

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.

- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire

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

THE HEARTHSTONE

DEVOTED TO EXCELLENT LITERATURE ROMANCE &...

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872. TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM. No. 29.

For the "Hearthstone."

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

BY H. PATTERSON.

Comes my sweet love this way to night?
She comes—O I am glad!
The moon is up, the stars shine bright;
The leaves in glory's dress are clad.
All silently they downward look,
The beautiful pure stars;
And gem the waters of the brook
With golden studs and silver bars;
The nightingale begins her song
A sweet though sad and dirge;
That pierce through my brave heart's strong
Like lovely woman's soothing pity.
The melancholy of her strain
Awakes in me such answer
As scatters away the spectre—Pain:
Yet leaves a something like in transfer.
Yes, leaves in me a mournful sense
Of something sadder still,
Than any of the pains intense
That make the sum of human ill.
Such feelings as I've never known
From immemorial days,
Come in her strain so soft and low
Beneath that old Oak's charmed spray:
Such echoes to her plaintive cries,
As melancholy sweet
As ever came to the tears to rise
From out the heart's embosom'd seat!

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

COLONEL BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

It was upon a Sunday, a mild October day, towards sunset, that he felt himself for the first time able to speak to his patient nurse. A broad bay-window in his room looked westward, and he saw the evening sky with a warm rosy light in it, and heard the rooks cawing in the avenue, and the church-bells ringing for evening service.

Mrs. Chapman was sitting by the window reading, with her head thrown back, and her dark brown hair only shrouded by her muslin cap. She did not wear the hood always, though Mrs. Johns had never happened to see her without it. She had a habit of throwing it off at times.

The Colonel lay quite motionless, looking at the sky and at that quiet figure at the window, wondering dreamily who this woman was. Her profile was clearly defined against the soft light, as she sat there, unconscious that he was watching her; and Herbert Benyon thought that he had never seen a lovelier face.

It was a spiritualized beauty, sublimated by some great sorrow, the Colonel fancied. The glory and bloom of youth were gone, though the woman was evidently young; but with the loss of these she had gained in the charm of expression. It was a face that went to one's heart.

She turned from the window presently, hearing her patient stir, and came towards the bed. He saw that her eyes were gray, large and dark, with a plaintive look in them.

"I did not know that you were awake," she said gently. "Let me alter your pillows a little, and then I will bring you some tea."

It was the voice that had been with him in all his foolish dreams. It seemed as if he had come back to life out of a living grave, bringing only this memory with him. She bent over him, arranging the pillow, which had slipped to a position of torture on the edge of the bed. The dexterous hands made all comfortable in a few moments, while the lovely face looked down upon him.

"How good you have been to me all this time!" he said. He had uttered protestations of gratitude and regard many times during his delirium, but these were the first thoroughly sensible words he had spoken to her.

The surprise overcame her a little. Sudden tears started to her eyes, and she turned her head aside to hide them.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed earnestly; "thank God!"

"For what?" asked the Colonel.

"That you are so much better."

"I have been very ill, then, I suppose?"

"You have been very ill."

"Oh my head, haven't I? Yes, I know I thought myself up to the country, and that I could hear the jacksaws screaming outside. And I am really in Cornwall, down at Hammersley's place—poor Hammersley!—and you have been nursing me for I don't know how long! You see I am quite rational now. I thought once you were my sister—a girl who died nearly twenty years ago."

"For you are much better; but pray do not talk. You are very weak still, and the doctors would be angry with me for letting you talk so much."

"Very well. I will be as quiet as a lamb; indeed I don't feel capable of disobeying you. But there is one question that I must ask."

"I do not mind answering one question, if I can."

"To what beneficent influence do I owe your cure of me? What freak of fortune brought such a ministering angel to my sick bed?"

"I am here to perform a work of charity, that is all," she answered quietly. "I am a nurse by profession."

"But you are a lady!" he exclaimed, surprised.



"HAVE PITY UPON ME, COLONEL BENYON, I AM THAT WRETCHED WOMAN."

"That does not prevent my nursing the sick."

"Then you do not mean that you are a hospital nurse—a person to be engaged by any one who needs your services?"

"You are asking more than one question. No; I am not a hospital nurse, nor do I take payment for my services."

"I thought not," murmured the Colonel, with a faint sigh of relief.

It would have shocked him, somehow, to discover that the patient nurse whom he had mistaken now for his dead sister—anon for his false love—was only a hireling after all.

"I wished to perform some duty in the world, being quite alone, and I chose that of attendance on the sick poor. I have never wearied of it yet."

"And have you been long engaged in this good work?"

"Not very long; but you must not talk any more. I must positively forbid that."

The Colonel submitted very reluctantly. He was so eager to know all about this woman—this ministering angel, as he called her in his own mind. He repeated Scott's familiar lines in a low voice as she moved softly about the room making preparations for his evening meal.

Betsy Jane, the housemaid, brought the tureen.

Mrs. Johns had avoided all actual attendance on the sick-room of late, offended by the nurse's stand-offishness. The Colonel did not want her, she said. He had that fine lady with her popish headgear.

Mrs. Chapman arranged the tea-things on the table by the bed—the small, home-baked loaf, the tiny tins of rich yellow butter, and a noble block of honeycomb on a glass dish. There was a nosegay of autumnal flowers, too, for the embellishment of the table; and altogether Herbert Benyon fancied that innocent repast the most tempting banquet that had ever been spread for him.

"Please sit there, and pour out my tea," he said, in his weak voice. "But see, you have forgotten your own cup and saucer," he added, looking at the table.

"I will drink my tea presently."

"You must drink it now, with me, or I will drink none."

She complied; it was not worth while arguing with him about such a trifle. "He brought the second cup and saucer, and sat where he ordered

her. He looked at her very often as he sipped the tea she had poured out for him, and also broad and honey, like the queen in the famous nursery rhyme. He looked at her, wondering what her life had been, with an intense curiosity only possible to a prisoner in a sick-room. He would have given the world to question her further; but that was forbidden, to say nothing of the impertinence of such a proceeding. He was fain to lie there with fixed dreamy eyes, speculating wildly about her and her history.

The patient had taken a turn, and the doctors rejoiced exceedingly; but his progress even now was very slow. He lay for four long weeks as helpless as a child, attended upon day and night by Mrs. Chapman and a young man out of the stables, a handy young fellow, whose genius had been developed by the exigencies of the case, and who made a very decent amateur valet. How he should have endured this dreary time without Mrs. Chapman's care and companionship, Herbert Benyon could not imagine. She brightened the dismal monotony of the sick-room, and lightened his burden for him more than words could tell; and yet she was by no means what any one would call a lively person. Indeed, after that close companionship of many weeks, Colonel Benyon could not remember ever having seen her smile. But her presence had an influence upon him that was better than commonplace cheerfulness. She read to him, and the low sweet voice was like music. She talked to him, and every word helped to reveal the wealth of a highly-cultivated mind. With such a companion life could not be irksome, even in a sick-room.

Before the fourth week of that first stage of his convalescence was ended, Colonel Benyon had made many efforts to learn his nurse's history; but had utterly failed in the endeavor.

"My story is common enough," she told him once, when he said that he was convinced there was some romance in her life. "I have lost all that I ever loved, and am obliged to interest myself in strangers."

"You are very young to be a widow," said the Colonel. "Had you been long married when Mr. Chapman died?"

A sudden look of pain came into her face.

"Not very long. Please do not ask me to recall my past life. My history is the history of the dead."

After this he could not push his curiosity farther; but he was not a little tormented by his

desire to know more. In the dead of the night he lay awake saying to himself, "Who the deuce could this Chapman lady be? and what has become of her own relations? and what chance of promotion that she is a lady by birth; but how comes a lady to be left to carry out such a quietude scheme as this sick-nursing business? For to the Colonel's mundane mind the nursing of the sick poor seemed an eccentric and abnormal employment for a well-bred young woman—above all, for a beautiful young woman like this widow, with the classic profile and luminous gray eyes."

