

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.

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 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:

- 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.

MONTREAL HEARTHSTONE

DEVOTED TO COOCIE LITERATURE ROMANCE & CO.

VOLUME III. GEO. E. DESBARATS, No. 1, PLACE D'ARMES HILL. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

TERMS, \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

No. 6.

S. E. B. H. A STORY OF A SECRET SOCIETY.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS.

I MAY as well introduce myself to you before I begin. My name is James Bumpus, retired merchant, living quietly and peacefully in the bosom of my family, which consists, at present, of my wife Seraphina Angelina and two young Bumps, (as they are sometimes facetiously called), named Seraphina Angelina, Jr., and Nathaniel. I have a strong antipathy to secret societies, and from an adventure which I had in New York a few years ago when I resided there, and which I am about to relate to you, I think you will agree with me that I have some ground for my dislike.

I had noticed for some time that Mrs. Bumpus was thinking of something which she was keeping secret from me. Several times I had come upon her suddenly, when she had been seen wrapped in thought, and she had started and looked at me in a manner which made me fear she was "non compos mentis." Then at night she groaned weakly in her sleep, and once or twice she muttered a few words—apparently part of some mystic spell—the only intelligible one of which was "Extinguish." All day she wore a troubled, pre-occupied expression, and would frequently look strangely at me; and then, drawing a huge roll of manuscript from her pocket, read it over carefully and made pencil corrections on the margin. Two weeks passed thus and it was getting very unpleasant. I feared Mrs. B. was becoming a hypochondriac, and consulted our physician; but he assured me she was only suffering from the effects of trying to keep a secret, sent so difficult for a lady to perform that it invariably makes her ill. One evening, about that time, Seraphina Angelina absented herself from home and remained away until a very late hour. I endeavoured to draw from her where she had been, but she gave me a withering look, and muttering "Belligerent," in solemn warning accents, shook her finger at me and got into bed. The following morning the mystery was solved. Mrs. B. came to breakfast with a huge star, formed of red, white, and blue ribbon, conspicuously displayed on her left shoulder, which she appeared particularly desirous of my seeing, for she affectionately placed her right arm around my neck, so as to bring the left shoulder well under my eye, and kissed me with an air of tender solicitude which was very affecting.

"Seraphina, my love," said I, smoothing her auburn locks and noticing the star, "what is this badge?"

"The symbol of liberty!" she said, in such tragic tones, that I involuntarily started back.

"Symbol of what?"

"Liberty! Glorious liberty!" she continued, raising her arm and striking the attitude which the "Goddess of the red cap" is generally supposed to assume when she perches on top of the world to harangue the nations. "Yes, James, this badge is the emblem of freedom, the token that we are bound together to struggle and fight against slavery, drudgery, and the 'thousand ills' to which women are subjected by men."

"Good gracious, Seraphina, you don't mean to say you are getting up a revolution?"

"I do! A grand social and political revolution to reform mankind. We will shed no blood—at least we hope not—unless we are opposed; if we are, then 'Extinguish!'"

"But, my love, what terrible enterprise are you engaged in? I have noticed that your conduct has been very strange of late, and I wonder why you have not been joining in any projects which will involve you in difficulties hereafter."

"Our enterprise is glorious, and our society will be the one to inaugurate the grand movement." Here she touched the star.

"Your society! My love, I was not aware that you cared for any other society than that of your dear James." I was endeavouring to be conciliatory, for I began to fear my good little woman was slightly crazed on some point to me unknown.

"Of course you don't know anything about it," she said, bristling up with the consciousness of having kept a secret for nearly three months. "Of course you haven't heard of it. We mean to keep it a secret until the time for action comes and then —." She paused and gave me another of those terrible looks.

"What is the name of your society?" I asked.

"That is a secret."

"What is the object of your society?"

"That is a secret."

"Where do you meet?"

"That is a secret."

"How often do you meet?"

"That is a secret."

"And what do you do when you meet?"

"That is a secret."

"My love," I said, getting wrathful, "I am sorry to find you have joined a society which is ashamed to show its actions to the world. Where women have reason to conceal, there is cause for shame. Secret societies," I continued, throwing myself into the true oratorical posture, the thumb of my right hand placed between the first and second buttons of my vest, while the left gracefully supported my coat-tails, and my spectacles rested on my forehead, so as to permit my piercing eyes to exercise their influence undimmed—"secret societies, my dear, are a drawback and hindrance to civilization; they humper enlightenment and clog the wheels of progress. From them emanate all the evils which distress and annoy the body politic. All revolutions, rebellions and seditions conspire against the established governments and ruling powers of the earth are first conceived in secret societies. Here the viper treason lays its egg and here it is nurtured, fed, and nourished until it becomes a huge reptile and dashes out into the world to destroy life and deluge the streets with blood. It was in secret that the French Revolution was conceived, it was in secret that the Southern Rebellion was planned, and it is in secret that almost all of the evil in the world is commenced."



POINTING THEIR PISTOLS AT THE BOOK WITH THE DAGGER IN IT.

"Oh! Bother that," she said. "Ours is a secret society, because we please it to be; and revolutions do come"—here she assumed the tragic again—"and blood does run like water through the streets, you, you, James Bumpus, and others like you, will be responsible for it, and not me!" saying which she swept out of the room in a manner which would have done credit to Miss Bateman in her greater character of Lady Macbeth. All attempts at renewing the conversation were in vain. Mrs. B. had let me know that she had a secret and had told me just enough to raise my curiosity, and she was satisfied. The next month passed without any great explosion in the social world, and I was beginning to forget the whole matter, when one evening the postman brought a large official-looking letter addressed to Mrs. Bumpus. In a strong, bold, reckless kind of female hand, and hearing in the corner of the envelope the mystical letters S. E. B. H. Of course I might have opened it, but I would not; I preferred to give it to Seraphina and demand an explanation. This she coolly refused to give me, and tearing the letter to atoms she threw it into the fire. This was past all endurance. I had intended to be calm, but her coquetry made me wild.

"Angelina," I said, "this must be put a stop to. That letter has something to do with your informal society, and I demand to know its contents."

"Which demand I refuse to obey. Oh! James, James, do behave like a sane man, or you will drive me to do something desperate."

"Desperate! My love, what do you mean?" "Our society meets to-morrow night, when we are to consider the advisability of—"

"Of what, my dear?" "Nothing," she said, sharply checking herself, "nothing that concerns you," and she walked out, leaving me as much in the dark as ever.

I knew one thing now, however, which was that this society, which had such dangerous tendencies, met on the following evening; and I felt it was a duty I owed to the peace and welfare, not of myself alone, but of the whole State, that I should be present. I offered to accompany Mrs. B., but she smiled blandly and said that she could "do without me," and that their meetings were secret and "no gentleman admitted." I made up my mind that I would make one of that party, whether they liked it or not. I did not much like the idea of playing the spy on my wife's actions, but as my little woman might be getting into bad habits, I considered it my duty to watch her and find out something more of this secret association.

About five o'clock on the following evening I entreated myself behind the glass window of Jones, the grocer, and patiently awaited Mrs. Bumpus. At fifteen minutes past six she appeared, and walking down to the corner entered a Fourth avenue car. I followed in the next car. At the depot she got out and purchased a ticket. After waiting until she was seated in the car, I also secured a ticket, but not knowing for what place she had taken one, I thought it safest to purchase one for William's Bridge, as I did not think Mrs. B. would go further than that alone. Accordingly, I invested, and securing a seat in the smoking car, sat smoking a cigar and wondering how my adventure would terminate.

At the first station past Harlem Mrs. B. alighted and started at a rapid pace down a by-street. I followed, at a long distance, and a pretty clink she led me of nearly two miles, over some of the roughest and muddiest roads that it has ever been my misfortune to travel on. At last she turned up a wild, desolate-looking road, with a superfluity of mud and very few houses, and entered a medium-sized house, standing a little back from the road on a slight rise. After giving her time to enter, I cautiously approached and

began to reconnoitre. The house was a three-story brick building, with a piazza on two sides, and the parlours apparently on the second floor. On a prowl, however, I noticed a small sitting-room, the windows of which opened under the piazza, and one look into which filled me with astonishment and convinced me that that was the apartment in which the meeting was to be held. The room was small, but neatly furnished for general use. A piano stood on one side, a sofa and half a dozen chairs on the other and placed about the room. Near the centre stood a small table, on which was placed a large book—apparently a Bible—with a pair of drawn swords, crossed on it. On one side of this lay a roll of manuscript, and on the other a smaller book with a dagger driven through it. Over the piano was a gilt frame holding a silk banner bearing the unglued letters S. E. B. H.

Above the door, leading to an inner apartment, was suspended a pair of fencing foils, crossed, and standing in each corner was a musket. On the piano, which was closed, lay two or three pairs of boxing gloves, and a pair of Kebo's clubs were on the floor. Altogether the room presented a most warlike appearance, looking more like the apartment of a gay young bachelor than the meeting room of half a dozen gentle females!

For nearly an hour I stood watching the clubs, muskets, etc., without any discovery. When my patience was almost exhausted, the inner door opened, and a troop of young ladies marched gravely in. They were all armed with seven shotguns, and each bore on her shoulder the red, white, and blue badge. Mrs. Bumpus led the way, and I was surprised to see several young ladies with whom I was acquainted following her. There was Miss Bowdernow, Miss Bowdene, Miss Knocksofty, and two others whom I did not know. They entered in single file and marched round the room three times, pointing

their pistols at the book with the dagger in it, and chanting a low dirge—after which the tallest of the party mounted on a chair and with great exertion pulled out the dagger. Three more girls then went to her assistance, and each taking a corner, the book was carried to the fireplace and held on the flames. As the fire blazed up and crackled they all smiled grimly and clasped their hands with glee. When the book was entirely consumed, they gravely seated themselves around the tall girl, who sat at a small table and appeared to act as President. I then noticed that Miss Knocksofty had not taken a seat, but was standing guard before one door, armed with a sword, while another young lady performed the same office at the other door.

I do like anything mysterious. Nothing gives me so much delight as unravelling an apparently unfathomable mystery. I know I may be called curious, but still I will confess to taking the greatest pleasure in finding out anything that has an air of grand, important concealment. I had, so far, only seen; but now I determined to hear. The evening was warm and pleasant; so I thought a little fresh air would do the girls no harm. I therefore raised the window enough to allow the air to pass in and the sound of the voices to pass out. The first sound that reached my ears perfectly astounded me. The tall girl who acted as presiding officer rose and said, "The Society for Extinguishing Belligerent Husbands will please come to order!" Good gracious! What bloody-minded females! I now understood what Mrs. Bumpus meant when she muttered "Extinguish," and remembered the impressive manner in which she had begged me "not to force her to do something desperate." And I evidently had forced her to desperation; for there she sat, within fifteen feet of me, and only separated from me by circumstances and a pane of glass. The strange, fierce look was on her face, and I could see that she was debating within herself the advisability of recognizing my rights as a "belligerent" at once, and no doubt contemplating the most favourable opportunity for "extinguishing" me. I felt a cold chill down the back and a shivering sensation all over the body, when I reflected that I was standing very close to those six females, bandied together to "extinguish belligerent husbands," and that each of them was armed with a seven-shooter, not to mention the muskets, Kebo's clubs, boxing-gloves, etc., which were lying around loose. I felt convinced that the whole party were taking aim at me through the window, and it was only after a long while that I ventured again to apply my eye to the glass, taking care, however, to profit by darkness; and I believe I fervently thanked the moon for not shining, and was never so glad to lose the light of the stars.

When I peeped again, a very pretty, modest-looking young lady was speaking; and as she raised her tall, dark eyes, filled with love and womanly tenderness, and a slight flush suffused her blooming cheeks, I wondered that one so young and fair could harbour such sanguinary thoughts in her pure bosom against a prospective husband; for, judging from appearances, Mrs. Bumpus seemed to be the only married lady in the room. As well as I can remember, the young lady said that she would like to recommend to the Society the propriety of adopting a motto, as well as a badge, and so forth, as it were, a coat of arms, which could be executed on black velvet, worked with colored silks, and the letters done with gold thread." Miss Knocksofty brought her sword down with a sharp snap on an unloading chair, and asked if any one had thought of a motto. The young lady replied that she had. A gentleman of her acquaintance had been teasing her to tell him the name of the Society, and, among other guesses, had said that he thought the initials meant "Short Engagements Benefit Humanity," which the crusher would be an excellent motto for them to assume. Miss Knocksofty said she did not think there was any necessity for the Society to have a motto. For her part, she objected to mottoes, unless they were presented by a young gentleman, and accompanied by a kiss."

Miss Bowdernow shot in a remark which was partly intended by me, but it appeared to be somewhat irrelevant, as it referred more to the than the adoption of the sentence as a motto, and showed that young lady's predilection for the short and quick road to matrimony in prettily conspicuous colours. A mild, gentle-looking female rose, and replied in a stirring speech in favour of long engagements. She deplored, with heartfelt earnestness, the misery of bounding into wedlock before sufficient time had been allowed to form a just estimate of the man's character. She argued that men are deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, and that their true natures were concealed during courtship or a short engagement, and it was only after marriage, or during the trial of a three or four year engagement, that the real character showed itself; and that many a girl—here she sighed—had been saved from a life of misery by refusing to consent to hasty nuptials. Miss Knocksofty leaned up against the door she was protecting, and, bringing her sword down again with a sharp snap, declared she was in favour of short engagements. She said that when she told a fellow she would have him, she meant it, and didn't want to give him an opportunity to back out. Many a girl—here she sighed—had lost a good match by not taking a fellow when he was in the humour, and she thought it all nonsense for girls to have a fellow flogging after them for years, when they could just as well be married at once. After this the debate became somewhat confused. Every one tried to speak at once, and the uproar was so great that I could distinguish nothing.

How the affair would have ended it is impossible to say, for war seemed inevitable, had not a fortunate interruption occurred, in the shape of a low, long wall, apparently proceeding from

THE HEARTHSTONE.

the next room, which had so weird and unearthly a sound, that the wordy combatants involuntarily paused, and perfect silence reigned. After a few seconds the sound was repeated, accompanied by a hard scratching noise at the bottom of the door. At this second manifestation, Miss Knocksoftly, with the greatest presence of mind, plunged her sword heraldically into the keyhole, and ran, screaming, into the opposite corner of the room, where she threw herself violently on the sofa, and cried aloud for help. Confusion was now the order of the evening, and all crowded into the corner, cowering down, frightened, and crying loudly for help. Again the sound was repeated, this time followed by a short, sharp bark. The group of trembling females looked much relieved, and the tall President actually smiled as she said, "It's only Ponto," and, walking to the door, opened it and admitted a fine specimen of the genus puppy-dog. It was a long time before order was restored, and when the discussion was renewed, it was in such a low tone, that I could with difficulty hear what was said, and I was therefore obliged to place my ear very close to the window. Miss Beauchamp was just speaking in savage tones of the male sex in general, and wishing that she had one before her now on whom to exercise her will, when I heard a fierce growl. In my immediate rear, and experienced the unpleasant sensation of being seized by the leg by a fierce specimen of the canine race. My head involuntarily forced forward, burst through the pane of glass, severely wounding me in the face. I heard a volley of shrieks, and was conscious of a rapid disappearance of etherealine, after which my memory is much confused, until I found myself quite a distance down the road, minus hat, wig, spectacles, and coat-tail, running at full speed, with the dog in hot pursuit.

