



# THE BEACON

VOL. I.—No. 11.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1873.

PRICE } FIVE CENTS.  
OR SIX CENTS, U.S. Cr.

## THE BEACON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LEGEND OF PHILLIS."

A face at a window, white  
As the face of ghost, in vain  
Out-stares the watches of night  
Through the blur of gusty rain.  
"Never, oh, never, never!"  
The wind and the rain croon o'er,  
"The sea rolls on for ever,  
But the ship returns no more."

The watcher slept, and sleeping  
She saw where the night was black,  
Through fog the ship was creeping,  
And doubtful and strange her track.  
Her sides the storm had riven,  
To streamers her sails were rent,  
And from the westward driven,  
All stricken and maimed she went.

Out of the black, on her lee,  
There flashed a glimmer of flame—  
A gleam upon mist and sea,  
That flickering went and came;  
And they of the ship were glad,  
And merrily tacked, and bore  
With the will and strength they had  
For the beacon on the shore.

A perilous shore, that rose  
Sheer flint from the seething wave,  
Where the sunken rocks enclose  
The bounds of a hidden grave;  
And under it one crept low,  
Uplifting and waving there  
A torch, with its eyes aglow,  
And flame as of streaming hair.

O trencherous light, that gloved  
Where the demon wreckers wait!  
O fated vessel, that rode  
So cheerily to its fate!  
There came a shock and a rush  
Of waters—a cry! and then  
A crash—and a sudden hush,  
And horror of drowning men!

The face at the window, white  
As the face of a ghost, again  
Out-stares the watches of night  
Through the blur of gusty rain.  
"Never, oh, never, never!"  
The wind and the rain croon o'er,  
"The sea rolls on for ever,  
But the ship returns no more!"

For the Favorite.

## HARD TO BEAT.

A DRAMATIC TALE, IN FIVE ACTS, AND A PROLOGUE.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS,  
OF MONTREAL.

Author of "From Bad to Worse," "Out of the Snow," "A Perfect Fraud," &c.

### ACT IV.

SCENE V.—Continued.

Mr. Farron led the way direct to the dissecting-room, and left his companions there. "Wait a minute, Charlie," he said, "and I'll go down stairs and see about it."  
Morton leaned against one of the heavy oak tables and looked about him in a listless sort of way. The scene was not new to him, and had it been, he would scarcely have paid any attention to it. Some fifteen or twenty students were working away at various parts of the human body which had been taken from the different subjects under dissection; most of them were smoking, and occasionally a light jest or a snatch of a song might be heard. On a table at the furthest end of the room was at work a body of which a solitary student was at work; it had not been dismembered yet, and he was opening the body to remove the intestines, &c.; from time to time he took out portions and laid them beside him.  
It seemed an eternity to Mr. Morton before



"A TORCH, WITH ITS EYES AGLOW."

Farron returned; yet it was only a few minutes before he re-entered the room and said:

"It is up here, Charlie; now don't get excited, it may be all a false alarm, but if it isn't we will know in a minute. Here, boys," he continued, turning to his brother students, "which is the last body sent up; that of a woman?"

"It's over there in the corner," replied one of the students, who was scrapping away very industriously at a leg bone; "Billy is at work on it; he's practising post-mortem examination."

"It's mighty queer," said the party mentioned as Billy, "I can't see through it at all."

"What is the matter, Billy?" inquired Mr. Farron, approaching the table.

"The heart won't come out. I've got it now," and giving a good pull, he brought out the organ. The moment his eye fell on it he changed color, and, hastily passing it to his left hand, he took hold of something which appeared to be sticking in it, and drew it out.

It was a long slender rod of glittering steel, with a finely sharpened point, which he held up to the light, as he cried in a voice of terror.

"Great God, boys, this woman has been murdered!"

"Murdered!"

Every student started from his work, the jeat remained unfinished, the song died on the lips where it was to have been born, every voice was hushed as they gazed with startled eyes on the fatal evidence held up before them; the trickling of a few drops of blood to the zinc floor and the rumbling of a passing cart fell with terrible distinctness on the excited nerves

of the horror-stricken group. The presence of death they did not mind, but to stand face to face with a foul crime, discovered by one of themselves, was a new experience to these embryo doctors.

"Stand aside; let me see it." Was it the voice of a man or of some tortured spirit that spoke? Was it the face of a man, or of a ghost, which met their gaze as they turned toward whence the sound proceeded?

Charlie Morton had started from the table against which he had been leaning at the sound of that word "murdered," and was advancing toward the table on which the body lay. His face was as livid as those of the corpses around him, and his eyes blazed with almost a maniac glare; he clutched at his collar as if it choked him, and, although he looked straight before him, he walked like one in a dream. He saw but one thing in that whole room, the still white form lying mangled on the table at the far end of the room; he heard but one word that one word "murdered."

The students stood respectfully aside to let him advance; they had been startled, shocked, astonished at the discovery Billy had made, but they felt now that that was only the first act of a terrible drama which was about to be enacted and that one of the principal actors now stood before them.

Morton advanced slowly to the table and looked down at the form lying on it.

One glance was sufficient; all his worst fears were realized, all doubt was at an end; all hope was fled.

The body was that of his sister.

The form was torn and mangled by the dissecting-knife; the face was pallid with the impress of death; the light blue eyes were closed forever; the ruby lips were blue from the touch of the destroyer; years, sorrows, pain, suffering had left their traces in the hollow cheeks, sunken eyes and dented lines, but the heart that loved that form so well in years gone by knew it in an instant, knew it, eye, would have known it even if he had not had hopes, half feared to find it there. The face was calm, there was almost a smile on it, no sign of pain at dissolution, the murderer had, at least, been merciful enough to make her death swift and sudden.

He stood for some seconds gazing silently at the inanimate form, then stooped over it and pressed his lips to the cold rigid ones of the corpse.

"My darling," he said, kneeling on the bloody zinc floor, and, throwing his arms around the corpse, he drew the head up to his shoulder and fondly kissed the lips and forehead; "my darling, that I have mourned for six years as dead, to find you thus cruelly murdered, to know that I have been betrayed, deceived, and that your life has been made the penalty of gratifying that man's passion; it is hard, very hard, to bear; but you shall not go unavenged to your grave; here, by your dead body, I swear to hunt Harry Griffith to death, to have his life for yours; if there is any law in Canada he shall die the death of a dog, and, if the law will not do me justice, then I will take the law into my own hands, and kill him as I would any wild beast."

He dropped his head on the cold dead face and remained silent for some time.

Mr. Fowler had meanwhile got a sheet from the janitor's wife and thrown it over the remains; most of the students had quietly left the room at a signal from Farron, and he was explaining the state of affairs to them outside. Only Fowler, Johnson and a couple of students who had more curiosity than politeness now remained.

Morton continued so long kneeling by his dead sister that Fowler feared he had fainted from excessive emotion, and at last approached him and placing his hand on his shoulder said,

"Charlie, old fellow, this sort of thing won't do; don't break down now when you require all your energy and coolness to bring this rascal to justice. You don't need me to tell you, old fellow, how deeply I feel for you, you know it; and you know that I will help you, if my help can do any good, in hanging the doctor."

He put his arm round Morton's shoulder and tried to raise him from the ground; at first he did not succeed, but after a short while Morton rose to his feet and held his hand out to Fowler.

The two men clasped hands, with a warm close grip, and looked into each other's faces. No words were spoken, but actions and looks are frequently more expressive than words.

Fowler was young, volatile, rather too fond of a spree and not of any great depth of character; but he was greatly attached to Charlie Morton and his heart was weeping for his friend, although there were no tears in his eyes.

"Come," he said, "come, old fellow, we must go about this matter at once. Don't break down now, we have a tough fight before us. You may depend on it that rascal Griffith has left very few tracks behind him, he is too clever for that. We may have trouble to prove that he committed the murder, although there is no doubt in our minds that he did. You know his favorite saying he is 'hard to beat'?"

"Yes, yes, I know," responded Mr. Morton rousing himself with an effort, "he says he is hard to beat, but murder and falsehood and cowardice and baseness, are never hard to beat where truth and honesty and manliness are arrayed against them. Hard to beat," he continued savagely, "yes; we'll see who is hard to beat. He has robbed my life of all its sweetness, he has found it easy to triumph over me with his plots and schemes; perhaps, he'll find at the last I am harder to beat than he thinks."

By this time Mr. Farron had partially explained the case to the astonished students, and he now re-entered the room accompanied by some of them.

Mr. Farron was a very clear-headed, practical sort of young man, and, although greatly excited, he managed to keep pretty cool.

"Look here, Charlie," he said, "you must get out of this as soon as possible; we are only

Continued on page 176.

POOR TOM.

BY J. W. THIRLWALL.

Poor Tom in his hammock lay cold, He heard not the storm-troubled wind, Unheeded the sullen waves rolled, All hope and all fear cast behind; His canvas for ever was furled, His dangers exciting were o'er, He'd 'tween his last look of the world, And anchored on Death's silent shore.

And we, his old comrades, stood by, As life slowly ebbed from his breast; And we knew, as we heard his deep sigh, He was thinking of them he loved best: How could it be else, thus to leave, His Poll, without one parting kiss, How think of his boys, and not grieve— One look, one adieu, had been bliss.

We marked on his cheek the big tear, And truly, he wept not alone; We'd all friends afar that were dear, And each felt the grief as his own. But when the last struggle was nigh, His lion heart roused it awhile, He dashed the salt drop from his eye, And bade us farewell with a smile.

Poor Tom in his hammock lay still, Old England's flag 'twas o'er him thrown, He heard not the wind piping shrill, He heard not the chaplain's sad tone: The gun he had turned on the foe, Pealed forth, as his corpse clef the deep; Our hearts seemed to follow below To watch o'er his storm-cradled sleep.

For the Favorite.

WINONA; OR, THE FOSTER-SISTERS.

BY ISABELLA VALANCOY ORAWFOULD, OF PETERBORO', ONT.

Author of "The Silvers' Christmas Eve," "Hector; or, the Rosicrucians of Mistree," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXVII. FACT TO FACT.

With the velvet tread of a panther Macer glided down the softly carpeted stairs, pausing every moment to peer through the darkness, or rather shadows, for altogether dark it was not, and to listen, with every nerve vibrating with the dread of discovery. So careful was he, that the stairs hardly creaked under his tread, and gaining the pretty entrance hall, he stole across the rich-hued checkers of rainbow light, falling through the stained glass windows, a black shape in the peculiar illumination, and laid his hand on the handle of the library door, which, as he knew, was never locked. It opened readily and silently, and looking behind him to ascertain that he was indeed alone, he glided into the room closing the door softly behind him.

The night was indeed favorable to those who would be secret, for the wind held a weird carnival abroad in the earth; sobbing and sighing through the pines, roaring along the frozen water-courses, howling over clearings, and rattling the doors and windows of the house busily, so that even had Macer made any sound it would have been quite inaudible amid the din made by "the fierce Kabibonokka," in his flight over the land.

Faithful as his own shadow, the form we have mentioned glided down the stairs, but paused in the shade cast on them by the archway at the foot, and in this safe ambush watched Macer as he stole across the hall and into the library, and then, when the door had closed upon the latter, was about descending in his track, when from the passage leading from the dining-room and servant's offices a tall, slender form stepped suddenly appeared, phantom-like from the shadows, a figure of bronze in the still light of the hall. It was the figure of an Indian youth, with burning eyes which shone in the gloom like stars.

Arrested by this apparition the hidden spy peered through the banisters on the unconscious stranger, and keeping cautiously concealed in the shadow of the arch followed every movement of the intruder with lynx-like watchfulness. It was well that the shadows were deep in his hair, for the Indian youth started a piercing glance above and around him while he stood opposite the library door motionless as though hewn from granite. Apparently his scrutiny satisfied him, for approaching the partially closed door, he pushed back about an eighth of an inch, and leaning against the framework as though to support himself, he looked earnestly into the apartment. He noiseless had been all his movements, but the concealed witness might well have been excused had he taken the whole scene for some phantasm of his brain. No light issued from the library and for some twenty minutes, during which the patient spy made no sign, the Indian remained fixed in his attitude of profound attention, holding the door in his hand. Macer entered the library, as we have seen,

and closing but not fastening the door, so that he could more speedily obtain egress if interrupted, he groped his way cautiously towards the escritoire. So thoroughly had he made himself acquainted with every feature of the apartment that he found no difficulty in avoiding the different articles of furniture, for though a faint gleam through the heavy curtains shewed that the windows were unshuttered, it only served to "make the darkness visible," and had he not been endowed with an almost additional sense, he would have, to a certainty, dashed himself against some chair, table or flower-stand in his progress. He did not wish to use his dark lantern until the last moment.

Having gained the escritoire, he paused a moment to listen. Nothing but the voice of the wind was audible, and with a firm hand he disclosed the light of his lantern. He then placed it on a little stand close at his elbow, in such a position that while its light fell on the escritoire, a touch would be sufficient to dash it to the ground and so extinguish its tell-tale glimmer. He required the use of both his hands for the work he has about.

It had been a matter of little difficulty for him, as a guest of the family, to obtain an impression of the key of this receptacle of his host's private papers, and in another moment he gently let down the richly carved front, and the yellow gleam of the lantern fell on the pigeon-holes and their orderly contents.

"It is well for my resolution," he thought, as his eagle-gleam travelled rapidly over the array of papers, "that I have no time to think, and but little to act in. Ten minutes ought to suffice. If the will is here I shall speedily find it. Once in my possession, I can make my own terms."

With the swiftness and skill of an adept he examined hole after hole, proceeding regularly from the top compartments downwards, until the bottom row contained all that were yet to be explored. As yet what he sought had not rewarded his search, and he paused a moment before proceeding with it. His face, faintly touched by the red light of the lantern, was white as ashes, in startling contrast to his jetty beard and eyebrows, and on his forehead a clammy dew had broken, damping the heavy locks of ebony hair lying on its wide expanse.

"If, after all this fearful risk," he thought, as his eyes fixed themselves on the unexamined compartments, "it should not be here! or, if here, if the old man should have taken the precaution of having had it registered! How near one may be to success, and yet miss it by the width of a hair. Truly though, in any case, I am playing a very desperate game, but it is for two high stakes: wealth and love. Courage, mon ami!"

As he spoke he extended his hand and lifted a package of considerable size from the first of the remaining pigeon-holes. It was tied with black tape, and a fiery heat swept across his marble face as he glanced at the neat label, written in Captain Frazer's precise hand:

"The last will and testament of Colonel Howard, late of the Cavalry."

"Mine," he said, silently, and for a second his brain reeled and his heart seemed to stand still.

In this, the foretaste of coming triumph, a horrid falling of the soul descended on him. He thrilled to the innermost recesses of his being, as one trembles when, on the perfumed air of a silent summer's day, affluant with the vivid beauty of fullest life, there peals the single melancholy toll of the passing bell. It was gone, this awful palsy of the soul, swift as the glancing wing of a bird, and, with a strong shudder, he thrust the stolen will in his bosom.

"So far, so good!" he said, "thanks to your loquacity, Mike, or I should not have so easily ascertained the fact of a second will having been made. This destroyed, by the terms of the first I am heir to the old man's wealth, and, above all, the guardian of Androsia. Let them identify me with Macer if they can, and then let them prove that it was Macer, crippled as he was, who stole and destroyed it."

He was in the act of closing the escritoire when his eye lighted on a small package lying in the hole from which he had taken the will, and his face changed suddenly, flushing with varied emotions.

"My mother's portrait!" he said; "how comes it here?"

He put out his hand eagerly to snatch it, and then drew it back with a half-groan.

"I dare not take it," he said bitterly; "it would be too conclusive a proof against me were it missing with the will. I will take one look and no more."

He lifted the faded morocco case reverently and touched the spring. It flew open, and the lovely face of the miniature smiled up into his. A piece of paper lay on the glass, and his eyes fell on the writing on it. A few words in Captain Frazer's hand, slightly tremulous and uncertain, met his glance, and despite his wonderful self-control, a low cry of amazement and horror broke from his lips as his mind grasped their meaning.

"My first wife, Lady Flora Lennox Frazer, who died 18—, aged seventeen years, in giving birth to a son, who is now, in consequence of the death of his grandfather without heirs male, Earl of Tynemouth and Baron of Auton in Scotland. Disasters to himself and others was the day which saw his birth!"

Nemesis had at length flung her thunder-bolt!

In one glance the ambitious man read the lordly future which might have been his, and from which his crimes would now forever exclude him. He saw the numerous and tender

ties which would have surrounded him had he but once listened to the promptings of the better nature which had so often pleaded in vain with the demon of his pride, which urged him to tear as a prey from the world what he could not otherwise obtain—wealth and love,—and in that moment of time he suffered the pangs of the deepest hell, of a thousand deaths, though on his stony face there was no sign or token of the awful despair within him.

A hand was laid on his arm. At another moment this sign that he was discovered would have driven him to a sudden froxy, but now it was with a simple mechanical recognition of the presence of a spy on his actions that he looked up, and faced the tall form of the Indian, shadowy and gigantic in the dim, spectral light from the little lantern.

"Winona!" he said, in a low, level voice, which was like the more mechanical utterance of an automaton.

"It is I, Andrew Farmer," said Winona, folding her arms across her chest and turning her blazing eyes upon him; "I yet live."

"I knew it," he said calmly. "I can guess your motive in seeking me thus. You seek revenge?"

Winona looked at him with a lofty smile. "The pale-face traitor speaks the truth," she said; "I seek revenge."

A slow frown darkened his face. With an effort he suag off the numbness into which his late discovery seemed to have stunned his physical being, and darted on her a terrible and menacing glance.

"Begone, girl," he said, "and do not tempt me too far. I cannot tell what force keeps me from slaying you on the spot, when for the second time you cross my path. Beware and depart!"

She smiled again, showing her white, sharp teeth, her eyes blazing on him with a terrible lustre.

"Winona's heart has become as iron, from which fierce words strike nothing but fire," she answered; "yes, from that night on which the pale-face traitor shot her down as a dog, because she would have rescued her sister from his claws, as a dove from the beak of a kite; then Winona's heart changed within her, as the bright flower changes to the hard, unlovely seed."

"Oh!" said Farmer slowly, his worst passions gathering to a mighty and overwhelming tide as she stood, dauntless and defiant, facing him. "I remember your interference with my abduction of Androsia, my promised bride, whom the caprice of her mad old father was, I knew, even then plotting to deprive me of, and bestow upon another. What curse was on me that you escaped the death you rushed upon then?"

"It was the will of the Great Spirit," said Winona, her eyes flashing triumph through the sinister darkness. "And more, 'twas Winona who stole the white doves from thy snare, and hid her in the recesses of the forest, until, weary of seeking her trail, thou turned thy feet towards the abodes of men. Then was Winona partly avenged!"

"In truth, yes," said Farmer sombrely; "and now—"

Winona lifted her dark head with infinite majesty.

"Winona is the daughter of a great chief. For many days she has followed her white enemy with the thought in her heart to slay him, as she slew Hawk-eye, the half-breed, when he found out the place where she had hidden her sister in the forest by the great lake, and would have torn the white dove from her lurking place. Winona hung his scalp to her belt."

She laughed with a sombre, deadened glow in her dark eyes, and her slender brown hand clenched itself in her bosom.

Looking at Farmer steadily, she pointed to the still open escritoire.

"What brings the traitor pale-face under the same roof with the white doves? Is it to work some evil to the sister of Winona?"

Farmer looked at the open cabinet, and the remembrance of what brought him there returned like the flow of a tide of lava over his soul.

All that was Satan's own rose up armed within him.

With eyes literally flaming in their murderous glare, he tore a revolver from his breast and fired full at her.

She dropped with a heavy sound, as a pillar of a ruin falls, silent, as became a daughter of her haughty race.

Even as his finger touched the trigger, he stood transfixed, gazing beyond her, a slow horror gathering on his face, spell-bound under the falling sword of the swift vengeance which had crept to his side, silent, unperceived, but terrible.

He was no coward, but what man can stand unmoved and hear the dread cry in his soul, "Behold, sinner, thine hour hath come."

Behind Winona, his foot touching her as she lay, the centre of a glistening pool stood Fennel the detective, no longer in his Milesian disguise, but cool, alert, watchful, his dark eyes holding Farmer's.

"Mr. Farmer," he said, "Mr. Macer or Lennox, I arrest you on two charges. One of a charge committed three years since, the other of burglary. You are my prisoner."

Winona, breathless, with dilated eyes and panting bosom, lay motionless, though not senseless, while Fennel walked past her and faced Farmer, whose splendid figure seemed actually to dilate as the officer approached. He stood for a second, measuring him with his eyes,

and then, as a restless breaker rushes upon and overwhelms a storm-tossed vessel, he rushed upon the detective.

They fell to the ground in a silent and deadly struggle. There was the sudden sharp crack of a pistol, and Farmer sprang erect, stood for half a second motionless, and then fell head-long to the ground, shot through the heart.

Fennel sprang to his feet. "Great heavens!" he cried, "I have shot him!"

In the struggle the detective's revolver, which he had held concealed in his hand, had accidentally discharged itself, and the husband of Valerie Lennox lay dead beneath the roof of his father.

CHAPTER XXVIII. WINONA'S STORY.

"There is little doubt of her ultimate recovery, though there has been a great shock to the nervous system," said the fatally physician, putting his gold spectacles into their case, and himself into his luxurious cutter, piled up with valuable furs and "toted" by an old young man in a respectable, funeral kind of livery, "tell your mother so, Captain Archie, and don't let her worry more than she can help. Good morning. I'll be round again to-morrow, or perhaps to-night."

The doctor dashed away, and Archie, (summoned home by a telegram the day before,) turned, and went into the house.

He passed the closed door of the library softly, and with a fixed awe upon his face, and in the ruby light, Sidney ran noiselessly to him, with loosened, golden hair, and eager face.

"What does he say, Archie dear?" she asked, in a hushed whisper, "will she get better?"

"I trust so," answered Archie, and there was almost an agony of concentrated anxiety in his eyes. "The disgrace if she were to die, to our good name!"

His face flushed hotly, but Sidney's little soft fingers closed on his sympathizingly.

"He was our brother," she said, softly; "don't think of anything else just now."

Archie sighed profoundly. The worst thing of all lay in that fact, but it softened him a little towards the dead man lying in the silent room, and the sudden fire died from his face and eyes.

"How is Valerie?" he asked, drawing Sidney away with him.

Sidney's face became awed and puzzled. "I don't know," she answered, "it's dreadful to watch her. She will not leave Winona, and goes quietly about, but her face is awful. Fixed and white like marble, and her great black eyes, dilated and shining. Isn't it strange she should care so much for him?"

Strange indeed to the pure, bright child whose soul, like a folded lily bud, had yet to expand in the now and fervid light and warmth of the love a woman, a noble and true woman, bears her husband.

Archie understood Valerie, for he held the key to this knowledge, because he also loved.

"Poor thing!" he said, with a man's true expression of a sympathy more felt than expressed. "Do you think mother could come down to me for a little? There is so much to be arranged and father is too prostrated to be disturbed on any account."

"I'll go and see," whispered Sidney, slipping like a sunbeam up the darkened stair, and stealing across the lobby to Androsia's room.

She opened the door gently and peeped in.

The pretty room was partially darkened, but rosy fire light flowed over its draperies of maiden white, and across the snowy couch by the window.

Sharply outlined against the pillows, the majestic profile of Winona showed, motionless as some rare thing moulded in bronze; her long, fine hands crossed on her bosom, her unfathomable eyes shining, with a startling and dusky splendor, into space. By the hearth sat Mrs. Frazer, pallid and anxious, and intently watchful, not only of Winona, but of Androsia, who, worn out with grief and watching slept heavily, her lovely head pillowed beside Winona's, her cheeks blazing into fervid scarlet, as her knitted brows showed how haunted by horror her dreams were.

Valerie, like some rare statue of ivory, sat facing Mrs. Frazer, fearfully self-contained in her anguish of grief, and that utter anguish of the soul which is the growth of but one emotion, a love which will not die and finds its object unworthy.

There is a strain of solemn joy in our farewell to those of whom we can think as our "glorified dead" which brings into our desolation the glorious cry "O, death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" Through our tears their starry crowns strike upon our dazzled senses. Our cries of mortal agony at separation, are mingled with the triumphant soundings of their song of victory which returns to us across the chasm between. The desolation of Valerie's lonely soul was complete, she could not hope, she dare not even think. She tried to concentrate her mind on nursing Winona, hoping to snatch her back from the death her husband had nearly hurled her upon, and thus have one crime less heaped upon his memory.

Sidney's entrance did not disturb the Indian girl, who was under the influence of an opiate, administered by the doctor, who had managed to extract the tiny bullet which had lodged in her chest, dangerously near the heart. Neither did Androsia waken from her sleep of exhaustion.

And so the day wore down from its radiant winter beauty, into the calm of evening, with a sky of opal, emerald and rose, and so into a night, gained and glacial with moon and stars, shining as they only do, in winter, a cold,



celestial splendor, a fitting dome for the earth in her pure vestments, white and stainless as those of a priestess of the great Diana.

Quiet feet stole through the house. Voices were hushed to whispers, for the Angel crowned with amaranth was brooding on outspread wings above, and his shadow fell on all.

Once a sound roused the sick room above, the heavy, muffled tramp of strange feet bearing in something which was laid softly down in the library beneath.

Valerie heard it, and her stricken heart sickened and died within her. Androsia heard it and her vivid face paled. She looked with startled eyes at Winona, whose eyes suddenly opened on hers.

"What is that sound?" she asked in the Indian dialect, a look of such command on her features that Androsia's unwilling lips were forced to frame an answer.

"His coffin," she said in the same tongue, "Winona, you must sleep!"

Winona moved her head on the pillow and fixed her dark eyes on Valerie, who was standing in the light of the fire, listening to the sounds below, her hands locked convulsively, her glance glazed and vacant. Her whole mental being was in the room below.

"Who is that woman," asked Winona, in the same tone of quiet and measureless force, which compelled an answer. "Why is her soul full of tears for the dead, and why does her spirit linger beside him. Answer!"

No one had anticipated this question, and Androsia was alarmed at the effect its answer might have on the passionate nature of the Indian girl. At the same time not to reply was as dangerous.

"My sister," she said, reading Winona's face intently, "no longer loves him. Is it not so?"

"I go to the hunting grounds of my father," said Winona evasively, "the spirits of the white men do not come thither. Answer me, my sister."

"The white woman is his wife," replied Androsia tremulously.

A sudden and exquisite crimson swept like a tidal wave over the delicate bronze of her foster-sister's face, and a wild light sprang luridly to her eyes. They died, both flush and flame as suddenly, and she lay looking at Valerie, studying her with solemn eyes, mournful and splendid in their mingled lustre and shame. Androsia sat patiently beside the bed hour after hour, hoping and fearing, as Winona slept and awakened and slumbered again; but at length Mrs. Frazer insisted on her retiring, and as there was no immediate danger, she crept away to Ollie's room and was soon asleep.

Valerie insisted on watching alone with Winona, and in her soul guessing what influence was at work upon her, the fear of anxiety consuming her, Mrs. Frazer yielded, and in the solemn midnight Valerie and Winona were left together, and the house sank to perfect quiet.

Valerie's tender hands touched her, her true soul, pitying, compassionate, looked at her clearly from those soft and mournful eyes, and from hour to hour Winona lay awake watching her steadfastly, and framing a purpose in her untutored soul.

Why should this tender and lovely woman weep for the dead who had been so utterly false to her? If she knew all, would she not soon him and take comfort? This was not so clearly argued in Winona's mind. It was more an instinct guiding her than reason understood and accepted.

Valerie knelt by the fire, softly drawing the ruddy logs together, when Winona called to her softly, and she approached the bed, across which the flickering light fell warmly.

Winona stretched out her round, dusky arm, and caught Valerie's rosy, jewelled, hand in hers. "The pale-faced woman is good," she said regarding her fixedly. "Winona loves her."

"Rest," said Valerie in her sweet low voice, "rest, my child. You must not speak."

Winona's great eyes read her face, she still held her soft hand firmly and determinedly.

"Winona must speak," she said, "and her white sister must listen. The Great Spirit wills it."

Valerie considered an instant. She saw invincible determination in the girl's face, and afraid of exciting her by opposition to her wishes yielded.

"I will listen," she answered gently, "but do not excite yourself."

Valerie seated herself on the edge of the bed. An engraving of Carlo Dolci's most exquisite Madonna and Child hung at the head on the wall. Its tender and saintly beauty soothed and quieted her inexpressibly as she raised her eyes to it; but the calm fled as her glance fell on Winona.

The girl's face was alive with fire and some degree of passionate rage. She held Valerie's hand, but her eyes were fixed on space. Her crimson lips were drawn back, laying bare the white pointed teeth, and her dusky cheeks were crimsoned to richest rose.

