was making my way out of the jungle in order to procure help to carry away the body of the animal, I stepped on what seemed to me to be a long, narrow piece of rock appearing through the mud. The end of this piece of rock flew up with a jerk and upset me backwards into the dirt; when I got up I found the rock was really an enormous crocodile. As I gazed at his massive proportions, the thought struck me that I might save myself a heavy load and make him carry my dead tiger for me, and I went to work as follows:—

I took off my jacket, and stuffing a quantity of leaves into it, and tying it up into a bundle, I soaked it well in the blood of the tiger. I then cut a long and stout pole from one of the trees, and, using it as a lever, managed to roll the body of the tiger on to the back of the crocodile. Next, I tied the ensanguined bundle to the end of the long pole, took my seat on the creature's back, and holding the pole firmly, let the bundle hang about two feet in advance of his nose.

He soon smelt the blood, and began to move forward to seize the morsel; but, of course, as he moved on, so the bait moved on also, and thus I got him into a good trot, for the weight of the tiger and myself were as nothing to him. I cut a rather curious figure journeying thus on the public road, and everybody that I met stared at me with astonishment. However, after a short swim down the river I arrived in triumph alongside of my ship (for the crocodile being amphibious I did not think it worth while to take a boat), and then, willing to keep him quiet, let him get hold of the bundle to munch. The men on deck quickly hoisted up the body of the tiger, and I, jumping on deck, allowed the crocodile to go his way. Then—like the great Tom Thumb after he had killed Rebellion—I went to breakfast. We had the paws carried for dinner, and gave rest of the flesh to the natives, who are very fond of it, believing that it will make them courageous and strong, on the same principle, I suppose, on which the Professor of Laputa used to make his scholars swallow paper pills with learned words written thereon.

I made a present of the skin to the lovely and fascinating daughter of a powerful Malay prince, and I can assure you that Miss Zoona Kuckarwhurrie Dhee has since looked upon me with very favourable eyes; so perhaps, if the course of true love goes smoothly, my parents may one day have the honour of calling her a daughter.

MUNCHAUSEN, JR.

Sudden resolutions, like the sudden rise of the mercury in the barometer, indicate nothing but the changeableness of the weather.

In the historical collection at the palace of Berlin there are two cannon-balls, each with one side flattened, said to have been fired by opposite parties at the siege of Magdeburg, and to have met together in the air.

A POWERFUL human voice, in still air, with no objects near to reflect the sound, can be heard at a distance of only 460 feet. Heavy cannon-ading has been heard at a distance of 99 miles.

PASTIMES.

We shall be glad to receive from any of our friends who take an interest in the column original contributions of Puzzles, Charades, Problems, &c. Solutions should in each case accompany questions forwarded.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Ache in Rats.
2. Cago Morkon.
3. Get men on it.
4. Cass is run.
5. In sea for plows.
6. Vale of Tellyhiyl.

CIVIS.

ENIGMA.

Worn out with hunger I espied
A tree well hung with fruit:
Perhaps 'tis poisonous said I—
I'll try if it be mute.
Reveal to me thy name, fair tree,
That I to eat may dare,
And if thy fruit I boldly grasp,
My life, say, wilt thou spare?
The generous tree I plainly heard
Its name salubrious give,
And, uttering no other word,
Enjoined me to survive.

KATE,

CHARADES.

- 1. I am composed of 22 letters.
My 15, 9, 12, 17, 6 is what all should cultivate.
My 4, 20, 21, 19, 18, 6 is a great division of the earth.
My 22, 9, 10, 11, 15, 18, 4, 15, 6, 7 was a keeper of keys.
My 5, 1, 3, 6 is a clinging plant.
My 8, 14, 12, 22, 16, is a country in Europe.
My 8, 9, 13, 13, 10, 2 is an animal.
My 8, 19, 13, 10, 3 is a welcome friend.
My whole is a proverb.
G. T.
2. I am composed of 17 letters.
My 17, 4, 11, 3 is a part of a house.
My 13, 10, 14 rigging of ships.
My 9, 12, 15 is a plant.
My 16, 7, 2, 6, 15, 5, 8, 10 is a small supply.
Dot.

3. When you've got my first in order,
Then, young men, you'll have to find
A nice second, else disorder
In your first will plague your mind.
To my second once united,
Should she prove a first-rate whole,
You ought then to be delighted
That you've reached so fine a goal.

PUZZLE.

I am prostrate at the soles of your feet. I have been part of a tree. I can swim like a duck, and have saved many a life. Though my element is the water, yet without me you could drink no wine. Though I have no money whatever, yet folks often say I am near to a screw. I am a splendid ornament to Ireland.

A. H. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- 1. A disease of the throat.
2. An interjection.
3. A viper.
4. A country of Europe.
5. An animal.
6. A Jewish name.
7. A salute of guns.
8. A town in China.
9. A female's name.
10. A man's name.
11. A glutinous substance.
12. An adverb.
13. A returning motion.

The initials and finals will name two British admirals.

ANSWERS TO DECAPITATION, &c.

No. 72.