I soon managed to rid myself of his company, and endeavoured to find my way to the station; but as I was totally unacquainted with the neighbourhood, I should, no doubt, have been forced to pass the night in the open fields, had not fortune thrown a stray pedestrian in my way, who kindly stopped me to the ears, and whom I informed I had been robbed. My appearance certainly supported my assertion, and he fixed my inquisitive solely by asking all sorts of questions about my assailant. Fortunately I was able to give satisfactory answers, and my obliging friend, who was also going to New York, kindly paid for the dog, had very unhandsomely pulled off the coat-tail which contained my pocket-book and watch-key.

On arriving home my position was very difficult improved, for I was locked out of my own house at two o'clock in the morning. Ringing I knew would be of no use; so, after trying every other means, I conceived the brilliant idea of letting myself down through the coal hole and then trying to work my way up stairs. The first part was managed with no worse result than a broken leg, caused by the cover of the trap dropping on it and crushing it so severely that I was forced to yell with pain. I was obliged to break open the cellar door, and again had to force a lock to gain the entry. All this had made a great noise, and I was not surprised to hear the policeman ringing the bell violently. However, I went boldly on, knowing there is no law to prevent a man breaking into his own house, if he feels so disposed. I had got half way up the second flight of stairs when the door of Scaphin's room opened, and Mrs. B. bounded out with a huge pitcher of water. In a moment, and ere I could say a word, the contents were emptied over me and the heavy jug striking me on the head sent me rolling down the stairs. At the same time the policeman succeeded in opening the door, and seizing me by the collar he carried me off before I had an opportunity to call on Scaphin to rescue me. A short spent in the station-house did not tend to soothe my ruffled feelings, and on my release next morning I had a tremendous row with Mrs. Bumpus, the upshot of which was that she immediately recognized my right as a "belligerent," and always continued to do so, until by leaving New York I got her away from the Sanguiinary S. E. B. H.

CASTAWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BLACK SHEEP," "WRECKED IN PORT," &c., &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER VII.

MADGE'S CONFESSION.

This news which had been conveyed to her in her sister's letter had a great effect on Madge Pierpoint. It placed the relationship of Rose and Gerald entirely in a different relation before her. When the young man, renewing the girl and boyish acquaintance which had existed between them at Wexeter, had merely been in the habit of paying her sister pretty compliments, and of meeting her now and then in her walks, Madge, quite confident in Rose's strength of mind and knowledge of what was right and proper, was content to let matters be as they were. She remembered Gerald's impulsive manner and the homage which he was naturally inclined to pay to any pretty girl, and she thought this was merely a flirtation, softened it might be by the recollection of what had passed in those days which seemed now so long away. She had no desire to play the elder sister's part, to warn her of the danger of the course she was pursuing; she knew right well that Rose was perfectly able to take care of herself, and that Gerald was too much a gentleman to take advantage of any impression which he might make, and she thought that the whole affair would die out as so many hundreds of similar affairs die out daily, weekly, monthly, and yearly, without any permanent harm being done to the persons interested in them.

But when she found that she had been mistaken in her idea, and that the young man had become so fond of her sister as to make her an offer of marriage, and to renew that offer, and insist upon its fulfilment at that time when his worldly prospects were cloudy, and his fortune anything but assured, Madge deemed it necessary to throw herself in the breach and to help the young people with all the resources at her command. To say that she did this without a certain amount of struggle and resolution, without much painful reflection and many tears, would be to say that Madge was not womanly human, indeed. As a girl raw and un-sophisticated, she had been fascinated by the sham glitter and tawdry sentiment of Philip Vane, but as a woman of the world, young, indeed, but experienced, she had for the first time received that which no woman can ever forget, the undignified selfless devotion of a fresh young heart which throbs responsive, but to one touch, which pulsates but to the dictates of one idol.

Gerald Hardinge's was the heart, and she was the idol in those days now so long ago! And she had abdicated voluntarily, or at all seemed to him voluntarily, and he had taught his heart another allegiance, and it was all for the best.

The circumstances stated in the letter from Rose, had placed matters in an entirely new light. It was no longer a question of lovers' meetings and tender episodes in Kensington

Gardens; Gerald was determined to push his way through the world, taking Rose with him as his companion and his safeguard; that seemed to be his one hold on life. And Rose, though she did not say so positively, was evidently prepared to share his fate, being only desirous that before their start in life was made, reconciliation should be effected between Gerald and his father. That was left for her to do, "and you can do this, Madge, and I know you will. You see the importance of the task I have intrusted to you, and you will throw your whole heart into it." Madge decided that Rose should not be deceived. She would throw her whole heart into it, and she would succeed. She re-read the letter through, smiling somewhat sadly at the reference to the manner in which Gerald employed his leisure while at Wexeter, but laying down the paper with a full determination to do all that was asked of her.

And this determination was not arrived at without full appreciation of the difficulties to be surmounted, the self-sacrifices to be made. Madge knew she could not broach the subject to Sir Geoffrey without representing herself in what was, at least, an unenviable light, without acknowledging her precious intimacy with Gerald Hardinge, without confessing that at the very time the young man was the topic of conversation between them, she had listened to all his father had to say, she had taken her part in the discussion as though its subject had been entirely unknown to her, and had given her suggestions from what one might imagine by her confession to be anything but a disinterested point of view. The whole story of the old life must be raked up again and submitted to the executioner of a hard and austere man, who would but little compunction or compassion for such human frailties as were concerned in it, and whose anger at finding that he had been misled, however unintentionally, would probably induce him to pursue the course exactly opposite to that which was desired. However, the experiment must be made.

Madge was unable to carry her proposed scheme into execution as speedily as she could have wished. The mental excitement involved in his dealings with Messrs. Delahaye and Vane, and the subsequent examination of their documents and schemes seemed to have been a little too much for him. He complained of dizziness and headache; his favourite occupation of worrying and dogging the gardeners seemed somewhat to have lost its usual charm; he became silent and preoccupied, and for a long time he seemed to shun even the society of Mrs. Pickering, omitting to pay his usual morning visit to the house-keeper's room, and to bid for her to read to him in the evening. Madge, for her part, fell in with the drift of the general's humour, knowing that no slight was intended to herself, and thinking it better that he should be left to recover his own time and after his own fashion. When this new state of things, however, had lasted for more than a week, without any sign of change, Madge thought it advisable to send for some physician; but on the proposition being made to Sir Geoffrey, he negatived it promptly and decisively. "He was quite well," he said, "I beg your pardon," said Sir Geoffrey, stiffly, "I am not acquainted with the etiquette observed amongst theatrical people."

"Exactly," said Madge, "and that is why I explained it to you."

"So Mr. Heriot made you an offer of marriage, which you refused?"

"No," said Madge, "I did not refuse. There are circumstances in the story which it is unnecessary that I should explain, but which made me think it better to leave the place abruptly, and to give Mr. Heriot no chance of seeing me again."

"And you did so?"

"I did so, and from that hour to this I have never set eyes upon him."

"I do not like you for your reasons Mrs. Pickering," said Sir Geoffrey, taking Madge's hand and holding over it, "I am certain they were right and proper ones. How small the world is, after all. To think that you have known George, and that he should have asked you to marry him. Poor George! poor George!"

The tone in which he pronounced these last words was so soft and sad as to inspire Madge with fresh hope.

"There are stranger things to come yet, Sir Geoffrey," she said, "George is in love with some one else now."

"How do you know that? You said you had not seen him since," said the general, quietly.

"From the best of all possible authorities—the lady herself," said Madge.

"He has not fallen in love with any more attractive, I hope," said the general, "I could overlook anything in you, Mrs. Pickering; but I confess it is not from behind the scenes of a theatre that I should wish my daughter-in-law to be selected."

"You run no risk of that, Sir Geoffrey. The young lady in question is my own sister."

"What, the young lady that I have heard Cleopatra and Mr. Druce speak about, who lived for some time with you and was so pretty and so clever?"

"The same, Gerald—I cannot call him anything else—paid great notice of her when she was a child! gave her drawing-lessons, and was very kind to her."

"That was for her sister's sake," said the general, shortly.

"Undoubtedly; but it seems he has renewed the acquaintance in London, and cares for her entirely for himself. He has outgrown that foolish fancy of his boyhood, and settled down into a sober, serious regard."

And does—George—propose to marry your sister?"

"He does. In a letter which I have just had from her, she explains that his earnest wish is, that they should be at once married, and emigrate to some distant country, where they can commence a new life."

"And does he mean to leave England?"

"So I learn from Rose. Since Gerald's last interview with you, he is, she says, quite a changed man. He seems to find it impossible to get over the wrong which has been done him; the treatment which he received at your hands in your suspicion that his story of having discovered his mother's innocence was merely a fabrication, intended to do him good in your eyes. You made me speak frankly, Sir Geoffrey," added Madge, looking at the old general, who had fallen back into his previous attitude, and with his head sunk on his breast, and his hands spread out on his knees before him, was gazing vacantly into the fire; "you made me speak frankly, and I have done so, I fear to your distress and annoyance."

"I have brought the distress and annoyance on myself, and must make the best of it. Pray God it has not gone too far! This self-exile that he contemplates, can it be averted?"

"If he knew himself forgiven by you: if he only knew you acknowledge that you had misinterpreted his intention in his last attempt to see you, I will answer for you being able to do what you wish with him."

"What I wish," said the general, in a low voice "is to see him once again before I die."

"You must not speak in that manner, Sir Geoffrey," said Madge, rising in her seat and bending over his chair. "I must ask permission to insist on acting as I proposed some days since, of calling in a physician."

"He could do me no good," said the old man,

"I have no illness, no pain, nothing save a strong conviction that my death is close at hand. And that thought would trouble me but little if I could see George again."

"I remember it all, perfectly."

"You did not approve of my behaviour. In that matter from first to last?"

"I did not agree with it," said Madge.

"If I am to speak frankly to you, I will say that your first decision, when it was a question of Mrs. Heriot's conduct, was arrived at when you were much younger and more impulsive than you are now, and was the foundation of a series of errors which you have since carried out. From what I learn from you, your son has acted in a noble

and a manly manner throughout, and instead of being ashamed, you ought to be proud of him!" "I have thought so more than once within the last few days, Mrs. Pickering," said Sir Geoffrey, quietly. "I do not mind making that confession."

There was a pause for a few moments, after which Madge said:

"I, too, have a confession to make in this matter."

"You, Mrs. Pickering?"

"I have a confession to make to you, and your pardon to ask, for a certain amount of deception which I have practised towards you."

"Deception?"

"Nothing more nor less. Do you know what position I held in life before I came into your employ?"

"Captain Cleethorpe told me, but I have almost forgotten. In the telegraph office, were you not?"

"Ay, but before that?"

"I confess I have not an idea."

"I was an actress in the Wexeter Theatre. In the same theatre where your son was a scene-painter."

"Good God! had he sunk so low as that?"

"Had he dragged my name so deeply through theatre?"

"You need not fear for your name," said Madge, with a touch of sarcasm in her voice;

"he had alighted in it, as he told you he should, and was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

was known as Mr. Gerald H. Alinge. And

THE HEARTHSTONE.

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHETY.

The following, which is known as "Mother Shipton's Prophecy," was first published in 1488, and republished in 1611. It will be noticed that all the events predicted in it, except that mentioned in the last two lines—which is still in the future—have already come to pass:—

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents will fill the world with woe,
In the twinkling of a eye,
What shall yet more wonders do?
Now strange, yet shall be true,
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of trees,
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse or mule be at his side,
I'nd'le and m'le and m'le and m'le,
All ride shall see, all talk,
In the air man shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green,
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat,
Gold sh'd be found and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
Earth shall at last sink low,
To eighteen hundred and eighty-one.

THE WATER-BABIES:

A FAIRY TALE FOR A LAND-BABY.

BY REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY M. A.

ONCE upon a time there was a little chimney-sweep, and his name was Tom. That is a short name, and you have heard it before, so you will not have much trouble in remembering it. He lived in a great town in the North country, where there were plenty of chimneys to sweep, and plenty of money for Tom to earn and his master to spend. He could not read nor write, and did not care to do either; and he never washed himself, for there was no water up the court where he lived. He had never been taught to say his prayers. He never had heard of God, or of Christ, except in words which you never have heard, and which it would have been well if he had never heard. He cried half his time, and laughed the other half. He cried when he had to climb the dark flues, rubbing his poor knees and elbows raw; and when the soot got into his eyes, which he did every day in the week; and when he had not enough to eat, which happened every day in the week likewise. And he laughed the other half of the day, when he was tossing half-pennies with the other boy, or playing leap-frog over the posts, or bowling stones at the horses' legs as they trotted by, which last was excellent fun, when there was a wall at hand behind which to hide. As for chimney-sweeping, and being hungry, and being beaten, he took all that for the way of the world, like the rain and snow and thunder, and stood manfully with his back to it till it was over, as his old donkey did to a bull-storm; and then shook his ears and was as jolly as ever; and thought of the fine times coming, when he would be a man, and a master sweep, and sit in the public-house with a quart of beer and a long pipe, and play cards for silver money, and wear velvet-coats and ankle-jacks, and keep a white bull-dog with one grey ear, and carry her puppies in his pocket, just like a man. And he would have apprentices, one, two, three, if he could. Tom would bully them, and knock them about, just as his master did to him; and make them carry home the soot sacks, while he rode before them on his donkey, with a pipe in his mouth and a flower in his button-hole, like a king at the head of his army. Yes, there were good times coming; and, when his master lay him a pull at the leavings of his beer, Tom was the jolliest boy in the whole town.

One day a smart little grommet rode into the court where Tom lived. Tom was just hiding behind a wall, to heave half-a-brick at his horse's legs, as is the custom of that country when they welcome strangers; but the grommet saw him, and hailed to him to know where Mr. Grimes, the chimney-sweep, lived. Now, Mr. Grimes was Tom's own master, and Tom was a good man of business, and always civil to customers, so he put the half-brick down quietly behind the wall, and proceeded to take orders.