Valerie was alarmed and would have risen, but the bronze hand tightened round hers like iron bands.

"Stay," uttered Winona imperiously. "Winona will speak."

Valerie trembled a little, she knew not why. Winona smiled with a haughty kind of pitying tenderness.

"White-sister is mourning for him below!" she said, "the white-hearted fox who assassinated squaws had tore the white dove from her nest."

Valerie bowed her graceful head in mute assent. She knew but little of Winona's previous history; but there came a sudden dread of unknown evil upon her. The impulse was

strong on her to rise and fly, but Winona's dazzling eyes held her chained.

"Mourn no longer," she said; "who shall weep for a dead dog?"

A blush that was hot and sickening as a furnace blast came to Valerie's marble face. She sighed shudderingly.

Winona spoke again, after, with a violent effort, raising herself against the pillows. There was no light but that from the fire, rich, fantastic and ruby-hued in the room, but it illumined every corner and the two women, each so exquisitely yet differently beautiful, with a broad and mellow glow.

"Listen and believe," said Winona, a passionate scorn in her melodious voice; "Winona will tell the tale of the White Fox, who twice struck at her heart."

Valerie had heard a few meagre outlines of her husband's previous life in Canada, and the baneful influence he had had on the lives of the two girls lying within a few yards of each other, and a feeling she could not resist forced her to listen to the burning words which flowed in passionate melody of speech from Winona.

"Winona is the daughter of a great chief," said the beautiful creature, lifting her proud head majestically; "and his squaw took to her bosom a little white dove. When Winona had grown tall as a young oster by the water-courses, her mother died and her father left her in the nest of the White Dove, whose feet were like snow upon the young grass, and whose locks were snares for the sun. Through many moons the White Dove and Winona ran through the forests and guided the canoe together, and their hearts were as two springs meeting in one stream. Like the stream, they laughed in the sun and their hearts were clear to each other as its waters. Then the White Fox crept to the Dove's nest and she was betrothed to him by her father, whose heart was frozen like a great icicle hanging over a river. The White Dove hid nothing from her sister, but Winona hid from her the love and the hate which the White Fox won from her. She loved him, for it was the will of the Great Spirit; she hated him, for his soul was naked before her. He whispered in her ear, 'I mean no evil. Your white sister is as eager to my heart. I breathe with your breath.' With her heart Winona believed him; with her head she thought, 'He is false as the southern wind, promising eternal summer to the foolish reeds by the little lakes and marshes;' and she waved her head from side to side, to watch him as the rattlesnake watches the prey it would strike."

"When the White Fox saw that the heart of the Dove's father saw his snares, he said to himself, 'What is this red maiden to me? I will tear the Dove from her nest, and the red leaves of the maple and sumach will soon fall upon the grave of Winona.'"

"Winona felt the thing in the air. The heebanaw-bags sang it in the streams, and her heart became iron to save her sister. Her shadow fell in the footprints of the White Dove. The hate and the love for the fox tore her as an eagle rends a fawn. Every day she died and lived again, because the voice of her sister called her back."

When the wily Fox sent the redskins to carry off the Dove, Winona shielded her in her arms, and would have saved her but for the mighty arm of the Fox. He threw his arm across the eyes of her sister, and — Here Winona paused, a young Pythoness, an embodied flame. Her eyes blazed into space, past Valerie, whose every sense was absorbed in one feeling of black and rayless horror. She suddenly tore the cambrio and lace from her magnificent throat. A little below its stately column, a deep scar showed itself. She struck her hand against it fiercely and laughed triumphantly.

"The bullet ploughed the flesh," she said, looking at Valerie. "Does my white sister love him still?"

Valerie dropped her head upon her breast. The long-suffering and mighty love was dying, but oh! the pity of it!

Winona's voice fell to its exquisite minor cadences again, and she resumed.

"When the pale-faced brave and Mike came and found Winona clinging to the canoe, the heart of the Fox had leaped into her bosom. She said to herself, 'I alone will track him and tear the Dove from him.'"

"Winona dived like an otter under the canoe and swam to the opposite shore, and while the young brave and Mike thought the White Fox was lying in the heart of the stream, she fled like a shadow along his trail, her hand upon the hunting knife in her belt, the leaves of the oak-bark silencing as her blood fell upon them, her heart a fire-stone in her breast. When he lay at rest outside the wigwam of bark where the White Dove lay caged and bound, she said to the Snow Spirit, 'Lend me thy foot; fall, oh, white Jeebi!' and while he slept, her knife cut the White Dove's fetters of doekskin, and like shadows upon the white pathway of the ghosts across the sky, they fled into the forest. Winona knew a cave hidden by tall ferns, and in it she lay for a moon, while the White Dove fed her with berries and squirrels stored by herself at night. When the moon was down and the rain fell, the half-breed, Hawk-eye, stole upon them, and Winona, whose heart was strong, slew him when he would have torn her sister from her, and hung his scalp to her belt; and, her wound being healed, led her sister forth to the dwellings of the white men. Does my white sister tremble?"

Valerie was shuddering from head to foot. Winona looked at her with grave wonder.

"He was a dog," she said, emphatically; "it was right he should fall by the hand of a squaw!"

She lay silent for a few moments; and had Valerie not been overwhelmed with a flood of miserable emotions, she would have seen a mysterious shadow darken the proud face and shining eyes. It passed, and Winona raised her hand slowly and pointed downwards.

"When Winona saw the face of the White Fox at the window in the great wigwam in Toronto her heart beat like a war-drum, for she saw evil to the White Dove. She whispered to her heart, 'Oh, fawn heart! Why did thy knife not seek his heart before?' When she had seen the new nest of her sister she went out to slay him, and came upon his trail after many days; but her heart turned to water and she said, 'Wait, if he seeks not the haunt of the White Dove, well, he shall live.' Wrapping a mist round his head so that none should know him, he entered the nest; and the heart of Winona spoke to her hunting-knife and said, 'I am ready, oh friend.' She stole after him and found him stealing the writing of the Dove's father, and —"

She pointed with a terrible gesture to her heart. A smile wonderful and tender burst into her eyes. She took Valerie's hand and raised it to her lips.

"Let the withered flower blossom in another sun," she whispered, and closed her eyes as if to sleep.

Across the sky another day was stealing. Androsia, roused by a cry uttering her name, sprang from Ollie's enfolding arms and across the corridor into the room where Winona lay.

Winona sat up in the bed, her face transfigured in the rosy glory of the dawn, her deep eyes smiling with an awful radiance on Androsia, her long arms stretched towards the door.

Androsia sprang to their embrace. They closed round her, faithful, firm and tender to the end; and the first arrow of morning gold shooting athwart the sky fell on the foster-sisters, the dark face radiant, beautiful beyond expression in the majesty of death, the fair one lying against it as still and lovely in the blessed unconsciousness of grief.

The schooner had been engaged by Farmer to remove Androsia from the pursuit of her friends. A useless precaution we have seen.

(To be continued.)

REPENTANT.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Mother, I kneel on the door-stone,  
Penitent, weary, and worn;  
Many a mile have I wandered,  
And fasted since yesterday morn;  
Darkness is gathering round me,  
Never again shall I roam;  
Open the door to me, mother;  
Welcome your prodigal home!

Father was angry—so angry—  
And stern, when he knew my disgrace;  
He thrust me away from his presence,  
And then shut the door in my face!  
But, mother, your love did not leave me;  
I saw the tears ready to start,  
And knew that though guilty and banished,  
I still had a place in your heart!

They say you grow feebler and feebler,  
By reason of sorrow and shame;  
That your hair is as white as a snow-wreath,  
And tis seldom you mention my name.  
But, oh, I will never believe them,  
When standers like this they repeat;  
For the voice of my mother has called me,  
And brought me again to her feet!

She talked to the Saviour about me,  
And prayed—as a mother can pray!  
And back to the fold He has brought me,  
The lamb who went wand'ring astray.  
I soon became weary of exile;  
I soon became weary of sin;  
And longed for a life that was purer;  
But who would have taken me in?

O mother dear, say you forgive me,  
And take me again to your breast!  
Nor let me die here on the door-stone,  
Alone, unforgiven, unblessed!  
Come quickly!—a foot-step approaches!  
Not yours—but another's!—good-by!  
Tell father—that God—has not left me—  
Outside of His threshold to die!

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

REMARKABLE DREAMS AND DREAM NARRATIVES.

The dream narratives in this and the following chapters have been selected as remarkable not only from their details, but also from the circumstance of their being well authenticated by testimony which it is not easy to gainsay. That some of them may be satisfactorily explainable, as belonging to a class of dreams which have a tendency to fulfil themselves, is likely enough; while it is also probable that others may have been the spontaneous products of the minds of the dreamers, and could be explained, had we any knowledge of the personal experience which preceded the dreams. Others, again, do not seem explainable upon any principles with which we are as yet acquainted.

The following narrative, somewhat abbreviated, is substantially that of the principal witness in a prosecution, the details of which are to be found in the records of the criminal trials of Languedoc. He tells his tale as follows:—"I had been traveling some time on the business of the firm to which I was attached, when, one evening, in the month of June, I arrived at a town in Languedoc, in which I was a stranger. I put up at a suburban inn, and being considerably fatigued, went early to bed, determining to rise betimes in the morning, and proceed to business. I had scarcely got into bed ere from sheer weariness I fell into a profound slumber, and had a dream which made a strong impression upon me. I fancied that I had arrived at the same town, not in the evening as I had really done, but in the middle of the day; that I had put up at the very same inn, and had gone out directly, curious to see what was worth seeing in the place. I walked along the main street into another, crossing it at right angles, which appeared to lead into the country. I soon came to a church, and paused a little while to examine its Gothic portico; and then advanced to a bye-path which branched off from the road. I struck into this path, which was winding, rugged, and solitary, and very soon I reached a miserable cottage, standing in a garden covered with weeds. I got into the garden through one of the numerous gaps in the enclosure; and approaching an old well which occupied a distant corner, looked down into it: there I saw distinctly, without any possibility of mistake, a corpse which had been stabbed in several places. I counted the deep wounds, and the wide gashes whence the blood was flowing. I would have cried out, but could not utter a sound; and I awoke, trembling with affright and moist with perspiration—to find that it was a dream.

"I could not again address myself to sleep; and although it was very early, I rose and dressed, resolving to earn by a brisk walk, an appetite for my breakfast. I accordingly left the house, and walked along the main street. It was strange, but the place was not new to me; and the farther I walked, the stronger grew the confused recollection of the objects before me. 'This is odd,' I thought, 'I have never been here before, and yet I could swear to these houses as I pass them.' I went on until, coming to the corner of the street, I suddenly recalled my dream; but I put away the thought as too absurd; still, at every step, some fresh point of resemblance struck me. 'Am I still dreaming?' I exclaimed, not without a momentary thrill.—'Is the agreement to be perfect to the end?' Before long, I reached the church, which had the same architectural features which had attracted my notice in the dream; and then the high-road, along which I pursued my way, coming at length to the same bye-path that had presented itself to my imagination a few hours before. There was no possibility of doubt or mistake. Every tree, every turn was familiar to me. I was not at all of a superstitious turn, and was wholly engrossed in the practical detail of commercial business. I had never troubled myself about the hallucinations, the presentiments that science denies and rejects: but I must confess that I now felt myself spell-bound as by some enchantment; and with Pascal's words on my lips, 'A continued dream would be a reality,' I hastened forward, no longer doubting that the next moment would bring me to the cottage; and this was really the case. In all its outward circumstances it corresponded to what I had seen in my dream. I instantly determined to ascertain whether the coincidence would hold good in every other point. I entered the garden, and went direct to the spot on which I had seen the well; but here the resemblance failed—there was no well. I looked in every direction—examined the whole garden, went round the cottage, which appeared to be inhabited, although no person was visible; but nowhere could I find any vestige of a well. I made no attempt to enter the cottage, but hastened back to the inn, in a state of agitation which may be imagined. I could not make up my mind to pass unnoticed such extraordinary coincidences, but how was any clue to be obtained to the mystery?

"I went to the landlord, and after chatting with him for a time on different subjects, I came to the point, and asked him directly to whom the cottage belonged which was on a bye-road which I described to him. 'It is inhabited,' he said, 'by an old man and his wife, who have the character of being very morose and unsocial. They rarely leave the house—see nobody, and nobody goes to see them; but they are quiet enough, and I never heard anything against them. Of late, their very existence seems to have been forgotten; and I believe that you, sir, are the first person who for years has noticed them.' These details, far from satisfying my curiosity, did but provoke it the more. Breakfast was served, but I could not touch it. I paced up and down the room, looked out of the window, trying to fix my attention on some external object, but in vain. I endeavored to interest myself in a quarrel between two men in the street, but the garden and the cottage had full possession of my mind, and at last, snatching my hat, I cried, 'I will go, come what may.'

"I repaired to the nearest magistrate, told him the object of my visit, and related the whole circumstance as clearly as I could; and I saw that his statements were not lost upon him. 'It is, indeed, very strange,' he said; 'and after what has happened I do not think I ought to leave the matter without some inquiry. Other business will prevent my go-

ing, but I will return to-morrow, and I will be glad to see you again.'

comparing you in a search, but I will place two of the police at your command. Go once more to the hotel, see its inhabitants, and search; perhaps you may make some important discovery." In a few moments I was on my way, along with the two officers, and we soon reached the cottage. An old man opened the door to us, and received us somewhat un-pleasantly, but showed no mark of suspicion or emotion when we told him we wished to search the house. "Very well, gentlemen, as soon as you please," he replied. "Have you a well here?" I inquired. "No, sir; we are obliged to go for water to a spring at a considerable distance." We searched the house, while I was so excited that I expected each moment to bring to light some fatal secret. The man looked on meanwhile with an air of vacancy, and at length we left the cottage, without finding anything to confirm my suspicions. I resolved to inspect the garden once more; and a number of idlers having by this time collected, drawn to the spot by the police, I made inquiries of the whether they knew anything about a well in that place. No one replied at first, but at length an old woman came slowly forward, leaning on a crutch. "A well?" cried she; "is it the well you are looking after? That has been gone these thirty years. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, how, when I was a young girl, I used to drop stones into it, and listen for the splash they made in the water." "And can you say where the well used to be?" I asked. "As near as I can remember, on the very spot on which your honor is standing," said the old woman.

"We set to work at once to dig up the ground. At the depth of some two feet we came to a layer of bricks, which being removed, laid bare some beams of timber, below which was the mouth of the well. It was a work of time to get at the secrets of the dark and cold hole; but at length, from beneath a mass of stones and mud, an old chest was drawn up into the daylight. It was thoroughly decayed and rotten, and needed no locksmith to open it; and we found within what I was certain we should find, and what filled with horror all the spectators, who had not my pre-convictions—we found the remains of a human body. The police now secured the person of the old man, who had not fled, and after a time discovered his wife concealed in a shed, behind a pile of wood. The old couple were brought before the proper authorities, and privately and separately examined. The old man persisted pertinaciously in declaring his innocence, but his wife at length confessed that, in concert with her husband, she had, a very long time ago, murdered a pedlar whom they had met one night on the high road, and who had been incautious enough to tell them of a considerable sum of money which he had about him, and whom, in consequence, they induced to pass the night in their house. They had taken advantage of the heavy sleep induced by fatigue to strangle him, his body had been put into the chest, the chest cast into the well, and the well stopped up. The pedlar being from another country, his disappearance had occasioned no inquiry. There was no witness of the crime; and as its traces had been carefully concealed from observation, the two criminals had reason to believe themselves secure from detection. They had not, however, been able to silence the voice of conscience, they fled from the sight of their fellow-men, they trembled at the least noise, while silence filled them with terror. They had often come to the resolution of leaving the scene of their crime—of flying to some distant land; but still some undefinable fascination kept them near the remains of their victim. Terrified by the deposition of his wife, and unable to resist the overwhelming proofs against him, the man finally made a similar confession; and six weeks after the unhappy criminals died on the scaffold, in accordance with the sentence of the Parliament of Toulouse."

The following remarkable dream is related in the *Times* newspaper of 16th August, 1828.—In the night of the 11th of May, 1812, Mr. Williams, of Scortier House, near Redruth, in Cornwall, awoke his wife, and, exceedingly agitated, told her that he had dreamed that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a man shoot with a pistol a gentleman who had just entered the lobby, and who was said to be the Chancellor; to which Mrs. Williams naturally replied that it was only a dream, and recommended him to be composed and go to sleep as soon as he could. He did so, but shortly after again awoke her, and said that he had a second time had the dream; whereupon she observed that he had been so much agitated with his former dream, that she supposed it had dwelt on his mind, and begged him to cry and compose himself and go to sleep, which he did. A third time the same vision was repeated; on which, notwithstanding her entreaties that he would be quiet, and endeavor to forget it, he arose, it being then between one and two o'clock, and dressed himself. At breakfast the dream was the sole subject of conversation; and in the forenoon Mr. Williams went to Falmouth, where he related the particulars of them to all of his acquaintance that he met. On the following day, Mr. Tucker, of Trematon Castle, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Mr. Williams, went to Scortier House after dark. Immediately after the first salutation, on entering the parlor where were Mr., Mrs., and Miss Williams, Mr. Williams began to relate to Mr. Tucker the circumstance of his dream and Mrs. Williams observed to her daughter, Mrs. Tucker, laughingly, that her father could not expect Mr. Tucker to be seated before he

told him of his nocturnal visitation; on the statement of which Mr. Tucker observed, that it would do very well for a dream to have the Chancellor in the lobby of the House of Commons, but that he would not be found there in reality; and Mr. Tucker then asked what sort of man he appeared to be, whom Mr. Williams minutely described him: to which Mr. Tucker replied, "Your description is not at all that of the Chancellor, but is certainly very exactly that of Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and although he has been to me the greatest enemy I ever met with through life, for a supposed cause which had no foundation in truth, I should be exceedingly sorry to hear of his being assassinated, or of any injury of the kind happening to him." Mr. Tucker then inquired of Mr. Williams if he had ever seen Mr. Perceval, and was told that he had never seen him, nor had ever even written to him, either on public or private business, in short, that he had never had anything to do with him, nor had he even been in the lobby of the House of Commons in his life. At this moment, whilst Mr. Williams and Mr. Tucker were still standing, they heard a horse gallop to the door of the house, and immediately after Mr. Michael Williams, of Trematon (son of Mr. Williams, of Scortier), entered the room, and said that he had galloped out from Truro (from which Scortier is distant seven miles), having seen a gentleman there who had come by that evening's mail from London, who said that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons on the evening of the 11th, when a man called Bellingham had shot Mr. Perceval; and that as it might occasion some great Ministerial changes, and might affect Mr. Tucker's political friends, he had come out as fast as he could to make him acquainted with it, having heard at Truro that he had passed through that place in the afternoon on his way to Scortier. After the astonishment which this intelligence had created had a little subsided, Mr. Williams described most particularly the appearance and dress of the man that he saw in his dream fire the pistol, as he had done before of Mr. Perceval. About six weeks after, Mr. Williams, having business in town, went, accompanied by a friend, to the House of Commons, where, as has already been observed, he had never before been. Immediately that he came to the steps at the entrance of the lobby, he said, "This place is as distinctly within my recollection, in my dream, as any room in my house; and he made the same observation when he entered the lobby. He then pointed out the exact spot where Bellingham stood when he fired, and which Mr. Perceval had reached when he was struck by the ball, and where and how he fell. The dress both of Mr. Perceval and Bellingham agreed with the descriptions given by Mr. Williams even to the most minute particular." The *Times* states that Mr. Williams was then alive, and the witnesses to whom he made known the particulars of his dream were also living; and that the editor had received the statement from a correspondent of unquestionable veracity.

Mr. Howitt, in "The Country Year-book," states that he is indebted to a friend of his for the following singular dream:—"In the year 1795 the Rev. George Biddulph, at that time chaplain to the Earl of —, and my college associate, was in London. We spent much time together; and as he was a man of an earnest, serious turn of mind, our conversation was very much on religious subjects, he being anxious to discover me from the free-thinking principles of the French and German philosophy, to which I was at that time much addicted. One day, being together at Woolwich, we took a stroll on Blackheath, when we accidentally came upon a young man, who, having been overturned in a gig, had slightly injured his arm. The little service we were enabled to render him led to our spending the remainder of the day together; and as it was then hardly past noon, this consisted of several hours, which was sufficient to enable young men socially inclined to become tolerably familiar before parting. Our new acquaintance informed us that he was Lieutenant Macintosh, in the service of the East India Company, and that the following day he was to embark for his destination. He was a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance and lively manners. In the course of conversation some words dropped from myself with reference to an unfinished argument with my clerical friend, on our often contested religious subjects. This led to the discovery that the young soldier was even more sceptically disposed than myself; and now, with such an ally, the argument was resumed, and continued till we were about to part, when the lieutenant, asserting his positive belief in no other life than the present, declared that, if, after death, his soul really existed, and he died before his new clerical acquaintance, he would pay him a visit, and confess his error, adding that he would not fail to enlighten me also. We parted, and we saw the lieutenant no more, at least in this life. One remark I must make in this place, which is of importance, namely, that although the lieutenant had told us his name, he had not mentioned his family, nor his native place, nor had we inquired about them; and after that time, neither of us thought more of him, I believe, than is commonly thought of any passing agreeable acquaintance, who has enabled us to spend an hour or two pleasantly. One night, however, about three years afterwards, I dreamed that I was sitting in my library as usual, when the door opened, and a young man entered, whom I immediately recognized to be Lieutenant Macintosh, though he was then wearing a captain's uniform. He looked much sun-burnt, as one might naturally

expect a man to be after about three years' exposure to a tropical sun. His countenance, however, was grave, and there was a peculiar expression in it, that even in my dream excited an unusual degree of attention. I motioned him to be seated, and, without addressing him, waited for him to speak. He did so immediately, and his words were these: "I promised, when we were at Woolwich together, to visit you if I died. I am dead, and have now kept my word. You can tell all your friends who are sceptics that the soul does not perish with the body."

"When these words were ended I awoke; and so distinctly were they, as it seemed, impressed upon my senses, that for the moment I could not believe but that they had been spoken to me by the actual tongue of man. I convinced myself that the chamber was empty, and then, remembering that immediately before going to bed I had been reading the mystical writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, I persuaded myself that this was but the effect of my excited imagination, and again slept. The next morning I regarded it merely as an ordinary dream. I was not a little surprised, therefore, when, early in the day, I received a visit from my friend Biddulph, who instantly accosted me with the inquiry whether I had heard any news of that Lieutenant Macintosh whose acquaintance we had accidentally made three years before. I related my dream. "Strange, indeed!" he said; "then of a truth he is dead." He then related that the preceding night he also had a similar dream, with this difference, that it was twice repeated, and that each time he was desired to write to —, in Inverness-shire, where his mother and sister lived, and to inform them of his death.

"After the first dream, Biddulph, like myself, on awakening had persuaded himself that it was merely a dream; and after some time had again slept, when it was repeated precisely as before; and then, on waking, had risen and written down not only the address, but a letter to the clergyman of the parish, inquiring from him if a family, such as had been intimated to him, lived at the place mentioned, but without giving them the reasons for this inquiry. When day came, however, the whole thing seemed so extraordinary, that he determined to come and consult with me, who had known the young man just as well as himself, before he took any decided step. The whole thing appeared so strange, and so contrary to all human experience, that I could only advise him to send the letter which he had written to the clergyman, and be guided by his answer. We resolved not to mention the subject to any one, but we noted down the date and the hour of these remarkable dreams. A few posts afterwards settled the whole thing. Mrs. Macintosh and her daughter were living, as has been told in two dreams, at —, and the clergyman added, that he hoped his correspondent had news to communicate respecting Captain Macintosh, about whom they were anxious. Thus, two points were proved, our lieutenant had become a captain, and his mother and sister were living at the address communicated in this dream; as a natural inference, therefore, the third fact was true also. As the best means of communicating the said intelligence he had so singularly received, Biddulph made a journey into Inverness-shire for the express purpose. In the course of a few months official tidings came of the death of Captain Macintosh, who had been struck down by a *coup-de-soliel*, while hunting in the country with a party of brother officers; and the time of his death exactly corresponded with that of our dreams."—*Lecture Hour.*

#### A USE FOR PALMETTO LEAVES.

The *Savannah Advertiser*, says: As part of the cargo of the steamship *Dartan*, cleared yesterday for Liverpool, we notice a consignment of four bales of palmetto-leaves, which upon inquiry, we learn are sent to England to be tested and their value determined as a material for the manufacture of paper. "Some one will one of these days find out what this is good for," is a remark often heard about the miles of palmetto to be found in portions of Georgia and Florida. The list of materials out of which paper is manufactured is already a long one, and is constantly being increased. For any material out of which paper can be profitably made the demand will always exceed the supply. Rags have failed to supply the demands of paper-makers in this age of printing. A cheaper, more abundant fibre, is essential to the undelayed advance of civilization itself. Straw is cheap and abundant, suited to the manufacture of low grades, but undesirable for the better qualities of printing paper. Wood has been used to some extent, and the swamp-cane of the South is coming into extensive use as paper material. While these and other fibres are being used and tested in this country, there is one that has maintained for centuries a high reputation for various useful purposes, and within a few years has almost monopolized the European market for paper material—the "spartum" of Pliny, known at this day as esparto-grass. It flourishes in Spain and Portugal, and in North Africa. This grass is now used in large quantities in England for paper-making. The *London Times* is printed upon paper made entirely from this material. The quantity imported into Great Britain is increasing each year; in 1866 fifty tons were imported, and in 1871, 140,000.

New Book.—"The Stray Wig," by the author of "The Wandering Heir."

#### THE HUNCHBACK.

BY ADA HOWKNA (CARNAHAN).

Dwarfed and crooked and bent,  
With an ugly hump on his back—  
That ever such a creature was sent  
Into the world, alack!

Stooping, but not with years—  
To laugh at him hardly were sin—  
With his great broad shoulders up to his ears,  
And his breast shoved up to his chin.

What kind of a soul were his  
A body like that to DII?  
'Twould be small wonder, I think if it  
Had grown to be crooked or still.

A target for all men's scorn—  
Does he answer it back with anto?  
Does he curse the day upon which he was born,  
And bitterly rail at fate?

When he turns I shall see his face,  
With its fiercely malignant frown—  
Did the angels give him that look of grace,  
And those great, sad eyes of brown?

Is it Heavenly light that shines  
In a halo around his head?  
Such peace as that I have seen sometimes  
On the face of the dead.

If his soul could grow pure and grand  
In that crooked body, then  
What, I wonder, will God demand  
Of the souls of other men?

For the Favorite.

#### THE MASKED BRIDAL.

BY ANTOINETTE.

OF HALIFAX, N. S.

CHAPTER VII.

LIGHTNING DICK.

We left the young man who rejoiced in this cognomen, sleeping in Truncheon's camp, drugged and stupefied, by some subtle herb, known to the gipsies.

Hour after hour, he slumbered on and at length, when the sun was high in the heavens, he woke, dazed and confused, with no recollection of how, or when he got there. He raised himself on his elbow and looked about with a vacant stare. He knew the place well, having often been there before; but vain was the effort to remember how long he had slept, what brought him here, or indeed anything of the past night's work.

He rose and though his head felt dizzy, he could walk; on reaching the air he felt better, and walked to the grove with a steady step. His horse was tied here, nibbling the short grass, and he raised his head with a neigh of welcome. "Poor Rajah, are you tired with your long watch?" As he loosed the horse, and prepared to mount, Truncheon came out of the wood, pipe in mouth as usual; he eyed Dick with his repulsive smile, and said coolly: "Hullo! Are you off?"

"Yes," returned the other "I must have fallen asleep last night, for I suppose I—must have come here last night?" he said, hesitatingly.

Truncheon smiled, as he flattered himself, in a most insinuating way, as he replied,

"Yes, you came last night, and fell asleep, and so we let you sleep away, till you woke up yourself. And now, what about to-day? What will it be to-day?"

The gipsy rubbed his hands together, and stared fixedly in the young man's face, to see if any recollections of the past night, still lingered in his mind.

Dick had no remembrances of the scene of last night; but for some time, he had been making up his mind to leave of his acquaintance with Truncheon and all his set, and this thought was still strong in his mind, and he determined to speak now.

"Truncheon, I think it is quite time for me to leave off all these wild ways; I am getting too old for them, and as the saying is: "It is time my wild oats were sown," so I think I will say good-bye, and perhaps we may not meet again very soon, as I go to London, and perhaps to France; so if I don't see you again you need not be surprised, and Truncheon, I am a much younger man than you, but let me say a word of advice: give up those raids with Ruthven, you know where they lead to? The gibbet; and think it is time for us to give it up. I will leave word that you are not to be molested by any of my tenants."

The young man paused as if for an answer, but Truncheon stood with a gloomy face, switching the daisies with a whip, knocking off their heads, as if they had angered him.