- Decapitation.—Mouse. Ouse. Sou.
Charades.—1. A stitch in time saves nine. 2. At-ten-dance. 3. Caper.
Double Acrostic.—Sir Walter Scott, Alfred Tennyson. 1. Siberia. 2. Idyl. 3. Ruff. 4. Woodpecker. 5. Ape. 6. Lead. 7. Trent. 8. Eagle. 9. Reason. 10. Sweden. 11. Cryptography. 12. Olympus. 13. Toronto. 14. Toulon.

Problem.—200, the number wounded.
175 " " killed.
35000 " " at first.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

- Decapitations.—Poppie, Bericus, Alto, Camp, Snowflake, Argus.
Charades.—Bericus, G. T., Alto, Argus, Query, A. R. T., Camp.
Double Acrostic.—Bericus, Alto, A. R. T., Argus.
Problem.—Query, Camp, H. H. V.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H.—John Evelyn, the well known writer of the 17th century, was born Oct. 31st, 1620, at Wotton in Surrey. He was educated at Oxford, and entered the Middle Temple in 1640. In 1642, he offered his services to Charles 1st, but, in 1643, retired to the continent where he mainly lived during the following eight years. He returned to England in 1652, when he lived very privately till the restoration, after which he was much employed by the government. Evelyn was one of the first members of the Royal Society, and was an industrious contributor to its Transactions. His best known works are "Silva," or a discourse of Forest Trees, and his "Memoirs," first published in 1818. The "Memoirs" are written in the form of a Diary, and are of great value, as they are continued for about seventy years, and relate to one of the most interesting periods of recent English History.

ROLAND, OLIVER & Co.—To give a Rowland for an Oliver is to give a full equivalent, as a retort or blow, &c., of equal force. The origin of the phrase is thus given by Warburton. "Rowland and Oliver were two of the most famous in the list of Charlemagne's twelve peers, and their exploits are rendered so ridiculously and equally extravagant that from thence arose that saying amongst our plain and sensible ancestors of giving one a Rowland for an Oliver, to signify the matching of one incredible lie with another."

G. T.—An engagement ring is worn upon the fourth finger (the one next to the little finger) of the right hand—the wedding ring upon the corresponding finger of the left hand. The authorities say that after marriage the engagement ring should be worn as keeper to the wedding ring.

POPPIE.—We must sentence our correspondent to more diligent research; the answer to her question will then be obvious.

CIVIS.—We are pleased to welcome an old friend again to our letter box.

R. V. R.—Proof will be mailed to you for correction.

RED COAT.—The cost of an Ensigns Commission in a regiment of the line is about £450 sterling.

R. E. G.—The term "Zollverein" is derived from the German *zoll*, toll or custom and *verein* for *vereinigung*, combination.

W. C. O.—We thank W. C. O. for his very kind note, and beg to assure him that no effort shall be spared on our part to make the READER a still more welcome weekly visitor.

F. B. D.—We cannot insert your contribution, but hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you again.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton was created a baronet for his literary eminence at the coronation of Queen Victoria. On succeeding to his mother's fortune in 1844 he took the additional name of Lytton.

H. H. V.—The first English Bible translated was that by Wickliffe about the year 1360. It was never printed, but MS. copies are still extant. The first printed Bible was translated by William Tyndal, assisted by Miles Coverdale; it was printed on the continent in 1532, and in England in 1540.

FLITE.—Napoleon Bonaparte was crowned Emperor of France, Dec. 2nd, 1804.

PUZZLED FANNY.—In commercial parlance a bear is one whose efforts are directed to force down the prices of stocks, gold, &c., whilst the bull, on the contrary, strives to toss prices up. We do not wonder that our correspondent has been puzzled, but we trust the explanation given above will remove her difficulties. Will Fanny forgive us if we assure her that she is almost a bear when she endeavours to cheapen (if she ever does) the price of a dress or a ribbon? The clerk who assures her that the articles will be dearer next week is, on the contrary, strongly tinged with the bull element.

CHESS.

Herr J. Lowenthal has commenced a series of literary and practical chess articles in the London *Daily Telegraph*.

Captain James Cunningham, for many years known as an enthusiastic and skillful amateur of our game, died suddenly at the Westminster Chess Club, London. In his early days the Captain obtained some reputation as the opponent of the late Mr. Williams.

The following difficult enigma has been submitted to the *Chess World*, through the columns of the *Illustrated London News*, by Mr. Sam. Lloyd, its author, now in England: Place the Queen alone on any square of the chess board, and in fourteen moves make her pass over every square and return to the point whence she started.

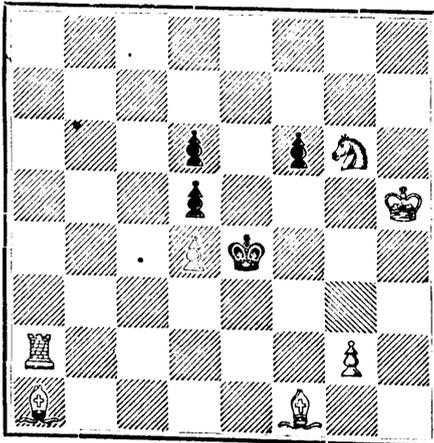
The annual tournament of the New York Chess Club is now in progress, and is open to all comers on the payment of a small entrance fee. According to the regulations for play, each player shall contest two games with every other, and the three winners of the greatest number of games shall receive, according to their achievements, a first, second or third prize.