As soon as the Colonel was strong enough to totter from his bed to a sofa, Dr. Matson suggested a change of quarters.

"You must get nearer the sea," he said; "this flowery dell is all very well in its way; and you certainly do get a sniff of the Atlantic mixed with the perfume of your roses. But I should like to plant you somewhere on the very edge of the ocean. There is a decent inn at Penzance now, directly facing the sea, built almost upon the beach; a homely place enough, but where you would get very good treatment. I think you might move you there with advantage."

"The Colonel granted.

"I don't feel strong enough to be moved from one room to another," he said.

"I despatch you. There's a good deal of prostration still, no doubt; but the change would do you a world of good. We must manage it somehow—contrive some kind of ambulance, and carry you in a respectful position. Mrs. Chapman will go with you, of course."

The Colonel's face brightened at this suggestion.

"Would you go?" he asked, looking at his nurse.

"Of course she would. She's not done with you yet, by any means. You are not going to slip out of our hands for some little time, I assure you, Colonel Benyon," said Dr. Matson, with professional jocosity.

"I do not wish; I am quite content to remain an invalid," replied the Colonel, looking at his nurse and not at his doctor.

The physician saw the look.

"Bless my soul!" he said to himself, "is that the way the cat jumps? The Colonel's friends won't think me for getting him such a good nurse, if he winds up by marrying her. That look was very suspicious."

The doctor had his way. The chief inn at Penzance was quite empty at this late period of the year; and the best rooms, old-fashioned capacious chambers facing the sea, were at the patient's disposal. So one fine morning, in the beginning of November, while the red-tiled leaves in this mild western country still hovered on the trees, Colonel Benyon left Trowardell, which had been a somewhat unlovely shelter, it seemed.

Even on that last morning busy Mrs. Johns scarcely caught so much as a glimpse of the nurse's face; but just at the final moment, when the Colonel had been made comfortable in the carriage, wrapped up to the eyes in woollen rugs and tiger-skins, Mrs. Chapman turned and held out her hand to the housekeeper. She had her veil down, a thick black veil, and she wore a close black bonnet of a somewhat bygone fashion.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Johns," she said, in her low, plaintive voice. "This is the last time I shall ever see Trowardell. Please shake hands with me before I go."

There was something that seemed almost humility in her tone. The housekeeper drew herself up rather stiffly, quite taken by surprise; and then, in the next moment, her good nature got the better of her resentment, and she took the proffered hand. What a slender little hand it seemed in the grasp of Sarah Johns' stout fingers!

"I'm sure I hear you no matter, mum," she said, "though you have kept yourself so much to yourself, as if other folks weren't good enough for you; and if you like to walk over from Penzance any fine afternoon to take a cup of tea with me and my husband, you'll be heartily welcome. There's always a bit of cold meat and an apple-pasty in the house."

"You are very kind; but I feel somehow that I shall never see Trowardell again. May I author one of those late roses? Thanks; I should like to take one away."

She went to one of the standard rose-trees on the lawn, and gathered one solitary tea-rose—a pale, primrose-coloured flower—a melancholy-looking blossom, the Colonel thought, when she took her seat in the carriage with this rose in her hand.

"I don't like to see you with that pale yellow flower," he said; "it reminds me of asphodel, and seems symbolical of death. I should like to do away with that ugly black bonnet, and crown you with a garland of bright tea-roses, the emblem of renewed youth and hope."

She looked at him with sad earnest eyes.

"I have done with youth," she said, "and with hope, except—"

"Except what?" he asked, eagerly.

"Except a hope that I do not care to talk about—the hope of something beyond this earth."

After this the Colonel was silent. There was something in those grave words that sounded like a reproach.

Mrs. Johns stood in the porch watching the carriage drive away with a thoughtful countenance. "What was it in her voice just now that gave me the shivers?" she said to herself, perplexed in spirit.

CHAPTER V

So many one read his weird, and reason,
And with vain drugs assuage no pain;
For each man in his loving season
Fools and is fooled of these in vain.

Charms that ally not any loaming,
Spells that appease not any grief,
Time brings us all by handiwork, wronging
All hurts with nothing of relief.

Colonel Benyon was in love. That right disciplinarian, that battered soldier, who had hoast for the last fifteen years of his freedom from anything approaching what he called "an entanglement," now awoke to the consciousness that he was the veriest fool in the universe, and that unless he could win this woman, of whose antecedents he knew nothing, for his wife, he was a lost man. That he could return to the outer world, that he could go back to India and begin life again without her seemed impossible. His world had narrowed itself into the sick chamber where she ministered to him. All the voices of this earth seemed to have melted into that one tender voice that rang to him or talked with him in the long tranquil evenings. Until now he had scarcely known the meaning of a woman's companionship. Never had he lived in such close intimacy with any one, not even a masculine friend. But now he looked back at his hard commonplace life, the conventional society, the stereotyped pleasures, and wondered how he had endured so many years of such a barren existence. He loved her. For a long time—his idle weeks in that sick room had seemed so long, giving him so much leisure for thought—he struggled against this folly, if folly it were; but he had struggled in vain. He loved her. Her, and none other, would he have for his wife; and he told himself that it was, after all, no great sacrifice which he contemplated making. That she was a lady he never doubted from the first hour which, restored to his sober senses, he had looked at her face and heard her voice. It was just possible that she was born of a less noble race than his own, though he could scarcely bring himself to believe even this; it was more than probable that she was very poor. The Colonel was glad of this last fact. It pleased him to think that his wealth might give her a new and brighter life, surrounding her with all those luxuries and elegances which seemed the natural attributes of her beauty.

Was there any hope for him? Well, yes, he was inclined to believe his case far from desperate. There was a subtle something in her looks and tones at times that made him fancy he was not quite indifferent to her, that he was more than the mere object of her charity. Nothing could be more vague than these signs and tokens, for she was the most reserved of wo-

men—the proudest, he sometimes thought—and he felt convinced that she was herself unconscious of them. But slight as they were, they were sufficient to kindle hope in Herbert Bonyon's breast, and he fancied that he had only to wait the fitness of time for the hour of his confession and the certainty of his happiness.

He was not eager to speak. There was time enough. This tranquil intercourse was so sweet to him, that he almost feared to end it by assuming a new relation to his gentle niece. He did not want to scare her away just yet, even if she left him only to come back to him later as his wife. He wanted to have her all to himself a little longer in this easy undisturbed companionship.

So the days and weeks went on. The Colonel grew so much stronger, that Dr. Matson bade him good-bye, and even Mr. Borlase began to talk of releasing him. He was able to take a short stroll in the sunniest hour of the autumn day, leaning on his cane, and occasionally getting a little help from his nurse's supporting arm. He was very fond of Penjajah: the scattered houses on the sea-shore—the curious old-fashioned high-street straggling up a hill—the sheltered nook upon the grassy hill-side, that served as a burial-ground for the population of Penjajah—these things, from which one looked right out upon the broad Atlantic—all these things grew very dear to the Colonel, and it seemed to him that he could be content to live in this remote western region for ever with this one woman for his companion.

It was very nearly the end of November, but the weather was wonderfully mild in this region, the days bright and balmy, the evenings clear and calm. The Colonel stopped to rest sometimes in the burial-ground, seated on a moss-grown granite tomb, with his face towards the sea, and Mrs. Chapman by his side. He had told her the story of his past life, even that ignominious episode of Lady Julia Murray's fit-treatment. It was his delight to talk to her. He confided in her as he had never done in any one else. He had such unbounded faith in her integrity, such a fixed belief in her good sense. He had talked to her of his friend Hammersley, and had told her the story of the guilty mistress of Trewardell.