"Well, Truncheon, what do you say?"

"I say, that you won't give us the slip quite so easily as all that. You talk very loud about gibbets, and tell me I will hang for it, but I've seen ropes round pretty young gentlemen's necks before now, and may chance to see them again—do you see?"



As the young gipsy said this he drew nearer to Dick, and put his dark revolting countenance close to his pale face. Dick started back in horror, exclaiming:

"Truncheon what do you mean? Do you mean to threaten me?"

"No, no, don't fly so, I ain't trying to frighten old Lady Neville's pretty boy; only he need not threaten poor Truncheon, and talk about going away."

"I do not threaten you, and I am going to London to-morrow," said the boy, firmly. His fair face was flushed now, up to the sunny curls on his boyish brow, and his young lips were set, as they had never been before.

"Well, Lord Northcourt, I have nothing to say against your going anywhere you like, I don't hope you won't forgive that I have saved your life last night. Ah! you have forgotten it; well, never mind."

The gipsy's tone had changed in a moment from a half-sneering, half-patronising one, to a whine of supplication, and he eyed Dick beseechingly.

The boy's brow cleared, he began to understand Truncheon now: it was a bribe, the wily gipsy wanted."

"Saved my life, I did not know that; but you won't find me ungrateful. I have no money with me, you must come to Northcourt to-night. I'll show you how it happens?"

"Ah! that Roger is a hard man, a cruel fellow, thinks no more of putting a bullet through an old pal, than I think of lighting my pipe. He is hard, and it's not a very safe thing to get into a quarrel with him, and anyone he wants to settle either."

The young man's cheeks grew pale as the gipsy said this slowly, letting his hearer have time to weigh each word.

"Yes," he went on, still with great deliberation, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, on the palm of his black villainous looking hand, "yes, Roger is down on his old pal, and why? Just because I would not stand by, and see a ball put through a boy's heart, a boy that's like a son to me; was I a going to stand by an' see that boy murdered? No, I say it, an' I stand to it. Bring me before all the judges, an' all the juries in England, an' I stand to it."

The gipsy finished with a sagacious nod, and a blink of determination,—at that moment he fondly imagined his expression was like that of a martyr, dying for his faith. Of course young as he was, Dick was not inclined to believe that the gipsy had run much risk for his sake; still if Truncheon wanted money, and chose to take this way of asking for it, he was willing to part with a small sum, or indeed a large one, in order that he might get away peaceably. What had really happened the night before was a perfect mystery, and likely to remain so, for it was useless to attempt to obtain a truthful account from Truncheon.

"Now you had better go, go at once before Roger comes. I will tell him that you are going away, or I doubt if you would get off even now. Hurry home, and I will be at the yew hedge in the deer park to-night, at half-past twelve."

The gipsy did really seem anxious for him to be gone, and Dick thought that perhaps there was some truth in his story, so he rode off without further delay.

Truncheon stood looking after him, till a turn of the road hid the last grey horse, and the slight form of his rider from his observation; he then threw himself on the grass, and prepared to light his beloved pipe; this was a longer operation in those days of flint and steel, than it is now, and the gipsy had only just accomplished it, when a horseman rode up, and halted him in the well known tones of Roving Roger.

"Hullo! Truncheon, basking in the sunshine, like any other serpent? Well, I'll join you, and we can talk over our plans. Where, and how is Dick this morning?"

The gipsy stretched himself lazily before replying.

"Where we left him last night. I overslept myself, and have not seen him yet."

"I suppose he has done the same. Raffy gave him a strong dose, and he is such a tender chick. Come, let us go and see him."

"Never mind just yet; I want to ask you what you think of Riverdale—shaky, eh?"

"Yes, our pigeons have both sickened. What is to be done? I've a mind to give up the whole thing, and clear the country to America or the West Indies. I am tired of England, and England is tired of me."

This was bitterly said, and a dark frown settled on the highwayman's brow, as if he felt to the heart the truth of his own words.

Roving Roger was a man of about thirty years of age, tall and powerfully built, with broad shoulders, wide chest, and strong, muscular arms; his hair was black, and curled all over his well-shaped head in close crisp rings; his brow was low and broad, his eyebrows jet black, thick and straight, almost meeting over a high and aristocratic nose; his eyes were large, their color dark grey, their expression grave, and at times sad; he wore no whiskers or beard, but a small silky moustache curled over his clearly-cut lips; his mouth was small, but a broad chin lent an air of firmness to a face that would otherwise have struck the beholder with its melancholy expression. No one looking on Ruthven as he lay on the grass, in an attitude of careless abandon, would have suspected for one moment that this man, whose pale intellectual face, with its air of deep sadness, impressed the heart with a feeling of compassion, was the highwayman who, mounted on a large black horse, kept the whole country in terror.

The gipsy did not reply to Ruthven's last observation. He was accustomed to hearing the highwayman speak in terms of deep disgust of the disgraceful way in which he earned his bread, and Truncheon knew that, before long, this feeling would grow stronger than any other, and compel Ruthven to abandon his present way of living. This did not suit the gipsy at all. He was used to living a disreputable and wandering life, and his position was not so hazardous as that of Ruthven, on whose head a price was set, and yet he reaped greater advantages than the leader himself.

"Yes, I am heartily sick of this, and well-nigh determined to give it up. I will go to America, the glorious new world, where every man has as good a chance as his neighbor, and where a man who is bold and determined can make a way and win a name."

The speaker's eyes flashed, those sad grey eyes were now full of fire, and their color deepened till they appeared black as night. He rose, and paced impatiently up and down.

Truncheon was rather alarmed by this display of feeling. What if Ruthven adhered to this idea? He must at once, without further delay, strive to drive it from his mind, and well did the artful gipsy know how to do this.

"Have you any message for Riverdale. I can send it safely, and without any fear of its being detected, for old Mona is going to Holsbourne Hall to toll the maids their fortunes, and she can carry a letter."

The gipsy kept his eyes carefully averted from the face of his companion, and smoked his pipe with an unconscious air.

"Where is Mona?" inquired Ruthven, a deep flush dyeing his dark cheek as he spoke.

"Yonder," replied Truncheon, pointing to Myra's camp.

Ruthven turned and left him without another word, walking rapidly towards the tent, with the red flush still on his face, and an eager look in his eyes.

The gipsy looked after him with a contemptuous smile, which broke into a harsh laugh as he saw Ruthven enter the tent and drop the canvas to keep out intruders.

"Ah! had I gone to send a letter to his lady-love. Fool! he has forgotten all about Dick and everything else. Go to America! I think I see him. No fear. While Lady Alcea stays in Surrey, Ruthven won't go far from it."

While Truncheon still chuckled over Ruthven's folly Raffy came up and threw himself on the grass beside his uncle. The young gipsy's face was gloomy and savage, and his eyes fierce as those of a hunted wolf. He spoke rapidly in his native tongue, and ever and anon lifted his hand as if in menace. Thoughts seemed to come into his mind faster than he could express them, and once he drew his knife from his belt and waved it above his head with a fearful imprecation. In this wild passion Truncheon appeared to encourage him, and added fuel to the fire by an occasional remark. The talk lasted long, and at its close Raffy seemed even more excited than at first. At length he sprang up and darted into the woods, and Truncheon walked off to one of the tents with an ugly smile of satisfaction on his face.

CHAPTER VIII.

NORTHCOURT.

On the finest site in the beautiful county of Surrey stood Northcourt, the ancient home of the Nevilles, one of the oldest and noblest families in England.

The Hall itself was grand in its proportions and magnificent in its appointments, and was the centre of a lovely picture, for on every side it was surrounded by beautiful scenery. Rich and verdant pastures, fertile valleys, well-wooded hills and merry brooks lay smiling in peaceful beauty one lovely afternoon in the merry month of May, warm and still greater loveliness by the bright rosy light of the setting sun, as it glanced down to bestow a good-night kiss on the velvet lawns and massive brown walls of Northcourt, and peeped down through the foliage at the shy, bright-eyed deer in the parks, and then paused for one moment to take a last look of the rookery in the tall tree tops.

The avenue alone was a picture to gladden the heart of a painter. The thick branches of the old oak trees met and interlaced till they formed a glorious canopy of green and gold, relieved here and there by glimpses of the pure pale sky.

Surely it is hard to think that evil could be in such an earthly paradise; but so it was. The Northcourts had always been a wild and dissipated race. Enter the mansion and pass through the noble gallery, up the broad stone staircase, and on to the picture-gallery. There you find hundreds of the old Nevilles, and if you inquire of the old housekeeper, who has lived in the family all her lifetime, and whose rich black velvet dress and silver hair testify to her respectability, as to this one or that, this noble cavalier or that graceful dame, she will shake her head sorrowfully and say, "Poor Sir Rupert, he was very wild, and was killed in a duel in France;" and of the lady, "Poor Lady Diana, hers was a sad story. Her husband did not love her, and lived up in London, and was very fond of actresses and the like, and they do say Lady Di broke her heart and died; but that was years ago, long before my mother's time, though I have heard her speak of it."

And so it was from one end of that long line to the other, sad stories for the women, disgraceful ones for the men. It was a painful thing to think of, and sickened the heart. The

Nevilles were a handsome race, too, with fair open faces and clear blue eyes, but in every face could be detected the one fault, weakness, and it was not weakness guilt?

On this bright evening in May the Lord of Northcourt dined alone. Sidney Neville sat in the ancient dining-hall, with its oak-paneled walls, its waxed floor, with narrow strips of tapestry carpet, and its stained-glass windows, through which the sun's rays cast rainbow colors on the snowy cloth. He sat alone, but on every side obsequious servants stood to obey the slightest wish of their young master. Tall footmen, in the Neville livery of grey and gold, with well trained faces, as totally devoid of expression as the dishes which they handled.

At one side, napkin in hand, stood Collins, the butler. He was old, but what his real age was no one could undertake to say. His hair, of which he had little, was dark brown; his face was red and smooth and shiny; he was not ill-tempered, but who had ever seen Collins smile? His figure was short and puffy, his hands fat and white; in fact Collins was the perfection of English servants, a piece of well-constructed machinery, and apparently perfectly destitute of thought or feeling.

Sidney, Lord Northcourt, did not look either happy or contented, though as far as the eye could reach on all sides was his, and every head bowed when he rode by. He was an orphan, and though his appearance was youthful in the extreme, had come of age some months ago, and was his own master. He ate his dinner listlessly, and when the table was cleared, ordered the servants to light the tapers and leave the room. As he sat over his wine, his chin resting on his hand and his eyes fixed, the gallop of a horse up the long avenue started him out of his reverie. The horseman soon reached the great door, and, springing from his horse, rang the bell violently, a peal that echoed through the lofty hall.

"Why, who can this be?" muttered Sidney, peevishly.

The dining-room door was flung open, and the footman announced "Il Signor Antonio."

Sidney sprang from his seat with an exclamation of joy and met the stranger, shaking him warmly by the hand, with many warm expressions of welcome.

The new-comer was a slight, dark-complexioned man of about forty years of age, of remarkably small stature: indeed, in England, that land of giants, Signor Antonio would be apt to receive the opprobrious title of dwarf.

"Ah, Sidney, my one dearest friend! I have come to see you in your home so grand, so magnificent. When last I did you see at Milano, you invited me to come to make you the visit; bene, I am here, I am at home in the palazzo of my friend." The little Italian glanced around triumphantly.

Northcourt at once summoned the servants; the dinner was once more placed upon the table and a rapid conversation in Italian went on between the friends, which, for the benefit of my reader, I will translate.

"Take some more wine, Antonio, and tell me what I have to thank for this visit, for I am by no means contented enough to imagine that you have come all the way from Milan to see me."

"Ah, bah! my young friend, you are right. I have other reasons for leaving, grave reasons for thus to you presenting myself. Know, my friend that Italy is a land of conspiracy. Italians have yet to learn to be content; they are always restless, always unhappy. Ah! in England, of this you know nothing, you are so quiet, so happy. Your rich people, they are content to be rich; your poor, they are content to be poor."

"You know little of us if you think so, Antonio. We are no more contented than others."

"Well, to me you have the appearance at least. You know, Sidney, I belong to the noble house of Sanvitale, one of the oldest Tuscan families in Italy; but though my family is good, none better, my estate is impoverished, and of fortune I have none. My father, aware of this, had planned for me a marriage with the only daughter of a wealthy noble, and the lady was willing; but just before our marriage took place, I took a journey to Milan. I had never visited it before, and was lost in wonder and admiration for the beautiful city, its white marble cathedral and all the splendid palaces of the nobility. You have seen the City of Ten Gates, so I will not weary you by dwelling longer on its beauties. Enough to say, I wandered about, young and happy, with money enough for my wants, which, as I had lived all my life in the country, were few and simple—a bed, a cup of coffee and some fruit. For a week I went on thus, and then remembered one day that I had forgotten what brought me here—to see my mother's brother. I must find him at once."

"My uncle was an Austrian noble, proud, rich and influential. He had discarded his sister when she married a poor Italian noble; and my father now sent me with a letter, hoping to effect a reconciliation with this stern brother-in-law. I took the letter and soon found the sombre old palazzo of Count Alexis Varro. I inquired of a man-servant of forbidding aspect was the Count at home—disengaged?"

"This man, of sufficient arrogance to be himself a noble, seemed grieved that he could not dismiss me from the door, but was at the pala to admit me."

"My uncle had one good quality—though he was rich, he did not consider it his duty to make others wretched, as most rich people do. I was at once shown into his private room, where in front of a table, littered with papers, he sat

an old man, in the white uniform of Austria. His piercing black eyes met mine as I entered the cabinet, and somehow I felt awed in spite of myself. His face was pale and thin, his expression cold and cruel, but how cold, how cruel! I did not learn till years after this, our first meeting.

"Who are you? state your business?" "The voice matched the face, hard, calm and inflexible as iron it sounded, and I rose without a word and laid down my father's letter before him.

"You are my sister's son?" "Yes, Signor."

"You are about to marry Beatrice Visconti, are you not?"

"Si, Signor." I replied in exactly the same tone I had used before.

"He eyed me intensely for a few minutes, and then said, apparently with an effort at cordiality."

"I am glad of this. My sister's son shall henceforth be no stranger to me. You will remain with us during your stay in this city. My wife, as you are aware, is no more, but I will present you to your cousin Lucio, my only son. He is fortunately at home."

"As he spoke he struck a bell, and on the appearance of the haughty servant, ordered him to request the presence of Signor Lucio, to meet his cousin Signor Antonio Sanvitale."

"In a few moments I heard the sound of a young step, in the gloomy old house, and a joyous voice humming a tune. The door was flung open and my cousin stood before me. At that moment I felt a warm love for this young man spring up in my heart: it lives there still."

"Like his father, Lucio wore the Austrian uniform, hateful to every Italian heart, but here all similarity ceased. He was tall and fair, manly and handsome. He came forward with true Italian warmth and fervor, grasped my hand and kissed my cheek.

"Good cousin, my heart rejoices to see you."

"His kindly blue eyes looked down into mine, for I am small and he was of noble proportions, and from that moment we were as two brothers."

"We left the cold and dismal palazzo, and went out on the river in my cousin's own pleasure boat, and before we returned my cousin had told me all his life's history. He was dull, he said: his life had no interest till recently, and now—he paused with a deep flush—he loved, and his love was returned. I shook his hand, I warmly congratulated him; but his face expressed no joy. Why was this? He loved a girl of poor parents, of humble station, and dared not confess his choice to his father!"

(To be continued.)

"PENNY AWFULS."

BY JAMES GREENWOOD.

It would be an excellent and profitable arrangement if the London School Board were empowered not only to insist that all boys and girls of tender years shall be instructed in the art of reading, but also to root up and for ever banish from the paths of its pupils those dangerous woods of literature that crop in such rank luxuriance on every side to tempt them. Until this is done, it must always be heavy and uphill work with those whose laudable aim it is to promote education and popular enlightenment. To teach a girl or boy how to read is not a very difficult task; the trouble is to guide them to a wholesome and profitable exercise of the acquirement. This, doubtless, would be hard enough were our population of juveniles left to follow the dictates of their fickle or rebellious natures; but this they are not suffered to do.

At the very outset, as soon indeed as they have mastered words of two and three syllables, and by skipping the hard words are able somehow to stumble through a page in reading fashion, the enemy is at hand to enlist them in his service. And never was poor recruit so dazzled and bewildered by the wily sergeant whose business it is to angle for and hook men to serve as soldiers as the foolish lad who is beset by the host of candidates of the Penny Awful tribe for his patronage.

There is Dick Turpin bestriding his fleet steed, and with a brace of magnificently mounted pistols stuck in his belt, beckoning him to an expedition of midnight marauding on the Queen's highway; there is gentlemanly Claude Duval, with his gold-laced coat and elegantly curled periwig, who raises his three-cornered hat politely to the highly-flattered schoolboy and begs the pleasure of his company through six months or so—at the ridiculously small cost of a penny a week, that he, the gallant captain, may initiate our young friend in the ways of bloodshed and villainy; there is sleek-cropped, ball-headed Jack Sheppard, who steps boldly forth with his crowbar, offering to instruct the emaciated youth in the ways of crime as illustrated by his own brilliant career, and to supply him with a few useful hints as to the best way of escaping from Newgate or any other prison stronghold he may in the ordinary course of business be consigned to.

Besides these worthier there are the Robbers of the Heath, and the Knights of the Road, and the Skeleton Crew, and Wildfire Dick, and Hell-fire Jack, and Dare-devil Tom, and Blue-skin, and Out-throat Ned, and twenty other choleric spirits of an equally respectable type, one and all appealing to him and wheedling and enticing him to make himself acquainted with their

delectable lives and adventures at the insignificant expense of one penny weekly.

It is not difficult to trace back the evil in question to its origin. At least a quarter of a century ago it occurred to some enterprising individual to reprint and issue in "penny weekly numbers" the matter contained in the "Newgate Calendar," and the publication was financially a great success. This excited the cupidity of other speculators, in whose eyes money loses none of its value though ever so begrimed with nastiness, and they set their wits to work to produce printed weekly "pen'orths" that should be as savoury to the morbid tastes of the young and the ignorant as was the renowned Old Bailey Chronicle itself.

The task was by no means a difficult one when once was found the spirit to set about it. The Newgate Calendar was after all but a dry and legal record of the trials of rogues and murderers for this or that particular offence, with at most, in addition, a brief sketch of the convicted one's previous career, and a few observations on his most remarkable exploits. After all there was really no romance in the thing; and what persons of limited education and intellect love in a book is romance.

Here then was a grand field! What could be easier than to take the common-place Newgate raw material, and re-dip it in the most vivid scarlet, and weave into it the rainbow hues of fiction? What was there that "came out" at the trials of Jack Sheppard and Claude Duval and Mr. Richard Turpin and which the Calendar readers so greedily devoured, compared with what might be made to "come out" concerning those same heroes when the professional romance-monger, with the victim's skull for an inkstand, gore for ink, and the assassin's dagger for a pen, sat down to write their histories?

The great thing was to show what the Newgate Calendar had failed to show. It was all very well to demonstrate that at times there existed honor among thieves; the thing to do was to make it clear that stealing was an honorable business, and that all thieves were persons to be respected on account at least of the risks they ran and the perils they so daringly faced in the pursuit of their ordinary calling.

Again, in recording the achievements of robbers of a superior grade, the Calendar gave but the merest glimpse of the glories of a highway villain's existence, whereas, as was well known to the romancer of the Penny Awful school, the life of a person like Mr. Turpin or any other Knight of the Road is just one endless round of daring, dashing adventure, and of rollicking and roystering, or tender, blissful enjoyments of the fruits thereof. Likewise, according to the same authority, it was a well-known fact, and one that could not be too generally known, that rogues and robbers are the only "brave" that deserve the "fair," and that no sweethearts are so true to each other, and enjoy such unalloyed felicity as gentlemen of the stamp of Captain Firebrand (who wears lace ruffles and affects a horror for the low operation of cutting a throat, but regards it as quite the gentlemanly and "professional" thing to send a bullet whizzing into a human skull) and *bruxm*, fascinating Molly Out-purse.

But after all, if the unscrupulous butchers of Penny Awfuls (this term is no invention of mine, but one conferred on the class of literature in question by the owners thereof) had been content to stick to Newgate heroes and the Knights of the Road, perhaps no very great harm would have been done. At all events, the nuisance must soon have died out. Popular interest in the British Highwayman has for many years been on the wane. There are no longer any mail coaches to rob, and the descendants of the "fine old heroes" of Bagshot and Honnslow have brought the profession into disrepute and contempt by taking to the cowardly game of garrotting.

Every boy may read of the pitiful behavior of these modern Knights of the Road when they are tried up, bare-backed, in the press-room at Newgate, and a stout prison warden makes a cat-of-nine-tails whistle across their shoulders. How they squeal and wriggle and supplicate!

"Oh! sir, kind sir! O-o-o-h-h, pray spare me; I'll never do it again!"

There is not the least spark of dash or bravado about this kind of thing, and the cleverest penman of the Penny Awful tribe would fail to excite feelings of emulation in the minds of his most devoted readers.

The Penny Awful trade, however, has not been brought to a standstill on this account. Cleverer men than those who paraded Dick Turpin and Claude Duval as model heroes have of late years come into the garbage market. Quick-witted, neat-handed fellows, who have studied the matter and made themselves acquainted with it at all points. It has been discovered by these sharp ones that the business has been unnecessarily restricted; that even supposing that there are still a goodly number of simpletons who take delight in the romance that hang on those magic words, "Your money or your life," there are still a much larger number who take no interest at all in gallows heroes, but who might easily be tempted to take to another kind of bait, provided it were judiciously adjusted on the hook.

As, for instance, there were doubtless to be found in London and the large manufacturing towns of England, hundreds of boys out of whom constant drudgery and bad living had ground all that spirit of dare-devilism so essential to the enjoyment of the exploits of the heroes of the Turpin type, but who still possessed an appetite for vices of a sort that were milder and more easy of digestion. It was a task of no

great difficulty when once the happy idea was conceived. All that was necessary was to show that the faculty for successfully defying law and order and the ordinations of virtue, might be cultivated by boys as well as men, and that as rogues and rascals the same brilliant rewards attended the former as the latter.

The result may be seen in the shop window of every cheap news-vendor in London—The Boy Thieves of London, The Life of a Fast Boy, The Boy Bandits, The Wild Boys of London, The Boy Detective, Charley Wag, The Lively Adventures of a Young Rascal, and I can't say how many more. This much is true of each and everyone, however—that it is not nor does it pretend to be anything else than a vicious hotch-potch of the vilest stings, a mockery of all that is decent and virtuous, an incentive to all that is mean, base, and immoral, and a certain guide to a prison or a reformatory if sedulously followed.

If these precious weekly pen'orths do not openly advocate crime and robbery, they at least go as far as to make it appear that although to obtain the means requisite to set up as a Fast Boy, or a Young Rascal, it is found necessary to make free with a master's goods, or to force his till or run off with his cash-box, still the immense amount of frolic and awful jollity to be obtained at music halls, at dancing rooms, — where "young rascals" of the opposite sex may be met,—at theatres, and low gambling and drinking dens, if one has "only got the money," fully compensates for any penalty a boy of the "fast" school may be called on to pay in the event of his petty larcenies being discovered.

"What's the good of being honest?" is the moral sentiment that the Penny Awful author puts into the mouth of his hero, Joe the Ferret, in his delectable story "The Boy Thieves of the Slums."

"What's the good of being honest?" says Joe, who is presiding at a banquet consisting of the "richest meats," and hot brandy and water; "where's the pull? It is all canting and humbug. The honest cove is the one who slaves from morning till night for half a bellyfull of grub, and a ragged jacket and a pair of trotter cases (shoes), that don't keep his toes out of the mud, and all that he may be called a good boy and have a "clear conscience," (loud laughter and cries of "hear, hear," by the Weasel's "pals"). "I ain't got no conscience, and I don't want one. If I felt one growing in me I'd pison the blessed thing" (more laughter). "Ours is the game, my lads. Light come, light go. Plenty of tin, plenty of pleasure, plenty of sweethearts and that kind of fun, and all got by making a dip in a pocket, or sneaking a till. I'll tell you what it is, my hearties," continued the Weasel, raising his glass in his hand (on a finger of which there sparkled a valuable ring, part of the produce of the night's work), "I'll tell you what it is, it's quite as well that them curs and milkops, the 'honest boys' of London, do not know what a jolly, easy, devil-may-care life we lead compared with theirs, or we should have so many of 'em takin' to our line that it would be 'bad for the trade.'"

It is not invariably, however, that the Penny Awful author indulges in such a barefaced enunciation of his principles. The old-fashioned method was to elap the representatives of all manner of vices before the reader, and boldly swear by them as jolly roystering blades whose manner of enjoying life was after all the best, despite the grim end.

The modern way is to paint the picture not coarsely, but with skill and anatomical minuteness; to continue it page after page, and point out and linger over the most flagrant indecencies and immoral teachings of the pretty story, and then, in the brief interval of putting that picture aside and producing another, to "pat-ter" (if I may be excused using an expression so shockingly vulgar) a few sentences concerning the unprofitableness of vice, and of honesty being the best policy. And having out this irksome, though for obvious reasons necessary, part of the business as short as possible, the "author" again plunges the pen of nastiness into his ink pot, and proceeds with renewed vigor to execute the real work in hand.

Writing on this subject it is impossible for me to forget a vivid instance of the pernicious influence of literature of the Penny Awful kind as revealed by the victim himself.

It was at a meeting of a society the laudable aim of which is the rescue of juvenile criminals from the paths of vice, and there were present a considerable number of the lads themselves. In the course of the evening, as a test I suppose of the amount of confidence reposed by the lads in their well-wishers and teachers, it was suggested that any one among them who had courage enough might rise in his place and give a brief account of his first theft, and what tempted him to it.

It was sometime before there was any response, although from the many wistful faces changing rapidly from red to white, and the general uneasiness manifested by the youths assembled to, and who were seated on forms in the middle of the hall, it was evident that many were of a great good mind to accept the invitation.

At last a lad of thirteen or so, whose good-conduct stripes told of how bravely he was raising himself out of the slough in which the Society had discovered him, rose, and turning red to his very ears, and speaking rapidly and with much stumbling and stammering—evidences one and all, in my opinion, of his speaking the truth—delivered himself as follows:—

"It's a goodish many years ago now, more'n

six I dessey, and I used to go to the ragged-school down by Hatton-garden. It was Tyburn Dick that did it, leastways the story what they call Tyburn Dick. Well, my brother Bill was a bit older than me, and he used to have to stay at home and mind my young brother and sister, while father was out jobbing about at the docks and them places. We didn't have no mother. Well, father he used to leave us as much grub as he could, and Bill used to have the sharin' of it out. Bill couldn't read a bit, but he knowed boys that could, and he used to hear 'em reading about Knights of the Road, and Claude Duval, and Skeleton Crews, till I suppose his head got reglar stuffed with it. He never had no money to buy a pen'orth when it came out, so he used to lay wait for me, carrying my young sister over his shoulder, when I came out of school at dinner time, and gammon me over to come along with him to a shop at the corner of Rosamond Street in Clerkenwell, where there used to be a whole lot of the penny numbers in the window.

"They was all of a row, Wildfire Jack, the Boy Highwayman, Dick Turpin, and ever so many others—just the first page, don't you know, and the picture. Well, I liked it too, and I used to go along of Bill and read to him all the reading on the front pages, and look at the pictures until—specially on Mondays when there was altogether a new lot—Bill would get so worked up with the aggraviatin' little bits, which always left off where you wanted to turn over and see what was on the next leaf, that he was very nigh off his head about it. He used to bribe me with his grub to go with him to Rosamond Street.

"He used to go there reglar every mornin' carryin' my young sister, and if he found only one that was fresh, he'd be at the school coaxin' and wigglin' (i.e. inveigling or wheedling), and sometimes bringin' me half his bread and butter, or the lamp of cold pudden what was his share of the dinner. He got the little bits of the tales and the pictures so jumbled up together that it used to prey on him awful. I was bad enough, but Bill was forty times worse. He used to lay awake of nights talkin' and wonderin' and wonderin' what was over leaf, and then he'd drop off and talk about it in his sleep. Well, one day he come to the school, and see he, 'Charley, there's something real stunnin' at the corner shop this mornin'."

"It's Tyburn Dick, and they've got him in a cart under the gallows, and there's Jack Ketch smoking his pipe, and a whole lot of the mob a rushing to rescue him wat's going to be hung, and the soldiers are there beatin' of 'em back, and I'm blowed," says Bill, "if I can tell how it will end. I should like to know," says he, "Perhaps it tells you in the little bit of print at bottom; come along, Charley."