Mr. Grimes was to come up next morning to Sir John Hartshover's, at the Place, for his old chimney-sweep was gone to prison, and the chimneys wanted sweeping. And so he rode away, not giving Tom time to ask what the sweep had gone to prison for, which was a matter of interest to Tom, as he had been in prison once or twice himself. Moreover, the grommet looked so very neat and clean, with his drab garters, drab breeches, drab jacket, snow-white to a smart pin-fit, and clean round ready face, that Tom was offended and disgusted at his appearance, and considered him a stuck-up fellow, who gave himself airs because he wore smart clothes, and other people paid for them; and went behind the wall to scold the half-brick after all; but did not, remember that he had come in the way of business, and was, as it were, under a flag of truce.

His master was so delighted at his new customer that he knocked Tom down out of hand, and drank more beer that night than he usually did in two, in order to be sure of getting up in time next morning; for the more a man's head aches when he wakes, the more glad he is to turn out, and have a broath of fresh air. And, when he did get up at four the next morning, he knocked Tom down again, in order to teach him (as young gentlemen used to be taught at public schools) that he must be an extra good boy that day, as they were going to a very great house, and might make a very good thing of it, if they could but give satisfaction.

And Tom thought so likewise, and, indeed, would have done and behaved his best, even without being knocked down. For, of all places upon earth, Hartshover's Place (which he had never seen) was the most wonderful; and of all men on earth, Sir John (whom he had seen, having been sent to goal by him twice) was the most awful.

Hartshover Place was really a grand place, even for the rich North country; with a house so large that in the frame-breaking riots, which Tom could just remember, the Duke of Wellington, with ten thousand soldiers to match, were easily housed therein; at least so Tom believed; with a park full of deer, which Tom believed to be monsters who were in the habit of eating children; with miles of game-preserves, in which Mr. Grimes and the collier-lads poached at times, on which occasions Tom saw pheasants, and wondered what they tasted like; with a noble salmon-river, in which Mr. Grimes and his friends would have liked to pouch; but then they must have got into cold water, and that they did not like at all. In short, Hartshover was a grand place, and Sir John a grand old man.

So Tom and his master set out; Grimes rode the donkey in front, and Tom and the brushes walked behind; out of the court, and up the street, past the closed window-shutters, and the winking weary policemen, and the roofs all shining grey in the grey dawn.

They passed through the Plumer's village, all shut up and silent now; and through the turnpike; and then they were out in the real country, and plodding along the black dusty road, between black sly walls, with no sound but the

groaning and thumping of the pit-engine in the next field. But soon the road grew white, and the walls likewise; and at the wall's foot grew long grass and gay flowers, all drenched with dew; and instead of the groaning of the pit-engine, they heard the skyark saying his matins high up in the air, and the pit-hird warbling in the sedges, as he had warbled all night long.

On they went; and Tom looked, and looked, for he never had been so far into the country before; and longed to get over a gate, and pluck buttercups, and look for birds' nests in the hedge; but Mr. Grimes was a man of business, and would not have heard of that.

Soon they came up with a poor Irishwoman, trudging along with a bundle at her back. She had a grey shawl over her head, and a crimson madder pocket; so you may be sure she came from Galway. She had neither shoes nor stockings, and limped along as if she were tired and footsore; but she was a very tall handsome woman, with bright grey eyes, and heavy black hair hanging about her cheeks. And she took Mr. Grimes's fancy so much, that when he came alongside he called out to her:

"This is a hard road for a gradaile foot like that. Will ye up, lass, and ride behind me?"

But, perhaps, she did not admire Mr. Grimes's looks and voice; for she answered quietly:

"No, thank you; I'd sooner walk with your little lad here."

"You may please yourself," growled Grimes, and went on smoking.

So she walked beside Tom, and talked to him, and asked him where he lived, and what he knew, and all about himself, till Tom thought he had never met such a pleasant spoken woman. And she asked him, at last, whether he

"Stop!" said the Irishwoman, "I have one more word for you both; for you will both see me again, before all is over. Those that wish to be clean, clean they will be; and those that wish to be foul, foul they will be. Remember." And she turned away, and through a gate into the meadow. Grimes stood still a moment, like a man who had been stunned. Then he rushed after her, shouting "You come back." But when he got into the meadow the woman was not there.

Had she hidden away? There was no place to hide in. But Grimes looked about, and Tom also, for he was as puzzled as Grimes himself, at her disappearing so suddenly; but look where they would, she was not there.

Grimes came back again, as silent as a post, for he was a little frightened; and getting on his donkey, lit a fresh pipe, and smoked away, leaving Tom in peace.

And now they had gone three miles and more, and came to St. John's lodge-gate.

Very grand lodges they were, with very grand iron gates, and stone gate-posts, and on the top of each a most dreadful bogey, all teeth, horns, and tail, which was the crest which Sir John's ancestors wore in the Wars of the Roses; and very prudent men they were to wear it, for all their enemies must have run for their lives at the very first sight of them.

When they were come up to the great iron gates in front of the house; Tom stared through them at the rhododendrons and azaleas, which were all in flower; and then at the house itself, and wondered how many chimneys there were in it, and how long ago it was built, and what was the man's name that built it, and whether he had never met such a pleasant spoken woman.

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shop. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

No, she cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty, thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room?

And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty; and burst into tears with shame and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of ten thousand kettle-drums to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock.

In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a poterman's hands many a time, and out of them too, what is more; and he would have been ashamed to face his friends for ever if he had been simple enough to be caught by an old woman; so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

For he could see that it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about.

The other picture was that of a man malled to a cross, which surprised Tom much. He found that he had seen something like it in a shop window, but why was it there? "Poor man," thought Tom, "and he looks so kind and quiet, but why should the lady have such a sad picture as that in her room? Perhaps it was some kinsman of hers, who had been murdered by the savages in foreign parts, and she kept it there for a remembrance." And Tom felt sad, and ached, and turned to look at something else.

The next thing to saw, and that too puzzled him, was washing-stand, with ewers and basins, and soap and brushes, and towels; and a large bath, full of clean water—what a heap of things all for washing!

"She must be very dirty lady," thought Tom, "by my master's rule, to want so much scrubbing as that. But she must be very cunning to put the dirt out of the way so well afterwards, for I don't see a speck about the room, not even on the very towels."

And then, looking toward the bed, he saw that dirty lady, and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all about over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or maybe a year or two older; but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her delicate skin and golden hair, and wondered whether she were a real live person, or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shop. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her, as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

No, she cannot be dirty. She never could have been dirty, thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "And are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub the soot off, and wondered whether it ever would come off. "Certainly I should look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her."

And looking round, he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly, black, ragged figure, with bleared eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room?

And behold, it was himself, reflected in a great mirror, the like of which Tom had never seen before.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, found out that he was dirty; and burst into tears with shame and anger; and turned to sneak up the chimney again and hide, and upset the fender and threw the fire-irons down, with a noise as of ten thousand kettle-drums to ten thousand mad dogs' tails.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, screamed as shrill as any peacock.

In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom likewise, made up her mind that he had come to rob, plunder, destroy, and burn; and dashed at him, as he lay over the fender, so fast that she caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold him. Tom had been in a poterman's hands many a time, and out of them too, what is more; and he would have been ashamed to face his friends for ever if he had been simple enough to be caught by an old woman; so he doubled under the good lady's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

(To be continued.)

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COPPER.—Chemical analysis shows that the seeds of the amaranth, when dried, resemble so closely in color to copper, and are but little inferior to Mosaic, containing the common copper and copper, the principle called taurine. Dry the amaranth berries well, after being thoroughly ripened, then rub them on a sieve, thus the seeds are readily separated.

This is in New Granada a plant, *Corynara thymifolia*, which is dangerous to our ink manufacturers, if it could be introduced in Europe. It is known under the name of the Indian corn, or just called chanchi, can be used in writing without any previous preparation. The letters, traced with it are of a reddish colour at first, but turn to a deep black in a few hours.

These last were very difficult questions to answer, that he knew no answers to say.

Then he asked her where she lived; and she said far away by the sea. And Tom asked her about the sea; and she told him how it rolled and roared over the rocks in winter nights, and lay still in the bright summer days, for the children to bathe and play in it; and many a story more, till Tom longed to go and see the sea, and bathe in it likewise.

At last, at the bottom of a hill, they came to a spring; and there Grimes stopped, and looked; and Tom looked too. Tom was wondering; but Grimes was not wondering at all. Without a word, he got off his donkey, and clambered over the low road wall, and knelt down and began dipping his ugly head into the spring—and very dirty it made it.

Tom was picking the flowers as fast as he could. The Irishwoman helped him, and showed him how to tie them up; and a very pretty nosegay they had made between them. But when he saw Grimes actually wash, he stopped, quite astonished; and when Grimes had finished, and begun shaking his ears to dry them, he said:

"Why, master, I never saw you do that before."

"Nor will again, most likely. Twasn't for cleanliness I did it, but for coolness. I'd be ashamed to want washing every week or so, like any amutty collier-lad."

"I wish I might go and dip my head in," said poor little Tom. "It must be an awful job putting it under the town-pump; and there is no bando here to drive a chap away."

"Those come along," said Grimes, "what dost want with washing thyself? Thou did not drink half a gallon of beer last night, like me."

"I don't care for you," said naughty Tom, and ran down to the stream, and began washing his face.

Grimes was very sulky, because the woman preferred Tom's company to his; so he dashed at him with horrid words, and tore him up from the knees, and began beating him. But Tom was accustomed to that, and got his head safe between Mr. Grimes's legs, and kicked his shins with all his might.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, Thomas Grimes?" cried the Irishwoman over the wall.

Grimes looked up, startled at her knowing his name; but all he answered was, "No; nor never was yot;" and went on beating Tom.

"True for you, if you ever had been ashamed of yourself, you would have gone over into Vendale long ago."

"What do you know about Vendale?" shouted Grimes; but he left off beating Tom.

"I know about Vendale, and about you, too. I know, for instance, what happened in Aldermere Copse, by night, two years ago come Marthmas."

"You do?" shouted Grimes; and leaving Tom, climbed up over the wall, and faced the woman.

Tom thought he was going to strike her; but she looked him too full and fierce in the face for that.

"Yes; I was there," said the Irishwoman, quietly.

"You are not Irishwoman, by your speech," said Grimes, after many bad words.

"Never mind who I am. I saw what I saw;

and if you strike that boy again, I can tell what I know."

Grimes seemed quite cowed, and got on his donkey without another word.

He had never seen the like. He had never been in gentlefolks' rooms but when the carpets were all up, and the curtains down, and the furniture huddled together under a cloth, and the pictures covered with apron and dust-cloths; and he had often enough wondered what the rooms were like when they were all ready for the quanity to sit in. And now he saw, and he thought the sight very pretty.

The room was all dressed in white; white window curtains, white bed curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers; and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames, which amused Tom very much. There were pictures of ladies and gentlemen, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses he liked; but the dogs he did not care for much, for there were no bulldogs among them, not even a terrier. But the two pictures which took his fancy most were, one a man in long garments, with little children and their mothers round him, who was laying his hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room,

FARM ITEMS.

The Effects of Aviation.—It is a remarkable fact that trees which are regularly shaken every day

THE HEARTHSTONE.

The Hearthstone.

GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Publisher and Proprietor.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, FEB. 10, 1872.

Club Terms: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

For \$2.00: The Hearthstone for 1872, and Presentation Plate.
For \$1.00: The Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, a copy of the Presentation Plate and a copy of Trumbull's Family Record.
For \$1.00: 6 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872, and 6 Presentation Plates.
For \$20.00: 12 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 12 Presentation Plates.
For \$10.00: 25 copies of the Hearthstone for 1872 and 25 Presentation Plates.
For \$15.00: 6 copies Hearthstone 1871 and 1872, 6 Presentation Plates and 6 Family Records.
For \$30.00: 12 copies Hearthstone for 1871 and 1872, 12 Presentation Plates and 12 Family Records.

Let each Subscriber send me at least a club of 5, and secure his Paper and Presentation Plate FREE.

Young Ladies! young men! with very little exertion you can form a club of 25, get your paper and plate free, and pocket \$8.00 for your trouble.

THE ENGRAVING IS NOW READY FOR IMMEDIATE DISTRIBUTION.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS.

Address,
GEORGE E. DESBARATS,
Publisher,
Montreal.

No. 6.

CONTENTS.

STORIES.

Poor Miss Finch. By Wilkie Collins. Chap. XLVI.

CASTAWAY. By Edmund Yates. Book III. Chap. VII.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK. By the Author of "The Flowers of Glenavon." Chap. X.

FAMILY FEARS; A Sequel to "Will He Tell?" Chap. X. XI.

THE WATER BABIES; A Fairy Tale for a Land Baby. By Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A.

S. E. B. H. By J. A. Phillips.

BORN FOR A BUTCHER. By Paul Plume.

EDITORIALS.

The Alabama Claims.

"Still Harping on my Daughter."

POETRY.

Pleasant Reveries. By J. A. Phillips.—Lad Captive. Cassel's Magazine.—Waiting. By Max.—The City Slave.

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

Pilbury Portfolio. By Rev. H. F. Darnell.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

Claimants and Imposters.—Table Etiquette.—Hints to Young Mothers.—A Domestic Steam Engine.

NEWS ITEMS; SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

HOUSEHOLD ITEMS.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

FARM ITEMS.

MEDICAL ITEMS.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

WIT AND HUMOR.

HEARTHSTONE SPHINX,

MARKET REPORT.

OUR NEW STORY.

In our number of the 24th inst. we shall give the opening chapters of an original story by

Mrs. ALEXANDER ROSS,

which promises to be one of the most interesting stories which we have ever had the pleasure of offering to the readers of the HEARTHSTONE. This story is written expressly for us, and is copyrighted, so that no other paper in Canada can produce it.

ANOTHER NEW STORY.

In our next number we shall commence another new story from the pen of the most talented female writer of the day,

MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c., entitled TO THE BITTER END.

Miss Braddon is a writer of great force, and draws her characters with fidelity to nature and truthfulness of conception which would justly entitle her to the title of a "female Dickens." Her works are replete with incidents, and the interest is never allowed to flag. From the few chapters which we have received, "To the Bitter End" promises to be the best of her many good works.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

The arrangements for transferring to local agents the total charge of our subscribers, as far as renewing and collecting subscriptions, and distributing papers are concerned, not having met with general approval on the part of subscribers; and the agents on the other hand having in many cases declined the responsibility, and in others neglected our interests, theirs, and that of our subscribers, we are obliged to revert to the former mode of distribution through post. This need not disturb arrangements already made between any subscriber and any local news-dealer. We hope to see the sales effected by news agents increase rapidly, and desire that as much of our business as possible may be transacted through them. But we cannot overlook the complaints now

made, and henceforth our subscribers will receive their papers, as formerly, through the Post. Any one who has missed any numbers since 1st of January can have them gratis on application at this office.

THE ALABAMA CLAIMS.