"Strange that we should both have come to grief about a woman, isn't it?" he asked; and Mrs. Chapman owned that it was very strange. "You'd heard the story before, I daresay," remarked the Colonel. "I suppose all the gossip of Penjajah know it by heart?"

"Yes," she answered, "everybody in Cornwall knows it."

It was the last day of November. Mr. Borlase had again talked of taking leave of his patient, and the Colonel was sitting on his favourite tomb, the memorial of some race whose grandeur was a memory of the past. He began to think the time was drawing near when he must make his confession and hear his fate. He was no coxcomb, yet he had no fear of the result; indeed, he was certain that she loved him. While he was meditating this in a dreamy way, in no hurry to speak, and quite satisfied with the happiness of having the woman he loved by his side, Mrs. Chapman suddenly broke the silence.

"You are so much better, Colonel Bonyon," she began—"almost well, indeed, Mr. Borlase says—that I think you can afford to spare me now. I have stayed with you already much longer than I felt to be really necessary, only"—she hesitated just for a moment, and then went hurriedly on—"only yours was a critical case, and I did not wish to leave you while there was the faintest chance of relapse. There is no fear of that now, and I am wanted elsewhere. There is a little boy in one of the cottages up the hill dying of consumption. His mother came to the hotel to speak to me last night, and I have promised her to go to him this evening."

"This evening!" cried the Colonel, agitated. "You mean to leave me this evening?"

"To go to a dying child, yes, Colonel Bonyon," the nurse answered reproachfully. "There is so little that I can do for you now—for I suppose you may be trusted to take your medicines regularly—you really do not want me any longer."

"I do not want you any longer!" repeated the Colonel. "I want you all my life. I want you for my wife. I want you, I say, to be my wife. I cannot live without you. You must stay with me, dearest, or only leave me to come back to me as my wife. We have no need of a long courtship. I think we know each other thoroughly as it is."

"You think you know me thoroughly as it is!" the woman echoed, striking away from him, and standing with her face turned towards the sea, only the profile visible to the Colonel, and upon that the impress of misery that struck him to the soul.

"My dear love, what is this?" he asked. "Have I distressed you so much by my avowal? Am I so utterly repugnant to you?"

"Your wife," she murmured, as if she had scarcely heard his last words, "your wife!"

"Yes, dearest, my beloved and honoured wife. I did not believe it was in my nature to love any one as I love you."

"That any man upon this earth should care for me!" she murmured; "you above all other men!" And then turning to him with a calmer face, she said decisively, "That can never be, Colonel Bonyon. You and I can never be more to one another than we have been. The wisest thing you can do is to wish me good-bye, here where we stand, and forget that you have ever known me."

"That is just the last thing possible to me," he answered impetuously. "There is nothing upon this earth I care to live for, if I cannot have you for my wife. You must have known that I loved you. You had no right to stay with me so long; you had no right to let me love you, if you meant to treat me like this at the last. But you do not mean to be so cruel; you are only trying me; you are only playing with your victim. O, my darling, for pity's sake, tell me that I am not quite indifferent to you!"

"This is not the question," the woman replied quietly. "Have you thought of what you are doing, Colonel Bonyon? Have you counted the cost? Have you thought what it is to intrust your name and your honour to the keeping of a woman of whom you know nothing?"

"I know that you are an angel," he said putting his arm round the slender figure, trying to draw her to his breast.

moment. Let us shake hands, Colonel Bonyon, and say farewell!"

"Not till you have told me your reasons," the Colonel cried impetuously. "I may know those, at least."

"I do not recognize your right to question me. I cannot explain my reasons."

"But I will know them," he cried, seizing her wrist. "I have been fooled by one woman; I will not be trifled with by another. I will know why you refuse to be my wife. Is it because you hate or despise me?"

"No, no, no; you know that it is not that!" she looked at him pitiously, with a look that said as plainly as any words she could have spoken, "You know that I love you."

"Is it from any mistaken notion of fidelity to the dead?"

"No, it is not that. Yet, Heaven knows, I have reason to be faithful to the dead."

"What is it, then? You must and shall tell me."

"For pity's sake, spare me. You are torturing me, Colonel Bonyon."

"Give me your promise to be my wife, then, and I will not ask a question. There can be no reason strong enough to divide us, if you love me; and I think you do."

"Heaven help me!" she sobbed, clasping her hands with a piteous gesture.

To Herbert Bonyon those three words sounded like a confession. He was sure that she loved him, sure that his will must conquer hers in the end.

"Yes," she cried passionately, "I do love you. Nothing could excuse such an admission from my lips but the knowledge that in this hour we part for ever. I do love you, Colonel Bonyon, but there is nothing in this world that would induce me to become your wife, even if you knew the worst I can tell, and were yet willing to take me, which you would not be."

"You are wrong," he exclaimed with an oath. "There is nothing you can tell me that change my resolution, or diminish my love."

"Do not promise so rashly," she answered, ashy pale, and with tremulous lips.

He drew her to the old granite tomb, and persuaded her to sit down beside him, seeing that she was nearly fainting.

"My love, I do not wish to be cruel," he said tenderly. "I do not seek to lift the veil of the past. I am content to love you blindly, foolishly, if you like. I will do anything to prove my devotion, will shape the whole course of my future life, for your happiness. There is nothing in the world I would not sacrifice for your sake. Be generous, for your part, dearest. Say that you will be my wife, or give me some adequate reason for your denial."

She did not answer him immediately. There was a silence of some moments, and then she said in a low voice:

"You have a friend to whom you are very much attached, Colonel Bonyon, a friend who is almost as dear to you as a brother. I have heard you say that."

"What, Hammersley? Yes, certainly; Hammersley is a dear good fellow; but what has he to do with my marrying as I please? I should not consult him about that."

"You were talking the other night of that guilty creature—his wife."

od his divorce; and it was there I learned to nurse the sick. I was not destitute; a sister of my mother's, knowing my position, settled a small annuity upon me; and on that I have lived ever since. Six months ago I was seized with a yearning to see the place where the most tranquil days of my life had been spent. I knew that Mr. Hammersley was living abroad; and I fancied that I ran no risk of recognition in returning to this neighbourhood. I knew how much misery and illness had changed me since I left Trewardell. It was a foolish fancy, no doubt; but I, who have nothing human left to love, may be forgiven for a weak attachment to familiar places. I came to Penjajah, thinking that I should find plenty of work here of the kind I wanted. I had no intention of coming any nearer to Trewardell, where I must, of course, run considerable risk of being recognized; but when Dr. Matson urged me to come to you the temptation was too strong for me, and I came to see the dear old place once more. That is the end of my story; and now, Colonel Bonyon, I have but one word more to say—Farewell!"

She rose from the ground, and was going to leave him; but he detained her.

"You have almost broken my heart," he said; "but there is nothing in this world can change my love for you. I still ask you to be my wife. I promise to cherish you with a love that shall blot out the memory of your past."

She shook her head sadly.

"It can never be," she answered; "I am not vile enough to trade upon your weakness or your generosity. Let me be faithful to the dead, and loyal to you. Once more, good-bye."

"Will nothing I can say prevail with you?"

"Nothing. I shall always honour and revere you as the most generous of men; but you and I must never meet after to-day."

He pleaded with her a little longer, trying by every possible argument to vanquish her resolution; but his endeavours were all in vain. He knew that she loved him; he felt that he was doomed to lose her.

And so at last she left him, sitting in the quiet burial-ground, in the pale winter sunshine, with all the glory of the Atlantic before him, and the stillness of a desert round about. Even after she had left him he determined upon making one more attempt to win her. He found out the place where she lived, and went to that humble alley in the early dusk, bent upon seeing her once more, upon pleading his cause more calmly, more logically than it had been possible for him to do in the first heat of his passion. He found the house, and a very civil good-natured woman, who told him that Mrs. Chapman had left Penjajah two hours before, for good. She had gone abroad, the woman said.

"To Belgium, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir, that was the name of the place."