"Well, I wanted to know too, so we went, and there was the picture just as Bill said, but the print underneath didn't throw no light on it—it was only just on the point of throwing a light on it, and of course we couldn't turn over. I never saw Bill in such a way. He wasn't a swearin' boy, take him altogether, but this time he did let out, he was so savage at not being able to turn over. He was like a mad cove, and without any reason punched me about till I run away from him and went to school again.

"Well, although I didn't expect it when I come out at half-past four, there was Bill again. His face looked so queer that I thought I was going to get some more punching, but it wasn't that. He come up speakin' quite kind, though there seemed something the matter with his voice, it was so shaky.

"Come on, Charley," he said, "come on, home quick. I've got it," and opening his jacket, he showed it me—the penny number, where the picture of the gallows was, tucked in atwixt the buttonings of his shirt. But how did you come by the penny?" I asked him.

"Come on home and read about Jack Ketch and that, and then I'll tell you all about it," Bill replied. "So we went home; and I read out the penny number to him all through, and then he up and told me that he had ticked (stolen) a hammer off a second-hand tool stall in Leather Lane, and sold it for a penny at a rag-shop. That's how the job was broke.

"It seemed a mere nothing to nail a paltry pen'orth or so after reading of the wholesale robberies of jewels, and diamond necklaces, and that, that Tyburn Dick did every night of his life 'most. It was getting that whole pen'orth about him that showed us what a tremendous chap he was. Next week it was my turn to get a penny to buy the number—we felt that we couldn't do without it nohow; and finding the chance, I stole one of the metal inkstands at the school. That was the commencement of it; and so it went on and grewed bigger; but it's out and out true, that for a good many weeks we only stole to buy the number just out of Tyburn Dick."

A question likely to occur to the reader of these pages is—what sort of persons are these who are so ignoble and utterly lost to all feelings of shame that they can consent to make money by a means that is more detestable than that resorted to by the common gutturraker or the common pickpocket? How do such individuals comport themselves in society? Are they men well dressed and decently behaved, and have they any pretensions to respectability?

The bookselling and publishing trade is a worthy trade; do the members of it generally recognize these base corruptors of the morals of little boys and girls? or do they shun them and give them a wide berth when they are compelled to tread the same pavement with them?

My dear reader, I assure you that whether they are shunned or recognised by those who

know them is not of the least moment to the blackguardly crew who pull the strings that keep the delusive puppets going. Well dressed they are—they can well afford to be so, for they make a deal of money, and in many cases keep fine houses and servants and send their children to boarding-school. They dine well in the city, and bluster, and swagger, and swear, and wear diamonds on their unsullied hands, and chains of gold adorn their manly bosoms.

As for any idea of moral responsibility as regards those whose young souls and bodies they grind to make their bread, they have no more than had Simon Legree on his Red River slave plantation. They are laboring under no delusion as to the quality of the stuff they circulate. In their own choice language, it is "rot," "rubbish," "hog-wash," but "what odds so long as it sells?"

They would laugh in your face were you so rash as to attempt to argue the matter with them. They would tell you that they "go in" for this kind of thing, "not out of any respect or even liking they have for it, but simply because it is a good "dodge" for making money, and their only regret is that the law forbids them "speilin'" their poison pages and serving them as hot and strong as they would like to. I speak from my own knowledge of these men, and am glad to make their real character known, in order to show how little injustice would be done if their nefarious trade were put a stop to with the utmost rigour of any law that might be brought to bear against them.

Again, it may be asked, who are the "authors," the talented gentlemen who find it a labour of love to discourse week after week to a juvenile audience of the doings of lewd women and "fast" men, and of the delights of debauchery, and the exercise of low cunning, and the victimising of the innocent and unsuspecting? Ay, who are they?

Few things would afford me greater satisfaction than to gather together a hundred thousand or so of those who waste their time and money in the purchase and perusal of Penny Awfuls, and exhibit to them the sort of man it is to whose hands is entrusted the preparation of the precious hauges.

Before such an exhibition could take place however, for decency's sake, I should be compelled to induce him to wash his face and shave his neglected muzzel; likewise I should probably have to find him a coat to wear, and very possibly a pair of shoes. His master, the Penny Awful proprietor, does not treat him at all liberally. To be sure he is not worthy of a great amount of consideration, being, as a rule, a dissipated, gin-soddened, poor wretch, who has been brought to his present degraded state by his own misdoings.

As for talent, he has none at all; never had; nothing more than a more accidental literary twist in his wrist—just as one frequently sees a dog that is nothing but a cur, except for some unaccountable gift it has for catching rats, or doing tricks of conjuring.

He works to order, does this obliging writer. Either he has lodgings in some dirty court close at hand, or he is stowed away in a dim, upstairs back room of the Penny Awful office, and there the proprietor visits him, and they have a pot of ale and pipes together—the one in his splendid attire, and the other in his tattered old coat and dirty shirt—and talk over the next "number" of *Selina the Seduced*; and very often there is heard violent language in that dim little den, the proprietor insisting on there being "more flavour" in the next batch of copy than the last, and the meek author beseeching a little respect for Lord Campbell and his Aunt.

But the noble owner of *Selina* generally has his way. "Do as you like about it," says he; "only bear this in mind, I know what goes down best with 'em, and what's most relished, and if I don't find that you warm up to it in the next number, I'll knock on half a crown, and make the tip for the week seventeen-and-six instead of a pound."

#### FUSSY-BODIES.

There are a large number of men in the world who find their own concerns very monotonous. Generally, they are people who have not very much business of their own to look after, having been favored by a beneficent providence with such a sufficiency of this world's wealth as to render it unnecessary for them to labor very hard in order to obtain their modicum of bread and cheese. Frequently, they are impudent beings who deem it incumbent upon them to look after the affairs of their fellows and the community generally, even if in so doing they neglect their own, and who are impressed with the firm conviction that their interference is, at certain seasons, absolutely necessary. It is the latter class who work the most mischief to themselves, and, in so acting, do the greatest amount of harm to those by whom they are surrounded. Their love of excitement and novelty is constantly leading them hither and thither in what appears to bystanders to be the most unaccountable and erratic manner. In their rapid and vague wanderings they expend an amount of energy which, if properly directed, could not fall to be of the greatest use, more especially as it is combined with a certain amount of ability and a very great deal of enthusiasm. At ordinary times they are driven to desperate straits to gratify their inclinations, but when a political contest or anything of a similar nature is about to take place, they come out in force, and at once commence to enjoy themselves with an avidity that would



be pleasant to contemplate, were it not for the fact that serious consequences are involved. It is a matter of minor importance that they know nothing of the business with which they concern themselves; so long as they are allowed to rush frantically hither and thither, without any special object in view but that of rushing hither and thither, they are satisfied and flatter themselves that they are of almost incalculable service. When they are encouraged to act in this manner, their elation becomes almost too much for them, as is evidenced by their demeanor. Their friends are, whenever an opportunity occurs, pounced upon, buttonholed, and are told of the prodigious feats that are being performed. They are informed how the fussy-bodies have not a single moment to spare, how they are nearly worked off their legs, how they are stirring up others, how they are influencing Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, and how, in short, they are making martyrs of themselves for the good of their fellows. Having furnished this interesting intelligence, the energetic beings proceed to state that they really do not know how they shall manage to get through their self-appointed task. Then they rush off somewhere or other. If any one were to take the trouble to follow them, it would be found that their efforts principally consist in talking over matters in such a manner as to conceivably show that they are comparatively ignorant concerning them, and in promising to do many things which they afterwards discover they are unable or it is quite impossible for them to perform. They may be seen walking into a place with no apparent object, and coming out again with less, with a mien indicative of the most supreme self-satisfaction. The number of times they require to be told how things are getting on is simply amazing. It is unkind, perhaps, to hint that they are generally in the way, and retard that object they are so professedly eager to advance. But such is the case. Their constant interference, their needless questionings, their spasmodic and reckless attempts to really do something in order to satisfy their consciences that they are of great importance, cause an amount of confusion and delay difficult to estimate. Those who really understand what they are about, and proceed with their tasks in a workmanlike manner, are seriously incommoded and often justly irritated; and yet, the fussy-bodies being, in a general way, men of some little importance and influence, and it being most impolitic to offend a supporter, those who are really of use are almost powerless to strike a blow in their own defence.

Perhaps the most objectionable feature of the fussy-body is his overweening self-importance. His ignorance can readily be pardoned, for it is not his fault that he is lacking in wisdom; instability may sometimes be excused, for it is not always given to a man to possess sufficient judgment to make him avoid everything except that which he can stick at till it is satisfactorily performed; but it is much harder to look kindly upon his conceit and affectation. He revels in shams, he is always, at special seasons, so overwhelmed with business that it is simply impossible for him to give any but the scantiest attention to those who come to him for that information which, it might naturally be supposed, he is eminently fitted to give. He can rarely be induced to take a secondary part where he would be useful. He must be one of the directors, one of those who take part in the talking portion of the business. The more discussions about nothing in particular he can introduce the more he is pleased, the less real, honest, downright labor he does the better so far as he is concerned. If he has tired out some wretched hack of a cab-horse in driving frantically from place to place he flatters himself that he has done a very good day's work; happily, for his own peace of mind, he is not given to durably analyzing what he has done during the preceding twelve hours. If the work in which the fussy-body imagines himself engaged requires any great amount of sustained effort, or takes a long time to conclude, as a general rule he does not stand by it until it can be fairly written. As soon as the novelty wears off and the public interest subsides, something else arises which demands his most earnest attention, and to which, thereupon, he devotes all his energies. He does not, apparently, feel very much ashamed of himself at this result, and looks with little compunction upon his many unfinished labors. Other people, however, are not so merciful, and so by-and-by the fussy-body is estimated at his true worth; but yet, when he is a man of some position and means, people have to disguise what they feel. The only good thing that the fussy-bodies do is the kindling of enthusiasm in more pliant mortals. The bustle and confusion which they ever succeed in creating has, on a certain kind of men, a very inspiring effect, and creates excitement which, were everything done in an orderly and sedate manner, would probably never be engendered. But then, again, they have the fault of unreasonableness. They are apt to lose patience if calmer men require time for consideration before rushing off at their heels, and they fail to make allowance for the fact that many people, unlike them, do not wish entering upon a work unless they see a very good prospect of being able to carry it through. It is a pity that the fussy bodies do not learn wisdom and submit to follow rather than make any attempt to lead.

But it is not only in public that their fussiness is apparent. In private, whenever they take anything up they are just the same. They rarely attempt a task without being wonder-

fully fussy and impressing spectators with the belief that they are making superhuman exertions. We almost incline to the opinion that, without excitement, it would be impossible for them to live and be happy.—*Liberal Review.*

THE ESSENCE OF POETRY.

Whether, therefore, we think of lyrical poetry as the expression of a single jet of feeling, or the embodiment of one passion; of epic poetry as the concentrated story of an age or generation, picturesque and full of moving instances and changes; of the drama, as the tragic struggle of individuals against untoward destiny; of comedy, as a portrayal of the ludicrous elements which enter into all existence; of the elegy, as the memorial song of regret and lamentation over the unfinished; or of narrative and descriptive poetry, as an attempt to interpret some human incident, or give the meaning of some mood of nature—the essence of all is fundamentally the same. It is essentially a representation of what has been, a new embodiment hinting of some deeper secret hidden underneath; and evermore it pursues the perfect ideal, through the maze, the imperfection, or the discord of the actual world. It is the shallowest theory of art, which confines it to a transcript or imitation of what is,—the mere copy or mimicry of the actual. Always based upon the real, it is the idealization or exaltation of it. It is (as the Greek term hints) a creation; a fashioning which is a re-fashioning from elements already present in the universe. But the range of the poet's art, as reproducer and interpreter, is almost boundless. He can create imaginative pictures which have no real existence and never could have any; not because they fall beneath the actual, but because they transcend it. In the exercise of this power of imagination, he may even realize his relation to the Supreme Spirit of the universe, for the creative power of the Infinite has its shadowy adumbration in the creature. He can create nothing new, but he makes use of all existing material, as he fashions, unmake, refashions, idealizes. In the purely scientific region, the investigator employs analysis as well as synthesis; and the former is a necessary prerequisite to the latter. But the poet is always synthetic. He is at once discoverer, architect, and builder. He glides throughout the vast area of nature magnificent storehouses of imagery expressing thought and feeling, through which his spirit wanders brooding, till it becomes vocal,—having found their fit embodiment in language. But in order to this, there must be high imaginative insight. It is this, more than anything else,—the possession of intellectual second-sight,—which constitutes a man a poet. He has a clearer, finer, and more delicate vision than other men; while his soul is moved to rhythmic strains by the gentle stimuli of which we have spoken. His mental glance is such that, having seen, he must tell the vision abroad. He must also possess what we may call selective power in the choice of his materials. Almost everything in nature might become the subject of a poem; but a severe fastidiousness is essential to poetic unity. A rigid spirit of exclusiveness, with the instinct to reject materials which crowd in from the fertile regions of nature and humanity, is the test of the true artist. "In what he leaves unsaid," wrote Schiller, "I discover the master of style." All nature is fair, but there are moods of nature brighter and fairer than her common ones. There are moods in which she is obstinate and almost dumb, and will not yield up her secret to the investigator. And the poet must not only select an object which he can shape into an ideal whole, but in endeavoring to grasp the symbolism of nature, he must seize the moment when she seems to be giving forth the very burden of her secret. It is in this that we see the æsthetic tact, or finer, a usual touch of such a soul as Wordsworth's.—*British Quarterly Review.*

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

An interesting case arising out of mistaken identity came before the Sheriff of the Dundee Small Debt Court a short time ago. It seems there are two cats in Dundee—"Tom" and "Jack"—so exactly alike that it is almost impossible even for those most intimately acquainted with the animals to distinguish one from the other. Hence arose a serious and complicated disturbance between their owners, as shown by the following claim on which the action was laid. "Robert Gillan, spirit dealer, 208, Overgate, Dundee, to Robert McKenzie, coachman, Small's Wynd, Dundee, December 4, 1872. You having without cause sent your shopman, and afterwards come yourself, and violently attacked and assaulted me this day on the public street—viz. the Overgate street of Dundee—and there slandered me by falsely, injuriously, and calumniously calling me a thief and other opprobrious names, and by force took from me my cat, all in the presence of Alexander McLean, Nethergate, and John Gillespie, Green market, Dundee, and others, whereby I have greatly suffered in my person, feelings and character. To damages sustained by me, and as solatium due to me in the premises, £12." The cats, it should be explained, are of the same age, both of the light species, and both marked with the same identical stripes and spots. McKenzie the purveyor's cat is "Tom," and the defender Gillan's cat is "Jack." On the occasion when the lamentable dispute

occurred Gillan's shopman observed McKenzie with, as he thought, his employer's cat—"Jack" under his arm, and immediately claimed the animal. McKenzie declared it was his own cat—"Tom," and refused to give up possession, upon which the shopman hurried to the shop and informed Gillan of the matter. Gillan thereupon went after McKenzie, and forcibly taking the cat from him, brought it home, where, to his astonishment, he found its own cat—"Jack." He therefore allowed "Tom" to go, and the sagacious beast having taken shelter in a cellar, the tenant, thinking it was Gillan's cat, took it again to his shop. In the meantime, McKenzie in search of "Tom" also came to the shop, and seeing "Jack" there, insisted upon taking him, under the mistaken impression that he was "Tom." Hence arose the disturbance which led to the action. After much discussion by counsel, during which an offer was made by McKenzie to give an apology, and to tender half a guinea in name of damage with small debt costs, the sheriff held that this tender was sufficient, and gave decree accordingly. A happy conclusion to a most bewildering difficulty.

MEMORY.

To the man himself any strength of memory which does not hinder reflection and excuse the labor of thought is valuable; and the memory which is worth most to the world is that which keeps us supplied with a knowledge of things that would otherwise be lost. Books and newspapers tell us a great deal, and enable us often to dispense without much inconvenience with the exercise of memory; but there is one branch of study which owes more to faithful, retentive memory than to all the books in the world. We mean the memory that retains in living freshness the sayings and doings, the look and aspect of a past generation; that can set before us, as it unfolded itself, a scene all the actors in which are dead and gone, and bring to our ears with just emphasis the very words of feeling or passion spoken years ago. How rare this is we know from the difficulty of getting precise information as to persons or events after a brief lapse of time. The incidents that give excellence to biography Dr. Johnson found the most difficult of all things to obtain from survivors. Such incidents are of a volatile and evanescent kind; they soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. Still there are memories that do their best to rescue a character from oblivion, that delight to renew its life in truthful description. It argues, no doubt, a disengaged, unselfish attention to note the incident at the time as telling and expressive, and this quality stamps itself on the narrative and inspires confidence in the hearer. Those who have patience to listen to these chroniclers are at once performing a pious work and accumulating a store of the best knowledge, which serves them in good stead as opportunity arises. There is no pleasanter talk than the gleanings of a student of character among the memories of the various circles and classes he has mixed with. We leave his company feeling human nature to be a livelier, cleverer, more impressive thing than we had been in the way of finding out for ourselves. More invention, expending itself on a past state of things, commonly falls flat; but the reproduction of the actual life of fifty or even twenty years ago is an invaluable contribution. Memory that performs feats commonly expends itself on the labored efforts of the human understanding. Memory of the higher sort distinguishes for itself what is memorable. To repeat what another has said because it was characteristic of him is a more useful exercise of the talent than to commit pages of the same man's writing to memory. Perhaps too it is a more difficult one.

In these cases the value of memory consists in its literal, even verbal, truth. There are many personal anecdotes which we feel are most probably false—if not wholly false, yet enough so to destroy their use as evidence of character. There must be a stamp of genuineness which only verbal accuracy can supply. Such memories imply habitual conscientiousness; they are respectable as well as brilliant possessions. For few memories are entirely truthful. We many of us find them false mainly to our own cost or inconvenience. We are sure we put a missing article where we did not put it, that we read a passage in the middle of a right-hand page when it turns out to be at the top of the left; the eye of memory has the most distinct recollection, and yet it is not true. The most disinterested witnesses at a trial contradict one another because each is sure of what he neither saw nor heard exactly as he thinks he saw or heard it. Nobody is willing to attach any moral taint to these involuntary errors, though a certain steadiness of observation, an habitual holding self in check, and putting positiveness to the test, might have preserved us from it. Again, certain ideas, certain forms of expression, slide into the memory unawares, and pass current for original thought, and betray people into involuntary plagiarism. We suspect that a great many persons assume to themselves a faculty of invention when they are only cheated by their memory introducing itself as an original conception, and performing its feat in disguise. Not many suffer under the reverse deception, of which Charles Lamb accuses himself when lamenting the struggle of memory through which everything he concluded turned out to be; cogitating how he once quoted two lines from a translation of Dante which Hazlitt very greatly admired, and quoted in a book as proof of the stupendous power of that poet. But so such

lines were to be found in the translation searched for by Hazlitt; whereupon he writes, "I must have dreamed them; for I am quite sure I did not forge them knowingly. What a misfortune!" He plaintively concludes, "to have a living memory!" On the other hand, a correct memory is the most necessary of all aids to the liar, as we are reminded by a hackneyed proverb; and it prompts to lying in unprincipled hands. Wood tells a story of Hookyns, the Winchester boy, who, having been asked to write his verse exercise, glanced for a minute or two over the shoulder of a more diligent schoolfellow, and upon the master calling him up, said he had cut his paper, but if he might be allowed, he would repeat without book the twenty verses he had written; which he was permitted to do. The other boy was called next, and showed the verses which Hookyns had just repeated, and being taken for the thief, was sorely whipped.

Next to the lying memory, and far more common, is the treacherous memory that fails us at a pinch, hiding itself in darkness, leaving cognizant of its existence but eluding our grasp. Nothing is more tantalizing than this state of mind. The man who feels the fact or word or name flitting just out of his reach is in misery to himself and everybody else. Very few people have philosophy enough to give in; to reflect that what they search for in such restless portage, matters to nobody, for the time being they have lost part of themselves and worry for it; for

"Memory frets  
When words that made its body fall away  
And leave it yearning dumbly."

This fretting is a bore, but it is also evidence of the universal regret at the failure of memory. It is one of the most pathetic facts of life, to which no one reconciles us, that so much of the prime and flower of its thought and wit should pass history away while still ringing in our ears; that words which range themselves in noble, touching, solemn order should slip out of our thought, never to spend with the same rhythm again; that sayings and incidents, each a revelation of personal character or of deep human nature, should have no witness capable of recording them; that each generation should know so little of its predecessors. This is the memory which men yearn after, for the want of which conversation is disappointing, and history and biography so imperfect, but in dealing which we know not what we ask. Life, in fact, has not room for such memories.—*Saturday Review.*

JURYMEN AT PRAYER.

In a memorable criminal trial at Boston, U. S., when a medical man was convicted of murder, a remarkable scene took place. For an English jury to join in earnest prayer that they might be guided to a right decision in any case would be, indeed, strange, but it was not so in olden times, and in America there is so much religious sensibility prevalent that the conduct of the jury was approved and spoken of with respect by the press, instead of being ridiculed as it would probably be by some English journalists. After they had gone to their room, with the various evidence of guilt spread out on the table before them, and the door locked after them, shut out as it were, entirely from the world, with nothing but the eye of the Omnipotent God upon them—so painful was the sense of responsibility, so unwilling were they to come to the result which they all felt they must come to, that thirty to forty minutes were spent ere nothing was done, when at last the voice of the foreman was heard calling the members, and reminding them of duty, however painful. And when they had all taken their seats around the table, then it was that one of the jurors rose and said, "Mr. Foreman, before calling upon us for the consideration and decision of this most important matter, I would propose that we seek for Divine wisdom and guidance." The proposition met with a cordial response, and the foreman called upon a juror to offer prayer. This was done most feelingly and sincerely. "We then proceeded to the most trying and painful part of our arduous duty." "What a relief it was," says the juror who records the incident, "when we were again allowed to go free and rejoin our families and friends, after so long and painful a separation, and there was not a juror's heart but would have leaped with joy could the prisoner have been justly allowed the same unspeakable blessing."

SEPTICÆMIA.—Lately at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine, of Paris, Dr. Devaisne related some experiments to prove that septicæmia is a putrefaction of the blood during life, in a living animal, quite similar to that which takes place after death, with the odor of putrefaction. Dr. Devaisne commenced his experiments with the blood of a ox, putrefied and warmed to 89° Centigrade. When this putrefied blood was inoculated upon rabbits and guinea-pigs, the experimenter found that death was determined in a guinea-pig by the thirtieth part of a drop of putrefied blood, and by the 2-1,000th part of a drop in a rabbit. If the blood is taken from an infected animal, a much less quantity is required. He concluded from this that the same thing cannot hold good in other animals and in man. But in conclusion from rabbits and guinea-pigs to other animals is a mistake. M. Baudes, a veterinary doctor, showed that these things do not hold good in the larger animals. Further experiments in the same direction are required.





# FLORENCE CARR.

## A STORY OF FACTORY LIFE.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### BEN'S DISCOVERY.

Ben, in his newly acquired freedom, did not husband his strength, and he doubled corners and streets—first of all to evade his pursuers, and having succeeded in this, he had the satisfaction of discovering that he had lost them and himself at the same time.

By some subtle instinct known only to dogs, he managed to get on the right road at last, but by this time night had set in, and he was hungry, thirsty and tired.

Ben was obliged to lie down by the side of the road and rest.

He awoke with a start.

On he went again, leaving the main road, however, and going more across the country.

Now there are in the neighborhood of Oldham, numerous cloughs or diags, small dry ravines formed originally by some rapid stream, and being abandoned by the water now, are planted over with trees.

The cold night wind whistled through the half-clothed branches, and rustled the dry leaves in a ghostly manner.

Ben went on his way, heedless of the sounds of the night, when a cry or wail fell on his ears.

Ben paused, pricked up his ears and listened, and convinced of the reality of the sound, darted down the side of the clough from whence the cry came, and was soon by the side of a little mound, looking like a tiny grave, covered with loose sods, a heap of which, ready cut for carting, lay at a little distance.

But the wail or cry came from the tiny mound, and Ben at once set to work to scratch away some of the sods, no difficult matter, since they were so very loosely laid upon it.

In a few seconds, the wail increased, and the face of an infant—a new-born babe, was uncovered to breathe more freely the night air.

Ben licked the cold little face with his warm tongue, then set up a piteous howl, at the impossibility of accomplishing the task before him.

The babe seemed to be wrapped up in a cloth or petticoat, but he could not carry it to his master's house, and he howled again louder than before, but with the same fruitless result, there was no one near enough to hear him.

Finding help did not come to him, he started off once more, this time at full speed, in the direction of his master's house.

Arrived there, he found the door locked, and everybody in bed.

But this was a slight obstacle, and he began scratching at it, and barking so loudly, that William Garston was aroused, and believing he recognized the bark, jumped out of bed, went down and opened the door.

"Why, Ben, old man, what dost thou here? Have the plecter painting chap lost thee? Come along old man; thee be nigh clemmed, I see sure."

Possibly his joy at reaching home, and being with his master again, Ben was restless and hastily lapping up the milk offered him, began to bark and run to the door, signifying his desire to be off again.

"What alls thee, mon? Summat's up, I see sure. Wait a minute, Ben, I mon get a coat and boots on, then I'll come with yo'."

A promise that made Ben caper, though he showed evident signs of restlessness and eagerness to be gone.

"I hope thee's not taking me on a fule's errand, my dog," said Garston, as he looked out into the dark night, with the stars shining clear, cold and bright overhead.

But Ben barked and frolicked, and danced and seemed so delighted at his master's readiness to go, and so well to know what he was about that the spinner, despite his preference for bed, felt he had no option but to follow.

So on he went, wondering—calling himself

a fool, and assuring himself that nothing more than a dead puppy or broken-down beggar would be the object of Ben's solicitude.

Despite his good-natured complacence, he was growing tired of the dance Ben was leading him, and had serious thoughts of stopping short and returning, thinking the dog might have some idea of leading him to Manchester, when the animal darted down Oak Clough, as it was called, and barking joyously, began to scratch and dig away with all his might at the loose sods on the ground.

The night was so dark that Garston would without doubt have walked over the very spot the dog was working upon, but for Ben's anxiety and perseverance.

As it was, however, he bent down, helped the animal to remove the sods, and as he did so, his hand came in contact with something soft and warm.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise, almost of terror, while Ben set up a joyous cry or bark.

"Aye, and as fine a one as ever was born." "Than' the Lord!" exclaimed the man, falling on his knees by the woman's side. "Thank the Lord for all his mercies. He have sent a boy to comfort me for the one as is gone."

"Don't ee be in too great a hurry to thank the Lord afore yo' knows whether it will live or no," said the old woman irreverently, as she took the infant in her arms and ran upstairs with it.

"Here, Sal, tak' this bairn in thy arms, and try to warm some life in it," she said, flaking a fat strapping servant girl whose slumbers had been so deep that her master's voice had failed to rouse her.

Sal uttered some remonstrance, but Betty in earnest enough now, was not to be trifled with, so she gave the girl another shake, wrapped the poor, cold little form in a warm piece of flannel she found on the bed, and then forced the reluctant girl to take it in her arms, and try

and fresh-colored, ruddy complexion strongly contrasted with the white sunken face, and shrunk, deformed limbs of the poor cripple he was addressing.

"Aye," she said, "this war her answer, and she rit it her-ee."

"Right; give it to me. Why it looks like my case back again."

"I know nort on't; bu' she said, 'The anster's under my pillow, Jem; take it to the spinner.'"

"Well, here is the money I promised you."

And the young man thrust the packet in his pocket, and restraining his curiosity walked leisurely away.

It was not until he had reached his own counting-house, or, more correctly speaking, his own luxurious smoking-room, which he had at his mill, that Frank Gresham took the packet from his pocket, and examined the handwriting in which it was directed.

Very unlike the usual scrawl of a mill girl was the fine, delicate and beautiful calligraphy before him, and he wondered again, as he had often done before, what her strange history could be.

In fact, he was very much more deeply interested in the singular mill-hand than he cared to admit even to himself; and it was with a certain amount of nervous eagerness, which, from expectation, became rage, that he opened the jewel-case, and saw the contemptuous manner in which his letter had been treated, and his present returned.

"So this is the way she means to treat me, is it?" he muttered in his anger, while his blue eyes flashed fiercely; "out I'll soon bri g her to horse sense, I wonder how she'd like being sent away from the mill; she doesn't earn her salt there."

But calmer thought came to him after a few seconds.

Reading the girl's story from his will, depriving her of work, perhaps driving her from the town, was certainly not the way to win her; and angry and vexed with her as he was, he had not the least idea of allowing her to escape him.

Little did he know the calculating brain and callous heart of the woman whom he thought to circumvent and ruin; better for his peace, honor and position among men would it have been if he had resolutely closed his eyes to her fascinations, and never looked on her fair, seductive face again.