When the Joint High Commissioners had completed their labours and the treaty of Washington had been signed, it was generally hoped and supposed that all the difficulties between England and America were at an end; and that the Arbitrators who were to meet at Geneva would have little more than what may be called "routine work" to perform in determining the amount to be paid by England for the depredations of the rebel cruisers. But it seems we had only reached the beginning of the difficulty, and there is yet some trouble ahead before this vexatious question of the Alabama claims can be settled. It will be remembered that the Arbitrators met at Geneva and the case of each nation was handed in, the Arbitrators then adjourning until September. The case made up by America is a most extraordinary and exorbitant one, amounting to some \$800,000,000, and we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that the Americans for one moment think that England would even entertain the idea of paying such an amount. The Alabama claims proper—that is the actual value of property destroyed by the rebel cruisers—amount to some \$20,000,000, and the balance of this extraordinary demand is made up of what is called "indirect damages," amongst which are included so much for "moral support to the rebels," "increased naval expenses in capturing the cruisers;" "prolongation of the war;" "loss to American commerce;" "increased insurance rates," &c.; all of which are put in round sums, and pretty round sums too.

This matter of indirect damages was fully discussed by the Joint High Commissioners, and it was generally understood that they were not to be included in the case as the treaty stipulates that a separate claim shall be made for each vessel, showing at length the damages done by her, and it would be an utter impossibility to estimate how much each vessel affected commerce, or prolonged the war, or did any of the things which are included under the title "indirect damages." The Americans have evidently had their ease made up by the far-famed "Philadelphia lawyer," and have consequently crammed it with a large quantity of buncome; and are prepared to bargain and split hairs over each item as if taxing a bill of costs. They apparently regard the Geneva Board as a Court before which they claim for damages with a lively expectation of the amount being severely cut down, and therefore, made it preposterously high at the outset that it may stand a good reduction. England, on the other hand, regards the Geneva Board as a friendly meeting for the adjustment of existing difficulties, where each nation should meet the other in a fair and friendly manner, asking only what is just and fair and in accordance with the acknowledged understanding of the treaty by the other party. The English press has spoken out in an excited manner quite unusual with it; and the opinion unanimously expressed is that unless America withdraws the claim for "indirect damages," England must at once withdraw from the treaty. The excitement has run very high in England, and it has been freely said that an appeal to arms would be preferable to allowing so unfair and unjust a demand to be submitted to arbitration. Since the delivery of the Queen's speech, however, on 6th inst., in which the claims are referred to in very moderate and temperate terms (see report in our epitome of news) the tone of the press has changed and there seems to be less disposition towards denunciatory articles, and a desire to view the position calmly and dispassionately, as one not likely to lead to extremes, although still full of difficulty and requiring skilful diplomacy.

The American papers have, with few exceptions, treated the matter as one not likely to lead to serious complications; some of them go so far as to take the English view of the case, and maintain that America is decidedly wrong in making the demand she has. The following from the N. Y. Tribune is a fair sample of the general tone of the press:

"The London despatches intimate that the British Government objects particularly to the claims for constructive damages which the American case contains. It was impossible for the American Government to omit these. The very language with which the Treaty opens makes it necessary for us, at least, to urge these claims before the Geneva Conference. The Treaty provides for the amicable settlement of all points of difference between the United States and Great Britain." These claims for constructive damages constitute one of those points of difference. They have been urged by American statesmen ever since the close of the war, and Cobden even informed Parliament, as long ago as 1861, that Great Britain would surely be called upon to pay them. Had the United States omitted these claims from its case, all points of difference would not have been settled by the Treaty. Nobody now expects that they will be allowed by the Geneva Conference, but it is a settled principle in international law, as well as in other law, that a claimant must always ask for all that he thinks his due, even though he may have no good reason to expect to receive it."

For ourselves, we do not see any probability of the little difficulty causing any disruption of the good feeling existing between the two countries. We look on the "indirect damages"

as an electioneering dodge, got up in favour of "the man who smokes," and who is very anxious to serve his country for another term. It must be borne in mind that the Presidential election takes place in November, the country must be "stumped," and where can the swarm of demagogues who "harangue the multitude" find a more congenial theme on which to build their flowery and imaginative outbursts of eloquence than "war with England." The old battle cries are getting pretty well worn, slavery no more exists, the Southern rebellion has been "talked to death," but "a war with England" would make a grand subject for a genuine Yankee stump orator. Of there being any actual hostilities, or even a cessation of diplomatic relations, we have no fear whatever. It is not probable, in our estimation, that England will hastily withdraw from the treaty; the Geneva Board does not meet until September, when counter-claims will be received, and the Board will then adjourn until next February, before which time the Presidential election will be over, and we have little doubt that the obnoxious claims will be withdrawn or considerably modified.

"STILL HARPING ON MY DAUGHTER."

It is so long since we have had a letter about "Those Spoons" that we thought we had heard the last of them; but no, one kind friend is still left us, and he writes us so unique and elegant a letter that we cannot refrain from publishing it *verbatim et literatim*, with the exception only of about half a handful of stops which we were obliged to put in, "Johny Perow" being evidently superior to such trifling affairs, and not having put a punctuation mark of any kind in his entire epistle. Here it is:

—, January 26, 1872.

Mr. hearth stone,—your hearth stone was very nice but we have another one to our chimney. please do not send us a sewing machine we have double one; do not send us that singular family sewing machine of \$70 dollars you cant afford it. A lady's watch would be nice if I had it; if it is the same price you had better send us a gold watch by telegraph, we would know the time of day the sooner. as for the organ it would be a little difficult to send by telegraph please send a Jewsharp,

please dont send the organ before the 32 of May, for the roads will be breaking up then and we might loose it, the same as we lost the spoons last year, but if you send it please registrist.

I am surprised at knolage men like ye to think we would be taken in the second time with your prises, the same as you disoverred us last year I would advise you to try some one else that knows nothing about ye if you want to continue the heartbone.

it would have been better for you if you had sent us the spoons last year, as you promised and you would have had more subscribers for 2 years here are made on the same plan as you are made, and we have right to know when men are trying to make fools of us. honesty is the best of polisey.

discieve nobody and you will not be disseaved on the last day.

you have not found all those lying promises in your creand, all those nice long tails and fine stories looks very foolish in our eyes, for we do not profess those things; we have not seen them in the commandments. here are two many printers now like you, did you not read what Abram-kam said to the rich man, you have moses and the prophets you have heard that it has been said of men of old, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for tooth, but I say unto you resist not evil, and if any one strikes you on the cheek with a sewing machine, turn to him an organ also.

remember the parable of the sowers that went out to sow, some seed fell among the hearth stones, and I think you are some of the same seed. take patron by this letter, and dont make fun of any one, and no one will make fun of you do to others as you would wish to be done by.

I am yours very truly

Johny Perow
fine fellow.

We regret three things about this letter:

1. We regret that the Postmaster at whatever place it was posted could not afford enough ink to make the postmark intelligible; if we knew where to find him we would certainly send him a small supply.

2. We regret that "Johny Perow" did not give his address as, if the present letter is anything like a fair sample of what he can do, we should have liked to offer him a position on our paper to take charge of the funny department, feeling sure that he would shortly eclipse Josh Billings and other wits of the same school.

3. We regret that we do not know where to address "Johny Perow" because he says "all those nice long tails and fine stories looks very foolish in our eyes," and we thought we might perhaps get him to write a "nice long tail" for us which would not "look foolish" in his eyes. We also confess that we should like to send "Johny" his jewsharp by telegraph, and if he should happen to see this and will give us his address we will be happy to try to accommodate him.

Our friends who will laugh over Johny's letter are well aware of the fact that the present proprietor of the HEARTHSTONE had nothing to do with Mr. Churchill and his spoons, &c., &c. what he (the present proprietor) promises he is perfectly able to perform.

EPISTOME OF LATEST NEWS.

UNITED STATES.—The Alabama claims form the all absorbing topic in the press. The N. Y. Times is particularly rampant and is going to annex Canada, invade England and form a Republic in Ireland immediately. The President and Cabinet express themselves as perfectly sure that the difficulty will be amicably arranged and the good feeling existing between the two countries not disturbed.—Wm. Gwin, member of Congress, of the state of California, refused to marry him, struck her mother with the snow blockade bolt on the Union Pacific Railroad is increased. The passenger trains from Ogden on the 26th ult. are reported at Misser Station, the passengers subsisting on crackers and fish.—A

fire at Ogdensburg on the morning of 6th inst. destroyed the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad depot, two cars and a quantity of freight. The loss amounts to about \$10,000. Munton E. Howard late Cashier of the Rhode Island National Bank has been arrested for embezzling \$200,000, and placed under bonds for \$50,000. —Purcell, the man who committed the fraud.—The Chinese Relief and Aid Society announces that further donations are not needed to enable them to get through the winter.—At Providence R. I. Mrs. Phelps Ann Wood slipped on the ice on 3rd Inst. striking her head and died soon after of concussion of the brain.—Mrs. Mary Hackott, aged 76, committed suicide at Charles Billing's of the Highlands Mills, in Nevada, attempted to murder a Miss Sheldown because she refused to marry him. He fired two shots at her from a revolver, but ineffectually, and then placed the weapon on his own head and blew his brains out.—Five powder mills belonging to the Miami Powder Co., located between Xenia and Yellow Springs, the Little Miami River, Ohio, exploded, killing 25 and wounding 30 persons. The explosion occurred at 10 o'clock on the morning of 6th inst. Five men were killed and another who is missing is supposed to have perished. The ground is strewn with timbers and debris for half a mile around at Yellow Springs, and hundreds of windows were demolished.—William Freeman, a diver in Waterford, R. I., fell into a vat of hot tallow and was scalded to death.—The Royal Canadian General Committee adopted resolutions requesting that the Common Council to impeach Mayor Hall, and the Legislature to abrogate the office of Mayor, till otherwise ordered by law.—Of 23 bills returned by the New York Grand Jury, it is said six were against Tweed, and others against Gen. H. Smith, Davidson, P. B. & J. M. Sweeney. All sorts of stories are afloat concerning the New York Grand Jury. Four or twelve are said to have been brought to court on indictments against members of the Ring. One, who paid out heavily, has been indicted, and it is reported to threaten to make astounding revelations. The jurors are said to be lobbied with and dined and wine nightly.—Samuel White (colored) was hung at Charleston S. C. on 2nd inst. for the murder of W. R. Thompson. On the 1st inst. he was condemned to die. Twenty-five or 30 masked men went to the jail where White, who murdered his wife was confined, overpowered the Sheriff, took the keys of the jail, and proceeded to Stouch's cell, and marched him out a short distance where they hung him to a tree. The mob then quietly dispersed.

CANADA.—Two suspected Fenian raiders talk of suing the Manitoba authorities for false imprisonment.—A merchant's club is to be formed at Toronto.—Fulton has concluded to accept Brown's offer to row a four mile course on the river Kennebecasis for \$1000, and \$150 for his expenses.

MANITOBA.—The Manitoba Legislature adjourned yesterday.

SPAIN.—Several Communist refugees arrived at Madrid.—The disturbances at Barcelona &c. were fomented by the Internationalists many of whom have been arrested.—Subscriptions have been opened at Madrid to assist the French to pay the war indemnity.—The Porto Rico deputies in the late Cortes have issued a manifesto demanding that the reforms, constitutional government and abolition of slaves be carried into effect.

SPAIN.—The Government passed the bill.

CUBA.—Gen. Requejada, the new commander of the Cuban Department, arrived at Havana on 6th inst. from Spain.—A portion of the excursionists on the *Moro Castle*, from New York, have returned; the remainder were to return this week.

CHINA.—The crew of the ship *Admiral*, Captain Reid, from San Francisco, on October 4th, abandoned at sea, were picked up and brought to Hong Kong. The *Admiral* belonged to Liverpool.

INDIA.—Deputy Commodore Cowan has ordered fifty of the Kooka mutineers to be blown from the mouths of cannon.

ITALY.—Cardinal Antonelli is sick, but there is nothing in the complaint to excite apprehension.

women of France, for the purpose of paying the indemnity. Jewellery and objects of art will be accepted, and bazaars will subsequently be organised by French ladies residing in London, Vienna, Rome, New York, and other capitals.

MEXICO.—The Porfirio rebels have been defeated in the State of Vera Cruz.—The Government troops have whipped the negroes and other insurgents near Tuxtla Gutiérrez.—The Pueblo train was recently attacked by highwaymen, who robbed the passengers and stripped them of their clothing. The robbers kidnapped all of the passengers and inflicted unmerciful punishment upon them.

Women were beaten to death in the City of Mexico, in the month of January.—A revolutionary bulletin announces the fall of Camargo and calls the inhabitants of Tamaulipas to arms against the Juarez tyrants. Gen. Palacio has organized 500 national guards. No one thinks he will have to run away to escape conscription.

GOVERNMENT PAPERS.—Government papers affirm the defeat of Martinez and Freyre before San Luis.

THE HEARTHSTONE.

LED CAPTIVE.

Marriage? pooh! man's bark by himself,
With a bachelor home and his pipe on the shelf.
I've Eve in biscuit and Venus on the shelf—
Enough of the sex for me!

Though I've Faith as a chamo, Jane Grey in tint,
Cleopatra in wedgework for vesta and splint.

A bust, by the potter well blessed with a squat,

And extras these, all three.

No! bachelordom for a bachelor mind:

The sex may try to get the sex to kind,

You rovers! for sweets we make you find;

A bachelordom bold'll be!

You may wed on three hundred, or heiress win;

Have a fake honeymoon or a Switzerland spin;

Go marry the handsome the plump, or the thin;

A bachelor life for me.

"I'm free from troubles, I do as I will;

No dressmaker's bills come to me as a pill;

I know but by hearsay teeth and dill,

I never am sorry for my debts, I cry.

To do the Huber' March to the tune 'Lullaby.'

And to welcome the milk without closing an eye:

No, sir, that won't do for me.

"What, come to the party?"—"If you will, yes."

"Well."

Yes, Dick, I'll come; but you'll find me a 'sell,'

As rough as a bent to each beautiful belle—

Not fit for company.

Introduced to your sister, no, spare the girl,

The sight of her, a fiddler, with a hair behind;

Let her talk to some, for who's a waltz or whiz?

A rubber at what for me?"

I went in my armour, I left undone.

The web of my bachelor life quite spun;

Don't jibe, for she really was such a one.

No mortal could see and bear;

Lips that laughed me through with a thrill,

Eyes whose brightness could calm me or kill;

Hands that robbed me swift of my will—

I gave up then in despair.

Flower-crowned hair with the berries between,

Cheeks where a child had pinched her,

Teeth, such pearlly pride never was seen,

And oh! her voice's charm.

"Oh! Dick's dear friend! I'm so glad you're come:

Said he, calling you an ogre, so grimy and grim;

Said that as a college you'd been his "chum"—

And then she took my arm.