As soon as he was strong enough Colonel Bonyon went to Belgium, where he spent a couple of months searching for Flora Hammersley in all the convents. It was a long wearisome search; but he went through it patiently to the end, persevering until he found a quiet little conventual retreat six miles from Louvain, where boarders were admitted. It was the place where she had been. His search was ended; and the woman he loved had been buried in the tiny convent cemetery just a week before he came there. After this there was nothing left for the Colonel but to go back to India to the old familiar life. It was only his closest friends who ever perceived the change in him; but, although he never spoke of his trouble, those who did thoroughly know him, knew that he had suffered some recent heart-wound, and that the stroke had been a heavy one.

THE END.

LET IT PASS.

Do not swift to take offense;
Let it pass!
Anger is a low sense;
Let it pass!
I need not dwell on a wrong
Which will disappear ere long,
Rather sing this cheerful song,
Let it pass! Let it pass!

Echo not angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away
Like the dew-drops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let them pass! Let them pass!

If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass!

Time at least makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass! Let it pass!

REGISTERED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1888.

TO THE BITTER END.
By Miss M. E. Braddon.
AUTHOR OF 'LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET,' ETC.
CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

Thomas Heavtree so agreeable; he and Mr. Harcross seem to get on so well together. It was quite a relief to see him so much amused."

"I'm very glad we were able to come, Julia, Hubert had a committee before the Lords today. I was half afraid he would be too much exhausted to dine out."

"But he is so wonderfully clever, and takes everything so coolly. I should fancy he could hardly know what fatigue means. But you are not looking well to-night, Augusta. I observed it at dinner. I never saw you so pale."

"I daresay it's the colour of my dress—rather an old colour, isn't it? I told Bonifante so, but she insisted upon my having it."

"Your dress is lovely, dear, as it always is. But you really are not looking well."

With these and many other expressions of sympathy the friends parted, and Mrs. Harcross went off, with Hubert in her wake, feeling tolerably satisfied with this evening. The party had been rather a dull business perhaps, but he had been the source and centre of any brief flashes of brilliancy that had enlivened it. This kind of social success was one of the prizes that he had set himself to win, or rather an appendage of his professional position. He had nothing better to look forward to, only to mount a little higher upon the ladder which he had been slowly ascending from his youth upwards, and every rung of which was familiar to him. Were he to become Lord Chancellor, life could give him very little more than it gave him now. He had reason to be content.

CHAPTER XXVI.
MR. AND MRS. HARCROSS BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

"Will you come into my room for a few minutes' talk before you go upstairs, Hubert, I want to ask you a question?"

Mrs. Harcross made this request on the threshold of her morning-room, just as her husband was turning towards that secondary staircase which led to his dressing-room.

"I am quite at your service, my dear Augusta. This is just the time in the evening when I have the least possible inclination for sleep. What is it about? Another dinner at home, made up on purpose for Sir Thomas Heavtree? I fancied you were meditating something in the carriage, you were so unusually silent. You didn't even say anything about Lady Heavtree's cheese-coloured moire, with satin upholstery's work about the skirt, which I really thought would provoke your powers of ridicule."

He strolled after his wife into the pretty chintz-draped sitting-room, where a modern lamp shed its chaste light on a table heaped with new books and periodicals. The easiest chairs, the most perfect appliances for writing in all the house, were to be found here. Mr. Harcross dropped into his favourite chair by the fire-place, which was artistically screened at this season by a little grove of ferns.

"I was not thinking of anybody's dress to-night," Mrs. Harcross said moodily.

"Indeed! Then I may fairly conjecture that, like Louis XV. when he didn't hunt, your majesty did nothing."

"You are very polite. I hope my ideas do sometimes soar above toilets, even in society, where one is not supposed to think very seriously. But to-night my mind was absorbed by a somewhat painful subject."

"I'm sorry to hear that. I certainly thought you were confoundedly quiet. Is it anything wrong in the house? Does Fluman want to better himself?"

Fluman was a butler of unusual accomplishments, who had assisted Mr. and Mrs. Harcross to maintain their establishments at its high-pressure point of excellence.

"How can you be so absurd, Hubert? As if I should allow myself to be worried by anything of that kind!"

"But I can't conceive a greater loss than Fluman. We should collapse utterly if he left us in the middle of a season. I'm sure at the beginning of a dinner, when things look rather dull, I often say to myself, 'Never mind, we are in the hands of Fluman;' just as in graver affairs one would say, 'We are in the hands of Providence.' I think he has reconducted dining from a more artistic point of view than we have ever attained. I have seen him warm the stupidest people into sprightliness by judicious doses of Chateau d'Yquem; and if conversation flags towards the close of the banquet, he can work wonders with *parfait amour* and dry curcuma. I should consider it a domestic bereavement if he wanted to leave us. If he were to take it into his head that he was losing caste by living with a professional man, for instance, or anything of that kind."

"When you have done talking nonsense, Hubert, I shall be very glad to speak of serious things. I suppose that is the sort of stuff with which you amuse one another in your arbitration cases?"

"There is a good deal of nonsense talked, I daresay. An Arbitration case is a comfortable free-and-easy kind of affair, that pays uncommonly well. And now, my dear, what is this serious business, and why do you sit staring at me in that moody way?"

"There was something in his wife's face that he had never seen there before—something that set his heart beating a little faster than usual—something that sent his thoughts back to one dreary day in his life, the day when Grace Kedmayne fell dead at his feet.

movement; but in the next moment settled himself calmly in his favourite pose against the angle of the mantelpiece.

"I cannot quite follow your line of argument, Mrs. Harcross," he said; "I shall be obliged if you will make it a little clearer."

"I had a print brought me this afternoon; an engraving of the picture in your chambers."

"Indeed! I did not know the picture had been engraved. I shall be very glad to secure a copy."

"Your mother's name is written on the back of the engraving—it is a proof before letters—and the person who brought me the picture told me her history."

"May I inquire the name of the person who took so much trouble about my family affairs?"

"I would rather not tell you that."

"I will not press the question. I think I can make a shrewd guess at the identity of the officious individual."

"There was nothing officious in the business. The person who brought the picture—as a rare engraving worth adding to my collection—had no idea of any connection between you and the original of the portrait."

"Innocent person! Those fetchers and carriers are such simple unsuspecting creatures. And so, through the unconscious informer's aid, you have discovered that my mother's name was Mostyn; and that she was an actress, I presume. Was it this appalling discovery that troubled you all the evening?"

"Yes, Hubert. I have been very much disturbed by this discovery; and, painful as it is, still more so by your want of candour."

"Indeed! What would you have wished? That I should tear the plaster from a very old wound, never quite healed? That I should have lifted the curtain from a picture that I made it the business of my life to shroud? Did I ever boast of my antecedents, Mrs. Harcross, or endeavour to exalt myself in your eyes? When I asked you to marry me, I offered you myself, with all my chances in the future. I said nothing about the past, nor can I conceive that you have anything to do with it, or the shadow of a right to call me to question about it."

"The story is quite true, then?" asked Augusta, white to the lips, and with the hand that held a gauzy lincous round her trembling visibly. "This Mrs. Mostyn was an actress, and your mother?"

"She was both. She died in Italy before I was five years old; but she lived long enough for me to love her tenderly. Be good enough to bear that fact in mind when you are talking of her."

"And the rest of the story is equally correct, I conclude—the lady closed her career by an elopement?"

"She began her career, so far as I am concerned, by an elopement?" Mr. Harcross replied coolly. "She ran away with my father."

"And was married to him, I suppose?" his wife said breathlessly.

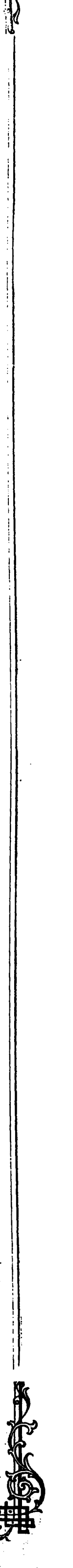
"That is a question I have never been in a position to solve," answered Mr. Harcross. "If he did marry her—as I am naturally inclined to believe he did—he never acknowledged the marriage in any public manner, and—he broke her heart."