But there is no madness so mad as that passion which some men call love; once yielded to its force, eddying currents, and who can say where it will end?

What made Frank Gresham's conduct the more culpable and unpardonable was the circumstance of his being engaged to a young lady, superior to himself in birth and position, as well as in every mental and physical advantage.

"I'd like to humble her," he muttered, still smarting under the rebuff he had received. "She doesn't dislike me, I can see that in her face when we meet, and I'm not a bad-looking fellow," he went on, surveying himself in one of the many glasses with which the walls of the room were adorned.

He was not bad-looking, as I have said before, and he had assiduously cultivated a moustache lately, which adorned his upper lip, and which he was now never tired of pulling, twisting and admiring.

"I am rich too," he went on, "and money can buy most things; every man has his price; every woman, too, I suppose. I didn't bid high enough. I am no niggard. I'll send her some real diamonds. We'll see what she'll say to them."

And having thus talked himself into the belief that it was simply a question of price with the pretty work-girl, Frank Gresham lighted a cigar, poured himself out a glass of brandy, then threw himself in an easy-chair by the brightly burning fire, and smoked, drank, and dreamed until he was aroused by the dinner bell ringing out the factory lands.

He started to his feet, went to a window that overlooked the yard, out of which all the women must pass, and stood waiting for a glimpse of the subject of his thoughts.

She came at last; wearily and listlessly it



"FRANK SPRA"O FORWARD AND CAUGHT THE BEBBLE."

The baby's wail had ceased, but it was still warm; life might still be in it.

Rough as he was externally, Bill Garston was a warm-hearted man, and he tore away the sods now, picking up the little atom of humanity, wrapped as it was in a flannel petticoat, and pressing it to his warm chest, and covering it with his coat, he set off at a run, followed by the delighted Ben.

He did not take long to reach the house by the mill, or rouse up the spinner's household. He was a widower, but Betty, the old woman who managed his household soon made her appearance, grumbling at being disturbed at such an unearthly hour.

"Haste yo', lass," he exclaimed, "here be a bairn Ben have found dying with cold. Light the fire, get hot water to put it in, and tell one of the maids to take it to bed to her and try to warm it. I think it be alive yet."

"Out on yo' for bringing bairns of trollops home w' ye like this, waking up honest folks out of their beds," muttered the old woman indignantly.

But her master was too much in earnest to stand any of her nonsense.

"Look'ee here, Bet," he said sternly; "thoe does my biddin and tries to save the life of that bairn as though it was mine or your ain, or yo' r bairns out of my house and never darkens my door again."

Whereupon Betty at once yielded, and taking the child in her arms, desired her master to call one of the maid servants, and then light a candle, while she examined the infant.

"Only bin born a few hours; its mither oughter be hang'd, she did, it's a mercy the child ain't dead. A fine boy, it be, too; a finer never comed into the world."

"A boy!" exclaimed Bill Garston coming into the room, and only overhearing the last part of the sentence, "A boy, didst say, lass?"

to impart some warmth and heat into its frozen frame.

No perceptible impression had been made on it however, by the time Betty returned to put it in a hot bath.

It seemed indeed as though life were extinct, as though Ben's efforts, and those of the spinner, aided by his whole household, were in vain.

But they were rewarded at last.

A fluttering of the little heart, a quivering of the eyelids, the stiff limbs slightly relaxed, and then two round, blue eyes opened wide, and the little mouth twitched into a smile.

"He'll live," said Betty, in a tone of gratified relief, while Garston uttered an expression of thanksgiving under his breath, and even Ben, who had seemed to be asleep before the fire, looked up and wagged his tail, with a wise expression on his old face, which seemed to say—

"Of course it will live; don't you think I know it from the first?" and when, no doubt with a view of exercising its lungs, the new-comer set up a good squall, Ben resigned himself to sleep again, no doubt considering that such a noisy young customer needed no more anxiety or watchfulness from him.

So Ben's baby kicked and screamed its way into the world, not unheeded or uncared for, as you will see.

The death of little Willie Garston had left a tender place open in his father's heart to receive the little wail, and as not a sparrow fall to the ground unheeded, so this tiny atom of humanity was not left unheeded or uncared for; neither was the world so full but that a place, a destiny, and that not an ignoble one, was to be found for and filled by him.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### LADY HELEN BELTRAM.

"You've got a letter for me, lass?" asked a young man, whose tall, broadly-hullt frame,

seemed, her face pale, and a trifle pinched with the cold north-east wind that was blowing. "It was getting far on in December now, and the winter bid fair to be unusually cold and severe.

The girl seemed to speak to no one but Moll, for, indeed, the other women appeared to look at her doubtfully and avoid her, or utter rough, rude comments upon her in no hushed tone, which, when overheard and understood, brought the red blood swiftly, and for a moment, to her cheek, leaving it directly afterwards paler and more worn than before.

As the girl passed the window, her eyes for a moment were raised to it, but encountering those of the mill owner fixed upon her, they fell again in real or well-acted confusion.

"By Jove! she's a beauty," muttered the young man. "I know she likes me; I've noticed her blush and tremble when I look at her. She's got some strait-faced notions about virtue and prudence in her head, no doubt; but let me get the chance, and I'll soon knock them out of her."

His soliloquy was interrupted by a voice in the room calling him by name, and turning round he found the speaker was his brother.

There could scarcely have been a greater contrast between brothers than that which existed between Frank and John Gresham.

Both were tall, but here all similarity ceased, while Frank was broad, fair and ruddy, John was dark, thin, sedate, and almost stern-looking.

The two brothers had been educated together, but while pleasure and dissipation in any form or guise had lured Frank away from his studies, John stuck to his books with a persistence and perseverance which soon gained for him the name of bookworm.

But he was not merely a bookworm.

He was clever, and had a certain amount of original talent which, if not amounting to genius, very nearly approached it.

He could write poetry, and contributed occasional articles to certain scientific and literary magazines, the proprietors of which always considered it a sufficient honor for an author to see his productions in their columns, without thinking of such a very vulgar and sordid thing as payment.

Consequently, though John Gresham's talent gave him a certain standing and position in Manchester and Oldham society, it would never have procured him bread and cheese, or even paid for half of the cigars he managed to smoke in the course of a year.

Fortunately for him, his father's industry and foresight had obviated the necessity of his writing or working with hands or brain for a living.

His father had been an unusually successful man, accumulating a fortune which was considered large even among the cotton-lords of whom he was one; and being proud of trade and his own exploits in it, he set up his two boys in business for themselves, giving the eldest by preference a cotton mill, and the younger, John, large ironworks, which were equal in value to the patrimony of his brother.

At his death, which had occurred some two years before the opening of my story, he had likewise left a considerable sum in hand cash; consequently, the two young men were among the wealthiest employers in Oldham, and both being unmarried, were considered very eligible suitors, even among the match-making mothers, and dandily daughters of people in their own rank in life.

Despite their genuine affection for each other, there was, no doubt as a result from their different habits and tastes, a certain feeling of jealous rivalry between the two brothers, which, though both tried to repress or hide it, would crop up now and again, as though to assert the fact of its existence.

Now it happened that about six months earlier than the opening of this narrative, in fact, one morning in May of the same year, Frank Gresham, walking into the country to dissipate the effect of the previous night's debauch, and drive away the headache which so persistently clung to him, was overtaken — passed rather, by a horse galloping, and evidently beyond the control of the lady who was clinging so frantically to it.

In another second, Frank had sprang forward, caught the halting bridle, which, causing the horse suddenly to stop, jerked his fair burden off, right into the arms of her preserver.

Of course she fainted. It would have been very embarrassing to her if she had not, but it was much more embarrassing to Frank that she did, because what he was to do with an unconscious woman somewhat puzzled him.

Carrying her for any distance was out of the question, for though he was tall and strong, the weight of a fully-developed young woman is not trifling, and the horse had disappeared, somewhat puzzled, one would think, at his suddenly-acquired freedom.

Frank had heard and read of similar cases, though he had never seen one before, and remembering that a brook ran by the roadside a little distance off, lifted his burden, clumsily enough, and carried her to the side of it.

Here, having taken off her hat, he went to work in such thorough earnest, deluging her head and face with water to such an extent that, if she had not speedily opened her eyes, it is probable that he would either have dipped her into the brook bodily, or have drenched her to such an extent that he might as well have done so.

If rough, the treatment was efficacious.

The startled eyes opened, the color came back

to cheek and lip, and with a gasp of wonder and terror, she asked—

"Where am I?"

"You are quite safe," was the reply. "Pray don't alarm yourself. Your horse has run away, but as soon as you are better, I will take you to your home."

"Thank you. I remember now; a girl frightened Rowena, and she ran away. She never did it before, and I was frightened. Did I fall?"

"I caught you as you were falling," was the reply.

"Thanks."

It was all she said, but her eyes were eloquent, far more eloquent than her tongue, and the spinner noticed, what had already flashed upon him, that the girl before him was possessed of more than a usual share of beauty.

Her eyes were brown, soft, winning, and unusually large, shaded too with long black fringes, which gave a singular charm and fascination to her delicately transparent face.

A face so pure, so fair and passionless as to be almost cold in its faultless beauty.

There was pride and refinement in the delicate though firmly-cut mouth and chin, pride in the poise of the head, made more impressive by the crown-like manner in which her soft, dark hair was dressed, and you could see by the grace and dignity which characterised every action, that she had been accustomed to homage all her lifetime, and took it as her rightful due.

"Do you feel strong enough to walk, or would you prefer remaining here for a short time, while I get a carriage?" asked Frank, after another pause.

"Thank you, I will walk. Where are we? I don't think I am very far from home."

"You live in Oldham?" he asked.

"Yes, or rather my brother does. My aunt and I are staying with him at Rosendale Rectory; perhaps you know my brother?"

"The Reverend Sidney Beltram?"

"Yes."

"I have seen and heard him preach, that is all; and you are his sister, Lady——" then he paused.

"Lady Helen Beltram," she replied without hesitation or embarrassment.

"You are sure you would rather walk than remain here while I fetched a carriage?" he asked again earnestly.

"Quite sure, thank you. I fell quite recovered; besides Sidney would be frightened. I wonder what has become of Rowena. I hope she hasn't hurt herself, and will not be lost."

"You seem to have more consideration for your mare than she had for you," he observed, dryly.

"Of course I have; besides, Rowena was scarcely to blame; a girl wilfully frightened her, and then, of course, she bolted."

"Should you know the girl again? She ought to be punished; the loss of your life might have been the consequence, and she ought to be made an example of."

"Poor child, I dare say she didn't know better. No, I should not recognise her, at least, I should not like to; it is always better to forgive than to punish."

"In being forgiving, you may become unjust," said Frank. "If no one had been by to catch you when you fell, you might not now be living."

The girl shivered as she said—

"Perhaps you are right. I haven't thanked you for your kind aid. Come home with me, and my brother and aunt will do so better than I can."

"I need no thanks, and if I did I should prefer yours to theirs; but allow me to offer you my arm; you are still weak, and have scarcely recovered from your fright."

"Thank you," she said, simply, as she rose to her feet and took the proffered arm. "I hope we shall not meet many people," he added, with a smile, "for you have thrown the water from the brook on me so liberally, that I am sure I must give the impression of having been half-drowned as well as being unhorsed."

The young man laughed, a little awkwardly perhaps, as he said—

"It was very clumsy of me, but I never saw a lady faint before, and I didn't know if it wouldn't be better to dip you in the brook, than try to bring you round with hats full of water."

"I am very glad you didn't, though you have spoilt your hat by turning it into a pithor; and all this comes of my being self-willed. Sidney couldn't ride with me because he had to visit one of his parishioners, and I wouldn't have a groom, and this is the consequence."

"The consequences are not very serious at present," said her companion, smiling.

"Perhaps not," was the reply.

And then silence fell upon the pair, as they walked on—silence, in which the thoughts of both of them were busy.

Yet, never even in their wildest speculations, could either of them surmise the influence that chance meeting and acquaintance would have upon the lives and fortunes of both of them.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE HON. AND REV. SIDNEY BELTRAM.

Rosendale Rectory was not a large house, but it stood in beauty for what it lacked in point of size.

Indeed, size and comfort had been sacrificed for external appearance, as is the case in most Gothic buildings.

But the external effect at least was satisfactory, and a prettier house, for its size, could not have been found for fifty miles round.

The garden in front of it was not simply kept in order, but flowers of almost every hue lent their color and brilliance to the scene, and white and red roses had been ambitious enough to clamber over the study and dining-room windows, and entwine themselves round the porch in a manner that was truly irresistible.

A stream of water also ran through the grounds, clear, cool, and limpid, and a small boat, moored to the bank, showed that it was not only used for ornament but pleasure.

The Hon. and Rev. Sidney Beltram, sixth son of the late Earl of Boocastle, and with about as much chance of succeeding to the peerage as you, my reader, may have, since there were a dozen lives between him and the earldom, belonged to the very highest of the High Church party.

So extreme were his opinions on this subject that the only marvel to his friends, and enemies also, was, that he did not go over to the Roman Catholic Church at once.

Among the extreme doctrines—extreme, at least, for the church of which he professed to be a member—that Sidney Beltram held, was the belief in the duty and efficacy of confession, and also in the desirability, if not the imperative necessity of a celibate priesthood.

A good man, but somewhat taken up with spiritual pride, he had taken a vow of celibacy.

But life is short, and the human heart, whether or not it is desperately wicked, is at least desperately uncertain, and it would perhaps have been quite as well if the Rev. Sidney Beltram had been a little more diffident, and a little less positive about his own particular goodness and stability.

A little over the middle height, inclined, despite fasting and penance, to be somewhat stout, passably good-looking, a thorough gentleman, and invariably dressed in the most clerical of clerical garments; such was Sidney Beltram at the age of thirty-six, when we meet him.

It was not the reverend gentleman's habit to give way to emotion of any kind, but the sight of his sister leaning upon the arm of Frank Gresham, the cotton spinner, and one of the most notoriously dissipated young men in Oldham, was a trifle too much even for his equanimity, added to which the drenched, soiled, and dusty appearance of her riding habit certainly indicated that she had met with some accident.

The couple had entered the garden gate, and were approaching the house when he first saw them, laughing and talking with an easy familiarity, which insensibly jarred upon and irritated the nerves and temper of the rector.

Of course he could not make a scene.

Going into the garden to meet them would very likely occasion one, for Sidney Beltram had very decided opinions upon the cotton spinner's moral character, as well as of his plebeian birth; and, though he had forsworn matrimony himself, he had not the least idea of his sister Helen following his example.

So he waited, impatiently enough, until the couple, evidently in no great hurry came up to the house.

There was a pause.

Lady Helen was inviting her companion to enter, an invitation which he seemed to hesitate to accept.

The reverend gentleman's patience was not quite as perfect as it might have been expected to be in such a model of virtue.

His stock in hand soon ran out, and he opened his study door and walked into the hall, through the glass door of which he could see the couple on the doorstep.

In another second he had opened the glass door in question, and asked, in a harsher tone than he usually indulged in—

"Helen, what is the matter? Where is Rowena?"

"I don't know, Sidney. She took fright and threw me. If it had not been for this gentleman, who was fortunately by and caught me as I fell, I might have been killed."

"I am sure I am very grateful to him," was the reply, as he extended his hand cordially.

But, even before it was grasped, he half drew it back again.

It was the man, not the clergyman, that impulsively spoke, and the doubt had come after, when he remembered what a reprobate it was he was welcoming to his home.

He was, however, too much of a gentleman—too much, indeed, a man of the world to show his feelings except by that momentary start.

This man, reprobate or not, had done him a service—perhaps saved the life of his only sister, and common decency and politeness required that she should invite him in and treat him hospitably.

"Do you know, Sidney," continued his sister, gathering up the skirt of her riding habit, "I fainted after my fall, and this gentleman half-drowned me in his efforts to bring me round again? Just tell the butler to get me a glass of wine."

And so saying, she led the way into the pretty morning room, which overlooked the stream and her own pet flower beds, inviting Gresham and her brother by a glance to follow her.

Although the rector would not drink wine himself, it being one of his fast days, he pressed his guest to take some, helped his sister, and then inquired into all the details of the accident.

"It was clearly a Providence your being by to save her," he said, gratefully.

But even as he said it, the disagreeable con-

viction came upon him that it would be a most unwelcome turn of Providence if this act should make his sister entertain any warmer feelings than those of gratitude towards the handsome young fellow before him.

He would not think of the subject, however, but dismissed it abruptly, almost indignantly.

His sister, a Beltram, poor as they might be for their rank and station, to bestow a serious thought upon one who had no family or pedigree to boast of, and whose only recommendations were a heavy purse and handsome face, with too, a certainly not doubtful character as an extra drawback.

Meanwhile, the wine had greatly revived the young lady, and Miss Stanhope, the maiden aunt, with whom Lady Helen usually lived, and who was staying with her now at the Rectory, hearing of her niece's return, came into the room in a state of gushing anxiety, and having satisfied herself that her darling Helen was uninjured beyond a little fright, was duly introduced to Frank Gresham, and almost overwhelmed him with gratitude as the preserver of her niece.

"You must stay and lunch with us, indeed you must, Mr. Gresham. You will really grieve me if you don't. Sidney, my dear, ring the bell, Helen, my darling, if you are sufficiently recovered, go and change your dress; meanwhile, I will show Mr. Gresham our garden and flowers."

"The house is miserably small, Mr. Gresham, but it is pretty—yes, it is pretty, and if your breadfruit factories and chimneys would not spoil everything with black and smoke, our flowers and garden would be perfection."

All this without a full stop, almost without taking breath; and the voluble lady might have added much more, if the ring at the bell had not been answered, and thus interrupted her.

"Lady Helen's maid," said Miss Stanhope, in a tone of authority.

And then turning to her niece, she added—

"Now, my dear, go and change your dress, and be sure you don't take cold. You will be sure to find us somewhere in the garden."

"Sidney, my dear, we will excuse you; we know your parish and other duties take up the whole of your time. Mr. Gresham, I am sure, will excuse you until luncheon. By-the-by, it only wants half an hour to the time. This way, Mr. Gresham."

And so saying, she led the way into the garden, carrying a huge sunshade in her hand, not only to shield off the heat of the sun, but also to preserve her complexion.

For though fully sixty, it was one of the pleasing delusions that Miss Stanhope indulged in to think that she did not look a day over forty, and wore her age remarkably well.

Taken by storm, as it were, Frank Gresham by no means unwillingly yielded.

He had nothing particular to do.

Time did often hang heavily on his hands; the place he was in and the people he saw interested and amused him.

Fate or fortune had thrown him into a social circle which his wealth alone—and he was conscious of having no other recommendation—would not have opened to him.

Independent of this, he was not insensible to the charm of a pretty face, and that of Lady Helen Beltram was certainly more than pretty.

Not that it appealed to his heart and senses as some faces could have done.

True, he admired her calm, patrician beauty, her refined, graceful manners, so very unlike those of the women with whom he ordinarily came in contact, but though he admired her, and felt flattered by the attention he received, he was scarcely in his element.

It was all a trifle above him, and though he had been educated at Rugby, his previous and subsequent associations had not been such as to make him feel quite at his ease, or able to shine in the atmosphere of such calm purity and refinement.

Miss Stanhope, however, setting herself the task of putting him at ease, in a great measure succeeded, a d while showing him the beauties of the rectory and grounds, managed also to learn all that was worth knowing, or that he cared to tell, about her companion.

Likewise, Miss Stanhope learnt that the young man who had rescued her niece that morning was one of the largest mill owners in the town, and her liking and appreciation for him went up accordingly; for the Beltrams and Stanhopes, too, for their station, were poor, miserably poor, and it was the old lady's ambition—part, indeed of her scheme and object in coming for a visit of indefinite length to Oldham—to procure a rich husband, wisely ignoring the question of family, for her niece.

Her nephew's peculiarities of opinion and character had hitherto kept those she considered eligible young men out of their immediate circle, hence the avidity with which she pounced upon Frank Gresham.

Annoyed as she saw the Reverend Sidney was, she was likewise shrewd enough to see that he could not help himself, that the commonest and barest rules of politeness would compel him to receive the young mill owner as a visitor and guest, after the service rendered to his sister.

In addition to this, Miss Stanhope had learnt that Frank Gresham had a brother rich—perhaps richer than himself—a large ironmaster, that this brother was a student and something of a poet.

All this, and much more, Miss Stanhope found out in that stroll among the flower beds at Rosendale Rectory.

But the gong for luncheon has sounded just as Lady Helen, simply arrayed in white muslin, her ordinary dress in summer, comes sweeping down the garden paths towards them, looking



as graceful and stately as the swan, which seems to float on the clear water by their side. "Hy, Jove! who's a beauty," thought the young man, as, stately and pure as a garden lily, the young lady approached them. But it was his head, not his heart, which gave this verdict; and even as they went in to luncheon, he thought "He would be a bold man who would ever try to make love to my lady."

(To be continued.)

A LOVE-STORY

BY GEORGE SMITH.

Bending o'er some dainty story, In the balmy sunny air, Shall I picture for thee, maiden, Days far off with pleasure fair?

Slender hands so pure, and gleaming 'Gainst the robe of snowy white, Seem to speak of snowdrops springing From the heart of Winter's night.

Falling wealth of golden tresses, Dazzling in their wondrous sheen, Tell of some divine fruition For thy soul, Evangeline.

Yet all of thy charms, the dearest Are the tears which fill thine eyes, Mingling with the happy sunshine Like the broken summer skies.

Other friends may watch thy beauty Into majestic maturity; But my wishes e'en may follow Grace and loveliness so pure.

And, in parting, let me whisper, Whisper gently in thine ear, Words which, when they call sweet smiles Are immeasurably dear—

If thy heart be moved so deeply At some fancied tale of love, What must be the burning ardour Which that heart itself shall move?

All the grandeur of the ages, All the poets' song sublime, Thou wouldst barter for a moment Of that Paradisaic time.

SWIFTER THAN A WEAVER'S SHUTTLE.

BY JUDITH CONSIDINE.

CHAPTER I.

GREEN BEFORE THE SUN.

This way, sir! Plenty of room 'ere, sir! Smokin' carriage full, and open files the door of a first-class compartment in the 5.10 Birmingham express, as that punctual and admirable train groans and jerks itself to a standstill by the up Oxford platform one fine September evening.

There is only one person to be seen in this compartment, and she is so very small a person that perhaps you might not see her at all, were it not for her scarlet shawl, and broad-brimmed, steep-crowned felt hat, with the bit of peacock's feather stuck in the brim, gleaming gold, and purple, and dark green in the steady sunshine. Figaro lodges her solitude, but at the sound of the porter's voice she looks up with large grave eyes, no-colored as seawater, and out at the venient "Sir?"

At what she causes of him rather, namely, a broad, flat, black-grey back, and a long, black-grey arm working to and fro, apparently in connection with a waistcoat pocket.

Suddenly the arm darts viciously against the porter's corduroy shoulder as he steps out of the carriage, having hoisted a good-sized travelling bag into the netting, and satisfied himself as to the working condition of the window.

The porter being a fat, easy-going little man, laughs a fat little laugh, and then the back turns itself about, and there is a meeting of hands and a murmur of something like "Thank you, sir" and now the small person is looking down at the "G.W.R." decorating the carpet—somebody great, and neutral-tinted, and keen, with a lightly-strapped grey fox in one hand, and a paper-bound book in the other—such strong lean white hands—gets between her and the porter and the running, vociferating, crazy creatures on the platform—between her and the work-a-day world, as it were.

Now, in these hyper-sensitive, overwrought days, the unprotected female traveller is apt to fancy that to stare hard at a man for more than half-a-dozen consecutive seconds is an error of judgment likely to lead to awkward mistakes, such as the development of latent insanity on the part of the stared at, or the exhibition of felonious instincts of varied enormity; wherefore, having perceived that the intruder on her privacy is considerably larger in volume than the majority of his fellow-creatures, our small person picks up her Figaro—it has slid off her black silk knee—not too new silk or too substantial, and examines herself in the consideration of the "If you dream of" sheet of likelihood with beautiful intentness.

But the veiling of one pair of grave, sea-water

colored eyes does in no wise preclude the use, and good use, too, of another pair of bright much-seeing brown ones; and the great grey man looks hard at the small person in the scarlet shawl and black felt wideawake as he takes off his hat and stows it away in the netting beside his bag.

This is what he sees. A little pale face, such a little face, with a little straight nose, and a little thin red mouth, and a curious grave look about it like a shadow, and soft babyish flakes of flaxen hair—short hair—out straight like an ill-clipped boy's all round the pretty head, and tucked away behind two pink little ears, and on the top of this the great felt hat.

It is unlike anything in the way of womanhood, girlhood, the great grey man has ever before seen in his life, and he is thirty years old if he is a day. Yea! and thirty years of enigma and moving about, and getting acquainted with lots of places, and lots of people, or I am very much mistaken; the only thing he fancies he has ever seen at all like it is an old Gainsborough picture somewhere—South Kensington Museum, most likely—this settling down, he and his long grey legs, in the seat next to the window, not her window.—an odd Gainsborough picture of a weird outlandish child with a gun over its shoulder or a lamb by its side, anyhow with just such a hat on its head, and just such a face under the hat. H'm, and he looks at his watch.

Ten minutes to six! She is not strange to the city of domes and spires, or she would be craning her neck out of the window, and gaping and hailing cads to tell her where Magdalen is, and the Barges, and the Rodin, and the "High," and the Martyrs' Memorial, and Tom Quad, and all the rest of the dismal old topographical, and ethnological, and archaeological rigmurle one has heard of since one was born.

No, she is not a stranger, and Figaro must have picked up some to be so particularly interesting. Half of it, at least, goodly city of domes and spires. Ta, ta, done and done. Somehow the academic groves don't seem quite the same to critical, hard-headed manhood as to ardent, soft-brained youth. It is well to see what pleased, satisfied, inspired one once, if only to measure the great space of trudee years faring 'twixt thought and deed. But—and the great grey man smiles at his own thought, so that strong even white teeth gleam out between his unmounted lips, and the small person sees the smile and the strong beautiful teeth, and the keen, dark, clever face and quills. To be boxed up in a space not exceeding ten feet by seven, with an escaped lunatic over six feet high for upwards of an hour and a half, (this express runs straight to Paddington, without stopping) is truly a somewhat awful prospect.

What is he going to read? Bret Harte? Come, we may weep over our small ounce more. No man can be very mad who has the sense to do that. So they journey on between the red-decaying hedges blackberry speckled, by the dull green meadows fringed with undulating shadows, studded here and there with grand catm trees unlifted massively against the tender sky, with dusky depths of leaves; and then suddenly the Parodies are tossed aside, and a sleek dark head goes out of the window, and comes in again, and a pleasant confident voice—the voice of one who knows good from bad, and likes it best—says, "This is quite the best view of Oxford!"

The grave eyes listen; eyes can listen just as a big dog's left front paw can watch. "You should see it!"

She gets up, not a very prolonged performance. When she is on her feet the peacock's eye is barely level with the top of the blue cloth padding, and gathering her red shawl round her, so that you can see how very small a person she really is, she comes to his window and puts out her head and looks back at the crowding towers veiled in golden light, and over her face steals a soft, shy happiness born of sudden pleasure. It is perfect, and perfection is the congruence of her life.

"Well!" he says, "don't you think I'm right?" "Yes! quite!"—still with her head out of the window—"I am so much obliged to you for pointing it out to me. Oxford always looks best from a distance."

"Yes," he answers, marvelling a little at the fashion of her hair, "in more senses than one."

She makes her way back to her seat; but his eyes follow her, and when she sits down he turns himself about, and composes himself in his corner, and crosses his long left in a decidedly conversable manner, scarcely consistent with the terms of that canon of rigorous British etiquette, which provides for the humiliation and confusion of the nameless.

"I have been a good deal abroad since I left Magdalen, and one loses old ways and likings as easily as old friends;" quite as if they had taken their tickets together, and started together, and were bound for a common destination; and yet there is nothing of the insolent ruffian about him. She is a wise little lady, she knows that.

"But not your conviction that Magdalen is the most beautiful place in the world, I hope," she answers, considering him with her calm young eyes.

It is such a queer little face, so much in sober earnest with this poor wicked world—so innocent of worldliness. "How old is she, seventeen or seven-and-twenty?"

"Is that your opinion?" he asks, with fine caution.

"Yes!" promptly. "I think it has no equal, not as a matter of prejudice but judgment."

She must be seven-and-twenty at the very least; these fair mites of women preserve wonderfully.

"It is my college."

"Indeed!" And then she pulls herself up with a jerk, and looks out of the window at two colts, who are scampering away across a field hard by, startled by the rushing snorting train.

"And I quite share your admiration for it. Have you seen the alterations they have been making in the school and Long Walk?"

"No;"—and she looks back at him—"I have not been living in Oxford. Are they an improvement?"