She might have chained it, I had not stirred;

If locked the fetters, I had not deurred;

The room went round and I only heard,

Her laugh, when she can't tell me,

I spoke to people I saw, I deserved,

I believe I ate; but a new light danced,

Through my heart till late, when friend Dick ad-

vanced—

"And how is it now, my boy?"

I looked—he laughed—"Well, find Lily a chair?"

I did, and feared rivals and grim despair;

"Good night!"—I dreamed of an angel fair,

And a selfish man alone.

My silken fetters they grew each hour;

Was bound to ope with the choicer dower—

True womanhood. Let the envious glower:

En garde! how can man groan?

• • • • •

"Oh! Lily! look, what a terrible squeeze!

My poor little darling! Little kisses ease—

The sight it's enough one's marrow to freeze—

A horrid pinch in the door!

I declare as father I'd sooner have borne

Ten times the torture. The skin's quite torn—

Why, here's Uncle Dick!" "What, my bachelor

sworn?"

Don't you find all children a bore?"

(REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1851.)

POOR MISS FINCH: A DOMESTIC STORY.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

PART THE SECOND.

MADAME PRATOLUNGO'S NARRATIVE RESUMED.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE ITALIAN STRANGER.

LUCILLA's Journal has told you all that Lucilla can tell. Permit me to reappear in these pages. Shall I say, with your favourite English clown, reappearing every year in your barbarous English pantomime, "Here I am again: how do you do?" No—I had better leave that out. Your clown is one of your national institutions. With this mysterious source of British amusement let no foreign person presume to trifle!

I arrived at Marseilles, as well as I can remember, on the fifteenth of August.

You cannot be expected to feel my interest in good Papa. I will pass over this venerable victim of the amiable delusions of the heart, as rapidly as respect and affection will permit. The duel (I hope you remember the duel?) had been fought with pistols; and the bullet had not been extracted when I joined my sisters at the sufferer's bedside. He was delicious and did not know me. Two days later, the removal of the bullet was accomplished by the surgeon in attendance. For a time, he improved after this. Then there was a relapse. On the fourth of the month, the superintendent wrote to me. More news of the lost Oscar already!

The blue man had disembarked at Genoa; and had been traced to the station of the railway running to Turin. More inquiries had been, therupon, sent by telegraph to Turin. In the meantime, and in the possible event of the missing person returning to England by way of Marseilles, experienced men, provided with a personal description of him, would be posted at various public places, to pass in review all travellers arriving either by land or sea—and to report to me, if the right traveller appeared. Once more, my princely superintendent submitted this course to my consideration—and waited for my approval—and got it, with my admiration thrown in as part of the bargain.

The days passed—and good Papa still vacillated between better and worse.

My sisters broke down, poor souls, under their anxieties. It all fell as usual on my shoulders. Day by day, my prospect of returning to England seemed to grow more remote. Not a line of reply reached me from Mrs. Finch. This in itself fidgetted and disturbed me. Lucilla was now hardly ever out of my thoughts. Over and over again, my anxiety urged me to run the risk, and write to her. But the same obstacle always raised itself in my way. After what had happened between us, it was impossible for me to write to her directly, without first restoring myself to my former place in her estimation. And I could only do this, by entering into particulars which for all I knew to the contrary, it might still be cruel and dangerous to reveal.

As for writing to Miss Batchford, I had already tried the old lady's patience in that way, before leaving England. If I tried it again, with no better excuse for a second intrusion than my own anxieties might suggest, the chances were that this uncompromising royalist would throw my letter into the fire, and treat her republican correspondent with contemptuous silence. Grosse was the third, and last, person from whom I might hope to obtain information. But shall I confess it? I did not know what Lucilla might have told him of the estrangement between us; and my pride (remember, if you please, that I am a poverty-stricken foreigner) revolted at the idea of exposing myself to a possible repulse.

You have not described the gentleman yet. Is there, by lucky chance, anything remarkable in his personal appearance?

"There is something very remarkable, sir," I answered.

"Describe it exactly, ma'am, if you please."

I described Oscar's complexion. My excellent superintendent showed encouraging signs

of interest as he listened. He was a most elegantly-dressed gentleman, with the gracious manners of a prince. It was quite a privilege to be allowed to talk to him.

"If the missing man has passed through France," he said, "with such a remarkable face that, there is a fair chance of finding him. I will set preliminary inquiries going at the railway station, at the steam-packet office, and at the port. You shall hear the result to-morrow."

I went back to good Papa's bedside—satisfied, so far.

The next day, my superintendent honoured me by a visit.

"Any news, sir?" I asked.

"News already, ma'am. The clerk at the steam-packet office perfectly well remembers selling a ticket to a stranger with a terrible blue face. Unhappily, his memory is not equally good, as to other matters. He cannot accurately call to mind, either the name of the stranger, or the place for which the stranger embarked. We know that he must either have gone to some port in Italy, or to some port in the East. And thus far, we know no more."

"What are we to do next?" I inquired.

"I propose—with your permission—sending personal descriptions of the gentleman, by telegraph, to the different ports in Italy first. If nothing is heard of him in reply, we will try the ports in the East next. That is the course which I have the honour of submitting to your consideration. Do you approve of it?"

I cordially approved of it; and waited for

However, by the eleventh of the month, I began to feel my suspense so keenly, and to suffer under such painful doubts of what Nugent might be doing in my absence, that I resolved at all hazards on writing to Grosse. It was at least possible, as I calculated—

and the Journal will show you I calculated right—that Lucilla had only told him of my melancholy errand at Marseilles, and had mentioned nothing more. I had just opened my desk—when our surgeon in attendance entered the room, and announced the joyful intelligence that he could answer at last for the recovery of good Papa.

"Can I go back to England?" I asked eagerly.

"Not immediately. You are his favourite nurse—you must gradually accustom him to the idea of your going away. If you do anything sudden you may cause a relapse."

"I will do nothing sudden. Only tell me, when it will be safe—absolutely safe—for me to go?"

"Say, in a week."

"On the eighteenth?"

"On the eighteenth."

I shut up my writing-desk. Within a day or two, I might now hope to be in England as soon as I could receive Grosse's answer at Marseilles. Under these circumstances, it would be better to wait until I could make my inquiries, safely and independently, in my own proper person. Comparison of dates will show that if I had written to the German consul, it would have been too late. It was

had nothing to do—I wanted a walk—and I thought I might as well stroll down to the port, and see the vessel come in.

The vessel was just entering the harbour by the time I got to the landing-stage.

I found our man employed to investigate travellers arriving by sea, punctually at his post. His influence broke through the vexatious French rules and regulations which forbid all freedom of public movement within limits, and procured me a place in the room at the custom-house through which the passengers by the steamer would be obliged to pass. I accepted his polite attention, simply because I was glad to sit down and rest in a quiet place after my walk—not even the shadow of an idea that anything would come of my visit to the harbour being in my mind at the time.

After a long interval the passengers began to stream into the room. Looking languidly enough at the first half-dozen strangers who came in, I felt myself touched on the shoulder from behind. There was our man, in a state of indescribable excitement, entreating me to compose myself!

Being perfectly composed already, I stared at him, and asked, "Why?"

"He is here!" cried the man. "Look!"

He pointed to the passengers still crowding into the room. I looked; and, instantly losing my head, started up with a cry that turned everybody's eyes on me. Yes! there was the poor dear disconsolate face—there was Oscar himself, thunderstruck on his side at the sight of me!

I snatched the key of his portmanteau out of his hand, and gave it to our man—who undertook to submit it to the custom-house examination, and to bring it to my lodging afterwards. Holding Oscar fast by the arm I pushed my way through the crowd in the room, got outside, and hailed a cab at the dock gates. The people about, noticing my agitation, said to each other compassionately, "It's the blue man's mother!" "Idiots!" They might have seen, I think, that I was only old enough to be his sister.

Once sheltered in the vehicle, I could draw my breath again, and reward him for all the anxiety he had caused me by giving him a kiss. I might have given him a thousand kisses. Amazement made him a perfectly passive creature in my hands. He only repeated faintly, over and over again, "What does it mean? what does it mean?"

"It means that you have friends, you wretched, who are fools enough to be too fond of you to give you up!" I said. "I am one of the fools. You will come to England with me to-morrow—and see for yourself if Lucilla is

not another."

That reference to Lucilla restored him to the possession of his senses. He began to ask the questions that naturally occurred to him under the circumstances. Having plenty of questions in reserve, on my side, I told him briefly what had brought me to Marseilles, and what I had done, during my residence in that city.

When he asked me next—after a momentary struggle with himself—what I could tell him of Nugent and Lucilla, it is not to be denied that I hesitated before I answered him.

A moment's consideration, however, was enough to decide me on speaking out—for this plain reason, that a moment's consideration reminded me of the troubles and annoyances which had already befallen us as the result of concealing the truth. I told Oscar honestly all that I have related here—starting from my night interview with Nugent at Brownlow, and ending with my precautionary measures for the protection of Lucilla while she was living under the care of her aunt.

I was greatly interested in watching the effect which these disclosures produced on Oscar.

My observation led me to form two conclusions. First conclusion, that time and absence had not produced the slightest change in the love which the poor fellow bore to Lucilla. Second conclusion, that nothing but absolute proof would induce him to agree in my unfavourable opinion of his brother's character. It was in vain I declared that Nugent had quitted England pledged to find him, and had left it to me (as the event had now proved) to make the discovery. He owned readily that he had seen nothing, and heard nothing, of Nugent. Nevertheless, his confidence in his brother remained unshaken.

"Nugent is the soul of honour," he repeated again and again—with a side-look at me which suggested that my frankly-avowed opinion of his brother had hurt and offended him.

I had barely time to notice this, before we reached my lodgings. He appeared to be unwilling to follow me into the house.

"I suppose you have some proof to support what you have said of Nugent," he resumed, stopping in the courtyard. "Have you written to England since you have been here? and have you had a reply?"

"I have written to Mrs. Finch," I answered:

"And I have not had a word in reply."

"Have you written to any one else?"

I explained to him the position in which I stood towards Miss Batchford, and the hesitation which I had felt about writing to Grosse. The smouldering resentment against me that had been in him ever since I had spoken of his brother and of Lucilla, flared up at last.

"I entirely disagree with you," he broke out angrily. "You are wronging Lucilla and wronging Nugent. Lucilla is incapable of saying anything against you to Grosse; and Nugent is equally incapable of misleading her as you suppose.

THE HEARTHSTONE.

afflicted population outside the hospital. I might have overcome those obstacles, with little trouble among a people so essentially good-tempered and courteous as the Italians, if I had tried. But it occurred to me that my first duty was to my own countrymen. The misery crying for relief in London, is misery not paralleled in any city of Italy. When you met me, I was on my way to London to place my services at the disposal of any clergyman, in a poor neighbourhood, who would accept such help as I can offer him." He paused a little—hesitated—and added in lower tones:—"That was one of my objects in returning to England. It is only honest to own to you that I had another motive besides."

"A motive connected with your brother and with Lucilla?" I suggested.

"Yes. Don't misinterpret me! I am not returning to England to retract what I said to Nugent. I still leave him free to plead his own cause with Lucilla in his own person. I am still resolved not to distress myself and distress them, by returning to Dimchurch. But I have a longing that nothing can subdue, to know how it has ended between them. Don't ask me to say more than that! In spite of the time that has passed it breaks my heart to talk of Lucilla. I had looked forward to a meeting with you in London, and to hearing what I longed to hear, from your lips. Judge for yourself what my hopes were when I first saw your face; and forgive me if I felt my disappointment bitterly, when I found that you had really no news to tell, and when you spoke of Nugent as you did." He stopped, and pressed my arm earnestly. "Suppose I am right about Mrs. Finch's letter?" he added. "Suppose it should really be waiting for you at the post?"

"Well?"

"The letter may contain the news which I most want to hear."

I checked him there. "I am not sure of that," I answered. "I don't know what news you most want to hear."

I said those words with a purpose. What was the news he was longing for? In spite of what he had said, my woman's observation answered, "News that Lucilla is still a single woman. My object in speaking as I had just spoken, was to tempt him into a reply which might confirm me in this opinion. He evaded the reply. Was that confirmation in itself? Yes—in I think!"

"Will you tell me what there is in the letter?" he asked—pausing, as you see, entirely over what I had just said to him.

"Yes—if you wish it?" I answered; not over well pleased with his want of confidence in me.

"No matter what the letter contains?" he went on, evidently doubting me.

I said Yes, again—that one word, and no more.

"I suppose it would be asking too much," he persisted, "to ask you to let me read the letter myself?"

My temper as you are well aware by this time, is not the temper of a saint. I drew my arm smartly out of his arm; and I surveyed him with what poor Pratolungo used to call, "my Roman look."

"Mr. Oscar Dubourg say, in plain words, that you distract me."

He protested of course that he did nothing of the kind—without producing the slightest effect on me. Just run over in your mind the insults, worries, and anxieties which had assailed me, as the reward for my friendly interest in this man's welfare. Or, if that is too great an effort, be so good as to remember that Lucilla's farewell letter to me at Dimchurch, was now followed by the equally ungracious expression of Oscar's distrust—and this at a time when I had but serious trials of my own to sustain at my father's beside. I think you will admit that a sweeter temper than mine might have not unnaturally turned a little sour under present circumstances.

I answered not a word to Oscar's protestations—I only searched vehemently in the pocket of my dress.

"Here," I said, opening my card-case, "is my address in this place; and here?" I went on, producing the document, "is my pass-port, if they want it."

I forced the card and the pass-port into his hands. He took them in helpless astonishment.

"What am I to do with these?" he asked.

"Take them to the Poste-Restante. If there is a letter for me with the Dimchurch postmark, I authorise you to open it. Read it before it comes into my hands—and then perhaps you will be satisfied?"

He declared that he would do nothing of the sort—and tried to force my documents back into my own possession.

"Please yourself," I said. "I have done with you and your affairs. Mrs. Finch's letter is of no earthly consequence to me. If it is at the Poste-Restante, I shall not trouble myself to ask for it. What concern have I with news about Lucilla? What does it matter to me whether she is married or not? I am going back to my father and my sisters. Decide for yourself whether you want Mr. Finch's letter or not!"

That settled it. He went his way with my documents to the post-office; and I went mine back to the lodging.

Arrived in my room, I still held to the resolution which I had expressed to Oscar in the street. Why should I leave my poor old father to go back to England, and mix myself up in Lucilla's affairs? After the manner in which she had taken her leave of me, had I any reasonable prospect of being civilly received? Oscar was on his way back to England—let Oscar manage his own affairs; let them all three (Oscar, Nugent, Lucilla) fight it out together among themselves. What had I, Pratolungo's widow, to do with this trumpery family entanglement? Nothing! It was a warm day for the time of year—Pratolungo's widow, like a wise woman, determined to make herself comfortable. She unlocked her packed box; she loosened her stays; she put on her dressing-gown; she took a turn in the room—and, if you had come across her at that moment, I wouldn't have stood in *yo' r shoes* for something, I can tell you!