The last words came slowly, and with an evident effort. "He broke her heart," he repeated to himself, as the force of his own words came home to him. It was not the only heart that had been so broken.

"You have not condescended to tell me the name of your father," said Augusta after a little pause.

"O," cried her husband, his face lighting up with a sudden flash of triumph, "your informant—the useful person—did not enlighten you on that point! Then I decline to eke out his information. I refuse to answer the question which you ask so graciously."

"As you please," she said, in an icy tone. "The name could make very little difference. It would not make the dishonour deeper, or less deep; nothing can add to or lessen the shame I have felt to-day."



The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

For \$2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Presentation Plate. For \$5.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbull's Family Record.

Every body sending a club of 5 will receive one copy of the Family Record. For each Subscriber send us at least a club of 5, and secure his Paper and Presentation Plate FREE.

THE ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS, Montreal.

No. 29. CONTENTS.

STORIES.

COL. BENYON'S ENTANGLEMENT.—By Miss M. E. Braddon, Chap. IV, V. BROOKDALE.—By Ernest Brent, Chaps. XXIV, XXV.

EDITORIALS.

Wanted. Our Prize Stories. The two G's. How it is ending.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

Japan. Boston Globe.—Planning Holidays. Saturday Review.

POETRY.

The Nightingale's Song. By H. Patterson.—The Hand that Rocks the Cradle. By William Ross Wallace.—Let it Pass. I have Drank my Last Glass. By Louisa S. Upman.—The Song in Camp. Bayard Taylor.

NEWS ITEMS. LITERARY ITEMS. SCIENTIFIC ITEMS. HOUSEHOLD ITEMS. FARM ITEMS. MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

GEMS OF THOUGHT. WIT AND HUMOR. HEARTHSTONE SPINX. MARKET REPORT.

WANTED!

\$1,275 REWARD.

TO THE LITERARY MEN AND WOMEN OF CANADA.

We want to become acquainted with you! We want to unearth the hidden talent, now buried in our cities and hamlets, inland farms and seaside dwellings, primeval forests and storm-tossed barks.

We crave narratives, novels, sketches penned by vigorous Canadian hands, welling out from fresh and fertile Canadian brains, thrilling with the adventures by sea and land, of Canadian heroes; redolent with the perfume of Canadian fields and forests, soft as our sunshine, noble as our landscapes, grand as our inland seas and foam-girt shores.

What inexhaustible fields in the realms of fact and fancy lie open to your industry and genius, women and men of Canada! What oceans of romance! What worlds of poetry! Why then do we see so little worthy of note brought forth in literature by our countrymen and countrywomen? Merely for want of material support and encouragement! That is all.

Now we open a tournament to native talent, and invite all to enter the lists. We ask for novels and stories founded on Canadian history, experience and incident—illustrative of back wood life, fishing, lumbering, farming; taking the reader through our industrious cities, floating palaces, steam-driven factories, ship-building yards, lumbering shanties, fishing snacks, &c., and we offer the following prizes for the best Canadian stories.

1st prize. 2nd prize. For a story of 100 cols. \$500 \$300 For " " " 50 " " 250 150

For the two best short stories, complete in one number, \$50 for the best, \$25 for the next best.

We want to have an essentially Canadian paper, and gradually to dispense with selections and foreign contributions, &c. Stories will be received until the first of Oc-

tober, when the selections will be made and the prizes forwarded at once. Rejected stories will be preserved for three months, and the authors may have them returned on forwarding stamps.

Send along your manuscript now as soon as you please.

OUR PRIZE STORIES.

We have received several letters with reference to the prizes offered by us for original stories, asking various questions which we will endeavour to generalize, and answer as follows: 1st. A story will do with the scenes laid partly in Canada and partly in another country; but the choice will be given to a purely Canadian story; the more Canadian it is in plot, incident and feeling, the more likely it is to be accepted.

2nd. By "native talent" we do not mean to exclude all but born Canadians; any resident of Canada is eligible to compete, and the subject of birth or nationality will not be taken into consideration at all as long as the writer is resident of Canada.

3rd. We do not consider the time at all too short; three months is ample time in which to write stories of the lengths we require.

4th. Stories not gaining prizes, but which are still interesting and worthy of publication, may possibly be desired by us for future use; in such cases we will communicate with the author.

5th. Some of our correspondents seem to have forgotten the rule "write only on one side of your paper," please observe it in sending us stories.

OUR NEXT NEW STORY.

In our number for 3rd August will be commenced a new and interesting story, entitled,

THE DEAD WITNESS;

OR, LILLIAN'S PERIL. By the well-known Canadian authoress, Mrs. Lepron. The story is highly interesting, and written in a pleasing style calculated to absorb the attention of the reader.

THE TWO G'S.

The action of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore on the 10th inst. in endorsing both the platform, and the candidates for President and Vice-President, of the Cincinnati Convention, has narrowed the coming Presidential election in the United States into two channels. The "sorcerers" of the Democratic party threaten to hold a convention at Louisville and nominate a third candidate, but their action will be perfectly futile, and can have no effect on the result of the contest.

America will deeply deplore the position in which their government was placed by the introduction of the "indirect damages," which looks very little different from an attempt to obtain money under false pretences. Still, Grant, having command of the thirty or forty thousand office-holders—nearly all politicians and able to control other votes—has an immense power, which it will be difficult to overcome.

Greeley is not a desirable candidate for the Presidential chair; his election would be about parallel to the appointment of John Dougall as Governor-General of Canada; although a very excellent man in his way, we do not think Mr. Dougall would make a good Governor-General; and so, although we should like, for the honor and credit of the press, to see a man who by his own unaided ability has worked up from a "devil" to the editorial chair of one of the most successful and influential papers in the United States, yet we do not think Mr. Greeley would make a good President. Honest in his convictions, no reasonable man doubts he is; pure and simple as a child in many things, all who know him are sure he is; but bigotted, prejudiced, narrow-minded, and bitter in many things it is well known he also is. A life-long politician, he can scarcely be expected at the eleventh hour to develop into a statesman; after being for nearly half a century a strict and severe partisan, it is scarcely reasonable to believe that he will now entirely cast aside party ties and work for the general good of the whole nation, by a fusion of party feelings.

HOW IT IS ENDING.

For the past few months we have heard nothing amongst the manufacturing classes but strikes, and rumors of strikes; in England, in the States, in Canada the so-called "workmen" have made combinations against the employers and endeavored to enhance the value of their labor from ten to twenty per cent, at the expense of the general consuming community. Now it might be as well for us at once to distinguish between the "strikers" who arrogate to themselves the title of "workmen," and the class we call "general consumers." The strikers are simply the members of "trade unions," who belong to certain manufacturing interests; and their entire number in England, America and Canada does not exceed half a million of persons, all told—in fact we think we are far over the mark when we say half a million; yet this fractional part of the real and actual "workingmen" in the English speaking portion of the population of this globe want, and have tried in their arrogance to increase, the cost of living to twenty millions and upwards of the men and women who do work for their living, and support their families, by from ten to twenty per cent. This violent effort to disrupt commerce and cripple the manufacturing industries of both England and America has been attempted principally in large cities, and in New York the most stubborn fight occurred. Over twenty thousand mechanics, artisans, and other members of different "Unions" have been "on strike" for over two months, and now the strike has culminated; the employers have combined against the employees; the employees have spent all their money in processions, mass meetings, bar-rooms &c., and in the end have to come back like whipped curs, with their tails between their legs, and beg to be allowed to work on their old terms. It is estimated by careful computation that the New York strikes have cost the strikers about one million and a half of dollars, which represents to a great extent their savings, and the accumulated mounds of the detested "Unions," all of which are now in a more or less impetuous condition, owing to the heavy stamp for relief which have been made on them by their members for the past two or three months. The so-called workingmen of New York find themselves in a far worse position at the end of their strike than they were at the beginning, impoverished in purse, their