"Very great. The next generation of boys will be much better off than we old ones were."

"Were you a Magdalen schoolboy, then?" flushing faintly at her own boldness.

"Yes, I had that privilege."

"But not a chorister," quite eagerly.

"Yes; a chorister—after a fashion," laughing, and knitting his long fingers round one knee.

"I should think"—she begins, and then she stops and looks down at the square toe of a little boot protruding from beneath the plaited black silk petticoat—"I should think it was very pleasant to be a chorister," but this is not what she was going to say, and he perceives the clumsy subterfuge.

"It depends on whether you're particularly fond of music. I can't say I was when I was a boy. Have you been to the chapel lately?"

"I went once during Commemoration week. Lady Slade's little nephew is a chorister."

"What Lady Slade's is that?" hitching himself further back into the seat by his elbows, and clasping his hands behind his head. Verily, the ungularity and restlessness of this great man are astounding.

"Not Lady Slade of Wrotham?"

"Yes, I"—and just a moment's hesitation—"I have been her companion for a year, that is how she came to take me to Magdalen Chapel with her."

"I used to know young Slade. He was at New, and a wonderful scholar. What's become of him? Is he married?" smiling as men do, and will smile, at the idea of the once familiar royster hewing away at the domestic strictness of beef, or rocking the domestic cradle.

"Yes; he's married, and got a living in Northamptonshire."

"A fat living, I hope; poor parsons are a curse to themselves and their parishioners. Bless me! How odd! Well, when you go back"—straightening himself up, and looking as pleased as Punch—

"Oh! but I'm not going back," with much energy. "I've been ill, and have been ordered a holiday, and change of air, and all sorts of pleasant things. I'm not going back, that's very certain," and she laughs out loud, a merry little laugh, like a bird's sudden brief song, and shakes her head with a cunning wisdom calculated to impress the casual observer with the belief that she must be a very sly, small person indeed. But the great grey man can scarcely be classed under this category. To observe, not casually but closely, keenly, has been his pleasure from his youth up, and he is so observing now.

"What has been the matter with you?" he asks.

"I have had bilious fever."

"And they cut off all your hair, eh?" with serio-comic pity. She is seventeen now, the merest child. How wonderfully these fair mites of women can deceive one!

"Yes," solemnly, trying hard to look old and grim.

"I'm a doctor, you see; so sickness interests me," stretching out an arm and clutching himself tightly by the back of the head. "You don't look like a bilious subject, though!"

"Wrotham is not a very healthy place; the poor people are always getting ague and low fever," turning away her little white face. It is not pleasant to be spitted on two sharp eyes, and held up to the light of science in naive imperfection undismayed.

"Really! and you tried bilious fever for a change?" Still in that serio-comic tone, then more gravely, releasing his head, and slipping his arm through the rest by his side, "Well, I hope you are bound for some healthier home. People elect to fancy that directly they're out of the doctor's hands they're safe; but convalescence to many proves as fatal as the actual disorder they have been suffering from," with a slow, sarcastic smile, showing that this man of angles is a man of opinions too.

"I am going to Surbiton—near Kingston, you know—on the Thames," explanatorily, as if he was a recently dropped moon man.

"Yes; I know!" smiling at her compassionately, her efforts at superiority are so pitifully mature, as immature as the tragic airs of a stage-struck mite of seven. "And who's to take care of you at Surbiton?"

A shrill ear-torturing scream of steam, a pshaw, a second fainter whistle, as 'twere the echo of the first, and then a sudden jerk back, jarring every bone in its socket.

In an instant the great grey man's face changes from bantering serenity to quickest expectation—not fear, there is no fear in those bright, dark eyes, about that suddenly-compressed, firm mouth.

"Hit still!" he says, but gets up himself and looks out.

And she does sit still—quite still, gripping the arms of her seat tightly with her two little grey hands, and watching him with scared, wide-open eyes. What if she and this great man are bound to die together. What if death be even now close upon them, in front of them, round about them? Her breath comes fast in many

pants, her lips paroh and burn, and he does not speak. What is he seeing? Is it coming? The violent blood, beats force upon her brain, each throbbing clear positive as a blow; in her ears rises and roars the noise of many voices; and he will not speak. She cannot sit there and be killed and make no sign. With a great start she jumps up, but the floor shakes and vibrates beneath her feet, so that she can scarcely stand; a crash of grinding iron, another dismembering jerk—a jerk that knocks her fairly off her legs back into her seat.

"Thank God! we are saved!" says the great grey man.

She does not hear him or understand him, or see him, she is praying so hard to her Father in Heaven.

He watches her a second or two, rubbing his damp forehead dry with a great white silk handkerchief.

"Come," he says at length, gently; "you've no need to be frightened now. It's all over."

His words mix themselves up with "Them that trespass against us." She looks up at him as if he were miles away.

"It's all over," he repeats, laying his hand on her red shoulder, and giving her a little shake. "The brake's on, and we're getting out of the way as fast as we can."

The quick blood stains her face to the color of her shawl. She has never died before, and she is not very strong—rather a slender, wind-flower of a creature indeed, and—

No," he says, sitting down on the opposite seat, and holding her eyes with his, as a stern elder will hold a naughty child's. "No."

The poor red mite quiver pitiously, and the long gold eyelashes twinkle in the sun, now sinking crimson-robed to rest upon a primrose bed—her last and goodliest of suns.

"But," she begins presently, looking about her in vague alarm at the rushing hedgerows, at the whizzing telegraph posts: "hedgerows, telegraph posts, they've passed before. What are we doing? What—"

"We are going back to Oxford," he answers quietly. "We have been within an ace of complete smash. By some infernal mismanagement or other, a goods train met us plump—on the same line of rails, you know. When I looked out, there wasn't fifty yards between the two engines."

"And you never said a word; you could see that and keep still!" knitting her pale brown eyebrows, and regarding him with amazed incredulity.

"Why not?" smiling as calmly as if to be horribly mangled and mutilated were a normal concomitant of daily life. "All the yelling in the world could have made no difference. As it is, you see, we may both live to be a hundred," and he laughs and looks at his watch, and holds it to his ear. Those two jerks have stopped it. Perhaps, had the engine driver been a fool or a coward, or the guard had been asleep, or the brake had been too weak to bear the strain put on it, or the boiler had burst, this fact might have decided the precise moment at which the "heart-rending catastrophe" occurred. "Among the debris of a first-class carriage were found the bodies of a man and a woman—the former apparently about thirty years of age, tall and well dressed; the latter short, slight, and young, as far as it is possible to judge from the aspect of the corpse, which is very much disfigured, the face being completely battered in, and the legs—"

"Out!" those newspaper paragraphs have more in them than one gives them credit for. The small person contributes this slip to the unpublished journalistic literature of her native land, and shudders.

"Do you think we shall go back to Oxford?" asks she after a while, when silence had steeled her nerves somewhat, and matter-of-fact has partially resumed its sway over her intelligence.

"No; I shouldn't say so. I should think we should pull up at some intermediate station and wait there till the line was telegraphed clear, when we should start again for Paddington."

"Oh, I'm so glad of that." How she trusts him! Why should she? Why should she not nod out all this for herself, the goose! "If I didn't get home to-night, Ned would be so put out."

"Ned, Ned—what Ned? Ned a husband? Ned a brother? Ned—a Ned who dares to be 'put out' too—to be sulky—rude—savage to her. That sounds like a husband." The great grey man stares gloomily out at the darkling world—the world whence the sun has vanished oddly all of a sudden, in some inexplicable, eccentric and complete manner—such as no well-regulated sun would think of attempting.

"I darsay you'll be late," says he stolidly, somewhat as though he took a dull sort of pleasure in Ned's agonies of mind.

"I darsay I shall," unbuttoning and slowly pulling off her left glove, finger by finger. It is delicious to trifle with time when one has recently known the sensation of being at one's wit's end; a kind of rare and choice pleasure, like spending the first five pounds of an unexpected fortune.

The left glove off, and in her lap, she begins upon the right. The great grey man looks round; looks straight at the third finger of her thin, white hand. She is very thin. My dog could eat her for his dinner and feel hungry. It is there. The plain, thick gold ring, and next to it a diamond keeper. The great grey man looks away again out at the world, quite a benighted world now, and off comes the "right glove. There is no ring upon that hand.

So they travel back into a lonely country station, and there come to a standstill, whereupon a vast deal of talking and questioning and god-bless-me-ing ensues, and the great grey man

puts on his hat and gets out and indulges himself in a pipe as he marches up and down the gravelled platform, and the small person takes off her big hat and pushes away the light, silky flakes of yellow hair from off her forehead, which is burning hot, and aches with the old fever ache, and, her small, pink-cheeked face framed in her two white hands, thinks—thinks—and then there is a loud ringing of a bell and a scrambling on the roof of the dark carriage; so dark indeed that you can see nothing, not even the sparkle of that diamond, and suddenly a great light streams full upon her cropped head, and men come and stare curiously, and one great grey man shuts up his pipe in its case with a snap, and scowling at his fellow creatures, lounges up to the door in a lordly, masterful way, and presently gets in with a sardonic "Well! I suppose we are off in earnest now!" and then the guard locks them, and with a jubilant whistle the brave engine-driver turns on the steam, and away they glide into the silent night with a fragmentary and yellow moon always to their right, and faint stars gleaming palely high above the soft white clouds in the small wastes of endless space.

But no word say they, nor she to him nor he to her; and by degrees sleep settles on her eyes, and her head leans heavier against the cushion, and her body softens to little curves of black and red, and down by her side drops one small white hand, whereon gleams a thick gold ring, and—

"Tickets, sir! Tickets—tickets!" The small person feebly struggles up into a sitting position, and rummages in her pocket for a seal-skin purse. Her ticket found and surrendered, and a great yawn eaten, she puts on her hat and stands up to get down her neat little bundle of shawls and blue waterproof and agate-handled umbrella, but the nothing is quite out of her reach.

A big hand seizes them by the strap, and sets them upon end on the seat before her. "Thank you!" she says civilly. "Can I be of any use to you?" as they come into the full glare of the Paddington gas-lamps and the power of the Paddington porter. "Get you a cab—see after your luggage!" turning round and looking down upon her graciously. They have jockeyed King Grim together, she is in a way integrated with his future life, in a way associated with him indissolubly for ever; and it is somewhat this man's habit to behold things and persons associated with himself—even in a Mrs. No!

But, no; she will give him no trouble. She is very well able to look after herself; she is a traveler of experience. Well; these young women who abide in nooks and corners of the earth (one must necessarily be acquainted with nooks and corners to play *dame de compagnie* to Lady Slade with a wedding ring on one's wedding finger); these young hangers-on to respectability by the skin of their teeth, do really possess an uncommon knack of swimming where more rational, better brought-up, persons must sink. The great grey man listens to her avowal of her own powers of management with complacent calm.

"So," says she, when the last hasty word is uttered, and the boxes and bags, and bags and bundles are being tossed and kicked and hauled out of the luggage van, and it becomes evident that if she doesn't want to lose her trunk, she must make haste to claim it. "Thank you very much, and good-bye!" and she puts out a little grey hand to him as boldly as you please. "Good-bye!" he says, and takes it in his, and crushes it up, and squeezes it, the little grey hand; and a strange eager longing look comes over his keen resolute face, and his eyes dwell on hers hungrily an instant, nay two instants, may be three; and then an official over-bearing "Now then, please," sends them asunder, and the world is work-a-day again.

CHAPTER II.

OUT OF THE DISTANCE OF DREAMS.

A thudery blackness overhead, that is not sky, nor smoke, nor air, the roaring of a battle in one's ears—that fiercest deadliest battle, the battle for daily bread; dimmed colors seen through acres of plate glass; want, and sin, and grief thriving bravely in acres of dirt; men, and women, and children to the right of one; men, and women, and children to the left of one; busy traffic of wheels and shod hoofs in the midst, and among them all, shorter than the tallest, shorter by a head, for instance, than that great grey mortal marching on in front there so determinately, with his umbrella sticking up over his shoulder and his head thrown back, walks a bright-faced, clean-skinned, light-haired, hazel-eyed, muscular-looking, not altogether unhandsome young man: walks briskly, as though the world wagged well for him this Friday morning.

Along Whitehall, down the Strand, through Temple Bar, into Fleet Street, on they go—the grey shoulders and the close-clipped, fair head, steadfastly, the one behind the other—now a little nearer—now a little further, but always distinct and separate from the tottering crowd. And by degrees a sense of something remarkable and fine about the shoulders establishes itself in the close-clipped head, and the hazel eyes look at them more than at the women's yellow pinks and powdered faces. So much so, indeed, that when they turn at last down a gloomy street of inhuman and uninviting aspect, a smile positively creeps over the brick young man's good-tempered pink and white face, for that is the street down which he will turn too—is now turning, in fact—and—

A clink of metal on the pavement,

The brisk young man pulls up. The grey man marches on, swinging his umbrella round and round like a flail, as if he meant to march clean over the side of the world before long. At the foot of a lamp-post lays a little silver shield, with a red cross painted on it. Two sharp hazel eyes pounce on it—a well-shaped, sunburnt hand picks it up, and away go swift young legs in great buoyant bounds after those grey shoulders.

They catch them up—they bring them to a standstill—they make them right about face, and then a cheery, chirping, musical voice says, with a little laugh (a merry soul, I'll warrant, this brisk young man)—

"I think you've dropped this!" "By Jove, so I have!" Then plunging deep into a breast pocket, and bringing up a capacious pocket-book wherein to stow away the treasure trove. "You couldn't have done me a greater kindness. Wouldn't have lost this for worlds, it saved my life. Why! breaking off short, and staring hard at the amused, laughter-smitten face before him, "your name isn't Stappylton?"

"Yes it is!" answers the chirpy voice, loud and emphatic, "and yours is Arnot Gwynne. How d'ye do, my dear old fellow. Fancy our meeting again in this jolly unexpected way."

And they shake hands, and laugh, and look, and speak their pleasure as men will, who, with a hearty liking for each other, suddenly chance to come face to face after years of separation.

"And so the old dreams have come true at last," says Gwynne, thoughtfully, when, arm linked in arm, they are slowly walking on. "You are a barrister, and I am a doctor, and a grateful public pines to reward our merit," smiling that curious bitter-sweet smile of his.

"Oh, hang the grateful public!" replied Mr. Stappylton, who is a young man of energy and purpose, according to his own showing. "The public's a beast between a pig and an ass. Give me Art! Humanity! Science!" With a very big note of exclamation between each noun substantive.

"Certainly, provided you don't go in for Communism!" "Don't you, then?" much surprised. "Don't you believe in the virtues of equality and justice?"

"On paper, yes. In the flesh, no. I saw rather too much of both in Paris," laughing drily. "You were in Paris, then, during the revolution?"

"Yes, and during the siege too. I was a member of the ambulance staff." "At one time I fancied I should like to run over just to see how it all looked!"

"I don't think you would have been repaid for your trouble, even if you had escaped being shot."

"Being shot?" incredulously; "they didn't shoot Englishmen!" "Didn't they, though; they nearly shot me, that's all I know," with a laugh.

"Bless me! you don't say so. What I put you up against a wall, and—knitting up his brows and halting in amazement. "Put me up against a wall, and very politely unbuttoned my coat, and—"

"My dear fellow, how horrible! and was that shield I picked up the thing that saved you?" "Yes; the red cross on it is the cross of the Geneva Convention; so when I showed it to them they knew I was a surgeon, and let me off. As a rule they didn't maltreat the people who looked after the wounded; quite calmly, not at all as if he was relating anything wonderful.

"Humph!" and Mr. Stappylton looks him up and down, and takes in the full grandeur of his superb manhood. "I'll bet anything you ever winked an eyelash, you always were such an awfully cool hand, you know." Then, with a sudden fervor, "By Jove! How glad I am to have met you," and he grasps him lovingly by the arm. "It seems as if the air was full of Magdalen bells when you're talking, and I always look back on my school-days as the perfection of happiness, for after our smash came, and dear old dad died, and my mother got so low and all that, well—it wasn't over cheerful," with a feeble, melancholy little laugh worth so many words.

"Poor old fellow!" They are back in their flannels and striped black and white caps; the sedge-fringed river is behind them; the setting sun picks out the gold upon the barges, and lingers tenderly on Ilfey Church; light trembles on a hundred metal tongues. Now for the scamper home through Christchurch meadow and down Merton Street; "out along, youngster! through with you! grins my son;" now Mr. Stappylton, Esq., barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple, and better known to the readers of light literature than the stones of Westminster. Ah! the blood runs quicker for such memories, my friends. There are no such suns to set now-a-days.

"Not that I'm bowling, you know," pursues the said barrister-at-law after a bit, flinging up his chin and smiling like a king. "I've got accustomed to it all now, and take life as it comes. Besides, there's the future; and my belief is that steady work must tell at last."

"Of that, I suppose, there can be no doubt," replies Gwynne, soberly; "the nature of the work itself is more what one has to look at." "Yes, of course. Well, I'm in the literary line; not entirely fiction—articles, reviews, poems—that sort of thing, you know, but all for an end, a purpose. I want to knock the lead out of the brains of the rising generation before it's had time to settle; to tear up and

trample down and generally annihilate Mrs. Grundy and superstition, and—waxing violent and lunging out fiercely at nothing in the strength of his right arm.

"Just the same as ever," laughs Gwynne, "brimfull of enthusiasm and ideas and romance!" and there is a kind of pity in his tone, though his mouth is smiling. "I worship the ideal!" loudly, and with emphasis; "it is always before me, shining as daylight shines at the end of a long, pitch-dark cavern, not as a farthing rushlight to be snuffed out by every gust of popular prejudice and opinion," contemptuously.

"Bon!" much amused at the excooing briskness and verblubbity of this hazel-eyed young man, "we must see more of each other." "Rather!" promptly, "you don't suppose I'm going to lose sight of you again, do you? I'm living down at Surbiton for the present, got some capital lodgings there."

"Surbiton!" echoes Gwynne curiously, a strange brightness playing in his eyes.

"Yes, no end of a jolly place—river you know, and boating, and lovely scenery; you must come down and see us, my sister's with me now; there's only we two left," and a sigh, "but," clearing up again, "I really think you'd like it, and if you're fond of music—"

"Thank you," cuts in Gwynne, indolently. "I'll come." Not the slightest hesitation about it, no man of two minds he; simply, he will come.

"But when?" ponders Mr. Stappylton, frowning and meditative. "Let me see—to-day's Friday; will you come to-morrow. Meet me at Cannon Street, and go down together."

"Yes," replies Gwynne; "that will suit me perfectly. With the exception of a rather ghastly and mortuary work I am seeing through the press, I have nothing in the world to do at present."

"Then let it be settled so. There's a fast train at half-past four sharp, it will get us down about—" and Mr. Stappylton collects his faculties—about a quarter past five. Of course I can't offer you anything very superlative in the way of—"

"Am I quite a stranger, then?" A handgrip answers him.

"You are something of a stranger, too," smiles Stappylton, presently, "for I don't know what your name is, exactly. Is it Dr. Gwynne, or—"

"No! it's not Dr. Gwynne as yet! but I intend to buy a practice and settle down into harness before long."

"And marry, I suppose!" and the hazel eyes get dreamy, and the bright moon grave, for the shadow of old thoughts is on his mind—the echoes of old words in his ears.

"Not of necessity!" Straightening himself up to his full height, and skowering himself with his umbrella—the crook under one arm, the point under the other.

"No!" eyeing him thoughtfully. "Not not of necessity. You don't seem a very likely fellow to be much troubled with necessity of any kind."

But Mr. Gwynne looks away—away up the little dingy street, through which sit at intervals dingy wisps of men and women—looks down at a dingy, mangy mongrel, nosing the garbage in the gutter, and holds his peace. He is one of those mortals who know themselves better than others know them.

"Well!" after a pause, "I'm afraid I must say good-bye now. I'd ask you into my chambers (they're just round the corner, but I'm overdue already in Pump Court—man wants to see me about a series of Biographical Sketches of the Elizabethan Poets."

"And I couldn't come if you did ask me,"—unskowering himself and examining the sole of one of those great well-made boots; "I'm going to get counsel's opinion on a case of pirated patent. However, I shall be at Cannon Street by half-past four to-morrow, so good-bye."

A hand shake, short, close, and from the heart, and they parted, the one going to the right, the other the left; Edward Stappylton with his mind full of Arnot Gwynne, and forgotten chants, and faces vanished, some into the grave, and some into the outer world,—and deep tremendous organ notes, and shrill, sweet trouble pipings of tender throats, now hard and hoarse, and questions to be asked to-morrow which should by rights have been asked to-day, and divers goblin fantasies, and Arnot Gwynne, following a shadowy child-like face crowned with a monstrous hat, beneath which sweet grave eyes smile shyly into his, a little face made white with red, and set in pale gold hair—a face of fairyland—a face he cannot forget, cannot escape from, struggle as he will. "Am I going mad?" he thinks, savagely whisking an unobscuring bit of orange-peel into the middle of the road. "Have I lived free from the folly of folk till I'm thirty to be knocked over, and bound hand and foot by the babyish pretentiousness of a lawyer's clerk's young woman?" And a great heat rushes up into his face, and a fierce fire blazes in his eyes, and he strides on fast and free—and then a word prints itself upon the air and that word is Surbiton, and it thrills him as might the memory of some hidden hope, and Mr. Gwynne swings sharply round on his heel and sees his teeth between his sternly compressed lips, for he has lost his way, and doesn't know in the least where he is, or what is going to become of him,—knows scarcely anything indeed save that, at this rate, the padded room of a lunatic asylum will soon be his fittest lodging, and a straight waistcoat his most becoming garment.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Favorite.

RARE BEN JONSON.

BY STILKETTO.

Swift-winged fancy in a moment skims over wide oceans and through dim centuries. By her aid let us now place ourselves in the streets of London, one fine evening in the winter of 1603. How dull and quiet the city is! What traffic the broad daylight witnesses, we cannot imagine, but all is now so hushed as to tempt some meditative Gray to write the good city's elogy. The shadows of night have not yet settled down, so a few plainly attired citizens may still be seen taking an evening stroll; but every now and then they cast timid glances to the right and to the left, for this is the time that cut-throats and ruffians of all kinds grow uneasy in their hairs, and prepare to prowl abroad in request of plunder.

What a queer little town this is! say we from our knowledge of the magnitude and splendor of modern cities. It seems as if it had dropped from the clouds on the brink of that noble Thames, whose silvery bosom is burdened by only a few small galleons, which to our eyes are as clumsy and picturesque as Chinese junks.

The streets—pray don't mention them! Look at the rut which might have cost wise Burleigh his neck, should he venture in this direction without a hundred retainers all responsible for his safety.

Look at that pretentious dwelling-house, of half-baked brick, and—yes—actually three stories high. That is surely the mansion of some very wealthy trader; perhaps the owner of one of those piratical-looking crafts we were marvelling at a few minutes ago.

He must be wealthy—oh, how much his fellow-citizens must look up to him! how devoutly must his poor relations believe in him; and perhaps some thirsty poet has already tried his hand at an epitaph which he prays will ere very long earn him a flagon of sack and a cruel headache.

There are not many such magnificent dwellings, they are as scarce as marble monuments in a village graveyard. Most of the houses under whose sheltering eaves we are taking our stroll are of timber thickly coated with mortar, the surface of a bulky beam being here and there left exposed, and smeared with pitch to give variety and grace to the exterior.

But while we have been making our observations, the sun has sunk, and a distant yell or a shriek for help bids us look for a place of security.

Every night in old London is, as Lear's fool remarked when the storm was raging, "a naughty night to swim in."

That looks a comfortable house. A private dwelling? No. Look at the signboard which creaks an invitation as it swings to and fro on its rusty hinges.

"The Mermaid."

Yes, we have heard of the Mermaid. We enter without ceremony and suddenly find ourselves in the centre of a group of men, whom the world in after-centuries will know something of. The room is not better than the company, but let us take a glance at it.

On a hearth, almost capacious enough to serve Vulcan for a forge should Vesuvius become extinct, huge burning logs send forth a roar loud as that of a storm, and a blaze of light which laughs to scorn the pale glare of day. Diogenes would blow his lantern out, if he came here in search of an honest man. The grimy walls are hung with pewter tankards and cups, and plates polished till they are as bright as mirrors, and with plates broad and dazzling as the shield of Achilles. An oak table, as solid and heavy as if it had been hewn out of the deck of a man-of-war and so white that dainty ladies might plie on its broad surface, extends almost the length of the room, and is loaded with fare ample that a Brobdignagian would not grumble to sit down to.

On a curiously carved chair, in which Gog or Magog could take his ease, are heaped cloaks dandified and plain, curiously fashioned hats over whose ample brims, rich plumes droop daintily.

This reminds us that we have yet to survey the company among whom we have without introduction intruded ourselves. One calm face, surrounded by a lofty brow, white as Parian marble, first catches the eye. We feel at once that we are in presence of an intellectual Agamemnon—a lord of men. These exquisitely chiselled lips move seldom, and when they do it is as if the gates of morning opened to let out the golden chariot of the sun.

But for the features, which are all instinct with intelligence, we should see nothing in the man to spend a thought upon. He is about 39 years of age, rather below the middle height, plainly dressed in a tight-fitting doublet, the collar of which is hidden beneath a broad linen band. We see that the wearer is a gentleman, be he who he may.

Next him sits a youth, of nineteen, who occasionally, with a blurt, ventures a remark, from which we gather that he has just left Oxford—some one whispers that Selden, the modest youth, has brought away more learning from the University than he has left behind him.

See with what eagerness he catches the remarks of one another, joins quietly in the uproarious merriment of his elders; it is a novel treat to the clever young student of Clifford's Inn, whom Milton will hereafter dub the most learned man of his times.



And who is that grave, middle-aged gentleman next him, who would look the very type of a nineteenth century butler, were it not for those prying eyes which seem fitted for more curious work than counting the spoons? It is William Camden, the second master of Westminster school.

"Oh, a second-rate pedagogue, that is all." No it is not—he is one of the best informed antiquarians, that England boasts or ever will boast; a bottomless well of historical facts, an animated museum of rare and curious knowledge.

We ought to know that face,—frank and fearless, somewhat tanned with exposure, but not so tanned as to hide the blue veins which bespeak gentle blood. His exquisite taste, his lordly bearing and his courteous address might commend him to the heart of a queen. And before now they have—for it is none other than noble Walter Raleigh.

Sitting next him is a younger man, about twenty-two, but reckless living has already played havoc with his constitution and his intellectual face is prematurely old. Many a time has gay Beaumont, the playwright, stumbled or been carried up the corkscrew of a staircase which leads to his modest chambers in the Temple.

There is also one who has shaken off the cares of state to enjoy an hour's relaxation. Do you recognize that well rounded, florid countenance, that smiling mouth, those bright but penetrating eyes—that rich blue velvet doublet slashed with crimson satin, that broad collar of rich curious lace, those delicate fingers hooped with rings from which flash diamonds of ray serene? That is surely Bacon—you are right.

But while we have been making our observations a gruff good-natured voice has again and again summoned Lane hostess—a fat smiling body—to re-fill the tankard. Who is that portly-like individual that occupies—literally fills the enormous arm-chair at the head of the table? He is John Bullism incarnate. You cannot look at that peck-scarred face, broad and red as the sun in a fog, without thinking of a wine-vault and a cattle show.

Many a shilling has that huge living receptacle for sweet wines put into the pocket of my Lord Essex or whoever now holds the monopoly. Many a well fed ox has given of his best to build up that enormous carcass. See the human monster, as, shaking himself like a lion at the mouth of his den, he gulps down another brimming goblet of Canary, and then lay down the laws of voracious making and play writing.

A joke reaches him from the other end of the table, and lo! he roars till the dishes on the wall ring like sleigh-bells. Something penetrates the thick hide of his sensibility, and lo! another roar which reminds one of Ossian's battle scenes.

Who is the Goliath that bullies everybody, bears down everybody,—yet offends nobody? Is it Shakespeare? Surely no one else has a right to swat the sceptre so impetuously. No, that quiet little man in black is Shakespeare, and this intellectual rowdy is rare Ben Jonson the self-selected President of the august Republic of Letters.

You see the man's biography written on his broad expanse of countenance. Bricklayer, Netherlands trooper, playwright—everything but poet and courtier—are written there legibly enough. It is no hard task for fancy to picture Ben climbing a ladder, with a load of bricks; or almost breaking the back of a clumsy Flanders mare, or drilling an awkward squad of trembling actors in his last new play.

All this seems natural enough. But wait till a few more cups of Dame Quickly's sack have mellowed the brain which caps that mountain of flesh, and you will discover that there is more than is indicated in the face. The wind which lashes the ocean to fury can also woo soft low notes from the Eolian wire. The lightning that cleaves the oak in twain can adorn the calm sky at eventide with glittering scintillations. In Ben Jonson's brutality there is a vein of beauty which glories will himself at once marvels at and admires.