What do you think of my consistency by this time? How often have I changed my mind about Lucilla and Oscar? Reckon it up, from the time when I left Dimchurch. What a picture of perpetual self-contradiction I present—and how improbable it is that I should act in this illogical way! You never alter your mind under the influence of your temper or your circumstances. No: you are, what they call, a consistent character. And I? Oh, I am only

a human being—and I feel painfully conscious that I have no business to be in a book.)

In about half an hour's time, the servant appeared with a little paper parcel for me. It had been left by a stranger with an English accent and a terrible face. He had announced his intention of calling a little later. The servant, a bouncing fat wench, trembled as she repeated the message, and asked if there was anything amiss between me and the man with the terrible face.

I opened the parcel. It contained my passport, and, sure enough, the letter from Mrs. Finch.

Had he opened it? Yes! He had not been able to resist the temptation to read it. And more, he had written a line or two on it in pencil, thus:—"As soon as I am fit to see you, I will implore your pardon. I dare not trust myself in your presence yet. Read the letter, and you will understand why."

I opened the letter.

It was dated the fifth of September. I ran over the first few sentences carelessly enough. Thanks for my letter—congratulations on my father's prospect of recovery—information about lady's gums and the rector's last sermon—more information about somebody else, which Mrs. Finch felt quite sure would interest and delight me. What!!! "Mr. Oscar Dubourg has come back, and is now with Lucilla at Ramsgate."

I crumpled the letter up in my hand. Nugent had justified my worst anticipations of what he would do in my absence. What did the true Mr. Oscar Dubourg, reading that sentence at Marseilles, think of his brother now? Mrs. Finch's letter?" he added. "Suppose it should really be waiting for you at the post?"

"Well?"

The letter may contain the news which I most want to hear."

I checked him there. "I am not sure of that," I answered. "I don't know what news you most want to hear."

I said those words with a purpose. What was the news he was longing for? In spite of what he had said, my woman's observation answered, "News that Lucilla is still a single woman. My object in speaking as I had just spoken, was to tempt him into a reply which might confirm me in this opinion. He evaded the reply. Was that confirmation in itself? Yes—in I think!"

"Will you tell me what there is in the letter?" he asked—pausing, as you see, entirely over what I had just said to him.

"Yes—if you wish it?" I answered; not over well pleased with his want of confidence in me.

"No matter what the letter contains?" he went on, evidently doubting me.

I said Yes, again—that one word, and no more.

"I suppose it would be asking too much," he persisted, "to ask you to let me read the letter myself?"

My temper as you are well aware by this time, is not the temper of a saint. I drew my arm smartly out of his arm; and I surveyed him with what poor Pratolungo used to call, "my Roman look."

"Mr. Oscar Dubourg say, in plain words,

that you distract me."

He protested of course that he did nothing of the kind—without producing the slightest effect on me. Just run over in your mind the insults, worries, and anxieties which had assailed me, as the reward for my friendly interest in this man's welfare. Or, if that is too great an effort, be so good as to remember that Lucilla's farewell letter to me at Dimchurch, was now followed by the equally ungracious expression of Oscar's distrust—and this at a time when I had but serious trials of my own to sustain at my father's beside. I think you will admit that a sweeter temper than mine might have not unnaturally turned a little sour under present circumstances.

I answered not a word to Oscar's protestations—I only searched vehemently in the pocket of my dress.

"Here," I said, opening my card-case, "is my address in this place; and here?" I went on, producing the document, "is my pass-port, if they want it."

I forced the card and the pass-port into his hands. He took them in helpless astonishment.

"What am I to do with these?" he asked.

"Take them to the Poste-Restante. If there is a letter for me with the Dimchurch postmark, I authorise you to open it. Read it before it comes into my hands—and then perhaps you will be satisfied?"

He declared that he would do nothing of the sort—and tried to force my documents back into my own possession.

"Please yourself," I said. "I have done with you and your affairs. Mrs. Finch's letter is of no earthly consequence to me. If it is at the Poste-Restante, I shall not trouble myself to ask for it. What concern have I with news about Lucilla? What does it matter to me whether she is married or not? I am going back to my father and my sisters. Decide for yourself whether you want Mr. Finch's letter or not!"

That settled it. He went his way with my documents to the post-office; and I went mine back to the lodging.

Arrived in my room, I still held to the resolution which I had expressed to Oscar in the street. Why should I leave my poor old father to go back to England, and mix myself up in Lucilla's affairs? After the manner in which she had taken her leave of me, had I any reasonable prospect of being civilly received? Oscar was on his way back to England—let Oscar manage his own affairs; let them all three (Oscar, Nugent, Lucilla) fight it out together among themselves. What had I, Pratolungo's widow, to do with this trumpery family entanglement? Nothing! It was a warm day for the time of year—Pratolungo's widow, like a wise woman, determined to make herself comfortable. She unlocked her packed box; she loosened her stays; she put on her dressing-gown; she took a turn in the room—and, if you had come across her at that moment, I wouldn't have stood in *yo' r shoes* for something, I can tell you!

What do you think of my consistency by this time? How often have I changed my mind about Lucilla and Oscar? Reckon it up, from the time when I left Dimchurch. What a picture of perpetual self-contradiction I present—and how improbable it is that I should act in this illogical way! You never alter your mind under the influence of your temper or your circumstances. No: you are, what they call, a consistent character. And I? Oh, I am only

some of the seniors of this generation can remember the decision given by the House of Lords in 1811, after the speeches of Sir Samuel Romilly, the great law reformer, for the claimant, and Attorney-General Sir Vicary Gibbs, on the other side. William Knollys, Knowles, or Knollys, the first Earl of Banbury, raised to the peerage by James the First, was an easy-going country gentleman, blessed with a wife much younger than himself, and a friendly neighbour, Lord Vaux. A few years before Lord Banbury died in 1632, when he had attained the ripe age of 85, his wife became twice a widow—one child—his son Edward and Nicholas Vaux, Edward died in childhood; and the surviving brother, when sixteen years of age, claimed the Earldom of Banbury. In 1660, at the meeting of Parliament, when "the king had come to his own," he took his seat as a peer, although not without opposition. The Lord's Committee of Privileges took the case into consideration, and reported that "the Earl of Banbury is a legitimate person." But shortly afterwards a bill was introduced declaring Nicholas Earl of Banbury to be illegitimate, but was not passed to a second reading, and Earl Nicholas was allowed to enjoy the title in peace for the rest of his life. His son Charles—an excitable person, we presume—having had the misfortune to murder his brother-in-law, was indicted as "Charles Knollys, Esquire." He claimed his privilege as a peer, to have been scarcely taken into consideration. Among the judges were several very eminent men, Lord Auchincloss, father of Johnson's Boswell, Lord Kames, Lord Monboddo (who so far anticipated Darwin as to maintain that man was originally a tailed animal), and Lord Halifax. There was a division of opinion, and the casting vote against young Archibald was given by the Lord President Dundas, who had been supposed to be favourable to him, but who professed to have received "a new light on the subject."

Such were the allegations, on the truth of which the Scotch Court of Sessions had to decide, when the case came before them on the 7th of July, 1767. Great stress was laid on the age of Lady Jane—fifty at the time of the alleged birth—and the medical evidence on that subject was very minute and lengthy. The fact that there was another child, Shatto, appears to have been scarcely taken into consideration. Among the judges were several very eminent men, Lord Auchincloss, father of Johnson's Boswell, Lord Kames, Lord Monboddo (who so far anticipated Darwin as to maintain that man was originally a tailed animal), and Lord Halifax. There was a division of opinion, and the casting vote against young Archibald was given by the Lord President Dundas, who had been supposed to be favourable to him, but who professed to have received "a new light on the subject."

Supported by wealthy friends, the claimant appealed to the House of Lords, and in 1769 the decision was reversed, owing chiefly to the powerful influence of Lord Mansfield, Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The decision gave rise to a storm of controversy and imputation. It was openly asserted that Lord Mansfield had received a hundred thousand pounds for his advocacy. No one now has the slightest belief in the truth of this accusation; but it was freely made, and many years afterwards Sir Philip Francis, in the House of Commons, on some occasion when the authority of Mansfield was quoted, denounced him as a corrupt judge—"he sold himself in the Douglass cause, and the parties are known through whom the money was paid." The successful claimant did not succeed to the ducal title, which became extinct; but in 1790 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Douglas, of Douglas Castle.

A notable case occurred not many years ago. There was a claimant to a baronetcy whose identity was vigorously disputed, and there was a searching cross-examination by one of the leading counsel of the day, Sir Frederick Thesiger—now Lord Chelmsford—touching the claimant's remembrance of personal incidents, and the extent of his educational acquirements, which, when we refer to the reports, reminds us of the now famous "Would you be surprised to hear?" of Sir John Coleridge. It is worth noticing, too, that the claimant's leading counsel was Mr. Bovill, the presiding Judge in the Tichborne trial; and that the Judge in the trial to which we are now referring was Mr. Justice Coleridge, father of the present Sir John, the Solicitor-General.

The case came on at the August assizes at Gloucester, in 1853. The claimant professed to be the son of the late Sir Hugh Smyth, of Ashton Hall, near Bristol, who, as generally supposed, had died without issue, and whose title had passed to the grandson of his sister, a minor. It was known that he had been twice married; but the claimant asserted that there had been a prior marriage in Ireland, in 1708, with Jane, daughter of Count Vandenberg, and that he was the issue of that union, his mother having died in giving him birth. His father, he alleged, kept the marriage secret, and shortly after the death of his wife Jane, married a daughter of the Bishop of Bristol. The claimant had been brought up by a carpenter named Provis, at Warminster, and passed as his son, but had been educated at Winchester school—he supposed at the expense of Sir Hugh. There, he asserted, he was visited by the Marchioness of Bath and others (since unfortunately dead), who had recognized him as the real heir to the Smyth estates—worth about thirty thousand a year. He produced in court a document purporting to be signed by Sir Hugh, acknowledging him to be his son! letters from the Irish clergyman who had celebrated the marriage; a brooch, and other jewellery, marked Jane Gooken, which he asserted was the maiden name of the mother of Jane Vandenberg. An old Bible with the name of Vandenberg written on the fly-leaf and an entry of the marriage of Sir Hugh, was also produced, besides a large oil-painting, represented as being a portrait of Sir Hugh, with his autograph on the back of the canvas. In the document, a peculiar mode of spelling was observable, "soft asse" being written "soft asside," "rapid," "rapido;" "whom," "whome." Those in court, not in the secret, were surprised at the pertinacity with which Sir Frederick Thesiger questioned the claimant (who stated that he had been a lecturer on education; subject) as to his mode of spelling certain words. His orthography exactly agreed with the peculiarities in the document, and with amazing audacity he maintained that his spelling was correct, and sanctioned by all good authorities. He maintained that he had accidentally found the document in the possession of a lawyer's clerk in London. Just as Sir Frederick was concluding his cross-examination, one of the most sensational incidents ever witnessed in a court of justice occurred. A message was handed to Sir Frederick, who immediately forwarded a reply, and then looking steadily in the face of the claimant, said: "Did you, in January last, apply to a person in Oxford Street to engrave for you the crest upon the rings produced, and the name of Jane Gooken on the brooch?" The man, who had already exhibited signs of confusion, turned deadly pale, and utterly unable to collect his faculties to invent another falsehood, stammered out, "I did." A moment of intense excitement ensued, and then the Judge asked the claimant's counsel what course they intended to pursue. Mr. Bovill, after a very brief conference with his colleagues, said: "After this most appalling exhibition, after an exposure unparalleled in the courts of justice, we feel it inconsistent with our duty, as gentlemen of the Bar, any longer to continue the contest."

The Jury, of course, under the direction of the Judge, returned a verdict for the defendant; the documents, jewellery, Bible and picture were impounded, and the claimant was ordered into custody on the charge of wilful perjury. He was tried for perjury and forgery at the next assizes, and then his history was revealed. He was Tom Provis, and not a baronet's son; the portrait was that of a member of the Provis family, and he had himself written the name of Sir Hugh on the back. He had married a servant in the Smyth family, and so became acquainted with some particulars of the family history. He had been a school-master, disgraced

for abominable conduct, and he had been tried and sentenced to death for horse-stealing. The Bible was picked up at a stall in Holborn, and the name Vandenberg, written in it, had suggested the fiction of the Irish marriage of Jane Vandenberg, with her father the count, entirely imaginary persons. The telegram, which was the first step in exposing the fraud, was forwarded by the engraver, who had read in the Times the report of the first day's proceedings.

Provis, horse-stealer and worse, was sentenced to twenty-one years Imprisonment, and he died in gaol. He maintained in court that he was a baronet's son, and showed a pigtill (previously hidden in the collar of his coat), which he declared he was born with, and which was an infallible mark of aristocracy! The Smyth family were put to an expense of six thousand pounds in resisting the claims of this unscrupulous impostor.

WAITING.

As one that sends a ship to sea,

A goodly bark to sail the main,

And that waiteth anxiously

For the return again;

As one that plants a land and sows

The precious grain upon his field;

And waiteth till the harvest time;

To see what it may yield.

As one that writes a book and waits,

An eager worker, for his fame:

And droveth at night of future years,

At the fire-side, in the quiet home;

So I sate forth the brightest hopes

That are allotted unto man;

And waited with intense desire

To see the issue of my plan.

No matter where those

THE HEARTHSTONE.

sult of her two last discoveries. Annie would drink her soup when she returned, and here she held in her hand a few pinches of white powder that would make the draught fitter.

"And why not do it?" she muttered half aloud. "I could easily get away and nobody would be the wiser."

Here a terrible reflection suggested itself. If her husband returned with Annie, might not he take the soup? For a moment she hesitated.

"Fate will decide it," she murmured at last, "and in any case it is better to know that one's husband is dead than that he belongs to another."

And she advanced to the mantel-piece. Here another thought stopped her.

"I do not know even the name of this poison. How much ought I to put? Will it require much or little?"

With some little difficulty she took out the stopper of the bottle and poured a little of the contents into the palm of her hand. It was a fine white powder, resembling powdered sugar.

"Can it really be sugar?" she thought.

In order to be certain she wetted the tip of her finger and conveyed a small portion to her tongue. It had the taste of a very sour apple; so sour that she spit it out with disgust the instant it touched her tongue.

"The label tells the truth, certainly," she muttered, with a bitter smile.

Then without further hesitation she poured the whole contents of the bottle into the soup, actually taking the precaution to stir it afterwards that the poison might thoroughly dissolve. Then she tasted it, fearing lest the poison might betray its presence. It had an almost imperceptible flavour of acidity, certainly not sufficiently pronounced to attract attention.