savings spent, their spirits broken; they find that a few would-be demagogues amongst them have led them on to ruin; and, worse than their present condition seems their future, for their combined efforts to paralyze manufactures has ended in the manufacturers forming a combination, and, although they have been rather moderate so far, there is every reason to fear that the employers will take advantage of the exhausted condition of the employees and insist on a reduction of wages, while the employees are not in a position to combat the demand. It is not at all probable that this attempt will be made at present, with the long arrears of back work to be made up and a brisk summer trade on hand; but in the winter, when labor is plentiful and trade is dull, it is to be feared that the employees will find a combination of employers made against them by which their wages will be considerably reduced. Capital has never attacked labor before; of course, a man who has money and wants to get anything done is anxious to get it done for the lowest price; but good workmen have always been able to obtain better pay than bad workmen, and capital has never before combined against labor in the way which it now threatens to do; and instead of bad workmen being raised to the standard of good workmen—the Unions have tried to accomplish good workmen will be forced down to the level—or lower—of bad workmen, by the combined influence of the capital which employs labor. In a normal condition of affairs a good workman can always command better wages than an inferior hand; and employers, as a rule, have not been slow to discover the difference between a man who does his work well and thoroughly, and one who is careless, inefficient, stoney and incompetent; but when the good man is foolish enough to be led away by the inefficient man and strikes for a general increase of wages, the employer naturally takes fright at the impending ruin threatening him and forms a combination with other employers against all classes of employees. As the eight hour movement in New York has terminated, so we fear the attempt at a nine hour movement in Montreal will terminate. Our climate is peculiarly well adapted for giving the employer a hold over the employee; it is only for a limited period of the year that manufacturers really need to be actively employed; but they usually try to keep going as nearly all the year round as possible, so as to keep their hands on; but if the hands attempt to control their employers during the busy season, it is almost certain that the employers will take advantage of the dull season to close their premises, and force their employees not only to work the old time—ten hours—but for less pay than they have been getting. This strike for shorter hours—which is virtually an increase of pay under another name—was ill-adviced and untimely, and bids fair to meet with the defeat it deserves. The mass of the strikers were, however, we firmly believe, led on by a few demagogues who were too lazy to work at all, and who tried to make political capital out of those who were foolish enough to be led by them. We should like to see the ringleaders of these strikes punished; but we sincerely trust that the great mass of workmen who have been foolishly led away may not suffer any more than they have already suffered.

EPITOME OF LATEST NEWS.

CANADA.—The second inquest as to the cause of the late Shannonville disaster closed on 12th inst. The following verdict being in: "After a severe and exhaustive inquiry, we agree that the said Joseph Bortholme, a passenger on east No. 3, came to his death by ascending on the morning of the 2nd of June, 1872, the summit of the rails about one thousand yards of Shannonville, said accident being occasioned by the fracture of the flange of the right wheel of the truck of the engine, and from the combined character of the evidence and the fact that the engine cannot arrive at a definite conclusion as to the cause of the said fracture." The above verdict was signed by thirteen of eighteen of the Jury.—The single case was between Brown and Eaton at 12th inst. on 12th inst., was won by the former.—A sad case of burning to death occurred in Montreal, on the evening of 19th inst. It appears that a girl named Mary Brown, 25 years of age, engaged as a servant by Dr. McCallum, 30 St. Antoine street, who was subject to epileptic fits, was in the back parlor where she appears to have been seized with one of these fits and in falling knocked over a lamp which set fire to lace clothing, and the room; there was no one in the house but Dr. McCallum's mother who is old and quite blind, and it was some time before the fire was discovered. When the door was found it was horribly burned, but still breathing, and existed in an unconscious state for three or four hours.—The Governor-General is not expected to take up his residence in Ottawa before September.—Alymer has voted unanimously in favour of the Northern Colonization by-law.—The crops in P. E. Island, since the fine weather, have progressed wonderfully and are likely to be beyond the general average. On 12th inst., about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, as two young men named John Joseph Smith and William Edwards were walking through Victoria Square, Montreal, Smith, who wore an orange lily in his coat, was accosted by a man named Hugh Coghlan, who told him to throw away the flower. Smith refused, and the carter struck him, whereupon Smith drew a revolver and fired. The ball entered Coghlan's wrist, inflicting a severe wound. A crowd instantly collected and Smith was pretty roughly handled until he was taken charge of by the police. Edwards, his companion, was also chased by the crowd, and ran into Moxham's dry goods store, where he was arrested. Coghlan, as soon as the excitement had subsided, went to Dr. Reddy's, where it was ascertained that the ball had entered the wrist, and passed up through the forearm and lodged in the fleshy part near the elbow.

STOKES FOR THE MURDER OF JIM FISK, on 6th January inst., is progressing slowly. The defence is trying to prove that Fisk drew a pistol, and that Stokes fired in self-defence, also that Stokes was insane as the result of a brain disease. Fisk, a Methodist preacher 70 years of age, shot a boy named Schack, on 7th inst., at Cincinnati, killing him. It appears a ball was thrown into Fisk's yard and Schack went to recover it, when the old man shot him. Browne was admitted to bail in \$50,000 by Judge Stratton; and the citizens assembled and threatened to lynch Brown, but were dispersed by the police. The defence subsequently held an indignation meeting, and passed a resolution deprecating the Judge's conduct and insulting and violating the law of the land, and that he deserved severe censure.—Horace Greeley was unanimously endorsed by the Baltimore Convention on 10th inst. as the Democratic candidate for President.—A Madrid special says that Howard is true on an order from Madrid. He was offered his release as a net of pardon, to which Mr. Howard demurred, as his acceptance of it meant an acknowledgment of guilt, and a waiver of his right to compensation. He was then turned or forced out.

FRANCE.—A report is in circulation that Victor Hugo, who has been persistent in his efforts to secure the commutation of sentence passed upon Henri Rochefort, has succeeded, and that Rochefort, instead of being transported to the penal colony of New Caledonia, will be simply banished from France.—A Paris despatch states that England, Italy and Switzerland decline accepting the modifications proposed to the treaty of commerce between the two Communists named Borden and Pollnac, who were tried and convicted by a court martial, were executed on 11th inst. at Satory.—The Minister of Finance has signed a convention with the officers of the Bank of France whereby the latter agrees to loan the Government forty millions francs. In the Assembly, Mr. Goulay, Minister of Finance, has submitted a bill to raise a loan of three milliards of francs at an interest of 5 per cent per annum; also giving the Government power to raise further loans if necessary.—The Assembly has also discussed the amendment of the opponents of a tax on raw materials, imposing a duty of one franc per thousand francs upon sales of traders and manufacturers. The amendment was lost by a vote of 310 yeas to 350 nays.

SPAIN.—The Republicans have reconsidered their determination to abstain from all elections while monarchy exists in Spain; and have consented to voting for members of the Cortes on August 24th next.—Cabrillera, the insurgent leader, was wounded and taken prisoner while attempting to enter Reno. His troops were beaten and retreated to the north. King will soon visit the northern provinces of the kingdom. He passed through those which have been most disturbed by the Carlists.—The Government has sent large reinforcements to the troops now in Catalonia, so as to be in readiness to promptly should any demonstration be made.—The Epineu newspaper of this city, in commenting upon an article recently published in the London Times, advising Spain to cede the island of Cuba to the United States, energetically scorns the idea of Spain parting with any of her colonial possessions.