As we watch the rapid play of that proud watchful face we feel that the following lines are very characteristic of the man who wrote them:

Leave me! there's something come into my thought  
That must and shall be sung high and aloft  
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof.

That is Jonson's own—it is worthy of him; fully in keeping with his blunt egotistical bearing towards everybody. But do not these sweet lines surprise one?

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep.  
Hesperus entreats thy light  
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not the envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cythia's shining orb was made  
Heaven so clear when day did close.  
Bless us, then, with wished night  
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart  
And thy crystal gleaming quiver;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe the bow short sever,  
Thou that mak'st a day of night  
Goddess excellently bright.

Who would look for such beauty from such a quarter. Hamson found honey in the lion's carcass, but the discovery could not have astonished him more. Attend to these verses:

Which of you would not in a war  
Attempt the price of any scar  
To keep your own states even?  
But here, which of you is that he  
Would not himself the weapon be,  
To ruin Jove and heaven?

That is Jonsonian enough. Is this?

What change is here? I not more  
Desire to leave the earth before,  
Than I have now to stay;  
My silver feet, like roots, are wreathed,  
Into the ground, my wings are sheathed,  
And I can not away.

Of all there seems a second birth;  
It is become a heaven on earth,  
And Jove is present here,  
I feel the godhead; nor will doubt  
But he can fill the place throughout,  
Whose power is everywhere.

There is in these lines a delicacy worthy of Cowper. It is hard to conceive how a nature essentially gross and rude as Jonson's could have had a particle of the gentleness which lives and moves and has its being in them. Only when we remember that grains of gold can be crushed out of the hard white quartz can we in any wise account for the anomaly.

It is not often that a bird bulky and dull as an owl can warble with the sweetness of a canary, but Nature does sometimes indulge in such a freak. It was so with Jonson. In him we find the playfulness of the sparrow combined with the surliness and obstinacy of the bulldog, brute force with winning sweetness.

What obduracy strikes us in the study of Jonson is his thoroughness. In nothing is he superficial or half-hearted. There is a loftiness in his scorn which makes us tremble; a profundity in his learning which makes us ashamed of our smattering of knowledge; a penetration in his glance from which the coziest brocade or the toughest armor is no screen; an intensity in his hate which must have made his least sensitive opponent quail; a richness in his melody which would have raised a smile on the hard cheeks of an Egyptian Sphinx.

Jonson was honest to the core. We do not find in his voluminous writings, or in any of the anecdotes which his friends or his enemies have handed down to us a particle of insincerity—a trace of a mean, shuffling, truckling disposition.

He spoke the truth always, if he did not speak it in love. He once expressed a desire to enter the church—imagine the monster in a surplice—for he wished to preach once before the king and tell him all his mind. And if he had had the opportunity he would verily have done it.

He was a stranger to fear or flattery. His tongue and his pen, rough as the one was, and hard as the other always had been, were consecrated to truth. He spoke bluntly, but never falsely; he wrote in letters of fire, he never dipped his pen in the perfumed ink of flattery. It is not strange that such a man should be hated as heartily, if not as nobly, as he hated others.

The honest words which he scattered broadcast, like the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed, sprang up armed men. Meanness, falsity, pride, all the cardinal vices, pursued him all his life with mortal hatred. That we may do full justice to his character, it is necessary to bring it into comparison or contrast with another in some respects similar, and developed by similar influences. Dryden, like Jonson, was a poet and a writer for the stage. Both succeeded in the difficult ascent to courtly recognition and favor. Both claimed to dictate from the proud eminence which they attained to humble toilers with the pen. Both were men of vast and accurate learning. In their declining days both were exposed to the temptation to pander to the vices of the age. Both turned from Protestantism to Catholicism. But we cannot trace the analogy any further. Dryden, brilliant, energetic, exhaustless, was insincere—shameless in his insincerity. To insure a momentary success, he would descend to the basest passions of the mob.

Dryden did not scruple to sully the sacred mantle of the bard with the foulness of the gutter, or light any unholy sacrifice with the torch which the Muses had kindled. As we peruse his poems—such of them as we can peruse without polluting ourselves—we exclaim now and again—"What genius! what strength! what keenness! and what badness! The might is allied to wickedness; Hamson, blind and bound, is grinding corn for the uncircumcised Philistines. Might so employed deserves us rather to weep than to admire. Poor Dryden!"

But it is impossible to pity Jonson. He never sold himself to the vulgar and licentious herd; he never sold his birthright of honesty an nobleness for a mass of postage, as Dryden did. And, though the critic may pick out hundreds of faulty lines, it is impossible to find one which casts discredit on Ben's sterling and manly character.

There are two or three facts given by his biographers which it may be worth our while to relate at greater length. One of these is the fatal duel. To do bare justice to Jonson some extenuating circumstances must be mentioned. In the first place, one would not expect a high sense of the value of human life in a hot-headed, passionate youth, who had served a campaign or two with the reckless troopers in Flanders.

Indeed, although in that age the laws against duelling were as severe as they could be, affairs of honor were of almost daily occurrence. Every one above the rank of a peasant and not engaged in trade carried a sword, and was more or less dexterous in its use. Then the boisterous life of an actor, with its ceaseless rivalries and its provocations to jealousy, was not the most favorable discipline for a passionate, domineering disposition like Jonson's. And lastly, his antagonist in this instance had meanly tried to steal an advantage by using a sword some ten inches longer than Ben's, and had the latter fallen he would have been murdered—not killed in fair equal fight.

We may be sure that whatever merciful intentions Jonson took into the field evaporated the moment his antagonist unsheathed his sword. Ben spent some time in prison. He chanced to have as a companion in tribulation a Jesuit priest, who relieved the tedium of captivity by engaging his burly friend in religious controversy. The result of this was that Jonson embraced the Romish faith.

Here we have another illustration of his unshrinking honesty. It was not enough that he was in danger of hanging for the unfortunate issue of the duel, but he must also run the risk of being drawn and quartered as a Papist.

Jonson married. It is to be regretted that we have no particulars of the courtship. Did the lion modulate his roar to the mournful wooing of the tender dove? or did he frighten the poor woman into reciprocating his anything but tender passion? Did he absolutely command her to say yes. Ben himself owns that Mrs. Jonson, though honest, was a shrew. Perhaps that came afterwards; but this is only conjecture. We may well pity the poor woman who uttered the awful vow to "love, honor and obey" Ben.

Collier refers to the peril in which Jonson placed his nose and ears by his co-partnership with Chapman and Marston in the production of "Eastward Ho!" The hits at the needy adventurers who had followed King James from the other side of the border were, in truth, savage enough to imperil not only the noses and ears, but the very lives of the hardy satirists. Chapman and Marston were at once arrested. To the credit of Jonson, he demanded that he had as much right as they to go to jail, and to go to work.

It was currently reported that the three were to suffer the brutal mutilation referred to, but the court relented, and they were set at liberty. It is probable that Jonson would have escaped the punishment, for, as he afterwards discovered, his mother had mixed what she considered a luscious strong poison to mix in his drink," had the law insisted on increasing the natural hideousness of his visage.

An interval of five years elapsed between his release and the journey to Scotland to which Collier refers. It was a period of hard, honest work, of continuous and merited success. We say of hard work, for Jonson toiled like a galley-slave. "Thoughts of fire and words that burn" did not fly from his pen like sparks from the anvil; he had to sit patiently knocking flint and steel together, thankful if one spark came after many a hard blow. His poems always remind me of this tedious process. Take one, and see whether the notion is altogether fanciful:

"There is no life on earth but being in love!"

Here he gives a tap to see whether it is a flint he has, or a stone with no heart of fire in it. See how the bushy brows are bent, and the deep lines about the mouth grow deeper. Writing poetry is no joke. Now for a spark:

"There are no studies, no delights, no business,  
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul  
But what is love."

Three determined blows, but no spark comes.  
A cup of sack, and another attempt:

"I was the laziest creature,  
The most unprofitable sign of nothing."

There you have it!

"The most unprofitable sign of nothing,  
The veriest dross; and slept away my life  
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love."

The spark did not last long enough to set the driest of tinder in a blaze. Try again, Ben:

"And now I can outwake the nightingale."

That is poetical; but stop, Jonson's flint and steel are coming together again:

"Outstretch a usurer and outwalk him too."

Lost labor, Ben. Another blow:

"Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure,  
And all that fancied treasure, it is love."

It is refreshing to see a man so doggedly persistent in his work, who shrinks from no amount of toil, and is undaunted by any number of failures. But even Jonson—as every earnest thinker—had moments of inspiration. Occasionally the hard flint sent out a shower of sparks—occasionally the harp seemed in sympathy with the patient harper's hand, and poured forth rich melody in a flood. Collier makes reference to Jonson's exquisite songs. Take these as specimens:

"Drink to me only with thine eyes  
And I will pledge with mine;  
Or leave a kiss, but in the cup,  
I will not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise

Doth ask a drink divine,  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

"I sent thee once a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honoring thee,  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not withered be.  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,  
Not of itself, but thee."

"See the chariot at hand here of love,  
Whorin my lady rideth!  
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,  
and we... the car love guideth.  
As she goes all hearts do duly  
Unto her beauty;  
And enamored do wish, so they might  
But enjoy such a sight,  
That they still were to run by her side  
Through swords, through seas, whither she  
would ride.

"Do but look on her eyes, they do light  
All that love's world composeth!  
Do but look on her, she is bright  
As love's star when it riseth!  
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother  
Than words that soothe her!  
And from her arched brows such a grace  
Sheds itself through the face  
As alone their triumphs to the life  
All the gain, all the good of the elements'  
strife.

"Have you seen but a bright lily grow  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow  
Before the soil hath smothered it?  
Have you felt the fur of the beaver,  
Or a swan's down ever?  
Or have smelled of the bud of the briar,  
Or the 'nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!"

FORCE IN LITERATURE.

A curious paper might be written on the singular errors made by men of high reputation in their critical judgments. Something of the kind was lately done in one of the magazines. Instances of such blunders abound since people first began to cultivate the art. When, for example, we read the critical sentences of the last century we are amazed at the inconceivable blindness which they seem to imply. Goldsmith, to take a case at random, was undoubtedly a man of fine taste; he tells us, a propos of Waller's ode on the death of Cromwell, that our poetry was not then "quite harmonized, so that this, which would now be looked upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was in the times in which it was written almost a prodigy of harmony." In the same place, after praising the harmony of the *Rape of the Lock*, he observes that the irregular measure at the opening of the *Alliégro* and *Penseroso* "hurts our English ear." We can only wonder at the singular taste which induced our grandfathers to fancy that "harmony," of all things, was their strong point, and that Pope's mechanical monotony was to the exquisite versification of Spenser and Milton as Greek sculpture to the work of some self-taught provincial carver. The same incapacity for perceiving what to us appear almost self-evident truths is as obvious in a wider kind of criticism. When Voltaire called Shakespeare "a drunken savage," it was a mere outbreak of spleen; but Voltaire in his sober moods, and he is followed in this by Horace Walpole, speaks still more contemptuously of one of the two or three men who can be put beside Shakespeare. He marvels at the dulness of people who can admire anything so "stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as the *Divina Commedia*. These monstrous misunderstandings are to be explained by the natural incapacity of the subjects of one literary dynasty for judging of those of another. But the judgments of contemporaries on each other are not much more trustworthy. The long-continued contempt for Bunyan and Defoe was merely an expression of the ordinary feeling of the cultivated classes towards anything which was identified with *Grub Street*; but it is curious to observe the incapacity of such a man as Johnson to understand Gray or Sterne, and the contempt which Walpole expressed for Johnson and Goldsmith, whilst he sincerely believed the poems of Mason were destined to immortality. Nor, again, can we flatter ourselves that this narrow vision was characteristic only of a school which has now decayed. We may find blunders at least equally palpable in the opinions expressed by the great poets at the beginning of this century. Such, for example, is the apparently sincere conviction of Byron that Rogers and Moore were the truest poets among his contemporaries; that Pope was the first of all English, if not of all existing, poets, and that Wordsworth was nothing but a namby-pamby draveller. The school of Wordsworth and Southey uttered judgments at least equally hasty in the opposite direction. Many old instances of the degree in which prejudice can blind a man of genuine taste are to be found in the writings of their disciple, De Quincey. To mention no other, he speaks of "Mr. Goethe," as an immortal and second-rate author, who owes his reputation chiefly to the fact of his long life and his position at the Court of Weimar. With which we may compare Charles Lamb's decided prefer-



ence of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* to Goethe's immortal *Faust*. Our grandchildren, it may be feared, will find equal reason for revising the judgments which now pass current amongst us. How, they will ask, could people be found to mistake the second-hand pedantry of—(we leave the name to be supplied according to the taste of our readers) for genuine inspiration, or to overlook the productions of the immortal Smith and Brown, which were then read only by the unlearned or by some small circle of true believers?

If criticism should ever rise to the dignity of science, such mistakes will be impossible. We shall discover some infallible gauge of literary merit, which will immediately detect lurking genius in the most improbable disguises. One of the axioms that will lie at the foundation of the future science will probably be expressed in some such formula as this, that the one real virtue is force, though it may appear in many manifestations. Mr. Herbert Spencer maintains that the laws of every phenomenon throughout the universe, including all spiritual and intellectual as well as physical phenomena, may be ultimately stated as corollaries from the primary laws of force. By applying the principle of the conservation of forces, we discover that the fall of a given weight through a given distance is equivalent to the development of a given quantity of heat. In like manner we should discover that the same force when converted into intellectual activity will generate a given quantity of poetry or philosophy. And, conversely, we may compare the merit of the two literary productions by determining how much force was consumed in their productions. If, for example, Shakespeare's brain did an amount of work equal to ten foot-pounds in composing the soliloquy of Hamlet, and Goethe's did an amount equal to five of the same units in composing Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*, then the merit of the soliloquy is precisely double that of the song. We lay no particular stress on this theory, which has, as some people may fancy, a rather materialist sound, but it may serve as an illustration of our proposed principle. To compare the merits of any two writers, decide which exhibits the greater amount of force, and as a rule you may safely pronounce him to be the greater.

Thus the quality which chiefly serves to distinguish talent from genius is originality. The man who produces a new idea capable of germinating in the minds of his readers is so far a greater man than he who is merely the channel for transmitting ideas already expressed by some original thinker. This is the one great quality which distinguishes the few leaders of the world from the great mass of dealers in second-hand opinion; and it is due simply to an excess of power. Anybody can follow a beaten track, but to strike out a path for yourself involves an amount both of intellectual and moral force which falls only to the select few. Wherever it is found, we may say that its possessor is by birth-right one of the immortals, though circumstances may stifle his powers of utterance; and every one knows what a strange influence he possesses even when his remarks, though original, have been anticipated by some one else. A man who speaks from his own mind is so far a new force, and therefore affects us in a manner essentially different from the ordinary writer, who can be considered merely as the surface upon which external forces have impinged, in order to rebound. Within the same class, again, it is easy to accept the theory that the merit of a writer is proportional to his vigor. The difficulty begins when we endeavor to compare writings differing in species as well as in merit. There are some writings in which force shows itself, as it were, naked, and is obviously the secret of the influence which they exert over us. Such, for example, is that masculine and nervous prose of which we have so many masters in English literature, and which sometimes looks so easy when it is really so difficult. The clear compressed reasoning of Hobbes, the manly common sense of Locke, the incomparable energy of Swift, and the comparatively coarse dogmatizing of Cobbett have all a kind of family, or rather national, likeness; and, fortunately, we are not without some modern examples of the same style. Lovers of a more florid rhetoric are apt to despise the simple downright vernacular of the writers we have named, and even to fancy that it must be easy to express such plain thoughts in plain words. Nothing can in fact be further from the truth, because the quality which makes such writing possible is just that intensity of mind which belongs only to powerful natures. The direct expression of the thoughts of a feeble person is simply insipid. On the other hand, the gorgeous rhetoric of Burke or Milton or Jeremy Taylor is also good so far as it is a symptom of force taking a different direction. The energy which in one case displays itself by a strong grasp of a few leading principles displays itself in the other by overlaying them with a vast variety of illustrations and applications. The same amount of intellectual power may be displayed in Swift's attack upon Wood's copper coinage, and in Burke's on a *regicide* peace. Swift's power appears in the kind of bulldog tenacity with which he throttles his antagonists; and Burke's in the versatility with which he perplexes them by every conceivable mode of assault. To decide which is the greater, we must wait for that new calculus of the future which will enable us to estimate the total expenditure of force in either case. Hasty critics, as a rule, happen to find one variety of expression more congenial to them than the other, and fail to observe that it is a question, not of the essential power, but of the mode of application. In

some cases a concentration, and in others a diffusion, of force may be most appropriate; and it is a great, though a very common, mistake to apply the same measure to all.

There is another variety of literature in which the principle does not seem to apply at first sight. Many of our poets, for example, appear to owe their success to a weakness rather than to strength. The more accurate statement, however, would appear to be that great strength of any one faculty is apt to throw a man off his balance. The very greatest men, the Dantes, Shakespeares, or Goethes, are men of thoroughly healthy and equitable development. But the second-rate men, the Popes or Shelleys, are apt to be morbid because some of their talents are developed at the expense of the rest. Pope, for example, had, as Atterbury said, a *mens in curva in corpore curvo*. But his greatness was owing, not to the distortion, but to the marvellous quickness and keenness, of his intellect. He abounds in the most brilliant flashes of thought, but is unable to maintain a steady pressure. He is a poet therefore by fits and starts, and has composed innumerable couplets of wonderful merit, but scarcely one satisfactory poem. He is an example therefore of intermittent power; which is to the sustained power of healthier writers what a series of explosions by gunpowder is to the continuous expansion of steam. So Byron said of himself that he was like a tiger who would make but one spring, and if he failed went grumbling back to his den. The force is the same in all cases, but it may vary indefinitely in its mode of action. The morbid poets have an extraordinary sensitiveness to certain emotions and perceptions; and sensitiveness of all kinds is a symptom of an active intellect and of strength of feeling. The man who can perceive the most delicate variations of color or temperature is not in ordinary parlance so strong as the man who can raise a hundredweight with his little finger. But he has a finer touch, a more delicate instrument in his physical organization. The value of his work will depend, not upon the degree of his perceptive faculty, but upon the strength of his feelings and his power of expressing them. The fineness of his organs determines what kind of materials he is to use; but the merit of the work depends entirely upon the vigor with which he turns them to account. The man of very delicate sensibility produces, it may be, a rarer variety of work; his fabrics are spun of gossamer instead of cotton; but though more interesting to the connoisseur, they do not possess more intrinsic excellence than those of the man of coarser organization but equal intellectual and emotional vigor. Shelley's poetry is more exquisite than Byron's, but it is not therefore more admirable.

Critics of young authors should therefore judge the performances of the novices by the energy they display. What is called good taste is generally a very questionable symptom in a young man; for it is too often symptomatic of a docility resulting from deficient vigor. The advice to a youth to cut out his finest passages was all very well with a view to the propitiation of ordinary critics and as a way of recommending vigorous self-discipline. But it is infinitely more important that there should be something to cut out than that the excision should be performed; and a superfluity of energy, whatever faults it may produce as starting, is the best of all symptoms. Unluckily faults of taste do not always or generally proceed from an excess, and may easily arise from a deficiency of vigor.—*Saturday Review*.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE proportion of population engaged in agriculture in the following European countries is as follows: Russia, 86 per cent; Italy, 77; France, 51; Belgium, 51; Prussia, 45; Austria, 25; Spain, 25; Holland, 16; Great Britain, 12.

IN Belgium there are 88 persons to every 100 acres of land cultivated; in Great Britain, 85; in Holland, 73; in France, 40; in Ireland only 34; thus Belgium is the most densely populated of these countries and Ireland the most sparsely.

AN ENVIABLE DOLL.—In Vienna, well known for its artistic capabilities, people have a fashion of giving away dolls in a somewhat original manner. If the object in view is that of presenting a gift to a young lady, a doll is ordered which, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, is a fair imitation of her in height and build. The doll is simply a pretext to offer a complete toilette. It is dressed from top to toe; ear-rings and finger-rings are supplied, and watch and chain are not forgotten. If the donor wishes to render the gift all that could be desired, he provides a *trousseau* for the doll—changes of dress, petticoats, stockings, &c. The Viennese doll is a very "worthy" personage; one day she will wear her elegant dress, and the next, if her owner wishes to borrow from her, she will not take offence. A doll of this kind may be said to serve two purposes.

BREAD MANUFACTURE.—"Among the host of disorders attendant upon the occupation of a baker, there is," says a writer in the *Food Journal*, "a notable one which, however repugnant, nay loathsome, in itself, is yet necessary for the bread-consuming public to know. I allude to the cutaneous disease that principally affects the hands and arms of the operative, characterized by the vulgar epithet of 'the baker's itch.' This apparently arises from the constant contact of those members of the body with bread ingredients, and the fermentative

condition of the dough; the presence of saline particles greatly aiding the development of that disgusting eruption. Surely, if it were needful for the Legislature to interfere in the case of factory workers, in order to save them from the grinding tyranny and rapacity of some heartless taskmasters, the majority of operative bakers have not less claim upon the sympathy of the nation and interference of the State. But, if not on humanitarian grounds, assuredly regard for cleanliness and decency should induce the public pre-emptorily to demand a less objectionable system of bread-manufacture than that which it at present obtains."

GLASS SPINNING.—The latest improvements in spinning glass are due to the Vienna manufacturer Brunfaut. After manifold trials he has discovered a composition which may be made at any time into curled or frizzled yarn. The frizzled threads surpass in fineness not only the finest cotton but even a single cocoon thread, and they appear at the same time almost as soft and elastic as silk lint. The woven glass flock wool has recently been used as a substitute for ordinary wool wrappings for patients suffering from gout, and its use for this purpose has been, it is stated, successful. Chemists and apothecaries have found it useful for filtering. The smooth threads are now woven into textile fabrics, which are made into cushions, carpets, tablecloths, shawls, neckties, cuffs, collars, and other garments, &c.

VARECK, OR SEA WRACK.—This sea-weed, which is used for stuffing mattresses in France, and presents the great advantage of not harboring insects, and which is burned for the sake of the soda and iodine which it contains, is found on the Brittany and other coasts in considerable quantities; but attention is now being drawn in France to the enormous quantities of the weed to be found in the neighborhood of the Gulf Stream, where it forms what looks almost like an immense prairie in the midst of the ocean. This sea of vareck, or *sargasso*, as the Portuguese call it, covers a space nearly equal to the whole area of France. The weed itself is the *fucus natans* of botanists, a plant without roots, which floats in the direction of the waves and currents. Soundings taken in this sea in the years 1851-2, show depths varying from 2,600 to 7,000 metres. M. Leps, a captain in the French navy, who has carefully studied the subject, is of opinion that this vareck, or goemon, as it is also called, might be utilized for industrial and agricultural purposes more readily than that which is found on the coasts of Europe, and he suggests that it might either be brought home in compressed bundles, or that vessels might carry the necessary apparatus to burn it on the spot, and bring home only the soda and iodine which it contains. He argues that this would be a lucrative occupation: for iodine, which is now obtained only from the weed thrown on our coasts by the sea, is dear, and promises to be still dearer, on account of its employment in the production of a green pigment. It is said to be contained in such small quantities in sea-water that thirty million pounds of the latter only gives one pound of iodine. The idea of utilizing this huge sea of vareck certainly deserves the consideration of practical men.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

THE Great Wall of China is upwards of twelve hundred miles long. The Chinese call it the Wan-Li-Chang, or the "Myriad-Mile-Wall."

OF 487 railroads in the United States, 307 have a gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches, and the remaining 180 vary in gauge from 3 to 6 feet. Between these extremes (and including them) there are no fewer than 18 other gauges used.

ON the 17th June, 1874, bread was first ordered to be sold by weight in London; and an Act which was passed in the reign of William IV. and came into operation on 1st October, 1836, extended the same practice to the Provinces.

ENGLAND supplies foreign customers with British produce worth £5,000,000 every week. This gigantic trade was carried on in 1872 by vessels having a gross tonnage of more than 17,000,000 tons; and of these 12,141,269 tons were the property of British owners.

STREET-singers in Paris are limited to the number of one hundred. With the licence the artist receives a medal, to be produced when necessary, and all his or her songs have to be submitted to the Censorship. A good singer is said to be able to earn from eight to twelve shillings a day.

THE Knights of St. Crispin in London have wagered Messieurs the Cordonniers of Paris the sum of £100 sterling that they—to wit, the English boot and shoe makers—can turn out more and better work in a specified time than the artists of Gaul. The *Moniteur de la Cordonnerie*, official organs of the Parisian guild, has solemnly accepted the challenge, the wager being on both sides "imposed," and the committee of judgment appointed.

It is singular that the name of God should be spelled in four letters in almost every known language. It is, in Latin, Deus; in Greek, Zeus; in Hebrew, Adon; in Syria, Adad; in Arabian, Alla; in Persian, Syrs; in Tartarian, Igan; in Egyptian, Aumn or Zeut; in East Indian, Esqt or Zeul; in Japanese, Zain; in Turkish, Addi; in Scandinavian, Odin; in Wallachian, Sene; in Marglan, Eese; in Swedish, Odd; in Irish, Dich; in German, Gott;

French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; and Peruvian, Llan.

DIAMOND CUTTING.—The business has always been confined to a small number of hands, and, though there are diamond cutters in London, the bulk of the work is performed by the Dutch at Amsterdam. The master cutters have enjoyed two years of wonderful prosperity, which the men have now resolved to share. It is said that the workmen refuse to instruct apprentices, and are constantly insisting on a rise in their own pay, and that ordinary journeymen cutters are earning £10, and more skilled hands £20 per week, or even more. The charges for cutting are now as much as 2½s. per carat on the weight of the rough stone, instead of 12s. or 14s.

PROVERBS CONCERNING NOSES.—We have no fewer than fourteen English proverbs relating to this important feature of the human face divine. They are as follows:—1. Follow your nose. 2. He cannot see beyond his nose. 3. An inch is a good deal on a man's nose. 4. He would bite his own nose off to spite his face. 5. He has a nose of noses. 6. As plain as the nose on your face. 7. To hold one's nose to the grindstone. 8. To lead one by the nose. 9. To put one's nose out of joint. 10. To pay through the nose. 11. To have a good nose for a poor man's sow. 12. To thrust one's nose into other people's business. 13. A nose that can smell a rat. 14. Every man's nose will not make a shoeing horn.

JAPAN AND ITS CAPITAL.—The population of Japan is stated by the British Vice-Consul at Yedo at 32,784,897—namely, 16,738,698 males and 16,061,199 females. The population at Yedo has been much over-estimated. The last Census, taken since the restoration, states it at 780,321—namely, 416,812 males and 363,509 females. The disparity between the number of men and women is attributed to the large number of "coolies," homeless men who perform all the rude manual labour for the citizens. Yedo is very large, but, except in the commercial parts of the town, it is very thinly populated. The area covered by the capital, including the streets, canals, rivers, and moats, is about 21,828,000 *taubos*, equal to 18,040 acres, or 28 square miles; so that the city is, in extent, next to London, the largest in the world.

#### HINTS TO FARMERS.

LET OFF SURFACE WATER.—This is always in order. Farmers will let it off wheat, but very few ever think of letting it off a bare stubble. If there is no crop to kill, they think it can do no harm. A few hours' judicious labor will often let off more water in a day than the sun at this season can evaporate in a month.

WORKING hard is not always working to the best advantage. A man may work very hard chopping wood with a dull axe, or pumping water with a pump that "sucks air," but he is not working with economy. A man gets pay, or ought to get it, not for "working," but for what he accomplishes. This is as true of the farmer as of his hired men, though we do not feel its force so fully in the one case as in the other. We do not like to pay a man for carrying one pail of water when he might just as well carry two, or for plowing or harrowing with one horse when he might just as well drive three. But farmers themselves often do things equally wasteful of time and labor. Do we never take a load to the city and come back empty, and then go empty to the city to bring back a load, and thus lose half our own time and that of the team, and pay double toll into the bargain?