Lady Mary was satisfied. She set down the plate with a sigh of relief. If she could only succeed in getting away unobserved her vengeance was sure, and she herself safe from detection. She was already moving towards the door when she heard footsteps below. Two persons were coming up the stairs. Quickly she darted into the adjoining dressing-room, not daring to shut the door lest the click of the catch should betray her. Looking through the chink of the door she saw Annie enter the room unaccompanied by a young peasant who carried a good-sized parcel.

"Ah! here is my light," cried Annie on entering. Happiness makes me lose my memory. I was certain that I had left it on the table downstairs."

Lady Mary trembled. She had not thought of the light.

"Where shall I put these things?" asked the young man.

"Just put them down here," Annie replied. "I will arrange them afterwards."

The peasant complied, with a sigh of relief.

"Well, the moving is over at any rate," he said. "It has been done quick enough, and nobody has seen us, I hope. Now it's all ready for the gentleman to come."

"What will he or here?"

"We start at eleven as we agreed, so you may expect him about twelve."

Annie glanced at the clock.

"Then I have three hours before me—more than I want. Supper is ready so I will lay the table, before the fire there. Tell him to bring a good appetite!"

"I'll tell him, Miss, and I'm much obliged to you for helping me on the second trip. The load wasn't heavy but it was very awkward."

"Perhaps you will take a glass of potheen after the trouble you have had."

"No thank you, Miss, much obliged all the same. I must get back home, so I'll say good evening."

"Good evening, Byrne."

"Byrne, Byrne," muttered Lady Mary, in her place of concealment. "I know no Byrne."

But although she did not know the messenger, she felt none the less sure that he had come for her husband, and had brought her husband's clothes. In that case, she thought, her husband was actually going to take up his quarters in Annie's house. The thought instantly extinguished any spark of compunction for what she had done that lingered in her bosom.

CHAPTER XI. MURDER MOST Foul.

While Lady Mary was trembling with rage and excitement in the little dressing-room, and anxiously watching the movements of her fancied rival, Annie was busily arranging the clothes brought by young Byrne. When this was done she rolled the table in front of the fire, and while so doing noticed the plate of soup on the mantelpiece.

"What a stupid I am," she exclaimed; then taking the plate she raised a spoonful to her lips. No sooner had she tasted the soup, however, than she put down the spoon with an exclamation of disgust.

Lady Mary started. Did Annie find a suspicious taste in the soup? No. In getting cold it had formed scum on the top, which disgusted Annie. That was all. After skimming off the scum, she leisurely finished the soup, and resumed her work.

It was done. Lady Mary Coleraine was a murderer. Still she felt no horror at the crime of which she was guilty. She even said to herself that she was performing an act of justice in removing a woman who kept her husband away from her, and that the torture that her rival would undergo would hardly pay for the outrage she had committed on an innocent wife.

She had now but one fear—that the poison would not work. She had expected that, after taking the fatal soup, Annie would have dropped dead; and she was surprised to see her pursue her work without evincing the slightest symptom of pain or illness. There stood composedly the ghost of Byrne, still clutching the cloth and singing to herself the while.

"How long it takes," she muttered. "Suppose some one were to come?"

The bare thought of discovery made her blood run cold and sent her heart beating so loud that it seemed to her a wonder that it was not heard in the next room. Her fear doubled when she saw Annie take a light and leave the room.

She was alone now. If she could only escape?

But how? She was certain that the powder was no poison, and her detection would be sure.

"The label lied, lied, lied," she said, in a rage.

But no. She was sure of that when Annie reappeared. The poor girl had undergone a frightful change during the five minutes she was out of the room. Her face was pale, covered with purple blotches, and the features horribly distorted. Her eyes protruded from their sockets, and her teeth chattered as if with cold.

"The poison," muttered Lady Mary. "It begins to work."

Annie stopped in front of the chimney, staring about her as if lost. Now and then she passed her hand mechanically over her forehead, which was streaming with perspiration. Then suddenly she staggered, pressed her hands upon her heart, and fell into a chair with heart-rending cry of pain.

Kneeling behind the door Lady Coleraine saw the whole of this terrible scene. She was so near her victim that she could see the throbbing of the temples, and at times she thought she could feel the dying girl's breath beating on her forehead like a flame of fire.

(To be continued.)

THE CITY SLAVE.

"And now, sir, as I'm writing this, I am ready to think people won't believe what is, after all, the truth; for our pay, sir, is one shilling and threepence for making a coat, and we find our own thread; but in a thousand stitches for a penny.—*Echo*, November 18th.

A thousand stitches by night or day:

A thousand stitches for bread;

A thousand stitches a penny the pay,

And out of it find the thread.

For Freedom's a mocking strain

To the worker from birth to grave,

In poverty, hunger, and pain—

Of the weary eyes and the fingers sore,

Of the wearisome toil at the pauper-door,

Of the hopeless curse of the landlord's click,

Where the bright hopes crushed, and the faint heart sick.

Where the severs for ever strain

Their thousand stitches by night or day;

A thousand stitches for bread;

A thousand stitches a penny the pay,

And out of it find the thread.

No notion this, but hard truth:

A dozen years to toil and toil,

By actors who never know youth,

But sow in a brief decay,

At home—some aile or cellar have,

Fighting with needles the spider share;

Or sleeping fast in some reckoning shop,

Where the death-deeds hang on the panes and drop;

Woman, child, boy, and man,

Cold, dark, deep all in poverty's ban,

The young in tears, and the grown,

With their thousand stitches by night or day;

A thousand stitches for bread;

A thousand stitches a penny the pay,

And out of it find the thread.

Sleapwork had by the piece:

Sleap, and clean and bold,

And the workers in each have a crease,

Cloth that the hand has surely creased;

Freeman dyed with a ruddy stain,

The thin heart-blood from the toiler's vein:

Steadily made up for the shoddy lord

Who fattens and feasts on his slave, abhorred,

Drinks of his sweat till the rest-days come,

And the death-deeds hang on the pane's ban,

This for a rest in the workshop walls;

This in the clay for another call;

One with bony and beaking hand,

Who gravely over the workers scanned;

Elbow now the tailor's board,

While others sleep night and day,

A thousand stitches a penny the pay,

And out of it find the thread.

THE ROSE AND THE SHAMROCK.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FLOWERS OF GLENAVON."

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

Piling away his gear, he went to consult the landlord, who promptly offered him a horse and a guide. Finding that the road was almost a straight one, Frank refused the latter, and ten minutes afterwards, on the back of a spirited little mare, was cantering towards Kilcreggan.

It was impossible to mistake the house, which, sheltered from the north and east by bold hills, was built on a green knoll, cut on one side into terraced gardens. Mr. Melliss had not exaggerated the ruinous state into which it had fallen; though the profuse growth of the ivy, which had climbed up to the gables, and even wreathed the huge chimneys, made it beautiful even in its decay.

Tying the horse to the post of a gate leading to the principal entrance, Frank strolled up the grass-covered path, to take a close survey of the house. There was a light in one of the rooms in the basement—most probably the chamber occupied by the old couple left in charge; but all the rest of the dwelling lay dark and desolate, save where the moon glistered on the shattered frames of a casement that had been left unfastened, and swung to and fro with every gust of the wind that was rustling the leaves of the ivy, and swaying the loose branches of a clutched rose that had once been carefully trained around it.

As Frank drew near this casement, strange sounds mingled with the night breeze, as if some one was sobbing and moaning in all the bitterness of the deepest grief. He paused and listened. From whence did the sounds proceed? But now they suddenly ceased, as if his steps had been overheard by the mourner. Determined to ascertain, if possible, what had occasioned them, he was stepping towards the window, with the intention of looking in, when it swung back, and enframed within it the head of the ivy, fair of Sir Charles Trostman's miniature, tilted the head to the right, and rubbed his hands together as though the question perplexed him.

Frank grew impatient, and repeated it. At last he saw a prospect of being able to penetrate the mystery surrounding the beautiful creature whose sweet face had captivated him.

"Why don't ye answer the master, Biddy?" remonstrated her spouse.

"Deed, then, 'tis yourself that should be spurnin', not putting the word off on me," she replied, irritably. "I warned ye that the agent told us the English-quality was mighty preud and perticular."

"I suppose, then, 'tis you not had some one resilding here with you?"

Biddy began to twist her apron-strings and glance significantly at her husband, who shifted from foot to foot to the other, and rubbed his hands together as though the question perplexed him.

Frank grow impatient, and repeated it. At last he saw a prospect of being able to penetrate the mystery surrounding the beautiful creature whose sweet face had captivated him.

"Tis Phil the master means," said Biddy, after a moment's consideration. "Sure he's own son to your honour, and full corporal in the———foot; and we thought no harm in having him to see us, when the boy got a fit."

"Ye'll not stay here, Miss Rose," she cried, as soon as she saw the young girl peeped in at the door. "Ye'll find the west parlour as tidy as one pair of hands and a shabby lot of plenishin' can make it; and ye'll sit there, and keep Master Frank company."

"I cannot be idle while you work, dear Allie. Let me ask those good folk a question or two, and then I'll come to your assistance."

"Ye'll do no such thing," the housekeeper answered, resolutely. "When the money run short, and the work was heavy, I was obliged to let ye help me fit it; but it troubled me to my heart to see the pretty white fingers folded, that was only made for plenyng the music, or working the embroidery. Ye're Miss Dalton, of Kilcreggan, now, and I'll not see my mistress deafe herself."

Rosamond tried to combat her determination, but Allie was obstinate, and she was obliged to retire to the west parlour, where Biddy, in a clean white apron, was sent to know the master's pleasure.

Frank listened breathlessly while Rosamond made inquiries respecting their neighbours; and his countenance fell when he learned that, with the exception of the cottagers and small farmers, whose tenements marked the fertile spots on the hills, there was positively none on the other side of a lofty eminence, which sheltered them from the north, there was a pretty hunting lodge, the property of a peer, the Viscount Glomere; but this gentleman was lately deceased, and it had been rumoured that his successor in the title and property distanced Ireland, and proposed selling the lodge, which had been shut up and deserted ever since the death of the former proprietor.

Frank mentally determined to ride over and view this place at the earliest opportunity, and ascertain forthwith whether it really was wholly untenanted, as Biddy assured him. But he kept his intention to himself, and suffered Rosamond to continue her researches till she had exhausted Biddy's very scant stock of information, and dismissed her.

"There is one other person from whom we might obtain a clue to the whereabouts of your tele visitor," she said; "and that is Mrs. Delany, the tenant of the farm. As Allie will not suffer me to assist her, and you can do nothing till the workmen arrive, what do you say to walking across the fields, and making her acquaintance?" Bridget shrugs her shoulders, and intimates that she is not the most agreeable of women; but any silly prejudice she may have harboured must not interfere with our desire to be on good terms with every one in our locality."

Frank began to grow angry at the maid's persistence in what he believed to be a deliberate falsehood. "It is no use professing ignorance," he exclaimed. "I am confident that I behold the same one in the———foot; and I trust to you to identify her."

"D'yeaw! I have heard that tale already," was the testy response; "and now I have visited the spot by daylight, I refuse to give it any credence. Ghosts do not open and close windows, nor look us in the eye———"

But here Frank checked himself in some confusion, and, taking a sovereign from his purse, held it up, exclaiming, "which of you is going to earn this by telling me the truth?"

The man shuddered. "Wirra wirra, I t'is a bad omen; for the ghost of Kilcreggan has been the first to ye there!"

"But I tell you this was a living, breathing woman!" exclaimed his incredulous hearer.

"May be ye think so now; but ye'll not think it the morrow, when you search the old house from end to end, and find nothing," was the response, so seriously spoken, that Frank was staggered. Could this man be right, and was it only a vision that he had beheld?

Frank stopped in front of the chimney, staring about her as if lost. Now and then she passed her hand mechanically over her forehead, which was streaming with perspiration. Then suddenly she staggered, pressed her hands upon her heart, and fell into a chair with heart-rending cry of pain.

THE HEARTHSTONE.

BORN FOR A BUTCHER.

BY PAUL PLUME.

There was a terrific sullen squall, and the next moment our old pet tom-cat Jupiter, sprang through the open window, minus its tail, which he left upon a block of wood beside me.

My grandfather raised his spectacles and gazed at my mother with a severe expression of countenance. She, much surprised, suspended her needle upon my trousers and looked upon Jupiter, who was standing in the middle of the floor with his bloody stump elevated perpendicularly over his back, while he turned his eyes from my grandfather to my mother, as if appealing for justice for the deprivation of three quarters of his caudal attachment.

"That boy," exclaimed my grandfather, laying down his newspaper, "is born for a butcher. He is the most incorrigible little scamp I ever beheld. Never contented unless he is depriving some creature of life. Chickens, pigeons, young birds, in fact, everything he can conveniently get his hands on, he kills. Come here, sir," he yelled.

I walked drolly into the room, and though I was in the pursuit of science, I never offered an explanation of my act, but took my thrashing with as little complaint as possible. Young as I was, I had read of the struggles of many a devotee of science, and how he had borne with constancy and injustice, and how after ages had recompensed the neglect and embodied his name.

The fact was briefly as follows:

My grandfather and old Doctor McPurge were most intimate friends. Scarcely a week passed that he did not visit our house, and held long discussions in support of the Darwinian theory of the origin of man. One of his remarks struck me with peculiar force.

"Now," said he, speaking to my grandfather, "the vertebra of that cat (pointing to Jupiter) is continued in what you call a tail. Man is not provided with a tail because he has no need for one."

Now of all sensible brute creatures in the world, I regarded Jupiter as the first. His intelligence was beyond belief. I will not stop to enumerate his intellectual qualities, for no one would credit what I should say; but I do affirm that he could understand everything that was spoken to him. If, then, Jupiter was so smart, what was the use of his having a tail?

The doctor said, "The shorter the tail, the more acute the intellect."

Acting, therefore, upon this principle, I reasoned that if Jupiter's tail was cut off, he would be the smartest cat the world over beheld. It made my heart ache for the pain I knew it would occasion him, and when I raised the hatchet a pang smote me, but I thought of Jupiter's future and the cause of science, and the hatchet performed its work.

Jupiter's tail healed rapidly, and I anxiously watched for the progression he was to make in the scale of knowledge. Alas! it never occurred to me that he following the natural depravity of human bipeds, might incline to the evil rather than the more perfect way of life.

From the hour he lost his tall all manner of devilry that a cat can be guilty of entered into his head. To my sorrow I discovered that his works were vile." He became a confirmed thief.

Hitherto he had been a most respectable cat, and stoutly in his deportment, and exceedingly active in exterminating rats and mice, he never went from home. But now all was changed—he appeared indifferent as to whether he did his duty or not, and he got to keeping strange company, leaving the house at nights and spending his time in making most unseemly noises with his new-found companions. It could often be seen lurking in the vicinity of the pantry, watching his opportunity to steal cream or anything else like his fancy or appetite craved. When he was detected in some of his pilfering acts, he would generally cast his eyes in a leering sort of a way toward me, as if to say—"This villainy is due to your efforts, my friend."