MEXICO.—Kidnapping is carried on extensively. In one case a ransom of \$5000 was demanded. Bines having refused to accept it.—Divorces were granted from Colera, June 25th, that Trevino did not attack Sato in order to avoid outbreak of blood. The enemy has little ammunition, and having no hope of a successful issue, the revolutionists are strong in the centre of the country. Diaz writes from near Jalisco that he is overrunning the States with very strong forces. Marango and Lierra have 1000 men between Monterey and Saltillo awaiting events. From Matanzas there is news of the defeat of 300 Orleans cavalry by Martinez, with loss of 150 prisoners.

IRELAND.—Letters from Geneva say that Don Carlos, the Spanish pretender, is expected in Switzerland next week. A correspondent of the Standard writes that the increasing tide of emigration from Germany to America causes considerable uneasiness to the Imperial Government, and preventive measures are being taken.—The suit of O'Byrne against the Marquis of Hartington, Chief Secretary for Ireland, for damages for injuries received by the attack of the police during the Phoenix Park riot in Dublin, which has been on trial in that city for some time, has resulted in favor of plaintiff, the jury awarding him £25.

HAWAII.—A Port au Prince letter states that two German men of war after threatening the town with bombardment and seizing two Hawaiian men of war, had schooners, finally landed. The Hawaiian Commander was paid three thousand pounds and a indemnity for damages to German citizens for outrages by Hawaiians. The Hawaiian Legislature have agreed to pay the American claims in twenty years, and the Americans are about petitioning their government to send naval vessels to follow the example of the Germans.

CUBA.—The resignation of Captain-General Valmaseda having been accepted, he has departed up the coast of the Island of Cuba and left for Spain on the 15th inst.

GERMANY.—The Official Gazette promulgates the law providing for the banishment of the Jesuits. All establishments now under their control must be completely broken up within six months.

LITERARY ITEMS.

LONDON SOCIETY FOR AUGUST will contain the opening chapters of Mr. Charles Rowde's new novel.

CHURCH'S MUSICAL VISITOR, published by John Church & Co., Cincinnati, continues to be first class, and will be long felt void in musical circles. The July number contains many excellent musical articles, and several very good instrumental and vocal pieces.

THE FARM AND FISHING JOURNAL is the title of a very small and insignificant monthly just started in New York; which promises to be a most successful one for authors or advertisers; it threatens to begin with a circulation of one million, but we hope it won't, human nature could not stand it.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—We have received the initial number of a new monthly under this caption published by Samuel R. Wells, New York, which promises well. The July number treats, and treats well, of a very interesting and important subject connected with the science of our every day life—namely, conductive, or otherwise, to our general good health; and consequently to our general happiness.

THE JULY, or Educational, or Commencement number of OLB AND NEWS, has a good deal of matter selected to please and to profit students and students and parents, who, we suppose, are the principal parties in interest. Thus, there is a directory to the faculties of one hundred and seventy-five of the best colleges in America, and a very interesting account of Round-Hill School, as managed by Messrs. Brewster and Cogswell, a paper as graphic and vital as if written by Tom Hughes; an account of the way the English train fulminate cartridges, a summary of the American school system, prepared by the department at Washington for the use of the Japanese authorities; and an account of the present condition of things at Harvard and at Yale. There is a lively college story, besides a curious poem "in line with Latin porcellana composition," and sung at the second Harvard College centennial in 1825; Messrs. Macdonald and Hute's serials; and other good articles.

SPAIN.—The West Point Military Academy and its instructors are pronounced as beautifully illustrated in Scribner's for July, the histories and descriptive text being supplied by Benson J. Lossing. This article appears just at the time that public attention is attracted to the Academy, and a timely paper is that on "Woman as a Soldier," a very strong piece of characterization. The July number is a very interesting and suggestive branch of the Guntton House system is fully exposed. "Draxy Miller's story," a very strong piece of characterization. The July number is a very interesting and suggestive branch of the Guntton House system is fully exposed. "Draxy Miller's story," a very strong piece of characterization. The July number is a very interesting and suggestive branch of the Guntton House system is fully exposed. "Draxy Miller's story," a very strong piece of characterization.

If you want your Panama and Straw hats properly cleaned and trimmed go to 691 Craig Street and have them done at once by G. E. Siegans successors to G. W. Ketchum. 2-25d.

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Blessings on the Hand of Woman! Angels guard its strength and grace, In the palace, cottage, hotel— O, no matter where the place!

BROOKDALE.

BY ERNEST BENT.

Author of 'Love's Redemption,' &c.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EDWARD DANVERS.

Laurence Drayton had settled steadily to work when he left the cottage on the morning of the day on which the betting-man took his fatal evening walk over the cliffs. Mr. Drayton had no time to lose. His purpose was definite. The future lay before him clearly. There were some rather imprudent habits to drop—a careless disregard for stray sovereigns, that went to idle friends, as a rule did the idle friends more harm than good, and as careless a disregard for time—days wasted in purposeless rambles with men who laid claim to his company on the score of goodfellowship, and nights divided through over cards, and coffee, and gossip at his club. He had no very evil habits to get rid of; but such as he had stood seriously in the way of his determination to save money for the sake of Julia Temple.

you fully into their confidence even on the most delicate topics. "Not so curious as it seems. You see they can write to me in perfect confidence. I am their lawyer, physician, confessor, and private counselor—and I have to be all these at times. My advice costs them nothing, and it has the advantage of always being honest and impartial. It has the added advantage of being given in the strictest secrecy, although it is made public. They can write to me, a stranger, on matters which they could not mention even to those nearest and dearest to them."



JULIA VISITS LAURENCE DRAYTON AT THE TEMPLE.

In none of them his description of a Pennsylvania house is very good—clearly taken from life. "He may be laying the foundation of a successful literary career," said Laurence, taking the enclosure from the envelope. "There must be a beginning and this may be his. It is a little poem—a song rather, as he writes 'for music' in the corner."

"To love thee like this, 'twere but madness, I know! But the heart you turn back is too fondly thine own. I can't hope to kindle in yours, sweet, a glow Like the passionate yearning I have for thee alone."

"Yes," said Mr. Drayton, "it is some such thing as you might find set to a pretty jingle in soft octaves, and sung by sentimental young ladies or a Christy Minstrel troupe. The idea is not new—the shape may be. Simply, it is not poetry."

"There is not much poetry written in these days," said Mr. Ringers, "and very little of what there is finds its way through the post to the editor of a weekly periodical—a very, very little. Yet, Mr. Drayton, that waste-basket under the table is the grave of many better things than the monthly magazines give us—the vera dea acielis, as they call them, with an affection which, like the verses themselves, is peculiarly the property, thank heaven! of the civil service literary swell and the drawing-room amateur."

"I have heard of that office in connection with some one. Let me see?" He took up the Daily News, and looked at the advertising columns. "The prospectus of the United Invaluable Life and Fire Insurance Company met his eye first, with a well-written statement concerning participations, policies, premiums free of risk, a new system of dividing profits, and a wonderful arrangement for limiting the liabilities. He looked down the list of directors. There was the usual admiral, the inevitable baronet, the several right honours, the regulation quantity of colonels and majors, the one M. P., the two well-known merchants, and the maker-weight of respectable addresses. Amongst the latter he saw the name of George Barrill, Esq., Russell-square, and in the post of honor, between Admiral Sir some-thing Blank and the Right Hon. Sir, Jenkins Dush, there was the name of Everard Grantley, Esq., Brookdale."

"There was, to say the least, something singular in this association of names, and Mr. Drayton felt anxious to see the young aspirant for literary honours. It occurred to him that Edward Danvers Temple, on the mother's side—was perhaps a cousin, and if so, it did not seem generous on the part of the inheritor of Brookdale to let him earn his bread as a mere clerk under Grantley."

"I do not know. We shall use one or two of his little stories presently, and the proof will be sent to him. He will have a cheque by and by, and then, I daresay, he will call. We are generally rather overwhelmed by the gratitude of the new contributors when our appreciation takes the monetary shape."