SAVING AT THE SPIGOT.—If farmers were, all what are called smart business men, they would be as anxious to avoid losses as they are to make profits. A dealer, who by want of business tact, sells his goods for a less price than he might have done, has lost money, as he views it, and learns thereby to be more cautious and wide awake in the future. A farmer who raises a crop of 12 bushels of wheat per acre, when he might have raised double this quantity by a better preparation of his ground, or the choice of better seed, or the outlay of a few dollars in guano or lime, rarely looks at it in this light; it is his poor luck. So the man who cares badly for his stock, and by dint of starvation and exposure through winter succeeds in losing half his sheep and reducing his cow to a condition favorable to producing half a pound of butter per day, says he never has luck with his sheep or his cows don't thrive, and he is content to leave it so. If he can be brought to look at it in a proper light as a loss as direct as though he burned a \$10 bill, and equally as preventible, the road to improvement will be plainly opened. It is undoubted to those who have experienced or studied this thing, that farmers generally make many and severe losses in this way, and would they but learn to avoid them in the future their profits might be increased greatly and their position much improved. If the cost of manuring and preparing the soil sufficiently well to raise what is called a good crop be carefully figured up and compared with that which produces an ordinary or average crop, it will be seen the difference is not at all comparable to the excess in the value of the crops when gathered. The general run of crops may be taken at 12 bushels of wheat, 20 of corn, 20 of oats, and less than a ton of hay per acre, and for these crops probably eight loads of poorly made manure per acre will be needed. One plowing of a stubble will be made for the wheat crop. A good crop will be 30 bushels of wheat, 50 of corn, 50 of oats, and two tons of hay per acre.

and these crops may be kept up by the use of 25 loads of well-made manure, with perhaps 500 pounds of guano or superphosphate, and two or three plowings of the out stubble previously to sowing wheat. The difference in the value of these crops per acre will be, on the whole rotation, an average of \$100, from which must be deducted the cost of the extra manure and plowing, and the extra cost of harvesting. Then a very handsome profit will result, and quite sufficient to change a farmer's position from one of bare comfort to one of affluence, to say nothing of the satisfaction to be enjoyed.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

SILENCE is the safest course for any man to adopt who distrusts himself.

If there is any person for whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to think.

No amount of talent and previous training can secure exemption from toil, nor even from drudgery. He deludes himself sadly who supposes he has mastered any branch of study if he is conscious of having undergone no genuine drudgery in the attempt.

THERE is a great difference between the two temporal blessings, health and wealth. Wealth is most envied, but least enjoyed; health is frequently enjoyed, but the least envied, and the superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with his health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with his money for health.

PROVERBS.—They embrace the wide sphere of human existence; they take all the colors of life; they are often exquisite strokes of genius; they delight by their airy sarcasms, by their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humor, the playfulness of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy. A frequent review of proverbs should enter into our readings; and, although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasure of thought.

NOBODY CARES.—The first thing that rids one of that horrible self-consciousness that is the bane of youth is an looking of the fact that everybody is most anxious about himself, and that you are not the principal object of interest. It is her dress that she is thinking about. It is his moultache that interests him. Probably nobody notices that very thing that makes you anxious—the pimple on your nose, the new glove that has played you false, and split up the back; the dreadful blunder you made in speaking. Once make yourself sure of this and you will take life easier, enjoy yourself at a party, and be able to make yourself agreeable. Look as well as you can, by all means; do as well as you can always; but, if you get a misfit, or make a blunder, remember that very probably nobody cares, and forget it speedily. All the rest of the world is laboring under the weight of its own identity, just as you are.

FAMILY MATTERS.

DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs and one cup of sugar, well beaten together; a cup and a half of sweet milk; two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; one teaspoonful of soda; one nutmeg; flour to knead soft.

CREAM FOR PIE.—Boil one pint of milk; beat well together one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of flour, two eggs, and turn all into the boiling milk, let it boil two minutes, then add a small piece of butter.

CREAM PIE.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor with lemon. Beat the eggs and sugar as for sponge cake. Bake in two tins, while warm eat open with a sharp knife and lay in cream.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak two spoonfuls of tapioca for two hours. Boil one quart of milk. Add the tapioca, and put in the yolks of three eggs well beaten with a cup and a half of sugar; let this just boil up, then set away to cool. Beat the white to a stiff froth. Sweeten and put on the cream. This is truly excellent.

TO WASH OIL CLOTH.—Oil cloth may be made to have a fresh, new appearance, by washing it every month with a solution of sweet milk with the white of one beaten egg. Soap, in time, injures oil cloth. A very little "boiled oil" freshens up an oil cloth; very little must be used, and rubbed in with a rag. Put equal parts of copal varnish; it gives a gloss.

To prevent silver ware from tarnishing, warm the articles and paint them over with a solution of cotton in alcohol, using a wide, soft brush for the purpose. A silvermith of Manich says that goods protected in this way have been exposed in his window more than a year, and are as bright as ever, while others, unprotected, become perfectly black in a few months.

LEMON BUTTER.—One pound of white sugar, one-quarter pound fresh butter, six eggs, juice and grated rind of three lemons, taking out all the seeds. Boil all together a few minutes, till thick as honey, stirring constantly; put in small jars, or tumblers, covered with paper dipped in white of egg. One teaspoonful is enough for a

tart or cheese-cake. This will keep a long time in a cool, dry place.

COOKING RAISINS.—It is well to cook raisins before putting them into pies, cakes, or puddings. Soaking them is not sufficient. Steaming them by pouring a small quantity of boiling water amongst them in a tightly closing dish, and allowing them plenty of time to cook before opening, is a good plan. When raisins are rightly cooked before using, they are plumper, and more palatable, and can be eaten without injury by most dyspeptics.

AIR YOUR BEDS.—Some advocates for excessive neatness have the beds made up immediately after they are vacated. It is not healthy. They need to air for a couple of hours. Open the window as wide as possible, and set open the door also. Unless there is a thorough draught, there is no true ventilation of a sleeping-room. The only exceptions to this rule are during high winds, when the door cannot safely remain open, and in very wet and foggy weather.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—This makes an excellent dish to serve at a supper party, or to help out an otherwise meagre dinner. Small oysters, which cost less than large ones, and are just as well flavored, will answer as well as large. Butter a pudding-dish and put on a thin layer of bread crumbs or rolled crackers; put on a layer of oysters, another layer of crumbs, and so on until the dish is filled or all the oysters have been used. The top layer should be of crumbs. In filling the dish, put bits of butter and a little pepper with each layer of oysters. A very little mace makes an excellent seasoning for this dish; a few small bits with each layer—avoid using too much. The oysters in cooking usually give up enough liquor to moisten the crumbs. Bake for an hour. The dish should be handsomely browned upon top, and should be moist all through without any running liquor.

FLAVORING WITH SEEDS.—For the dead season, when greens are scarce, or frost has made a full and final meal of them, it may be of service to bear in mind that we can turn to seeds, dry or chopped, for various flavors, such as celery, turnips, and parsley among vegetables. The seeds of most herbs possess similar characteristics; for example, those of thyme, marjoram, or savory, taste very like the plants. But most herbs may be dried and bottled, and it is comparatively easy to have such, either green or dry, in sufficient quantity; it is, however, often otherwise with parsley. Its seed is of fair size and substance, and the flavor much concentrated, so that a little goes a long way. For soups, &c., the seed boiled in a capillary substitute for the leaves. For melted butter the great drawback is color. But even this may be overcome by the employment of a neutral green to mix with strong parsley seed water. Perhaps this neutral tint is given by mild Scotch kale, grated as parsley is for melted butter. The color is almost identical, and the flavor can be parsleyed over so completely as to deny distinction.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

EVER was the first bone-a-part.

A NEW PAIR OF KIDS.—Twins.

SHORT COMMON.—Little M. P.'s.—

OCULAR PUNISHMENT.—Eye-Flasher.

HOP MERCHANTS.—Dancing-masters.

A NOTORIOUS EAVE-DROPPER.—Rain.

RELATIVE BEAUTY.—A pretty cousin.

"SAFETY MATCHES."—Love Matches.

A FAST FRIEND.—The electric telegraph.

WANTED.—A slipper for the foot of a hill.

THE best butter is undoubtedly an old ram.

A GRANT FOR THE WEST.—The Emigrant.

THE only industrious bakers are the bakers.

A LEADING ARTICLE.—A blind man's poodle.

SPOTS ON THE SUN.—Freckles on your boy's face.

ROMANTIC DEATH.—A young lady drowned in tears.

A RATION FOR THE MIAMINE TWINS.—Separation.

FIRM LANGUAGE.—Conversation between partners.

CLERGYMEN and brakemen do the most coupling.

WORKING for Bare Life.—Making clothes for a new baby.

A KEY THAT UNLOCKS MANY A TILL.—Whisker.

A LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—Squeezing a pretty girl in a crowd.

THE RIGHT OF WEIGHT.—What we don't get at many shops.

MAKING LIGHT OF CEREUS THINGS.—Burning wax candles.

If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?

WHAT NONE OF US EVER DRANK FROM.—The top of the drum.

FARMERS are like fowls—neither will get full crops without industry.

WITS are elections like tents?—Because the canvass ends at the polls.

WHAT length ought a lady's petticoat to be?—A little above two feet.

WHAT is the largest room in the world?—The room for improvement.

"I AM dying for love," said a melancholy young man as he put the coal-black fluid on his moultache.

A HOME QUESTION.—Are young men who have sisters generally found to marry? One would fancy they must know too much.

A RELIC OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.—The School Board may be admirable for youth; in more mature age we seek—the sideboard.

A RECENT work on gardening is called "The Six of Spades." "The Rake's Progress" would not be an inappropriate title for a sequel.

SAYS Josh Billings: "There ain't but phev that a man stick a white handkerchief into the breast pocket of their overcoat without letting a little of it stick out—just by accident."

JOHN BILLINGS says "Ya kant find contentment laid down on the map; it is an imaginary place not settled yet; and those reach it sooner who throw away their compass and go it blind."

WHERE can we find a more benevolent type of man than the glazier?—He is always attending to the panes of others, and is never so happy as when he is building up or fortifying their frames.

IN "noticing" a grocery kept by a woman, a gallant Alabama editor says, "Her tomatoes are as red as her own cheeks, her indigo as blue as her own eyes, and her pepper as hot as her own temper."

A CALIFORNIA man tied one end of a lariat around his waist and lassoed a cow with the other. He thought he had the cow, but at the end of the first half-mile he began to suspect the cow had him.

It is refreshing to come across such a gem as the following:—

"The first bird of Spring attempted to sing; But ere he had sounded a note, He fell from the limb—a dead bird was him—The music had friz in his throat."

A MAINE paper tells the story of a judge in that State who fell asleep upon the bench during the trial of an important case. He woke up, as a counsel was urgently appealing to him, and remarked, "Wife, wife, isn't it most breakfast time?"

A COLORED gentleman having been brought before a magistrate and convicted of pilfering, was asked: "Do you know how to read?" "Yes, massa, a little." "Well, don't you ever make use of the Bible?" "Yes, massa, strap him razor on him sometime."

A KENTUCKY conversation: "Hello, dar, you d-r-ky, what you ax for do ole blind mule, hey?" "Well, I dunno; guess I must take thirty-five dollars." "Thirty-five dollars! I'll give you five." "Well, you may have it. I won't stand on thirty dollars—in a mule trade."

A RANK DECEPTION.—Private Smithers: "Blessed if I haven't lost 'aif a stone in weight a tolling up the Castle Hill to these here field-days."—Private Leaty: "Hould yer whist there, Tim! If the officers hear ye, they'll be thryin' ye by court-martial for makin' away with Government property."

THERE is always something lacking for perfect human contentment. Salisbury, Conn., for example, has a beautiful new cemetery, which it proudly regards as "superior to many of the race-courses in the State;" but, alas! there isn't a doctor in the place, and the most attractive youths actually go begging.

A WOMAN living in Scranton locked up her home, and went to spend the evening with a neighbor. Her husband came home, and after much trouble succeeded in breaking into his domicile, when he was comforted with a note, left on the table, which said, "I have gone out; you will find the door key on the left side of the door step."

POLITE TO THE LAST.—"My dearest uncle," says a humorous writer, "was the most polite man in the world. He was making a voyage on the Danube, and the boat sank. My uncle was just on the point of drowning. He got his head above water for a moment, took off his hat, and said, 'Ladies and gentlemen, will you please excuse me?' and down he went."

A WITNESS in a divorce suit kept referring to the wife as having a very retaliating disposition. "She always retaliated for every little thing," said the witness. "Did you ever see her husband kiss her?" asked the wife's counsel. "Yes, a great many times." "Well, what did she do on such occasions?" "She always retaliated, sir." The wife's retaliating disposition didn't hurt her any with the jurors.

A BOSTON man has invented a "pocket companion and guide to happiness," in the shape of a bottle made to look exactly like a cigar. On the case, or even when walking with "the pride of your heart," you put the supposed cigar between your lips, and before you have time to ask whether smoking is objectionable, you bite off the end of the cigar (but not!) and a drink of old rye corrugates your heart in a twinkling.

A MAN who snored was described by his friend, the other day, as follows: "Snores? Oh no, I guess not—no name for it! When you wake up in the morning, and find that the house you lodge in has been removed half a mile during the night by the respiratory vehemence of a fellow lodger, you may get some idea of that fellow's performance. His landlady gets her house moved back by turning his bed around."

An amusing story is told of a fashionable tailor. One of his aristocratic customers, think-

ing to annoy him, went up to him as he was walking on the Parade at Brighton, at the most fashionable hour of the day, and said to him, "See how badly this coat fits!" The great tailor was fully equal to the occasion. Taking up a piece of chunky substance at the side of the road, he marked sundry hieroglyphics over his customer's back, and then, turning him arround, said, "There, my lord, you go and show yourself to my people, and they will soon put you right."

TWO CENTS' WORTH IN CHINA.—A fellow who had been shaved in China says the barber first strapped the razor on his leg, and then did the shaving without any lather. The customer remonstrated, but was told that the lather was entirely useless, and had a tendency to make the hair stiff and tough, and was, therefore, never used by persons who had any knowledge of the face and its appendages. After the beard had been taken off—and it was done in a very short time—the barber took a long, sharp, needle-headed spoon, and began to explore the customer's ear. Then the barber suddenly twisted his subject's neck to one side in such a manner that it cracked as if the vertebrae had been dislocated. "Hold on!" shouted the party, alarmed for the safety of his neck. "All right," replied the tonsor, "me no hurt you," and he continued to jerk and twist the head until it was as limber as an old lady's dish-rag. He then fell to beating the back, breast, arms and sides with his fist; then he pummeled the muscles till they fairly glowed with the beating they received. He then dashed a bucket of cold water over his man, dried his skin with towels, and declared that his work was done. Price two cents.

OUR PUZZLER.

39. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

It oft to crime and guilt has led,  
And foolish fancies too hath led;  
By some 'tis valued much and prized,  
By others really quite despised;  
But those may find who have it not,  
That by false friends they're soon forgot.

- 1. To arms! to arms! was then the cry,  
When first it met the watcher's eye;  
Mount, every man, and furious ride,  
With clinking spurs and sword at side.
- 2. An animal small, and harmless quite,  
Though, perhaps, may do some mischief slight;  
If you torment him, round he will coil,  
And his shell coat will your efforts foil.  
In South America find him more,  
Mid climates warm and landscapes fair.
- 3. In everything, you will agree,  
It is far better, this to be.
- 4. Though scarcely quite a thing of grace,  
In every house it has a place.

40. CHARADE.

I am a huntsman brave and bold,  
And my first I must always do,  
For I'm away o'er health and wold,  
To join in the lord's tallyho!

My next's a vowel; I tell you  
'Tis not in huntsman, fox or hound;  
O'er my third, with a loud halloo,  
I go, while others kiss the ground.

My whole I'm sure you know quite well  
I'm an impostor and a cheat:  
Still one more name to you I'll tell—  
A stage doctor—'phaps now you see't!

41. LOGOGRIPHS.

1. In the depths of the sea,  
My whole will be found;  
Behold me I mean  
To be healthy and sound,  
Behold me again you then have in view  
An invigorating drink; I don't like it, do you?

2. My whole you'll see in many a house,  
No matter where it stands;  
If you deprive me of my tail,  
I'm soon in many lands.  
Now please restore, behold, transpose,  
It was when the time when last you rose.

42. TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

The centur's downward read, with name  
A sport in summer much enjoyed;  
The ending show without this game  
Upon my initials, there's a void.

- 1. Dry and tedious thing, in law.
- 2. A milder term for being at war.
- 3. Two words a province now will name.
- 4. These often blight a good man's fame.
- 5. A curlew's wont, in music used.
- 6. Appart to books, though much abused.
- 7. A foreign bird, whose neck is long,  
Fabled of yore, in Esop's song.

ANSWERS.

- 35. SINGLE CHINOGRAM.—The date of the Thanksgiving for the Prince of Wales' recovery; May; Harling; Cam; Centaur; Cross; London; Xantippe; Xeres; Iceland; Iris.—MDCCLXXII.
- 36. ENIGMA.—A Star.
- 37. NUMERICAL CHARADE.—Rhine; ton; centos; barn; ton; horn; rod; corn.—TICETURN.
- 38. RIDDLE.—Parist; priests; stripes.



Continued from page 161.

losing time. The body must remain here for the present, Billy will look after it and Gus will notify the Coroner—of course, there must be an inquest—while you and I will go down to the Police Station and consult the detectives, if there are any there now. I believe one is always on duty at night, but I am not sure."

"I am," said Mr. Fowler. "I saw Cullen there last night when I—well, when I had business there," he added suddenly remembering that he did not want his companions to know where he had spent the previous night.

"All right, Gus, you go at once to the Coroner, he lives somewhere in St. Denis street; you can find the number in the directory; get him to come here to-night, if possible, and hold an inquest early to-morrow morning. Hurry up now, take a cab; take Bugs if you can find him on the stand, and find out where he lives, so that we can have him summoned; but, don't let him have the least idea that he will be wanted, or he'll run away."

"Not a foot shall be run if I have to tie him," replied Mr. Fowler as he left the room.

It was wonderful how Farron, actuated by pure friendship, had suddenly taken the lead, and, while Morton was dreaming of some indefinite plan of vengeance, put in motion the machinery of the law, which was almost sure to hunt the doctor down. Oh! a very practical man was Mr. Farron, and destined, perhaps, at some future day to become a star in the medical firmament, for he had presence of mind, promptness, coolness, courage, patience and knowledge on his side; and, only add experience to those and it does not need much more to make a good doctor.

Morton was half heartbroken, and had only a vague undenned idea of hunting the doctor down; Farron was all coolness and determination; he knew how to accomplish his end and he meant to do it. "Don't any of you touch the body," he said as he took Morton's arm to leave the room, "it must be left as it is until the Coroner has seen it. Billy, you remain here; you made the discovery and you will be one of the principal witnesses. I saw you draw the needle out of the heart, and if you will look on the left breast you will find a small blue spot; I know how the murder was done exactly, there are two well authenticated instances on record."

"I wonder if I could get a special train to-night," said Mr. Morton when they had reached the street.

"A special train! what for?"

"For me to go to Niagara."

"Go to Niagara, what an idea! what good could you do? Besides, you must remain here to attend the inquest. A detective will leave for Niagara by the first train to-morrow to watch the doctor, and the moment a verdict is given I will get the Chief to telegraph and have him arrested. There is no fear of his trying to run away; he thinks he is quite safe, and has not the most distant idea that detection has followed so speedily after his crime. In what queer ways things do come about," he continued, beginning to pulscosopise, "if I hadn't have wanted a hip bone, it is most probable this murder would never have been discovered; or, at all events not until some future generation began to build on the ground now used as a church-yard, and the wonderful discovery would have been made of a skeleton with a knitting needle driven through what had once been its heart."

"I must go to Niagara," said Morton, "not only that I want to be sure of Griffith's arrest, but—"

"Ah, yes; poor girl it will be a terrible thing for her."

"That's what cuts me. It seems so hard that in avenging the murder of my sister I should have to strike at the heart of the girl I love; but I can't help that, altho' it strikes into my own heart to cause her one moment's pain or sorrow."

There was but little more conversation until they reached the Police Station where they found Murphy on duty, and were lucky enough to meet the Chief, who was out visiting the different Stations.

Their tale was soon told; Chief Penton and the keen-eyed, quiet looking, detective listening with eagerness to the strange story of crime.

"I don't think there is a particle of doubt about the crime having been committed by him," said the Chief, when Farron had told all he knew of the case; "give me as good a description of him as you can and I'll telegraph to Niagara at once to have him arrested on suspicion on his arrival. Murphy can go up for him to-morrow night to bring him down, while Cullen works up the case in Louqueuil."

"No," said Morton. "I don't want him arrested until I am there. I want to have him watched so that he cannot escape, but I want to be there when he is arrested."

"Don't want him arrested?"

"No. You see his wife is an old friend of mine. Poor girl! it will be a terrible blow to her, and I would rather be there to help her when the arrest takes place."

"Well, it won't do any harm to telegraph to Niagara anyway. It is not likely he will get any warning, and of course he has no idea that his crime has been discovered. He thought once his victim was underground he was all safe, and as he would have been as a general thing; and would have in this instance had it not been for that body snatching cart. I must look after him."

"Charlie," said Mr. Farron, "it's no use your going to Niagara; you must stay here to look

after the inquest, and funeral, and all sorts of things. Now, I'm not wanted and I will go in your place. I will look after Annie for you and tell her you sent me. That is the best plan, old fellow, and you had better let me follow it."

"Thanks, Frank; you are right. I never knew until to-night how true a friend you were; God bless you and reward you for standing by me in the way you have. I can never forget it."

"Do you happen to have a photograph of him?" asked Murphy.

"No," replied Morton, "but I suppose I can get one easily enough."

"It might be useful," said the detective, "altho' I don't expect there will be much difficulty in identifying the parties."

"I've got a picture of his ugly mug," said Mr. Farron, "and you shall have it to-morrow morning. Come, Charlie, it is getting late and we have to see Mr. Howson yet. Nothing more

Julia; but the news of the discovery of the murder shocked him greatly. His anger against Annie for her disobedience was greatly increased, and he swore in the most solemn manner that he would never recognise her as a child of his again. His rage was terrible to see and frightened Mr. Johnson so that that gentleman managed, for once in his life, to utter three consecutive sentences without a single "you know," or "don't you see."

At last, Mr. Howson cooled down a little and finally promised to go down to the college and see Morton, who was a great favorite of his, and offer to have arrangements made for the funeral taking place from his house; and then Mr. Johnson departed.

Mr. Howson went to the college as soon as Johnson had left, and spent a long time in deep and earnest talk with Morton, with whom he deeply sympathised; and the arrangements for the funeral were completed before he left.

Of Annie he said little, but that little was very

still greater was his grief at the thought of the pain and anguish about to fall on the one who was now more than ever all he cared for on earth. Long and deeply he thought, striving hard to find some way to shield her and punish his sister's murderer. But there was no way. Farron's promptitude had already placed the case beyond his control; it was now the property of the law, and he felt that the law must take its course. Willingly would he have given his own life to save Annie from pain and disgrace, but the sacrifice was not permitted him; he could almost have wished the doctor to escape if that would have shielded her from the odium of being a murderer's wife, but it was too late for that now; before another sun had set the story of the murder would be sent from end to end of the land, and fancy pictured to him how the newspapers would glory in the item, how they would embellish the article with "double headers," and "cross heads," and, perhaps, even a portrait of the murderer. It was impossible that Annie should not know her husband's guilt, even if he succeeded in evading law.

Would she love him still? That was a question which occurred to him again and again. Somehow, the man never thought that the death of the doctor might tend to promote his own happiness, by gaining him possession of the object of his affections. It never entered his mind that Annie's love diverted from the doctor might revert to him, he was too unselfish for that; his own happiness had no part in his thoughts; he loved Annie deeply and truly, and he cared only that she should be happy, he never for one moment gave any consideration to himself.

And what was to become of her? That was another troublesome question over which he pondered deeply. Mr. Howson had spoken so strongly and bitterly about her, that Morton knew there was but little to be hoped for from that quarter, for some time at least. Where could she go! What could she do!

These were puzzling questions, and Mr. Morton thought and thought over them until the first faint flush of early morning came and found him still with the difficult problems unsolved; and Mr. Farron fast asleep with his head resting on one of the heavy oak tables on which laid the book he had been reading, and which contained that very interesting hip-bone case which he had been looking over again when sleep overcame him.

Mr. Fowler, having executed the commissions given him returned to his boarding house. It was late, and Mr. Fowler was worn out, both in mind and body, but he did not retire to the bed which he was destined to occupy alone that night. Instead of doing so he went through a curious and remarkable pantomime, which would have caused a spectator to imagine that he had lost his senses, and was a fit candidate for an apartment at Beauport.

In the first place he divested himself of his neck-tie, collar, coat and waistcoat; then he tied his traces very tight round his waist, took off his cuffs and rolled his shirt sleeves up far above his elbows in two very hard, tight rolls; then he took the bolster, doubled it in half and set it up on end at the head of the bed supported by a pillow on each side.

Great pains did he take to have it nicely adjusted, and properly balanced, and when it was arranged to his entire satisfaction he stood off, threw himself into a boxing attitude and began to spar in the most alarming manner. All kinds of wonderful feints, and guards, and passes did Mr. Fowler make; and most tremendous blows did he bestow on the unoffending bolster, now with the right hand, now with the left; straight from the shoulder, under cuts, overcuts, all kinds of cuts.

Every time he knocked the bolster down he would set it up again only to knock it down again; with praiseworthy persistency worthy of a better cause he kept up this exercise for nearly half an hour. Now springing back, now dodging, now guarding and always ending by knocking down the bolster, you could plainly see that he was going through an imaginary fight, and doing so with great heartiness.

Was he mad? No, Mr. Fowler was perfectly sane. Was he drunk? No, he had taken only one drink during the whole evening. Was he merely exercising himself? No, he was far too tired for that; the fact is Mr. Fowler was in fancy carrying out the advice he had given Mr. Morton with regard to the doctor, and was mentally "punching his head." And a terrible punching it would have got had it been in the place of the bolster which got pounded, and thumped, and shaken in a way no bolster had ever before been treated in Mrs. Grubbs' boarding house. At last with one tremendous "back-hander," he knocked it completely off the bed, almost overturned the wash stand, and a cloud of feathers gave evidence that he had punched its head to some purpose, for he had split the tick, and the brains, i. e., feathers, were coming out in large quantities.

This seemed to restore him to his senses, and he paused in his work of destruction, and rearranged the bed.

"I wish it had been him," he said, "I'd have enlarged and embellished his physiognomy to such an extent that all the photographers would have been trying to get pictures of him as a gorilla, or one of Darwin's 'missing links.'"

He slowly undressed, got into bed, and was soon in the land of dreams with the golden-haired object of his affection.

(To be continued.)



"AT SOME FANCIED TALE OF LOVE."—SEE PAGE 161.

can be done to-night, so there is no use wasting time here."

"Wait a moment," said the Chief, "you will be going near the telegraph office, would you mind sending this telegram to Niagara; he won't be there before to-morrow night, but there's nothing like having things prepared beforehand."

They proceeded to the college where Fowler had just arrived with the coroner; and, after an inspection of the body it was covered with a sheet and left where it laid until the next morning. Morton insisted on remaining all night by his dead sister's body and Farron, who would not leave his friend, shared his watch.

To Mr. Fowler was entrusted the task of hunting up an undertaker, and making arrangements for removing the body as soon as it had been viewed by the jury; while to Mr. Johnson was commissioned the task of informing Mr. Howson of his daughter's elopement, and the subsequent discovery of the murder.

Mr. Johnson was not in a very happy frame of mind; he had discovered when he left the dissecting room that—to use his own words to Mr. Fowler—"some fellow, you know, put somebody's shin-bone in my pocket, don't you see, and when I went to wipe my face I pulled it out with my pocket handkerchief, you know, and rubbed the nasty thing all over my face, you see."

He fulfilled his mission very creditably, however; but was much astonished at Mr. Howson's manner of receiving the intelligence. Of Annie's elopement he, of course, already knew, as he had received her letter and had also seen

bitter and severe. He would not listen to Morton's pleading on her behalf, and firmly declared he would never see her again.

All that long desolate night Morton sat by the side of the dead form he loved so dearly; silent, motionless, living his life over again. It seemed but as yesterday that he had played about St. Leonard's churchyard, a merry-hearted boy, climbing up on the scaffolding of the then uncompleted chapel, clambering, at the imminent risk of his neck, up the steep roof and standing in the holes in the spire make to receive the bells, while a trim little figure in white, with flowing black hair, looked in wonder and amazement out of her deep blue eyes at the feats "brother" was performing. Memory carried him back to that eventful evening when Harry Griffith had been brought, almost dead, to his door, and when Mamie had declared her love for him; and he almost wished that the negroes had left him to perish in the grave from which they had rescued him. Then came the thought of how he had heard of Mamie's death, and how he had mourned for her, and his heart grew hard and bitter against the man who had so outraged him. After that came the remembrance of his love for Annie Howson, and how Griffith had again come between him and happiness; and then came a crowd of other thoughts; tenderer, gentler thoughts of her he loved; and by the side of that cold, mangled corpse Charlie Morton fought out a long, stern, bitter fight between what he owned to the dead, and what he loved.

Great as was his sorrow over Mamie's wrongs,