I was not satisfied with the result by any means, and I pondered deeply upon the change which had come over Jupiter's nature; but the remedy was beyond my skill, and with a sigh I confessed I had made a lamentable failure.

If I suspended my exertions to prove the truth of Doctor McPurge's dogmas, it was not because I had lost faith in them. My nineteenth birthday found me as deeply imbued with their teaching as ever, and I watched an occasion to ask the doctor to take me as a student, and get my grandfather's consent to my becoming a physician.

"He is born for a butcher," responded the old gentleman, when the doctor proposed to take me into his office; but you are welcome to him if you feel disposed to try him. One thing you may be sure of, he will never cure his patients, if he has the opportunity to kill them."

The doctor candidly repeated this fluttering language to me; but in nowise discouraged, I commenced the study of medicine. For a time the doctor regarded me with great satisfaction. I studied hard, and was always ready to accompany him when he had unusual or troublesome patients. By degrees, I commenced to grow bolder in the advice I gratuitously proffered to the afflicted villagers. They would often come to the office in the absence of Doctor McPurge and request me to prescribe for them. Their complaints generally being of a trifling nature, and my desire to show off my learning and skill, coupled with the fact that they called me "doctor," caused me to be very obliging. But my medical knowledge had a limit, and to my mortification I found I had deranged the digestive organs of half the inhabitants of the village.

Popular opinion turned hotly against me, and I was even threatened with public prosecution by one old lady who wanted to live forever, and who, under my efforts to perform that miracle, had nearly gone to her grave. The doctor's practice began to suffer, as a young physician had recently located himself in the village, and was prosperously at work in his profession. This field had always belonged to Dr. McPurge, and when he found it invaded by a younger and more active man he retired from practice and struck his colors to his rival. This was the cause of my study of medicine coming to an abrupt end.

With the ambition that swelled under my plump waistcoat I could not remain the inhabitant of a country village. I felt that it was not destiny to toil behind a plough and feed pigs. I, therefore, left home to see something of the world.

Cincinnati was the spot where I staid my feet; and good fortune seemed to attend me from the moment I entered it. I was standing upon the corner of a street when a gust of wind blew the hat from the head of an old gentleman who happened to be out with his wife. The hat went ricocheting down the street, while the people laughed as they hurriedly passed along, leaving the poor old gentleman to recover his hat as best he could. As my eyes took in the situation, I sprang into the street, and dashing

among carriages and carts, secured the hat and returned it to the owner with a polite bow.

"That's a nice young man," I heard the old lady remark, as I approached. The gentleman thanked me and inquired if I resided in the city. I told him I had just arrived and was a stranger.

"Seeking your fortune?" he asked.

"Something of that kind," I replied, with a smile.

His wife said something to him in a low tone.

"Please call and see me to-morrow," said the old man, presenting his card.

I bowed and we parted. I then looked at the pasteboard inscribed with Tobias Butcher, who was standing in the middle of the floor with his bloody stump elevated perpendicularly over his back, while he turned his eyes from my grandfather to my mother, as if appealing for justice for the deprivation of three quarters of his caudal attachment.

"That boy," exclaimed my grandfather, laying down his newspaper, "is born for a butcher. He is the most incorrigible little scamp I ever beheld. Never contented unless he is depriving some creature of life. Chickens, pigeons, young birds, in fact, everything he can conveniently get his hands on, he kills. Come here, sir," he yelled.

I walked drolly into the room, and though I was in the pursuit of science, I never offered an explanation of my act, but took my thrashing with as little complaint as possible. Young as I was, I had read of the struggles of many a devotee of science, and how he had borne with constancy and injustice, and how after ages had recompensed the neglect and embodied his name.

The fact was briefly as follows:

My grandfather and old Doctor McPurge were most intimate friends. Scarcely a week passed that he did not visit our house, and held long discussions in support of the Darwinian theory of the origin of man. One of his remarks struck me with peculiar force.

"Now," said he, speaking to my grandfather, "the vertebra of that cat (pointing to Jupiter) is continued in what you call a tail. Man is not provided with a tail because he has no need for one."

Now of all sensible brute creatures in the world, I regarded Jupiter as the first. His intelligence was beyond belief. I will not stop to enumerate his intellectual qualities, for no one would credit what I should say; but I do affirm that he could understand everything that was spoken to him. If, then, Jupiter was so smart, what was the use of his having a tail?

The doctor said, "The shorter the tail, the more acute the intellect."

Acting, therefore, upon this principle, I reasoned that if Jupiter's tail was cut off, he would be the smartest cat the world over beheld. It made my heart ache for the pain I knew it would occasion him, and when I raised the hatchet a pang smote me, but I thought of Jupiter's future and the cause of science, and the hatchet performed its work.

Jupiter's tail healed rapidly, and I anxiously watched for the progression he was to make in the scale of knowledge. Alas! it never occurred to me that he following the natural depravity of human bipeds, might incline to the evil rather than the more perfect way of life.

From the hour he lost his tall all manner of devilry that a cat can be guilty of entered into his head. To my sorrow I discovered that his works were vile." He became a confirmed thief.

Hitherto he had been a most respectable cat, and stoutly in his deportment, and exceedingly active in exterminating rats and mice, he never went from home. But now all was changed—he appeared indifferent as to whether he did his duty or not, and he got to keeping strange company, leaving the house at nights and spending his time in making most unseemly noises with his new-found companions. It could often be seen lurking in the vicinity of the pantry, watching his opportunity to steal cream or anything else like his fancy or appetite craved. When he was detected in some of his pilfering acts, he would generally cast his eyes in a leering sort of a way toward me, as if to say—"This villainy is due to your efforts, my friend."

I was not satisfied with the result by any means, and I pondered deeply upon the change which had come over Jupiter's nature; but the remedy was beyond my skill, and with a sigh I confessed I had made a lamentable failure.

If I suspended my exertions to prove the truth of Doctor McPurge's dogmas, it was not because I had lost faith in them. My nineteenth birthday found me as deeply imbued with their teaching as ever, and I watched an occasion to ask the doctor to take me as a student, and get my grandfather's consent to my becoming a physician.

"He is born for a butcher," responded the old gentleman, when the doctor proposed to take me into his office; but you are welcome to him if you feel disposed to try him. One thing you may be sure of, he will never cure his patients, if he has the opportunity to kill them."

The doctor candidly repeated this fluttering language to me; but in nowise discouraged, I commenced the study of medicine. For a time the doctor regarded me with great satisfaction. I studied hard, and was always ready to accompany him when he had unusual or troublesome patients. By degrees, I commenced to grow bolder in the advice I gratuitously proffered to the afflicted villagers. They would often come to the office in the absence of Doctor McPurge and request me to prescribe for them. Their complaints generally being of a trifling nature, and my desire to show off my learning and skill, coupled with the fact that they called me "doctor," caused me to be very obliging. But my medical knowledge had a limit, and to my mortification I found I had deranged the digestive organs of half the inhabitants of the village.

Popular opinion turned hotly against me, and I was even threatened with public prosecution by one old lady who wanted to live forever, and who, under my efforts to perform that miracle, had nearly gone to her grave. The doctor's practice began to suffer, as a young physician had recently located himself in the village, and was prosperously at work in his profession. This field had always belonged to Dr. McPurge, and when he found it invaded by a younger and more active man he retired from practice and struck his colors to his rival. This was the cause of my study of medicine coming to an abrupt end.

With the ambition that swelled under my plump waistcoat I could not remain the inhabitant of a country village. I felt that it was not destiny to toil behind a plough and feed pigs. I, therefore, left home to see something of the world.

among carriages and carts, secured the hat and returned it to the owner with a polite bow.

"That's a nice young man," I heard the old lady remark, as I approached. The gentleman thanked me and inquired if I resided in the city. I told him I had just arrived and was a stranger.

"Seeking your fortune?" he asked.

"Something of that kind," I replied, with a smile.

His wife said something to him in a low tone.

"Please call and see me to-morrow," said the old man, presenting his card.

I bowed and we parted. I then looked at the pasteboard inscribed with Tobias Butcher, who was standing in the middle of the floor with his bloody stump elevated perpendicularly over his back, while he turned his eyes from my grandfather to my mother, as if appealing for justice for the deprivation of three quarters of his caudal attachment.

"That boy," exclaimed my grandfather, laying down his newspaper, "is born for a butcher. He is the most incorrigible little scamp I ever beheld. Never contented unless he is depriving some creature of life. Chickens, pigeons, young birds, in fact, everything he can conveniently get his hands on, he kills. Come here, sir," he yelled.

I walked drolly into the room, and though I was in the pursuit of science, I never offered an explanation of my act, but took my thrashing with as little complaint as possible. Young as I was, I had read of the struggles of many a devotee of science, and how he had borne with constancy and injustice, and how after ages had recompensed the neglect and embodied his name.

The fact was briefly as follows:

My grandfather and old Doctor McPurge were most intimate friends. Scarcely a week passed that he did not visit our house, and held long discussions in support of the Darwinian theory of the origin of man. One of his remarks struck me with peculiar force.

"Now," said he, speaking to my grandfather, "the vertebra of that cat (pointing to Jupiter) is continued in what you call a tail. Man is not provided with a tail because he has no need for one."

Now of all sensible brute creatures in the world, I regarded Jupiter as the first. His intelligence was beyond belief. I will not stop to enumerate his intellectual qualities, for no one would credit what I should say; but I do affirm that he could understand everything that was spoken to him. If, then, Jupiter was so smart, what was the use of his having a tail?

The doctor said, "The shorter the tail, the more acute the intellect."

Acting, therefore, upon this principle, I reasoned that if Jupiter's tail was cut off, he would be the smartest cat the world over beheld. It made my heart ache for the pain I knew it would occasion him, and when I raised the hatchet a pang smote me, but I thought of Jupiter's future and the cause of science, and the hatchet performed its work.

Jupiter's tail healed rapidly, and I anxiously watched for the progression he was to make in the scale of knowledge. Alas! it never occurred to me that he following the natural depravity of human bipeds, might incline to the evil rather than the more perfect way of life.

From the hour he lost his tall all manner of devilry that a cat can be guilty of entered into his head. To my sorrow I discovered that his works were vile." He became a confirmed thief.

Hitherto he had been a most respectable cat, and stoutly in his deportment, and exceedingly active in exterminating rats and mice, he never went from home. But now all was changed—he appeared indifferent as to whether he did his duty or not, and he got to keeping strange company, leaving the house at nights and spending his time in making most unseemly noises with his new-found companions. It could often be seen lurking in the vicinity of the pantry, watching his opportunity to steal cream or anything else like his fancy or appetite craved. When he was detected in some of his pilfering acts, he would generally cast his eyes in a leering sort of a way toward me, as if to say—"This villainy is due to your efforts, my friend."

I was not satisfied with the result by any means, and I pondered deeply upon the change which had come over Jupiter's nature; but the remedy was beyond my skill, and with a sigh I confessed I had made a lamentable failure.

If I suspended my exertions to prove the truth of Doctor McPurge's dogmas, it was not because I had lost faith in them. My nineteenth birthday found me as deeply imbued with their teaching as ever, and I watched an occasion to ask the doctor to take me as a student, and get my grandfather's consent to my becoming a physician.

"He is born for a butcher," responded the old gentleman, when the doctor proposed to take me into his office; but you are welcome to him if you feel disposed to try him. One thing you may be sure of, he will never cure his patients, if he has the opportunity to kill them."

Among carriages and carts, secured the hat and returned it to the owner with a polite bow.

"That's a nice young man," I heard the old lady remark, as I approached. The gentleman thanked me and inquired if I resided in the city. I told him I had just arrived and was a stranger.

"Seeking your fortune?" he asked.

"Something of that kind," I replied, with a smile.

His wife said something to him in a low tone.

"Please call and see me to-morrow," said the old man, presenting his card.

I bowed and we parted. I then looked at the pasteboard inscribed with Tobias Butcher, who was standing in the middle of the floor with his bloody stump elevated perpendicularly over his back, while he turned his eyes from my grandfather to my mother, as if appealing for justice for the deprivation of three quarters of his caudal attachment.

"That boy," exclaimed my grandfather, laying down his newspaper, "is born for a butcher. He is the most incorrigible little scamp I ever beheld. Never contented unless he is depriving some creature of life. Chickens, pigeons, young birds, in fact, everything he can conveniently get his hands on, he kills. Come here, sir," he yelled.

I walked drolly into the room, and though I was in the pursuit of science, I never offered an explanation of my act, but took my thrashing with as little complaint as possible. Young as I was, I had read of the struggles of many a devotee of science, and how he had borne with constancy and injustice, and how after ages had recompensed the neglect and embodied his name.

The fact was briefly as follows:

My grandfather and old Doctor McPurge were most intimate friends. Scarcely a week passed that he did not visit our house, and held long discussions in support of the Darwinian theory of the origin of man. One of his remarks struck me with peculiar force.

"Now," said he, speaking to my grandfather, "the vertebra of that cat (pointing to Jupiter) is continued in what you call a tail. Man is not provided with a tail because he has no need for one."

Now of all sensible brute creatures in the world, I regarded Jupiter as the first. His intelligence was beyond belief. I will not stop to enumerate his intellectual qualities, for no one would credit what I should say; but I do affirm that he could understand everything that was spoken to him. If, then, Jupiter was so smart, what was the use of his having a tail?

The doctor said, "The shorter the tail, the more acute the intellect."

Acting, therefore, upon this principle, I reasoned that if Jupiter's tail was cut off, he would be the smartest cat the world over beheld. It made my heart ache for the pain I knew it would occasion him, and when I raised the hatchet a pang smote me, but I thought of Jupiter's future and the cause of science, and the hatchet performed its work.

Jupiter's tail healed rapidly, and I anxiously watched for the progression he was to make in the scale of knowledge. Alas! it never occurred to me that he following the natural depravity of human bipeds, might incline to the evil rather than the more perfect way of life.

From the hour he lost his tall all manner of devilry that a cat can be guilty of entered into his head. To my sorrow I discovered that his works were vile." He became a confirmed thief.

Hitherto he had been a most respectable cat, and stoutly in his deportment, and exceedingly active in exterminating rats and mice, he never went from home. But now all was changed—he appeared indifferent as to whether he did his duty or not, and he got to keeping strange company, leaving the house at nights and spending his time in making most unseemly noises with his new-found companions. It could often be seen lurking in the vicinity of the pantry, watching his opportunity to steal cream or anything else like his fancy or appetite craved. When he was detected in some of his pilfering acts, he would generally cast his eyes in a leering sort of a way toward me, as if to say—"This villainy is due to your efforts, my friend."

I was not satisfied with the result by any means, and I pondered deeply upon the change which had come over Jupiter's nature; but the remedy was beyond my skill, and with a sigh I confessed I had made a lamentable failure.

</div