"I should like to see him," said Laurence. "If he is related to a Philadelphia family of which I have heard in connection with some friends of mine, he may be able to throw a light on certain points that have not satisfied me yet."

"Crude as yet. All prose is crude at first. Byron did not begin by writing 'Child Harold,' and there have been, I suspect, few great poets who would not very willingly write 'Out of print' across some of their juvenile effusions. The same rule applies to prose; but a man must try his pen in the hand some-where, and with a little going through, I think we shall be able to make Mr. Edward Danvers profitable."

"Going through" was rather a meretricious operation with Mr. Ringers. He was a deadly foe to redundancy, repetition, and ultra-sentiment. Many a young contributor shed tears of anguish at his remorseless excisions; but those same young contributors, grown old and wiser, gave him grateful kudos when comparing the carefully-edited sketch with its rude original in MS. The editorial duty was not an easy one to perform; but he went in for it conscientiously, and if he did not always succeed in pleasing everybody, he could, like the hero in 'Cato,' claim to have deserved success.

"What name did you say?" said Laurence. "Edward Danvers." "Is there no surname?" "Danvers would be the surname, I suppose." "And he writes American stories," mused Laurence; "gives a bit of Pennsylvania scenery from the life! How long is it since he first wrote to you?"

"Two months ago, I daresay." "I wonder whether he is related to the new master of Brookdale," said Laurence, thoughtfully. "His name is Edward Danvers Temple, and he came from that Pennsylvania. The demand is greater than the supply, though we will be willing to take them ever so much diluted; but a second Tennison might walk barefoot from Paternoster-row to Piccadilly with something more tender and beautiful than 'Locksley Hall' in his pocket and never get two lines of it read."

"The spirit of the age is not to blame. We get too much scientific imitation, too little of the genuine thing. You can scarcely open a comic periodical, or a serious magazine, without finding a point suggestive of Byron or Prout, Tom Hood or Barham. The fatal facility of the society verso-makers has destroyed the public and the publisher's faith in poetry. The new minstrel, whoever he may be, will have to hammer his way in with the strong, rude iron of his genius."

"I am glad you think there is a chance for the young man," said Laurence. "And you could arrange a meeting with him?" "Easily. I shall have his proofs on Thursday. I can ask him to correct, and bring them here on Saturday at five. Then you might meet him?"

"Yes; that would do," said Drayton. "It is merely a fancy of mine, and nothing may come of it. But I want to see what he is like, and how he has become acquainted with Everard Grantley."

Laurence spent the next few days chiefly at his chambers, busily engaged upon a serial story for the Journal Mr. Ringers edited. There were times when he liked to have some one near him while he worked—when the sound of another voice kept his own going—just as there were times when every footstep that ventured near the door of his room was to him the footsteps of a deadly foe, for whom amputation was the mildest penalty. The two gentlemen sported the oak-kept, the outer door closed, that is to say, except to those who came with the mystic signal, which was the only "open sesame." Each kept to his own chambers, separated by a middle passage, and two small bedrooms—except at luncheon, tea, and when a short interval of rest became necessary.

Many a time while he was at work did his thoughts revert to the change of fortune which had befallen Eugene; and he remembered, now and then, the strange man who had spoken to him when the new master of Brookdale added to the London papers gave a few lines to the fact that a man, name unknown, had lost his life by falling from the cliff beyond Hastings. Laurence thought of his interrogator, strange to say. Their luncheon had been brought upon Saturday by the handmaid—a wonderfully antique person, who always wore a dirty apron, and was always afflicted with asthma—being fatigued, she called it when a boy from the telegraphic office ascended the stairs with conscientious deliberation. He whistled an inaudible tune, now and then, and beat time to it on the banisters with the telegram he had to deliver.

face of Clarence Temple, as Clarence Temple looked in the Brookdale picture gallery, as dark, as proud, but gentler; and when he spoke there was just the soft, melodic, high-bred accent which belonged to Eugene and most of his race.

"He had to its fullest extent the natural attributes of a gentleman—self-possession; but there was a slight nervous flush of pleasure on his handsome face as he entered the editor's chambers. He bowed across the table to Mr. Drayton, prepossessed in a moment by that gentleman's glance of kindly interest."

"You have brought the proofs of your little story, I suppose?" said Ringers, giving the young clerk his hand. "Take that chair by the fire, Mr. Danvers. I can give you a quarter of an hour or so. We can talk before Mr. Drayton; he is an old literary man, and he has just been saying some kind things of you."

"I shall try," said Edward, simply, "to deserve them." "You will say that I have taken some liberties with your text," Ringers went on. "The exercises of taste cramped us to be unmerciful. The little story itself is smooth enough. I see you have left in the paragraph I queried."

"On reflection, sir, I saw no reason to alter my opinion." "Your opinion is earnest, perhaps, and it shows observation," smiled the editor; "but it may be a little too severe. What do you think, Mr. Drayton?"

Laurence took the proofs, and read the marked paragraph. It drew a comparison between American men and Englishmen of a similar class. "In America," it ran, "the young middle-class man is more self-dependent and less moral courage than the young middle-class man here. There his father leaves a stable, or he works at one, and he is not a hundred of his father or his work. The London clerk, on the other hand, likes to be thought a gentleman, and nothing else. He never, if he can help it, admits that he has to work for his living, or that the money he earns is all he has taken out. He is afflicted with a somewhat abject reverence for rank and money, and a snobbish contempt for poor men, and men who labour with their hands. He is apt to think more of men for their position than their individuality. To respect money more than character."

"That is the result of personal experience," said Edward Danvers, in a tone of quiet conviction. "I have seen a young man in a shirt over the Atlantic, and I have seen a clerk in London, and I have written what I feel to be the truth." "You have written what to a great extent is the truth," said Laurence, "and it shows that you intend to use an honest pen. We are very impressed as they come to you, Mr. Danvers; just to your instance, and set down what you think. You were a logic lecturer as a profession?"

"I should like it above all things." "Well, I think you have a considerable chance, and you could not have fallen into a better cause than Mr. Ringers'. Have you been in America?" "Only a few months. I came over with Mr. Barrill, one of our directors; now a gentleman who was very kind to me, and it was through an introduction he gave me to Mr. Grantley and I got my present situation."

"You were born in America?" "Yes, sir, born and bred there, and never left my native place till I made the voyage here." "Are you related, do you know, to a gentleman named Edward Danvers Temple, who, I think, came over with Mr. Barrill at the same time?" "I never heard of such a person," said the young man, quietly. "Certainly, no such person came over in Mr. Barrill's company. No one travelled with him but myself."

CHAPTER XXV.

JULIA.

There was no such person as Edward Danvers Temple, or if there were, no such person had travelled from America with the gentlemanly George. The simple truth lay in the fact that the man who knew it best. The clerk at the Philadelphia hotel, and it was to a Philadelphia lady, Clarence Temple had been married. The journalist pondered over it deeply; but it opened the way to such a tangled web of thought that he gave it up and set down to his work. He had never given a definite shape to his own suspicions. His instinct told him there had been full play—a subtle and mysterious plot, in which Brookdale and Everard Grantley were always together in strange associations.

It was sitting pen in hand, jotting down a few stray notes as they occurred to him in the midst of his reverie. He was thinking of Eugene, and then through him of young Danvers, and the singular chain of circumstances which had brought him there; and he was thinking of Julia, when a gentle tap at the door made his heart listen—that gentle tap was so familiar to him—he had heard it often—or something singularly like it at his study door in the grand old house by the sea. Laurence looked up from his papers, and said "Come in," and there when the door opened stood Julia herself. Her face was wistful, and her beautiful large eyes were red with unshed tears—but the sense of safety, the expression of relief and hope which came across her when she saw him touched every individual instinct in his nature. "My darling," he said, taking the soft velvet-robe figure tenderly in his arms, "how is it you have come so long journey alone?"