We regret to announce the demise of Herr George Schultz, of Hanover, a chess player of no ordinary ability, and a gentleman of wealth and influence. He built an astronomical observatory at Hanover at his own expense, which bears the inscription, "George Schultz, wine merchant, botanist, natural philosopher, astronomer, African traveller, poet, and chess player." Mr. S. was the original promoter of the Hanover Zoological Gardens, opened last May.

PROBLEM No. 53.

By W. GRIMSHAW.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, NO. 51.

WHITE.

- 1 B to Q 6 (ch.)
- 2 Q to Q Kt 6 (ch.)
- 3 Q to K B 6 Mate.

BLACK.

- K takes B.
- K to K 4.

The following game occurred in the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Bird.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

WHITE, (Mr. Bird.)

- 1 P to K B 4.
- 2 P takes P.
- 3 P takes P.
- 4 K Kt to B 3.
- 5 P to Q 4.
- 6 Q B to Kt 5.
- 7 P to K 3.
- 8 B takes Kt.
- 9 B to Q Kt 5.
- 10 P to Q 5 (b.).
- 11 B takes Kt (c.).
- 12 Q to K 2.
- 13 Q to Q K.
- 14 B takes K.
- 15 K to B 2.
- 16 K to B sq.
- 17 P takes B.
- 18 K to Kt 2.

BLACK, (Mr. Steinitz.)

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

And White resigned.

(a). This singular counter attack on the part of the second player was first devised, if we mistake not, by Mr. Burden.

(b). A dreadfully bad move, which commits the game at once; his best play seems to be Q Kt to B 3.

(c). Of course, if White takes Kt with P, he loses his Queen by discovery; perhaps White's best move was 11. Q to K 2, but play as he may, he will have a bad game.

(d). The last six moves are a masterly termination on the part of Mr. Steinitz.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WHAT is the difference between a sailor who is ordered to the masthead and a gentleman's hat?—The one mans the top, and the other tops the man.

A LITTLE girl, happening to hear her mother speak of going into half-mourning, said, "Why are we going into half-mourning, mamma? Are any of our relations half dead?"

"Who made the world?" asked a teacher of a little boy who had not been long at school. The teacher threatened to whip him unless he answered. The boy, feeling impelled to a confession of some sort, broke forth, "Well, master, I made it; but I promise never to do it again?"

NO ADVANCING WITHOUT A GUARANTEE.—That miser, old Moneybags, who has lately joined the volunteers, has got into great disgrace, when commanded by the officer to "Advance," by positively refusing to do so, unless he was guaranteed his own rate of interest.

FOUR GOOD POINTS IN WOMEN.—A Chinese maxim says: "We require four things of women. That virtue dwell in her heart; that modesty play on her brow; that sweetness flow from her lips; that industry occupy her hand."

TIMELY CAUTION.—An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant in his conversation about himself, the old lady said, when she was leaving, "Tak' gude care o' yoursel' when ye are awa'; for, mind ye they eat puppies in Chena!"

INCREASING WEIGHT OF THE EARTH.—The French savant, M. Dufour, has been making a very curious calculation with the view of showing that the bulk of our globe undergoes annual increase from the deposit of meteoric dust, amounting, as he states, to two cubic metres a year. According to this hypothesis, the earth increases annually the 114,400,400th part of its weight.

HOW TO MAKE COFFEE.—Professor C. A. Seely gives the following as the most economical way to make coffee of good flavour:—He uses two French strainers, the upper one containing the grounds of the previous day and the lower one fresh coffee. The hot water in filtering through the upper one extracts the strength, and in filtering through the lower one it extracts the aroma from the fresh coffee. The grounds in the upper strainer are then thrown away, having no remaining virtue; and the strainer is made ready for the next morning.

A COMMON BLUNDER.—A plain-spoken western preacher recently delivered the following from his desk:—"I would announce to the congregation that, probably by mistake, there was left at this meeting-house, this morning, a small cotton umbrella, much damaged by time and wear, and exceedingly pale in colour; in place whereof was taken a very large silk umbrella, and of great beauty. Blunders of this sort, brethren and sisters, are getting a little too common."

PAT'S PUZZLE.—In a jovial company, each one asked a question. If it was answered he paid a forfeit; or if he could not answer it himself he paid a forfeit. An Irishman's question was, "How does the little ground-squirrel dig his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance?" When they all gave it up, Pat said, "Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole." One of the rest exclaimed, "But how does he get there?"—"Ah," said Pat, "that's your question—can you answer it yourself?"

A WONDERFUL SIGHT.—A jolly Jack-Tar having strayed into a menagerie to have a look at the wild beasts, was much struck with the sight of a lion and a tiger in the same den. "Why, Jack," said he to a messmate, who was chewing a quid in silent amazement, "I shouldn't wonder if next year they were to carry about a sailor and a marine living peaceably together!"—"Ay," said his married companion, "or a man and wife."